

Wild Heirs

15



UNABOMBER ?

NO....
BUCK COULSON
LOC!



Ross C.
1996

Wild Heirs 15

Come Back
Chuch Harris

Editors

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

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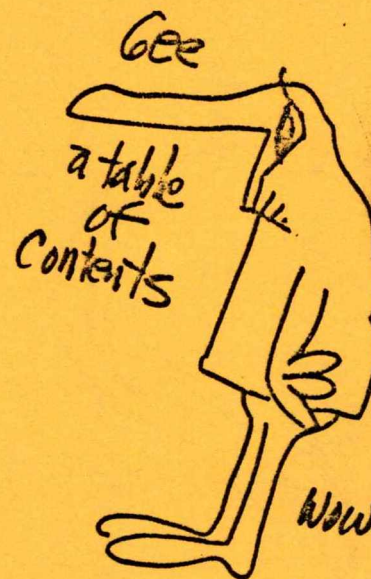
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30, 31, 32, 35



The April Vegrants meeting was unusual. A chain of unrelated circumstances caused a number of the fans most associated with this fanzine to be elsewhere on Saturday afternoon.

That left the introduction for **Wild Heirs #15** in the hands of some of the less valuable Vegrants. I think the B Team does pretty well...

Arnie Katz

The April '96 Las Vegrants meeting seems fated to be untypically small. The roster of attendees won't be the usual one, either. Perhaps a chance for **WH** readers to get to know a few of the more reticent Vegrants, while most of the usual cast is Otherwise Engaged.

The April meeting almost got skipped altogether. It might've, except that we have the glorious 30-mailing tradition of Apa V to spur us to activity.

The meeting was originally scheduled for last Saturday, its normal top-of-the-month slot. It moved forward a week because of many members' Easter travel plans.

We thought we were smart as well as flexible. That was until Ken Forman planned the annual Canoe Trip, about which you may possibly learn more in a future issue of this fanzine, for *this* weekend. That pulls Ken, John Hardin and Ben Wilson away. It also decreases the likelihood that any of their Significant Others (Aileen Forman, Karla Hardin and Cathi Wilson) will make it, though We Live in Hope.

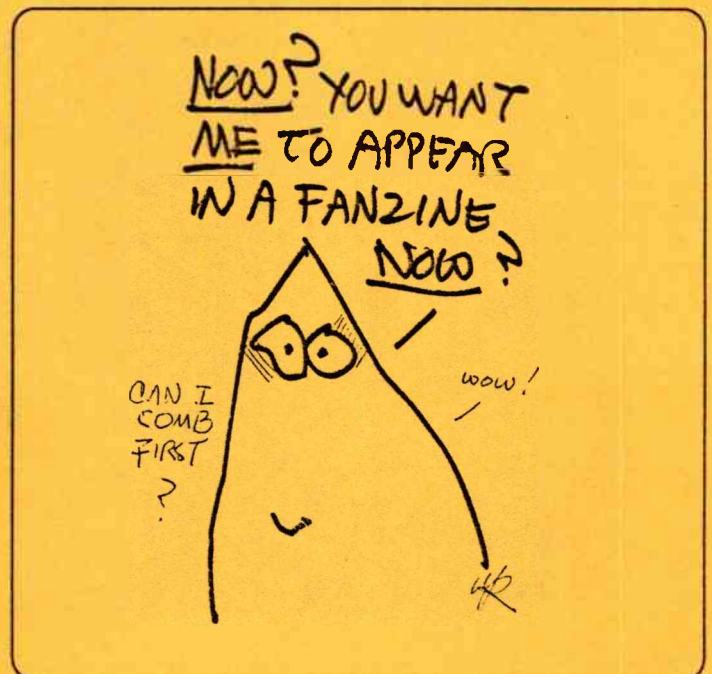
Meanwhile, Tom Springer and Tammy Funk had to scuttle plans to visit her family over Easter. Tammy is a newly minted book editor and, like Martin Tupper on "Dream On," she had to work about 30 hours last weekend to get some must-read manuscript ready to be delayed at the printer. The family visit got pushed to this weekend, denying us yet another pair of stalwarts. Tom took a box of fanzines with him. He, too, Lives in Hope.

Bill and Laurie Kunkel are not a good bet to put in

WAGUE

The Editors Jam -- a Little Bit

RANTS



an appearance today, either. They haven't attended recent meetings, and today they have family matters uppermost in mind.

Am I worried about the (temporary) absence of so many Big Name Vegas fans? I am not.

Into the breach come the family-ducking, land-hugging contingent of Las Vegrants. We may not be as flashy as the Mainspring and his aquatic raiders, but we've got the introductory oneshot situation under control.

We *can* handle it. We disembowelled a fringe fan and read his entrails. All the signs are positive.

We've got a living, if not precisely lively, bunch of Vegrants in the living room of Toner Hall. It's a sparkling Vegas Saturday afternoon, crackling with fannish energy. Sophie Tucker and Jimmie Rogers (and No Doubt, Cracker and The Levellers) can inspire us to fabulous fannish heights.

And here comes the Last of the Red-Hot Vegas Trufans...

Joyce Katz

Oh, I certainly hope I am not the last. I'd like to hope I am near the beginning of what will be a very very long fannish history of Las Vegas.

Sophie Tucker has me feeling vaguely like I should personally go out and Win The War. I am fairly well pleased with the Sophie Tucker album we bought last week. It has an unfortunate amount of Broadway-style hits, but there are a few satisfactory blues belted out by her brassy voice. When I listen to Sophie

singing "If you can't hold him with your kisses, your tears won't bring him back", I know why the old folks at home liked her so well. That's true Wisdom. (Note the Capital.) I saw her on t.v. a few times in the 50's, and even that late in her career, there was real excitement to her performance.

It's not easy to find Sophie Tucker albums, by the way. This was the only one in town, so far as I know. At least I know that neither Warehouse or Tower could produce Sophie, and this was the only copy of the only album at Odyssey.

I also wiped out the bin at Odyssey for the Jimmie Rodgers albums. I've always thought it was great that there are three musicians named Jimmie Rogers. There's the one who usually has his albums stuck in C&W, though most folks would think of him as an early rocker because of "Honeycomb". Then there's Jimmie Rodgers, the great Chicago-style blues guitarist.

But this one is the real Jimmie Rodgers, the first Jimmie Rodgers, the Jimmie Rodgers who was America's Blue Yodeler. The "T for Texas, T for Tennessee; T for Thelma; She really made a mess out of me" Jimmie Rodgers. The "God needed a blue yodeler in Heaven, so he took Jimmie Rodgers Away" Jimmie Rodgers.

I guess you guessed I'm a fan.

I love the mixture of blues and yodeling. I think I've mentioned before that I like to yodel in the car. All fandom will no doubt be delighted at my next piece of news: Tom Springer just this week remarked to me: "I like yodeling."

Now, this brings an image to mind, and it's one that I think we should work on: The Las Vegas Yodelers. Surely there are others among us who harbor this secret longing to yodel. Surely we can put this untapped reservoir of talent to work.

I believe if we practice, we can have our medley ready by Toner.

Marcy Waldie

Honest, last week I actually thought about Sophie Tucker! And Ethel Merman. Every once in a while I compare them to contemporary artists and wonder if any will be as great as the lates. I am sure some of them will, although in different genres.

Two of my favorites are Patti LaBelle and Gladys Knight. Their voices don't resonate through my soul the way Tucker and Merman's did, but they touch it in a gentle yet exciting way. I still bounce and sway when their music is emanating from the stereo, even since my one leg went bionic. (Bumping and grinding is definitely out, though.)

Let Generation X have their industrial whomevers. There's room for everyone except Milli Vanilli. Music makes people



feel good, like fandom and the Las Vegrants. But if we are heading for yodeling, I vote for Joyce as our instructor.

Ross Chamberlain

Knock knock ... Who's there? ... Little ol' lady ... Little ol' lady who?... I didn't know you could yodel.

That, my friends, is about as close as I come to yodeling. Not that I don't like it. I do—to listen to. My recollection as one of the best yodelers, though no one ever seems to mention him in that connection, is Roy Rogers. Roy—note, no "d" in the last name. But I've heard tell that that's one of those talents that have to be nurtured from childhood, and while I was listening to some good ol' country-western music when I was growing up, I was never so inclined as to seriously try to emulate that marvelous throat-warbling exercise. Yeah, I tried a few times, I think, and that was enough to convince me that I didn't have it. Maybe I was a little wishful, a little wistful, about that, but I gave it up without further concern.

I did try to write a country song once, when I was a teenager in Texas:

There's a gal I know, she's in the grade below me
She's the kind I'd dearly love to squeeze.
But though I'd like to date her she's as cold as a
'frigerator
And all I ever get from her's the Deep Freeze.

There was another verse that referred to Frigidaire and Serval, but I don't recall exactly how it went just now. I had a friend in school, Anton Nemeč, who played guitar in a local country band (his was the first amplified guitar I ever heard, once when he gave us a short demonstration at a school assembly—bear in mind this was in the mid-to-late '40s). He asked me for a copy of my lyrics once and gave them back to me a week or so later; I think he may have actually tried to interest his group in the song. Close as I ever got to professional song writing!

As to blues, well, I always thought I could sing the blues, given some circumstances that have so far never really materialized. When I was walking to work across the Hudson River on the George Washington Bridge, a few years ago, I used to sing a lot, for much the same reasons that Joyce sings in her car. I did the line or two I could remember of "I Didn't Know the Gun

HEH, HEH, I LIKE
THEM SQUEEZY
BOUNCERS



Was Loaded" and — well, I had a rendition of something totally unexpected as a blues song that worked, but dammit, I've forgotten what it was now, as I sit here at Arnie's PowerMac. Maybe I'll think of it later.

BelleAugusta

I seem to remember I like yodeling in small doses (listening to it that is.) You know, the kind with sweeping blue skies and lederhosen. Huge mountains in the background and sweeping valleys/rocky gorges for the yodeling to bounce off of, European-style. Sore throats also come to mind (I can feel the ache already) and cold, foaming steins of dark beer, delivered by buxom, Rubenesque(?) blondes with thick wrists.

In Kona I used to plan my Sunday afternoons around a very soulful sax player in Teddy Ginn's band. I'd rush from the aloha wear world of Hilo Hattie's to the dark cool of Huggos Bar and the plaintive wail of that sax. Drinking in the atmosphere along with my Kahlua and cream, my mind melting the work kinks slipping from my body. Oh, such bliss! In time the sax

player got a gig off Island and I found new ways to melt, writing poetry(?) and drinking Kona coffee. Now, I find myself in Vegas reading/writing fanzines and drinking carbonated drinks. The seasons flash past each phase twisting the path toward some new treat in life.

Filk Song Corner

In an effort to reach out
to other segments of fandom
where the written word
is still understood, **Wild Heirs** presents

Fan Yodel #1

(to the tune of

"Blue Yodel #1" By Jimmie Rodgers)

It's "C" for Corflu, "C" for Crifanac!
"C" for Corflu, "C" for Crifanac
And it's "C" for Cindy
Let's hope she don't come back.

ARNIE KATZEN JAMMER

Mental Writing

Charles Burbee once wrote about Al Ashley's supposedly impending career as a big-time science fiction writer. It was in "The Incomplete Burbee."

Fans less conversant with antediluvian fanhistory may need further explanation. At the time Burb wrote the article, in the post-WWII 1940s, some people still read science fiction and occasionally even yearned to write the stuff. I attribute this longing to the absence of fast-food jobs during this era.

Burb blasted barbs through Ashley's ego,

admittedly a sizable target. The essay turned on the fact that, though AA had written a lot of stories, they were all written only in his head. (Burbee and Laney professed to believe that this container was big enough to store an entire library of unwritten novels.)

I've always loved that article. I laughed aloud at it in several places. Although Ashley is the specific target, Burbee's satire pins a type of person too-often encountered on the fringes of fandom.

I hate that kind of conversation. They always include glib phrases like "I'd write a novel if I had the time." It is surprising how many people confuse the physical act of emscribing words on paper with the creative process of writing.

For me, that Burbee article has always stood as the perfect squelch of the non-writer by someone who actually *writes*. I think of that Burbee article whenever I meet people with vast mental storehouses of unwritten best-sellers, and it quells that urge to disembowel them and feed their entrails to our cat Slugger.

Recently, I've had second thoughts about writing that stays on the purely mental plane. I've begun to believe that, in some cases, it's the best place for it.

Terry Carr, who after all was "The Burbee of the Sixties," counseled me along those lines 25 years ago. The gist of his advice: you don't have to write (and print) every kernel of humor churned out by your fine fannish mind.

In my fannish youth, I was a carefree insurgent. I skewered fuggheads with abandon, secure in the knowledge that I was upholding the cherished standards of fandom (just a goddamn hobby, I continually reminded myself during round-the-clock crifanac sessions).

Give me a good cause, and I was a firebrand. Show me a fugghead, and I'd do a three-page article for your next issue. I wrote a lot of articles in the mid-to-late 1960s.

There were many wrongs that needed writing back then, you betcha. The barbarian invasion, the Boondoggle, the Columbus worldcon bid, the Pong debate, the drug controversy -- all of them called insurgents to the battlements in the 1960s.

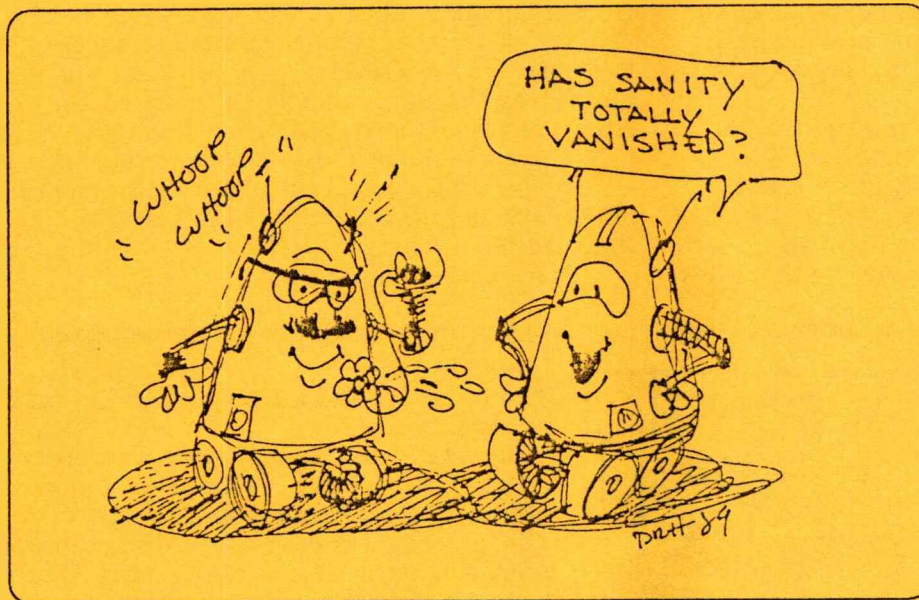
And the fuggheads! The 1960s had some real giants of stupidity. I flayed the Dannie Plachtas and Steve Patricks

Las Vegas Fandom is composed, in the main, of fine folks who occasionally do silly things. When a fugghead shambles into view, as described in my "The Las Vegas Garden Of Fuggheads," they shamble right out again before their legend can blossom.

Once again, fandom has proven its ability to civilize social pariahs. I developed a Conscience. I learned, about ten years later than the average person, that the truth is often insufficient excuse for trial-by-fanzine.

Since that day -- it was in late 1970 as I recall -- I have wrestled with the dilemma of the fan humorist.





The Dilemma of the Fan Humorist (deserving of capital letters, even if I bestow them myself) is that fans are not public personages.

The Great and Famous must expect humorists to have fun with their foibles, but ordinary citizens don't expect someone to jeer at their weaknesses in fanzine articles, however well.

Terry said that self-censorship would not only save the feelings of many potential victims, but also increase my popularity. It is a sad fact that people love satirists only as long as they are not the target. (Victims generally class humorists on a par with mimics.)

Selective targeting keeps me in fandom's good graces. By confining some articles to the mental plane, I avoid alienating someone every time an unsaid thrust has the potential to puncture a thin skin.

Terry Carr's humanitarian reasons are all well and good, important in their way to be sure. Yet there are some other advantages to keeping even the most innocuous writings written only in my head.

For one thing, it's a lot less work. When enflamed to the proper pitch of fannishness, I can sit there and write enough mental articles, columns and fan fiction than I can publish or foist on other fanzine editors.

If I wrote all those stories, I wouldn't have time to do anything else except eat and sleep -- and I might have to skip lunch. Besides, my paper, toner and postage would preclude frivolities like food anyway.

You might think holding all this fabulous fannishness would frustrate me. Not at all. Mental crifanac has always been a pleasurable activity, untainted with the need to do anything that raises a sweat.

For one thing, I generally have this rush of fannish creativity -- or psychotic episode, if you will -- when I am not in a position to dash to the

keyboard and pour all these ideas into my Macintosh.

These spells possess me unawares. I'm as likely to be writing an earnest article about video game controllers as trying to produce something for *Wild Heirs* or *Apa V*.

My mind churns out cunningly humorous flourishes, richly embellished with all the puns, word play and outrageous imagery for which I am widely tolerated.

Once I get rolling, the sky's the limit. I invent whole new fanzines, pen searing novels of fanzine fans and concoct imaginative jokes and hoaxes.

Do you know how much effort it takes to pull off a hoax? And the more successful it is, the more you have to do. If you get the bogus fan

over initially, it's possible to end up doing twice the regular amount of fanac to keep both you and the hoax from slipping into fannish oblivion.

My Keen Mind sees the entire hoax, from first contact to the denouement, in all its grandeur. "Ah, fandom would have loved that one," I congratulate myself, even as my busy consciousness leaps to another topic.

The real secret to my enjoyment of mental writing is my memory. No matter what I write in my head, no matter when I write it, I can forget it the instant it stands complete in my consciousness.

It's there...

...and then it's gone.

I am untroubled by memories of these unpublished jewels. They wash out of my mind like the



hair at my temples during a shower. I experience the joy of creation, invent my own egoboo and forget the whole thing before I have to roll up my sleeves and write it down.

Yes, there is a risk. The masturbatory thrill of mental writing is so alluring that a practitioner hazards closing in on themselves. Hypothetically, at least, a fan could grow so enamored of mental writing that he becomes a literary dark star: not a single syllable reaches paper. It's entirely possible that John

Hardin may have started that way.

Hey, I'll take that chance. I'm no stranger to life on the edge. I've seen several Quentin Tarantino movies all the way through. I mostly don't remember them, either, but I've seen them. Except I don't have the ticket stubs to prove it. You'll have to take my word.

I've got a lot more to say about mental writing, all of it hilarious and insightful. I'd put it right here, but the deadline beckons.

It's all written in my head.

MARCY STRAIGHT UP

A Rebel Just Because

Seldom have I felt rebellious. I wasn't raised to be, so it wasn't in my nature. Oh, I've tried to change that, (peer pressure, you understand,) but to no revolutionary outcome. It's not that I'm apathetic to societal issues and reforms, but rather, it is my fate to get caught doing something that others perceive as being alien to my character. That's what I was taught: take matters into your own hands and then suffer the consequences, because you **will** get caught, and you **will** suffer. Thus, I have endured unfair consequences.

There were times, particularly during my college years in the mid to late 1960's when I just plain felt left out. Everyone had a cause; mine was to graduate. I had hoped that this in itself would be enough to change the world. But it was a lonely quest, so on a couple of occasions, something inside my head snapped, and I went crazy (for me).

"Let's get dressed up tonight and hit the bars," I suggested for my roommate.

"We always hit the bars on Friday nights. Why get dressed up?" she asked.

"Not the scrungy downtown beer joints, but the nicer neighborhood taverns where we can relax, feel good about ourselves and maybe even have an intelligent conversation with people other than sex

crazed frat guys."

"Sounds good to me. How will we get in? We're not twenty-one."

"The way I figure is that since we were twenty on our last birthday, we are now in our twenty-first year. No one can dispute that."

She agreed, of course, and we went to work preparing ourselves for the evening. We must have been a sight, hobbling along in our high heeled shoes through a decent residential neighborhood in ultra conservative LaCrosse, Wisconsin. After all, we had lived in tennis shoes for nearly four years. Our hair was poofed outlandishly in keeping with the style of the times, and our clothes were tailored, which gave us that professional aura. Looking back, I realize that we must have been as svelte as Mutt and Jeff in drag.

Our attempts to be served in respectable establishments were thwarted. No one could put anything over on those old time barkeeps. I was certain that my twenty-first year story was good enough for a least one brandy Manhattan. (Important Note: Wisconsinites imbibe one-third of all brandy consumed in the U.S.) But the bartenders caused us to hang our heads in shame as they went on about how they knew that our parents would disapprove, we weren't those kind of girls, blah, blah...

After the third try, with dashed spirits we concede defeat. With shoes in hand we headed for home, not as disappointed as guilty for trying to intentionally deceive people who could have lost their work licenses and been fined had they served us. Not to mention what our parents would have thought had they known, blah, blah....

There was still time to bolt to the beer bars downtown, but our feet were sore and our friends would have laughed at our poofy hair (once it was poofed it was hard to unpoof). (Important Note: Yes, I know what a poof is, you Brits, and it has no connection to my anecdote.) So we spent the remainder of a lovely springtime evening in Wisconsin sitting on our beds and analyzing, not dejectedly, what made us carry out this charade. Cogitating can be hell. We decided that for some mysterious reason, known only to the Omnipotent, it just wasn't meant to be. We'd never know.

Another "rebellious" episode occurred during the

banana peel fiasco. Can't get grass? Light up a banana peel! Not having yet smoked grass, I did not fall victim to this tomfoolery. (You read correctly: I had not yet smoked grass. My sources informed me that the only potheads in the whole University of Wisconsin system at that time were the co-eds in Madison. Just ask Andy Hooper.)

I believed that I was doing my part to rebel against the status quo by permitting my roommate (same one) to indulge herself. After all, she had a reconstructed nose, a fake eye and a metal plate in her head, so what was a lung or two? Besides if this banana thing turned out to be illegal, I'd be the one to get caught.

She rejoiced when the school cafeteria finally served bananas and sneaked several of them home. Carefully, she draped the peels around the room; over the headboard of her bed, on the TV antenna and over the dresser mirror where she also taped her fake eye at night to ward off any of our housemates who entertained thoughts of stealing the peels. For several days we watched the fruit casings turn to brown.



"They're dry enough," she announced one day.

"What, exactly, is the procedure?" I inquired.

"Carefully scrape off the inside of the peel- what used to be the white fuzzy stuff - fill the pipe, strike a match, draw and retire to LaLa Land."

She gingerly removed the then hardened fuzzy part, filled the bowl of her cherrywood pipe, lit up and took a hefty drag.

"It must take a while," she commented after the third or fourth 'hit'.

I sat and watched intently, wanting to be fully prepared and in control in case she suddenly freaked out or lapsed into unconsciousness. I did not tell her that her face was turning green.

After a couple more puffs, she dropped the pipe and raced to the bathroom where she puked for a good half hour.

Yes, indeed. I had certainly done my part to promote student anarchy in those times of upheaval. Call me a

nerd; call me a prude. But I am my own nerd, my own prude. It took a lot of work to get here. And I did graduate - on the dean's list.

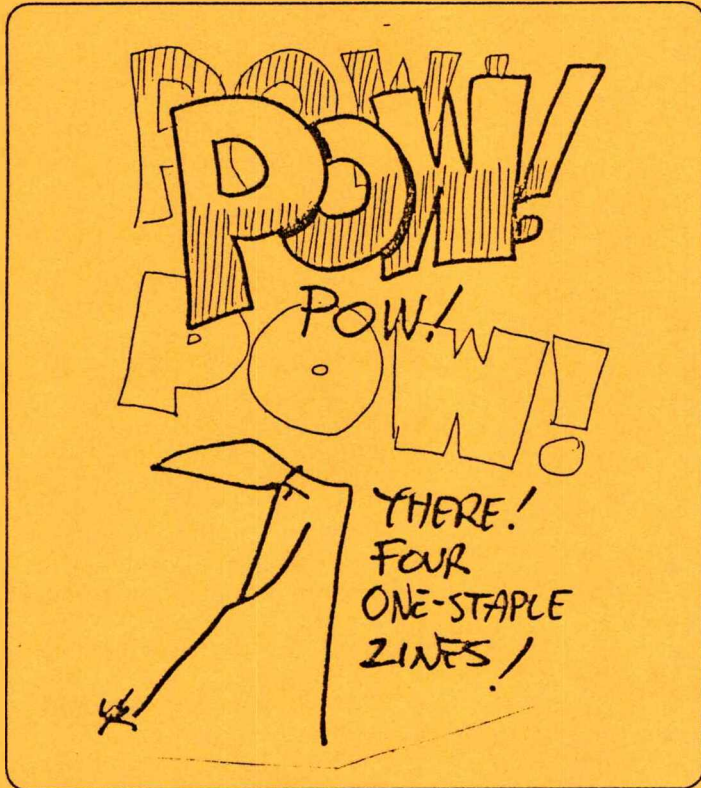
FOR SERCON NAVIGATION

Okay, so I went a little overboard about the fanzine reviews, I'm sorry. I now realize there're more fanzine fans out there writing fanzine reviews than I had previously realized. Most of them are doing capsule reviews, although some, like Andy Hooper, experiment

Putting on the Dog

with a more extensive review process like you'll experience in an up-coming WH issue. I still don't know of anyone who's doing a regular fanzine review column and wait with great anticipation for some generous fan out there to mail me the co-ordinates to the acti-fan who's secretly opining about the zines of today. Until that time I still maintain my limp-dick stance concerning our own fanzine review column, which is still in the R&D stages of development, and the entirety of the **Wild Heirs** editorship. Not that being a **Wild Heirs** editor means anything, and don't think for one minute we're trying to confer any kind of status, oh no! We're just as meaningless and popular as **Tightbeam** so don't confuse us with any of those Hugo nominated fanzines like **Lan's Lantern**.

Fortunately for you I have enough material to go on without plumbing the depths of my club notes for



filler. Though the contentious letters have yet to inundate WH Headquarters I still think the dog is the more fannish animal and refuse to feel shame for what Joyce says, "Is stooping too low." I know many of you, perhaps all of you, believe the cat is the more fannish animal. I know I can't convince you in just one paragraph (so I'm asking you to read the one after this). When you break it down, the whole difference between the two creatures is that cats can climb trees and dogs like to chase cats. These inarguable facts point to the question, "So what?" I just want to give one example of a dog's superior and innate fannishness that a cat can not hope to approach even if it's climbing up the screendoor. While my story is not supremely fannish it does ring true to the clarion note all publishing giants hear ringing in their ears at three-thirty in the morning, three and a half hours past deadline. This is a true story.

My grandfather farmed 120 acres of potatoes just outside of Steven's Point, Wisconsin, many years ago. He headed a group of potato farmers who were in the stages of forming a potato combine, sort of like a union, to combat the huge corporations, like Frito Lay, who wanted to buy them out. Grandpa got it in his head to put out a newsletter every month that would share important potato news, tell about recent farm yard happenings, and act as a forum for the grumpy old potato farmers to air their views. Grandma said that's what the neighborhood bar was for but Grandpa kept up and before they knew it the **Potato Papers** were born.

While I can go on to describe the **Potato Papers** for

your fannish enjoyment their literary bearing on this story is limited, what you need to know is that it was a four page publication stapled together with an old Swingline and hand delivered in a plain white envelope. None of this continues the fight for fannish canines but for one unusual act. Smoky, my Grandfather's Springer Spaniel, used to pound the top of that Swingline with one calloused paw everytime papers were placed within staple range. That alone is extraordinary but the next part will simply blow your mind. After the **Potato Papers** were stapled my Grandfather would stuff the envelopes then toss them on the floor. Smokey happened to like the taste of envelope glue and was a natural with that over-grown slopping tongue of hers, and would hold the envelope down with her big furry paws and give the glue several satisfying swipes before grandfather would snatch it away. Together, Smokey and my Grandfather would deliver the **Potato Papers** to all the working farmers in the area, on foot, while Grandma went to church. I'd like to see a cat do that. (Many of you are probably whispering to yourselves, "I'd like to see a dog do that!" But it's true!) I ask you, what's more fannish than having your canine companion help you pub your ish?

And now for something completely different.

Hey folks! Toner's almost here! A few more months will find me standing at one of the many gates at McCarren waiting for our special invited guest, Geri Sullivan, to debark so I can whisk her away to Vegrant Headquarters for four fannish fun-filled days. Not only are we treated to the generous and outstandingly fannish Geri Sullivan but it appears we'll have some fairly cool way-out-of-towners as well. I'm talking about the two current fan fund beneficiaries.

It's long been known that if Martin Tudor were to win TAFF he and his wife-to-be would attend Toner. Now that he's won by the landslide everyone knew he would I don't think it's such a stretch to expect him after I finally post the letter I'm still writing him. (We must remember, nothing's for sure.) Thankfully I've just finished and posted my letter to Roger Sims who's acting as Perry Middlemiss's travel liaison. For those of you who might not have read the latest **APAK** (you know, that HUGO NOMINATED fanzine?) or are unaware as to who won the **DUFF** race you are now enlightened. Perry Middlemiss did. He's also coming to Toner. I know this because he already plans to arrive Friday morning, in plenty of time for the Katz's pre-Toner Kick-off Party. I still have to make reservations for him at the Four Queens and Roger will be sending the money along soon enough, so I think Perry's a sure thing. Martin is still an unknown factor but I have high hopes.

Won't it be kinda fun though? Having both the **DUFF** and **TAFF** winners attend our puny little gathering before the stupifyingly mindblowing Worldcon? I think so. To be honest, I've never heard of Perry Middlemiss before the **DUFF** race which is a perfect example of how large and meandering fandom

can be. I've read his DUFF platform and he sounds like a pretty cool guy though you gotta wonder about a fan who publishes a zine titled **The Wollongong Pig-Breeders Gazette**. He also promised to put a fanzine in every pot with a trip report to boot so I think he's just the fan for the job.

Martin Tudor, on the other hand, is again, a fan I've never met, but I've read his fanzines (**Empties**), his articles, his letters, and I've met and spoken extensively with people who know him well, like Pam Wells. I feel like I now know a good bit about Martin. From what I've read, and what Pam's told me Martin's your typical spastic acti-fan with too many ideas and obligations and not enough time. He's going to get along splendidly with the Vegrants, I can see that already. He loves his beer and Pam says he's happiest in a bar so I'm currently tossing about the idea of a pub crawl to cater to our bheery British fan.

In any case it looks like (I'm still keeping my fingers crossed) we'll have them both at our disposal for three or four days, or until we drive them away. Having both fan fund winners attend our little party seems to lend a taste of Official Fandom, the exact sort of flavor I want to avoid. Toner has nothing to do with science fiction and everything to do with fanzine fandom. In that sense it's extremely appropriate that Martin and Perry will be joining us but I don't want it to go any farther than that. Despite a fanzine reading or two, some round-table discussions, and a fanzine auction I want to keep a party-like atmosphere. I want Toner to have the program-like trappings of a convention so there isn't a shortage of things to do while maintaining the difficult and ephemeral party-down environment I envision.

I'm not above using Martin and Perry to further this idea. Why not use these two continental representatives for our attendee's pleasure? Why not make them a program item? Before I go any farther with this line of thought I must give credit where credit is do. Arnie was the first among our little circle of smokers one early evening to give voice to the idea of pitting one fan fund winner against the other. (Of course, it was brewing in my backbrain *way* before Arnie mentioned anything about it. If you believe that I got a membership I'd like to sell you.)

So, I've been thinking about just that. What if we had some sort of contest with Perry and Martin representing their respective fandoms. To make them feel more at home we can volunteer some poor unsuspecting American fan to round out the competition. The Yanks against the Brits against

the Aussies against the Yanks. A three way contest to determine whatever we like just so long as they amuse us. Personally, I think this is a great way to get some not-so-popular chores done here in Vegas fandom. What about a collating contest? We oughtta have another issue of WH ready to mail by then, near the end of August. What better way to get that issue collated than to have the ink stained fingers of our foreign fan friends put the thing together? (It would no doubt put an end to our not-so-recent rash of miscollations and give us all a much needed rest.) Come on, these guys aren't pubbing a monthly fanzine (any more than we are) but if we keep writing about how we are they're going to believe us and after that it's only a matter of convincing them that our idea is a good one.

I like the collation idea but Arnie thinks that might be too strenuous. I understand we don't want to discomfort our guests, not if we can help it. I think they'd be up for a fannish contest of some kind, caught up in the unifying celebration of the fan funds. Besides, I believe enough beer and sweet talk can influence just about anyone, and who is to say Martin and Perry would be immune to such manipulations. I say give it a try first. Here's another idea of mine I feel is exactly what Toner needs.

While fanzine fandom is not rife with wrestling fans, there are enough to warrant a match. I can see it now. The meeting room is of sufficient size to accommodate a ring. Arnie can be the announcer and Don Fitch can referee. In fact, we can kill two birds with one stone here. You see, I've been promising Geri Sullivan, through weekly postcards, that she's

entitled to several perks as acting SIG (special invited guest). One of the things I've been promising her and have yet to be able to deliver upon is a fanboy. That's right, I've gone and promised her a fanboy to do her bidding, despite the fact I've yet to round one up. But this match between Martin and Perry will provide the solution to my problem. Not only are these two stout fan fund winners wrestling for their fannish pride and their respective fandoms, but they'll also flex their fannish thews for the privilege of catering to Geri's every whim as her submissive fanboy. Oh yes, I can see it now.

Arnie stands under the spotlight in the middle of the ring with the microphone in his hand. "Ladies and gentlemen, this bout is



scheduled for one fall with a five minute time limit!" He gestures to his right. "To my right, in the red corner, editor of **Empties**, the current Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund winner, soon to be married faned and all-around sudsy guy, Maarrriinn "Gimme another Bheer" Tuuuuddor!" The blast of his voice is drowned out by the cheering fen crowded around the ring. Martin steps forward, raising a plastic cup full of Guinness and downs it with a flourish, raising his beer stained arms above his head in presumed victory.

Arnie points an arrow-like finger to his left. "And to my left, in the blue corner, editor of **The Wollongong Pig-Breeders Gazette**, a man of a fan and the Aussie with the mostest, Peeerrrrryeee Middldlemisss! Middlemiss!" Perry jogs around the ring tossing copies of the latest **Wollongong Pig-Breeders Gazette** to his cheering admirers then returns to his corner, acutely aware of his lack of a feminine companion. (Is he married? I'm presuming he's not.)

Arnie directs them to the center of the ring after checking each fan for secreted toner capsules used to blind opponents and other contraband. During Arnie's search of Martin he pulls a mimeo stylus from his back pocket. For this infraction he receives a beer handicap and is forced to wrestle one handed while nursing his cup of Guinness with the other. Perry smiles confidently at this advantage as Geri delivers the penalty to a waiting Martin. Perry and Geri share a moment before she steps between the ropes and out of the ring.

"Okay, I want a clean fight. No biting, scratching, pinching, or criticism. Punning's allowed but not from

the top rope. When the bell rings I want you to come out of your corners and wrestle." He glances at both of the warriors. "You got that?" They nod distractedly while staring into each other's eyes, working the psyche. "Okay, shake hands and come out wrestling!" Martin and Perry give each other a brief shake, and a small dark wave washes over the plastic rim of Martin's cup from the yank Perry delivered. Martin saves himself from embarrassment of beer stains on his tights by deftly licking the seeping suds from the side of the cup. This act of agility is met with wondrous cries from the crowd. They retreat to their respective corners, and before the imminent ringing of the bell you can taste the electric tension generated by this magnificent contest, but only briefly. And then, "DING!!!"

Not only should we celebrate the arrival of our foreign fan friends, but we should also consider and prepare ourselves for a monumental contest such as the one described above. I mean, why not? We're gonna have them both, I still haven't found a fanboy for Geri, and this whole contest thing presents the perfect opportunity.

See how easy this is? Now we have yet one more event to entertain us during our three day debauchery, all in thanks to Martin and Perry. As of yet we're not final on this idea, and we're still looking into ring rentals, but we're keeping our collective fingers crossed. If the ring rental falls through we can always go back to the collation idea.

WH#17 should be coming out just about then. See you in a month!

THE WOUND

The Master's Plan

"Did you see the new **Wild Heirs** ? The annish?" I burst into the room.

Tom and Ben looked up from the baseball game they were playing. "What?" they asked in unison.

"Arnie's plan, Arnie's plan." I gestured to the

contents page. "It's right here, the next phase of Arnie's Master Plan."

"What?" they asked again in unison.

"You don't know about Arnie's Master Plan?" I couldn't believe it. I had written about The Plan in some obscure one-shot many moons ago. I couldn't believe they had forgotten about something I'd written.

"I remember you wrote about in on some obscure one-shot, a long time ago," Tom replied. "But why don't you explain it to Ben."

"Yea, Mr. Forman," Ben chided, "explain it to me and the folks out there..."

"It all came to me one night, about a year and a half ago," I said, warming up to the story. "I was sitting in the Katz' Jacuzzi after a long night partying. We'd just finished collating one 'zine or another and I was congratulating

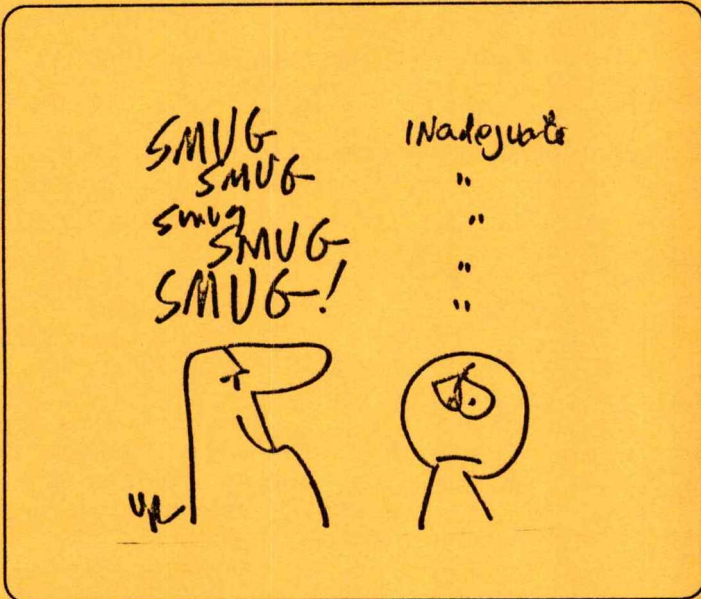
myself for having contributed a nice article. I marveled at how my fanac had increased lately. Suddenly a flash of insight illuminated the inside of my skull."

"You mean the lights are usually off in there?"

Tom asked.

"Shut up, and no heckling, this is my story.

Anyway, it occurred to me that before Arnie moved to Las Vegas, our fanac was the absolute minimum. We did a club newsletter, but that's it. Arnie moved here



and taught us about fandom and fanac – you know – the way it's supposed to be."

"Yea, we've read it before; Arnie is the 'Moses of LV Fandom," Ben added. "Didn't Rotsler do a cartoon saying so?"

"That's right. The first time we met him, Arnie was carrying a fanzine, then he got us to read fanzines, and started throwing the Socials. I remember he suggested that we might enjoy sitting at the computer keyboard and 'add a line or two to this document...we'll print it up...it'll be fun.' Each month he reminded us to add our bit to a 'one-shot' and he made sure there were plenty of copies of previous one-shots so we could read what we all wrote."

"As we got more comfortable with writing, he encouraged us to start writing 'a little more' just to be more interesting. It got easier and easier. The next thing you know, you've got **Brodie** coming out, Tom. And you, Ben, would you have done **Vows**? Here I've got a few issues of **Dalmatian Alley** under my belt, but that's not enough. There's more to Arnie's Plan."

"Why don't we form a little apa?' Arnie asked. Next thing you know, we're all doing a regular contribution.

"The next

phase was this **Wild Heirs** thing."

"Hey, what's wrong with **Wild Heirs**?" Tom asked, defensively.

"There's nothing wrong with it, but wasn't it Arnie who got us all to write 'a couple hundred words on a topic? He talked us into contributing to the editorial, writing an article, and responding to letters of comment, and on a fairly regular basis. Here we go, churning along and cranking out a respectable fanzine out every month or so. Now we've just done a hundred page annish."

"Holy heckto, Batman," Ben burst out. "You mean he's making us do a hobby we like?"

"Damn, I hate it when people make me do things I like," Tom added.

"No, no, no, don't you see the subtlety in his plan? By carefully introducing fandom and fanac in small increments, Arnie continued to pique our interest without scaring us away."

"Diabolical," Tom amazed.

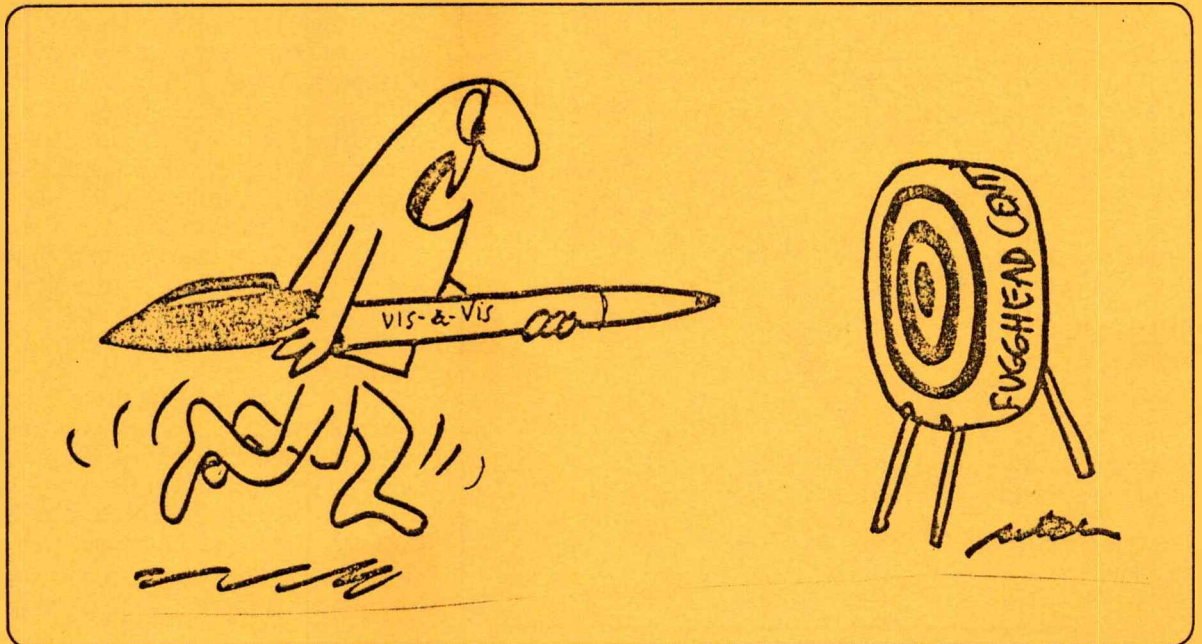
"There's more," I said in my best tour guide tone. "Now he wants us to name our editorial contributions. It'll be like we have regular columns."

"And your point is...," Tom prompted.

"If we all have a regular columns, and we have an active lettercol, we won't need to publish those other articles in **Wild Heirs**, we'll still write them, but we'll need someplace to publish them. I believe," I said, finally getting to the point, "Arnie is planning on harvesting that crop of articles for his own 'zines."

I expected trumpets to herald my announcement (they did, in my mind).

"But wait, there's still more. I figure that even Arnie can't use all the articles the Vegrants normally write. Seems to me that this thing is bigger than Las Vegas. At first I thought that Geri Sullivan might be the silent partner, but she's not doing **Idea** very often, and I just can't imagine her silent."



Then I knew who he was. The Jekyll to Arnie's Hyde, the Emperor to Arnie's Vader, the man behind the man. It could only be Robert Lichtman.

"He has means, opportunity, and motive -- the three ems."

"Center fielder catches it on the hop, runner holds at second," Ben told Tom.

Their baseball game had recaptured their attention, so I turned away, muttering.

"I'm sure I'm right. That's the only"

RAY RAY - REFLECTIONS

The Rookie



Being in charge was not as much fun as I thought it would be. I had been doing background investigations for the army for about a year. My boss, a warrant officer, liked my methods of relating with the references.

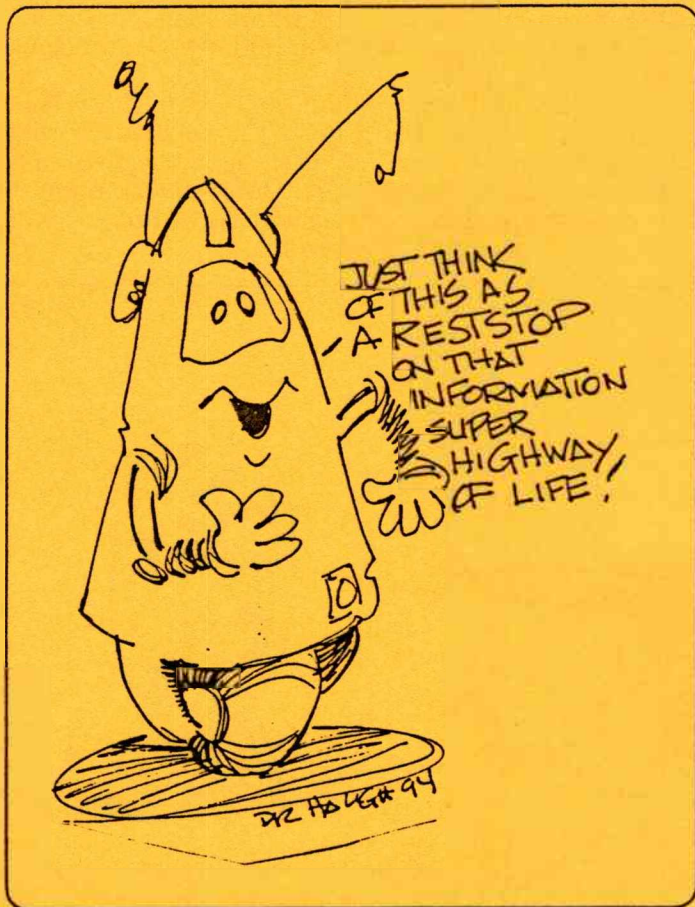
A reference is someone who will say nice things about you when you are being considered for security clearance. You are being considered for a sensitive position with the U. S. Army,

and the position requires a background investigation. You fill out a pound of forms about the last 15 years of your life and send it off through channels. Somewhere, someone breaks that pile of paper into leads for the agents in the areas where you lived, worked, went to school or happened to be where one of your listed references resided.

I worked out of Leavenworth, Kansas. Yep, that's the place where the army had its prison. I was a staff sergeant and "lived on the economy". We investigators wore civilian clothes and had an office in the downtown post office. That office was responsible for thirteen counties in eastern Kansas and western Missouri. Anyone from that area who was getting a clearance had part of their paperwork filter through our office for our personal attention as personnel security investigators. My title was actually "counterintelligence agent", but that sounded a bit too much like "revenue" to the folks in the back country.

I had a less than desirable job of breaking in a new agent. The army kept training new agents as the older ones returned to civilian life. My trainee was from New Hampshire, and enjoyed the role in which the army placed him.

After we were introduced, we were sent out to run some character references in the wayback hills of Missouri. (That's pronounced "Missura" if you ever want to get served that second cup of coffee.) So, off we went through the majestic hills of that fair state. Luckily, I was familiar with the area from past runs and had no difficulty navigating our trusty Operating Room Green Dodge Dart through the correct series of



cuts that the state called county roads.

We pulled up a hill toward a grey, two story farmhouse with a matching grey cow contentedly grazing in the front yard. I stopped the car about a hundred yards from the house, stuffed my notebook into my back pocket, removed my sportcoat and loosened my collar and tie.

New Hampshire was shocked! This was not the image that he felt represented the best of the counterintelligence corps. As he was only one stripe under me, I could only grin at him and say, "Trust me." He must have been raised rich back in the world because his three piece suit easily cost two to three times the clothing allowance that new agents were given to start their "careers".

I am ashamed, now, that I didn't warn him about one of the by-products of having a cow in your front yard. I waited with a forced straight face as he cleared off his shoes in some tall grass, then slung my sportcoat over my shoulder and approached the torn front screen door.

As New Hampshire was about to pound on the door, I waved him off and called in a passable southern/northern country voice, "Hellllo, the house."

From within a dark opening we heard an unfriendly, "Whoya want?"

New Hampshire reached into his coat and removed his credentials, small gold badge and all. "We are special agents with the ...," he began.

That was all the time it took for a solid wood door to be slammed shut in our faces. The indignant look on my partner's face was replaced with one of great concern when we heard a "schlick-schlack" noise that came from behind the door. Not being totally ignorant, N.H. backed off. He had realized that it was the sound of a round that was chambered in a pump shotgun.

I didn't like to pull rank, but there were times when it was necessary. "From now on, let me do the talking or go sit in the car," I told him. "Understand, Sergeant?"

He nodded dumbly and remained at my side.

"I'm Sergeant Waldie with the army," I announced. "Billy-Bob Whatever joined the service a while back and is now being considered for a real good job. He said that we should talk to you about him 'cause you knew him quite well."

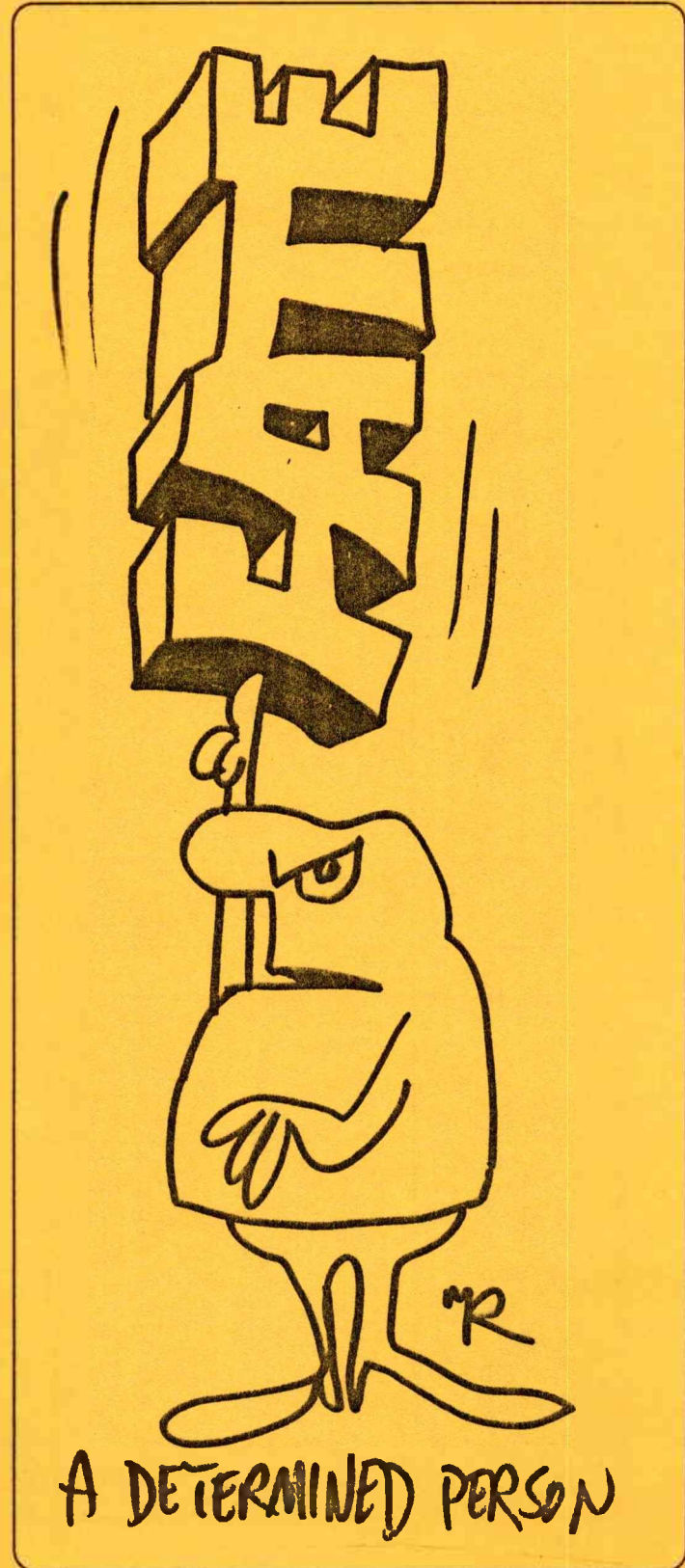
We waited. Only a few seconds passed before we heard a thump from inside the wall beside the door. The heavy door opened slowly, and the voice spoke again. "Billy-Bob? In the army, ya say? Well, come on in! Tell the dude to wipe his feet real good."

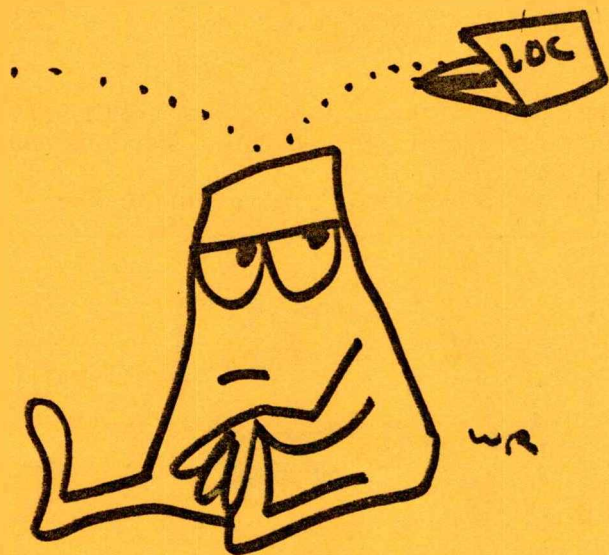
After about a half hour talk about Billy-Bob and downing some very fine fresh-squeezed lemonade, New Hampshire and I started back to civilization. I didn't say anything for quite a while. I wanted him to mull over what had and what almost had happened.

"First," I began as I steered the Dart around a rut the size of Virginia, "the reason I took off my coat was to let these folks know that I was not carrying a weapon. Strangers are not looked upon favorably in these parts. Secondly, don't flash your gold badge at

these people. It is the spitting image of those carried by another group - the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms."

It was a nice, quiet trip back to the office.





Roxanne Smith Graham

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On Wild Heirs 13: Okay, I no longer suspect a conspiracy... I *know* there is one. I don't know how you folks are doing it, reading my mind, peaking inside my life... but it can be rather disconcerting at times, and I just want you to know that you're not fooling anyone. As soon as I can find the hidden cameras and microphones, I'll have all the evidence I need!

Arnie managed to answer all of my unasked questions about fandoms past and this "numbered fandom" thing with his *outstanding* article on the subject. I wish I could say more than just "I loved it" but I don't feel as I have the proper education/information/background to do so. I would, however, like to know how to get a hold of some more copies of that article to give to certain friends of mine (both fan and fannish) who have had similar questions about this thing called fandom.

To Aileen, I have this to say: Oh my. And how did *you* get so deeply into my head and my life, I would like to know, eh? If you changed the names, that article of yours on Friendship could very well have been written by or about me. At least three times while reading it I had to look up because I was *certain* that you were standing right in front of me, staring me in the eyes. I look forward to reading more by you, and hope to add myself to your list of tentative e-friends; you and Ken both seem like wonderful people (well, so far, all of the Vegrants I've come into written contact with seem like wonderful people).

The more I read by Tom Springer, the more determined I am to meet you all someday. I've read/heard much about Silvercon/ManureCon already, but Tom's review was a real kick. Once again, I found myself not *reading* the article, but *living* it as if I were there in person.

I think that is the one greatest thing about WH and the various writing styles its contributors use: I always *experience* what I read, live it in my mind's eye, rather than simply absorb the information.

{{**Arnie:** I think of Las Vegrants as an ensemble, like a rock band. No one would confuse Aileen's writing with Tom's, or Ken's writing with mine. We enjoy working on this fanzine together, but we're individual enough to sound distinctive notes rather than all voice the same one.}}

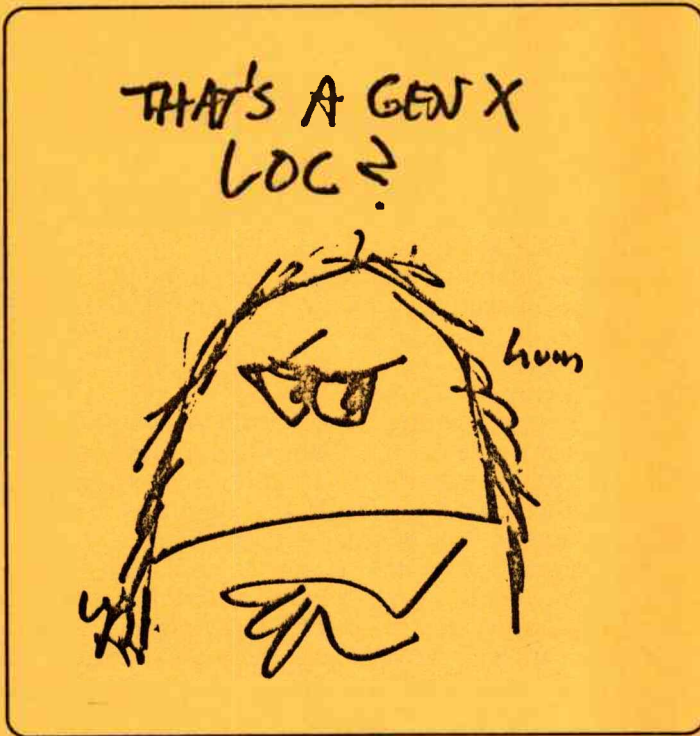
I still plan on showing up one day on one of your

Conducted by
Tom Springer
(with help from a few friends)

WEIRD

**The Readers
and Editors Jam**

MAIL



doorsteps someday soon, with a sign around my neck that says "Adopt Me" -- so consider yourselves forewarned! Vegas is not that far from where I live and I do love to drive. Hell, I almost decided to drive out *tonight* but I couldn't find my *Thomas Guide* and didn't feel it would be terribly polite to show up at some ungodly hour of the morning. Come to think of it, though, I still might drive out in the morning just to be on the obnoxious side!

I noticed repeated reference to other people claiming/complaining/accusing you folks of being too "self-referential." This bothers me. What, I have to ask, are you supposed to write about if yourselves and the people/things/events you know? A fanzine is not supposed to be a fannish newspaper, or so I thought. If those who are complaining do not wish to read about the things you write, why don't they read something else? Why would Arnie write about what's happening in Los Angeles fandom when he doesn't live in Los Angeles? How could Tom write about a party at Bruce Pelz's house if he wasn't at the party to begin with? Maybe I am missing some deeper point, or simply being too naive -- it wouldn't be the first time. Personally, I love *Wild Heirs* just the way it is, and would be greatly disappointed if its writers started churning out third-person news reports on fandom at large rather than sharing themselves with me in the wonderful way that they/you do. So cast my vote in the "don't change a thing" box, and tell the complainers to find something else to read.

{{**Aileen** - Thanks for the compliments! Which part of the article sounds familiar to you? I look forward to seeing all you new friends in the future but feel compelled to warn everyone that I'm

terrible with names. If I don't immediately recognize you all or seem standoffish, it's because I'm not sure if I should know you better.}}

{{**Marcy** : At one time or another we all get visions of Aileen standing before us with her own thoughts in our heads. Yes, it's scary at first, but then one comes to know her and all becomes evident. We all look forward to reading more by her; her writing improves with each piece and is very enjoyable.

What can anyone say about Springer that has not already been said? Plenty! But we'll save it for further self-referential issues.}}

{{**Joyce**: I certainly appreciate your defense of our self-referentialism, because you spoke exactly the things I would have said in our defense.

I recently had a friend write to me and tell me I was "wasting my time" and that I should be doing something more meaningful; perhaps "saving science fiction". I kid you not. I was disappointed in his opinion, and sad he was so uninterested in knowing about my life.

But I hardly think I'll change. Science fiction doesn't need saving, and there's no subject I could ever write that I know more about than myself. I invite anyone to enjoy it, or disregard it, but never expect to change my mind to accommodate their own prejudices.

And, you would be most welcome, should you decide to visit. Why not come for one of our Socials?}}

{{**BelleAugusta**: Given the right motivation Tom will gladly tell you about the party at Bruce Pelz's and Arnie will fill you in on L.A. fandom. Not being there would be no hinderance.}}

Steve Stiles

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Thanks again for another WH, which arrived a few hours ago. This issue is, in addition to being impressive, rather timely in my hour of need; I've got the flu again, I've read everything in the house, and I have no desire or energy to drag myself over to our local library. Wouldn't you know, it's an absolutely beautiful day outside, the first really nice weather after many grey and freezing weeks of winter.

I have, however, shuffled from my bed to the computer. As I was reclining with WH, washing down those aspirins and vitamins with yet another glass of orange juice, I first skim-read Arnie's "Philosophical Theory Of Fanhistory" and feel moved (slightly incensed, actually) to register a mild carp of sorts; that is, it seems to me that this is the second time that Arnie has written an article of fanhistory with the passing implication that the East Coast fandom of the seventies consisted of only two fannish centers, the Brooklyn Insurgents and Ted White's Falls Church group. There still was, of course, *The Fanoclasts*, and I think that after it recovered from its debilitating schism with the Insurgents (and a mass exodus of older members to California, Virginia, and Florida), it

went on to host a considerable number of fans who produced and/or contributed significantly to a lot of fanzines. (I know I did.) Perhaps I seem overly sensitive, or egocentric here --but actually I'm not, just a little defensive. The thing is, you and Ted are the main fanhistorians these days, and in the last issue of **BLAT!** Ted came close to saying that the Fanoclasts ceased as a fannish entity after He left for Virginia. (I took strong issue with this biased view in what I hope was a satirical article for **BLAT!** but who knows when #5 will be published....)

Admittedly, I'm biased myself -- I was proud of my five year tenure as Fanoclast host, but even if I were far more 'umble than I actually am, I think it's unfair to consign the fannish contributions of so many actifans to some kind of Orwellian memory hole.

{{**Arnie:** I didn't say that the Brooklyn Insurgents and Fabulous Falls Church Fandom were the only fannish groups, only that they played leading roles in shaping fanzine fandom's attitudes during the early and mid-1970s. Those two groups produced many more fanzines -- like **Focal Point, Potlatch, Swoon, Rats!, Egoboo, Nope, Cypher, and Mota** -- than did the Fanoclasts of the period. Whatever the Fanoclasts were like -- I won't enter the debate about the club's continuity -- they didn't communicate their ideas as frequently as the groups I mentioned. Naturally, no slight was intended to your outstanding fannish contributions.}}

{{**Joyce:** A great many people share your feelings, Steve, that fandom can't be categorized so finely. Obviously, there were other fan centers, and other important fanac being done. But your point spells out exactly the problem in such methods of analyzing history. Ted feels that there was a significant change in the Fanoclasts after he left New York, and no one could really deny the truth of that. You feel the Fanoclasts, during the period that you were host, provided good fellowship and fannish conviviality for many people. You both are right.

But there was a significant change in the club, and a definite change in its approach to fandom, during that five years... a period of time that saw significant changes in most parts of fandom. By the end of that period, fandom had lost much of its unity, fainting under the weight of the influx of new people.

I'd love to see a detailed history of that period, written by someone who remembers it clearly. There was such a lot of social upheaval, and it was reflected in the way fans viewed themselves. At the end of that time, there were many people who were undeniably fans, who nonetheless were quite different than the ones who had come before.}}

{{**Ken:** A thought just struck me. An old adage tells us that the victors of any war write the history books. If Arnie and Ted are the "main

fanhistorians" then that would imply they were the victors in whatever propagated the "schism" of which you speak. I consider both Ted and Arnie as two of my best friends. I can't imagine either of them in the role of "victor" (with the possible exception of Arnie's baseball league, where I understand he's in the lead). After all, fandom is just a ghod damn hobby.

Instead of seeing fandom as a series of fits and starts, with recognizable beginnings and ends (i.e., unions and schisms), I prefer to acknowledge that fandom is constantly changing, with many people playing at times, and fewer participating at others.}}

Ray Nelson

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Your article on fan history has moved me to formulate my own theory of fandom, one that does not contradict yours, but could be taken as complimentary or supplementary. Our way of thinking about fandom is always colored by our own experience of it: fandom looks different depending on how you approach it. The first chroniclers of our microcosm were very young, inclined to regard their own activities as an "Immortal Storm", and only dimly aware of their predecessors or of literary history in general. Thus they created for themselves an illusion of uniqueness that persists to this day.

Still, just as place names give us a hint of the history of geographical locations, so do organization names reveal much about the world view of fandom's founding fathers. "The National Fantasy Fan Federation", "The Fantasy Amateur Press Association", "The Fantasy Fan" and (not mentioned by you) ~The Fantasy Artisans". Not Scientifiction. Not Science-Fiction. Not (God help us) Speculative Fiction.

Fantasy.

My own approach to fandom began in the Thirties with newspaper comic strips, in particular "Buck Rogers" and "Flash Gordon". Under their influence I produced my own crude, childish comics and in 1938, with the appearance of "Superman", I began drawing fairly long comic books in editions of one copy, mostly in the fantasy and science-fiction genre.

The first literary prozine I discovered was *Weird Tales*. I picked up a copy on a newstand in 1941, a case of love at first sight, and through *Weird's* letter column became aware of the existence of other fans. During this period I produced my first two printed fanzines, but circulated them only to local classmates, not to fandom in general. It was *Weird Tales* however that formed my basic image of fandom. I thought fandom was composed of fans, not of science-fiction, but of fantasy.

Also during this period I went on a binge of reading classic fiction of all sorts and also literary criticism, coming to understand modern fantasy as a branch of romanticism, a movement that started around the time of the American revolution or,

depending on how you define it, even earlier.

I defined "romance" as my dictionary still defines it. "A colorful, imaginative tale". (I find no entry for "Science-Fiction", though my dictionary is the 1962 edition.) There were "Weird Romances", "Oriental Romances" etc. And there were "Scientific Romances". My first contact with Wells and Verne was not in the pulps, but in hardcover books marketed as "Scientific Romances".

Not until 1947 did I plug into the fannish subculture through the letter columns of *Startling* and *Thrilling Wonder*. My first contact was Art Rapp, publisher of *Spacewarp*, and it was at his home I first became aware of the existence of Hugo Gernsback and his magazines. Of course by that time the Gernsback Era was over. I had formed my understanding of our genre as if he had never been born, and as I perused back issues of his publications borrowed from Art Rapp and other Michigan fans, I found nothing that particularly impressed me, certainly nothing that changed my literary perspective.

For me Science-fiction was a subgroup of fantasy, and fantasy was in turn the modern expression of romanticism, a movement emphasizing self-expression and wild imagination. Many fans at that time saw things that way, as witness the widespread use of "fantasy" rather than "science-fiction" in our self-descriptions.

Thus I see the various numbered fandoms and special interest fandoms as waves on an ocean. The ocean itself is romanticism. Other waves on the ocean are amateur journalism, where H. P. Lovecraft and the *Weird Tales* Gang were nurtured, the Little Literary Review movement, comics fandom, the Beatniks, the Hippies, and Bohemia in general. Individual fans, including myself, have roamed freely from one of these romantic subgroups to another as easily as we have participated in many different numbered fandoms. Read the interests list in the "Fandom Directory" to see the variety of things currently accepted as fannish.

Before the period covered in "All Our Yesterdays" there were other yesterdays. We could call them Fandom Minus One, Fandom Minus Two, Fandom Minus Three etc. In California alone there were at least two, the George Sterling group (which included Clark Ashton Smith), and earlier the Ambrose Bierce group, each with its own focal points, big-name fans, filthy pros, collectors, publications and feuding factions.

But that's another story.
Or a whole gang of stories.

{{**Rob Hansen:** I don't know if Ray Nelson has ever read ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, but Harry Warner Jr actually mentions most of those earlier groups. However, while of interest they're not of any real relevance to our fandom. Nor is it terribly useful when trying to discern trends and patterns in the history of that fandom to drag in all the other elements of a larger 'romantic fandom' that it could be considered a part of. Yes, many of us

have also interacted with other other fandoms, but to try encompass them in the same detail would obscure rather than enlighten, and render most attempts at writing fanhistory unmanageable, IMHO.}}

{{**Marcy:** Sometimes I get confused about who considers whom what kind of fan, or what kind of fans we all are or should be. Some fans even try to hide the fact that their interest lies in what may not be accepted by the group at hand. Your waves on the ocean simile is well put. Some of us surf; some cruise only the same waters. We're all fans.}}

{{**Tom:** Who is the interested audience that reads fanhistory? And when I say 'fanhistory' I really mean fanzine history, because there's no confusion in me about what fandom (that could be read as 'hobby') I like to participate in. Now I can't say whether it's the interest in romanticism, sf, or fantasy that sucks fans into the huge meandering land that is Fandom but these days I'm more inclined to believe that many people who join a fandom are in large part looking for something to belong to, hold on to, and be accepted by. That feeling of pioneering a new hobby is long gone though its adventure value is not lost on me, it's just unavailable.}}

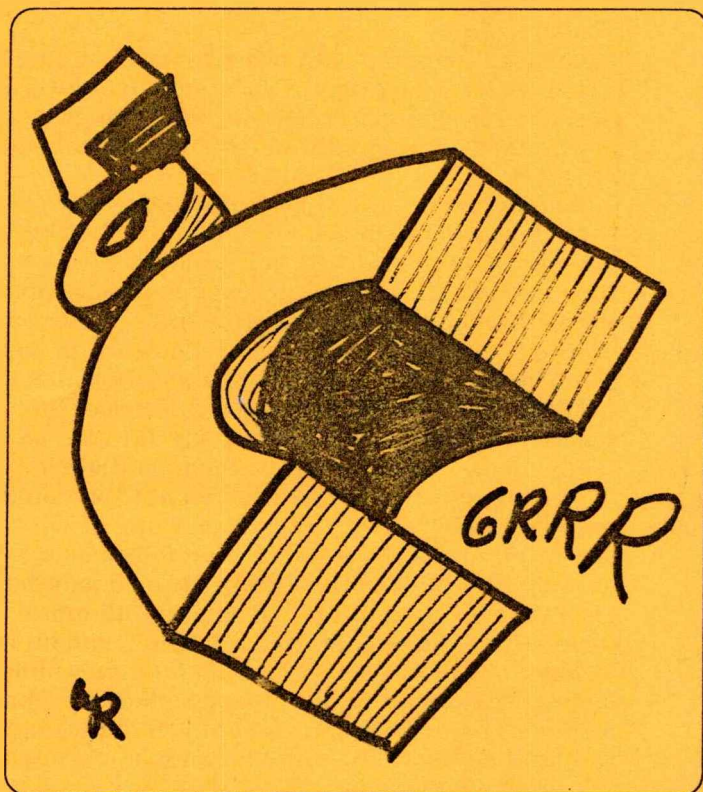
Dave Locke

6828 Alpine Ave. #4, Cincinnati, OH 45236

Amazing to me that after a dozen years Ted White still has a hard-on about what he calls "The first TAFF War". Maybe it shouldn't be, but it is. He says of Martha Beck that "Martha herself was a pawn". Martha didn't believe it then and still doesn't, and I tend to think the only one who did was a strange little gremlin who ran around inside the frontal lobes of Ted and a few others and would stick them with a pitchfork whenever they would attempt applying thought to the issue.

He says the 'TAFF War' "was not between fandoms, but between members of fanzine fandom." It was both, and more. It was the former because a primarily convention fan was running and some fans kept coming up with unwritten rules [behind those on the ballot at the time] as to why she shouldn't be allowed to. Fortunately the ballot rules did get changed, if not quite enough, but now there's another TAFF argument which again centers on the con/fmz fan issue, and as I see it that's because the ballot rules still aren't forthright enough. As Skel put it at the time: "If TAFF is just for the benefit of fanzine fans then we must say so quite clearly. Then, if on that basis convention fans are still mugs enough to give to our 'charity', then fair enough, though I suspect far less of them will be so ready."

It was the latter, between members of fanzine fandom, because those in control of TAFF saw Martha's candidacy as a continuation of the Bergeron/Carol conflict and a threat to a candidate



who was involved in that conflict. It wasn't, but from there all Hell was out for election.

It was more, because it showed that even Slans couldn't get actual issues discussed amid a cacophony of wounded egos and personal invective.

"And where is Dave today, one might ask?" Right here, where I've always been. Pubbing the old ish, writing articles, running a bimonthly apa that sees it's 100th mailing in June, engaging in a lot of correspondence [including a 3-way with Coulson and Tackett, and a 4-way with Curry, Glicksohn, and Skell], attending a couple of conventions a year, enjoying get-togethers with local and visiting fans, and, now, surfing the net and trying to avoid potholes on the information highway. I might have made the comment 'And where is Ted today, one might ask?', but I'm not that ignorant. For one thing, I know that we travel in different circles. For another, be aware that in 9/86 Ted decided to tear in half his copy of **Time And Again #2** and mail it back to me without further comment, and for some reason that tended to dampen my enthusiasm for sending him future copies of my zines [somewhere around here I've still got that zine he tore in half; maybe I should donate it for TAFF auction...].

But hell, Ted, give it up. That crap was all 10-12 years ago. I haven't thought about it in years, and certainly I don't intend getting back into it [or its new rendition] today. I don't even dislike you. If I ran across you today I'd be more than agreeable to shaking hands and sharing a social lubricant and some terminal idle chitchat. Can you say the same? After all these years, I would hope so...

I should comment on the rest of **Wild Heirs #13**, which I enjoyed, but after 35 years in fandom Truth In Advertising forces me to admit that I'm a lousy letterhack. Decades ago I made a pact with Mike Glicksohn that he would write the letters of comment and I'd write the funny articles, and I'm still trying to keep up my end even though we were drinking at the time and he long ago forgot about it (right after he sobered up, as I recall).

Steve Jeffrey

Thanks for the huge 100 pager **Wild Heirs Annish** - still working on through this. Don't know if you've seen **Ansible 105**, which puts you in good company on the self referential stakes:

Fantasy Encyclopedia Fun II [calm down Joyce..] "in one draft entry list our spies were delighted to discover the cross-reference entries REVENGE->VENGANCE and also VENGANCE->REVENGE. 'Shut up, Langford', explained editorial supremo John Grant as he hastily checked for RECURSIVE FANTASY->RECURSIVE FANTASY."

This suggests a neat idea for a self referential **Wild Heirs** editorial T-shirt, with both front and back bearing the design "SEE OTHER SIDE FOR DETAILS".

Nice introduction, Arnie, but chocolate basted turkey? This is taking fannish art a bit too far (though there is a Mexican dish of beef in a chocolate thickened sauce, although it's a lot more subtle than it sounds).

I know what it is now that's put the **Wild Heirs Annish** dauntingly to the side of my chair for a week before I felt I could tackle it. It's the Robert Jordan fantasy blockbuster size of the thing. Finally I checked. There wasn't a map (even of Manurecon, though I think it might have helped), and I carried on. (Joyce, your comment about losing McCaffrey in the lettercol is a pretty persuasive argument and I wonder if I ... No. I stand resolute. Except for McCaffrey. Jordan. Eddings..)

Talking of Manurecon. By Ghod Tom, that was a breathless first sentence. I went blue reading it before I hit the first full stop. Understandably so I suppose, under the circumstances. The rest of it sounded as if a little unsullied air wouldn't have gone amiss. How do you people manage to walk straight, let alone drive?

{Tom: It's obvious to me that I'm suffering a serious circumlocution problem and am in dire need of a firmer editorial hand. Actually, if I finished my stuff in time for Tammy to proofread it, instead of at the last minute two days past the deadline, I might be able to write what I'm trying to say with less words than I usually do and rendering to the reader a more palatable offering. Vegas consumption of adult consumables has never impaired our ability to walk or drive to such an extent that we couldn't get to where we wanted to go but it has been attributed to several inexplicable typos, miscollations, and mistakes

that in fact riddled our last issue. While I go have a smoke you can think about forgiving us.}}

{{Arnie - rather to my surprise I found myself getting engrossed in your Theory of Fandoms. I probably can't comment as it stops well before I entered fandom, but even in the short time I've been involved since about 88/89 I've seen this ebb and flow between fannish and sercon and apa communicationism in my own fanac on a smaller time scale (next up: A Fractal Theory of Fandoms). Agbery, Arnie? Agberg? Oh neat, I love it. What about Horace Au? or Samuel Auwyn Meyer? (one day, you're going to have to explain this meyer business to me).

Raymond Burr as Detective Feside. Hey, you could go through the periodic table like this. But I won't, at the risk of boring you. Would fanfic like this be classed as Scientism or TrueFannish I wonder?

{{Tom: Imagine this: Raymond Burr as your insistant gay lover, hard to believe, but true!}}

Jim Trash

I suppose I'd better tell you which issue of WH I'm commenting upon as due to the time lag imposed by the Trans-Atlantic sea turtle mail delivery service I'm some way behind US readers.

I've just finished reading WH#13, the Annish. A huge chunk of paper with possibly the wordage of a short novel. There was lots of interest in there but my favourite was the Aileen Forman article about friendship. It was touching, beautiful and seemingly very sincere.

It's a rare and wonderful thing when you find someone who is prepared to put in time and effort to such a degree into a friendship. Congratulations Aileen on having found some fine friends.

H.G. Wells on a similar subject had this to say: "We are all essentially lonely. In our nerves, in our bones. We are too preoccupied and too experimental to give ourselves freely and honestly to other people and in the end other people fail to give themselves fully to us. We are too different among ourselves to get together in any enduring fashion." He's more probably talking about universal brotherhood here but it's all too common the case that this holds for friendships too.

{{Aileen: Yes, it was sincere and thank you for your comments. I'm glad you enjoyed the article. In a way I wish I'd learned how to be a true friend earlier, but perhaps I wouldn't have met all the friends that I have come to treasure now.}}

Joseph T. Major

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Actually, if you watch "Showgirls" at Fast Forward, it becomes sort of funny. As opposed, say to "Exotica", which matters not if you watch it at normal or FF, closely or while reading, or sideways. Groucho Marx

once prepared for an intellectual party by reading *Finnegans Wake* forwards and backwards. He noted that it made more sense backwards.

Will Bruce Pelz be using his time machine again anytime soon? "[H]e'd brought several bound copies of the 1945 retro-Hugo nominees for us to paw over. . . " [WH 13, p. 26] I really need to know who will win the Kentucky Derby this year. Of course, if it only turned out that Bruce had brought bound copies of the fanzines eligible for the nomination, that will be a different matter. Nominating on reputation is not always a good thing, even if it did bring *Who Killed Science Fiction?* an award.

{{Tom: Of course, I meant to say that Bruce had brought bound copies of the fanzines eligible for the nomination, or something to that effect. To be honest, I can't remember how it actually turned out and I'm afraid I can't tell you who'll win the Kentucky Derby either, but I do know who killed science fiction.}}

Extreme Professionalism is best described in Sharyn McCrumb's works. In *Zombies of the Gene Pool*, for example, costumers are decried as being wasteful. They spend all that time and effort creating a costume, while living on a minimum-wage income from a minimum-wage job, for show to similar types. Whereas they could be taking the same skills and the same effort and making big bucks in Hollywood or Broadway. And so on with all the other fannish skills, all of which are wasteful diversions of potentially profitable talent. I somehow doubt that McCrumb finds that mystery fans who are not police or private detectives to be equally wasteful of their efforts.

But Michael Moorcock got an Arts Council grant for his fanzine *New Worlds*. Wait a minute, *New Worlds* was a prozine. Well, it said it was a prozine.

"Taking back the Worldcon"? Did you ever notice how "everything that doesn't relate to SF and fandom" got into the Worldcon in the first place? A fan liked something and brought it to the con. Other people who liked that something but were not connected to fandom followed. Soon enough they came in hordes. Rather than discuss "Magic: The Gathering", the latest example of this, look at media fictionzines. Fans who liked Star Trek started writing fiction about how Kirk went to bed with Lt. Mary Sue and then Spock went to bed with Lt. Mary Sue (later on they cut out the middlewoman). This brought in ST fans who did not like SF in general. Also, they started writing about other TV series they liked. This brought in fans of those other shows who did not like Trek. And now there are people who think that writing media fiction has nothing to do with SF—at least they will not clog up your local con.

However, there is always a danger in "taking back the Worldcon" from the minor fringe groups who after all have their own conventions and need not be demanding their own programs, rooms, functions, etc. In describing the media fans, gamers, costumers,

filkers, etc., you have also described fanzine fans.

I tried reading the *Book of Mormon* but when I got to the *Book of Ether* I fell asleep.

{{**Aileen:** I'm going to my first Worldcon in August and I'm looking forward to seeing (though not participating in) those weirdo fringe fan things. That's part of the fun. If I want to be with only fanzine fans, I'll go to Corflu or Toner. If I want to be with only filkers, I'll go to ConChord, etc. I don't think we need to take back the Worldcon, but rather enjoy it for what it is.}}

{{**Ken:** One day, Aileen and I were driving near our home when we came to a cemetery. I like old tombstones, so we pulled in

to take a look. Much to my disappointment, it was a modern-style cemetery without "real" tombstones, rather they used those silly ground plaques that show where people are buried but allow the grounds keeper to mow over them.

The cemetery was divided into "Gardens" (eg. The Garden of Children, The Garden of Heroes, etc.) where people of similar backgrounds were buried together. We noticed in the corner the Garden of Morons. Needless to say, we were struck by the irony of family members playing the ultimate practical joke on Uncle Jim. "Hee, hee, Uncle Jim's in the Garden of Morons! That'll show him." Then we noticed it was really the Garden of Moroni.

Ghod is an iron.}}

Taking Third Street Road south out of Louisville, turning on Manslick and crossing the Gene Snyder Parkway, I can reach Penile Road. And take Penile Road to Penile, Kentucky. So who cares if Dale Speirs closes his eyes and thinks of England when he hooks up a trailer?

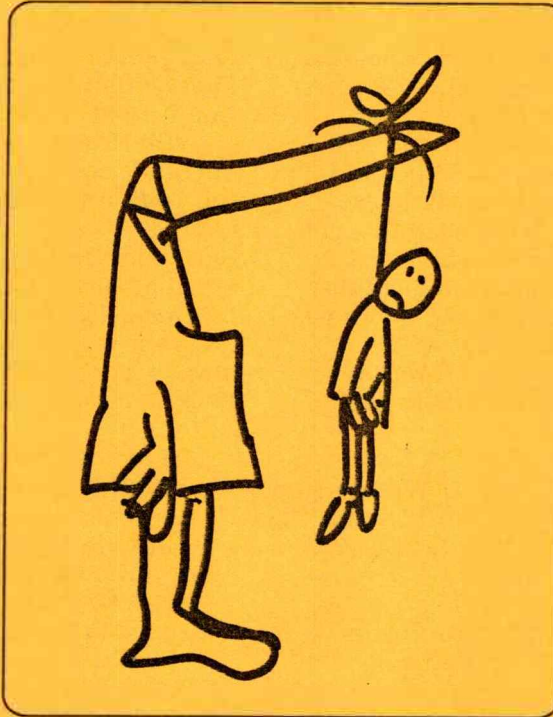
The real worry is when you wake up and find the drum of your mimeograph in your bed. That's a loccer you can't refuse.

Bill Danner

RD 1, Kennerdell, PA 16374

I feel guilty every time one of those gigantic **Wild Heirs** shows up here with what would have once been a small fortune in postage on the envelope.

I'm afraid you're throwing money away in sending them to me. I used to publicise the fact that I'm not a fan, but have neglected to do so in recent years. The very size of your publicaion deters me from trying to



find something of interest in it, for in these years of my antiquity I read only what I want to read. Anyway I'm not a fan and find no interest in purely fannish doings, which seem to be pretty nearly all that is in those thick things.

I don't know how long I can continue with **Stef**. #118 is about half done but only time will tell if it is ever finished. If so I'll send you a copy. My card file is a bit messed up when I sent out 117, so if you didn't get a copy of 117 and would like to have one just holler.

Production of **Wild Heirs** is admirable except, in my opinion, for all those ragged right maroins. It seems strange that today, with means of composition that make justified margins so easy to accomplish, it has become the fad to make them ragged. Despite what some "desktop publishers"

say, they are not easier to read than justified ones; quite the reverse is true, and the ragged margins spoil the appearance of a page. Of course, the way some adherents to justification do it today -- by letting word spacing get out of control, with spaces wider than some of the words -- is very bad, too. But if a computer intended to substitute for a Linotype or a Monotype can't set justified columns with proper word-spacing, what good is it? Well, enough, but if you'd like to see a very large example of printing at its finest see if your library has a copy of the 1923 American Type Founders catalog. It's hard bound, has over 1100 pages, some of them of fine book papers, and the whole thing set by hand and printed by letterpress, for that was ATF's business. Believe it or not, there is no price on the book, for it was given to large buyers of type. It brings plenty today, depending upon condition, and it's an eye opener as to what can be done with type. Compared to the compositors who prepared that volume I'm still, after 73 years at the cases, just a rank amateur. Those old comps had a sense of humor, too: there are many fake ads in the book, and one of them is for a book store on Merkin Street. If you're not familiar with the word "merkin" look it up in a good dictionary, which should have three definitions for it, one of which will give you a surprise.

Thanks again for your thoughtfulness in sending me all those gigantic publications, but I think you owe it to yourself to remove my name from your mailing list.

{{**Ross:** I have preference for justified margins, myself, though up until recently I found myself working with magazines where the art director or publisher or somebody decided they preferred rag

right and so that was what we ran. My own fanzines, however, go justified unless for special effect. However—it's understandable that someone with the level of experience with the industry you have could find the relatively simplistic and error-ridden levels of production fans find sufficient to must for their work less than satisfactory to examine.

I think of the President's name in Dr. Strangelove—somebody correct me but I think I remember the writer was Terry Southern. This name—Merkin Muffly, which expands upon the joke—was the first time the term "Merkin" came my attention.

{{Arnle: We're back to smaller issues, which should assuage your guilt. This is improtant, since we don't intend to let you escape the mailing list. I've read Stefantasy with great pleasure

I decided on rag right margins because I thought the justified columns looked a little formal.}}

{{Marcy: With no rudeness intended my first thought is: So what if our right margins aren't justified, or when they are, the some spaces are longer than words? Most of us aren't trying to win an award for ish cosmetics. Comment on the CONTENT. How do our words grab you, if they grab you? A lot of us schmucks are pleased just to get them on paper. Let's discuss something that matters.

{{Tom: See ya!!!!}}

Roy Lavender

2507 East 17th St., Long Beach, CA 90804

Thanks for WH#13. Gad, another of those 100 page monsters. And this was supposed to be the age when paper gives way to electronics. (Did you file an Environmental Impact Report?)

Tom Springer's redolent con report almost brought tears to my eyes. The memories of growing up on a midwest, horse drawn farm sure came back.

I loved the horses. We had Percherons and they all thought they were pets. Only the size of the door kept them out of the house.

I still had some reservation about putting up hay all summer to feed them through the winter so you could use them to put up hay next year.

I can give you the moment I determined I would be an engineer.

One bright Spring morning,

complete with bird song and green grass, my father announced it was time to take that pile in the back barn yard and spread it over the fields.

That pile represented the combined efforts of nine horses and around thirty cows for the entire winter. Plus three hundred sheep, some hogs and a flock of chickens.

The pile was not entirely thawed and there were uneaten corn stocks fixed in place like reinforcing rods. Eventually, the spreader was full and I got to drive it out to a field.

The formed sheet metal seat had snapped off and for this trip I sat on a board across the front end of the box. That made the double tree behind the team just right to rest my booted feet.

The horses had been out on the early green grass a few days and they were frisky. If that's the right word for an 1,800 pound mare.

Anyway, I was busy keeping them down to a walk when the one in front of me raised her tail and filled my boots with used green grass. Not quite liquid, but almost. Then she farted.

Since everything that could happen had already happened, we went on to the field.

I moved the lever that threw it in gear. Powered by the big rear wheels, the chains with slats in the bottom of the box conveyed the contents back to the rotating spiked drum, which tore the mess apart and spread it out in a fan behind the spreader.

Except for one of those corn stocks. It had spent the winter deep in the frozen pile. Now thawed, it was limp and unresisting. It clung to a spike through a

half turn of the drum and released coming forward. It caught me below my old felt hat and wrapped around like a scarf.

Before I arrived back at the barn, I knew my future lay in engineering.

"Damn you all, I told you so." H. G. Wells

{{Aileen: Ah yes, the pleasures of growing up on a farm! I grew up on an acreage in Iowa and owned horses since I was 12 and remember well that semi-solid, sorta icy consistency that frozen manure gets in mid-March. Being female, I often wheedled my father into helping me pry that foul-smelling noxious chunky ice off the concrete floor of the stall, but even a



darling daughter can only get so much out of her dad and I usually ended up being the one to pile the crap into the ancient wheelbarrow and stagger to the garden to spread it. One time I let the stall go just a little too long and, being lazy, piled the wheelbarrow too high. By the time I'd made it to the garden, my arms were trembling. Instead of taking a break, I tried to tip the stuff out using my forward momentum. Unfortunately, I slipped on the mud and landed under the wheelbarrow, which chose that moment to dump on top of me. So yes, Roy, I sympathize completely and you'll note that I too chose a different career than farming.}}

{{**Marcy:** I didn't grow up on a farm, but always wished that I had. Outside of raising kids, I believe that farming is the toughest job there is, and one of the most rewarding. But having done neither, what do I know?

I do know that out of love for my only niece, I cleaned stables every day one summer at a small local ranch so that she could ride free of charge. Although I didn't have to deal with semi-frozen material, I did the bit with the wheelbarrow hauling and garden spreading, even baling and stacking hay. Maybe it seemed so great because I knew that I would be going back to teaching in the fall.}}

{{**Tammy:** Actually Marcy, after teaching for a year, hay baling and stacking sounds like a

delight. I, too, have glorious visions of a healthy, stress-free farm life. In these visions, I am inhaling fresh air laying in a golden meadow, eating raspberries and cream from a bowl resting upon my stomach. Manure does not enter into the picture at all. I realize that this is thoroughly unrealistic, but it's supposed to be— it's a dream! I'm pretty proud of myself for scooping out the clumpable cat litter, and that's about as close as I get to shoveling manure. Hats off to you Roy, for trudging through that odiferous ordeal with a boot full of recycled grass. You made a better farmer than I ever would, outside of the dream farm in my mind!}}

Andrew P. Hooper

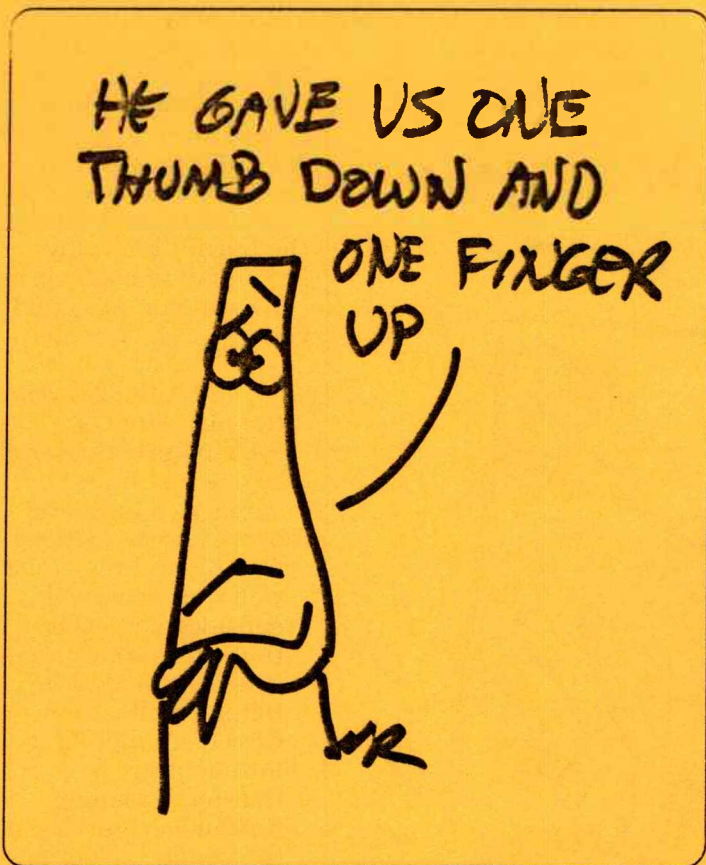
4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103

Probably the most frustrating thing about publishing a bi-weekly fanzine is the fact that one's available time for writing LoCs to other people's fanzines is severely curtailed. I think I've written less than half dozen LoCs altogether since I began publishing **Apparatchik** two years ago, a situation sure to lead to the revocation of my trufannish membership card when next the review board is convened.

Even so, confronted with the 100-page, ultra-mammoth, luke-warm fusion-powered annish of **Wild Heirs**, I felt as though I had toLoC. Especially since so much of the issue responded to things printed in **Apparatchik**. I think neither Victor nor I expected such a weight of response from such a brief set of remarks; the one thing which seems to have been seized on most tenaciously is this business of self-referentiality, which was only one of a number of points I'd made in my various capsule reviews of **Wild Heirs**. But, in retrospect, I should have known that it would elicit some response. The issue of fannish self-consciousness seems to be something which fan writers wrestle with throughout their careers. It's a cliché in fandom for writers to say, "Well, at least I can write a column about this, whenever something untoward or unexpected occurs. But to what degree do we maneuver ourselves toward events worthy of recounting in our fanzines? to what degree is our experience of those events polluted by our knowledge that we'll eventually be writing them up?

{{**Tom:** How do you do it? Two issues a month, each twenty pages, heck, that's a lot of fanac! Your one page editorial every two weeks, and maybe a one or two page article from you a month, plus your "Fanzine Countdown", geez, that's almost eight pages a month! When we include your comments to your letter writers were talking near ten pages, that must be a lot for someone who makes his way through the world by writing for a living. And then, to find time to write a letter to us, well Andy, your some kind of super fannish writing dynamo!

Sarcasm aside I'd like to comment on the





fannish synergy APAK and WH share. In our annish we responded to things written in APAK, but before that APAK was responding to things written in WH. I think it's been back and forth like that with the two fanzines since we started pubbing on a regular basis. APAK is the #1 fanzine in fanzine fandom and if I had voted in the fan awards APAK would have received my vote. I don't read too much into the fan awards because according to them WH is about as popular as **Tightbeam**, which puts us in good company considering Robert Lichtman's **Trap Door** is too. Together I think WH and APAK account for the focal point fanzine in fanzine fandom today and will continue to play with and against each other, contributing to fandom each in their own way, and making a pair of fanzines I just love to read.}}

{{Ken: "...to what degree do we maneuver ourselves towards events worthy of recounting in our fanzines?" What better way to produce choice stuff. If you can, why not arrange for a certain set of circumstances to happen simultaneously, or in an interesting order? Don't fan trip winners "maneuver" themselves to conventions, sometimes with an eye to producing a trip report?

I can just hear Hooper now. "Forman doesn't understand anything. I was refering to mundane events." Ah Mr. Hooper, I too was including everyday incidents. Why just a couple of years ago, I invited my parents to visit from Phoenix at the same time Aileen's parents were visiting from Des Moines. The two sets of 'rents had never met, even though Aileen and I had been married for over 8 years. The ensuing "Clash of the Titans" (an article I wrote for my fanzine) chronicled this meeting.

I knew it was about time these people meet, but I also knew the potential for a good article. I admit that if there wasn't a good story in the episode, I wouldn't have made the effort it took to make it happen.}}

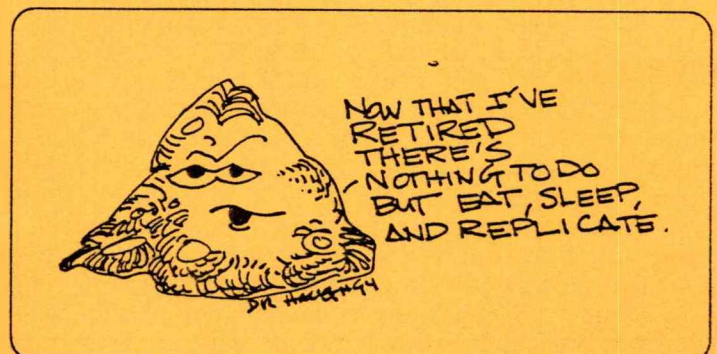
But as I said in later issues, all fan writers are prone to a certain measure of self-referentiality, and in fact, that's a big part of what we think of as "fannishness" in a given piece of writing. Things are fannish because they concern fans. This fundamental

definition escapes many fans throughout their experience with fandoms; they persist in asking, "What does this have to do with science fiction?" every time they see a fannish fanzine, which I find much more annoying than any amount of back-slapping everything-is-all-right-in-the-garden fanac. Besides, it seems like Las Vegas fandom really does get along almost as well as the sunny image presented in most of its fanzines, although I'm sure you can understand why anyone with a passing familiarity with typical fan club politics might be skeptical of that patina of geniality.

Perhaps this is why Tom Springer's editorial on the dynamics of decision-making among the NLE boys grabbed my attention so thoroughly. Since the dynamic among the apparatchiki is so variable, some issues assembled with hardly a rough word, others requiring the dispatch of Fijian military police companies as UN. peace-keepers to prevent the exchange of rocket artillery salvos between here and Tacoma, I'm always curious to see how other people cooperate to put out their zines. Tom does a very nice job of using fanac as a framing device to let us see his view of some of the personalities in Vegas fandom; he has an instinctive grasp of the kind of gossip and character assassination that all fans (well, perhaps not Harry Warner Jr.) really want to read. His style has really come a long way since he began writing for fanzines; calling him the putative F.T. Laney of the 21st century might not prove to be so far off the mark.

Of course, he was only getting warmed up there, in preparation for his marathon report on Manurecon. As I've said before, since I was there, and was able to read my name in about every other paragraph, it felt like the perfect length to me, but people who weren't able to ego-scan the piece so successfully might have felt it was a little long. Spending several paragraphs discussing a lunch that Tom said he couldn't remember seems like an example of the kind of thing that might have been left out with no perceptible damage to the piece.

But reading his account brought a number of things back in high relief. The smell of all that manure on Friday afternoon -- well, you don't often get that kind of a powerful sense memory associated with a science fiction convention. And I can't escape the feeling that Silvercon was one of those cons where almost nothing goes precisely right, or bears any real



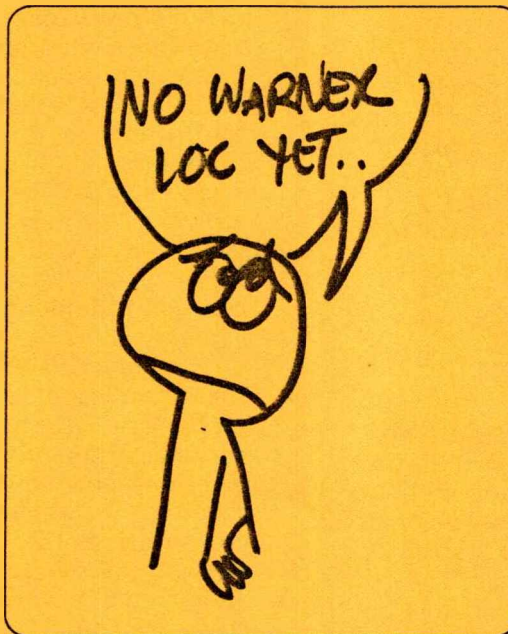
resemblance to the way they were planned or anticipated, yet everyone has a great time anyway. I sit here trying to remember what it was I liked so much -- the hotel was rather dreadful, several program items I was associated with were deeply flawed, I felt like a mumbler when I had to speak during the banquet, and we had to drive 36 hours each way to get there -- and all I can point to is an amorphous feeling of good-fellowship and having had great conversations for three days running.

I am somewhat embarrassed by some of the things Tom mentioned. The lack of balance on the Trivia game he referred to was a surprise, but Tom and John bore it with such good humor that it turned out to be entertaining anyway -- although Reptilicus was made in 1962 (on location in Denmark, of course), not the early 1970's. And that play! That was a lot of hard work to ask people to undertake at a time when they were ostensibly trying to relax. Maybe the next one I write won't have a dozen characters in it, or require temporal-displacement sound effects.

[[Tom: You shouldn't be too embarrassed. You were asked to do a lot during the convention, too much as far as I'm concerned, and you pulling off all that you did is testament to what kind of fan you are. While the Trivia game was slightly out of whack it was still great fun and I would do it again in an instant. The play was a bit much but Andy's playwriting is worth our ham-like efforts. Andy can criticize himself all he wants but while he was here he contributed more to the convention than many of the Vegrants, myself included, and no one should think Andy's efforts or intentions are misplaced or not wanted. There's something about that Shrimp Boy Las Vegas fandom just loves.]]

And what's all this about my drinking heavily at the con? Tom's making a joke here, because I remember we actually had a conversation about my relatively modest alcohol intake at the time -- I was drinking mostly soft drinks, and Tom was bearding me about being a light-weight or something (Tom is one of the few people in fandom for whom this seems plausible). But people reading his piece are unlikely to know this, and will merely chalk it up as another area in which I am willing to consume pretty much everything put in front of me, while in reality, booze is one thing you don't have to hide when I come to visit.

While Tom's main piece was one dog-chokin' wad of fanwriting, it seems like a mere warm up for Arnie's



treatise on the philosophical building blocks of fan history. Initially, I responded as I do to many of Arnie's unified field theories of fandom -- I immediately began picking at the corners, trying to think of exceptions to his every rule. and to be sure, I think they can be found. Fandom is such a chaotic system that even seven major schools of philosophy are not enough to explain the motives and morals that drive fans to do the things they do. But at the same time, I really appreciated the immense effort behind the project, and I think it is a big step in the right direction to begin trying to define fan history in terms of ideas, rather than simply listing names and titles and dates of publication.

At the first Silvercon I attended, we had a panel on numbered fandoms where I asked if it wouldn't be possible to extend the theory of numbered fandoms to the present simply by listing the major ideological and philosophical changes which fandom has undergone in the past forty years; Arnie's article feels like it was written as a response to that.

I think Arnie's impulse to avoid writing about events to which he is still too close is a good one, but I wonder if perhaps this doesn't include a lot more fan history than the recent events he was trying to avoid. There's always been controversy among historians as to the credibility that can be given to any historical analysis performed by people who took part in the events analyzed; Arnie's work here, laudable and organized though it is, would probably be characterized as a chronicle, or a source-reading, by serious historians.

When he makes mention of the conflict between the St. Louis and Columbus bids in 1969, he purposely tip-toes lightly around the issue, even though it's probably one of the most ideologically-complicated events in fannish history. A detached historian, working at some point in the future, would feel no such reticence. Every possible lurid detail of every personality conflict is important in having a real understanding of the event in question, and no one who was even peripherally involved in it is going to relish that degree of scrutiny. Yet, at the same time, trufans are constantly castigating efforts at fan history by people who were not part of fandom, or at least not a part of the events described, at the time when they took place. This leaves fan historians with no options; on some level, they'll end up talking about things that someone thinks they have no qualifications to consider.

But don't get me wrong; as I said during a conversation we had in Nashville, I think having access to the "source-readings" is considerably more valuable than assimilating the theories embraced by

other fan historians, no matter how acute their analysis may be. No matter how keenly we may embrace a given piece of fan historical theory, we're always going to find it more satisfying to read those old fanzines ourselves, even if it doesn't compel us to make sense of the big picture as it has Arnie.

I'd like to write a lot more here -- I enjoyed the stories told by rich brown, Aileen Forman and Rob Hansen very much -- but it's very late, and you guys are on the verge of going to press. And maybe it's best not to go on for too long anyway -- if I try to write a LoC commensurate with the generosity you have shown in sending me all 13 issues of this fine fanzine, I'll never get it done. And I'm worried that if I write too much, I'll end up an editor. But at last, I can lay aside some portion of the chagrin I carry for not having responded until now. But not all; I know there'll be another issue of WH in my mailbox soon enough, and they'll start piling up guilt in the backstairs of my brain all over again.

Arnie: I didn't tiptoe around anything, Andy. Despite the ungluttahle audience for lurid secrets and sexual tittle-tattle, such details weren't germane to my thesis. "The Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory" isn't intended to supplant all other fanhistorical writings, just provide another way to explore the history of our hobby. Cheer up, though; maybe someone will write "Fandom Babylon."

I wouldn't want to ruin the fun of nitpicking everything I write, but an exception doesn't necessarily invalidate a theory of this type. As you say, people are complex and varied. Even a concept that applies to a vast number of cases will almost invariably not apply to all humans. Nor reason to think that my half-baked ideas need greater universality than the theories of Freud, Russel, Toynbee.}}

BelleAugusta: I read somewhere that "history is written by the conqueror(sp)." In fandom does that mean those who don't gaffiate, or is it those who do and return? Arnie, what does this tell us about you? I treasure the pictures Arnie creates for me when he fills in the past. I also absorb it with a few grains of salt.}}

Tom Perry

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Your hundred-page annish, numbered 13, reminded me of Joel Nydahl's final issue of **VEGA** even before I encountered the reference to it in Arnie's fanhistory article. I remember a similar feeling of straining to achieve the magic number. In the case of the **VEGAnnish**, it was stuffed with pretty high-quality fare - but even so, some of the best of it didn't get the attention it deserved. I've always thought, for instance, that Walt Willis's article "Fandom at Sixes and Sevens" was deeper and more thought-provoking than either Speer's or Silverberg's piece on fannish epochs (certainly it was funnier than either); yet it

seems obligatory for a fanhistory expert to cite Speer and Silverberg in such a discussion - but Willis's contribution is rarely mentioned.

I myself prefer thin fanzines, at least if I am going to publish them, but usually for reading as well. I recall someone who'd done both lengths observing that you get no more letters of comment on a fat fanzine than a thin one, so why not put out the thin one more often? If you get a great contribution after the issue is full, this theory said, don't let that make you break your rule - put it aside so you can lead off the next issue with it.

(A thin fanzine also lets the editor send back a substandard submission with regret that the issue is full, rather than making the franker sort of rejection that can hurt friendships.)

Ken: I'm not so sure that thin fanzines get the same number of locs as large zines. Hooper's **APAK** gets a lot of locs, but unless he high grades them, or edits them heavily, he only gets about 4 pages of locs per issue. At two issues per month, that's only 8 pages per month. Idea, Blat!, **Mimosa**, **Wild Heirs**, even ****shudder** Fosfax** get more than that. It's not the size of the fanzine that determines how many locs you get, it's the quality of the content. Something small and pithy will elicit more response than something large and pedantic.}}

The thickness of one's fanzine is a personal choice, of course, of course. All I would ask as a reader and occasional author of locs is that you consider supplying a table of contents. I know I have published fanzines (thin ones!) without even page numbers, but lack of a contents list makes finding the good stuff problematical the first time through; the last time through, when trying to compose comments, it's a real irritation. No way to know, of course, but I'll bet a lot of locs get sidetracked without a table of contents to refresh the memory.

In times past, fanzine reviewers might have wondered whether it was "healthy" for a fanzine to be as self-referential as WH. I suppose the idea was that fandom might not keep going if it spent its resources considering itself. Now that the evidence is clear that you couldn't kill fandom with a stick, we ought to be less worried about it. The question becomes instead the pragmatic one of whether the device works. I'm not sure it does, at least for a genzine; if WH were considered a clubzine, its primary consumers might consider the practice just fine, thanks.

And then there's "The Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory." I think you've hit on a key aspect of the driving forces behind fandom - the different motives and outlooks of the players. I don't recall that being called out so clearly before.

But I think you ought to revisit the definitions, or at least the names. Communicationism? That's an awkward name, and the definition isn't much better. All the fans that I can think of who "stuck to news,

previews with authors and reviews of stories and 'scientifilms'" would also fall into other categories. And those who "debated the ideas" leading to "the view of fandom as a responsive forum for the exchange of thoughts, opinions and information" would seem to be pretty near just about everybody.

I won't discuss the article any further here, though, since I find, on consideration, that I don't ponder what you call the Cosmic Questions like "Why is a Fan?" and so forth. I suppose such questions must be more compelling to those who spend most of their time with other fans. Ghu bless 'em, I say, and may they send you many 23-page letters in response to your 23-page article. And may you label them all clearly in the new table of contents, so I can give them the attention they deserve.

{{**Arnie:** Are you under the impression that we must strive and strain to reach 100 pages? Not at all. In fact, the reverse is true. The mighty Vegrants fanzine engine churns out columns, articles, faan fiction con reports and other prime fanzine materials at a far greater rate than we can publish.

We sweat and strain to hold this stuff in, like the urge to shit when you're 20 miles from home. We sweat and strain, all right, but the exertion is to hold it in, not push it out. Think of it like a fannish bowel movement, and we're five miles from the nearest rest room. If we relax our control, **Wild Heirs** would balloon to truly prodigious size and other fanzines would be hopelessly awash in the overflow. }}

Ben Indick

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My goodness, a 100 page annzine! Mazel tov, congratulations and everything, including a Happy Passover and Easter! I perceive there are worse reasons to destroy forests than the production of so amiable a zine as this! 100 pages! I can't get over it! At 28 pgs my next **Ben's Beat** is my longest in a while, but only a bit more than a quarter of yours (although I did it myself. Not even a Rotsler.) Since some of you will get it in FAPA there is little point in sending it as a swap, although my trip report is important to me, personally, and I hope you like it.

The zine is also an excellent tranquillizer and escape from the work going on in my small house redoing the kitchen and upstairs bathroom. It has been weeks of hell! Dirt, congestion, crowding, design problems, eating in a teeny space or eating out frequently -- you cannot believe how tiresome this can be! I hate the thought of French fries, hamburgers, everything. It is now mostly but not all done, and then a lot of clean-up from the dust, especially the bookshelves. And I did not even need a prescription for WH#13!

In Vegas you never have cold weather. Here we have it all. Today commenced with a wet snow with no chance of sticking but still annoying. Then the sun

came out. Come on Spring! What a winter! We had three actual feet of snow in front of the house. It was so piled up at the front and side doors we could not push them open. We have a back porch a few steps high so I got out that way, into two feet of snow. I pushed through to the front and cleared the door. Las Vegas never had THAT!

{{**Marcy:** THAT is why most of us came to Vegas. The day after the lake effect snow that followed the blizzard of '79 found me and my neighbors on our respective roofs in an effort to prevent them from collapsing. Tricky, that. We had to stand with feet wide spread so that our body weight did not cause the very thing we were trying to prevent. Ain't snow stories great?}}

Ross does nice friendly covers (a reflection of himself obviously). Taral, Stu, they were similar. Bill Rotsler is always a very amusing counterpoint, a good and funny curmudgeon well aware of every propensity Las Vegas fans possess. You do not include addresses; he isn't a Vegan now, is he? I seem to recall him as an Angeleno. As a matter of fact, the whole Vegan crew of you all seem so damned happy that you are compelled to do a zine to shout it to the world. Is Vegas really the El Dorado Poe sought? Paradise enow? Or that inordinately hot and vulgar place I visited a decade ago? Was that a *different* Vegas? I can't believe it. Cut out that dratted happiness already and be like me -- and Rotsler. And this joyful camaraderie you have -- what hapened to good old loneliness, solitary displeasure and luscious bitching? Your joie de vivre will ruin my whole day if I keep reading.

{{**BelleAugusta:** We take our happiness seriously. When touring Vegas with us vulgarity is but a side street, easily passed in the laughter of the moment. If, however, you prefer the vulgar Vegas we will gladly oblige you with a quick tour down memory lane.}}

{{**Tom:** It's understandable to wonder how we could get along so, what with the blazing 110 degree heat, twenty mile an hour blast furnace winds, and a serious lack of humidity that'll evaporate you so fast your eyes will crack. We're happy because we're still alive. Living in the Mojave is lonely enough, if there was just one fan living here I don't think he'd be active for long, soon succumbing to the many dangers and evils lurking in the neon streets that make up the electric hell that is Vegas. Fortunately for us, there's a bunch of people who like to do the same things, know how to have fun, and participate in fandom whenever possible. The fact that we're friends doesn't keep us from bothering one another, disappointing eachother, and sometimes being downright rude -- which never seems to still that annoying joie de vivre you're talking about. I guess we're just lucky.}}

{{Ken: Perhaps you visited Las Vegas, New Mexico, not Nevada. Although I've never been there, I understand the New Mexico city is about as close to Hell as possible. Our Las Vegas is a luscious, wonderfully fannish city. It's funny you should mention E.A. Poe's El Dorado, the city of gold. Most of Vegas' streetlights are amber. The city is built into an alluvial valley. Whenever I return to Vegas after an out-of-state trip, I crest a ridge on the outskirts of town. The city unfolds in front of me like a friend, arms outstretched ready to greet me. The amber street lights make the city glow golden...just like El Dorado.}}

I am not permitted by my spouse of by what passes for the remains of my intelligence to see "Showgirls", but I understand it is getting to be a cult item, people coming to midnight shows, memorizing and hooting and dressing up -- or down.

Arnie, your fan history is excellent! Fills in a lot, especially FAPAn history. I have been in the apa ten years and that is but a drop in the historical bucket of the group. Although older, N3F, of which I was occasionally a member, even beack in mid-century, never really interested me, although their production of Dr. Keller's *Burning Hart* is still with me, along with pleasant recollections of the bood and the doctor.

George Flynn

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Wild Heirs #13 is an awesome publication. Let's just hope that you don't succumb to collective annishthesia. . .

Inspired by Rob Hansen's remarks on anagrams, I discovered that "Las Vegans" yields "gave slans." Hmm.

All local fandoms are isolated, Tom. Sure, the distances are greater around Las Vegas, but even where the cities are 100 miles apart, in any fan group I can think of *most* of the members never travel to out-of-town cons. And this applies to "con fans" as much as to "fanzine fans.") It was ever thus. The only way most fans can become known to fandom at large is if there is someone like Burbee writing colorfully about them - and in this respect the Vegrants are about the least isolated group around these days. (I wrote this before coming to the very similar comment in Eric Lindsay's loc.)

Arnie's treatise on fanhistory is impressive, but seems chronologically unbalanced, given that only about ten percent of it covers the last thirty years. Yes, I agree that "it's dangerous to analyze too close to the present" (not to mention that Arnie wasn't around for much of the period in question - though that's equally true of the earlier years), but it would have been interesting to have his viewpoint on some of the things that many of us actually experienced. As it stands, most of what's covered here is hearsay to nearly all of us.

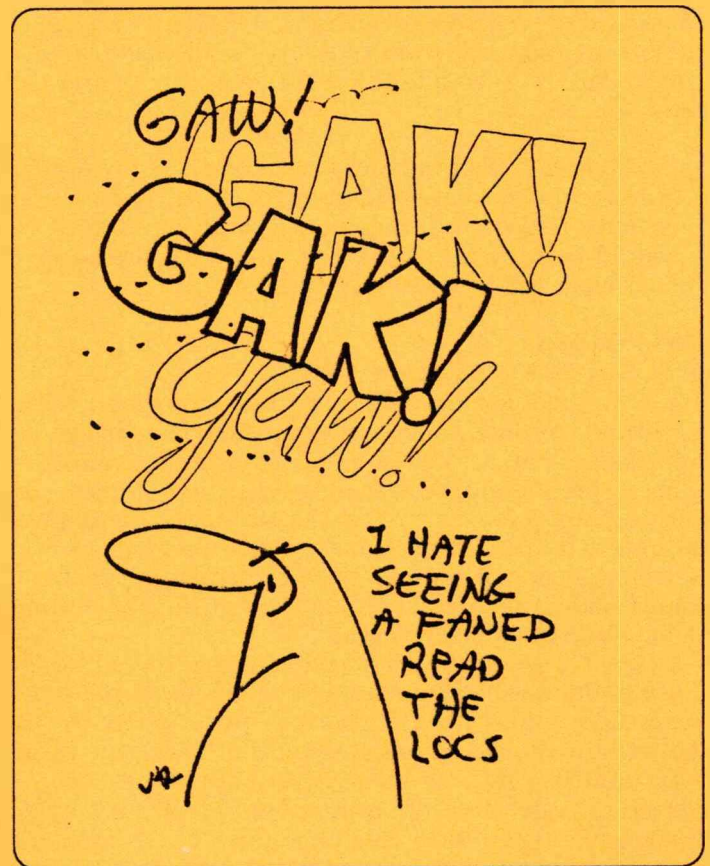
Also, what Arnie does cover in recent decades is almost totally different from the fandom I was

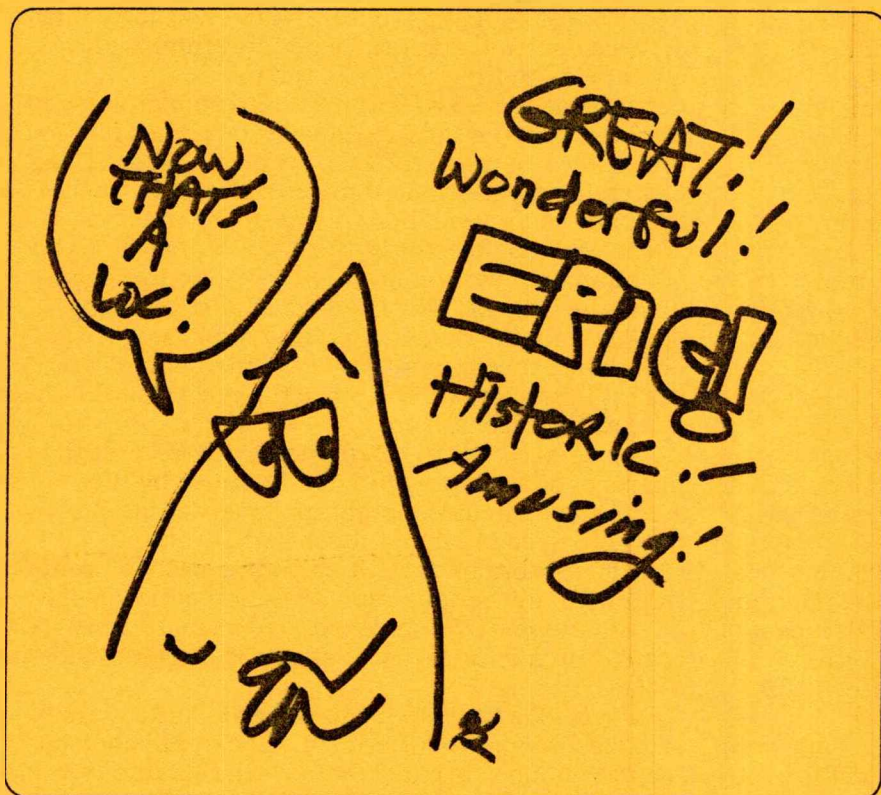
experienceing. Let's see, I think my non-local fanac centered around such zines as **Energumen** and **Outworlds** in the early '70s, the ultra-Communicationist **Mythologies**, and similar zines in the late '70s, the Seattle-Renaissance zines like **Telos** and **Izzard** in the early '80s. . . I never did get **Pong**, that being a period when my energies were too low for frequent communication. I was pretty much a conscientious objector in the TAFF Wars (the letter I contemplated writing but didn't would have been along the lines of "Why can't we all just get along?"). If all this rambling has any point, I suppose it's that even in fanzine fandom there are many mansions (though probably less so since the rise of Corflu an an integrating mechanism.

Arnie also writes, "Bureaucracy lives on in the hearts of con-running fandom, to judge by the committee lists in the program books." Um, having been on a good many of those lists, I can tell you that they have more to do with spreading egoboo around than with any serious representation of how things are organized. (Which doesn't mean that concerns aren't bureaucratic, just that this is dubious evidence of it.)

Joyce, it's futile to try to separate fantasy from science fiction: About 95% of what's published as "science fiction" is really fantasy that flaunts (pseudo-)scientific terminology to sound plausible.

Etymology is even stranger than Ross thinks: While *pencil* (along with *penicillin*) is indeed derived





from *penis*, *pencil* apparently is not related to *pen* (which is related to *pin* and, yes, *pin*tle), in spite of convergences in some of their meanings. (Euphemism makes strange bedfellows, as well it should.) In Latin it's *penis* 'tail' vs. *penna* 'feather'. While *peninsula* (*paene* 'almost + *insula* 'island') has nothing to do with any of them.

{{**Joyce:** In fact, a recent discussion at SNAFFU (the local club) centered on the subject: Are science fiction and fantasy the same genre. It would be easy to make a case that they are both just wish fulfillment literature.}}

Greg Calkins

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Ghu, as if I hadn't felt guilty enough before. When Lichtman refused to let me leave FAPA, he also gently rebuked me about my lack of comment on **Trap Door**. I protested, of course, because I distinctly remember writing him a loc right after the election (little did we know at that time that Bush wouldn't serve a second term), and one of the reasons I remember so well is that I had written you one, as well, at the same time. A loc, I mean, not an election.

And I'd swear that I did a FAPazine, too, although Robert claims that somehow I needed a one-mailing extension. . .and I thank you for your support. Actually, I should be working on that FAPazine right now (a little guilt transference, hmmm?) but I've gotten to page 62 in the annish and I just can't hold back any longer. Boy, this is a really GOOD fanzine!

Actually, I would have said that anyway even if it

did not contain my name and luscious egoboo. I am overwhelmed by what you produce so effortlessly (well, it looks like that from out here) and how professional it all looks. Great graphics, great layout, and "The Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory" is truly a monumental effort, even if I am still only in the middle of it. It is just that if I don't stop and write a loc now, I know all too well what might happen.

My only comment so far would be in regards to your line that "Oops! wasn't as obviously in the **Quandry** mold as **Vega**." Hey, I thought it was moldy enough. Seriously, though, I have to consider that a failure on my part because I was about as *goshwowgeewhizoboyoboyoboy!* about **Q** as it was possible to be and I deliberately and slavishly set out to be as much like **Q** as I could, and I made no bones about it. If I did not succeed as well as **Vega** then that was my own fault.

One of the things that hurts about reading your fanzines is that I missed the last Silvercon with Tucker and ShelVy and Burbee, to say the least, and now I

have to read about it afterwards. ShelVy was my first close fannish friend in those early days and my trip to his home after the Chicon II was one of the high spots in my life for quite a number of reasons; Tucker was my first fannish ghod (LeeH being a creature wholly unto Herself); and Burbee represents my best times in fandom, with all the time I got to spend at his house and the people I met there like Rotsler and Perdue and Lee Jacobs to touch on only a few, the poker games and the good and the parties and me pounding out "I Left My Sugar in Salt Lake City" on his player piano (it is an inside joke). . .well, they were something. I loved Burbee and his gentle sence of humor, and am really sorry to have missed seeing him again.

Well, now see what you have done! I am not only not working on my FAPazine but you have gotten me all nostalgic. Don't you just hate it when that happens? Obviously not.

{{**Arnie:** Though you missed Silvercon (and Corflu Vegas), there's still time to make plans to attend Toner (see flyer for details), the weekend before the worldcon.}}

Dale Speirs

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The Annish at hand; I hope it won't have the traditional effect of killing the zine. 64 pages seems to be the danger limit for zines, as once they approach that size there is a better than even chance they'll die or dwindle to occasional frequency.

Banquets were mentioned here and there in WH#13. Unless it is a condition of my continued

employment, I refuse to go to banquets, not only for the rubber chicken, but also the bad speeches and endless award presentations. However, one non-SF group I belong to has experimented with no-host dinners, where a room in a restaurant is reserved in the usual manner, but everyone orders and pays their own meal. This allows one to have a decent steak and trimmings for \$15 instead of rubber chicken for \$25. Anyone who looks like tapping a glass with a spoon and standing up to make a speech is quickly hustled out the side door before he gets past "Ladies and gentleman, if I could have your attention for a moment. . ."

"The Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory" is an essay to read at one sitting, rather than skimmed here and there. The theory seems valid enough, bearing in mind that it applies only to one specific group of fans in time and space. Somebody should send a copy of *The Immortal Storm* to Woody Allen; it would make a great movie under his direction.

I've been trying to think how the theory might apply to other hobbies. The list from Scientism to Commercialism would, I think, be very suitable to use in analyzing the history of the aquarium hobby. There are the BAPers (Breeder Award Programme) and SMPers (Species Maintenance Programme) in most aquarium clubs, endlessly experimenting with filters, pumps, and tank setups in an effort to breed rare species of fish. They are obviously Scientism factionalists. Serconists run the aquarium clubs. Communicationists are on-line or in print or giving lectures at aquarium shows. Trufannish aquarists behave much the same as SFer trufans. And just as the ideal SF fan supposedly wants to be a pro, so it is that many aquarist dream of owning their own pet shop, or, in the alternative, wheel and deal fish in hotel rooms at aquarium shows. In the stamp collecting hobby, philatelists could probably be classified in the same manner.

I don't know how the theory could be applied to Canadian fandom. Garth Spencer has done quite a bit of work on Canfanhistory, and his philosophical framework is to Arnie's as Windows is to DOS, or black is to white. Numbered fandom and the gradient from Scientism to Commercialism cannot really be applied to Canfandom, which was never even close to a national viewpoint as were the Americans. Canfans developed a series of regional fandoms, each with their own history, and each with no sense of what happened in previous years or even what was happening concurrently. The one attempt at a national association, the CSFA, was a loose federation of cities held together by one man. When he gafiated, the CSFA dwindled to one city (Winnipeg) and were it not for Chester Cuthbert, who kept the files and records, the CSFA would be a blank page in Canfanhistory. The few Canfans known to Americans were more a part of American fandom than Canadian fandom.

{{Joyce: Arnie's system certainly seems to work

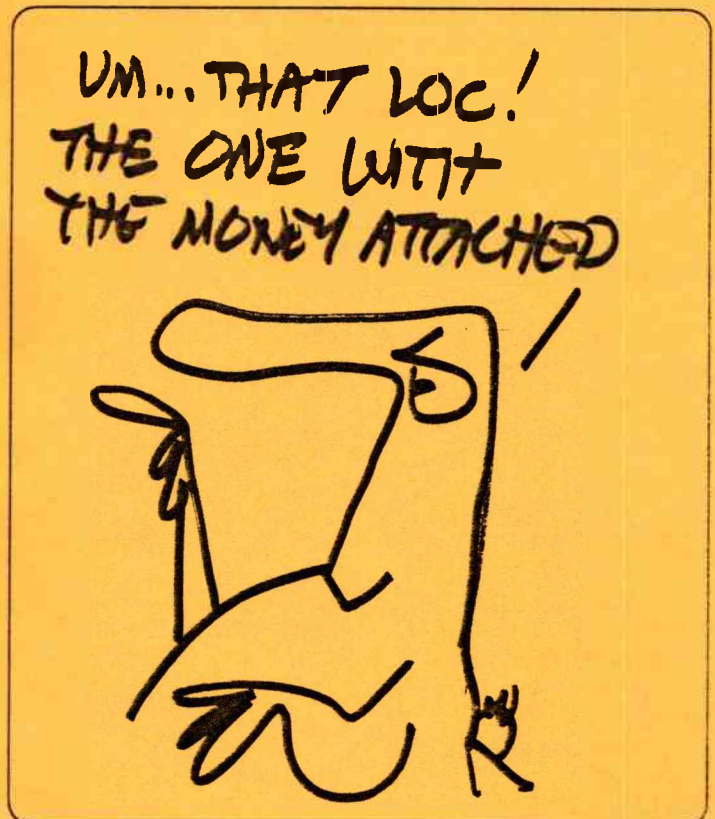
in any group, from the fans and players, designers, marketers, and critics of electronic games, to the inner sanctum of The Church Itself, with its following that breaks down much the same way. The scientism faction compares with doctrine makers; the communicationists range from Prophet to Priest to Parrish Prayer Leader; the pros collect building funds and start t.v. shows, and the trufans just love the whole thing and everybody involved.}}

Steve Jeffery

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Well, here I am, stranded in Philadelphia on a bright sunny Saturday after three days of solid miserable rain before I fly home tomorrow. Hard life indeed. Flight tickets are apparently cheaper if I stay over Saturday, so I am forced to enjoy myself on company expenses sitting drinking coffee in little cafe's and browsing the bookshops in South Street. I can manage (though the bookshops are getting expensive and the flight bag is looking to be a little heavy). Might not even miss the Formula 1 Grand Prix as it seems to be on ESPN tomorrow morning before I check out and leave for the airport.

Bad news guys, I have deserted to the camp (or is it the fairy castle?) of fantasy fandom. ("Gahh, bleach!" from Joyce and Tom) - well, not totally; the literary side of it at least. Vikki launches her 'Prophecy', fantasy APA on April 1 (an auspicious date?) so I've been doing my 'homework' on the genre.

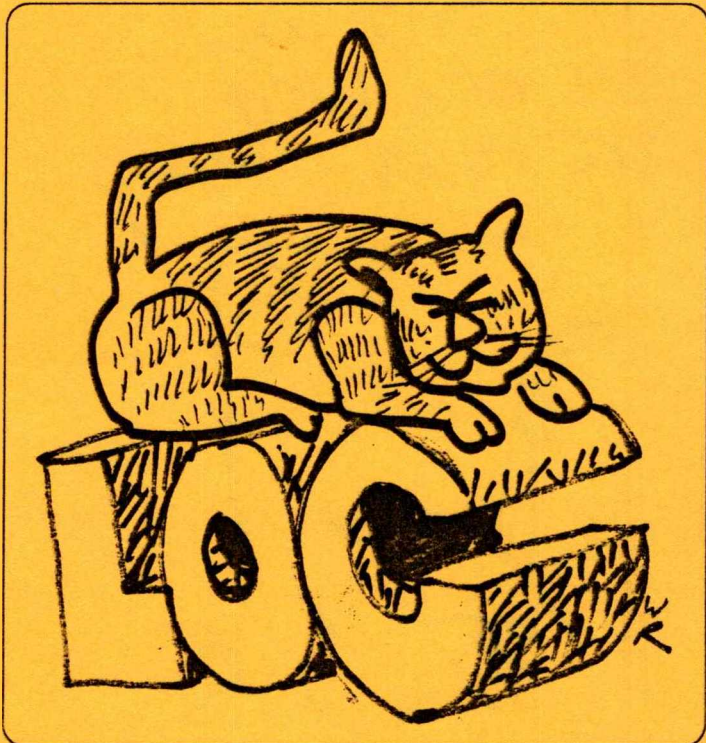


And after the first part of this year judging SF Clarke shortlist (and the winner to be decided at the Science Museum, April 17) it's been quite a lot of fun - though I've not strayed very far into hobbit-land, and not at all into Forgotten Realms/Dragonlance territory.

By now, of course, you will have seen the reports and obituaries on the sad death of Bob Shaw last month. You probably knew Bob best for his fannish heritage - for **The Enchanted Duplicator**, along with Walt, for his inspired lunatic humour in fanzines and convention talks, and for his place in the burgeoning Irish fandom of the 40s, again with Walt, Ted White and others. I knew him too, though sadly not too well, as a friendly, genial and well-loved convention guest, someone of great good humour, truly a gentleman, and a good, and sometimes great, writer of science fiction. Soon it will be Eastercon in the UK, and Bob's absence will be sorely felt. But we should celebrate him, rather than mourn him, as I'm sure he would have wished.

So while we venture further into apadom (three at the moment, also including Pieces of Eight which I joined at the start of the year), how are you lot getting on subverting Nevada Club fandom? Have you got them all doing their own fanzines yet, or stolen them for **Wild Heirs**?

{{**Joyce**: The acid test is, what were you wearing when you strayed there? Beware, a little fantasy is a good thing, but if you're not careful, you'll find yourself conversing with Klingon Werewolves and calling yourself phony names. Then you'll start carrying swords and frightening trufen in the halls. I think Vikki has done well, to start Prophecy and I complement her for it; she's



gathering them all together in one spot so we all know where to find them.

I think it's funny that the winner was announced at the Science Museum. Shouldn't it have been at the Magic Castle or some other more appropriate venue?}}

{{**Ken**: Now, that's a hell of a good question! How are we doing 'subverting' NV fandom to fanzines? So far, not so good, although that answer is a little misleading. Joyce and myself are firmly ensconced into the VP and Pres slots. Tom Springer and Ben Wilson are covering other areas of power. The meetings seem to be running smoothly, something I credit entirely to Joyce and Tom, but so far, we haven't recruited any new fanzine fans. Then again, we haven't tried too hard. With over twenty editors, WH's staff is just about adequate. As Rotsler once put it... "We have the strength of ten, because we are twenty."}}

Walt Willis

32 Warren Rd, Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 OPD

Among all the goodies, and not forgetting Tom Springer's conreport with its fascinating asides about Peggy and the useful information that you can get bacon in a Jewish Breakfast House, I think pride of place goes to your scholarly disquisition on Fan History. I agree with all your judgments, and would point out only that the original edition of **The Enchanted Duplicator** in February 1954 represented itself, on the back cover, as being A Serious Constructive Insurgent Publication. As far as I remember, my idea at the time was to marry the serious constructive enthusiasm of sercon publishers with the trufannish joie de vivre of insurgency.

{{**Arnie**: I've always considered Serious Constructive Insurgentism. I like the concept, because it addresses what I think is a contradiction in Insurgentism. They often make much about their diffident attitude toward fandom, let their actions often bespeak an intense commitment to the hobby. Could Laney have gotten so mad about the foibles of fandom if fandom itself didn't count more heavily with him than he dared admit?}}

The main impression left by the rest of the annish is what a happy band you have there, a nest of singing birds, and what miracles can be brought about by importing a couple of trufannish spirits into an intellectual desert. I'm forcibly reminded of how Belfast became a world centre of fandom after years of obscurity, solely through the activity of James White, Bob Shaw and Madeleine and me. The main difference is that you have cast your net wider than IF ever did, and with correspondingly wider success. I am still waiting, with a gradually increasing sense of security, for the first sign of an earthquake type fault to develop. The fact that there is no sign of it yet I can only ascribe to the personal qualities of yourself and Joyce. Fandom owes you a lot, so take a bow.

{{**Joyce:** How kind! You flatter us, but we love it! Believe me, Arnie and I deserve no praise. It was our good luck to find such a congenial group here that we could bend to our wills.

There are a few crows amid our nest of singing birds, and even a vulture or two. But we mostly scare them away, or overcome them by making such a lot of noise. If non-fanzine fans ever figure out that they could do the same to us by publishing articles, writing letters, and putting up a hail of words, we'd be in trouble. Of course, then I guess they'd be fanzine fans, too.

Your view of our happy little band proves that the pen is mightier than sword-and-sorcery; we always get the last word, since we write the history.}}

{{**Marcy:** The Vegrants will be the first to accompany that bow with a standing ovation, not only for bringing us into fandom, but for the effects they have had on our personal lives. Hmmm. Fandom as a way of life....?}}

Vin & Clarke

16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent, DA16 2BN

I am astronomically croggled. I have WH#13 in front of me with the 'Philosophical Theory' in it, and proudly (if metaphorically) present to you the Orde of Moskowitz with Laurel Leaves and Crossed Pens. Oh, it has some minor faults, at times just a little trampolinish - suddenly shooting forward to some future event, then returning - but for a simple (?) fanzine article, brilliant.

It's noticeable, tho', that you don't try extending Numbered Fandoms beyond the mid-60s. Does this show an inherent weakness in the theory? Numbered fandoms remind me of many an article from some mundane prophet. Up to the prophet's time he or she can show how history conforms to pattern. But after that - blooie!

I'd like to read a similar over-all view of British fandom some day (Hansen?). It's odd that both of our fandoms had disrupting and entirely separate events in the same decade. British fandom suffered a bad attack of Serconism in the mid-60s, which damped down Trufannishness for a time. But I think the worst result was the disassociation of the two fandoms which started in that decade. Even when British fans became active again in the early '70s with Greg Pickersgill, Roy Kettle and others, the gap continued. When I phoned the late great Arthur Thomson (ATom) in 1982 on my return from gafia, he said that he'd been contributing to some US fanzines, but apparently he received no British 'zines directly at all, only some via. Ethel Lindsay. I was the first British fan he'd spoken to in five years.

Incidentally, when Arthur died I received some of his fanzines from his widow, Olive, and you never saw such a beat-up bunch of paper in your life. They'd been read and re-read and re-read. . . . Arthur must have thought of himself, as mentioned in another

context by Tom Springer in his excellent article, stranded on an island of Trufannishness surrounded by a sea of Sercon.

The Rotsler cartoons in No. 13 were magnificent.

Trouble with these huge 100 page issues (and smaller!) is there's too much to LoC without suspending all other activities for a week. So thanks - a brilliant issue.

{{**Arnie:** Fans have argued the applicability of the Numbered Fandoms Theory of Fanhistory to post-1970s fandom. Ted White is among those who believe the hobby grew too large, diverse and disconnected to support the structure of Fandoms and Transitions that underlies the notion.

I concede that Numbered Fandoms is no longer descriptive of fandom as a whole, but I wonder if it is mdoesn't describe the totality of fandom any more, but I still wonder if it could be used to bring order to the history of fanzine fandom, (as considered separately from the 95% of the rest of fandom).}}

{{**Joyce:** I believe that the numbered fandom theory has now been fairly well abandoned. It seems to have worked well up to a point, and then as fandom grew larger, it fell to pieces, and there are no two fan historians in all the world who can agree exactly on anything past 1970.

Having been in both situations, I am often tempted to believe that the most pure form of fannishness, the most dedicated, are those fans who are isolated, pursuing their hobby in dimly lit basements and attics, away from the comfort of friendly like-minded companions. The trappings of fannishness become doubly important, and the fanzines are treasures beyond price. -- But, believing that the Isolated Fan Is The Most Noble, I still would not choose that role. Because there's one thing I'm certain of, and that's that a fine circle of fan friends is the most fun.}}

Time Traveling with Shelby Vick

627 Barton Ave., Springfield, FL 32404
3/11/96

Attention Tom Springer:

Your concern about cockroaches has been justified. Just heard a news item; seems a housewife in Tel Aviv spotted a cockroach on the floor of an upstairs apartment. Of course, she stepped on it.

It didn't die.

She stomped on it.

It still refused to die.

She bravely got a tissue, picked up the wiggling varmint and threw it into the toilet. Then she emptied an entire can of insect spray on it.

After she left the bathroom, her husband went in there. As he was lowering himself to sit on the "throne", he flipped a cigarette into the bowl beneath him.

Thanks to the insecticide, it exploded.

To add insult (and injury) to injury, when the

ambulance attendants arrived and were carrying him downstairs on a stretcher, they were laughing so hard about what happened that they dropped him. He rolled all the way downstairs, breaking several bones in the process.

Tom, your fear is justified.

. . . Oh! And have you heard of the giant Madagascar cockroach that hisses at you??? I understand it's aggressive, too. . . .

{{Tom: My great hatred for the carapaced beasts stems from a situation I experienced out at my sales trailer one day. After a Big Beef Burrito Supreme with Guacamole for lunch I later found my stomach complaining about my meal. Very quickly I made my way to the bathroom and lowered myself carefully to the unbolted freestanding toilet in the bathroom, scanning the walls, ceiling, and floor for the black armored creatures.

The toilet's a little wobbly but after settling in I sat back with the latest APAK and did my duty. Afterwards I reached for the toilet paper hanging on its roller to finish up. As I pulled the toilet paper the roll turned around to reveal a huge multi-hued roach with searching, prodding antenna perched ambush-style on the toilet paper roll. My reaction was immediate and violent. I screamed a noise out from deep down inside my now empty bowels, and before the monster could leap upon me I tipped off the toilet, shorts tangled around my feet, and fell into the shower.

The shower is not used as a shower, it's actually where we keep our Sparklett's water bottles. I also discovered, after bringing the plastic shower curtain down on top of me that it's also used as the previously unknown but now newly discovered cockroach graveyard. While I slammed into a pile of empty plastic bottles and onto the crunchy remains of roaches long gone the initial ambusher decided to flank me and leapt from the toilet paper roll to the wall and scurried across towards the shower. After regaining my senses I discarded the plastic shroud and scraped the dead roaches from my sweaty arms and legs with desperate convulsive swipes of my hands, their dried up little corpses having stuck to my flesh upon impact.

The original roach warrior scurried down the wall, past his flattened comrades and made a play for my shorts still tangled around my feet. Quick and direct action forestalled such a maneuver when I brought my boot down upon his glowing body with a soul fulfilling stomp. While the killing pressure of my crushing boot was reassuring I still felt out of sorts after discovering the gut juices of the devious roach had eaten away a good portion of the rubber sole of my boot. Like I said in earlier reports, I keep a shovel close at hand now.}}

{{Ken: The old "flamable gas in an outhouse" story seems to be common. We have a similar story

about a refrigerator salesman from Fresno who came to Boulder City, Nevada during the construction of Hoover Dam (c. 1931). He made the mistake of arriving six months before Boulder City had electricity. Sales were nonexistent. His third night in town - actually a government tent camp - found him at a poker game with a few of the workers. A constant 45 mph wind was blowing across the desert, howling and groaning through the valleys.

The salesman had to take a break and decided to use the outhouse. The noise had him visibly spooked him. The other players, seeking to add to his nervousness, warned him of scorpions on the toilet seat.

He staggered out into the storm. A few minutes later the night lit up with an explosion.

The salesman, looking for scorpions, had dropped a lit match into the hole.

By the by, there's a pet store, here in Vegas, that sells those hissing cockroaches as pets. If I didn't like Tom so much, he'd certainly have a new pet by now.}}

Attention Bill Kunkel:

It does my heard good to figure out a secret identity before it's leaked out. Early in his recent reincarnation as "Gold-dust", it occurred to me that the "dust" tied in with his true name rather than the "Gold". (All of which will mean absolutely nothing to non-wrestling fans, I admit. Bill, however, you will appreciate the triumph I felt, when I found I was correct.
5/4/96

Tom -- Looking forward with anticipation to the upcoming NLE. And while on your contributions, I'd like to add that I'm not a farm boy, but the manure didn't bother me, nor did it bother Suzanne. In fact, we spent much time in the gazebo and enjoyed it. (Of course, the presence of Tucker -- and many, many other good friends -- easily overcame anything noxious.)

Ross -- Please continue "Dithering"!

Rob -- As for your item #3, you must realize you excluded Vegants when referring to "the average male" in Las Vegas.

Arnie -- SHHH!!! You're giving away the truth behind WH and all of Vegas fandom. You're admitting the rumors that all Vegants are the result of you active (and inventive) imagination! (I suppose the people we met in Vegas were all holograms?).

Joyce -- I found out long ago not to go to multi-family or any other kind of roup garage sales; as you revealed, things get picker over by the sellers.

Aileen -- It's good to know some background on the Vegants. And you verified my feeling that Marcy is a Really Nice Person.

Arnie -- Enjoyed your Theory of Fanhistory, but felt it was lacking -- until I realized it wasn't a theory of FAN history, but a theory of FANDOM history.

I have a theory of FAN history, or What Makes a

Fan. As a youth, a fan is a loner -- maybe on purpose, maybe by personal choice. Something makes him (and I use the old-fashioned terminology; "him" is generic, including both male and female, as in "mankind" (no relation to the wrestler of the same name) different; maybe a disability, maybe only because he was an only child -- perhaps because he loved to read.

He's an introvert. Maybe his difference led him to introversion, or maybe introversion led to his difference.

Now, let me explain that this introvert might not be typical; he might be outspoken, he may join clubs and involve himself in school activities -- but he is always apart from them, convinced of his. . . correctness, if not superiority.

He might be unsure of himself in some ways, he might have moments of wishing he was like others -- but somewhere within him there is a stubborn streak of pride in his difference.

Chances are, he is a packrat. He would insist he is a collector.

Then, before his teen years, he discovers science fiction, somewhere after that, fandom. Maybe he finds a copy of Locus or runs across Sci-Fi Buzz. maybe he writes a loc to an author who responds and tells him about fandom.

However, he discovers it. Suddenly, he fits in; he belongs. There are others who understand.

He blossoms, and a fan is born.

From there, things change. For some, fandom is an opening-up that gives the introvert a foothold on the social world, gives him more confidence in other fields, and he eventually departs, now more able to cope with the "normal" world. He becomes involved with business, family, etc. (Later, after all the pressures caused by job and family have diminished, nostalgia or happenstance might bring him back, attracted by the remembered warmth of the next.)

Others may also blossom out of introversion but remain to be BNFs, or at least, actifen.

Therewith, my Theory of Fan History. . . or Birth of a Fan.

rich brown was. . . well. . . rich brown. What more can be said?

Rob -- Hilarious, as always.

Aileen -- Well, that's what friends are for!

Artists. . . or Cartoonists, if you prefer -- Ross's cover, interior splashes by Rotsler, Kunkel, and Neslon -- everybody -- really added to your fantastic Annish.

Joyce -- "knowing" a bone? I don't know about that.

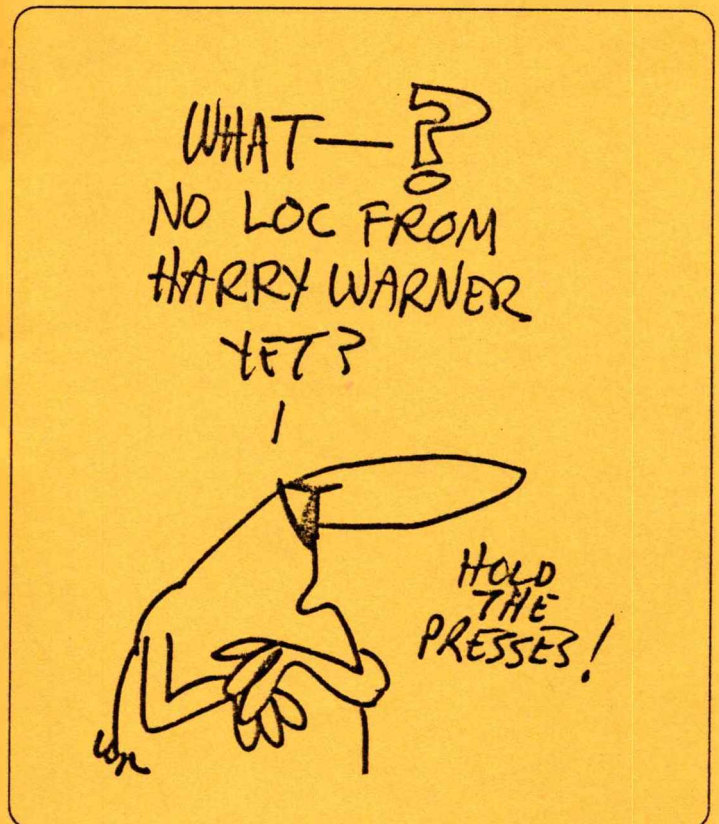
No! No, I will not! I refuse to ask -- or even speculate about -- the meaning of the No. 3 blatantly flourished on the bacover

I could go on and on (I haven't even touched the locs but I'm already on page 5 -- nearing page 6 -- and I want to get this off before your NEXT Annish. . . . Altho, knowing me, more might follow.

[[**Joyce:** You've described to a tee every good trufan I'd ever met. And, you also make a true point, that they frequently blossom into quite accomplished creatures as a result of their socialization in fandom. But I'm not sure the old standards are still true. Now it seems that we're seeing people drift into fandom from other hobbies where the rough edges were (hopefully) already knocked off. The ex-gamer is, after all, more socialized than the solitary science fiction loner used to be. The media fan is often undistinguishable from a casual movie goer.

ShelVy, you're usually such a knight in shining armor, but a gnave to to point out the knowing void in my spelling knowledge.]]

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: **Ken Fletcher**; who's enjoying his own homegrown neos. **Jack Speer, Steve Green**; thanks us for sending him WH, "They actually come addressed to Ann only, but I'm sure you don't mind me taking a peek - after all, I do have to come up with topics for my **Apparatchik** column..." **Ken Rudolph**; who's in one of his minor gafias right now but is looking forward to something exciting him, and **Irwin Hirsh**; who promises to write us letters if we add him to our mailing list.



Wild Hairs

