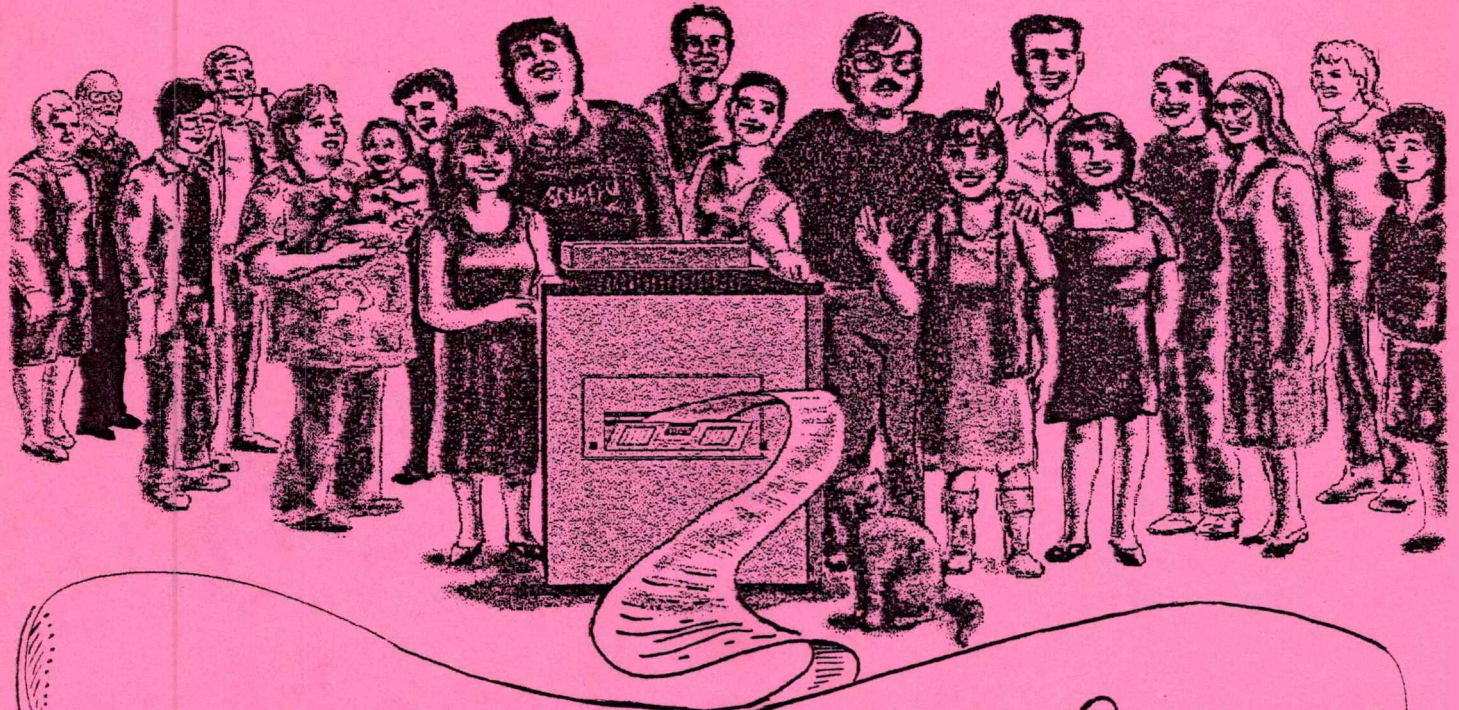


1/9/90

# Wild Heirs

#12



Season's  
Greetings!

12/95

# Special Holiday Issue!

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*It's a Fanish, slannish Christmas!*

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*The editors and letterhacks jam*

**Wild Heirs #12**, that wild-walkin' cool talkin' fanzine, is produced around the December 2, 1995 Vegrants meeting at Toner Hall, home of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Published: 1/3/96.

**Wild Heirs** is available for trade, letter of comment or contribution of art or written material.

Member fwa, supporter AFAL

E-Mail: WildHeirs@aol.com

## Bright Star in the East

Chuch Harris

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Ray & Marcy Waldie

Ben & Cathi Wilson

Ray Nelson

Rob Hansen

JoHn & Karla Hardin

BelleAugusta & Eric Davis

Charles & Cora Burbee

William Rotsler

## Girl of the North Country

Geri Sullivan

LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN!  
FANDOM IS  
NOW BEING  
SERVED!



ART Ross Chamberlain: Cover, 20, Bacover Steve Jeffery: 12(B) Bill Kunkel: 16  
Ray Nelson: 3(T), 4(B), 7(B), 8, 9, 10(B), 11, 26  
Bill Rotsler: 2, 3(B), 5, 6, 12(T), 13, 14(B), 15, 17, 18, 23, 28, 29, 31, 35, 36, 33, 34, 37, 39, 41, 43,  
44, 45, 47, 48, 49  
Bill Rotsler/Alexis Gilliland: 22, 25 Steve Stiles: 19



**Joyce Katz**

Today is the best day of the year. It's tree-trim day, and I'm all aglow, as I trot out all the favorite balls and baubles to start my Season of Decoration.

John said to me yesterday, when I told him of my plans to put the Vegrants to work, "Oh, we'll be drinking mulled cider and singing carols." I hopped right on that one.

Normally people aren't quite that anxious to hear me sing, at least after they've heard it once. But hardly anyone would be so heartless as to deny me one chorus of Deck The Halls or even (my fave) God Rest Ye, Merry, Gentlemen, let not your hart dismay.

I like to think about happy harts at play, gamboling across the lawn, and sadden to think of the dismayed ones, especially since the song tells us that marriage would cure it all.

(This song, you know, is the reason that deer statues are such favorite decorations. Never you mind that nonsense about reindeer.)

Every year I think to myself, "Well, this year I'll do less, and leave some of the stuff in the box." But the ornaments, dolls and cars and ponies and bears, call out to me, longing for their day in the sun. I'm convinced each lies in state for eleven months, dreaming of the day it'll be brought forth to do its sparkly best. How could I disappoint these tiny hearts?

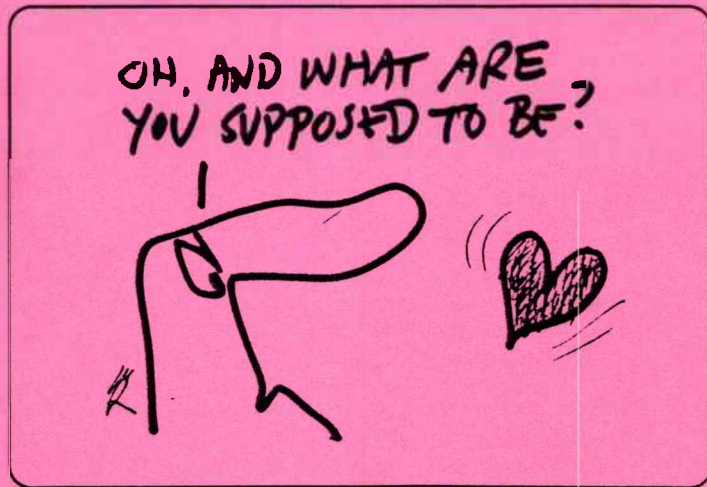
I love the careless clutter of the seasonal companions, the frivolity and warmth, the casual-yet-studied arrangements of bows and bells. They provide continuity to my life, and tie me to all the holidays before.

I've been watching Ken Burns' Baseball with Arnie. One remark, by a poetically inclined sports historian, really stuck with me, and for the first time, made me see its timeless appeal. "Baseball is a matter of

# WAGUE

THE EDITORS  
JOSTLE AND JAM

# RANTS





continuity...." I can really get behind that philosophy, for that's the way the Holiday Season is for me. As I hang each ornament, and place each statuette, I recall my Mother, my siblings...the old ties are renewed through time-and-space.

And through time-and-space, I recall each and every fan who tied a bow to my tree. Fans, with their mixed bag of politics and religion, sometimes have an off-hand manner about Sacred Icons. Yet, the Cup is hoisted, the Yule is lit, the Carol sang.

And, as all look toward The Tree, *let nothing you dismay.*

And speaking of dismay, the newest **Wild Heirs** editor is poised to make his debut in the monthly jam.

#### Rob Hansen

I was up on the roof here at Gross Manor the other day, welding some steel poles into position, when Avedon shouted up from her office that I had e-mail from Arnie Katz.

"He's not still trying to raise funds for a fanarcheological expedition to the Ozarks, is he?" I groaned, as I wrapped barbed wire around the chimney. "I keep telling him that Degler never actually succeeded in setting up those love camps, but he won't listen."

"No, nothing like that. He wants to know if you'd like to be one of the many co-editors on **Wild Heirs**?"

"**Wild Heirs**?" I said, turning off the grinder I'd been using to sharpen the razor-wire and pausing to turn the idea over in my mind.

"**Wild Heirs** is published about five thousand miles from here. That means that, try as they might, there's no way they could force me to do any of the collating and envelope-stuffing. Say, that sounds like a pretty good gig."

"Sure does," replied the light of my life as I started spreading anti-climb paint across the roof, "so all you'd have to do is write your contributions and wait for the egoboo to roll in. The first issue they want you to do something for is their Christmas Special."

"Makes sense," I said, as I laid down the reindeer repellent. "After all, who could they possibly find who was more imbued with the Spirit of Christmas?"

#### Arnie Katz

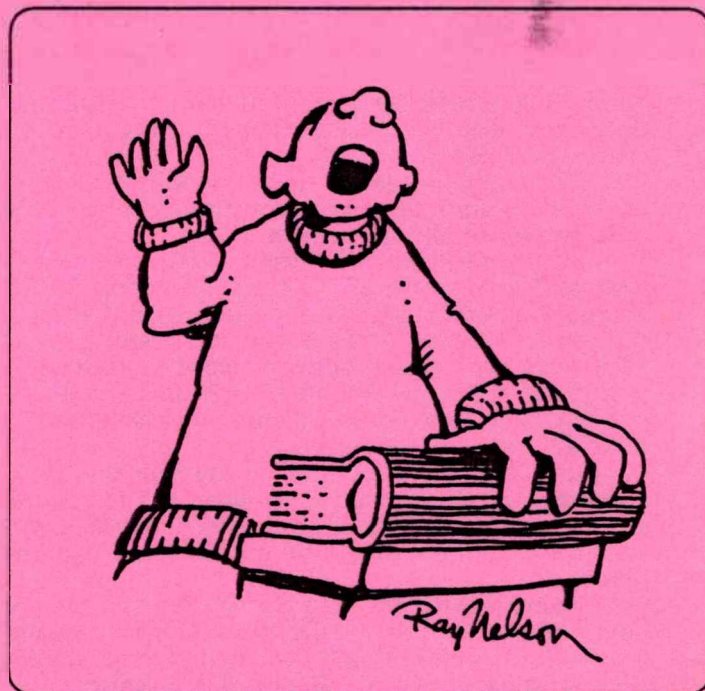
As part of my well-known campaign to promote literal truth in fannish reportage, it must be said that the Vegrants sang no carols and drank no mulled cider. There *was* apple cider, but it was Unmulled, much like this paragraph.

Not that JoHn deserves better than this disappointing lack of mulled cider and caroling. If JoHn Wesley Hardin had a better memory, we'd have a lot more lighthearted holiday articles in the Special Holiday Issue of **Wild Heirs**. I don't think you'll be disappointed in the contents, but **WH #12** doesn't brim with Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years cheer the way a Special Holiday Issue might logically be expected to do.

Let me start the mudslinging -- see later in this editorial to see how it could be worse -- by explaining his culpability. JoHn is the official editor of the Vegrants' monthly apa, Apa-V. In fact, we recently drafted him for a second term with the slogan: "Make him serve until he does it right!"

Apa-V has three main purposes. It trains less experienced fanwriters, provides a place to address the whole group (not all of whom make every meeting) and funnels material into **Wild Heirs**. To aid the latter process, each mailing has a theme.

As early as the September meeting, Joyce suggested that we make the November mailing's subject "Holidays," so that we'd have tons of articles ready for **WH #12**. Awed by her planning ability, we all agreed. We'd do "Myths, Legends and Superstitions"



for October and "Holidays" in November.

The OE's main job is to compile the contents page, **The Vagrant**. I help the OE by putting the page, properly dated and so forth, on the Macintosh. All the OE has to do is enter the title, editor and page count of each contribution, count the total, and state the theme for the next mailing. To simplify data entry, I put something in the spot where the new theme goes so that all the OE has to do is type it.

JoHn did not type in the theme "Myths, Legends and Superstitutions." Instead, he printed **The Vagrant** with the "place holder" subject, "Something Funny."

That postponed "Myths, Legends and Superstitutions" to November and "Holidays" to December. In other words, all those swell holiday articles won't reach you until **Wild Heirs #13**. They ought to arrive around the middle of January, by which time you should be thoroughly sick of the Pilgrims, Yuletide and *Aulde Lang Syne*.

At least we have an appropriate holiday-ish cover for this issue.

But let's face it, a sloppily sentimental holiday issue would be phony. We're writing this jam on the first Saturday in November. I don't think there's enough Holiday Spirit among the lot of us to produce a single smarmy essay, let alone an entire fanzine.

### Tom Springer

Though Christmas is cool and never a bummer for me, I'm looking forward to the first of the year even more. When we slide into 1996 there's going to be a little bump for Las Vegas's science fiction club, SNAFFU. Southern Nevada Area Fantasy, well, you get the picture. (This is where I should explain why Snaffu is going to experience a little turbulence, but first a short story.)

I've always been rather exceptional to the whole New Year's Resolution Thing. Exceptional in that I never made any resolutions. Certainly nothing in writing.

Of that I'm sure.

They were never very important to me. I'm more inclined to promise myself a reward than to commit myself to some sort of half-assed resolution I'm not feeling very earnest about. Ice cream, or a two mile walk? That's not a hard one. But this year I'm going to give it a try.

It's going to take some doing. I'm going to have to commit to an attitude change two or three times a month, and am prepared to do so, for the good of Vegas Fandom. I have to admit I kind of like doing it



too. Because I've decided to actually make and follow through on a real life honest to God New Year's Resolution, I've also had to realize the responsibilities and intellectual commitment such a resolution calls for. It all kind of reminds me of Speech and Debate, and that should be enough to clue you into the fact that I've decided to make it known here in Vegas Fandom (in Vagrant form) that I'm going to contribute my time and energy to Snaffu, its club meetings and various functions, and any tortuous manifestations those meetings and functions may assume. I'm going to become an active club meeting participant. (I said it was a little story, now for the shocking news.)

For many here in Vegas this news portends certain doom to Snaffu, but these are the same people who are continuously drubbing it to near death, the very same people who accuse, though never to me in person, that the fanzine fans are taking over Snaffu. Which is true, but no reason to believe we mean the club ill will.

We just want to make it better.

We want to be responsible fans.

Putting it that way makes me nauseous, but that's what we're going to do. Right now, not very many fanzine fans go to Snaffu's club meeting because they suck. They suck and they stink, and they're no fun to go to. So we don't.

This is going to change. Ken Forman is going to become president (because the fanzine vote is the majority in the club, when you get right down to it), Joyce is going to have an active role, as well as myself and JoHn. Arnie's going to come to the meetings and participate as well, something he hasn't done for more than a couple years now. Because the meetings hold no interest for him.

And they suck.

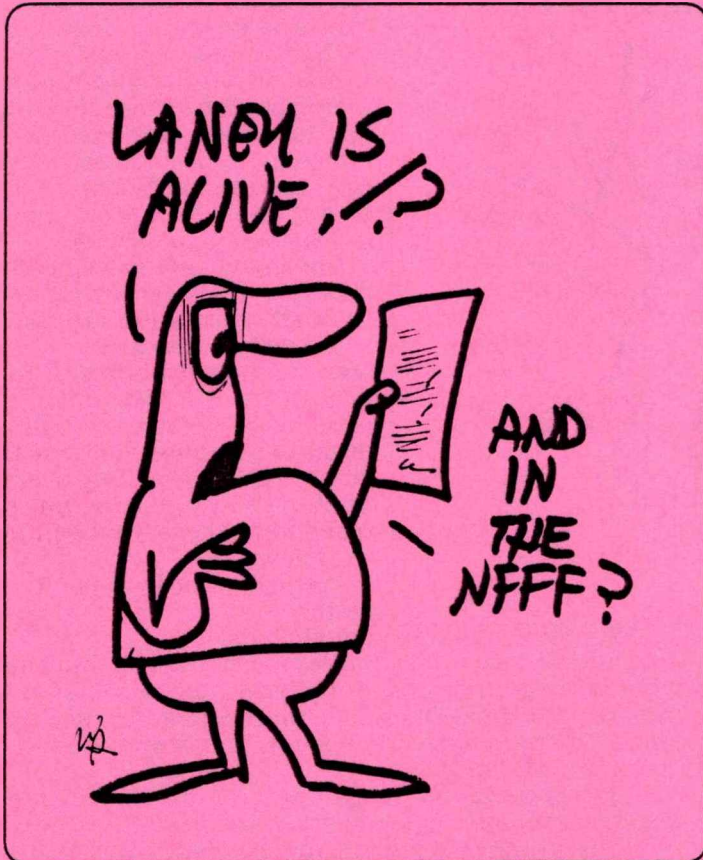
Ben Wilson (occasionally Cathi too), Belle and Eric, Marcie and Ray, Raven and Ron, and other fanzine fans will begin to attend because we'll be there, and it'll be fun. At the very least interesting. So this is an important aspect of Vegas Fandom History that should be made known.

We're all going to participate in club fandom, a big change for us, but we're always looking for possibilities, new fans, and more fun, and are willing to see if the club might meet those ends. I will hold the club up to its own expectations and standards, and of course, if I can, enforce my own, which I think will benefit the club (and at least make it tolerable for me). And it's not like it's very hard. It'll be good for

some articles too, and that's reason enough.

I'll be constantly thinking, "What would Laney or Burbee do?" That'll be my little saying for the next year or so. "What would Laney do? What would Brub do? What would Elmer do?"

I wonder how Rotsler's going to react when he suddenly begins receiving my correspondence full of questions and information? (I'll ask for some illos too.) I should only resort to such if an emergency should befall us because I'm hoping to see Rotsler again, soon, if not on a somewhat regular basis. Maybe once or twice a year, when I can brace him for certain and get the true skinny. Seeing as he's only four and a half hours away, and so is the Burb, it's not hard for me to imagine a BurbeeCon 2 sometime. Why not?



"BurbeeCon 2?" you ask. Yeah, if you might recall, I believe Arnie, Robert Lichtman, myself, and Ken made mention of our roadtrip to Burbee's and the Pechanga Indian Reservation where he lives for a little get together with Rotsler, Robert, Arnie, Burbee, Joyce, Ken, Tammy, and myself with Cora, Burb's two sons, Goldie, and the clean country air of Temecula California. I believe I'll be submitting my trip report about BurbeeCon to a soon to come **Wild Heirs**.

#### John Hardin

Tom, you are to be commended for your resolution. The deliberate thoughts and actions you speak of are just what the club needs and hasn't had for some time.

It's the nature of systems to sort of coast along, but after a year of getting by on momentum, it's time for someone to get out and push. Not to say that we

didn't do worthwhile things last year (SilverCon and Corflu, and more), but it's been a long time since SNAFFU was given the sort of concerted thought and effort that Tom is talking about.

From where I'm standing, Las Vegas fandom has fallen to a lower energy level. I'm talking about the loose form of "fandom" here: Gamers, Anachronists, Trekkers, Filkers and the lot. Perhaps I have simply moved out of the proper circle to observe these things, but there are fewer small clubs and organizations here than there used to be. And SNAFFU has atrophied, for the most part. We're small, insular and ineffective in our stated goal of promoting the popularity of science fiction and fact. Most of the new people who come to a meeting never come again.

As far as the alterna-fans go, I imagine many of them have been sucked into the vortex of live-action *Vampire: The Masquerade*®. Where has SNAFFU's energy gone? To a convention that nobody wants to run anymore. So we're not going to.

Now that the albatross is gone from our neck, there should be a club renaissance! Instead, we shamble along at a decaying pace, each meeting seemingly worse than the last, however impossible that may sound (actually, this is a Dramatic Re-enactment: I purposefully haven't been to a meeting in a while, but I Hear Things from Fair Witnesses).

Now, the Vegrants and Friends of the Vegrants are going to put on Toner (working title), a convention immediately before or after the Worldcon in '96. It'll be a small, fannish thing, and won't take undue energy away from the club.

Talk of the "fanzine fans taking over the club" is a little paranoid for my tastes. Speaking for anyone who cares to be spoken for, I'd say that what "us" fanzine fans want is to revitalize the club, and make it more of what it could be; something fun, something that people actually want to do. Specific remedies come a little harder, but it's irrelevant whether we're fanzine fans or not. The club has its own venue and content. SNAFFU is a general club, and we like it that way. We just want to make it generally more interesting and attractive. That's something that all Las Vegas fans can help in.

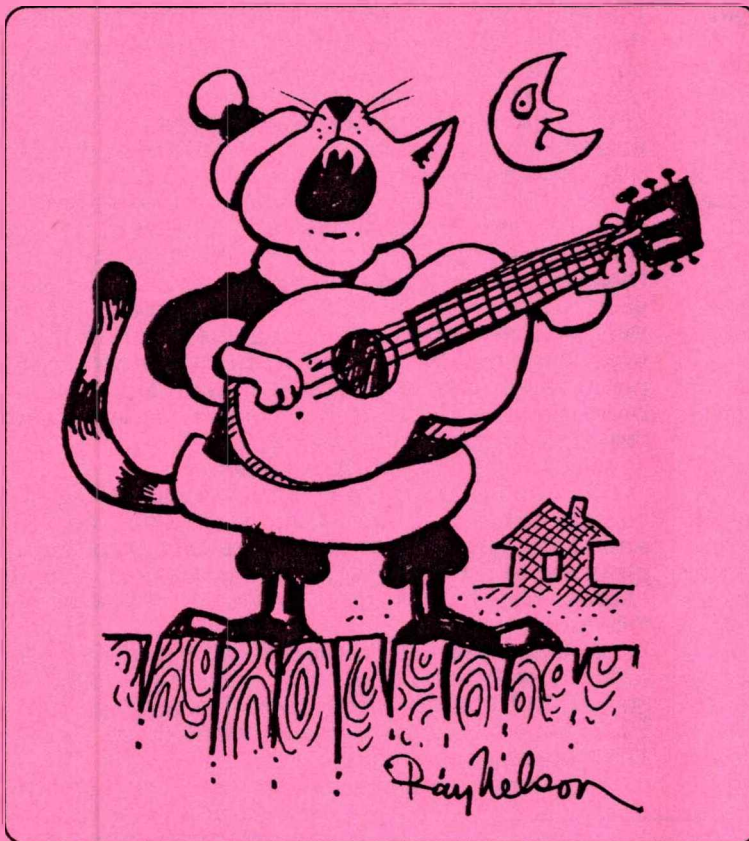
...hey, how did I get up here on this soapbox?"  
"When did I start speaking in quotes?" Hmmm.  
[blushing] "Thank you, and goodnight."

#### Marcy Waldie

Everyone has a favorite holiday and usually enjoys a favorite aspect of that holiday. Whether it be the food, the time away from work, the fireworks displays, the travel to enjoy family and friends or just kicking back and doing nothing, we need holidays.

One of my favorites is holiday music. It can be enjoyed for the longest period of time - before, during and after the actual event, and it's free. Besides, it makes me feel good, especially when I can dance to it. Some seasonal tunes have melded into the actual holiday festivities, and that's just fine.

Christmas, being a major annual holiday, has inspired the most music. Music is one of the universal languages and stirs emotions that last longer than a fleeting date on the calendar. Many of us recall images of Currier and Ives or Norman Rockwell productions at this time of year as well as traditional songs performed in traditional ways. But so much more has



evolved. And there's plenty of room for all - from the Mormon Tabernacle and Vienna Boys Choirs to Jimmy Durante singing about Frosty. Give me upbeat, happy, feel good music that envelops my entire being.

I successfully met a physical challenge just the other evening when I danced to the Temptations (Hey, Rudolph!) while drying dishes in my kitchen. Nope, I didn't drop a single dish. Later, having Gladys Knight sing a "duet" with her then toddler son about Santa and swaying to the mellow tones of the Stylistics gave me a warm, glowing feeling. To me, that's what holidays and life itself are all about - people making people feel good mentally and spiritually.

There's something even more special about universal holidays. It's a feeling that comes from knowing that people all over the world hear and sing the same songs on the same day. Cool.

### Joyce

The first Christmas I remember was out on Twin Springs farm. We'd no electricity, and I remembering coming down the stairs into the room aglow with kerosene lanterns. A glass tea set, a doll named Emily, and a big monkey-clown named Jocko sat gathered around a tiny red table.

It must have been when I was only two or three. But here they are again, with me for the Holidays.

I like my birthdate, January 9. Oh, yes, it ran into Christmas and cut down on the presents, but it has a good firm sound to it, yet near enough to the beginning of the year to fit with the feeling of fresh starts.

I worried about the Curse of Capricorn when I was in my teens. Then I stumbled across one text that said I was born under the sign of the fixed star Deneb that

cancelled out all my bad tendencies. I was relieved to know it, and clung to Deneb with great fondness.

Alas, another calendar and another year revealed I was born on the same day, if not the same year, as Richard Nixon. This threw me into a decade of gloom, since he too was apparently under Deneb, but look where it got him.

Imagine my glee when I learned that no less great a personage, a cultural icon, a guru to all generations was born on my day. That most graceful of guides, Rudolf the Rednosed Reindeer, sprang to being just when I did.

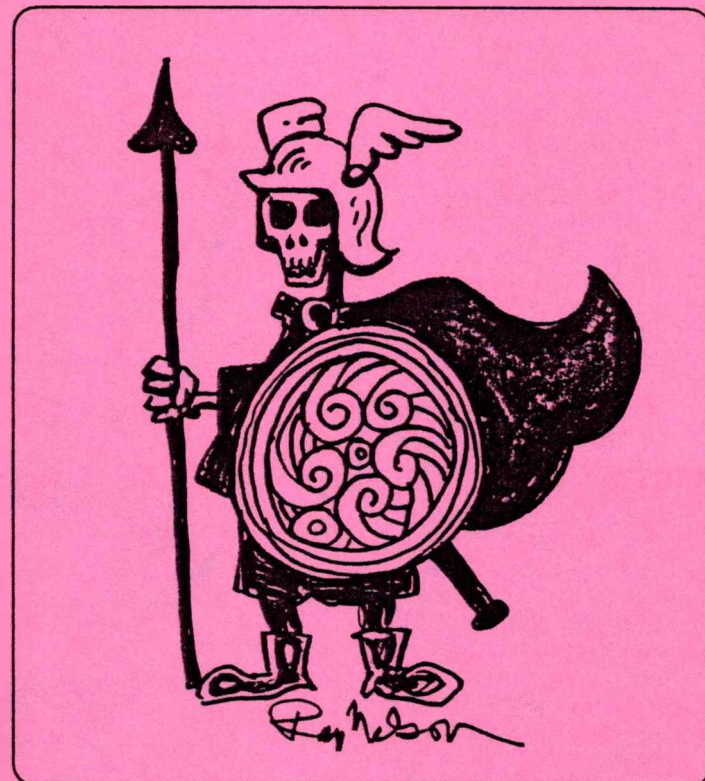
A recent history of Rudolf explained that he was the creation of a group of Montgomery Ward execs who, sitting around the conference table one January morn, determined to give away a Christmas book for children. They assigned the chore to Robert L. May, a young copywriter who created the concept and wrote the story, and Monkeys gave away 2,500,000 that year.

### Ross Chamberlain

Even in Las Vegas, by November's end and the beginning of December we've begun to need to put on a jacket or a sweater in the mornings. Joy-Lynd and I haven't had to run air conditioning for a month or so, but we delayed putting on the heat until Dec. 1st, even when it reached the low 40s some mornings.

With the fall weather, of course, have come the regular round of holidays. 'Tis the season...

It begins, I suppose, with the Autumnal Equinox, but since in our general society that is not set aside as a day of celebration, the holiday season really starts with our homage to and dispersal of the forces of madness that lurk around the peripheries of our lives.



It began with the Celts as a festival for the dead, Samhain, held, according to my *Encyclopedia Americana*, on November 1, the beginning of the Celtic New Year. (I'd always assumed Samhain was celebrated on the equinox, but if Beltane's on the 1st of May then this makes sense.) "The festival of the dead was gradually incorporated into Christian ritual. In the 9th century, a feast in honor of all the saints (All Hallows) was fixed on November 1, and in the 11th century, November 2 was specified as All Soul's Day to honor the souls of the dead, particularly those who had died in the preceding year." In medieval Europe, bonfires were lit on All Hallows Eve to ward off the mischievous elves, fairies and witches who were presumed to fly abroad that night. In the 19th century, boys and young men began to play the parts of the mischievous little folk by playing pranks...

The next day we observe nationally is Election Day, which appropriately enough dances to the tune of the earliest Tuesday in the month, and then comes the more stable Veteran's Day to remind us that some of our ancestors (and friends and relatives and, lest we forget, many many perfect strangers) put their lives on the line to ensure we have the privilege of casting a ballot.

Then we get to Thanksgiving, which is supposed to be a celebration of all our blessings. Now there's a lot of us who actually give that some thought, which is good because most of us have a tendency to concentrate most of the time on the other stuff. "Hey, I got bills to pay, man, and I'm not sure if my next paycheck's gonna cover that and the shopping I gotta do for Christmas, let alone putting together a feast for T-day."

Right. It's the kickoff for the Shopping Season. Yeah, well, the *official* kickoff; so we've all been hearing and seeing those first red and green and silver decorations and trinkets and Santa signs and whatever since Halloween, or, now, even before that.

Thanksgiving is also the day of the Big Game for many. When I was growing up in College Station, Texas, home of then Texas A&M College (it was upgraded to a university a few years after we left), football was king of the sports. On Thanksgiving it was the Aggies vs. the Longhorns (or Tea Sippers, we called'em) from Texas University.

I lived a mile or so from Kyle Field, and seemingly all day, while my mother and sister and whoever worked on preparations for the dinner (I was occasionally co-opted to stuff dates or mash potatoes or some such chore), the intermittent roars and cheers of the crowd and the thump and blast of the band would echo their way through to our neighborhood.

That is, on those years when it was a home game. However, every year, a day or two prior to the game, they held a big bonfire rally on the Aggie drill field (in those days, all Aggies, which is to say, all the students at A&M, were also in ROTC—and all male). Since we kids were not involved in the game itself, the bonfire was a big event for us. And an unhappy event for some poor farmer, whose outhouse was stolen and mysteriously wound up high above the surrounding crowd, atop the conflagration.

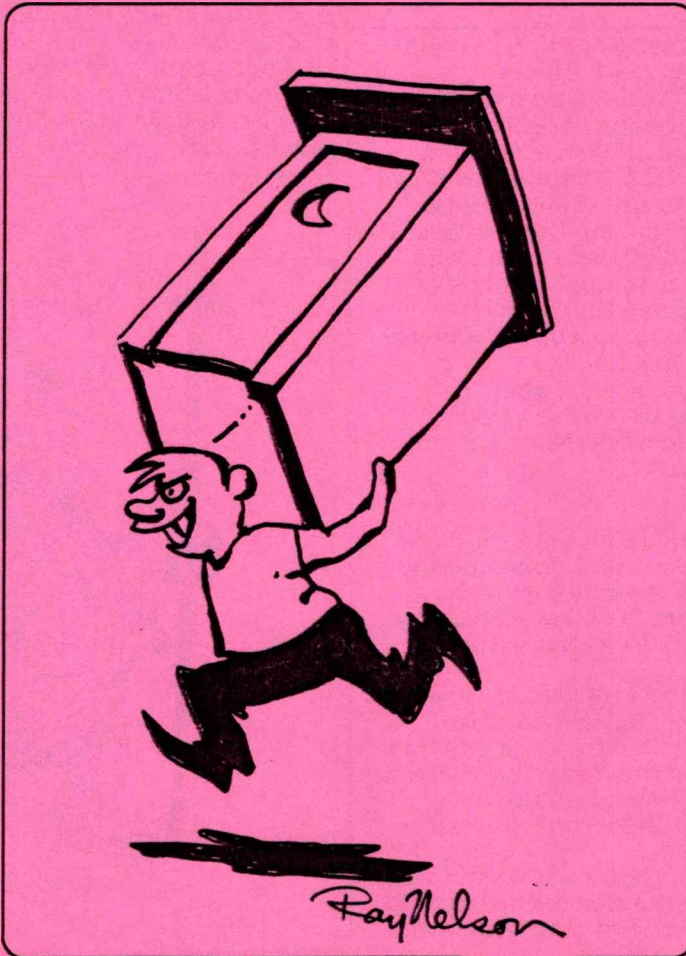
Some blessing for that farmer!

Part of the tradition was the tossing of Aggie confetti onto the fire, and this was pretty, as the long and seemingly endless streamers rose into the night, gleaming in the firelight. Not all of it got into the fire, of course, and the next day the drill field was strewn with toilet paper.

I have no idea if that tradition is maintained yet today. The Texas-Texas A&M game has moved, I gather, but I don't follow football enough to know what game the Aggies have scheduled for Thanksgivings nowadays.

It was not until I moved to New York that the

Macy's parade became a factor in my life. One of the first apartments I lived in when I moved there was on West 81st St., a couple of blocks off Central Park West. On my first Thanksgiving there, and fully intending to sleep late—I had no alternate plans, at least for early in the day—I was awakened at some ungodly hour by a blast of band music seemingly right outside my window. It wasn't—I was in a back apartment facing into a central atrium—but I guess the sound funneled its way through and effectively amplified itself as it reverberated off the inner court walls. So I rose and got dressed, and when I went out I found one of the bands (maybe more) deployed on 81st St. They were waiting for their turn to join the parade, which collects along CPW north of Columbus Circle. One of the TV channels usually covers the parade from that area along with several other parades from around the country. That year was, I think, the first time I ever watched any of the Macy's Thanksgiving Parade live—I followed it on down most of but not all the way to Herald Square... a little over two miles.





Over the 20 years I lived in New York, I think I may have seen some of one of the parades live, or tried to, just one other year, with Joy-Lynd, but it was disappointing due to bad weather. She remembers it as having been bitterly cold. Most of the rest of the time, even though I could have made the subway trip downtown, I didn't, and was satisfied to watch it on the telly. Joy-Lynd and I still do that now, but it's not quite the same you know— It's on time delay here in the Pacific Time Zone, for one thing.

After Thanksgiving, of course, with the exception of those who celebrate Hanukkah (or Chanukah—which I perceive as an alternate spelling for those who want it to look a little more like Christmas), everything from that point focuses on December 25. It doesn't seem like the shopping days countdown figure is as prevalent as I remember it from years ago, but most of the radio stations offer an increasing percentage of Christmas carols and winter songs in their mix.

Has anyone else noticed that winter songs have become so attached to the holiday that they are generally exclusively played in the weeks before Christmas itself, and almost never during the remaining near-three months of the season? Usually I hear one abortive "Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow" or "Baby It's Cold Outside" or even "Winter Wonderland" in the week between Christmas and New Year's, and that's it. Why is that?

Somebody local is reputed to have recently observed that Christianity is all but dead. This may be a misrepresentation of the actual remark, but if not, I must point out that ignoring something doesn't make it go away. It's not what it was once; it has evolved into a myriad of denominations and sects and splinter cults, some of which bear little resemblance to what some of us may have grown up believing it to be, and some of which have hardened into a kind of living rigor mortis that to all intents and purposes might as well be dead. But the faith's not gone, and even an agnostic such as I am must really acknowledge its pervasive presence in our society.

The religious aspect of Christmas, for instance, is not really ignored, though it's not the focus of attention that many Christians would have it be. I admire the cleverness with which many TV tales incorporate a message of peace and selfless generosity (okay, that could be interpreted as serving the sellers, couldn't it!), and sometimes they even provide a



specifically religious note, in an otherwise secular milieu. Many would prefer to think of Santa and Jesus as opposite poles of the holiday field, but Saint Nicholas, while long evolved from the original 4th century Middle Eastern bishop, is not exactly a completely secular figure. Frosty the Snowman, perhaps... But he's not been around as long. Neither has Rudolph, as Joyce has pointed out.

I remember Stan Freberg's classic *Green Christmas* with great pleasure. I recall even hearing it on the radio once or twice—I mean other than on NPR or the Pacifica station in New York (WBAI, a listener-sponsored station). Somewhere (in storage) I have an album with *Green Christmas* on it. In the tradition of satire, it exaggerates a known folly (not to be confused with Arnie's fanzine) that has concerned people for longer than any of us have been around. Today it seems we take the

commercialization of all our holidays for granted—whether or not they're literally holy days.

But, I note, if they *are* religious, then always Christian. Hmmm...

Finally... New Year's Eve. Yeah, yeah, and New Year's Day, too, but January 1's the afterthought of the holidays. It's the tail (and frequently the hair) of the dog that's been nibbling at us since Halloween. No wonder we make so many resolutions that day that we can't keep later!

But New Year's Eve—that's something else. It's the prisoner's last meal, the giddy rush into what-the-hell-let's-go-for-it! It's the soldier's last day of leave. It's that highly reputed resort (as in last-) town, Teetering-on-the-Brink.

(I say, that does sound English doesn't it? But we're all citizens of *this* nation!

(Nation? Yeah, well the nation we all live in... It goes under different names—it's up to each of us if we live in Conster or Combi or Fasci or Rui...)

We have plenty of other interesting holidays during the year, some nationally observed and some more locally, and there are many days for special observances where it's not really treated like a holiday. March 2nd is Texas Independence Day, for instance, but when I was growing up there we were told this is not a day to take off from work but rather one in which to put in a little extra effort. I like the concept, though frankly, lazy bones that I am, I like it better to discuss than to put into practice. "You there!



Put your back into it!"

I was thinking, however, that we don't really have a National Bigots Day. You know, a day for all the hate groups to get together and lavish their ire on each other instead of on whatever variety of religion or race or national origin or sexual preference is their usual focus. David Duke could duke it out with Lyndon LaRouche and Jerry Falwell could take on Madelyn Murray O Hair (if she's ever found again). Howard Stern could MC. The KKK and the Skinheads and the Neo-Nazis could march down Main Street from one end of town and the Nation of Islam and the Black

Panthers could start from the other end... And let's put the gay bashers in a melee with the wife beaters and those MCPs who see nothing wrong with a little sexual harassment (get Clarence Thomas and Sen. Packwood down there, folks, along with those Navy guys from Tailhook). Preferably we schedule that melee smack dab in the middle of the march route, just for fun.

*Yayusss!*

I'm tempted to insert the radical Right-to-Lifers in there somewhere, the ones who use violence up to murder in behalf of their beliefs, but I'm in much too much of a quandary about that topic to feel comfortable with that one. There are probably many other groups and types that I just can't think of who should join all the others in this free-for-all. Please, feel free to make suggestions.

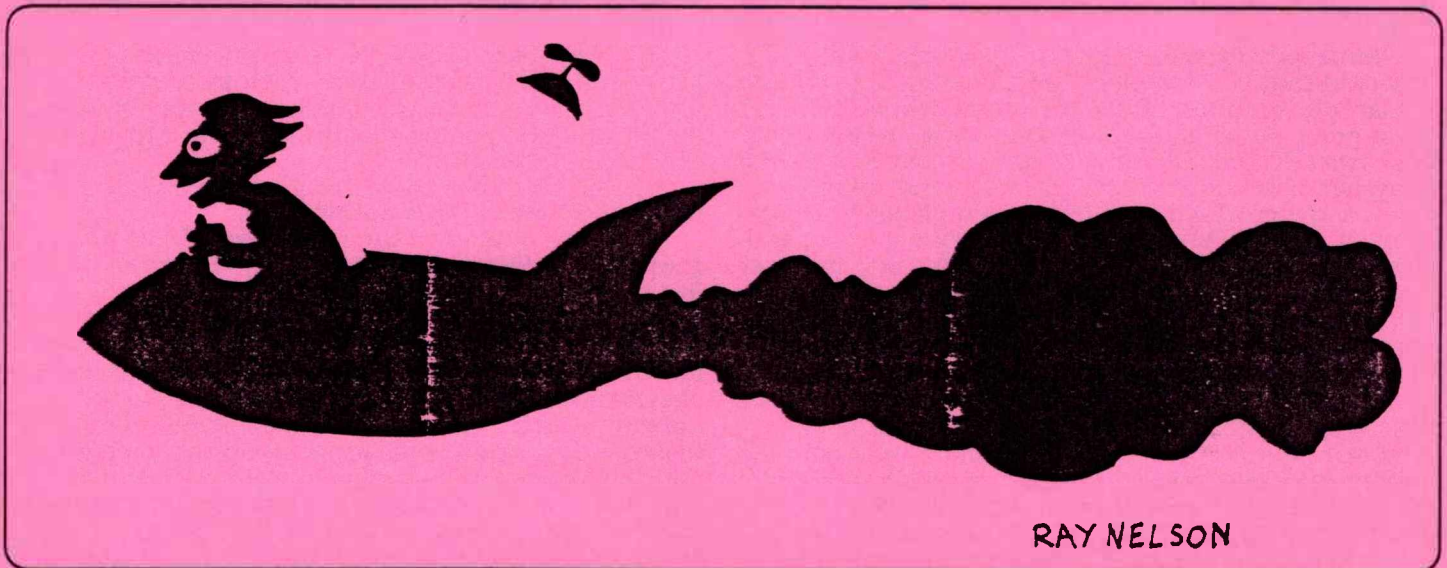
**Rob**

Now that the season of good cheer is almost upon us, it seems only right and proper that Vegas Fandom, the fandom of good cheer, should adopt a seasonal slogan to let everyone know that fans, too, appreciate this festive period. I have the very slogan: Fans Everywhere Love Christmas Holidays. Though it's a nonsense word with no other meaning, you could have the acronym, FELCH, printed up on T-shirts and posters and spread them throughout Las Vegas. You'd get some funny looks, of course, but these would be from 'bah humbug' types and you should pay them no heed. As you spread seasonal cheer, FELCH - a tasty mouthful of a word - would become indelibly associated with the Vegants and no one would look at you in quite the same way ever again. FELCH. Just do it. You know it makes sense.

**Arnie**

I knew we did the right thing by adding Rob to the masthead. Only in his first issue, and already he's coined a word. We'll copyright this, like Barry Friedman did with "[copyrighted word omitted]." The royalties on underoos alone boggle the fannish mind.

My memory, boggled as it is by the glittering prospect of FELCH-mania, dredges few recollections that associate holidays with fandom. That seems



strange, in a way, because I have always placed such faith in fandom as a surrogate family. Yet it seems that when we carve the turkey, trim the tree or toast in the New Year, it has been in a non-fannish context more often than not.

Not that fandom hasn't figured in my holidays, notwithstanding the 15-year gafia gap. Conventions themselves are rather like holidays, but we've sometimes shared the more traditional, mundane ones with fans.

In the early 1970s, Joyce and I hosted a series of New Years parties that drew fans from several states. We did it about three times before it grew to be too much work. The experience of waking up early on New Years Day and finding fans sleeping in every corner of our apartment is one not easily forgotten. I'm sure the guy who tried to break into the house through the kitchen won't forget the way those fans looked the Morning After, either.

The would-be thief wanted the liquor bottles on the kitchen table. He got as far as standing on the fire escape of our sixth-floor apartment and tentatively sticking one leg over the window sill. That's when the women set up a caterwauling, and hulking brutes like Jeff Schalles and Frank Lunney stormed into the kitchen, newly conscious and not happy about it.

In more recent times, we've held several non-cons to celebrate the Labor Day weekend, but I can't say we've established a local tradition. Perhaps Toner, if it attracts enough fanzine fans, will fill that niche for Glitter City.

For the first time, Joyce has coordinated her annual Trim the Tree fest with a Vegrants meeting. Normally, she holds it in the dead of night or Sunday morning before breakfast, to reduce the incidence of volunteer superintendents.

I can't wait to see how she copes with the abundant opinions of people not yet cowed by 25 years of marriage to her. Our ebullient band is generous with everything, especially advice.

Exhaustive knowledge of Joyce leads to my caution. I've learned to tread lightly in weighty matters such as Christmas Tree Decor. Joyce has Very Definite Ideas about Christmas Trees, and it is a foolhardy (and celibacy-prone) husband who contradicts her in the slightest degree.

### Rob

Avedon and I will be travelling down to Wales to spend the holidays with my parents, the first time we've done so in many years. But, like every dutiful and loving son, I know all too well the bitter regret I'd feel if I didn't go and so failed to secure my inheritance. Y'know, it's kind of strange being the son of an eccentric millionaire who chose to work at a humble job and to raise us kids in often straitened circumstances so that we'd develop an appreciation of life and not become as jaded and apathetic as other children of the wealthy often have. And I appreciate this, I really do. Only now I think the gag's gone on long enough. I first tackled him about this about twenty years ago.

"So, Dad," I said, "when are you going to let me in on the Hansen millions?"

"There are no Hansen millions!" he lied.

"So you're trying to tell me I'm some sort of transwealthual?"

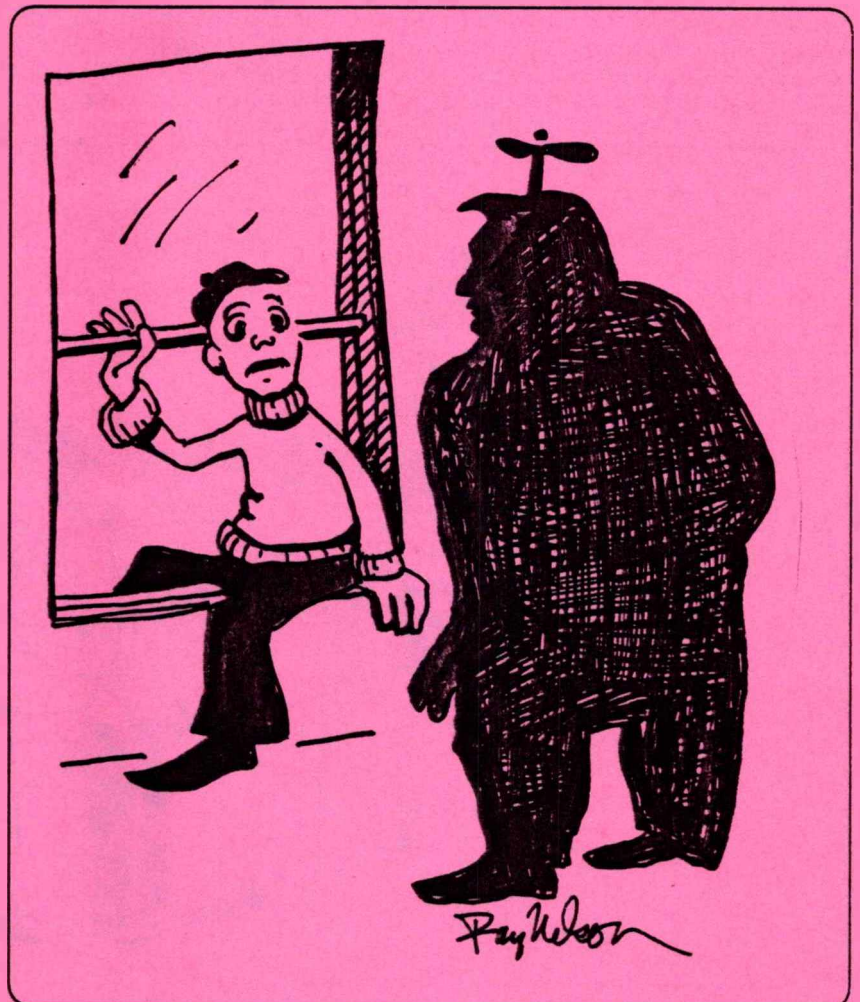
"Transwealthual?"

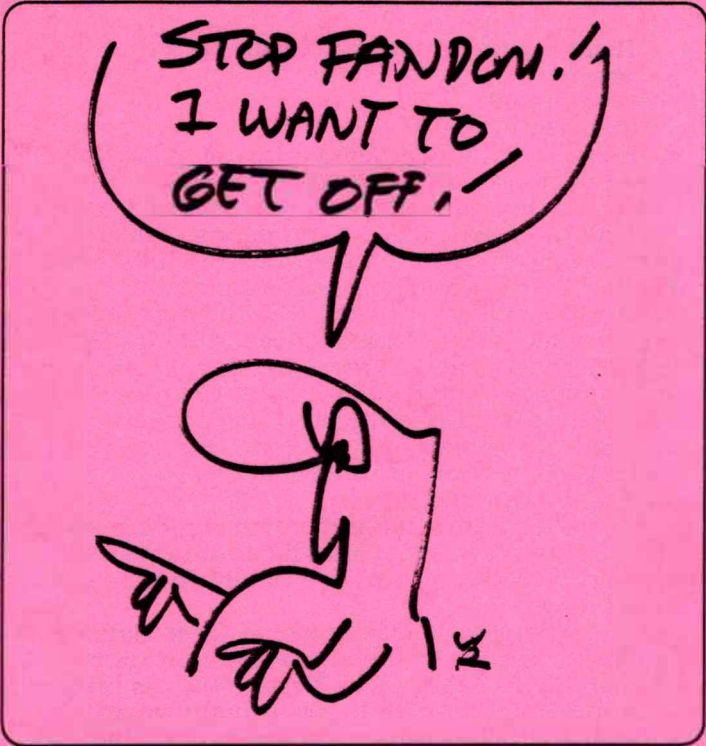
"Yeah. It's a bit like being a transsexual, only instead of being a woman trapped in a man's body I feel like a rich person trapped in the life of a poor one. I have all the needs, tastes, and desires that go with being wealthy but without the means to fulfil them. As with the Gender Reassignment Surgery that transsexuals undergo, I need Wealth Reassignment Surgery where doctors experienced in the problems of transwealthuals such as myself surgically graft large sums of money to my bank account. However, you can save me from having to undergo this dangerous and potentially life-threatening surgery, Dad. All you have to do is give me some of those millions you've kept secret all these years."

Even such a heartfelt and deeply moving cry for help failed to reach him. But I'll continue to work on him, and maybe this time he'll finally do the right thing. I hope so.

As to what the holiday is like at Chez Hansen, the Spirit of Christmas Past has just brought to my attention the following from Xmas 1983, as printed in a long-forgotten apazine, lo' these many years ago:

I didn't feel the full force of the festive blitzkrieg





resembling clinical death for many days. Mesmerised by the merciless phosphor dot assault, with my hands stuffing unimaginable quantities of protein and alcohol into the nearest convenient orifice on spastic muscle reflex alone, only the occasional game of Scrabble caused my higher functions to stir from their seasonal sloth. (Though not enough to prevent me from letting 'efete' pass unchallenged.) The bizarre insistence of our mother and my sister-in-law that my brother resembles Burt Reynolds (they both have two legs, two arms, and a moustache, but Burt is able to afford a toupee) also caused a synapse or two to flicker feebly into life.

Things were looking grim. Drastic shock treatment was needed and drastic indeed was the shock that awaited me at the Hollybush Inn where my father loudly affirmed his belief that nuclear weapons were A Good Idea. I disagreed, and Voices Were Raised. Which once again illustrates one of the problems of fandom. Namely, that you get so used to hanging around with people of relatively liberal views you sometimes forget that your view of what is just and correct is not always shared by others. Still, the adrenal surge produced by this exchange helped kick-start my brain into some semblance of normal working order and soon it was time to leave. As I said my goodbyes I noticed that my brother's nose was unnaturally shiny. Hell, I could see my face in it!

until I arrived at the Hansen family manse in darkest Wales. I put up a valiant fight but the barrage of food and drink, the bombardment of TV images and seasonal cheer, were too much for me. Total capitulation soon followed and my brain remained in a state

"I tried powdering it," said his wife, "but he wouldn't let me."  
 When you're a policeman *and* a member of the South Wales Police Rugby Football Club maintaining your machismo becomes all-important.  
 And anyway, Burt never powders *his* nose! ••



Fan Feuds are like death and taxes. Fans seek them no more eagerly, yet they seem every bit as inevitable. Feuds discomfit some fans so much that they shun discussion of the phenomenon in the forelorn hope that feuds will quietly disappear. It's like the way people in the 1950s feared to even say the word "cancer."

This article idiscusses the incidence, characteristics and cause of fights within fandom. I've also included a little whistling in the dark for the especially squeamish, to keep the bogymen away.

All was Tranquil and Serene when I returned to fandom in 1989. It projected the genteel ambiance of a society tea party. Feuding was under control, like cholera or bubonic plague. Since I prefer celebration to contention, this suited me very well.

From its first slender issue, **Folly** embodied an upbeat approach to fandom. Like any good fanzine, it mirrored the mindset of its editor, and I sure wasn't looking to fight anyone.

I still can't believe the fulsome fan reaction to **Folly**. I was still a little hesitant about coming back to the hobby when I started the genzine, but the overwhelmingly positive response convinced me to resume full activity.

It took a while to realize that the delightful mellowness and camaraderie were the after-effects of a major trauma, not simple joy. When I first heard about Topic A/Bergeron Wars/TAFF Wars, I thought it was a joke. I postulated that the oblique references were to an elaborate, and clever, put-on.

This seemed possible to me, because I felt guilty. I left fandom without a backward glance. My reasons, so compelling at the time, didn't look as solid on reflection. I could've, and should've, found a way to maintain contact with friends and a connection to the field.

A man in his forties can seldom undo a mistake made in his early thirties. Circumstances initiated by Mark Blackman and TAPS offered the chance to come home to fandom. I wanted that very badly, and I was willing to suffer a little hazing.

"They're just having a little fun with me," I theorized to Joyce and Bill. "Sensible people carrying on like that? It's preposterous, ridiculous." I could as easily accept the idea that Harry Warner had climbed to the top of the Washington Monument and blown away 27 tourists with an Uzi.

My tentative inquiries concerning the mid-1980s fanwar drew two lengthy, angst-ridden accounts that convinced me that it had happened. I vowed to keep such controversies out of **Folly** at all costs, so that everyone would feel reasonably comfortable. Signs of a resurgence predated **Folly**, including the trip reports by Willis (**The Enchantment**) and Harris (**923**) and **Spent Brass**, but I wanted to give fandom a regular fanzine free of the whole unpleasantness.

Even in the midst of the most Trufannish period in fanhistory, I knew it couldn't last. Fanhistory shows that fandom vacillates between Trufannishness and Insurgentism.

There are many good things to be said for pure, creamy Trufannishness. It must also be admitted that total devotion to getting along, keeping it light, and muting criticism of other fans does *not* produce an exciting fandom. Running through the purple pastures picking daisies is fine for awhile, but most of



# BONES of CONTENTION BY ARNIE KATZ

us relish a bit of dramatic tension, some flash and thrills.

There are many good things to be said for the pure, burning brand of Insurgentism. Insurgents' candor and relentless championing of classic fannish standards does *not* produce a harmonious, peaceful fandom. Frank opinions and constant measuring against expectation spurs quality fanac, but the cost is an upsurge in injured vanity, hurt feelings and, ultimately, feuds.

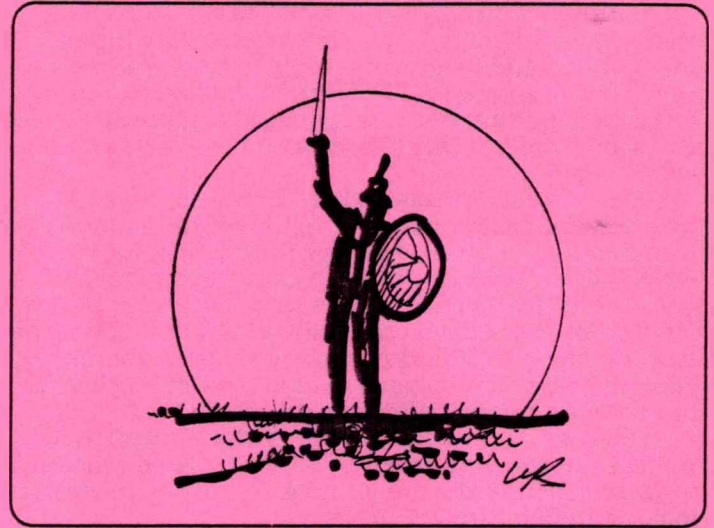
Trufannishness reigned supreme during Sixth Fandom, virtually crowding Insurgentism out of the picture. Yet even in the bright afternoon of Sixth Fandom, Insurgent revolt against all that *niceness* gathered steam. Harlan Ellison's Seventh Fandom movement, Dick Geis' volatile and contention **Psychotic** and The Cult were reactions against Trufannishness.

After the discussion zines of the late 1960s, Insurgents restored fannishness to prominence. The Brooklyn Insurgents and Fabulous Falls Church Fandom trained many new fans and made Insurgentism chic again.

My personal knowledge of fandom stops in the mid-1970s, but fanzines from just before the outbreak of Topic A seem much more Insurgent than those of 20 years earlier. Fortright commentary, ktf fanzine reviews, and spirited arguments over the significance of fanzines in fandom ruled the major fanzines.

Topic A survivors had little choice but to edge back from insurgentism. No one wanted to fight, if only because no one had the energy or the stomach for a renewal of hostility.

The swing toward Trufannishness was probably too extreme to endure for long. Call me cynic, but I just don't think most people are, or want to be, *that* obliging, cooperative and tactful. Introspective people cannot help asking why or trying to make sense out of



seemingly chaotic existence. It's in our nature.

**Apparatchik, Attitude and Wild Heirs** all display more Insurgentism than **Folly**. The rebirth of Insurgentism, a needed injection of intelligence and liveliness, exacts a cost in increased antagonism.

The potential, imminent return of feuding cries out, to me at any rate, for descriptive analysis. If we understand the nature of fan feuds better, conscious control might overcome our baser fannish instincts.

When I told this to Ted White, he showed true Insurgentism by opposing the effort to study feuds. "Feuds can be entertaining," he said. I guess he would know.

My respect for Ted's opinion caused me to save this article to a couple of archive disks instead of feeding it to my insatiable *Publish It! Easy* program. I admire him too much to do anything that he might feel was Ruining His Good Time.

After a great deal of reflection, I *hope* I can now quell the objections of even zealous Insurgents like Bill Kunkel and Tom Springer. If you believe, along with Redd Boggs, that fandom demands a bloody public sacrifice about once a decade, then one paltry fanzine article is hardly likely to turn aside the current trend toward candor and pugnaciousness.

One of the shortcomings of Trufannishness is that it does little to discourage the boors and creeps. Now that Insurgentism is afoot once more, these humorless and hypersensitive people are like human land mines, waiting to explode at the first touch of the satiric lash.

So, despite my idealistic motivation in writing this article, it isn't going to stop fights in fandom. However, it is possible that "Bones of Contention" will, all unwittingly, make feuding even more enjoyable for those who get a kick out of it.

It will do for feuding what Bill James has accomplished for baseball with sabremetrics. By classifying and naming the types and magnitudes of feuds, "Bones of Contention" creates a vocabulary that facilitates the discussion and analysis of actual feuds.

My system makes other fans' feuds nearly as enjoyable as your own! And when a bold fan assigns point values to each combination we can turn it into a competition.

Maybe we can take up a collection and give prizes.



or at least framed certificates. We honor fan publishing, writing and drawing -- why not give feuding its due? Hockey gives the Lady Byng Trophy to the player with the fewest penalty minutes; the fan with the most feud points wins the Gertie Carr Cup.

Now that I've provided excuses for both the righteous and the wicked to read this article, let's proceed to its meat. (Fan vegetarians are invited to consider it the soy protein of this article.)

The term "feud" is a vague catch-all for a cluster of related, but separate, events. In other words, I'm about to categorize the types of feuds.

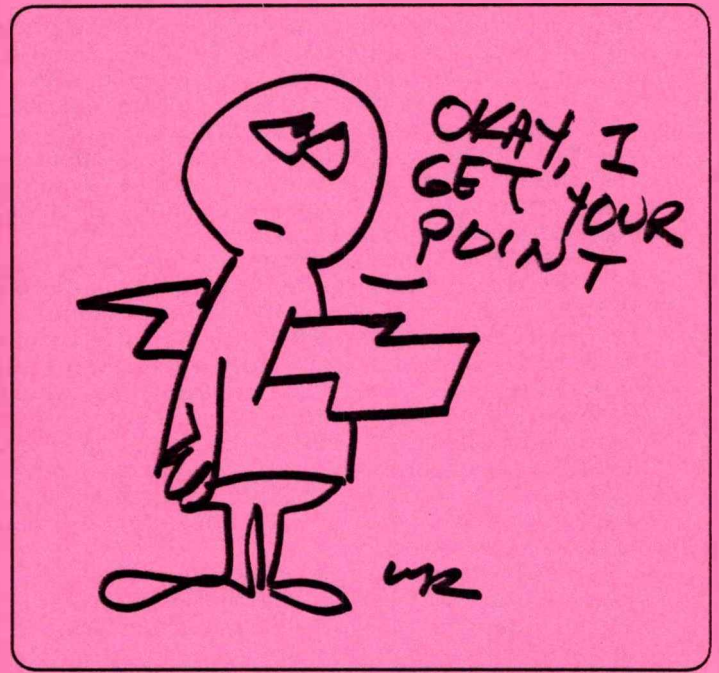
**Type One Feud: Personal Animosity.** Sometimes fans don't like each other in a way that transcends fandom. It most often happens between two fans who have a lot of contact -- in a local club or private apa, for example. As their barriers lower, they learn to their disgust that the other is odious to them. If both parties remain active, feuds between them may occur at intervals over a great span of years, each new confrontation a chance to vent the accumulated hatred. In a few cases, this fighting becomes so habitual that it could, with accuracy, be called a fannish vendetta. Possible examples of this would include Joe Staton and me, Ted White and Dick Eney. Although local fandoms, such as Los Angeles and San Francisco, have skirmished with each other over long periods of time, this is essentially a one on one situation, though friends of the main antagonists often take supporting roles in specific controversies within the overall framework of the on-going personal animosity.

**Type Two Feud: Habitual Differences of Opinion.** Most fans can survive an honest difference of opinion with another fan, as long as both keep the discussion calm and rational. If a pattern of disagreement develops over the years, chronic disagreement can escalate into a full-fledged feud. People just lose patience as they debate one topic after another with the same person always taking the opposing side. Brian Earl Brown and Chuch Harris are but one pair that has apparently traveled this rocky road.

**Type Three Feud: Social Differences.** Fandom officially turns a blind eye toward social distinctions. Most fans probably try to live up to this credo, but it isn't easy to jettison a lifetime of biases and prejudgments. Social differences seldom come to the fore in normal fanac, but they can grate on the nerves if that content widens. This type of feud is fairly rare in fanzine fandom. The subject of a Type Three Feud can be anything under the sun, but it is fueled by social friction.

A possible example was the Fanoclast Schism of 1969. It's hard to say what caused this aberration, but a gulf in life experience and divergent sexual views added coals to the fire.

**Type Four Feud: Fannish Exorcism.** This usually goes so smoothly and leaves so few scars that it is hard to remember that it is, indeed, a feud. Sometimes fanzine fandom reaches a consensus about a fan -- Claude Degler and Stephen Pickering, for two -- and rounds on the object of their hate. Defenders are few as fans hunt the quarry without thought to the adage about he who throws the first stone. This is unrestricted warfare at automatic overrun odds. Excess in driving the Unworthy from



our midst is not only tolerated, it is often encouraged.

**Type Five Feud: Trufannish Idealism.** This old standby is fanzine fandom's best-loved holy crusade, and thus merits its own category. It always pits hardcore fanzine fandom against fans who put little or no energy into fanzines.

Why do even confirmed pacifists get sucked in? Because it is deeply satisfying. Everyone is in it together, none of the fanzine fans really give a shit about the people they're fighting, there is the sure knowledge that right is on the side of fanzine-dom, and there's little likelihood that any long-term friendships will be sundered as a result. That seductive combination ignited jihads against Burroughs bibliophiles, Trekkies, Media Fans, Confans, and other Special Fandoms.

Ted White, in "The Politics of Fandom" (must reading for the fanzine warriors of the 90s), talks feelingly of the infiltration of mundane attitudes into a hobby in which anti-establishment views, introversion, and merit were long the defining characteristics. Mirroring society's dissenters, fanzine fans who subscribe to the traditional code often take great pride in their acute analysis of the shortcomings of so-called Mundane fans.

The origins of a Type Five feud are hard to pinpoint. A lot of non-fanzine fans harbor bad feelings toward our corner of the hobby, and we often repay that with open disdain for their activities. The transmutation of vague dislike into open warfare has received little analysis.

My favorite analogy is the germ theory of disease. Germs are always around us, but the disease doesn't develop unless the conditions are right. There's always grousing about "those snobbish fanzine fans," and fanzines are rife with disparaging comments about confans and their antics. No feud evolves unless the two camps stray onto each other's territory.

The dark side of fannish ecumenicalism is that familiarity between sub-fandoms may breed

contempt. When fanzine fans confine their comments about the con hordes to fanzines without extensive circulation outside active fanzine fandom, and the con-runners stick to their walkie-talkies and green rooms, the two factions have no arena in which to feud. But let trufans bid for a worldcon or oppose the con-runners' pet project, or let those fans invade our literary precincts, and everything changes. Simmering discontents bubble to the surface.

Generally, a Type Five Feud gets underway when one of two things happens: non-fanzine fans discover that they share an antipathy to fanzine fans and, emboldened by numbers, assail the paper fortress, or fanzine fans get tired of biting their tongues. A widely circulated fanzine article that denigrates the value of one or more special fandoms, or prominent individuals within them, can also provide the spark. The latter is less common, only because most non-fanzine fans give our mags a skip. An incendiary piece in **SF Chronicle**, **Locus**, or even **Connotations** would be a provocative exception.

**Type Six Feud: Mundane Ideology.** Even in First Fandom days, fans brought real-world causes into fandom, which then became the basis of feuds. Examples include Communism in the 1938-1942 period and again a decade later, drugs in the late 1960s, and feminism in the last 20 years. These can be one-on-one combats, or inter-faction donnybrooks with many spokesmen on each side.

**Type Seven Feud: Civil War.** These are the devastators of fandom in which significant numbers of fanzine fans line up on each side of a controversy and slug it out. The Breen Boondoggle and Topic A are the most famous fannish civil wars.

The danger posed by such feuds is that they tend to move toward a protracted stalemate that drains enthusiasm and energy from all participants. In the two specific examples, neither side could deliver a knockout blow to achieve final resolution, so they dragged on until most fans got tired of wrangling.

Fannish civil wars are ticking time-bombs. Just as sectionalism is still seen in the aftermath of the U.S. Civil War (or War Between the States), simmering resentments still fester from the Boondoggle and Topic A (or Bergeron Wars or

TAFF Wars).

Unlike a Type Four Feud (Fannish Exorcism), a Fannish Civil War doesn't settle anything. Few participants moderate their opinions; they stop solely because no one has the will to keep fighting. That's not a satisfying outcome, which leaves some survivors all too ready to take up the cudgels again.

The human interactions which lead to feuds transcend the seven types. Sweeping statements about such a diverse and individualistic group as fanzine fandom are, at most, debatable generalities. Lack of psychiatric credentials won't stop me from speculating, though.

Feuds are rooted in the signature characteristics of fanzine fans cited by everyone from Towner Laney to Ted White. Fanzine fans are often alienated from society and are usually introverted. This produces adults whose interpersonal skills are not as good as their intelligence and analytical ability. We are great at communicating our opinions, but not as good at presenting them in the most palatable fashion.

The truth is the truth, some say, so why sugar coat it? The answer is that fans are individual human beings with feelings and sensitivities. If these aren't honored with some tact, hurt feelings can transform a discussion into a feud.

The other element of the feud interaction is oversensitivity. Many fans display what is called "artistic temperament," and virtually all bear the scars of youthful pariah-hood. The same fans who make so free with their opinions frequently are among the first to take umbrage at others' derisive statements.

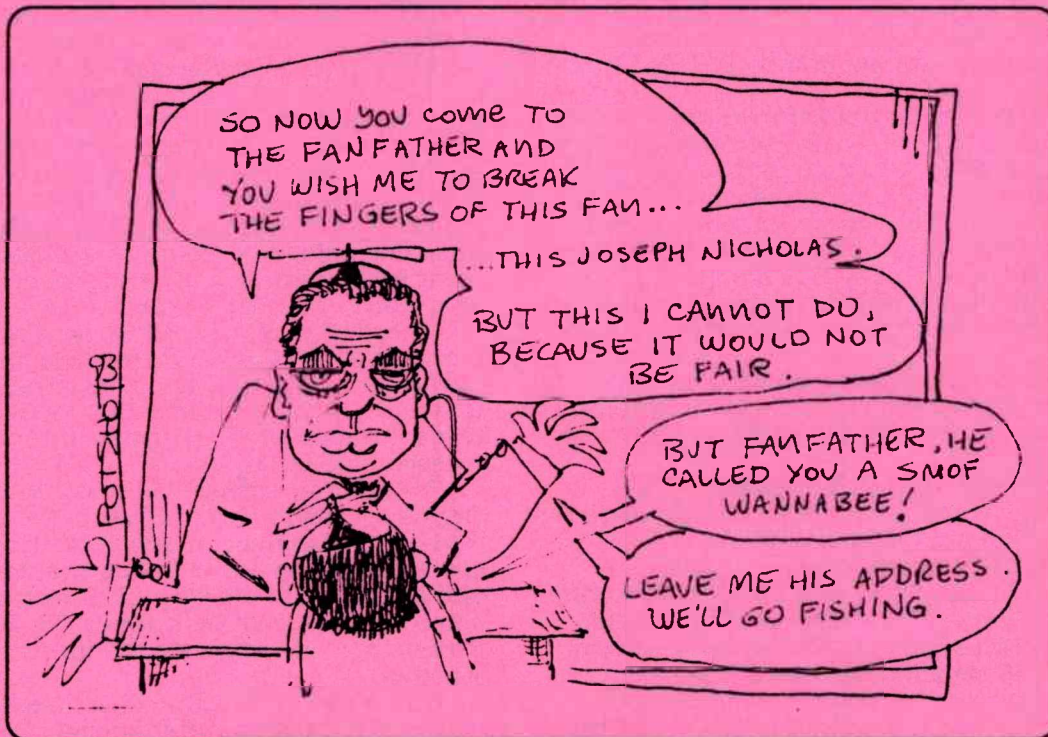
If I had a surefire formula for averting, or even expeditiously resolving, fannish disputes, this would be one hell of an article. I don't have that answer, and no one else does, either. Armed with this nomenclature, however, we can increase understanding of --

or joy from -- these tumultuous events.

Maybe, in some small way, "Bones of Contention" will make this a better world. Maybe Ben Wilson will sprout wings and fly. That's the uncertainty of the future for you

Or with my luck, someone will probably want to feud with me over this article.

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# TERMINOLOGICAL INEXACTITUDE

Some Words  
About Words

By ROB HANSEN

All right-thinking fans deplore the term 'sci-fi', of course, but Forrest J Ackerman's hideous neologism seems destined to survive and has in fact spawned imitators. When visiting a bookstore a while back, I was sort of appalled to see a section headed 'spy-fi'. "What has Ackerman wrought?", I asked Avedon, as we walked along the street later that evening. Then, naturally enough, we began speculating on what other genres could be given this treatment.

"Tear-jerkers would be 'cry-fi'" I suggested.

"And murder mysteries would be 'die-fi'."

"Not bad. How about 'pie-fi' for fiction about cookery?"

"Fiction about cookery? There's no such genre, you asshole!"

"OK, then it's books by Rudy Rucker we call 'pi-fi'."

"Oh, very nice. What others can we come up with?"

"Well, what would 'lie-fi' be?"

"Anything put out by the Tory government?"

"Very droll, my sweet. What about 'guy-fi'?"

"Porn?"

"Yep. Now, detective fiction would be 'pry-fi', and stories with lots of drug-taking would be 'high-fi'..."

YOU SEE BEFORE  
YOU THE SUAVE  
SOPHISTICATED  
FAN!



"Sounds too much like 'hi-fi'. What about advertisments as 'buy-fi'?"

"I don't think my stomach can take much more of this."

"Last one. I bet you can't beat 'Lawrence of Arabia' and 'Beau Geste' as examples of 'dry-fi'."

"You win, you win!!!"

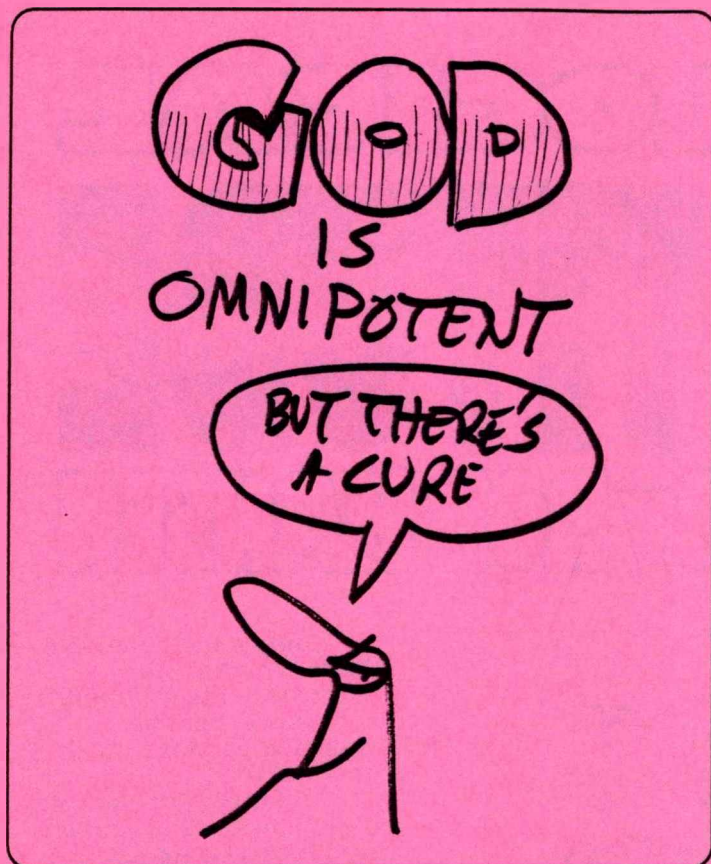
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One of the interesting things about living with an American lies in the differences between American English and British English, differences which have led to misunderstandings between Avedon and me on more than one occasion. For instance, she got in from her then job some years ago and announced that she had cleaned out her desk.

"That's nice", I replied, turning my attention back to the book I was reading.

"You don't understand, *I cleaned out my desk*," she repeated, this time emphasising every word.

"Why are you making such a big deal about tidying your desk up?" I said, more than a little puzzled by this point.



Now, of course, I know she was trying to tell me that she'd quit her job, but this sort of thing leaves you wondering what other linguistic confusions lie ahead. One interesting discovery we made early on was that to 'table' something has entirely opposite meanings on different sides of the Atlantic. Over here you table a motion when you want it to be discussed, while over there you table it when you want to terminate discussion of it. When she first came over here Linda Krawecka was told that someone was 'pissed', which puzzled her mightily as he didn't seem at all annoyed to her, just drunk. Over here you're pissed when drunk, and 'pissed off' when annoyed.

Some differences are well known by now, of course. Since the 1960s most of you over there have been aware that while to you 'fag' is short for 'faggot' which is a slang term for a homosexual, over here a faggot is a large meatball while 'fag' is slang (slightly archaic now) for a cigarette. The now sadly deceased comedian Peter Cook, a heavy smoker, used to tell a story about appearing on US TV back in the '60s:

"I told the interviewer that I was never comfortable unless I had a fag in my mouth and, the hospitality of the Americans being what it is, one was duly provided."

I'm sure you all knew the different meanings we had for 'faggot', but do you know the different meanings we have for 'fanny'? To you it's another term for 'backside' but over here it refers to female genitalia. I remember being deeply confused when, as a 14-year-old, I read an issue of Marvel's SGT FURY comic in which Fury tells his seated squad to "get off yer

fannies". Hollywood often gives the impression that Americans are Not As Other Men, but I had no idea that *that* was what they meant!

James McDonald's *Dictionary Of Obscenity, Taboo And Euphemism* (Sphere, 1988) lists the transatlantic differences in meaning, pointing out that only over here is 'Fanny' also an acceptable contraction of the name 'Frances'. Given the potential for disappointment, it's easy to see why they retitled the film *Fanny by Gaslight* for US release. Actually, this is a fascinating book, and particularly fascinating is the process whereby words once considered perfectly acceptable gradually become unacceptable and so are replaced by euphemisms which in their turn become equally unacceptable and so need to be replaced by other euphemisms. This can result in the original word being lost. For instance, we all know the original anglo-saxon terms for 'vagina' and 'copulation' still used to this day, but do you know the equivalent term for 'penis'? Somehow I doubt it. The original term was replaced by 'cock' after the original name for a water-tap, for obvious reasons, but this in its turn came to be considered obscene and was replaced by 'penis'. In fact in America (which has always been rather more puritan about words) 'cock' became so taboo that they had to come up with a new term for water-taps, hence 'faucet'.

And what was this original word for penis that was considered so obscene? Actually, it was 'pintle'. Hard to believe, isn't it? By way of pointing out how words we now consider obscene were once perfectly acceptable, the book mentions that in 1230, in the City of London, there was a street named 'Gropecunt Lane'. Since it was where you went to pick up prostitutes, this was a fine example of accuracy in advertising. However, given how it could show them up, I doubt that having street names describe what *actually* occurs on them would be too popular with our politicians. Linepocket Lane, anyone? Or Porkbarrel Avenue? Fat chance. The definition in the book that made me chuckle the most, however, was the following:

"BAGPIPE (col.) To simulate sexual intercourse by inserting the penis into another's armpit."

The term, and therefore, presumably, the practice, has been around for centuries, but most dictionaries delicately omit to mention it.

Perhaps surprisingly this is not the only word in English for this practice: to 'huffle' means exactly the same thing. Both 'bagpipe' and 'huffle' were included in the first *Dictionary Of The Vulgar Tongue* (1785), but were omitted from later editions. Even in the 1785 edition the practice was described only as 'a piece of bestiality too filthy for explanation'.

The writer of this fanzine article takes no responsibility for the consequences of bringing such 'filthy bestiality' to the attention of those to whom it had not previously occurred. Nevertheless, having discovered this definition he had no choice but to do what any right-thinking fan would do in such circumstances: send a copy to Chuck Harris....

"Well, I guess that's it. I shall have to resign from the Kraft-Ebbing Institute, cross Kinsey and Havelock

Ellis off my mailing list (I haven't heard from Havelock for years, anyway), and try to live with the jeers and cries of scorn.

"I thought I knew it all. It was me alone who invented the prototype twin back packs of reverse polarity alternating electro-magnets for the preliminary studies of sexual techniques in free fall. My thesis on anterior coitus reservatus of the left nostril has been reprinted in eighteen languages, reached fifty-six different English editions alone (and that's hardcover and doesn't include a multitude of pb reprints), and is the next alternative Book of the Month Choice.

"As you know, Doctorates in Sexology don't come easy. People looked up to me. I was respected. I solved their problems, and led them to orgasmic delight. I knew every orifice, every nook and cranny, every variation, deviance and perversion. I extrapolated from the *Kama Sutra*, and offered the world a host of refinements. During stopovers on my World Tours, I invented the French Tickler, the Dutch Cap, and Courgettes a la Greque. Nothing was too arcane or weird for my broad, virtually two-dimensional mind. You name it and not only have I done it, I very probably invented it too.

"And now, Oh God!...how can I ever face these people and admit, as I *have* to admit, that in all my everloving life I had never even dreamt, let alone heard of this 'bagpiping'; that I had never once speculated as to why women prefer the romantically-named, penile-shaped, roll-on underarm deodorants, such as 'Quelques Fleurs' or 'Charlie', whilst men prefer macho ejaculatory aerosols such as 'Brute', 'Musk', or (my own favorite) 'Old Spouse'.

"I can't even investigate the technique. My co-researcher doesn't want to know. She feels bagpiping is the ultimate decadence. Further, she says there is such a thing as marital rape and swears she will call out the constabulary if my hand so much as strays above her elbow.

"I think I will quit now, and go back to stamp-collecting, or join the N3F or something. (You know the Scots folk-song "Wi' a hundred pipers an' aw', an' aw', we'll up and give 'ee a blaw, a blaw?" The mind boggles. All that and a blaw too. Skirl me around again, Willy.)

"And something else.

"Did I tell you about Welsh rarebit? How it is no more than a bastard term invented in Victorian times by some crafty cafe owner anxious to increase his cheese on toast sales? That there was no such thing as Welsh rarebit or rabbit, and that it was just another misleading advertising gimmick. I did? And were you bored silly?

"And you already know about the Earl of Sandwich at the card table,

pausing to invent and name two slices of bread with a bit of meat in the middle? And you know about Nellie Melba, still remembered for the fancy ice-cream with the bit of peach and the raspberry sauce? Yes I thought so. But do you know about mash potato?????????????

"And this is true, too.....

"In 1712, Walt Percy, Earl of Northumberland and lecher extraordinary, had his right hand deep in the serving wench's décolletage, happily groping away at her knockers, when his butler brought in his dinner of roast swan and potatoes. Now, this was a bit of a dilemma for Walt. He didn't want his dinner to get cold, but on the other hand he didn't want to interrupt everything just to grab hold of the cutlery to attack the meat and veg instead. So, hungry enough, but reluctant to withdraw his right hand from the girl's bosom, he ate his dinner with his left hand - pulping the spuds with his fork as he went along. And by doing so a culinary legend was born and 'Mash Percy', as he became known, is still remembered as the sole inventor and originator of mash potatoes. ("Masher" - denoting a 'lady-killer' - didn't enter the national vocabulary until 150 years later, and is sod-all to do with Walt Percy. Nor is the fact that American men habitually eat their dinners one-handed, too.)"

I'm off to read some pry-fi now because I know better than to try and follow Chuck. So the final word is:

FIN. ••



Young Patrick Stewart,  
on the Set of  
"I, CLAUDIUS", Recieves  
a visitation from  
the Ghost of  
Future Residuals.

Steve  
Stiles  
©1997

*A Reminiscence of the Protagonist's  
Flirtations With the Stage,  
In Which the Classic Concept Is  
Demonstrated That, as Persons  
Advance in Age,  
Recent Memories Fade While Distant  
Memories Are  
Recalled in Detail*

Sure, I had a good time at SilverCon IV and if, between the fertilization of the Mardi Gras courtyard a day before that memorable longish weekend and Arnie & Joyce's subsequent similar refurbishment of their lawn, my nose was so assaulted that for weeks it kept telling me it was in some proximity to an outhouse, why then I just had to remind myself that I did bathe that morning, and it was all in my head.

(I'd actually prefer to select another cliché, but nothing occurs to me at the moment. Besides, there are those who suggest I'm full of it anyway, so why make an issue? Let's just say my ol' factory was working overtime.)

Perhaps the best moments for me at this convention comprised the opportunity I had to make a ham of myself instead of the usual ass. (This probably works with the above paragraphs better for U.S. readers than for our British brethren, for reasons that have already been discussed sufficiently in earlier lettercols—reasons having to do with differences in our mother slang.) Andy Hooper invited me to participate in a reading of his inspired "radio" drama, *Ten Zines that Shook the World*.

I shared this honor with a dozen or more other fans, not all of whom, I'm embarrassed to say, could I recount when I reached this point in my first draft. This was undoubtedly due to my active participation in some of the other popular activities at the con and the consequent impairment of my little grey cells—not that I ever laid claim to Herculean powers of the mind. At any rate, Ken Forman, Nevenah Smith, Victor Gonzales, Ben Wilson, Peggy Kurilla, Richard Brandt, Tom Springer, BelleAugusta, Bill Kunkel, Pat O'Connor and JoHn Hardin were in fact the players, with Andy himself providing the narration. (I checked with Andy and added two or three names to the list before this saw print.) For the same reasons, I cannot recount here chapter and verse of the events at the con that led up to the public performance. But perhaps I can give you a bit of the larger picture that made it special for me.

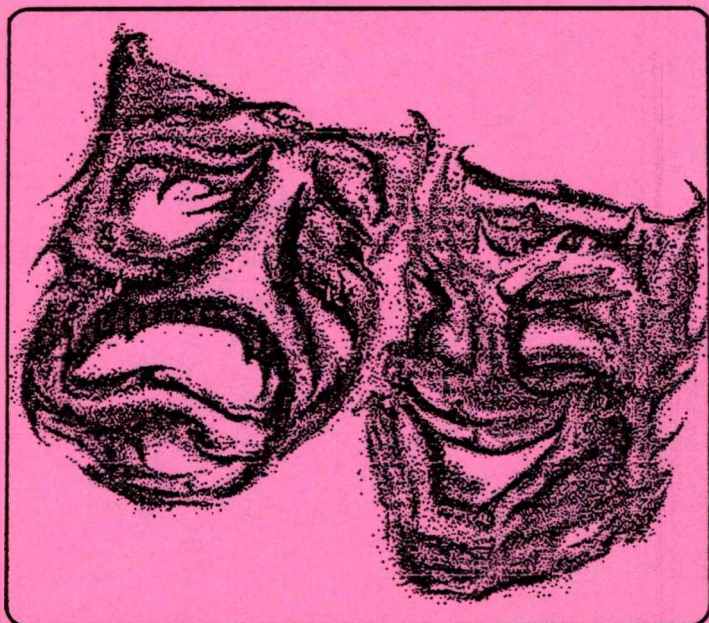
There was a time, dear friends, when I Aspired to the Stage.

In part this was the usual case of claiming, on having seen performers who made it look easy, "Hey, I could do that!" But there was a little more to it.

To put it semi-succinctly, I was a shy and troubled kid who, by my mid-teens, was so buried in a shell that therapy was advised. Because I seemed to like to draw and write, Dr. Spencer, the psychiatrist, recommended I go to Buxton School, a small private co-ed preparatory school in Williamstown, Mass. (about 50 miles from where I was living at the time)

# DRAMATIS PERSONAL

By Ross Chamberlain



that emphasized creativity. My folks were not well off, but after an interview with Mrs. Sangster, the headmistress, I did get a scholarship to go there. Mrs. S. was a remarkable woman, and sometime I'll have to write more about her.

Illustrative of that shell I spoke of, I remember an evening shortly after arriving at the school, still very much withdrawn into myself, sitting in the main house's living room by myself. One of the students, Terry Smith, came in and asked if there was anything wrong. I said "No, I'm okay." I was grateful for the attention, but he of course took it as "Leave me alone," and went away annoyed, clearly feeling that his offer of help had been rebuffed.

Among the creative endeavors promoted by the school was (you guessed it) drama. There were only about 20 or 30 students all together, over the four grades, freshman to senior. Each year the entire student body would prepare and present a play. They not only put it on in the school's own theatre, rebuilt from an old corn crib structure, and sometimes in churches or auditoriums in one or two neighboring towns, but they would also take it on the road for a couple of performances in some distant but interesting place. I came to Buxton as a senior, but, on the recommendations of the therapist, stayed for a post-grad year. So I was in two such productions, one of which was a home-grown musical based on the story of Rip Van Winkle, and the other was Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*. In addition, there was usually a second production put on by a smaller group of interested students.

The first effort I was involved in was *Rip*.

The late actor John Cazale (1935-1978), who played Fredo Corleone in *The Godfather*, Sal in *Dog Day Afternoon*, and guys named Stan in both *The Conversation* and *The Deer Hunter*, graduated from Buxton the year before I arrived, I think. Johnny (yeah, we called him that) was brought in to play Rip because he had a strong tenor singing voice. Because I sang bass, or at least could hit some low notes, I was selected to play St. Nicholas, who was a pivotal character in this version of the story (Washington Irving might have shaken his head dolefully at some of the embellishments, though in fact his works were the source for many of them). Johnny and I got to put on bushy white beards. I had mine for my two appearances on stage; he, of course, only had to wear his in the second act. They also encouraged him to let his hair grow long for the part... Bear in mind that this was in 1956, well before the Beatles revolution. Everybody thought he looked a little strange!

I also had to wear padding (I was a skinny kid, then; today the suit would fit without the pillow). The costume I wore was not the classic Santa Claus suit; rather it was an outfit that reflected the period, all in fall colors—browns and oranges and greys—and including a tall hat, a long-stemmed pipe and leggings that were improvised out of dyed long johns...

I was initially cautiously interested in the project but didn't know about this idea of getting up in front of people and making a jerk out of myself. Mrs. S., who had written the book and lyrics herself (Jerry Bidlack, our musical director, wrote the music), called me into her office to offer me the St. Nicholas part. I didn't know what it would entail, and she explained some of it. There were a couple of songs, or maybe one long

one and a reprise, and I'd basically be providing the motivation for Rip to go into the mountains—something about seeking a golden ball to help his daughter get married, or *summat lika dat*. I was demurring about all this, or trying to in the face of Mrs. S.'s enthusiasm, and she was getting me to read some of the lines of the script, I think. I did some little silly business with one of the lines, and her eyes lightened. "Yes! That's good!" she encouraged even as I blushed at my temerity. And thus she began to chip away at that shell...

I introduced myself to Rip on stage with the following chorus and verse:

*Oh, I am St. Nicholas, jolly and fat,  
With my long, long pipe and my high, high hat!  
With my long, long pipe and my high, high hat,  
I am St. Nicholas, jolly and fat!*  
I wait all the year 'til the snow piles up high  
And then with my reindeer and sleigh off I fly  
Through clouds and through moonlight, avoiding  
each star  
To the houses of children in lands near and far  
Where my well-laden belly I tighten and shrink  
As I lower myself through the chimney's square  
brink.\*  
And fill all the stockings that patiently hang  
While the children are waiting to see what I  
brang... \*\*  
*Oh, I am St. Nicholas, jolly and fat,  
With my long, long pipe and my high, high hat!  
With my long, long pipe and my high, high hat,  
I am St. Nicholas, jolly and fat!*

This was followed by another verse which provided expository information for the plot. I had trouble remembering that verse even then (I blanked part of it out during our last performance), and it promptly disappeared forever after the final curtain calls.

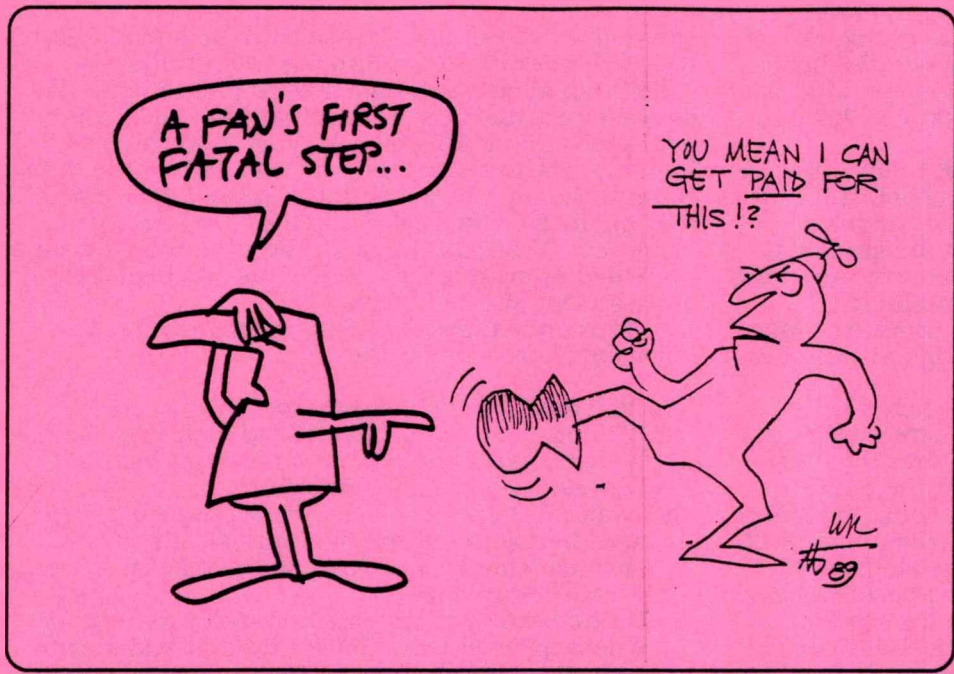
We took this play to Quebec City, commandeering a passenger car on a train to Montreal, while the props and materials were driven north in the school's old truck. The car was divided between girls and boys overnight, but at least a couple of couples succeeded in crossing the line—and got in trouble for it. Disciplinary trouble, I hasten to add. There's only so much one can do in a passenger car.

This was my first time out of the U.S. We stayed at a small hotel in the old town, L'Hotel du Jardin des Gouverneurs, a block or two behind Le Château Frontenac (my memory of these names may be faulty after all these years), the great building, now a hotel, that dominates the skyline over the city. It was winter, and we had just missed being in town for some winter games—there were wooden frameworks for some sort of skiing or skating or sledding contests that had been held in the courtyards surrounding the Chateau.

I took many pictures around the city (upper and

\* This sank to a very low note, which I didn't always succeed in hitting squarely.

\*\* You cringe, I cringe, the audience cringes. I tried to add a sense of "elbow-in-ribs, wink-wink, it's all in fun here, folks" to this, but it probably just made it sound like a sour note in addition to the barbaric grammar.



inadvertently said something out of line. I think it addressed the excellent welcome we had received from our French hosts, but in such a way as to slap our English hosts in their collective face. Mrs. Sangster's autobiography, which I got a copy of many years later, explained it, but that explanation has faded from me and the book is inaccessible.

It was a pure example of how a performance can be affected by its audience. We did miserably on the stage; as I mentioned before, I blew some of my lines, and I think I wasn't the only one. We crawled off the stage by the end—I think we had just the one mandatory curtain call—and, quite frankly, I have no recollection at all of the trip back to Buxton.

One of our group did, I know, speak French, and it probably was Parisian; Sidsel Abbott was the daughter of a diplomat (Swedish, I think—her home address was in

lower), the Citadel and the Plains of Abraham, but I was still a self-styled loner and failed to get any snapshots with my fellow students in them—I regret this yet today. Most of the pictures might as well have been black-and-white postcards, though many were from odd angles that probably most real postcard photographers would not have taken.

Our first performance was at the French school, Université Laval. It went well—I remembered all my lines, as did we all, I think. Some of us, not I, had memorized French lyrics to some key songs, and that was well taken by the audience. Afterwards we were treated to an evening at a night club. Each Buxton student was hosted by a student from the school. I now only remember that I enjoyed talking with the lovely girl who was my hostess but she could not draw me out to the dance floor, and eventually she disappeared. Before that, there was a comedian who elicited much laughter but, since his act was entirely in French, I and most of my fellow troupers missed most of it. My hostess did try to explain one observation that got a good laugh; something about how all their U.S. guests who did speak French spoke it with a Parisian accent. I guess you had to be there. And speak French.

Jerry Bidlack, our musical director, who had written the music for *Rip* and played piano accompaniment to our performance, made one big mistake. At the end of the evening, someone decided we should sing our national anthems. The Canadians stood up and sang theirs, verse after verse, strongly and proudly and with gusto. We didn't do too badly with ours until, after we were proudly done with "...and the home...of the...brave!" Jerry started to play for the second verse! Do you know the second verse? Neither did we...

The second performance was at an English school and it was a disaster. I regret to say that I've now forgotten specifically what it was that turned them cold, but it had to do with a radio interview the night before, with one of our faculty members, who

Stockholm). In the second half of our school year, a smaller group of us interested in acting (I'd more or less been hooked) put on a production of *The Night of January 16th*, a play by Ayn Rand that consists basically of a sensational murder trial. I played the Prosecutor; Peter Hammer, whose voice hadn't changed yet, was the Defense Lawyer. In the several performances we did of this play, both in Buxton's theatre and in a couple of churches in nearby towns, the Jury (chosen from the audience) always decided in favor of the defendant... I guess I wasn't cut out for the law. (But churches tend to make excellent courtroom sets.)

Sidsel was my legal assistant or deputy D.A. or whatever, and in the course of rehearsals, as well as several shared classes, we got to finding each other's company very easy to take. Laughing together a lot. One of those things. It wasn't really anything more than a good friendship developing, but her boyfriend took a dark view of it. This was Terry Smith, the fellow who'd thought I'd rejected his offer of friendship when I first arrived, and who had been pretty much cool toward me subsequently. He stopped me between classes or something one day and issued an ultimatum: Stay away from Sid. That's it.

\*Sigh\*

Actually we got things straightened out a month or so later and became good friends after that. But I missed laughing with Sidsel.

The next year, we took *The Skin of Our Teeth* to Nantucket, this time traveling by bus. Borgny Hammer, Peter's kid sister, one of two who played Sabrina in alternate performances, distinguished herself by climbing up into the overhead luggage racks. One of the guys, Bill Mackay, was the first person I knew to wear a Mohawk haircut. We changed for a ferry at Woods Hole, Mass., on the southern shore of Cape Cod, and soon enough we were out of sight of the mainland... another first in my life. And the last, to date.

I played a news reporter who introduces the play.

There are supposed to be movie clips to accompany the reporter's spiel, but we were on too tight a budget to get those from the company that handles those things. On our first performance, back at Buxton, the one for parents and some locals, we had a miscue—I was sitting in the front row, wearing the new trenchcoat I'd gotten for the part. My folks were in the audience. Someone was supposed to flash a spotlight that was set up above and in front of the curtain, for my cue. It was on, but I kept waiting for it to flash, and it never happened. Finally the curtain opened, and they started the play without my intro. (Sabrina, the maid, duster in hand: "Oh, oh, oh! Six o'clock and the master's not home yet!"—or something like that.) They had been waiting for me while I'd been waiting for them. Bother!

There were no miscues in Nantucket. Our performances were well received, there indeed, we got rave reviews in the local paper, comparing us favorably with a Broadway production. All of us felt pretty good about that, to be sure!

Our other production for the year was *The Swan*, by Ferenc Molnar. Later that year (1956) the movie with Grace Kelly as Princess Alexandra, Louis Jourdan as the Tutor who falls in love with her, and Alec Guinness as Prince Albert (not, incidentally, the Prince Albert—nor, for that matter, the other one, of tobacco can incarceration fame) was released, and most of us went to see it. I played the Prince. One of our faculty had a tuxedo that he let me wear for the part. He was a tall man; we had to roll up the trouser cuffs for me. And we found a broad crimson ribbon and some gold trinket to look like an emblem, for me to wear across my chest over the standard white shirt (if Mr. Sears had a dicky for the tuxedo, he didn't let on). For the life of me I can't remember what I wore at the neck of the shirt.

It was at one of the performances of *The Swan* that we experienced *The Click*; the only time on stage I've ever had that good fortune. Our soccer team got it once in one game. It's one of those extended mutual satoris where everything Works. Kind of a gestalt thing. On the stage that evening, suddenly, we forgot the fourth wall; we were all in character, the interaction flowing quite as I'm sure the author would have had it given his druthers.

I've actually seen it happen on television, a couple or three times; once on the Dave King summer replacement show for the Kraft Theatre, when a new young singer called Shanie Wallace came out for a solo spot, and blew the audience away. As far as I know she was never again able to capture that excitement. Another time was on the Dinah Shore show in a duet with some other singer you wouldn't normally expect to blend so well with her; and a third time it was Jane Olivor in a guest spot on some variety show in the mid

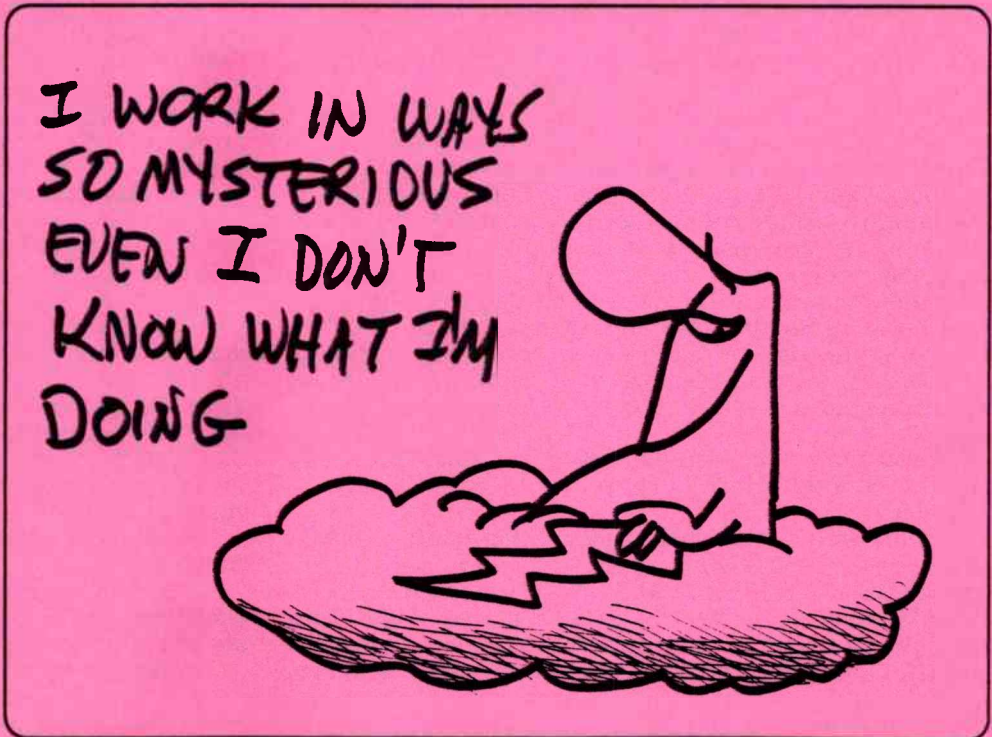
70's or early 80s. She did a fantastical cover of *Over the Rainbow*, which normally I have trouble dealing with when done by anyone other than Judy Garland. When I finally got one of her albums with the song on it, it wasn't the same—nevertheless I was rather a fan of hers for a while.

At one point in the last act of *The Swan*, at the confrontation of the Prince and the Tutor, the Prince is supposed to approach the Tutor and kiss him on the cheek, sort of *à la* the medal-awarding kiss of the French army (tch! Those French!). This was definitely an awkward element for me, even though there was in fact no kiss *per se*. Whenever I get one of those rare moments of self-doubt about my sexual identity, I look back on those occasions as an early reassurance of heterosexuality. (I've had better and more convincing, since, by the way.) I trust the stiff manner with which I approached Larry Koenig at that point was properly perceived as the essence of *noblesse oblige* in the character I played.

On the other hand, the young man who played Father Hyacinth (Brian Aherne in the movie) would probably have had no such problem. While I never saw any hint of it during our school days, during which I guess he was as much a friend of mine as anyone—and I had pretty well broken out of my shell by that time—the first time I saw him, in Boston, a year later, he had somehow acquired all the mannerisms of a flaming fag. Disconcerting, to say the least.

This was still the '50s, and, truly, I was still naive to many of the ways of the world. And still rather prejudiced and ignorant about some things (which is the same thing, perhaps).

Besides our standard schooling at Buxton there were other creatively oriented classes. I had an art class, of course, but our teacher was so occupied in his own endeavors that he did little in the way of actual teaching. They did provide materials, so I pretty much went my own way with that. Mrs. S. taught a



creative writing class, where, again, it was mostly a matter of writing what one wished and reading it aloud in class. Perhaps the chief impetus to improved writing there was competition, though I believe at the time I thought of it more as seeking Mrs. Sangster's approval. I had only one or two real competitors, at least in my mind, and one of these, it later proved, was inclined to crib stuff from books. She *read* it well... (I met her again many years later. Still a ditz.)

One of the occupations of the last year at Buxton was, of course, the selection of colleges to apply to. I remember that Oberlin, in Ohio, was a popular candidate, and my folks and I did look into it. The financial aspects were certainly a consideration, far more than it was for many of my fellow students at Buxton. We finally settled, however, on a two-year school in Boston called the Leland Powers School of Radio, Television and Theater. The "Television" part had been relatively recently added; I know the school had been around a while. I believe my late grandfather, himself a performer in the 20s and 30s (Charles Ross Taggart, the Old Country Fiddler, as he was called on his Victrola records, or, on the Redpath Circuit, The Man From Vermont), had either known or at least been acquainted with Leland Powers, himself. Not that this gave us any in at the school!

I've told some of this part of the story in one fanzine or another from time to time. I did not do well at Leland Powers, not from any lack of ability, but definitely from lack of self discipline. There were weekly parties to go to—the kind of party where one stood jam-packed in the middle of an overcrowded apartment, juggling a drink and shouting to be heard; the kind of party that would be and occasionally were closed down by police for being too noisy.

I was assigned a room with a roommate. His name was Russell Pardy, but he was generally known as Ross... Since most of the time when anyone called "Ross" it was he that was wanted, I fairly quickly returned to my self-effacing ways. He was classically handsome in a Julian Glover sort of way, though thinner. We got along pretty well, studying the International Phonetic Alphabet and practicing lines and things like that.

[By the way, Seattle fen, do me a favor and look in your telephone directories to see if there is a hairdressing firm or chain there called Ross of London. The London referred to is London, New Hampshire, where my former roommate hailed from. It seems, he, too, discovered homophilia after school (I could be wrong, but I inferred as much from a couple of things he said in the last letter I had from him, written from Seattle). My, my. If nothing has happened to him, things being what they are, and the business was a success (hence still around), I think I'd be interested in saying hello, sometime, for old times sake.]

I did okay at Leland Powers for a while. But it wasn't too long before I began to get behind in my studies.

Then, in a particularly susceptible mood, as I was realizing I was screwing up and unable to tell myself how to fix it, I saw the film *Lust for Life*, with Kirk Douglas as Vincent Van Gogh, and it was so powerful that, much to the consternation of my folks, I quit the school. I'd decided I was going to be an Artist, you see.

Damn fool kid...

This story being about my brushes with the theatre, I'll pass quickly over the next few years—my first "real" job, a summer with my married brother in North Carolina (where he was involved with a summer theatre), New York City and my second job, business school (*f u c u d the...* yeah, a Speedwriting class), and then after a while back to New York and a job with a book wholesaler, Bookazine, where Mike McInerney and rich brown worked. Hence and thence, fandom...

One day in '65 or '66, some interesting girls (we didn't know from women's lib yet) visited a FISTFA gathering. They were slumming in the Village from Sara Lawrence, a College for Young Ladies in Bronxville, which is a few miles north of the city (and several miles beyond the Bronx). I got the word from Mike or rich that at least a couple of them were interested in hearing more from some of us guys and one had left her name and number (well, that of her dorm phone at SL), which he passed on to me.

I've often wondered what might have happened had I called that number

"But," says someone who knew me at the time, "you did, didn't you? Isn't that how you met Marion?"

Yes, it was, in fact. But that was a couple of weeks later. Some of the girls (gimme a break; they weren't in their 20s yet) came back to the next FISTFA. I remember noticing one, whose short skirt rode up very interestingly as she sat on a window ledge on the far side of the room. She was plump, redheaded (almost auburn) with long hair parted in the middle in the style of the times (well, one of the styles), a snubnose and an easy laugh. I wasn't introduced at the time, but I was told she'd noticed me and I had a new number to call...

Marion Edmonds was a drama major at Sara Lawrence. She also represented at least a couple of interesting firsts for me—not my first love, no, no, but the first one to ever stay the night... Ah. Revert!...

Okay, that's enough. Back to the story.

It seems that her drama class was working on a trio of one-act Noel Coward plays from the *Tonight at Eight o'Clock* suite. I don't remember the individual titles, now, but one the one I remember best involved two bickering actors, a husband and wife team, whose performances suffer from their jealousies, and like that. The set is in their dressing room, and the scene breaks take place while the two are "on stage."

They (Marion's class and director) were looking for someone, a male, to play a blustering theatre manager, one Mr. Edwards.

I went to read for the part. The director (I regret to say I've long forgotten his name) wasn't too sanguine about me and my bushy beard (a real one, this time) and soft voice, but waved me on. I got to my first cue and knocked on the scaffolding of a backstage flat in lieu of the dressing room door.

"Who is it?" called one of the actors.

"Mr. Edwards!" I responded in my best stentorian voice.

"Wow!" came the voice of the class director from in front.

Okay, I'd learned to project back at Buxton. I was accepted. And then they learned, as rehearsals went on, that I had trouble learning my part...

I was trying to learn it by rote. I used a tape



recorder, with the other parts taped for me to respond to. I had never really learned a better way to do it, but the method really wasn't flexible enough for me to stay with the character if I, or anyone else, fluffed a line.

Ad lib? Me? Forget it! I blow it in normal conversation if I try to talk off the cuff without some mental rehearsal! (This is the real reason I'm so quiet most of the time!)

They tried me out with a little improvisational bit, where the actor who played the male half of the couple and I were supposed to have a confrontation in my office. Details have escaped me, but after a moment of setup in which I managed to maintain my (Mr. Edwards') haughty demeanor, it went something like this:

"Tell you what," he said. "Let's have drink on it."

I drew myself up "Certainly not!" I replied.

"Aw, come on," he winked. "I've seen that bottle you thought you'd kept secret in your drawer!"

I cracked up—and out of character. It was no good. But it was too late to find someone else, so I remained, and played the three or four public performances, all of which were at the Reisinger Auditorium at Sara Lawrence. Several fans came to one of them at my request, though whether any of these are among the readers of this opus, I'm not sure. I think I played the part okay without any serious screwups. But Marion did not seek my help with any further productions, though I did come to visit her as she got into another play—*The Killing of Sister George*.

Should anyone wonder about it, I didn't meet Joy-Lynd until a year or so after Marion broke off with me. It was a little while before she got around to asking me to take down Marion's picture from my wall...

She was just known as Joy, then—Joy Sennet. She added the Lynd, herself, several years later when she got fed up with all the jokes on her name ("Joy to the World" got kind of old), and with having no middle name. She was (and is) quite adamant about people using both names; the hyphen came a little while later when it became clear that people weren't going to use both names without it.

It took me a while to get used to that, I can tell you!

The closest I ever got to any kind of acting again was at a playwright's workshop in the Village (Greenwich, that is) six or seven years ago. A friend at work, Alison Graves, was involved with it, and asked me if I'd like to come and read one part in a play she'd been working on. I did, but the circle of readers I joined were mostly semi-pros, and I fear my amateur status was obvious. My part was that of a

Midwestern farmer (Alison hailed from Wisconsin, I think), who was bewildered by and hated to see his wife turning independent. I couldn't get the accent—it came out a pretty generic Southern, basically. It was a serious drama about personal relationships. I liked it a lot, and I hope she actually succeeds with it one day.

So, anyway, the chance to ham it up as a character named Samstinov ("artist and Red Guard block captain... A visionary who paints cigar-shaped lights hanging over haystacks and suspects Reed [a time-traveling fan] of being an alien.") in Andy Hooper's strange, Firesign Theatre-like comedic melodrama of an alternate-universe, profotannish revolutionary Russia, was welcome!

Yes, even when our first rehearsal was held in the Mardi-Gras Gazebo, situated in the very heart of dung country! Especially memorable on that occasion was Jack Speer's enthusiastic rendition of Lenin, which made V.I. Ulianov sound more like Huey Long. He was standing in for the otherwise occupied Bill Kunkel, who did well enough in the final, public reading.

Pat O'Connor played one Capt. Athelstine Jinnantonix (an inspired surname), whom Andy described initially as having a regrettably Belgian accent, but the stage direction when he is introduced is, "His accent defies description." Pat succeeded astonishingly well with this.

The subsequent spot rehearsal and the final reading on Sunday afternoon went well, though Andy noted afterward that I'd swallowed a key phrase. Next time—?

It's been rare for me to share in a project that pretty much everyone involved not only found fun to do but was enthusiastic about. That's what drew me to dabble with drama over the years— It's a great shell-breaker, as Mrs. Sangster and Dr. Spencer knew forty years ago.

Come to think of it, maybe that's what drew me to fandom...?

Perhaps. But, enhh—maybe I'm still waiting for the Click. ••



# HOW

# DIDN'T

# SLEEP

for

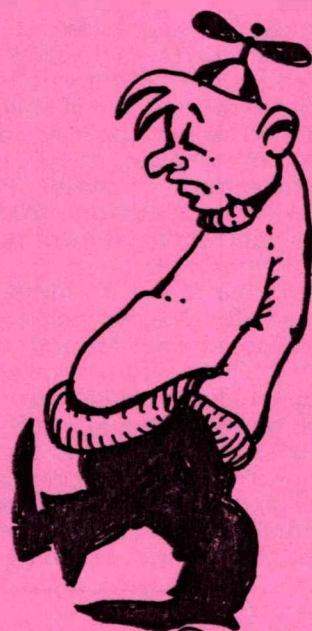
# ELEVEN

# YEARS

# BY MARK KERNES

Truth is, I really don't know for what period I didn't sleep. What I do have are some vague recollections of people — actually, one or two women of my acquaintance, and a guy I shared a bunk with in summer camp in '65 — telling me I snored, 'way back when (the importance of this will be clear later) but I could be wrong about that. One of the first things to go when you don't sleep is your memory, and despite *Listerine* and *Head And Shoulders* commercials, most people are too genteel to call attention to their friends' minor physical foibles.

No, the first time I became absolutely certain I snored was during my three-month stay in Allenwood Federal Prison Camp in the Fall of 1984. I shared a cubicle with an elderly gentleman who apparently could sleep through anything, but after having been



Ray Nelson

there a few days, I started waking up in the middle of the night with the vague impression that I'd been hit by something. I'd usually pass quickly back into unconsciousness (not the same as sleep), only to sometimes be awakened again with the same impression. Upon arising at 6 a.m. reveille, I'd discover a paperback book or a roll of toilet paper on the floor beside my bunk.

After a few days of this, I finally put two and two together: The guy in the next cubicle, a New Jersey hood by the name of Gambino, was wont to wake up around 1 a.m. nightly for a coffee and cigarette break. One might imagine that it was the caffeine and nicotine that prevented him from getting back to sleep when he tried at about 1:30, but I learned that he blamed my loud snoring. Being the kind of guy that "didn't take no shit from nobody," when Gambino wanted to snooze, he'd throw something at me over our common wall to wake me up briefly, whereupon I'd stop snoring for a while. And if he didn't conk out before I started again, he'd throw something else.

So it was that I got my first real experience with sleep deprivation. After a few days of being disturbed in the middle of the night, it became harder and harder to get back to sleep, as my subconscious apparently became sensitized to being suddenly awakened at odd hours — or at least, that's how I rationalized my reaction at the time. Now I'm not so sure. Now I think it was the early stages of "sleep apnea." Read on....

Anyway, things got so bad that I was only "sleeping" about two hours per night. I began experiencing the classic symptoms of prolonged lack of sleep: irritability, crying jags, memory failure, inability to pay attention or think logically, and finally hallucinations. I'd even considered punching Gambino's lights out if he woke me up again, knowing full well that starting a fight would get me six months in a county lock-up — and possibly killed by one of Gambino's relatives. It was time to speak to the prison authorities.

The prison dorm counselor, to his credit, realized that I was actually having a problem, and set about finding me a "safer" place to sleep. I'd suggested letting me move my bed and sleep in the hall, away from the other 75 inmates, as had been done in the past at times when the prison was temporarily overcrowded, but for reasons that have never been made clear, that solution was nixed.

Well, they finally did find me a demilitarized zone in which to sleep, but the point of this tale is the confirmation that I snored very loudly — and loud snoring is the most common symptom of the condition known as "sleep apnea."

One of my favorite books, *The Complete Guide To Symptoms, Illness & Surgery*, defines "sleep apnea" as "temporary cessation of breathing while in deep sleep," but aside from being slightly wrong, this definition scarcely scratches the surface of this very interesting syndrome.

Why the book is wrong is its implication that sleep apnea victims can get into a deep sleep before the problems appear. While that statement may be accurate in the very early stages of the condition, after 11 years, the best a sufferer can hope for is limited periods of semi-consciousness that feel a lot like being very, very stoned on grass. I can recall many nights

when, after having gone to the bathroom for about the third time — with sleep apnea, your body never really shuts down to repair itself as it does in real sleep — I would just lay in bed, eyes closed, ruminating on the happenings of the previous day, or worrying about something that was about to occur during the coming workday. I would briefly lose consciousness during these times, because it was not uncommon for me to look at my watch, see a read-out of 4:30 a.m., then look again "moments later" and see a glowing 6:45 — but it just never felt like I was asleep.

One important problem the "sleep apneac" has is lack of the real dreaming that only occurs when a person is in deep sleep. I suspect that the only thing that stopped me from going crazy during my sleepless period was the fact that after years of psychedelic use, "I'm" on pretty good terms with "my" subconscious. That, coupled with a philosophy that recognizes that life itself is a dream, and that the externality of relations is an illusion (long-time friends will find those words familiar), stood me in good stead during my illness. (Okay, so maybe I *did* go crazy — but it was a warm, fuzzy, good kind of crazy that made — makes! — me amusing and endearing at parties.)

If being crazy were the only problem, though, I probably could have lived with it, but that's (arguably) the least of the symptoms. At various times during the final five or six years, I found myself "sleeping" fitfully ten hours a night, being tired all day, often conking out for ten or fifteen minutes in the afternoon (which thrilled my bosses no end) and dozing off at 7 or 8 p.m. for a couple of hours. And talk about your "lost weekends"; mine were generally spent reclining on a couch, surfing the channels and fading in and out of consciousness.

The condition was getting so bad that it even affected my driving. On a five-hour car trip to, say, Las Vegas, I would have to pull over at the Barstow rest stop halfway there to snooze for an hour or so. In the final stages, I found myself nearly dozing off at the wheel. Of course, that worried me, but I felt there was nothing I could do about it except continue to take rest stops — or give up long-distance driving altogether.

Worse, my high blood pressure medication was gradually increased over these years to 240 mg twice a day, and a cardiogram in 1993 showed a partially enlarged heart — not a good sign.

Fortunately, my doctor (James L. Caplan, M.D. — long may his name be praised!) asked the right questions during an examination, made a shrewd guess and scheduled me for a night or observation at the Cedars-Sinai Sleep Disorder Center. I checked into the hospital in late January of '95 for one of the weirder experiences of my life. The weirdness arose partly from the way they treated me — a sort of "kid glove" interface along with an attitude that I interpreted as "this guy's got a below-90 IQ" — and partly from the fact that they must have attached at least 20 sensor patches all over my body, from the bald spot on the back of my head down to my hairy calves. I watched TV for a couple of hours, and finally drifted off — all of which, they tell me, would have been captured on videotape if I'd had it done before the previous year's earthquake, but the Center hadn't gotten its cameras repaired even one year later. (A fellow sufferer told me he got a look at his tape and

was horrified to see himself constantly moving around, choking and gasping for breath every couple of minutes.)

At about 2 a.m., the techs woke me, told me I definitely had sleep apnea, and attached a mask to my face that was connected to an pump which forced air up my nose at a constant 14 psi. I fell asleep almost immediately, only to wake two hours later because the moving air had completely dried out my nasal membranes and they hurt! After spraying some sort of moistening liquid up my nose, I went back to sleep till they woke me at 7 a.m.. I expected I would awake refreshed, but I was loggier than I'd ever been, so unaccustomed was I to deep sleep after all these years. I hardly ever drink coffee, but this morning, I needed it bad.

There are actually two types of sleep apnea. One is caused by a brain dysfunction in which you actually forget to breathe while asleep. But the more common cause is a combination of too much tissue in the throat (I am rather overweight) and throat muscles that relax too much when you fall asleep. It apparently also "helps" if you've got a short neck. (My fellow apneac tells me there's a local support group for us afflicted types, and that nearly everybody in the group has a short neck.)

Anyway, when you doze, your throat closes off your airway. After a few moments, your body realizes, on a semi-conscious level, "Hey, I'm choking to death," and rouses you just enough to change position and open up the airway. But once you settle into this new position, the muscles relax again and off goes your air. (That extra-loud snoring is a result of your body's attempt to keep the airway open.) The kicker is, you never really wake up during this process, but you never really get into a deep sleep, either.

For those with computers, there are a few informative websites that deal with sleep apnea. Try <http://walden.mo.net/~sifuchar/apnea.html> for a sleep apnea "test" called the "Snore Score," or <http://Prairie.Lakes.com:80/~roseleaf/snore.txt> for an informative article by David Nye, M.D..

Anyway, to make a long story short, it took me a good two months to get my own air pump (called a "nasal CPAP" — "Constant Positive Airway Pressure") and another couple of weeks to get them to lower the setting to 10 psi (which is all I need) and add a humidifier so my nose wouldn't keep drying out and waking me up.

To put it mildly, this gadget has changed my life. Where once I needed ten hours of near-sleep per night, I now need about six, and am refreshed and alert all day long. "Alert," hell — I now find myself taking care of even minor tasks like cleaning the bathroom or vacuuming the rug or doing the dishes when they need to be done, whereas before, I would have just laid on the couch, thinking, "It can wait" — and it usually did, sometimes for months at a time. And when I see some event in the newspaper that looks interesting, I can now actually attend it, instead of convincing myself that I need that afternoon nap more than I need the mental stimulation. (Sleep apnea is an insidiously debilitating condition.)

And where I had convinced myself that my poor short-term memory was caused by my 20 year career as a court reporter — I would have to stenographically write what witnesses were saying, then quickly forget

it as the next data would come in — in reality, it was the fact that I hadn't really been sleeping for the past 11 or so years that made my memory so unreliable. It's never been really great, but at least now, if somebody tells me to do something, I don't automatically forget it two minutes after leaving their presence.

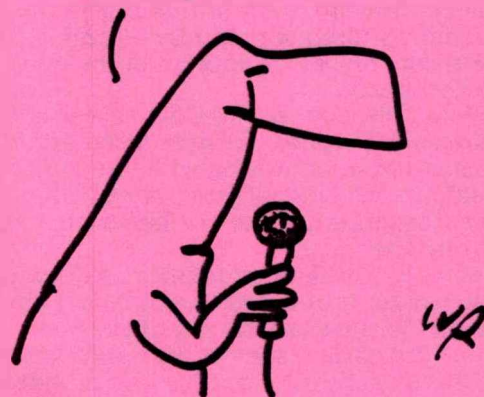
I no longer snore — at all — and I went from using 480 mg of high blood pressure medicine per day down to 180 mg/day, and apparently, my heart is stronger now than it's been in years.

But perhaps best of all, due to my revised sleep needs, I now live four hours longer every day of my life. That's 28 hours a week, 1456 hours — about 60 days — a year! Oh, sure, I can screw around with my time as assiduously as the rest of humanity, but at least there's now a greater daily chance that I'll do something worthwhile.

The only drawback to the whole process is that when I sleep, I have to wear this ill-fitting headdress which holds the air hoses in place, and which tends to come loose if I move too much — but if someone were to do a "cost/benefit" analysis, I think using the machine would easily come out on top.

So that's my story. People who have known me for years and watched me slip slowly into lassitude are utterly amazed at my recovery — as am I. I feel more than ten years younger thanks to this device, and now have the energy to do many of the important (to me) projects that even six months ago, I would have put off as "just too much work." So look out, world... ••

ATTENTION, FANNISH  
SHOPPERS —  
FRESH NEW LETTERS  
AT THE REAR OF  
THIS FANZINE!



Conducted by  
**Tom Springer**  
with a little help  
from the Vegrants

**Eric Lindsey**

**Wild Heirs 8** has arrived, and I know there are a pile of earlier issues on my desk at work, awaiting emailing of some sort of comment. Since I have this issue at home, it seems safer to commence upon a letter at home, despite all the problems.

For reasons that are no longer particularly clear, I installed OS/2 Warp on this PC. Then, compounding this insanity, I tried adding a variety of "new" software, in a probably fruitless attempt at finding some combination I might like. Well, no, let us be honest, some combination I could tolerate.

[[**Ken:** Just last night I saw the new James Bond movie, Goldeneye. The producers (or set directors, or someone) decided to make a social comment on PC operating systems. In the movies, the Russians are operating a sophisticated intelligence center that "sometimes" doesn't work. Near the end of the movie, when the center is blowing up (hey, it's a James Bond movie, you knew they'd blow it up), the camera quickly pans past a bank of computer CRT's with OS/2 Warp startup screens.]]

Jean has doubtless mentioned by email that we are visiting Seattle for Ditto the first week in November, followed by Orycon the next weekend, and then Las Vegas for the Monday to Friday. Linda Bushyager persuaded us to do this (didn't take much effort, I admit) and plans to show Jean how to become a successful gambler. I plan to visit Comdex and see all manner of computer gadgets (and sneer at most of them, and drool over some of them). With a little luck I'll avoid buying too many things. I do hope that we can catch up with some of the fans in Las Vegas, although I know you and Joyce will be far too busy then for visitors, parties or much else at all. We will make other visits. I haven't given up on getting to a Silvercon sometime.

[[**Joyce:** Well, I guess we fooled you! Not even Comdex can keep the Vegrants from a good party. It was great to see the two of you again, along with the Bushyagers and Mark Kernes.]]

[[**Aileen:** I wanted to say how sorry I was that we were tempted away from Arnie's party when you were here. The Fleetwood Mac concert that Linda gave us tickets for was really good and the opening act even better. Still, it would have been nice if we had been able to do both the concert and the party. Maybe we'll have more of an opportunity to talk next time or if we make it down to Aussiland. Last time I was there I was only 18 and skittish, not to mention travelling with my mother. Next time I hope will be Australia in '99.]]

Tom Springer makes an excellent point when he says we don't do Ross Chamberlain's covers justice. Seeing them on a variety of Vegas zines of late has given me a chance to see just how very fine an artist

# WEIR

## The Readers and Editors Jam

# MAIL

# 100 CENTRAL

he is. Incidentally, his mention of World Wide Web pages reminds me that I should say that my page (<http://www.maths.uts.edu.au/staff/eric/sf.html>) is starting to take shape. A University committee is trying to come up with guidelines to prevent such trivia, and I am trying to derail said committee (of which I am a member, probably by virtue of having given all the staff web pages, whether they are aware of it or not), by going ahead and doing pages whenever I can. It is always easier to apologise later than to ask permission. It is always easier to refuse permission than it is to remove pages after they appear. Especially when I am blandly declining to actually hear any expressions of doubt about my content. My attitude is, if you want a high tech handyman to work cheap, you have to put up with an eccentric person in the job.

Peggy Kurilla's comments on the pressure for timely response to electronic fandom is something that really does impinge upon me in the distant wastelands of Australia. The net news often arrives a week or so after it appears in the USA. While the link is so slow, and so congested, a timely response is all but impossible (at least for those of us riding on the "free" Internet access of a university). Not that I am unused to this. FAPA arrives three months after it is mailed. My replies take that long to return. My mail responses seem to consist of the last three issues of *Gegenschein*, and a *Gegenschein* length set of mailing comments on the past three FAPA mailings, all sent back a year after they should have gone.

Laurie's comments about cat puke coloured carpet reflect Jean's choice of carpet colour at her place. True, Jean merely wanted cat hair coloured carpet, but the idea is identical, and very sensible.

My backyard formerly resembled a mud puddle. That was after the bulldozers did their bit of work getting the site ready for the house. Over a few decades, the yard gradually became virgin bush. This was forcibly brought home to me when the bushfire inspector called, to check whether the yard was a fire hazard. He said it was fine. The neighbours (who did have lawns) continued to complain. I think I realised that perhaps I'd let the yard go a little when I realised that I couldn't see the rear fence ... and it was supposed to be less than 80 feet from the house ... and I was looking out of a second floor window. All this was changed when I contracted my yard care to the neighbour out the back, Peter Slash'n'Burn.

What in the hell is spackle?

{{**Tom:** Oh goody! You don't know about spackle? Lemme tell ya about spackle. It's what we use to patch holes in walls, ceilings and small children over here in the states. It's a white smooth unguent with the consistency of mushy peanut butter that dries to a white powdery composite that is easily sanded to conform and hide any small dents, dings, and holes. It's tricky stuff though, and one must be skilled with the putty knife (any back-ally knife handling experience is a plus) or you'll shortly find yourself battling the goo, covered in white powder, and wondering how such a simple chore turned into a scene reminiscent of those school days where you had to stay after and pound clean chalk board erasers.}}

{{**Ken:** No, no, Tom, you've got it all wrong. Spackle is a delectable taste treat that is best served on toast, similar to vegemite.}}

Rob Hansen's mention of The Outback

Steakhouse reminds me of visiting one during a US trip. It wasn't Australian, of course. Australian home cooking is of the British "incinerate the food" variety, while the place in question seemed to have typical US food.

{{**Aileen:** I remember Australian food, and I'll take Outback steaks over "real" Australian cuisine anytime. A disgusting mistake made when I realized to my horror that the Kraft Jelly was actually vegemite comes to mind...}}

{{**Arnie:** I think it is safe to say that Aileen has no plans to run for DUFF.}}

I always thought the Tom Lehrer Smut quote was "When correctly viewed, everything is lewd." Now that you can get all (well, 3 out of 4 ain't bad) the Tom Lehrer albums on CD, I guess I can check it out.

I should continue with locs on the past issues, but with them at work, and me at home, that isn't going to work. See you all soon.

### Jenny Glover

24 Laverockbank Road, Edinburgh, United Kingdom, EH5 3DE

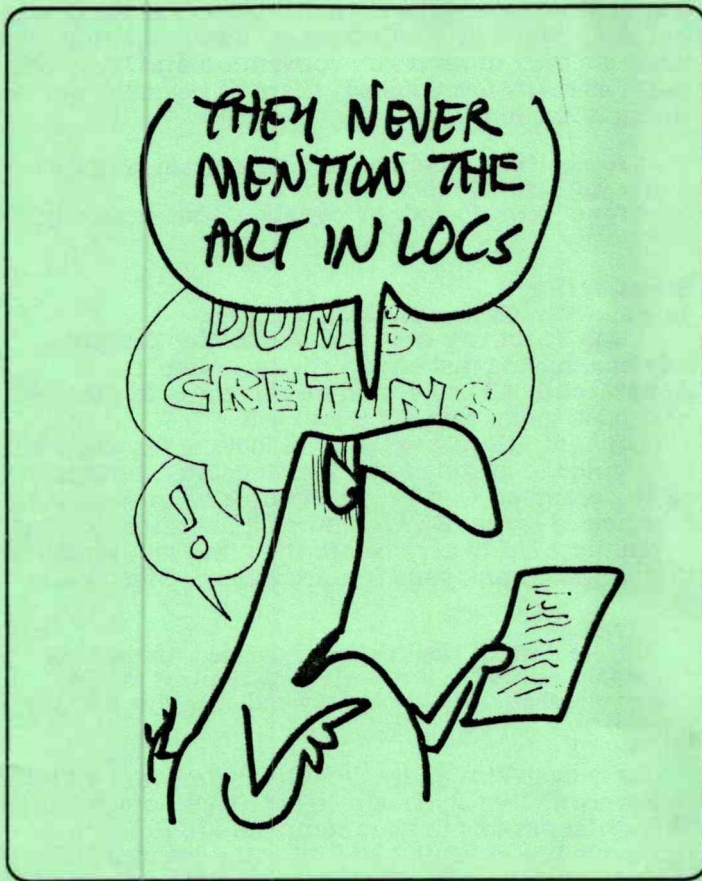
Thank you very much for **Wild Heirs #8**.

Previously, I've felt a bit left out with this fanzine, as if a group of friends are having fun and I'm left hovering on the edge -- you know, the way you see people sitting in the bar at cons, pretending to read the program book which just happens to be upside down, wanting to join in but not knowing how. With this one, though, I opened it casually, and I really enjoyed it! I could still see the group of friends taking turns to write a paragraph or two -- and have a mental picture of a long queue of people on one side of the computer and a barbecue in the sun on the other.

{{**Arnie:** *Wild Heirs'* horizons will expand as individual Vegrants expand their contacts with, and knowledge of, fandom outside Glitter City.}}

With regard to snail mail and the Internet -- here's a dark and dismal secret. I hate posting letters. I don't mind writing them, but just can't face the chore of putting them in envelopes, addressing, stamping, and sealing them. So the Internet is marvelous for me -- quick, convenient, not great literature, but there's a limit of ways you can write something. And yet, even though I know there will inevitably be oodles of messages waiting for me, I still get a kick out of opening the front door and seeing a pile of letters on the mat. And while I can get very impatient at trying to decipher someone's writing, to receive a hand-written message is to say that someone thinks highly enough of you, or your fanzine, to give you their undivided attention for the 45 minutes or so it takes to write (and that's not counting the time spent reading, thinking and planning).

{{**BelleAugusta:** Having moved at least 5 or so times in the last 10 years I am amazed at what surfaces. I still find letters, written years ago, waiting patiently for their envelopes. Of course, by now I've lost the addresses that belonged to them and they must continue to languish in Never-Read Land. E-mail is much more likely to arrive, all I have to do is write it and hit send. The only hitch now is turning on the computer to check for new stuff. Nothing is perfect, but E-mail is almost as exciting as a stack of mail.}}



Rich brown mentions doing fanac at work -- I sigh with nostalgia for the days when such a thing was possible when the boss wasn't super computer literate and sufficiently vindictive to follow the slightest whiff of fanac into the bowels of the hard drive, when there was a photocopier or ever several; when colored paper seemed to flow like milk and honey -- oh, happy days! (I'm not even mentioning the staff canteen, the staff swimming pool, the staff fitness suite, dentist, aromatherapist or health consultant!) I have up that job to move north to Edinburgh to be with Steve and I'd be a lot smugger about just what I gave up if I wasn't constantly aware of what I've gained. Living apart from one's husband isn't advisable -- the number of cuddles you get drops to zero or less; the kids are unhappy; and Edinburgh is one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

I must be younger than you, Arnie, but I've got clear memories of Mungo Jerry singing "In the Summertime." It was a hot summer, I was supposed to be concentrating on my exams, but was actually thinking more about my boyfriend who, I suppose looking back, was preparing to use our impending separation when I left school to make a play for someone else. We went round in a foursome with his mate and a girl I can't even remember. It might, I suppose, have been a succession of girls.

And now I've run out of space without ever mentioning "Heirlooms". So I won't say once more how much I enjoyed reading both zines, but will, instead, look forward to reading more. And in the meantime, inspired by Raven, Joyce, and Ross, I shall re-read my

Arthur Ransomes.

{{Ross: Ah, if only mine were accessible. I have a dreadful thought that they were given away, back before I was old enough to have a voice in what went with a move and what didn't... }}

**Shelby Vick**

627 Barton Ave., Panama City, FL 32404

It is now 9/16/95 and the next **Wild Heirs** is in. Why didn't I just send what I had **Way Back When**??? Aweel; the thing to do is get this off quickly -- with maybe a brief mention of Number Nine.

Did I mention that Suzanne glommed onto #9 before I had a chance to read it? I kept hearing gleeful chuckles and roars of laughter. She even quoted me bits and pieces. All I can say is, I thoroughly agreed with her reaction. Everybody's Rants were enjoyed -- Arnie, Ken, Joyce (we don't see Tab around here any more either), Tom Springer (who rose in my estimation because he didn't use his editorial powers to clamp a lid on Tammy's piece), Tammy, Laurie, Chuch (of course!) and Marcy Waldie. (Marcy, have you heard the latest heresy? There's a caffeine free Mountain Dew!) Ross -- tell Suzanne about the inappropriateness of an organized garage. But nobody met us at the airport; we were picked up from the hotel! There was much chauffeuring, much appreciated -- but not at the airport.

{{Tom: Here in the Fandom of Ghood Cheer everyone gets an opportunity to contribute to "Vague Rants" and Wild Heirs. I would never dream of using any of my editorial powers for evil, or to put the kibosh on the woman I love, besides, she's an editor too, just check out the masthead. That you suspect I'm capable of such a malfeasance saddens me to the point that I must stop my typing and dab my salty tears from the keyboard before me. Dab, dab, wipe, sniffle.}}

{{Tammy: Don't be feeling too sorry for Tom's tender feelings -- he'll find a lively way to get back at me by publishing some juicy tidbit of mine for all to see. I'm just waiting for the other fanzine to drop...}}

{{Marcy: There will be no caffeine free soda in my house, thank you. At my age I could not deal with the withdrawal symptoms. The medical profession may study my consumption in order to ally fears of lay people regarding the caffeine-migraine connection. Cut off my supply and my head will explode.}}

{{Ross: Who, me? My only garage has been converted to an office qua storeroom and inorganized it is, indeedy. Appropriately so? Uhhh...}}

Arnie, it's obvious you made a serious mistake in judging those two females as fuggheads. They were simply taking their position seriously, and trying to do a good job. Of course they could not, after all their previous efforts, stand guard over the Huckster Room that night: they were exhausted! Besides, they had their priorities straight; they had been exposed to the oft-repeated term, "vile huckster," so they saw no point in overextending themselves to protect such. For shame, Arnie!

As a lover of dictionaries, I can sympathize with Chuch.

As a Repeat Mover, I also extend my sympathies to Ross. And, search the Art Credits though I did, I could find no mention of who did that magnificent masterpiece on Page 17. Ross???

((**Ross:** Aye, 'twas I, though I blushes as I says it. 'Twere mainly an exercise in the "Distorto" function of this great graphics program called Painter 2.0 by a company that calls itself Fractal Design. An' I loves ter play with it, I does.))

Tammy, Tom would be constantly prostrate around here; Florida has hoards of the small German roaches and myriads of the larger ones we call "palmetto bugs". They fly, and have even been mistaken for bats. New Orleans has one they call the "cigar cockroach," partly because of its color and partly because it is as big as a cigar.

((**Tammy:** Perhaps you can send me one? Don't forget to poke airholes in the carton so he is still kicking for Tom. Hmmm... Christmas is coming up soon, isn't it?))

Ray Waldie didn't mention it, but I know the Blackhawks must have won. (Yeah, yeah; more likely he didn't mention it because they didn't win -- but that's the beauty of it, we can imagine victory.)

Joyce -- enjoyed your look at the inner workings of designing a video game. But how much of the in-depth research was necessary, and how much because you were enjoying it??? Your bit on Heroes was a very powerful and well-written bit. Touching, and memorable as well.

((**Ray W:** In my opinion, the Blackhawks always won. I don't recall the score point-wise for that particular competition, but that's secondary. When kids "give up" their summer vacation to practice for weeks under the sun, travel around the midwest in buses for a wholesome discipline that appeals to them, they're all winners.))

**Teddy Harvia** (October 1)  
701 Regency Drive, Hurst, TX 76054

With friends like you, who needs eminence? Boy, is my face red...from embarrassment, not anger.

All I ever learned about Las Vegas, I learned from the movies. Now that's a scary thought. I sent Andy a postcard, too, but with PG (and PC) content.

Are you going to seriously expect me to send you Smurf cartoons? Damn, I better actually get busy creating something, eh?

**Rob Hansen**  
144 Plashet Grove, E. Ham London E6 1AB UK

Well, **Wild Heirs #9 & #9.5** and **The Trufan's Advisor**, your guide to fanzine fandom in the US, finally got here a few days ago (and about time, too).

Much as I love Vijay Bowen, who is in almost every respect a wonderful human being, I really must protest at her advice that you "...take young Mister Hansen's tales with a five pound box of kosher salt". Though I exaggerate slightly for effect, the events I describe in my serious anthropological pieces about fandom happened more or less as I described them, and the conversations are as accurately reported as my memory, and the notes I made soon after, allow. Yes, there's a (very) occasional bit of fantasy in there, but these are usually fairly obviously such. For instance, the London water authorities didn't really initiate anti-flooding procedures when Mark Richards used the bathroom here at Gross Manor that time. So far as I'm aware.

Enjoyed the Corflu report, tho' that enjoyment was tinged with regret that we were unable to be there, of

course. Don't know if we'll make the US in '96 or not, but if we do it'll be WisCon we try and make that visit since it's their anniversary convention and they want to get as many former GoHs there as possible, one of whom is Avedon.

((**Joyce:** If you make it as far as Wisconsin, we'll try to urge you westward.))

((**Tom:** Feeling a little touchy about your credibility, Rob?))

**Steve Jeffery**

44 White Way, Kidlington, Oxon OX5 2XA

I was about to e-mail you about **The Trufan's Advisor**, having just seen a review notice in **Apparatchik 43** or **44**, and lo, there it is in the very next post, along with **WH9** and **9.5**

Brilliant. It's just what we're looking for when we do a 'guide to fanzines' slot for Kingston Libraries in early December. Can I copy a couple off for people to take home? Is that OK? Not sure I'll have time to adapt it to a more UK history before then, but will send you that if I do. Thank you. You are a Hero. Official and First Class.

((**Arnie:** I wrote **The Trufan's Advisor** with the hope that fans would like it enough to distribute it widely. Everyone should feel free to copy and distribute it in any way.))

As is dear Vin\* (Vin\*, I definitely owe you a pint. At Novacon? Two if you can cajole Kench into coming.) Though in passing to your comments to Fred Herman's Loc in WH9, I should point out that this 'newcomer' is grey already. So says Vikki, who can see the back of my head better than I can, especially now it's all swollen up with gratuitous egoboo. Recently grew my beard back and was shocked to discover it now half-white. "I am old, I am old, I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled" (or maybe not: hard enough to find strides that are long enough in the leg for me anyway).

Neat cover by Ross for Wild Heirs 9. I assume Andy Hooper is the inquisitorial pyromaniac monk, but who is who of the rest? Can you list IDs for the stakeout sometime? (Beware when cartoonists ask such questions- there is probably an ulterior motive lurking somewhere.)

I don't have any trouble with your repro; it's always looked rather classy (though sometimes a bit 'busy' on the design side, but fun). And I can empathise with nursing a recalcitrant copier through hundreds of sheets of double-siding. Never though of blowing through the sheets for the static though. Clever. Is it the humidity -- should I just fan them out above the tea pot, or is that cheating?

((**Ross:** Okay, left to right, that's Arnie, Joyce, me, JoHn, Ben, Tom, Raven (in a rare appearance) and Ken.))

Aileen's reply to Walt, about cat rubbing, has settled a problem about what we would ever do with all our books if Vikki and I ever split up: Enki has scent marked all the hardcovers as his. He does this to the corners while we're reading. It's very distracting.

To Take up Arms Against a Sea of Kipple. Letters



from SF poet Steve Sneyd describe his valiant attempt to avoid drowning in a deluge of kipple from the small press, partly by sending me wedges of stuff to use, pass on or bin as I see fit. Once you get into this, you realise that the amount of paper circulating \*about\* the small press publications -- as flyers, adverts, notices and factsheets -- is probably greater than actually contained in the publications themselves.

Chuch's column excellent again.

This sort of contest used to be the basis of the TV program Call My Bluff, where teams would try to guess the correct definition of some of the more arcane gleanings from the OED. The idea has since metamorphosed into John Clute's review column for Interzone. I have given up trying to best Dave and Hazel Langford at 'found gems' (I wonder if Hazel's Language Lessons was the inspiration for the hilarious alien dictionary definitions in Brian Aldiss's short story 'Confluence'). Taghairm, Mallemaroking, even -- perhaps especially -- Sooterkin, will go into my little notebook. You never know when you will need them.

{{Ken: Call My Bluff sounds similar to a version of Scrabble that JoHn Hardin and I used to play when we were bored and before we learned to alleviate said boredom with fanac. We would play Liar's Scrabble, which requires that the player place 'words' that do not appear in any dictionary. The important part came next: the player was then obliged to define his word. Points were awarded based on believability of the definition, ease with which the player supplied it (no stammering or stuttering allowed, you have to sound like it's something everyone should know) and whether the 'word' sounded like it meant that. The games were always fast and funny, but also very challenging.}}

The word "cucumber," Dave informed me once, appears in the Bible exactly twice. True, and duly checked by doing a word search of the CD-ROM version. As, presumably, did Dave for this original snippet of reliable, but almost totally useless, information: unless, perhaps, you happen to be a Presbyterian market gardener with a need to know these things.

#### Vin<sup>+</sup> Clarke

16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent, DA16 2BN

Many thanks for bumper bundle - **Wild Heirs 9.5** and **The Trufan's Advisor**. Difficult to know where to start comments. I suppose Arnie's remarks on pg.6 in **WH#9** have a certain appeal. How do you file those fanzines? I started off with folders, but that was a short way to bankruptcy, as well as bulking 'em out with two extra layers of card for every change of title. I eventually had the handyman at the office save me every large incoming envelope that hadn't been viciously torn open.

I card-indexed the fanzines, marking each card with a letter/number, put the same info on each envelope, and stacked the latter upright on metal shelves - see Geri Sullivan's photo in **Idea #9**. Crude it may be, but I can extract any named fanzine of about 7000 in less than half-a-minute.

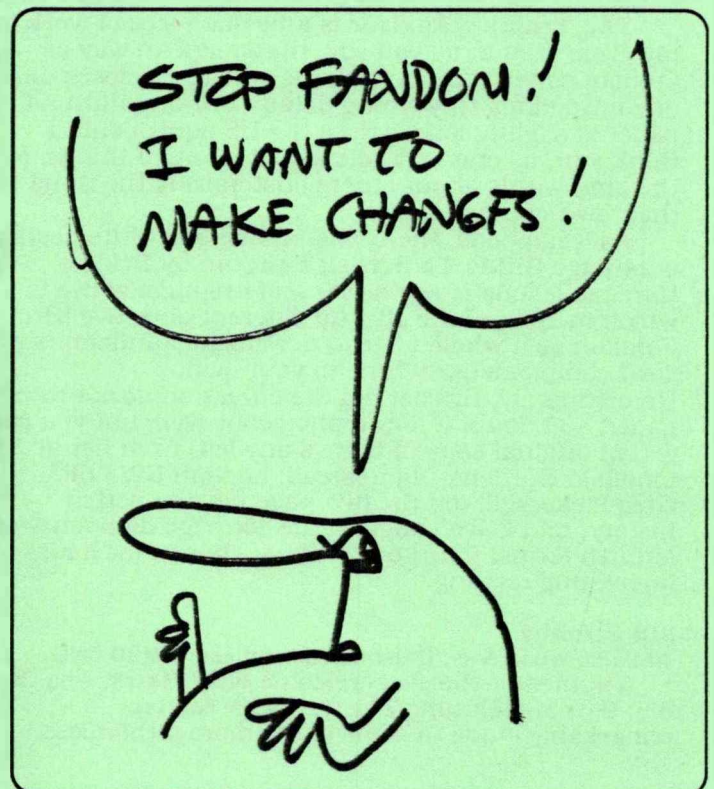
{{Arnie: The fanzines, still not fully sorted, are alphabetical by title. Each fanzine has one or more file folders in a bank of four filing cabinets along one wall of Toner Hall's garage.

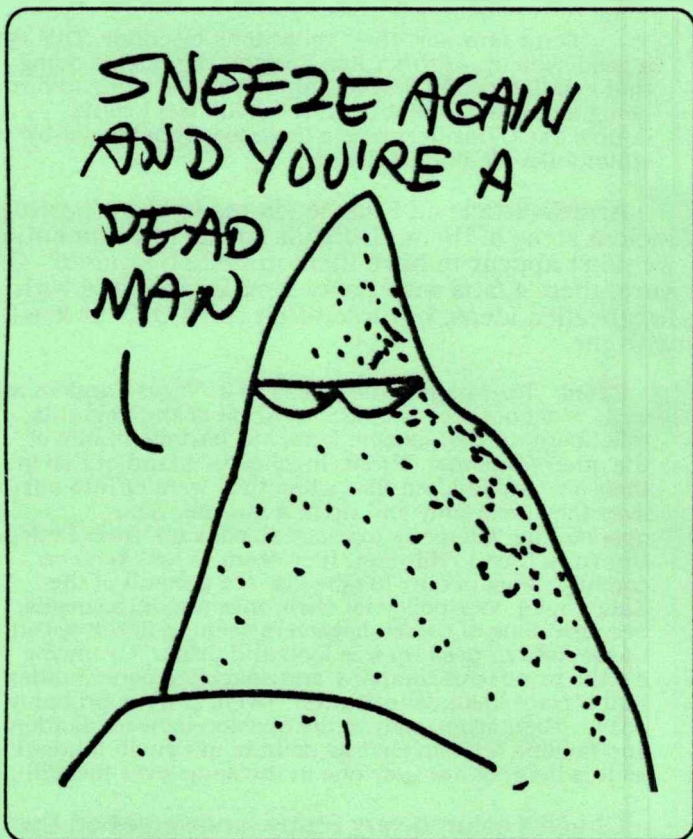
Some fans sort their collections by editor. This is a good system -- I think Ken Forman, for one, is doing that -- but my collection was already so far along toward being alphabetical by title that I didn't feel I could double back. Besides, where do those alphabetical-by-editor folks file **Wild Heirs**?}}

Arnie's article on Fuggheads reads like a parting kick at some of them. Difficult for me to comment, as we don't appear to have them in British fandom. Oh sure, there's fans with nasty streaks and fans with fuggheaded ideas, but toleration rules OK - at least with me.

{{Tom: Toleration is the rule here in Vegas Fandom as well. Most of these people that Arnie or the Vegrants talk about are not fanzine fans, but partake in one of the other fandoms. These "fuggheads" stand out so in their own subfandom that when they wander into our lives they invariably end up in a fanzine. The opportunity is usually too good to pass up, from Beth Brown to David Whitman, they seem to just keep on coming. Most of our "fuggheads" are a result of the Katz's open door policy for their once a month socials, because none of these characters seem to find it within themselves to pass up free food and drink. Or maybe it's the wonderful company and sparkling personalities that attract them, who knows? (Well, Burbee probably does.) Then again, maybe the division between fandom and fanzine fandom isn't as definite in British fandom as it is here, or are they one in the same over there?}}

Chuch's column very funny, and verges on the truthful. Other contributions mostly a little too long, because if they'd have been shorter there have been time to edit the letters a bit better. I shudder at what someone did to mine. Fred Herman's comment on the graying of fandom - and Joyce's reply - strike me as only too true. It is that under the age of 30 you're too





deeps of Our Glorious Avocation. Granted that the famous **Neofan's Guide** is always dear to our hearts, and shall always will be, times have changed since 1955, and a fresh approach is more than welcome.

Your decision to stick to the one facet, and to study in depth your special interest of Fanzine Fandom, is a wise one, and doubtless you'll be getting many letters of agreement.

There is one thing I'd say, that the Dictionary Section is excellent, and I'm sure that I'll be looking up various items all the time. One or two entries I would have liked to see - where is FWA? Or AFAL?

On the whole, you should have written less of a glossary and more of a dictionary! Too many words and acronyms are crying out for short, one-phrase definitions. More dull dreary stodge, ture, and your lively comments would be sorely missed.

Another thing - if your wish of seeing the "customized version" of **The Trufan's Advisor** in other countries might sometime come true. Someone ought to do a revised update on the word "plonker". Meanings have changed. Congratulations! You have created a major reference source for the 90s.

((**Arnie**: You're right about the dictionary omissions. Even though I wanted to keep it small, at least :fwa" should've been included. Perhaps in another edition down the line...))

((**Rob**: Sid's right, y'know, guys. Since calling someone over here a 'plonker' is now roughly the same as calling them an 'idiot' (this is true) you have to be very careful. Personally, if you want to demonstrate your command of British slang, I recommend you use a non gender specific term of affection and call them a 'wally' instead. A stunned expression is guaranteed to appear on their face, as they inwardly marvel at your cool command of the local idiom.))

((**Arnie**: As a vocabulary note, US fans use the term "plonking" as an adjective to describe someone who is overly serious and dull in a plodding way.))

((**Tom**: I was under the impression that plonker was also another word for dartgun.))

### Patricia Russo

341 73rd Street, North Bergen, NJ 07047

I was very pleased and much impressed by **Wild Heirs 9, 9.5, 10, and 10.5**. Hey, I sent you guys a couple of bucks for a sample issue, and what happens? Not one, but four zines turn up in my mail. Being a person who notices the price of postage, I mark that it cost you \$2.39 to mail the zines out...um, looks like you lost out on the deal, eh?

((**Tom**: It all depends on what a fanned thinks a loc is worth. For shameless egoboo addicts, \$2.39 in exchange for a letter from Patricia Russo is money well spent, and, if things work out the way we originally planned, you'll continue to send locs, thereby justifying the outlandish expenditure of \$2.39. So don't let us down.))

((**Arnie**: Like most fannish fanzine fans, we Vegrants think of this as a hobby, and we don't expect to profit from it. As Tom says, the repayment for **WH** is not money, but response.))

As I said, these are really impressive pieces of work. I read the whole pile through without a pause, despite the dazzle-effect of flourescent light shining off goldenrod-colored paper...the green, for some reason, was a bit easier on the eyes. Arnie Katz's Corflu report

busy with job, home, romance - the penalty of inhabiting a mundane world instead of Trufandom?

9.5, the Corflu report was extraordinary. How did you manage to mop up so much detail when you were 'hosting chores' - being a pilot instead of a passenger? Especially enjoyed the account of Joyce's inspirations.

**The Trufan's Advisor** is a terrific piece of work in my eyes, even if, as you say, the American way of fandom colours all. A fairly close read discloses only one nit-picking tiny wrong detail - our standard A4 paper is slightly longer than the US equivalent. I think you, as one who gets asked for such things, for the kind words about others customizing the thing for their own country's use.

As it happens, there was published at Intersection a 24-page **Guide To British Fandom** by Bridget Hardcastle (one of our newer and brightest active fans) which in spite of the slightly different objective (Brit Fandom as a whole instead of Fanzine Fandom) is a good complementary 'zine to your own.

Unfortunately, Bridget did the covers on dark brown paper, so I doubt if they'd photocopy well, but you can get an original copy (if there's any left) from her at 13 Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, London NW3 6PX.

Greg Pickersgill did the two-page fanzine potted history, and Dave Langford the six-page dictionary of fannish terms. Illoed by D. West. Thanks for hours of interesting reading.

### Sid Birchby

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

Thanks for the ever-welcome **Wild Heirs**, Nos. 8, 8.5, 9, 9.5, including **The Trufan's Advisor**, a remarkable guide to some of the more fathomless

and the Wilson Tucker reprints stood out for me...Um, now I know the sf fandom doesn't necessarily have much to do with SF itself, but...shouldn't it, at least a little bit? Tucker's pieces were the only ones that even mentioned science fiction -- and those were old articles! Don't any of the Vegrants have anything to say about science fiction? Current stuff, or even past stuff?

Joyce: if fantasy fans must die...I hesitate to ask how you feel about horror fans...

{{Belle: My name is BelleAugusta and I am a Bookaholic. Science fiction/fantasy being my main weakness. This is closely followed by any set of words strung together in an entertaining fashion. Left to my own devices, I even string the words myself. Sadly, reading does put a crimp in my fanzine output. My writing dries to nothing while I read my fill. Eventually, I reach a saturation point and try my hand once more at writing. It's hard to find time to read everything and time to write. The struggle will go on and who knows I might even find time for other things! BelleAugusta

{{Tom: Can't say I'm a big sf fan, being more of a fanzine fan, along with most of the other Vegrants (most of whom would probably confess under only a little duress that they're sf fans deep down inside). Besides, fanzine fandom is much more enriching and rewarding than anything science fiction could offer me. But if you like, I could sneak in a rocketship illo next ish.}}

{{Arnie: At one time, perhaps in the late 1930s, emphasis on science fiction would have been necessary

and expectable, but thanks to fans like Bob Tucker, fans learned that they could discuss anything and everything. **Wild Heirs** showcases the doings and feelings of Las Vegrants and our friends around fandom.}}

Ray Nelson's piece about gender identity was very interesting. I've often thought, too, about why there are ten times as many male-to-female transexuals than the other way around, when the social, economic, cultural, political etc. position of women is lower than that of men. The only thing I can come up with is they do it because they have to. As for what Ray Nelson is...an unidentified freaking object? Nah, I don't think so. A human being, that's all. Perhaps a more integrated one than most, that's all. Or perhaps a precursor of the Next Wave of evolution?

{{Marcy: It's one of those questions that I thought came into my head only. But since you asked it, prepare for responses. Let's face it, men in general have trouble coping. A little problem pops up and they're off drinkin' or tokin' or goin' in order to escape. A big problem looms, and they, literally, are not themselves. You're right, m-to-f trannies needed the change -in order to cope. Besides, men have the money to do stuff like that. Women are more concerned with survival needs.}}

{{Arnie: Are you implying that Ray Nelson is... starbeggotten? This time next year, will **WH** be published from a love camp somewhere in the Ozarks?}}

#### Lloyd Penney

412-4 Lisa St., Brampton, ON, Canada 1.6T 4B6

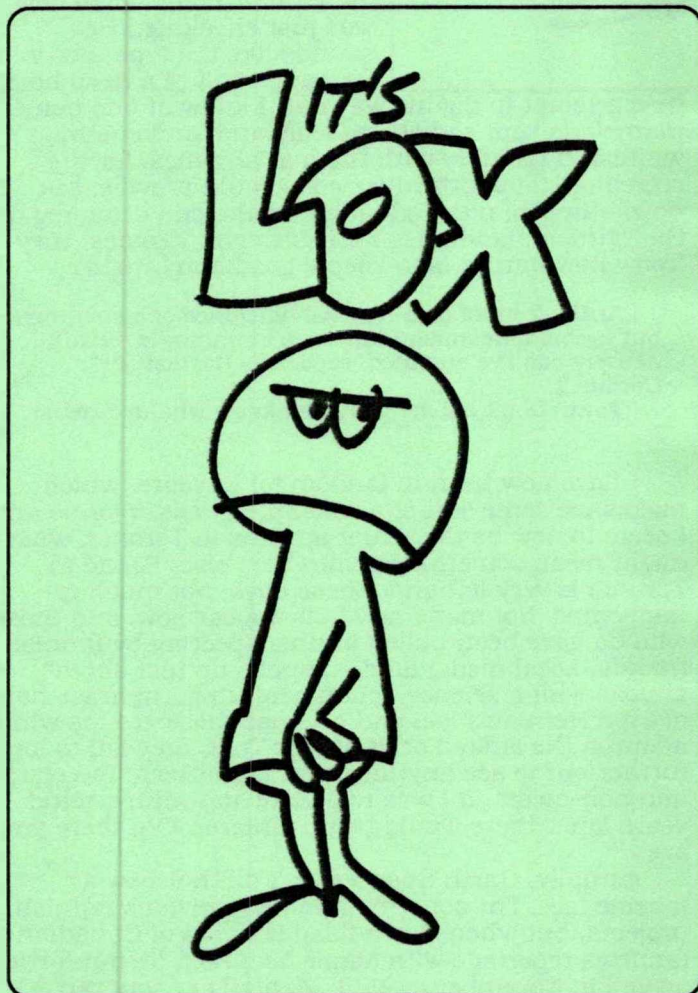
Guaranteed this letter of comment won't be as long as the last one. (Not unless I come down with terminal diarrhea of the fingertips.) Instead of a whole chunk of fanzine run to deal with this time, I have **Wild Heirs 10** and **10.5** only. Much more manageable, and easier to comb, too. I'll delay no longer...

10... Not enough fanac coming out of Las Vegas, hm? Is that why you're importing ex-LA fans? I received **Casablanca 0** from Alan and DeDee White not long ago, and they live not far from all of you. They will definitely add to the fannish standard of living it up there, and given Alan's penchant for blockbuster parties, things won't be the same once he gets fanacin' around.

{{Arnie: Alan and DeDee have made a few local appearance, and we're all hoping they'll continue to increase their contact with Las Vegas fandom. The only thing anyone can say against them so far is that they do not save fanzines. And we're hoping to feature Alan's excellent cartoons in **Wild Heirs**.}}

That brings me to our end of the fannish map. Arnie, you may have spread the seed on fertile ground in Nevada, but you lucked out there; I know one or two local fanzine fans have tried to spread the word of fanzine fandom a bit, and others have diligently kept it to themselves. Some fannish friends have observed me and Yvonne hard at work for fanzine fandom, especially in Winnipeg last year, but no one saw the light coming from the torch to be picked up. They said, "Oh, that was interesting," and carried on with their usual fanac, which seems to be waiting for things to happen.

Maybe the Vegrants can pack Arnie in a box (lots of airholes, and cardboard to chew on, now), ship him up here in the spring when it's getting warm, and he



can whip local fandom into fighting shape for fanzine production. My feeble efforts have bounced off the locals. Then again, the locals are mostly Trekkers, lining the actors' pockets and fighting with each other. We need those who aren't just waiting for something to bring them all together.

{{Arnie: Those strongly committed to a special interest fandom, especially one as commercialized as Trekkdom, aren't good prospects for our fandom. They are more comfortable as audience rather than participants, and they don't possess the requisite "do it for fun" attitude. To go by my Vegas experience, general sf fans are the most apt to find something of interest in fanzine fandom.}}

Watching Peggy Kurilla and Woody Bernardi fade away from fandom must cause some pain, no matter how people feel about them. Over the years, I've also seen dear friends slowly gaffiate and refuse to return calls, as if they've decided they've grown out of their childhood, and it's time to be adults. From time to time, I wonder how those people are doing, and what they're doing, and if they're having any fun at all...

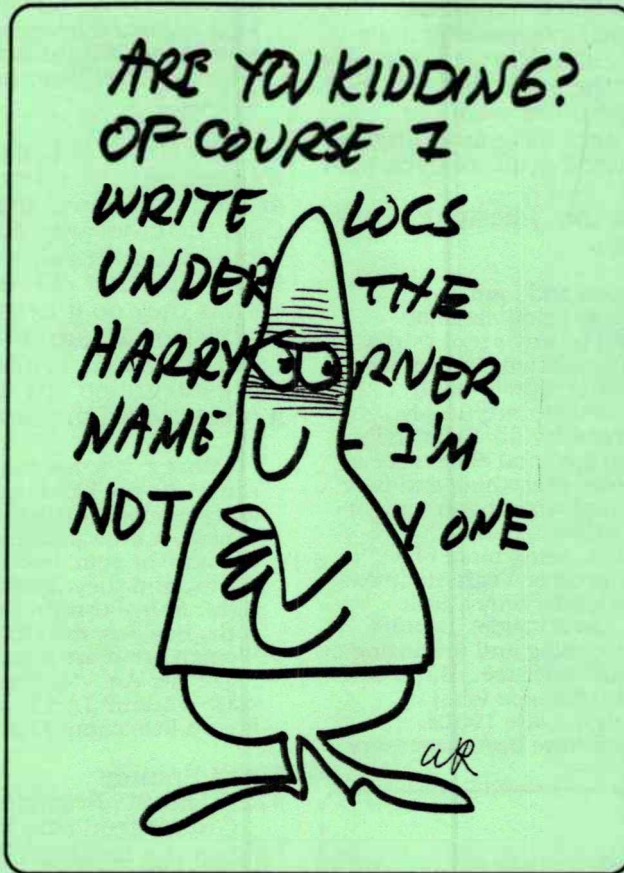
{{Arnie: Woody Bernardi is still attends local events. These days, he puts more of his energies working in the Las Vegas gay community and less into fanzines. He came to several holiday events, though, so perhaps he will reappear in '96}}

{{Tom: While we may be losing Peggy Kurilla and Woody Bernardi, both having been reabsorbed into mundania, those of us still considered new to fanzine fandom are gaining friends like yourself, Steve Jeffery, Fred Herman, Jenny Glover, Robert Lichtman, Shelby Vick, Teddy Harvia, and the list goes on, you can check out the rest of the letcol to see what I mean. Woody's a nice guy, but he still comes around so he hasn't totally slipped away, and I never really cared much for Peggy, so her leave taking isn't so tragic. I can't speak for anyone else, but I much prefer the friends I'm making through the letcol of WH than the vacuous company of Peggy Kurilla. I mean, come on, she left the Glasgow Worldcon on Saturday afternoon!!}}

November 31, 1995

Sorry about the break, but I've been taking part in jury duty at the Peel Regional Courthouse. Not much fun, the courthouse isn't prepared for 200-person jury panels, and there's a lot of waiting around on uncomfortable benches, hoping something will happen, or they'll send us home for the day. This jury duty is two weeks long, which is putting a kink in most jobs, and in my increasingly futile job search. I now return you to this regularly scheduled loc...

I don't write to FOSFAX, aka The I Love Rush



Newsletter, any more. I quickly tired of the right-wing ranting and character assassination. If Tim Lane and crew see this, I can see I'm in for a confrontation at the LAcon III fanzine lounge. Bring them on; let's take a shot at them. What fun!

Yes, I am found. Lloyd is Found! I Found Him! Honk if you've Found Lloyd! ('E's not the Messiah, 'e's a very naughty boy.) I am now waiting for the bumper stickers and buttons, and the royalties to come...

{{Arnie: Look for the first "Where's Lloyd?" puzzle book in a quality bookstore near you!}}

{{Tom: "Where's Lloyd?" is gonna make "Where's Waldo?" look like a small-time deal. Besides, Waldo never wore a turkey suit.}}

How many of us have a friend like Tom Bliss? (We can all put our hands down now. I was just checking.) He sounds like the type that if he found himself in a deep hole,

he'd attempt to dig his way out. I know at one point, many fans kept something leafy and/or something white and powdery with them at all times, for the recreational opportunities cons could provide, but now, other than the odd joint, or the odd dropping of the 'shroom, fandom is fairly straight. Besides, they know how hard it is to keep a good hotel, right?

{{Arnie: It must be a regional difference or something, but herbal refreshment has been abundantly plentiful at every con I've attended, especially the last few Corflus.}}

{{Tom: Don't tell me you don't know what a Sidebar is.}}

I have now been in fandom for 18 years, which makes me some sort of a veteran, I guess. Yvonne and I seem to now be the senior actifans in Toronto, which might mean something somewhere else. Fanac in Toronto is very lethargic these days; not much is happening. Not many new fans appear now, and those who do have been pulled in unsuspecting by fannish friends. Local media fandom sucks up just about anyone with a science fiction bent, to paraphrase part of Fred Herman's loc, and because these groups whirl about in the limited orbit of Star Trek, they fail to look further out to see anything that might be of interest; and non-media. If I was to gaffiate and return some years later, there would be no fanfare. "Oh, there you are..."

Actually, Garth Spencer isn't all that new a fanzine face. I'm not sure if he had previous fannish projects, but when Garth filled the void of Canadian fannews reportage with Maple Leaf Rag, he put forth issue 1 in November of 1983. Maple Leaf Rag ran 30

issues, and I'm not sure how many issues his perzine **The World According to Garth** went.

{{**Arnie:** Garth Spencer is, indeed, an experienced fanzine fan, but he hadn't shown much interest in that side of the hobby for some years before bursting forth in Timebinders.}}

I believe I know of what Ray Nelson writes. I didn't play with or hang out with the boys either, but felt much more comfortable with the girls. What accompanies this is the feeling that you shouldn't have to fit a stereotype of what a man or woman is, but just continue with what you're doing and being, and damn the consequences, if any.

Myself, I've seen what the macho attitude does to men. I believe the denial of emotional release and the "Be a Man" stupidity is one reason why men have shorter lifespans than women. Macho kills, and I avoid that kind of posturing. I have always been more comfortable with women, and with fandom. I am comfortable with everyone. (Damn, I wish I'd had the opportunity to be that comfortable with women in high school.)

{{**Joyce:** Personally, I was always more comfortable playing with the boys.... But the stereotype caught me, as I got older, and stuffed me into a crinoline skirt: not too practical for tree-climbing, but still ok for playing with the lads.}}

I am safe in the knowledge that though Insurgency may strike the Chicago Science Fiction League, the CSFL will survive that strike, I'm not sure it would survive a strike of indigestion, if I ever told them the contents of the hotdogs they love. Specific distinctions must be made between the all-beef, the regular hotdog, and that vile imitation, the chicken wiener. Some account must be made for the various frankfurter relatives, and the sausages of various meats, spices and nationalities that are often misnamed a hotdog. I expect a full treatise from the CSFL on their dietary habits in the next issue, and in exchange, I may neglect to list ingredients, evident and hidden. Fandom has a right to know!

Shrimp cocktails in Glasgow? Exotic fare indeed, especially there. If you're going to demand a shrimp cocktail, it's best to demand it in New Orleans, where such things are a matter of course. I remember one fine meal in New Orleans where Yvonne asked for a dish loaded with shrimp, and then asked them to make it without shrimp. The chef didn't bat an eye; he made Yvonne's dish with

crayfish instead of shrimp, and it was wonderful. The chef liked it, too; the crayfish incarnation of this dish might just be on the menu now.

A club by itself has not much character. It's the people in charge that will make a club fun. Go for it, Arnie; out with the deadwood, and make the club a mobile party. You never know, once the club is fun, a few more fanzine fans might be found within the membership. Just another good deed On Behalf of Fandom. I can hear Arnie retching from here...

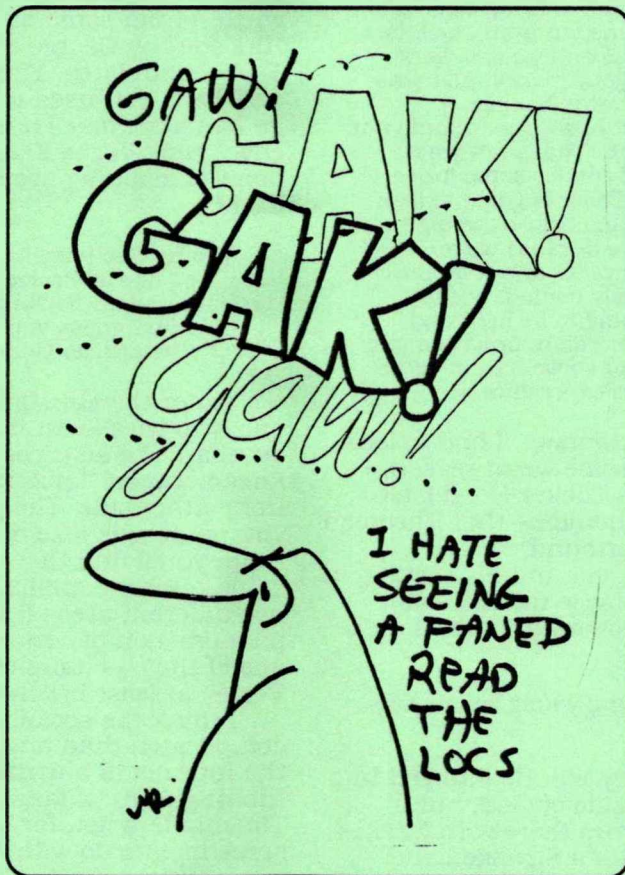
{{**Arnie:** Most of the Vegrants like the idea of resuscitating SNAFFU. Ken's running for President and Joyce for Vice President, so it seems likely that February will see a big push to improve the content of, and attendance at, the twice-monthly meetings.}}

{{**Tom:** Let's not forget, and you're right on target Lloyd, that a big reason, at least for me, that I'm going to help resuscitate SNAFFU is for potential future fanzine fans. I'm a firm believer in the more the merrier, and if we can seed out a few potential fanzine fans a year from SNAFFU gatherings, then it'll be worth doing.}}

{{**Joyce:** In all the talk about where to recruit new fanzine fans, I believe we tend to overlook the most obvious source, our own local clubs. A good science fiction club is a conduit to fandom...if anyone is hunting, or even interested in finding it. It isn't that I really like club-ac, or that I feel especially suited for it. But I'm on a mission from Ghu: by resuscitating SNAFFU, we can provide a door to fandom for anyone who is interested. And, those who are only interested in club-ac, can eat cake.}}

Fully agree with Fred Herman on power-tripping in fandom. I've seen people slandered, trod upon and generally ruined because they dared to compete with the incumbent for the presidency of a Star Trek club. If this is your ambition, then your vision and life are small indeed. These folks must remember that this is a pretty small pond we're in, but it's a fun small pond. Agree with Aileen, too. My fannish interests these days also include conventions, and mixing with other interests, like the Who fans and the filkers, to find out what they like about their own, particular interests. Fandom is a smorgashord; sample here and there to get the complete taste.

And now, Toner. Yes, we'd like to go. Yes, we think it is a Fabulous Idea. No, that's Gerils fanzine. Sorry. We are hoping to have enough money saved up to go to L.A.con III, and a detour to Siegelville wouldn't cost too much more. We're thinking of flying to LV, and taking Amtrak from LV to Anahelm. (It is possible, we checked into it.) So the weekend before L.A.con III met would be great, and while



sightseeing would be nice, it's not necessary. The one thing I'd like to see Toner not have is exclusivity. You've got to make everyone feel welcome, and not make them feel like they're just a source of income for you. It needs inclusivity for all, food of all kinds, and an effort to bring everyone onto at least one panel. The GoH should be drawn out of a hat, and given that LA.con III is going to cost everyone megabucks, the cost of this con has to be as low as possible. I believe that Yvonne and I are looking after fanzine sales in LA, so perhaps we could pick up some zines to take down.

((**Arnie:** When has Las Vegas Fandom not made everyone welcome? We encourage all fanzine fans, current and emeritus, to tune up for LACon III with a stop in Vegas. And we're especially glad that you and Yvonne plan to join us.))

((**Tom:** I finally get to meet you, one of **Wild Heirs'** most prolific letterhacks! It's about time! (To me, this is what fanzine fandom's about, meeting friends you've made in the fanzines.) I'm looking forward to spending some time with you over a good plate of eats. We're going to have plenty of food for everyone, including those who enjoy a lighter diet of fruit and vegetables, and hope the beverages (from booze to milk) will be to everyone's liking. We're still not sure whether we'll have a banquet but have until forty-five days before the con to decide. Your vote for a banquet has been duly noted.

I hope that \$20.00 isn't too much for membership to Toner. Toner isn't about making money. Corflu Vegas wasn't about making money either. Toner is about getting together with friends for a relaxing little party. Money is not one of our concerns, and I don't want any one coming who would think we only want them to attend for their money. This isn't a regular convention. It's a gathering, a friendly gathering for fanzine fans, nothing else. I'd hate to think \$20.00 is the only thing keeping any fanzine fan from our little party, and if it is, please write me and we can work something out. We don't want your money, just your company. (Well, a little dough would be nice...)

What you say above about how Toner should not be exclusive is absolutely correct. That's not what Toner's about. It's not a special con for some inner circle or clique. No, not at all. Toner is going to be a nice little relaxicon for fanzine fans before the big show in L.A.. We may sound exclusive because we're promoting it as a fanzine fan convention, but by Roscoe, everyone is happily and graciously invited, but fair warning, the programming is going to be light and oriented towards fanzine fandom. More programming suggestions are eagerly hoped for so we have a better idea of what people would like to experience.))

And now for WH 10.5/**Heirlooms**... I had to look closely at the front cover. For some weird reason, I thought it was the Alamo. This Tucker Hotel isn't nearly big enough, and there should be that Bheercon Tower to the Moon in the background.

Ah, a celebration of Mr. Tucker and his writing. in "Stay out of Saloons," he says twice that he was touched. I believe him. You know what? I think he's still touched.

((**Arnie:** It's true I noticed several young female fans touching him at Silvercon 4.))

I doubt that "All Christianity Will Be Plunged Into War" got much circulation outside of Odd, but it certainly places the Bible right up there with SFnal works like Dune and Stranger in a Strange Land.

Yvonne remembers she got into deep trouble in childhood for insisting that Jesus had brothers and sisters, and the Catholic nuns who taught her denied that claim. She said she read it in the Bible, but the nuns denied that, too.

A "buffanet"? Sounds like someone on the Torcon committee tried long and hard to make "buffet" sound fannish by inserting the word "fan" into it.. Actually, buffanet sounds vaguely French. And after reading "Ike, the Eagle and the Pits of Luna," I can only imagine what Tucker thinks of Worldeon pricing today. Mortgage the house, and c'mon in, suckers. Worldcon revenues must be getting close to the million-dollar mark. Having spent some time in Treasury at Magicon, some mountains of cash, cheques and money orders passed through my sweaty fingers, and that was just during the passage of a few hours.

Well, I did have diarrhea of the fingers. I guess that means that these zines were jam-packed with solid comment hooks, and that usually applies to most issues of **Wild Heirs**. Please do keep them coming, don't lose or screw up my address again, and see you next ish.

### **George Flynn**

PO Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Stn., Cambridge, MA 02142

I was a bit behind on reading **WH#10** and 10.5, and when I finally did finish them, I was all set to write a loc expressing startlement that there hadn't been an issue for a whole six weeks -- naturally, #s 11 and 11.5 arrived in the next mail delivery.

Fortunately I read #11 right away, and thus was shocked to find that Arnie's article was apparently written from some bizarre alternate universe in which "the sterling George Flynn" had been one of this year's TAFF candidates. This is probably the first time I've ever been confused with Joe Wesson. (For one thing, he has more hair.) I fear that the sinister conspiracies enveloping Vegas Fandom have progressed to the point of clouding even Arnie's mind. Where Will It All End?

((**Tom:** See Patricia, there's some sf for you. There's nothing like a 'bizarre alternate universe' to get those stefanal juices flowing.))

((**Arnie:** I guess you were just on my mind when I wrote the article. George. ))

As for the substance of Arnie's article...Well, as one who tries (with indifferent success) to be an omnifan, I'm disturbed by any attempt to draw firmer lines between "fanzine fans" and "convention fans" from either side. The practical effect of the solutions you propose is also dubious. If you take a close look, I think you'll find that most recent Worldcon chairs could meet the qualification of appearing in zines from two different areas (even if you don't count the phenomenon of con-running zines). (And by the way, one of the co-chairs of Intersection was at Corflu Vegas, at least briefly.)

I think the sociology of fandom is a good deal more complicated than any binary polarization implies. And the Internet is blurring the lines even more; there's a thorough mix of fanzine fans and confans on the Timebinders list, for instance. This may have something to do with Arnie's point in #10 that fans are

THAT'S NOT WHAT  
THEY MEAN BY  
TONER!



tending to stay around longer than they used to; by the time you've been in fandom a couple of decades, you've probably done a little of everything...

{{Arnie: I didn't draw any lines that don't already exist. My article tried to point out that the TAFF consensus is undergoing a democratic change and that those who subscribe to the old consenses have several ways to react to this. I thik the most mature course of action would be to let the democratic process take its course and, if the result is not to the taste of fanzine fans, hey have the ability to start and run a fund that does fulfill their desires. I see it as analagous to Corflu.}}

Toner sounds like an interesting idea. Don't know if I can afford the extra time off (after spending most of a month in Britain this year), but I'll certainly consider it.

#### Mike Pallsano

2 Rock Ridge Dr., Norwalk, T 06854

If memory serves me, and this is where things get a bit fruity (due to electroshock therapy a few years ago), I think I got the newest ish of **WH** the other day, maybe. It's all kind of drifty this time of year. Nice cover, a little hunting, eh? I just love the toons, keep up the good work, kids.

Ray Nelson is a riot. Not that Potshot is a slot. He can always be counted on for as good jot. All assocs and fandoms seem to have power struggles and clashes. I guess this can be chalked up to human nature more than anything else.

Various untethered thoughts: what's the big deal about pulp fiction anyhow? it's got to be the most incredibly, vastly overrated movie of the 90s... Never mind the supposedly witty banter about french cheeseburgers... Who cares?

Fandom seems to be a good thing; it slowly builds

to a peak then levels off until it just drifts away just as slowly as it comes in. Bad analogy. Maybe I should get the neofan guides you talk about as I still don't understand half of what you're talking about. Are there any books or compilations I could get? A lot of this was funny in its' own way. Loved the piece about the butthead in the hot dog stand..(purposely ambivalent!) Is the CSFL still smarting after the near miss with fame? I was thinking about this the other day and it ocured to me that the possibility exists that maybe possibly your group may never become what you had dreamed. I wouldn't worry too much about it. I'll have much more to say soon. There was something about a convention in GB called the "precursor intersection." I am now envious of fanzine fandom since we have no conventions and no real way to bond with each other. So what? So it means that you guys are lucky.

You guys are lucky to be in Vegasland too.. The first whiteout of the season arrives tomorrow... 6 inches.. lots of white stuff.. I'm looking forward to it. I'm a snow freak. Yet I hate skiing. Go figure.

Too bad I don't understand half of WH. Maybe one day. (choking up, tear in eye, mumbling, touching moment, pan back, cue touching music)

It's really too bad I don't have more time to write a LoC the same length as last month's subtlety-free diatribe.. (conclusion) the ambience of the zine is quite good, I would like to read more.

{{Tom: Gee Mike, keep sending us letters and we'll keep sending you WH. I imagine after you keep reading WH for a while you'll get a pretty good idea of what we're up to. It's really very simple. We're just trying to have a good time. You know, fun. There's really nothing to 'figure out', you're just not yet hip to some of our faanish lingo, which will come clearer after a few more readings, I hope. I think we can get Arnie's **Trufan's Advisor** in your envelope during the next mailing, which might clear up some of your questions. The CSFL is no longer smarting, we're now itching, for revenge. Read this issue's .5 edition to find out what happens to the CSFL, the Vegatable Lobby., the remote controlled Ken Forman, and our mysterious out-of-town female fanzine fan.}}

#### Jim Trash

3 Bridge Terrace, Bridge St., Morley, Leeds, LS27 0EW UK

**Wild Heirs 10** had made its' long, slow and painful way across the Atlantic to flop exhausted upon my doormat moaning, 'read me, read me' or was it feed me?

I dunno but I read it anyway and thoroughly enjoyed it.

The weakest section for me seems to be 'Vague Rants' but maybe this is due to the fact that these people are unknown to me. Maybe I'll get a feel for the rapport in future issues (if you send me any after this LoC ...).

{{Tom: We'll keep sending you WHs as long as you assuage our need for egoboo with a letter now and then. I have to agree that many readers might find 'Vague Rants' our weakest section, not only due to the fact you don't know us (yet), but that it's not as cohesive as what one might find in other fanzines. 23 editors is a lot of editors, but I'm not afraid to suggest that 'Vague Rants' might someday transform itself into something

stronger. We just have to give up the idea of giving everyone an opportunity (an opportunity that not everyone takes) to contribute to the editorial. This is a change I'd like to make. But I don't think my fellow editors are of the same mind.}}

{{**Arnie:** As most readers are aware, we've tinkered with "Vague Rants" every couple of issues, trying to find the right balance between the gesthalt of the group editorial jam and

Ken Forman's piece was the strongest, feeling so real and interesting in a wider context than fandom alone. This was a breath of fresh air as the 'in crowd' vision conjured up by 'vague rants' can become a little stifling. As Ben Indick wrote in the letters column in ish 10, 'I am drowning in fannish talk with no estuary in sight.'

What makes any fandom special is the people within it and surely those people should be celebrated for what makes them individually interesting rather than celebrating the mere fact that they drift toward each other from time to time. Basically, celebrating fans rather than fannishness.

And so, onto my main topic which is Ray Nelson's Fannish Sex. Ray puts together a delightful argument in favour of a third sex which will explain all his doubts and confusions over his sexuality and yet there's something missing throughout. This something is sincerity. Ray knows damn well where he's at as regards sexuality but is prodding us as part of an intellectual exercise.

This comes very close to something we refer to on the Net as Trolling which I'm informed is derived from

Trawling for response'. It's an article which is designed to provoke response rather than something which comes from the heart. Occam's Razor goes into overdrive as Ray tells us of his childhood where he feels disconnected from the boys and plays with the girls instead. Does this say something about my sexuality he asks. No it doesn't, it says more about your communicative skills and intelligence than anything else. In common with so many others in this hobby your ability to communicate matured early and so therefore you found yourself a long way ahead of your male counterparts. It's an undisputed fact that the female communication skills mature earlier than the males so it's far from surprising that you should have identified with them from an early age and then found it difficult to slot back into the male world at a later stage.

Ray, you're trolling and I've fallen for it but it was a well written article and I enjoyed reading it. Many congratulations.

**Teddy Harvia** (October 31)

I finally sent off another postcard to you. You'll drool over this one (if Joyce lets you look at it).

Now that you've admitted that your feud with Andy was just a fictitious hoax to get attention, what do I do with the half dozen Dead Andy Smurf cartoons I drew?

{{**Tom:** Send them to us, along with more Swedish Blonde postcards. By the way, what's this crap about "for Arnie's eyes only". You forget that I'm the one who types in all the locs, including pocsards, that WH gets, and if you think I'm going to let Arnie keep something as magnificent as your last postcard, well, you better start sending dupes. As Arnie said to me just the other day, "There arn't enough pocsards in this town for the both of us." Besides, it would do a lot towards ending those kinds of confrontations. Again, send us those half dozen Dead Andy Smurf cartoons. While we're fazing Andy out, he's still viable bacover material, not to mention excellent filler, so send them, we'll pub them, of that you can be sure.}}

{{**Marcy:** I take this timely opportunity to inform all ignoramuses that it is my delicate, slender fingers that first grace all of the locs and egoboo. I not only collect the post each morning, I sort and distribute as well. When I picked up the card in question, I admit that an eyebrow did raise and my fingers did sizzle, but I dropped the card immediately when I read "For Arnie's eyes only". I can be trusted. I would rather handle Dead Andy Smurf cartoons. Dead or alive, I love that guy.}}

**Fred Herman**

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

Together in the mail with **WH 10** and **10.5** came a catalog of law enforcement and military equipment from some outfit called Shomer-Tec. Among various other accessories perfect for the backyard mercenary, these charming folks sell t-shirts with illustrated slogans such as "Police brutality--the fun part of law enforcement" and "Boys on the Hood," the latter showing a couple of satisfied-looking officers holding two presumed hoodlums on the hood of their cruiser. I don't know how, but I seem to have gotten on the mailing lists for a bunch of these militia supply stores--odd, considering I'm a pacifist (I think). So now the NSA probably thinks I'm a neo-Nazi. (I ordered a catalog from Loompanics once; maybe that's it.)

The Last Silvercon or  
The Sweet Smell of BS (Aroma Dulce Bovinus)  
by Ross Chamberlain

Of course SilverCon went well  
Despite its barnyard smell—  
Too many neat fanfolk were there  
for that to spoil the fun.

Guests Haldeman and Tucker  
And even that artist feller  
Helped us spend a jolly weekend  
'neath the Vegas sun.

Fen like Lichtman, Widner, Speer  
Have come to feel at home right here  
(True, we missed Rotsler and his priceless  
dishes).

Nevenah Smith kept guys aroused  
While chuckling Vicks renewed their vows,  
And Ken and Aileen granted almost all our  
wishes.

Frequent moderator Hooper's  
Play went off with nary bloopers;  
Joyce and Arnie's suite drew crowds  
from dusk 'til dawn.

Hucksters bargained, gamers gamed—  
All in all who could be blamed  
If fans found fervent favor with that last  
SilverCon?



{{**Arnie:** Watch your mail for *The Trufan Catalogue*, which attempts to do for the image-conscious fan what the one you describe does for rogue police officers. My favorite items: the DWest brass knuckles and the signed and autographed Harry andrushak kilt.}}

Hold on, Tom: "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," yet "Most of these subfandoms, from the trekkies to the guys with swords, originated from fanzine fandom"--which originated from sf-reading fandom! Surely sf has \*something\* to do with it; if not, why call fans fans? Just my subjective call, of course.

{{**Tom:** Like my opinion is any more well informed than yours. Truth to be told, I probably have over 1,200 sf (and fantasy, are you reading this Steve?) titles sitting on my newly installed bookshelves, not to mention another 300 or so of modern fiction and superb classic literature. Of course sf has \*something\* to do with it, most fanzine fans will tell you they're also sf fans, I'm just not one of them. A fan's a fan's a fan, but by addendum he's also a fanzine fan. It's just that I don't read much sf anymore. If at all. It takes up my writing time, so I don't read as often as I used to, and now that I'm more involved with fanzine fandom sf is really just a muzzy fond memory. Well, sf is also good for a nice conversation in the letcol. Hope to see another letter from you soon.}}

{{**Joyce:** Personally, I'm a traditionalist. I believe in the Great Brotherhood of Science Fiction Fans. Oh Yes. Almost every fan I know came into fanzine fandom from science fiction fandom. It may not be necessary, but there it is. Of course, once a fanzine fan, all that spare time for reading sf disappears.}}

### Steve Jeffery (with a quick note)

Consider that I probably owe you a drawing or two for WHs and *The Trufan's Advisor* (excellent timing Arnie, thank you.)

Been busy with Welcome to my Nightmare (UK horror/dark fantasy con) at Swansea and Novacon on adjacent weekends.

Novacon 'Nova' awards:

Best Fanzine: Attitude

Best Fanwriter: Simon Ounsley (of Lagoon)

Best Fanartist: D. West.

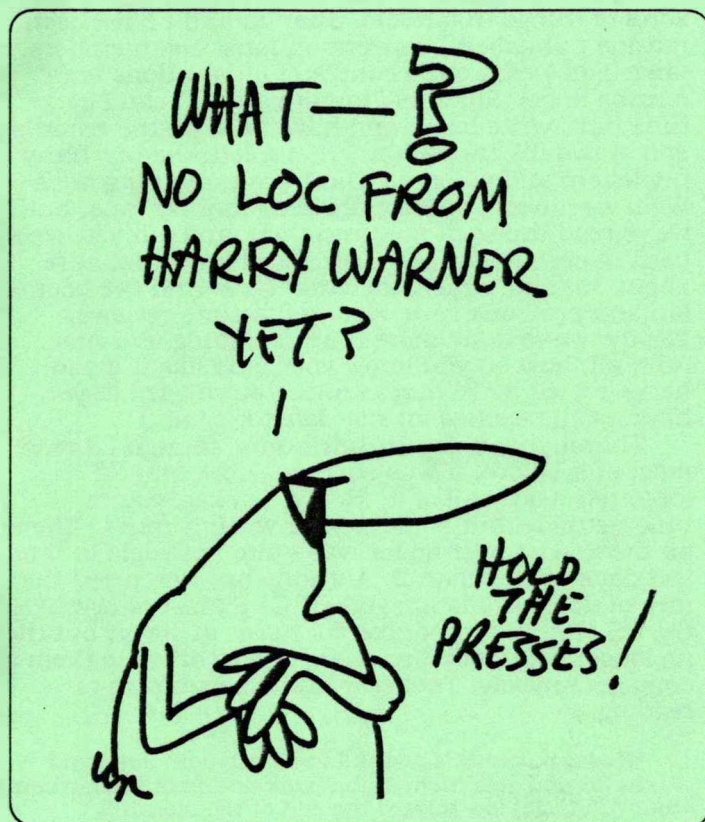
No surprises - these were much my votes as well. (Someone said they'd seen one of my illos floating around uncredited in a Canadian finz - any ideas who/where? I may have sent it and forgotten (fairly typical).

### Buck Coulson

2677W-500N, Harford City, IN 47348

But Ben, for a full report you should have quoted the driver of the Cougar. I know that sort of language is called "unprintable", but after all, this is a fanzine...

Excellent article by Ray Nelson. Some of his comments hit home; neckties, for example. Fortunately, they're not so insisted on in small towns: the only time I had to wear a necktie to work was when I was at Honeywell and was sent off by plane to a writer's conference in Minneapolis. (Well, two times, actually; two conferences.) My boss insisted on the tie, and in a manner calculated to make me believe that he



was going to get a report on the conference, including whether or not Coulson was wearing a tie.

{{**Ken:** I spent a number of years working in a suit and tie. Instead of making me dislike such attire, I actually learned to be comfortable wearing bits of colored cloth around my neck. For a while, I got to be a *Matre'd* at a jazz club where my uniform was a gorgeous white dinner tuxedo, like Bogart in *Casablanca*. It's true: "Every girl's crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man."}}

I always seem to get along well with women, from femfans to a coworker who said I was her best friend at work, but I certainly never had any desire to be a woman. I did learn to get along with people of both sexes that I didn't much like because I was in class with them, or working next to them, but it wasn't much fun. Fandom was a joy; I could tell people what I really thought of them and the only response was a nasty letter or being cut off from a fanzine, and who cared about that? I didn't have to sit next to them in class or the company cafeteria and listen to them.

Unlike Ray, I haven't met many homosexuals; of those few I've known, I liked the females and disliked the males, but the sample is too small to judge from. (Of course, I may have met dozens that I didn't know were homosexual, but that doesn't count.)

Sorry, Jeanne, but bad books can be sold. Usually to other fans, but if necessary to used-book dealers. For that matter, writers of bad books have been known to become bestselling authors; I'm told that the Shannara novels by Terry Brooks sold very well for several years.

{{**Joyce:** Believe it or not, the Shannara novels are about to be the subject of a multimedia game. Aargh!!}}

To Fred Herman -- yes, there are people who do all sorts of things in fandom. Juanita and I have been fanzine publishers, convention fans, apa members, fanartists (yes, I did a couple of illustrations for a fanzine once), filk fans (Juanita sings; I can't carry a tune but I write lyrics and have been on the recording end of two filk tapes), fanwriters, letterhacks, filthy hucksters and vile pros. Did I leave anything out? Well, we haven't specifically been fantasy fans, but we've read the stuff now and then, and, oh yes, we've been in costume at least once, or I have. Not sure about Juanita. And "Star Trek" fans. And I've been a fan and pro book reviewer, and fanzine reviewer. Mostly, we've done more than one thing at a time. After all, how do you know you don't like it if you haven't tried it? (Whereas once you've tried it, you have a valid excuse for not doing it again.)

Thoroughly enjoyed **Heirlooms**, though I'd read most of it before. It was so long before that I'd forgotten nearly all of it. (Sorry, Tucker, you're unforgettable, but some of your writing aren't.) The bit on the Eisenhower dollar was quite nostalgic in these sad days after Susan B. Anthony has destroyed the idea of dollar coins altogether. Or almost altogether; the US Mint still produces \$1 coins, in silver, but they no longer sell them for a mere dollar, or issue them as coinage. Anyway, Tucker is still enjoyable on re-reading.

{{**Ross:** Susan B.'s are still in circulation; Joy-Lynd asks for and gets them at the bank and uses them when our funds get low toward the end of the month.}}

#### **David Thayer**

701 Regency Drive, Hurst, TX 76054

While in the UK, I looked for Swedish audiovisuals to learn the language. My new company, Ericsson, is headquartered in Stockholm. (I have since learned most Swedes speak English and switched to Spanish since many of our customers in Latin America do not.) I know Arnie will appreciate me sharing one of the more exciting visuals.

I was disappointed in the lack of realism in Ross Chamberlain's cover art. Everyone knows that lockerroom humor requires characters in various stages of undress. And are those clouds in the background? It looks like Ross blew the roof off the scene completely. For the appropriate wet look, you can put this card out in the rain. Ook, ook.

{{**Arnie:** The Vegrants are like any family that is warned that it will be pictorially depicted; everyone wanted to wear their best outfits. As for the "clouds," -- don't you know about "smokin' in the boys' room"?}}

#### **Dale Speirs**

Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7

**Wild Heirs #10** mentioned your efforts to get fanzine fandom going at the Las Vegas version of Noncon. I haven't been so enthusiastic as to host parties, but have been spreading out fanzines on the freebie tables at places such as BanffCon 95, held in October on the Thanksgiving weekend. BanffCon was also NonCon 18, the western Canadian equivalent of Westercon, which is why your remark about a Las Vegas Noncon caught my eye. There was also a Canadian con called ConText competing against an American ConText, although the former is now

defunct. I wonder how many other con titles have been duplicated? Sort of like all those zines floating around called **Warp**.

The return of degafiators in SFdom is quite similar to what happens in the stamp collecting hobby. Kids collected stamps, lost interest as teenagers, got involved with university, started a career, raising a family. In their 40s, they have the time, money, and inclination to take up the hobby again, and stay in philately into their 70s and 80s. If SFdom is any indication, about thirty years from now we can expect a lot of perzine discussion on the best brands of prune juice and bran flakes.

{{**Joyce:** I believe you've hit on something important. And I'd be curious if this phenomena carries over to other special interest hobbies. It only makes sense. The traditional causes of gafation are going away to college, getting married, going into the army. It can take years to get solvent enough to have extra cash for publishing, convention attending, or any of the other standards of fandom. But in midlife, spare time and spare cash become available, and happy memories of their salad days lure people back to whatever it was that enthralled them before. This produces the hope of a lot of degafiations ahead, as the Apa 45 members drift back. By my calculations, a bevy of 50 year old exfans should start coming back Real Soon Now.}}

{{**Arnie:** Lavishly distributing fanzines at cons, as you and Barnaby Rappaport do, is laudable, but maybe not so effective. If someone at the con is looking for fanzine fandom, it could be the catalyst. I think lots of people don't know they're looking for fanzine fandom until they find it. Gor them, one-to-one guidance may prove more appropriate.}}

#### **Murray Moore**

377 Manly Street, Midland, Ontario L4R 3E2, Canada

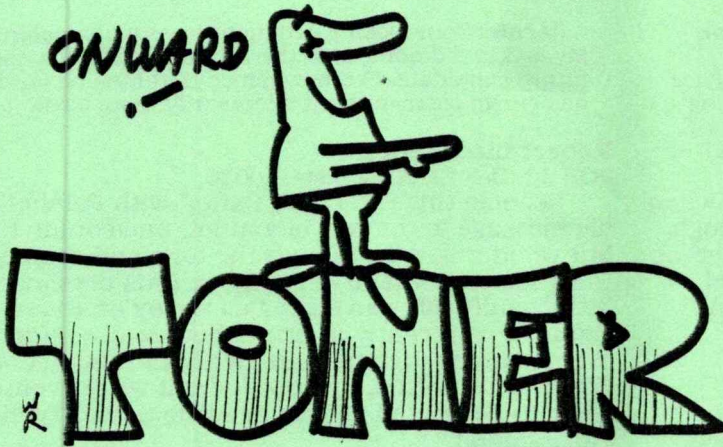
The good news is that **WH#10** was my first issue. The bad news is, I missed issues one through nine.

{{**Arnie:** Our mailing list has nearly doubled since last February. We're working on an anthology for those who'd like to see what they missed.}}

A lovely, lovely, lovely issue. Reading **WH#10** was a worthy consolation for not being able to attend the Seattle Ditto.

Immediately previous to reading **WH#10**, I read **Kitsch In Sync Legends**, aka **The Bleary Eyes Vol. 4**. The examples of 40-year-old Irish Fandom faan fiction were amusing. They were more fun, and meaningful, to the members of that group. And I thought, fans do not interact in this way any more. **WH** of course, is proof that the same spirit of fun which imbued Irish Fandom exists in another fannish redoubt, the desert island of Las Vegas.

I collect descriptions of fandom. Arnie's "Ruminations..." was a mother lode of additions to my collection. "Fanzines are the ultimate personal expression untainted by commercial warpage," and "our fierce and literate tribe," plus "It is a hobby for the few, the proud, the lonely. It's too hard to do to ever become mass entertainment." Quote after quote popped from page 18. "I believe that people who enjoy freedom of expression, communication and community will see fanzine fandom as a good place to satisfy those needs," and "Our fandom with its panoramic breadth of subject and high quality



egoboo," and "We are the fandom that discovered the joys of writing about other topics, including ourselves." I also collected Tom Springer's first comment to Fred Herman, in the lettercol.

[[Arnie: You'll be glad to know that *The Trufan Catalogue* has these and other similar pseudo-profundities embroidered on throw pillows. We're also investigating the idea of silk screen them in micro-type on suppositories.]]

Ray Nelson's "Fannish Sex" reminded me of an Arthur D. Hlavaty quote that I collected with delight: "In fact, I was so socially inept that even tho I went to a boys school, I had to teach myself how to masturbate. So I already sound like a fan."

I see I already have a Collected Katz Comment, from **YHOS 53**. Modern fandom is "a network of loosely connected special interest groups."

The Las Vegrants appear to be the very model of a faanish fanzine group. I see that Las Vegas has its own apa. My wonder lasted only a few seconds. Well, of course you would have your own apa, wouldn't you?

You embrace both the spirit of fandom and the new technology. I detect no hint of nostalgia in the pages of **WH#10** for mimeography. The Internet is Our Friend is a theme of "Ruminations..." yet the shade of yellow of the paper screams Fanzine to me.

[[Arnie: I think it is important for our fandom to bear in mind that the Internet and the mimeograph are just mediums. It's the message that has value. I wouldn't want to see us go the way of mundane ayjay, which never came to terms with mass duplication technology beyond the small letter press.]]

I think **WH#10** would give a neo pause. The physical package -- layout, headings, art -- and the content, combined, are impressive. And you do this monthly?! But that's the synergy of the like-minded fans who are the Las Vegrants. Many hands sharing the work means **WH** is not likely to suffer the **Habbakuk** syndrome: successively bigger issues, leading, I surmise from the lack of an issue for one year, to silence, as the overwhelmed lone faned is undone by his success. And where is the bi-weekly **Apparatchik**? I have not recieved an issue published

post-Worldcon.

Gee, there was something titled **Heirlooms** in the same envelope as **WH**, too. Is nothing beyond the reach of your Group Mind? I hope not.

How do I connect to the Smith's Timebinders listserv?

#### Steve Jeffery

44 White Way, Kidlington, Oxon OX5 2XA  
Thanks for **Wild Heirs 10** and the Tucker special/supplement of 10.5. Much to enjoy in both, and - in **WH 10** this time - to ponder on. Even (heavens) perhaps to disagree with.

First, though: Tom Springer's Insurgency at the CSFL is absolutely hilarious. The epic Ken's Last-Stand zap/plonker shoot-out had me so creased up laughing it hurt. I\*hope\* you have sent copies of this to Ken Cheslin and John D Berry; it reminded me

hugely of their recent *The Bleary Eyes* anthology reprints which I had great fun helping illustrate.

Chuch and the black spawn of Cththulu (sp? - there's a lovely Dave Mooring cartoon in the Novacon program book - 'dyslexic cultists', all invoking weird variants: 'Thucluth!' "Cuthuluth!") at the Glasgow breakfast was another creaser. No handy toothpicks Chuch? Probably only those naff plastic ones.

Absolutely no good for disposing of a grim spawn of evil between the All Bran and toast and marmalade.

Ken, re: Fred Herman. Shouldn't that be the currently fashionable 'post-literate' rather than 'sub-literate' for the new video and computer generation? On the other hand... Nobody's adequately explained to my satisfaction what 'post-literate' is, any more than 'post-modern'. Something to do with not wanting to read, rather than actual lack of ability I think.

Tom, also re: Fred, "fantasy fans must die..." Disagree. Absolutely. Even in jest this sort of statement annoys me. I'll come back on this.

Ray Nelson. Mmm, yes. Fandom has a higher (or more open) element who are 'alternately gendered' (or pleased), or who, like Ray (and me), feel more comfortable outside the strictures suffered by the average mundane male. DonWest, in *Deliverance*, proposes the interesting, and provocative, theory that fandom, almost by definition, is a form of deviant culture, and this non conformism possibly extends to more tolerant attitude (although the two do not always go hand in hand) to other forms of deviation within the group. (Step outside the group, though, and you may be just as vilified as in mundania - and see my comment on Tom above for an example of that)

Your article, Arnie, (and also Ray's) probably merits more considered response than I can put here. A lot rings true although I have a nagging feeling that some of the broader observations, nodded through on first reading, may not always hold up to careful examination. I think it unlikely, for instance, that fans gafiated from other fandoms would come back, when older, into SF fandom if SF was not their first love. I also worry about the Net as a source of new fanzine fans, since a large element dabbling in rec.arts.whatever seem to have all the attention span and grasp of the subtle intricacies of the written word of a stunned gnat. Mayflies minds and interests tend

not to stick around too long for the several monthly (or even yearly) gap of fanzine call and response.

{{Arnie: You may be right in both instances. I think our fanzine fandom's ties to science fiction pose no barrier to someone who isn't a dyed-in-the-wool science fiction lover. A lot of people I've met consider watching "Babylong 5" sufficient evidence of their devotion to SF, and most Americans can cite equivalent credentials.}}

I'll try and come back to you on these points when I have more time, and a chance to read **WH** through properly. This is a really good issue, a lot stronger (as you promised Arnie) than the early issues of **Wild Heirs**. Wanted to let you know I got it safely, and thanks.

### Buck Coulson

2677W-500N, Hartford City, IN 47348

Who needs subjects, Arnie? You never worried about them before; you must be getting old.

I have a Book of Mormon, as well as The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, but I can't honestly say I've read either one. Skimmed through them, sort of. Plus a Koran, Asimov's Guide To The Bible, Jesus Christs by A. J. Langguth, Heavenly Discourse, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood (highly recommended, unless you're a Christian), and altogether about a shelf and a

than I would to anybody in **WH**. Why don't we both stop wasting postage?

{{Arnie: Your closing comment is very disappointing. My article did not attack the legitimacy of any past or future candidate. Fresh evidence that fanzine fandom has grown older, but not necessarily more adult.}}

### Robert Lichtman

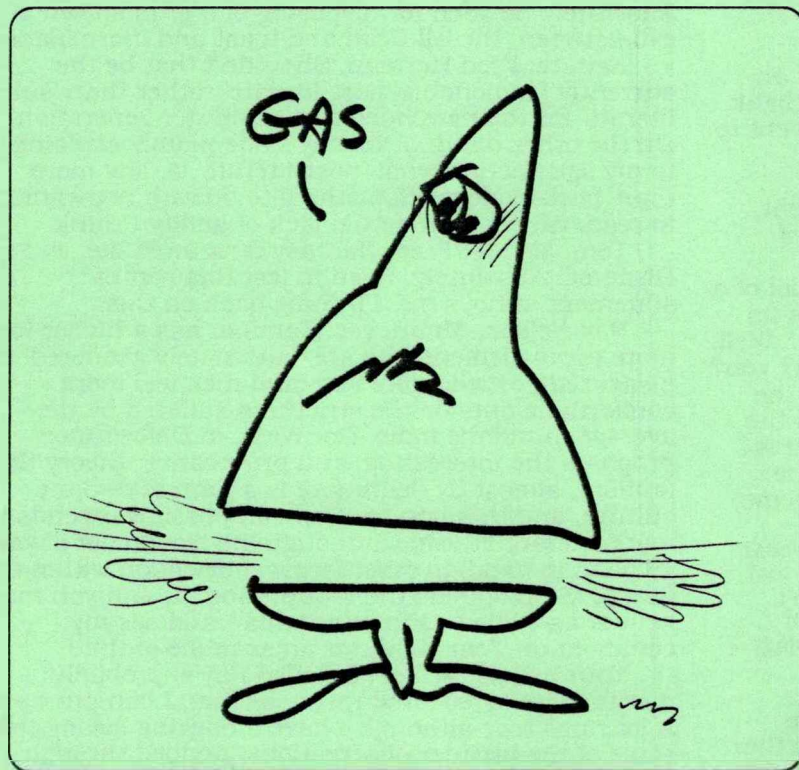
POB 30 Glen Ellen CA 95442-0030

Reading this's "Vague Rants" with Potshot's get a life message to the rest of you lot, one couldn't help but wonder if, even though the tone and theme of Bill's sections was in keeping with his persona, this little "family tiff" was staged as a ploy on those who've commented recently in print about y'all's almost overwhelming togetherness. With all this talk of Quentin Tarantino, I also wonder if we're eventually going to be treated to Tom or Arnie doing "Twiltone Faaanfiction."

Regarding other matters in the ranting, I want to express public appreciation for Arnie's "quelling the putative Laney of the millenium" by reassuring Tom Springer that there are still plenty of things yet unwritten of by Vegas fandom. I wondered what two fanzines besides **Wild Heirs** and **Brodie** Tom Springer is involved in, if the word of that woman of "no small means," Tammy Funk, is to be believed. And why not, for is she not, to quote Tom, "a wonderfully intelligent and beautiful woman"? And probabiy not afraid of roaches and other four-legged crawling thingies, either, unlike Tom "the Putative Laney of the Millenium" Springer whose account of battling roaches in his Lake Mead trailer was, well, pathetic. Envisioning someone as physically imposing as Tom being flummoxed by a roach is rather like the scene in Dumbo where the little mouse character has all the circus elephants in a panic. (But excuse me, JoHn, for mentioning elephants. Of course in a faanish context, elephants makes one think of that old appellation for FAPA, the Elephant's Graveyard. Which I redubbed the Dinosaur's Playground about a decade ago.)

{{Tom: Though Tammy is a wonderfully intelligent and beautiful woman, she's also a terrible liar. It's a shame that she has everyone snowballed, but you'll know the truth when she finally lays a whopper on you. You might be too stunned to realize it at the time, having been struck speechless by the weight of her lie, but you'll know I was right, so just remember. In so much as the roaches; Achilles had his heel, Superman his Kryptonite, Francis Towner Laney his stamp collection, and I have poisonous radioactive gene-restructuring roaches. Pathetic, well, that's for the individual to decide, but before you judge me completely let me extend an invitation to my trailor for a little first hand roach combat. Bring something heavy.}}

Tom and Arnie's mention of that scene Thursday night with Burbee, Tucker, Speer and Widner in the living room reminds me that at the convention no one remembered the Watermelon Story itself. Not Tucker, not Pelz, not me, not anyone else who was consulted. Since then I have been in contact with a fan who remembered the Watermelon Story and recounted it to me. Before I pass it on to Las Vegas fandom, I have



half of religious books from various religions. Plus I had another thick volume, but I sold it to Bob Tucker. As I recall, he did an article for some fanzine about it.

Hyphenated first names are indeed common in the South, or so television comedians would have us believe, but the various Billy-Bobs and others seldom get into fandeom, so they're little known in other ran areas.

TAFF problems. I'd rather talk to Samanda Jeude

to ask if y'all are ready to deal with Heavy Anticlimax.

{Tom: Will I ever get to hear it, or is it lost forever?}

I really enjoyed ManureCon/Silvercon 4 immensely myself. It wasn't the absolute best convention I've ever been to—I think BayCon in '68, Corflu Vegas and Silvercon 3 would be right up there, as would most of the other Corflus I've attended—but it was no slouch, either. Aileen should be proud. And speaking of Aileen, there she is in the lettercol talking for the second time about her desire to be pyled with a freshly made pina colada with a cherry and whipped cream. I'm beginning to believe this is Some Kind of Signal and that I ought to be Ready To Accommodate Her when next I'm in Las Vegas if I have any desire to hear the true and complete story of her stay at the John Birch Society Camp. But there's the worrying thought that Ken may not be willing to stand by and let me ply his wife with drink in exchange for dirty stories without doing something about it. I can hear him now: "Robert, you can write this up, but only for FAPA. I want genzine rights."

My inclination regarding Mike Glycer's attack on TAFF in **File 770** is to ignore it. Unlike Arnie and many of those he questioned in his trial balloon period, I don't have any great emotional reaction to abandoning TAFF. My perspective on TAFF is that early on it was won twice by convention fans: Bob Madle and Don Ford. In fact, TAFF was "in the hands of" convention fans when I entered fandom, Ford having succeeded Madle. I remember reading a lot of flap in fanzines of the period about how this was going to Destroy TAFF, but in fact both Bob and Don administered the fund competently and both wrote trip reports. Ron Ellik won the next American race and "took back the fund for fanzine fandom, as it were. It occurs to me that this is something like fandom's equivalent of which party controls Congress and What It Means To Our Future. Maybe convention fandom needs to win (and administer) TAFF now and then to feel like it's a stakeholder. After all, it's been 37 years since a convention fan (Ford) won TAFF.

I had a flash when Arnie wrote in one paragraph that the logical destination for a TAFF participated in by fanzinG fans is Corflu and the idea that if a hundred fans kicked in \$20 a year someone could be brought over to each Corflu. Then I thought of having the twenty bucks be added on to the cost of attending Corflu—just like the banquet is included (and it could be added on to the supporting membership fee, optionally, for those not attending who wanted to support the i~ and each year's Corflu would select by a vote at the banquet who next year's overseas Corflu guest would be. The money thus raised would be used to bring the guest to the convention, provide room and board while there, and send him/her home again. If a guest wanted to expand the trip beyond that, he could participate financially. This acknowledges that (with the expected variability) most of us can afford to cover part of a trip at almost any time, but not all of us can afford the whole thing very often. This would strengthen the ties between U.S. and U.K. fandom (though I guess guests could come from other countries, too, if they were voted in) and would increase the draw of Corflu as the place to go to meet that year's guest.



Marcy Waldie's piece was a delight, especially the little bits of old-couple insights such as "his start-in-the-middle-of-the-subject manner" and "my I-may-be-stupid-sometimes-but-I'm-not ignorant tone of voice." As far as the subject matter goes, it was fascinating to see the many points of view taken by the various inhabitants of their living scene about having a movie filmed on the premises. I wondered how the neighbor who "is tolerant only of his own actions" dealt with having the street closed off, parking changed, and people all over the place? This was a good read; every piece Marcy does is better than the one before. Keep her writing!

Reading Bill Kunkel's piece in the editorial again after encountering Rob Hansen's mention of what Dan Steffan learned from Greg Pickersgill made me notice that both Andy Hooper and Rob Hansen have the same middle name. I felt a lot of empathy for Teresa Nielsen Hayden's plight in having a hairbrush take up inextricable residence in her hair. This is a seldom mentioned but pervasive problem throughout our society, and at no time worse than in the '60s. I can remember more than one occasion where I was called upon to provide an extra set of eyes and hands to facilitate just such an extraction. One time was on The Farm with a long-haired and very squirmy kid. I object to Rob's using Al Gore as an example of stiffness, for harking back to the Odd One Out quiz about Ted White, Bill Clinton, Dan Steffan and Newt Gingrich, Al would definitely be Part of the Group. Before he was in politics, Al worked for one of the Nashville TV station's news departments and was visiting out at The Farm on assignment. I didn't see it myself, but rumor had it.... And Rob's mentioning that at Precursor he'd spent half his life in fandom got me to whip out my calculator and figure that I've spent about 70% of my life in fandom. For Ted White it would be an even higher percentage since he got in at a younger age than me and is older than me. Of course, Forrest J (no period) Ackerman probably holds the record.

((Rob: Of course Forrest J Ackerman has no period. Robert. He's a guy. (And at his age he'd be post-menopausal, anyway.) Or do you know something we don't? I think we should be told.

Chuch Harris keeps mentioning that I'll be on-line almost any minute, but actually it's more like Real Soon Now. I know I spoke loudly about getting a new computer this year, but with the advent of Windows 95 and the likelihood that all software in the future will be written to work best with it I've decided to hold off until 586 computers with 16 meg of RAM come down in price to the level I'm willing to spend. I figure that ought to be by next spring at the earliest. Unless my eight-year-old XT crashes, I'll be holding off. Several people have written mentioning I could get a modem for this computer and get on-line now. Yes, but there's also a part of me that's wrestling with the privacy issues of the Internet and how I feel about the possibility of being monitored. Electronic transmission just isn't as secure as the good ol' mail.

Chuch, is the 6x6 cubbyhole you describe the same one we hung out in when I visited back in 1989, the one on the second floor just off, or perhaps somewhat on, the hallway? It was good to read your description of it as it confirmed the accuracy of my mental image of you. Whenever I read your writing, whether in letter or fanzine, I always place you in that semi closet pounding away at your computer.

I noticed when I was leafing through this issue prior to reading it—you know, the requisite egoscan for one's name—that Tom's serial continues beyond this issue, so I've decided to hold off reading it in its entirety until it's all available. That's what I used to do with serials in the prozines back in the '50s, and it ought still to serve me in good stead. Comments when the time comes ....

Regarding Ross's comments to Walt, I don't remember hyphenated first names in the South when I lived there, but I do remember a lot of douUe names: Billie Lou, Billy Bob, Tommy Ray, Shirley Ray and of course Joe Bob. But when I was in high school in Southern California in the late '50s, there was a girl whose name was G-Ann. I didn't know her well enough to ask after its origins, though. And regarding Ross' (& Ken's) comments about Dr. Pepper and prune juice, my memory has it that it used to be made with prune juice (and the other active ingredient caffeine), but sometime in the late '50s or '60s it was reformulated to be entirely artificial. My earliest recollections of drinking Dr. Pepper was as a child, when it came only in 7-ounce clear bottles with the clock symbol (10, 2 and 4) imprinted in red, white and black. It tasted different back then.

I don't remember Nehi's Blue Creme, but when I lived in Tennessee my favorite soft drink was Sundrop Golden Cola. This was sort of a cross between Mountain Dew and Squirt in that it (a) had lots of caffeine to give you a good buzz (like Mountain Dew) and (b) had little bits of citrus pulp floating in the drink (like Squirt). It also used to come only in bottles, in this case green ones. However, it was also reformulated in the mid-'70s and made entirely artificial. Its main competitor was another regional drink named Kick, whose slogan printed on the side of its bottles was "Kick Like A Mule," accompanied by a logo of a kicking mule. It had even more caffeine than

Sundrop but didn't taste as good. It had so much caffeine it sometimes gave me a headache. But later on in the '70s Jolt began and it was even stronger. I never tried it.

In answer to Tom's question about what would Elmer have had, a drink or a smoke, might I venture the answer to be probably both. Just below that, Tom says "The people who created TAFF and supported it in the early years were fanzine fans." True, but back then there wasn't a big dichotomy between fanzine fans and conventions fans. In most cases, they were one and the same. Fans were more inclined to be generalists back then; it was a smaller, more manageably-sized fandom then than it is now, and it was possible to embrace it all. And yes, a dog could stand for TAFF. After all, a dog stood for DUFF a few years ago. If TAFF were to be "taken over" by fanzine fandom, I like Arnie's idea of having eligibility to vote modeled after the FAPA requirements of either having published a fanzine or appearing in two fanzines published in geographically separate areas. But as I said above, I believe TAFF will take care of itself.

((Tom: I think you're right, TAFF will take care of itself. But I've found the best way to learn about certain topics in fandom is to talk about them. Eventually somebody who really knows what they're talking about, like you or Arnie, will come along and set me straight, like in this case. To hear it from other fans there still are a lot of generalists participating in fandom today, despite the huge thing fandom's become. But I don't believe these generalists are participating as much as their predecessors did back in the 40s and 50s. Because of the size of fandom I don't think a generalist today can have the same impact in fanzine fandom as one did in the yesteryears.))

Shelby Vick's mention of legalizing marijuana and the other impacts of that besides making sidebars more easily available, namely things like rope and clothing, reminds me to mention that another hemp product is paper. Which already exists. I've checked into it but unfortunately it's still too expensive to use on Trap Door. Maybe the cover sometime ....

((Joyce: This will give new meaning to the phrase "I devoured your zine from cover to cover...")

I was reading "FAPA Forever" in my (formerly Charlie's) copy of A Sense of FAPA just a couple of weeks ago, enjoying it immensely, so it was a treat to have it here, too. I've always considered it to be the best of the FAPA mailing rescue stories. It was also a pleasure to reread "A Fabulous Burbee-Like Character."

Paul Feller's "The Rap on RAP" seemed familiar to me, like I'd read it somewhere before, and so I consulted my copy of the Fanzine Index to see if I could locate more information on the publication, **Fantasy Dimensions**. To my astonishment it wasn't listed! The listings on page 36 go from **Fantasy Digest** (Ted Dikty, ed., eight issues in 1939 and 1940) to the single 1941 issue of **Fantasy Faction Field**, a one-off on Julie Unger's **Fantasy Fiction Field**. More information on this publication would be appreciated. The highlight of Feller's article is his definition of KTF as "Kindness to Fanzines." Now there's a spanner in the works! Roll that definition around in your mouth, Meyer, letting it roll over and off your tongue a few

times. Yes, this definition, you will agree, has distinct possibilities. Another interesting aspect of his article is the line, "Burbee will still be grousing about how Lassfass took away Shangri Lfares." Considering he wrote this two years before that actually happened, this is one of the most accurate bits of precognition in the piece. Also liked Feller's comment regarding E. Everett Evans (Tripoli) that "the way things go in fandom, someone will probably name an award after him to honor his secret wartime service for his country." Didn't Laney do that?

[[**Arnie:** I checked the photocopies of 1945 **Shaggy** provided by Bryce Pelz. Burbee did hand over the fanzine when he was drafted. Maybe Keller didn't know he would swiftly return to civilian life.

The "KTF" thing bothered me originally, too. Then I noticed this in **Future Dimensions #1** (Dec, 1944). It closes "Fanogramme from England."

"An Opinion: The united nations have shown the wide world what teamwork and solidarity can accomplish. Fandom must show that it is in no way inferior to non-fan society. The war has taken its toll, suffered harm that some may think irreparable. If we are to survive the present conflict, we must put aside feuds and personal antagonisms. They are a luxury which we cannot afford, certainly not at this time.

We fans here in Britain must encourage whatever activity is possible under these adverse circumstances.

It is time to practice kindness to fans and fanzines. -- DW

My copy of **Future Dimensions** lacks at least one back page, but there is no contents list on the ones I have. Anyone know who "DW" could be?}}

### John Berry

4, Chilterns, Sheffield, Herts AL10 8JU, Great Britain

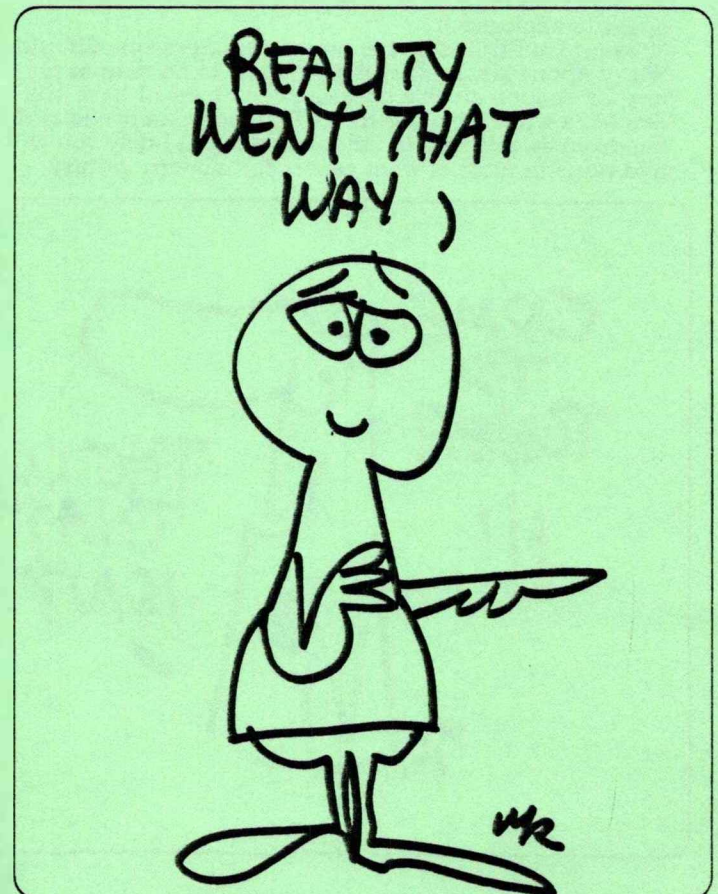
Many thanks for the latest fruit of your fannish wombs; it was as always, a joy to read **Wild Heirs** and **Heir Locs**. Scanning through the contents page I of course turned to **FANNISH SEX** by Ray Nelson, and what an exquisite article it was, rather like a minefield, because I had to metaphorically tread my way through it very carefully, hoping not to find that I came into his fifth category. "Why do I think it's you?" indeed. Ray's article, of course, requires the inquisitive fan to probe (not physically) all the fans he/she knows, in order to sort out their predilections. My last meeting with fans was of course the Irish Fandom period in the fifties/ sixties, and I am positive they were all hetero, and for the life of me I cannot even consider Walt Willis slipping on one of Madeleine's dresses when she nipped out for the groceries. It takes all sorts, to quote a common cliché, and I must confess that at school I was one of the rugby/cricket/ football types, always trying to be in the elite selection.

When I joined the army in 1944 I immediately applied to be a parachutist, and performed seventeen jumps (with a parachute). I agree with Ray and his observation that fandom was his personal saviour; my entrance into fandom was a great salve for me and I believe did me the power of good psychologically, making me forget all the horrible things I had to face as a crime investigator ...seeing a body on a slab with

maggots crawling out of the eye sockets, and having to touch the body to fingerprint it was terrible, and yet, as I performed these duties many times, I always smiled to myself inwardly, and said to myself that as soon as I got home, and hung my clothes on the wire in the back garden to get rid of the smell of decomposition, I would race to my typewriter and write an article for a fanzine. But I must confess that I never thought of fandom as containing an above-average assemblage of persons of dubious sexuality. But then, as I've suggested, I haven't met many fans, but if and when I do, I will certainly bear Ray's article in mind, and search for the Nelson Syndrome.

As I've said before, your fanzines are most beautiful and artistic, perhaps just a little too easy to prepare, perchance all the better for it, the days of the sticky roller and non-functional duper and dextrous slipsheeting are things of the past. At Hatfield library is a most comprehensive copier, which I have now learned to operate...it enlarges and reduces and turns out wonderful pages...if I pubbed a fanzine now, I would use it...a twenty-pager would cost two pounds, which would inhibit my circulation but be a pleasure to behold.

[[**Joyce:** Don't let the good cheer fool you. It may not be as hard as it was in the day of our hand-cranked mimeo, but there's still a lot of labor involved. It's only that we have so many hands to turn to the chores that makes the work seem lighter now. But the rising costs of paper and postage means that no one, not even Vegas fans, can casually toss off a zine the way we might have years ago.}}



**Steve Jeffery & Vikki Lee France**

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

I know **Wild Heirs** are not a Group Mind, and the seams are starting to show a little in **Wild Heirs 10's Vague Rants**, but there are couple of comments that taken in the context of Arnie's Ruminations that really need to be picked up on.

These are, first, Joyce's "No Fantasy Fans Allowed" stance, and then rammed home in the lettercol with Tom's intolerant "Fantasy fans must die". The heinous crime that justifies this Hitlerian solution? "Unicorns". Jesus, get back in the real world please.

[[**Tom:** Gee Steve, we were just having some fun picking on a subfandom and participating in a little make-believe, along with the Intergalactic Brotherhood of Shellfish Gobblers, shrimp and crustaceans of every kind, Hooper and Gonzalez, zap guns, Whazzat? the Earthquake God, and all those other things we write about, not to mention Chuch Harris.

Heck, I cut my teeth on fantasy. Robin Hood, King Arthur, The Man in the Iron Mask, The Three Musketeers, man, I really ate that stuff up. Still love Alexander Dumas. I would never consider a Hitlerian solution for any problem Steve, but Joyce seems pretty solid in her stance against fantasy fans. She's the one you should worry about. I'm absolutely harmless. Something Andy Hooper wrote about in **APAK** describing how Carrie is sometimes frightened by certain costumed fantasy fans floats to the forefront of my thoughts and helped me contribute my bit (she said she's scared of those guys who carry around swords, cause you never know), but don't, for one second believe that I think all Fantasy Fans should die. That I should think before I write is a well known problem and I embarrassed that I've done it yet again, but it's not like I'm on a campaign or jihad. But none of this should give you any reason to air Vikki's dark secret. I think you ought to apologize.]]

[[**Joyce:** I'm thrilled by the notion that Someone Should Worry About Me. And, although I bow to no man in my love for Tolkien (in this book-crowded house I have still devoted a whole shelf for the LoTR Trilogy, all proud and handsomely centered in its honored spot.) I defy you to find value in most of what passes for modern fantasy

literature. It's often little more than transcribed D&D adventure. But it isn't the literature, bad as it is, that puts me off: it's the awful, awful, unmannerly behavior of the costumed fantasy fans clashing their swords and sloshing their beer through hotel hallways. Personally, I think they'd be happier Far Away From Me. Perhaps in another State.]]

This is getting as bad as the "Die Trekkie Scum" line of fanzine fandom of a year or so ago. Vikki is a fantasy fan. Her preferred reading is almost exclusively fantasy to the extent that, if you substitute Fantasy for Fandom, she is probably nearer to the FIAWOL line than FLJAGH. She also writes reviews, in apas, and co-produces our Inception magazine.

And collects unicorns. (My dad collects Rupert the Bear stuff, and I'm a Winnie the Pooh addict). Nine to five, weekdays, she helps run an addiction rehab clinic dealing with people who put so much stuff up their noses, into their arms (or elsewhere: you'd be horrified how desperate some of this gets in the end) that they have real problems distinguishing fantasy from reality.

Then a bunch of stoned fanzine fans take it upon themselves to declare a fatwah. I can stand back enough from fandom (I've never subscribed to FIAWOL) not to see any difference between any of it: what you do, what I do, or what the typical gamer, costumer, Trekker, conrunner or even trainspotter does.

[[**Tom:** I see a big difference between fanzine fandom and gaming fandom, between what a trainspotter does and what a faned does. In that we're all participating in these hobbies for fun is a given, because if it didn't feel good we wouldn't do it. But I'm gaining more from fanzine fandom than I ever could from a charging warhorse and a +5 Vorpal Sword. I'm building friendships and relationships that I'd never experience with many of those other hobbies, and the communicative way we practice our hobbie is unique in that all our conversation takes place on paper with written words, and not at a Trekkie convention where one parades around in costume pondering the wisdom of purchasing a phaser. I'm sorry but there's no way I can see that what a costumer, Trekkie, gamer, or conrunner does is no different than what a fanzine fan does. ]]

In my eyes (and certainly in those of my non-fannish friends) it's all a bit weird and obsessive, with little to distinguish one part of it from another. Vikki and I happen to be, like a lot of our friends, primarily obsessive about books and the written word. At other times in my life, I might have equally got hooked in by my interests in music, amateur dramatics or artwork, and perhaps followed another line into fandom.

And this is where I wonder about Arnie's Ruminations. That the line into the various elements of fandom, not just fanzines in particular, are a bit like the old, and tired, Nature vs. Nurture debate about traits and disposition. That just because someone has edited a sercon gaming magazine in their teens will make it any more likely that when their interest wanes in that activity they would necessarily come back in a SF fanzine fandom.



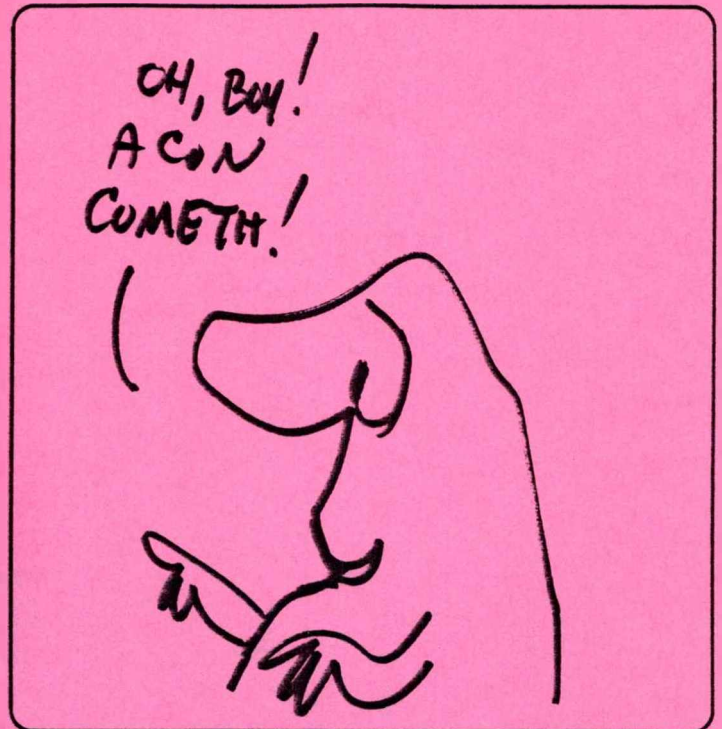


"Give me the child of seven, and I will give you the man" was how the Jesuits operated, realising how early that "senswunda" takes hold and can be exploited. Substitute 'fan' in that above aphorism, and a bookish, slightly shy or solitary child, with a library rack of SF books and you have a pretty good operating definition for quite a large proportion of (at least British) SF/fanzine fandom.

What we have got to attract, I think, is not so much the obsessive interest in any one type or aspect of fandom, but the escape into the written word and play of language that will mark someone out as potential fanzine fan.

It's quite instructive to find that Boxtree have severed their line of Warhammer™ Games Workshop spin-off books because their popularity seems to be getting in the way of selling their little metal figures (and that popular SF authors have been quietly subverting the whole WarHammer™ ethic in their treatments).

Going back to Ray Nelson's article, Jessica Amanda Salmonson would never have got beyond the first interview with the consultant if she came out with that comment in the U.K. I suppose the situation in America is a bit more accepting, and possibly less hidebound in this area. British medical ideas, particularly in the area of sex change surgery, are still deeply rooted in 50s stereotypes of what women ought to be (and especially transsexuals who want to become women). Somehow, it doesn't come as a surprise to discover how many well known names in that profession are themselves homosexual or transvestites. Transvestism has its roots in a particular stereotype fetish view of femininity that would seem to have marginal contact with how real women - and transsexuals who want to become 'real' women - actually dress and feel about themselves. Possibly why women find drag shows entertaining, like viewing themselves



in a fun house mirror, while in its off-stage context they're more likely to view it with bewilderment, revulsion or contempt. The word - or phrase, Ray, is pan-sexual. Both, everything, mutable. Balanced.

That's all we have room for this time, but you can expect another hearty serving of Heir Mail in the next issue, our Annish.

We'll all look forward to seeing you again in about 30 days.

-- Las Vegrants

# TONER

## THE PRE-LACON FANZINE CON

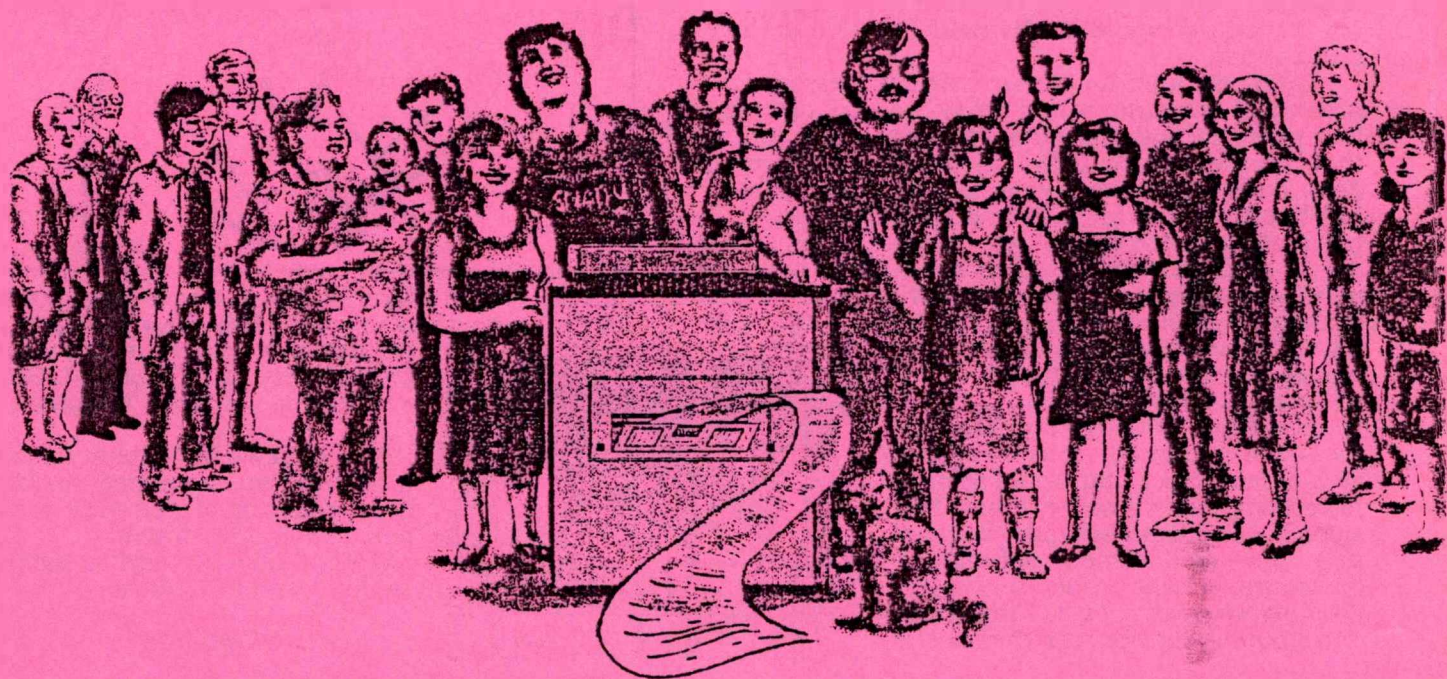
The Vegrants will celebrate five years of Las Vegas fanzine fandom around LACon time - and we'd like to invite fans going to the 1996 worldcon (and those who plan to skip the Big Show) to celebrate with us at a special convention for fanzine fans.

Toner is 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) fanzine auction, maybe some master-level trivia, readings from classic fanzines and Las Vegas fandom's usual all-out hospitality.

Where: The Four Queens Hotel  
 When: August 24, 25 & 26, 1996  
 Membership \$20

Special Invited Guest: Geri Sullivan

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



## *Season's Greetings*

from the Wild Heirs' editors

The Las Vegas contingent (left to right): Joy-Lynd & Ross Chamberlain, Marcy and Ray Waldie, JoHn, Colette & Karla Hardin, Tammy Funk, Tom Springer, Ken & Aileen Forman, Amie & Joyce Katz (& Slugger), Ben and Cathi Wilson, Eric Davis, BelleAugusta Churchill, Bill & Laurie Kunkel