

Wild Heirs 3

Hi! I'm Ross Chamberlain —
LoC this zine...



...or they'll make me
delete this dog!

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Come to our party, please.

For all the fans who've faunched, who've prayed to Ghu (or Foo), and especially for those who've put it completely out of their minds (a favorite condition here in Las Vegas Fandom) this is... **Wild Heirs #3!**

Fannish Fanzine Fandom's occasional, occasionally wayward, walk on the wild side, is produced by Las Vegrants, who haven't done a **Wild Heirs** since fall 1993. This issue is being done at the February 4, 1995 Las Vegrants meeting at the home of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107).

Editors are: Arnie & Joyce Katz, Tom Springer, Ken Forman, JoHn Hardin, Bill Kunkel, Laurie Yates, Ross & Joy-Lynd Chamberlain, Marcy Waldie, Belle Churchill, Ben Wilson, Peggy Kurilla, Woody Bernardi, Charles & Cora Burbee, William Rotsler, and Chuch Harris. It is available for letter of comment or contribution.

Just about all of these fans can be seen *in their natural habitat* at Corflu Vegas. We hope you'll join us -- and arrive early on Thursday for the Las Vegrants Party at Arnie and Joyce's.

We're back, we're defrosted, and we're ready for fanac. Some of us are a little misty-eyed about it all, but have patience.

Member fwa.

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Art Credits

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Bill Kunkel: 7, 17, 21 (B), 28

Joyce Katz: 20 (2), 21 (T) Su Williams: 6
Bill Rotsler: 12, 23, 25

Vague Rants

Arnie Katz

It hardly seems possible that we haven't done a **Wild Heirs** in nearly two years, but the calendar's mute evidence is impossible to deny. As you'll see in "Retro Rants," the oneshot editorial we produced for this much-delayed third issue, we started work with high resolve but soon entered the doldrums.

The excitement of recent out-of-town visitors and the upcoming Corflu Vegas (April 7-9, with a big party on Thursday evening) have begun to dissipate the Mists of Lethargy, though, and the Vegrants are gathered to attempt to produce **WH** in a single afternoon. We've already got nearly 20 pages with more to come.

This oneshot editorial is written under a different set of guides than its two predecessors. Each editor is only seeing the contribution that immediately precedes their own. You know a lot more about how well this cross between blind fan's bluff and an issue of **The Vegas All-Stars** actually works.

The most recent Social is still the main topic of conversation as the Vegrants filter in on a sunny Saturday. For perhaps the first time in its colorful history, Las Vegas Fandom lived up to our home city's glitz and glitter. Besides about 50 local fans, attendees include Rick Hooper and his ad hoc entertainment committee. This group consisted of an acoustic folks/blues guitarist, a sleight-of-hand magician and the inimitable Stan the Inferno. Someone said

that, in his tux and cumberbund, the short, chubby Inferno looked more like a waiter than a prestidigitator, but he really wow'd the fans with his pyro magic act that included floating fireballs and flame-eating.

Scott's most appreciated trick of the evening, for a select and sercon audience, involved levitating a cigarette. It bobbed in the air as we clustered around him in the garage, and then flew right into his mouth. What a wonderful party-piece for fannish gatherings.

Tom Springer

Stan the Inferno did not attend the last Vegrant's meeting though, which we had on a rather smokey New Years Eve. Some unfortunates couldn't stay for the duration due to prior commitments but lots of fun was had nonetheless. Given, we missed the fireballs and floating cigarettes, but we were blessed with an entire year's worth of mating.

Four couples here in Vegas Fandom have announced their decisions (out of the eight, four of them are fans) to spend the rest of their lives together. Now this has got to be history in the making! Four couples in one year of frenzied courtship has got to be a record for any fandom, but I can't say I know for sure. These announced intentions have developed into more news, in that Ben and Cathy will be married at Corflu Vegas. I don't know if it's all been ironed out but it's my understanding that it's going to be well attended. I don't think we'll have any levitating cigarettes, but it should be a good show regardless.

I think with Vegas Fandom attending Corflu '95 (could it be coincidence?) we're going to have an interesting mix of fans. I know fans like Burbee to Ted White to The Shrimp Boys, with Don Fitch, Jack Speer, Eric Lindsay, rich brown, mixed in with Vegas Fandom should spark an interesting current. I look forward to the party.

Bill Kunkel

Here's how it happened: I would keep meeting these interesting people and I'd mention it to Arnie. "Arnie," I'd say, "I met this really interesting person."

"Invite them to the social!" Arnie would invariably encourage me. I'd shrug, then decide that a crank-addict ex-wrestler raging

about a Tough Guy promotion taking place Realsoonnow might be counterproductive to the genial ambiance of A&J's socials. After all, is there any more amazing phenomenon in all the world than people, in this day and age, giving parties with an open invitation policy? I'm always afraid of screwing up some invisible prime directive that warns me to keep the serious freaks away, for fear they will overwhelm and infect the chemistry of these events and quickly morph them into sideshows.

But then, just this once, I decided to take him at his word, and so Arnie and Joyce found themselves with a magician, a folk singer, a master huckster, and a fire act in their home on an otherwise ordinary Saturday Social.

Arnie was remarkably good natured about it all. "One thing, Kunkel," he assured me, smiling but showing perhaps a *oui* bit too much tooth. "Whatever happens to MY office, happens to YOUR office." I smiled back.

"But please, give us some warning—to get our cats out of the house," Laurie pleaded, as if in a silent movie.

Old Arn all but twirled his famous fannish 'stache: "I'll give your cats all the warning that you... gave... mine."

For the rest of this fabulous story—complete with the saga of how the wrap party for Martin Scorsese's *Casino* almost took place here the same night—will appear in a forthcoming fanzine.

(Arnie made me promise to write it up before he'd let Stan light it up.)

Ross Chamberlain

See, the thing is, I left the party before the entertaining guests arrived. It was a good evening, but Joy-Lynd had had a lo-o-o-ong day (up at some ridiculous hour like 4:30 a.m.), and wasn't quite tottering yet, but... Oh, and yes, we brought the one car. So we left about 9 or so, practically moments before they showed up.

Joy-Lynd has been rising at such unconscionable hours in order to go swimming. (Yes, indoors.) Well, it's called Aquarobics, and she's really enjoying it, and it seems to be doing her considerable good. I sometimes wake long enough to hear her leave, and on weekdays she

usually gets back shortly before I leave for work.

I rarely have any desire to get into a swimming pool. I've done more swimming—oh, okay, paddling—in the last couple of years right here at the Katz pool than in the last 20 or maybe even 30 years or more. It has to do with overdoses of chlorine at a college pool where I was taking lessons in the late 40s, but there were several occasions since then when I got into water that wasn't a bath—Almost countable on the digits of a couple of hands, true. There were several occasions at the YMCA camp near Greenville, SC, when I was 15, and a time when our family was visiting my aunt who lived on Cape Cod. And twice at school in the Massachusetts Berkshires, and then there was the time my new girlfriend and I went into the cold spring water near.... Uh, never mind that one. Some other time.

So, anyway, suffice it to say that when anyone asks me how things are going, I'm rarely inclined to say, "Swimmingly."

John Hardin

Thank you Ross. It's good to know that I'm not considered one of the entertaining guests at last month's social, if that's the party you're talking about. I must now struggle upstream against the flow of the words about swimming and get back to our party. I felt bad for the performers there for a while. I thought the party had been misrepresented to them as some kind of audition where they might gain employment. I admit Arnie, Joyce and Bill are connected, but I just don't see where a fire eater could be fitted into the magazine. Now, if we made a game where the player was a fire eater, and your tongue had a limited number of hit points...

Anyway, a few privileged folks got a private, preview performance in the garage from Peter Paul and Scott, the sleight-of-hand guy. Before he began to play Peter quipped "Hey, I'm a garage band!" I recently spoke to Rick Hooper, who arranged for all of the artists to come, and he told me that Peter Paul drove a red Jaguar. He must be doing all right.

We have chosen this date to publish **Wild Heirs #3**. It was the still-born fanzine of the Vegrants, killed by the Terrible Frost of 1993.

Our momentum has returned, though we are not as naive or full of unchecked enthusiasm for as we once were. But we do like most UK fans, and we like Australian fans, too. And fans in El Paso, TX, are thought to be pretty groovy

around these parts as well.

Marcy Waldie

I really feel badly that for the majority of Socials, I've had to leave around 9 PM to go to work the next AM at O-dark hundred. Fortunately, however, fan accounts can be more entertaining than the actual events.

Never again (in the near future, anyway) will I have to use that reason to miss the really good stuff. If Ray and I want to stay until closing, we will. Not since I left teaching ten years ago did I have a "normal job" (week-ends off).

Frosts are pretty rare here in the valley, but when there is one (and one is enough) it is memorable. In fact, one visit per lifetime is sufficient.

I thought that Las Vegas Fandom weathered the chill admirably.

Belle Churchill

Of course all desert fans enjoy a brief reminder of the chill elicited from frost. It reminds us why we chose the warmth of desert fandom and not the chill of mislaid (misspent?) youth. Never mind, just count this as a brief pause in the flow of brilliant prose that has so far been experienced. Slip past this into another chain of thought and touch down in the next reality.

Ken Forman

When I was twelve, my family moved from suburban Southern California to Phoenix. The area I moved from experienced mild winters and warm summers, almost desert-like, but with more rain. I didn't like moving to the arid desert. I hated it and swore to once again return to my idealic California countryside. For ten years I grumbled and gripped about moving to Phoenix.

One day, in my second year of college, I was sitting in the commons on a grassy area. I was studying physics, propped up against a lamp pole with head phones on. Between songs, the announcer reported on a Rocky Mountain blizzard and freezing temperatures on the Eastern Seaboard. It suddenly dawned on me that I was basking shirtless in the warmth of a 75 degree day and it was the second of February. Two thirds of the country was experiencing

some of the worst winter weather this century and I was working on my tan. From that point on, I've been a devoted desert rat.

Now, my home is the ultra-arid Mojave desert in fabulous Las Vegas. I've even gone so far as to find a career that will keep me outdoors most of the summer. I'm now officially a "Field Biologist" for a local environmental consulting firm. We collect desert tortoises from construction sites and monitor construction practices. Another of my duties is to help operate a 400 acre tortoise sanctuary and research facility.

Don't think my work is cozy and comfortable; sometime's it's downright dangerous. With over 700 tortoises on site, you don't want to be caught in the open if they stampede.

It strikes fear in the hearts of all the facility workers when someone yells, "It's a stampede! Walk!"

Seriously though, we are doing important work with this endangered species. We even have **the** state reptile, Mojave Max himself.

The Groundhog's Day of 1995 is of particular importance to me. I got to witness the emergence of Mojave Max the Tortoise (Nevada's own Punxsutawney Phil the Groundhog). As legend fortells, if Max leaves his burrow on the second day of the second month and sees his shadow, there will be six more weeks of winter; if not, it'll be an early spring.

I know no one will believe me, but he **did** emerge. Strangely enough, there wasn't another person around to witness the event so no one else but me knows what he saw (or didn't see). If you really want to know, bidding starts at \$5.

Tammy Funk

What if his shadow is there and he doesn't look? While not exactly destitute, I may have to pass on the heated turtle bidding. What I do want to know is, if we have a state reptile, do we also have a state fowl, amphibian, carnivore, blackjack dealer, or perhaps even a state fan? Who decides which creature gets to represent the entire state? Is there a panel of several frenzied board members, arguing en masse, or one sole delegate who chooses representatives for us all? I digress here, but I do wonder. I've also always wondered where June bugs go the other eleven months of the year, but that is another digression best left until later. Most of my digressions start with "I wonder why..." Isn't it interesting that no matter how old you get, part of you still remains a child who always wonders "why?" ...

Retro Rants

*Come with us now
to those thrilling days of yesteryear...
well, the thrilling month of August, 1993
when we layabouts started **Wild Heirs #3**,
when Las Vegrants was born,
all the days were sunny
and TAFF was just a four-letter word*

Arnie Katz

We're starting this nonlinear group editorial, and therefore **Wild Heirs #3**, on an auspicious occasion. Today, Sunday, August 1, is the first meeting of a new invitation, informal club for fanzine fans and fellow travellers. There'd have been a meeting months ago, except we're so informal that no one wanted to constrain the (dis)organization with anything so prosaic as a meeting date.

This caused our nascent club no end of trouble. Vegrants would arrive at random locations at unexpected times and hunt vainly for a meeting.

Eventually, we decided to make a few concessions. So this is our first regularly scheduled meeting. The ostensible purpose is to collate **Wild Heirs #2** and Shelby Vick's first FAPazine, **Lesser Feats**. We're also going to get very sercon and swim in the pool, heated naturally by the 105-degree temperature.

We also came up with a name, Las Vegrants. Something else for you to memorize about the Fandom of Good Cheer. There is no growth without pain.

Speaking of last issue, we weren't prepared for the response to our photo feature "Women of the N3F". We knew we'd get sourpuss letters bemoaning the unveiling of fannish feminine pulchritude, but we never anticipated the avalanche of requests for autographed copies of the large photo in the lower lefthand corner of page 29. We suggest you write to her and ask. Tell you you saw her, all of her, in **Wild Heirs**.

Incidentally, we ran a little short of the photo sheets. If your **Wild Heirs #2** doesn't have pages 28 and 29, please don't feel you were singled out unfairly. Personally, I voted to send it to you, but Laurie overruled me. By the way, I think she has five more copies of those photos, so a wheedling letter to her might dislodge a set. Send her a contrib to **DoodleBug** as a bribe. It might work.

One of the problems with a non-linear editorial is that the time frame is difficult to establish with certainty. Much of "Vague Rants" was assembled during the Vegrants Meet of August 28th, convened to honor Frosty the TAFFan. As a result, we've had an exciting series of phone calls from fans around the country concerned with her welfare, whereabouts, and financial solvency.

So I was not surprised when the phone rang, and the familiar voice of Jeanne Bowman asked, in a husky tone calculated to make one's propellor spin, "Are you hot?"

"Is this a climate question?" I asked. "Or your little way of saying you hope to see me at Con Francisco?"

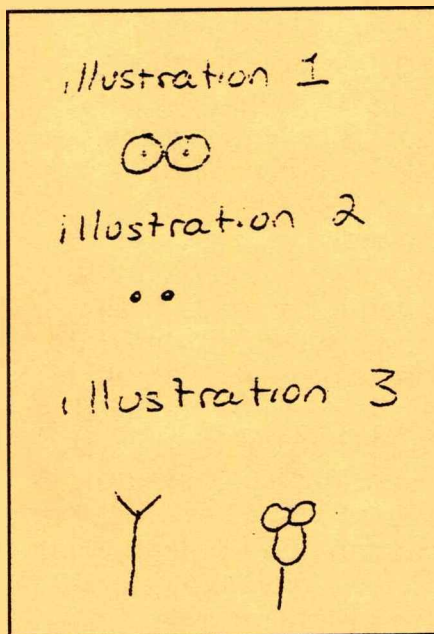
Su Williams

I find it tremendously interesting that women's upper halves are so easy and (given overwhelming evidence) pleasurable to depict.

Men's upper bits do seem to display far less personality, and they are drawn with far less frequency.

Whereas the center bits of both reverse this trend and are never drawn.

Why is that? I've pondered that question for entirely too long, and I've decided



that Something Must Be Done! Fanzines nominally provide equal opportunity. Why aren't there any naked men? For every set of women's upper bits displayed in a fanzine, there should be a set of men's center bits.

Actually I think that will add a lot. Face it, guys, women's upper bits tend to just sit there. They may quiver a bit, but mostly they just sit. Guys' center bits are much more expressive, and I can visualize them with a lot more personality - happy, drooping, bent, bouncing.

The possibilities are almost endless!

"But who wants to look at guys center bits? I hear you protest. The main reason you do this is to *meet Women!* Who looks at guys center bits? Women! This is really a great opportunity!

In fact, there's such a dearth of men's center bits in fanzines that we may need Affirmative Action to set the right balance. We could give each guy depicted 2 or 3 sets of center bits. Fan women would go wild! And we all know how men love having wild women around!

Bill "Potshot" Kunkel

I love the reference to "center bits." And while I don't see myself suddenly drawing cartoons of naked male center bits, I can at least observe that I haven't really drawn a lot of female top bits, either.

Let's analyze the problem. Most artists are male. For some inscrutable reason, males seem to prefer drawing the female form, despite the many inherent inadequacies Su discussed. So get your magic markers in gear, ladies: You want nekkid men? Draw 'em.

Laurie "The Elf" Yates

Not having your, or Ross's talent, Potshot, I'll have to abstain. I quickly leafed through our artfiles, and found a number of Rotslers with "center bits". However, I did also note that the women, while well-endowed from a side perspective, looked really small from the front. The male center bits, on the other hand, are depicted either as spiraling flat arrows or an organ that is long enough to be casually tossed over the shoulder. Neither seemingly accurate.

My art history teacher seemed to believe that fascination with the female form is due to the perfection of the image. Who are we to argue?

Arnie Katz

This month marks the second anniversary of the first meeting between Las Vegas Fandom and Joyce and me.

"It's a Proud and Lonely Thing to be a Fan" says the adage, but most of my fanlife has been anything but solitary. The more enthusiastic I got about **Folly**, the more I missed the camaraderie that comes from face-to-face association with other fans. I'd been a member of the Fanoclasts and, later, the Insurgents in New York City. Once I resumed publishing, I needed the

stimulation of other minds attuned to fanzine fandom.

Alas, Las Vegas had a deserved reputation as a fannish wasteland. With the exception of Dwain Kaiser, who quickly moved to southern California, no fans with any national identity had called Vegas home.

I spent the winter of 1990-91 wrestling with the problem of a cataract in my single functioning eye. I was legally blind from October to February, and then spent the next month or so waiting to recover enough to get new glasses. I didn't go out much and, in truth, probably was pretty preoccupied, so I missed the start of the Southern Nevada Area Fantasy Fiction Union (SNAFFU).

Some time during the summer, Mike Glicksohn alerted Joyce and me to an event called VegasCon scheduled for November 1991. I found a listing in one of the newszines, called the information number, and spoke to chairman Shawn White. He, in turn, directed me to Ken and Aileen Forman, then the club's hosts.

Our careers as fannish hermits ended at a summer SNAFFU meeting. None of them planned to attend the Chicon IV, so we threw Vegas' first fan-run convention, NonCon I, on the Sunday of Labor Day weekend for about 50 guests.

That event spawned a series of monthly informal party meetings which still continues. They're called the Socials. We've had as many as 80 attend, but I think they're more fun with about 40.

And now we're hosting a new fanzine fan club.

The Elf

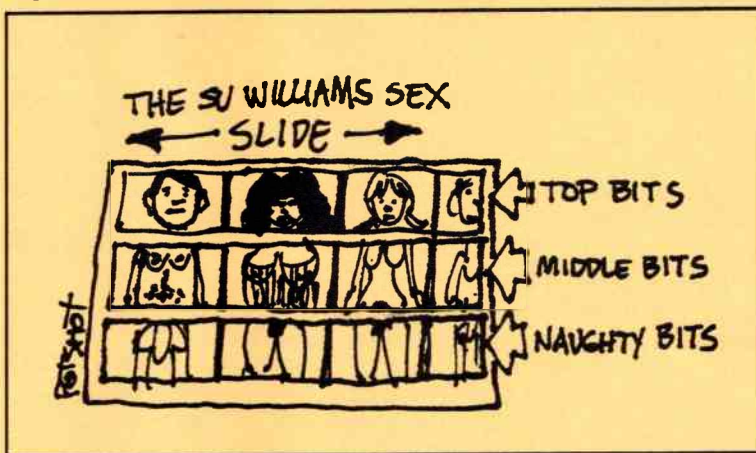
Actually, Arn, we do know of another Southern Nevada fan. Former Boulder City resident David McCarroll edited **Phantasia** in 1959. I've tried calling the McCarrolls in the phone book, but none of them seem to be related. I sent a letter to what I believe to be the college he was going to attend in the fall of 1959. In the second issue, sent to us by Robert Lichtman, he mentioned the all-night convention as also being a goodbye party. Whether this search will yield his current whereabouts is hazy, but I'm willing to play fan detective.

Peggy Burke

It seems to me that fanzine fan club may be a redundancy--anyone who produces or writes a zine must like them; ergo, he or she is automatically a fan. A fan of fans, the fans' fans. I guess that's who we are. If we're not, we can sure fake it.

The Elf

You're missing the point, Peggy. The designation of fanzine fan sets us apart from media fans,



Trekkers/Trekkies and con fans. For that matter, with the plethora of other fandoms producing fanzines and "perzines", it is becoming necessary to actually say "science fiction fanzine fan" or "fannish sf fan."

Dandi Ashton

As an outsider who has never published a fanzine, I am not real sure why I was invited to this Shebang, except that as Laurie Yates puts it "I'm a very nice and likable person!" There is a fanzine in my future. It's still un-named, because all the really neat names have been used over and over.

Su Williams

My yet-to-be-published fanzine will be named **Brassiere**. I expect that it will have a limited readership as I plan its subject and audience to be mad (any interpretation you want) women in fandom.

I, too, have been a fannish hermit for too long, and I am thrilled to be here in the midst of a Whole Group of Grown-ups! I miss grown-ups. They're fun to talk to. And listen to. And they're not 10 years old. I've been cooped up in a car for 1400 miles (each way), with my extraordinarily well-behaved 10 year old. He only said "I'm bored" twice and never asked "Are we there yet?" A musical diet high in Simon & Garfunkel doesn't make up for the lack of adult conversation. Interestingly, my fannish hermitage closely parallels my motherhood. This is a self-correcting problem. Four more years, and I can leave Johnny mostly alone and not worry about it.

Eight more years and he moves out.

Then I change the locks. He can visit any time, but he gets the same deal my parents gave their daughters: We can visit any time, but on the day we arrive, we have to tell them on what day we will leave. It can be any time between 10 minutes and 10 months, but we *must* leave.

Ross Chamberlain

Every once in a while I realize I'm not 10 anymore. Last time was, oh, maybe about ... not that long ago, was it? Last week? It's not quite the same as Jack Benny's perennial 39-going-on-39. It's been a while since I was there, too. Not quite as long, true, but that's how time works in the objective world. (And I know I'm not alone in saying that I do object to it.)

When I put real consideration to the concept, I guess I'm actually glad I'm not ten any more. You might not think it, but I've had too much fun, post-puberty. Still, I think sometimes it's part of the definition of a fan: *Fill-in-real-number-here-going-on-ten*.

I mean, it's a thing common among lotsa folks to extol the desirability of youth. Whether that's a Good Thing or not I dunno. Youthful appearance or youthful attitude... these appeal to different souls, I suppose. For those of us who've no longer any opportunity to really fool anybody about how long we've been around, it's gotta be attitude that's the Proper Grail.

What's the appropriate thing for your average fan? I'm not sure there is one, save that bringing an element of precociousness to that youthful attitude

might be either appropriate or redundant or recyclable... What? Oh...

Potshot

Speaking of childhood reminds me of the drug of choice during *my* Wonder Years: Toys! As we cruise toward autumn, the toy factories are grinding out cheap plastic junk like sausage. I have often observed over the past decade-and-a-half that children no longer seem to use their imaginations as extensively as we once did. When I was a kid, you played with toy soldiers. Kids from Generation X grew up replaying movie scenarios, with all the characters and sets thoughtfully provided by the Hollywood Dream Machine. "It's the Cantina Sequence from Star Wars! And the T-Rex Attack on the Land Rover set (T-Rex not included). They used to sell toys, now they market miniature movie sets.

This year, of course, dinosaurs are big. Well, they were ALWAYS big, but this year they have Sales Pizazz. My favorites are the JP saurians with detachable slabs of flesh for the big T. Rex to rip from their flanks ("Dino Action!").

The Elf

Actually, I wouldn't mind returning to childhood for the toys. They are incredible! Just walking through the toy aisles and seeing the selection of dolls is just mindboggling. There are dolls that not only speak, sleep and wet, but now there seems to be a doll that throws up on you. A hurling doll! I find myself gravitating more to the Lincoln Logs and Lego sets that I loved as a kid. I can not believe how many sets there are. I was content with just the generic Lego kit. I was always building houses and forts especially when I was at my aunt's house after school. It drove my cousins nuts that they couldn't interest me in soap operas, and that I would rather sit someplace out of the way and build houses and villages. What did finally decrease the fascination of Lincoln Logs and Legos was my oldest cousin's wedding and the subsequent birth of her son. Suddenly, where just five months earlier age 9 was too young to be at home alone, 9 1/2 was the perfect age to be left alone with an infant who seemed to have chronic colic. Suddenly, I became more interested in home stuff, and how to be a good babysitter and just started collecting teddy bears.

I see, though, that the wooden toys and puzzles are making a comeback. I guess that as people pick out toys for their children, or as in Bill's and my case friends' kids, nieces and nephews, the adult tends to gravitate to either what they found to be entertaining or the newest trend. (On the same note, did you know that Barney was started by a mother who found that a visit to the Natural history museum quieted her rambunctious three-year-old?)

Peggy Burke

As the youngest person in this group (well, almost; Karl Kreder's a few months younger), the whole youth thing seems highly overrated. Youthful attitude is great, mind you, but youthful appearance has drawbacks.

Who takes a 35 year old seriously if s/he looks 15?

My experience in this matter is slightly skewed; since the time I was 14, I have consistently been mistaken for being older than my age. I was 22 and mistaken for 34. I don't know how; I'm assuming it was my competence and professional demeanor and not my wrinkles.

I could be wrong.

Don Miller

I guess I'll be the first to relate some of the experiences of what might be titled "Fandom meets the great outdoors..." Or, "What happens when 7 castaways go out for what should've been a three-hour tour".

You begin by mixing dangerous combinations of elements, which, when mixed in abundant proportions, allow the direct observation of chaos theory. Contemporary smoking mixture is not indigenous to the Southwest desert.

If you want any on a trip in this area, you have to bring it with you. With this in mind, we came loaded for bear (with the accent on LOADED), and a 20 gallon keg of beer. Mix this scenario with a very deep, cold river, 4 canoes, seven people and a certain degree of naivete, and stir wildly.

We lived....and we learned to adapt to an entirely different mental image of consuming insects...hey, they're not bad ! How many beers do you have to drink before you begin to ignore swallowing mouth fulls of gnats with each sip ?

We lost count, so we can't tell you...but hey, after a while they're pretty tasty !

The point being, it was very early in the first morning when we were heartily consuming mass quantities of gnats...

And beer, and that other stuff
All of this led up to The Incident.

I don't think anyone actually saw it happen, but Karl and Erica somehow managed to capsize their canoe. They spent a good 30 minutes in 50 degree water until they could find a spot to land their boat. Outside of a little touch of hypothermia and humility, they emerged unscathed. However the great god RALF would be visiting with Karl later that evening. I guess you really find out who your friends are, when they're eating dinner, casually trying to ignore the projectiles, and no one insults you! Yes Karl, these are your true friends.

Other than that, there was nothing except for the bats, rattlesnakes, gnats, bighorn sheep, and they're paging me so I have to go. If you'd like a little more insight on this trip, ask Karl Kreder if he'd care for some Gatorade....

Ken Forman

... or keep an eye out for the next *Dalmatian Alley*. Instead of calling forth images of Gilligan's Island. I prefer The Magnificent Seven with appropriate dramatic music in the background.

The Colorado River has some of the world's most spectacular scenery along its banks. I mean after all, this is the thing that carved Grand Canyon. The rest of the river is equally impressive. There is nothing quite

like the feeling of being in a small canoe between 250-foot, vertical cliffs that cut straight down into the water. It is truly a sensawunda.

As far as the gnats in the beer go, it's amazing what you'll put up with under the proper conditions. It got to the point that if you had less than 20 gnats in your beer, you considered yourself lucky and quickly downed the cup before any more decided to go swimming in your brew.

Out of the 35 miles we had planned to travel, we paddled 31. (We were towed the last four miles against incredible head winds and three-foot-high swells in the lake). It was an ordeal, it was an adventure. I'm glad I went, I wish I hadn't gone. It was the best of times, it was ...

I believe that at some point in the trip, each of us wished he could change places with JoHn Hardin.

Why JoHn? Because he didn't get to go.

But that's his story to tell.

Tom Springer

I feel as if I have just experienced a deflowering. In my innocence I shall hide, my naivety a shield, my tremulous pen my sword. Beware Karl! Beware Ken! I have arrived! Centerpiece and all!

Like the Ancient Mariner, I have a tale that I must tell. You other two guys can go.

I readily accepted when asked to join the canoe trip. A leisurely float down river in relaxing company with adult beverages and consumables was just the thing for me. Preparation was painless. My responsibility was the keg and something to sleep on.

Getting the canoe onto the river proved far more than we could handle, but we finally did so after several attempts. We didn't know how to steer, paddle, or communicate with each other.

It was a learning experience. We learned that the keg makes a great sea anchor! We all knew where we were going, Ken just misled us as to how far it was. He didn't know about the wind either. The bastard.

I blame everything that happened on him. The bastard. After all it was his idea. "It'll be fun guys," the Mainspring said over his pipe.

I believed him. The bastard.

During dinner that first night I can only wonder what was going through Karl's mind. "God, I don't want to die," is pretty close. Deep down inside I think he blames Ken, too. The bastard. We'll take a vote on this later.

Don was the most stalwart, but then, he's a camping kind of guy. He actually looked forward to us running out of water. I know, because he kept telling us about his new water filtration device. Aside from this small social flaw, he was an excellent drunk and could always be relied upon to light you up, regardless of the 30 mile an hour winds Ken neglected to tell us about.

Erica Grong (Ruk of the Colorado)

"We're all gonna die!" Karl would scream. "Cool," Tom Springer would respond. The photos speak for themselves.

Don Miller saved our lives. He remembered to bring

coffee, some weird Vitamin B shampoo which your hair will thank you for, killer sunscreen and, of course, the Water Retrieval System, not necessarily in order of importance.

There remains no answer to why The Incident occurred. I did, however, lose my Bartles and Jaymes wine cooler shirt. It's ok though. Bartles is dead anyway. The bastard.

Do I blame Ken? Do I blame Karl? Did I tip the canoe as a secret ploy to secure controlling influence in Henderson Bill's Canoe Rental and Bistro? Was Karl a paid assassin? The answers lie deep beneath the Colorado river, since it was secretly encoded on an apple label which resided in Karl's stomach until it was retrieved by the Agents of Gatoradetm.

Karl Kreder

First I'd like to say that I do not blame Ken. Not solely. That would be far too simple. No, I blame me. I say this knowing that most would desperately shovel the blame on anyone else.

That notwithstanding, the events of the famed canoe trip are about to be related to you. So sit right back as Karl "I've got the real story" Kreder spins his own tale: **Hell Canoes of the Colorado**.

I awoke that fine morning excited and ready to face what lay ahead. Or so I thought. Gathering the group and getting them to the canoe rental place was an adventure in itself and should have warned me of things to come. We finally got everything loaded. We then went down to the meeting area

We told JoHn we would wait, since he was running late. I'm not sure of the circumstances, but for one reason or another, JoHn was late and we couldn't wait any longer. With regret we drove down to the river and started to unload. Soon, JoHn strode down the road towards us. Just as we were about to push off in the canoes the ranger called JoHn back up the hill and accused him of trespassing. Unfortunatly the ranger could not be disuaded, and we had to leave JoHn behind.

Oh how fortunate you were JoHn Wesley Hardin.

We proceeded down the river at a brisk pace, all the while trying to figure out how to reach the beer keg tethered to Tom Springer and Ben Wilson's canoe. For some reason, they keptt a rather long distance from the rest of us. Whether this was intentional or not remains a mystery of the Colorado.

From there it all went down hill. We consumed mass quantities of beer and other substances.

Then came The Incident. You have already read numerous versions of this part of the trip, but there's only one thing I want you to think about as I relate this tale: I was there. The others were in other canoes looking everywhere but at Erica Grong and me.

It started as Erica and I slowed down and turned parallel to the current of the river. Suddenly the Earth's gravitational field shifted, and the stars realigned themselves. As Arcturus fell into place a force of extraordinary magnitude struck the left side of the canoe and sent us careening into the frigid waters of the Colorado. That is the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help Bill Clinton.

Then it got worse, I got heat stroke, and as the other accounts suggest, I shared most of my lunch with the fish. I didn't fare much better that night, but after *slowly* consuming a turkey burger I felt 300% better. I would like to say that Ben didn't fare much better. We told him later that peeing on a rattle snake doesn't make it friendlier.

The next day was actually better than the first. We enjoyed those few hours of peace not realizing that we should have savored them as you would each sip of a \$300.01 bottle of wine. The head wind of the apocalypse struck us with absolutely no mercy. We settled at a less than livable campsite and slept in 101-mph winds. If that's not enough, the next morning I was jolted awake by Tom screaming that he had set up his sleeping area under a hive -- or commune, I'm not sure which -- of bees that were somehow able to withstand the gale force winds.

We spent the rest of the trip fighting a wind of such force that I don't think there's a word to describe them. That's not true, but doesn't it sound more dramatic? After two or three hours of that, we found a generous fellow who towed us the rest of the way to safety.

Arnie Katz

I'd be more sympathetic about the hardships and privations these seven slans suffered, except that it taught them a valuable lesson. Since they all returned to Las Vegas without permanent mental or physical damage, the tuition was cheap.

The moral: Fans should not expend energy frivolously. Every erg must be zealously conserved so that it can be applied to the two vital activities: publishing fanzines and having sex.

Some may doubt my wisdom. "I understand the importance of fanac," you might say, "but how can you justify sex? It is time-consuming and messes the sheets." Seeing my indecision, you press your point. "Doesn't sex drain energy and waste time that could be spent on oneshots, genzines, apa contributions, and collections of the works of the BNFs?"

While this is a good point, it doesn't consider all the factors. Sex is important because it engenders tomorrow's neofans!"

"What about condoms and other forms of contraception?" you wonder. "Do you mean that sex is only for the purpose of fancreation?" (Wisely, you leave procreation to one side. Let Teresa Neilsen-Hayden get writers the old-fashioned way, by bailing them out of drunk tanks, as magazine and book editors have done from time immemorial.)

You probably think you've got me this time. Maybe not.

You would, of course, agree that Fans are Slans. Of course you would. Being a slan yourself, you have no difficulty with this mind-stretching concept.

By definition, slans are superior beings, blessed with powers and abilities far beyond those of puny Earthpeople.

"That is true," you acknowledge.

"Nothing exists in an ideal state in nature, but aren't fans, being slans, more perfect than nonfans?"

You agree enthusiastically.

"And that the most perfect, intelligent, sensitive, and talented fans are the men and women who write, draw, and edit fanzines?"

Since this is incontrovertible, you hastily agree.

"Aha!" I say, because now I've got you. "Haven't you ever heard of the time-honored wisdom, 'practice makes perfect'?"

You concede that you have.

"Well, then, the matter is settled," I retort.

You stare in open-mouthed shock. Patient pedagogue that I am, I expand on this crucial point.

"If fans are slans, and slans are near-perfect, and practice makes perfect, it stands to reason that we must practice sex, often and repeatedly, until we achieve sufficient technique to allow for successful fancreation!"

Potshot

Just got here, rather late on the Saturday that Abigail Frost is scheduled to visit. In fact, her plane is scheduled to arrive in about ten minutes.

That's when it gets dodgy.

The mission of picking Ms. Frost up, you see, was given over to Woody.

Not that I completely lack faith in dear Woody. Just mostly. After all, not three hours ago he was sitting on our couch, calling up his sister.

"I'm going to need your car in a few minutes, can I come get it?" he was asking. By his reaction, I gathered that the answer was not resoundingly affirmative.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN!?" he was screaming. "I told you about this a week ago! What do you *mean* he has it?" A beat, then: "Great. Great. I've got to go to the airport and pick somebody up!" With that, he slammed down the phone with uncharacteristic fury, adding a profanity to complete the shock.

Laurie stared at me, stunned by this display.

"My grandfather has it," Woody fumed, as if to explain his rage.

"Oh," I said.

A thought occurred to me.

"Woody? Didn't you come over here in a car?"

"Yes."

"Okay." I considered the problem, feeling certain some key issue was eluding me. "So why can't you take your car?"

"Because it's filthy. It's a mess."

I didn't mention that he'd had a week to clean it up because I'm a sweetheart. Instead, I made a suggestion: "So take a fucking Glad bag and go clean out your car!"

"I can't."

There was some terrible secret here, some grotesque dark truth which he would not, could not share.

"Why can't you?"

"Because." We were close. Sooooo close. "Because I spilled spaghetti sauce all over the floor on the passenger side."

This should have been enough, but no, I pushed on. "SO CLEAN IT UP!"

"I can't."

"WHY!?"

"Because I spilled it...a while ago. I was on my way

to the last social and I took the turn onto Arnie and Joyce's street too sharply, and it spilled all over."

"And you haven't touched it in all this time?"

"No."

So, he borrowed our welcome mat, put down some newspaper and covered the whole mess up, then headed to McCarran International Airport.

It's now 6:50 PM. Abigail's plane is descending onto the tarmac.

And a man named Woody is waiting for her. With a car full of month old spaghetti sauce.

Welcome to America, Abigail!

The Elf

Actually, Bill, you missed the horror story in the kitchen. My nice clean kitchen. It seemed like a simple request: "Laurie," asked Woody, "Can I make the spaghetti sauce for the gathering at your guys' place? That way I don't have to worry about my family getting into it."

So I said yeah. I knew that Woody, being a recent convert to health-consciousness, made chicken spaghetti sauce. I had, naively I confess, assumed that, at some point, this process would involve pre-cooking and seasoning the chicken; cooling, cubing, and adding it to the seasoned sauce.

Silly me.

Lean close, now, and I'll tell you the true secret to making Chicken Spaghetti Sauce a la Woodrow.

First, open a super-size can of tomato puree and pour it into a crockpot which has no lid and a cracked seal on the top edge, allowing sauce to bubble up, over, and onto the pot.

Then take a whole chicken, with inside parts removed, and place it in the crockpot.

Turn on, and bid Laurie farewell as he leaves for work.

I didn't actually piece all of this together, until I went out to stir the concoction. My wooden spoon hit something hard, and, when I pulled it out, I discovered a whole chicken on the end of my spoon.

Bill and Punk came out to see why I was laughing hysterically. When Bill saw it, his disbelief was monumental.

"That's a CHICKEN! A WHOLE FUCKING CHICKEN!" was pretty close to an exact quote.

Whatever you do, when making Chicken Spaghetti a la Woodrow, do NOT leave out either of the ingredients.

Marcy Waldie

I've been excited about the Veggrants meeting with its special guest, Abigail Frost, all week, nervous even. Talk about a neo - I have so much to learn. Please tolerate my questions.

I fully agree with Su's opinions and observations on female bits and male bits. Su, how did you know that I jotted notes on this very topic last week? I feel the need to expound, but perhaps the full measure of my deliberations should be saved for your fanzine.

Arnie Katz

Let me tell you about the fabulous fourway we had at a recent Veggrant session.

Did the provocative line catch your eye? I hope so. I needed to arrest your attention without badgering you for several paragraphs. Since research shows that fans are sexually obsessed, I thought the hint of risqué doings might divert you from the classics to be found elsewhere in **Wild Heirs**.

Something momentous has occurred. This fannish event eclipses even JoHn Hardin's Immortal Line, uttered scant weeks ago. I laugh -- ha! ha! -- to think of the awe that greeted JoHn's epic epigram. I am embarrassed to recall the wonder that filled my fannish soul when JoHn reacted to my dissertation on the history of the NFFF with the question, "Which one of the 'f's stands for fugghead?"

And oh, the overweening pride! How proud I was that one of my beloved flock had, however briefly, ascended the pinnacle of wit. Well, if not to the top, at least half-way.

All this show is now dross. Grand as it is, JoHn's quip has passed into Vegas fanhistory, a nice comment to reprise on long party nights. "It was good in its day," the old fans will say, "but it pales beside The Pun." The mere thought of this *bon mot* will cause several chuckles.

Tell the world!

Tell Fandom!

Shout it from the rooftops of Belfast!

Joyce Worley has made a four-level pun.

She has done this, not in some long-dead fannish era, but during the creation of **Wild Heirs #3**. I tell you candidely, this is the best of all possible fandoms, that one should come among us and craft this gem. My only regret is that the tape recorder wasn't activated to preserve the entire sequence which culminated in the finest piece of wordplay ever perpetrated in Las Vegas Fandom. Please bear with my humble attempt to recount this soon-to-be-classic anecdote.

It was late and Las Vegrants were getting sercon. The subject was humor in imaginative literature. Vegas fans may love their media sci-fi, but we're fairly well-read. We trashed de Camp and praised Sheckley with gusto.

Shortly after drawing deeply at his pipe, JoHn mentioned the scene in "Lord of the Rings" in which Gandalf struggles to open the gates of a subterranean stronghold. (Come to think of it, JoHn may've been referring to the memorable scene in the Bakshi movie. Like I said, they love their media sci-fi.)

In any case, JoHn described how the wizard gesticulated and incanted in vain, until he realized that the solution was, literally, right in front of him. All he had to do was heed the words "Speak friend and enter" carved above the entrance in the language of its vanished inhabitants.

Ken Forman didn't think it was all that hilarious. "Elvish humor," he grumped. The Mainspring made a sour face.

"No," I corrected, "Dwarvish humor."

"Maybe elves don't have a sense of humor," JoHn proposed.

"Neither do dwarves," Ken retorted, "if this is a sample."

"It's still funnier than if Gandalf had opened the

doors by putting a slug in a slot to work a turnstile, like in the subway." He took a gargantuan puff.

It was then that Joyce roused herself from seeming torpor and said: "JoHn is our token humorist!"

A hush of awe blanketed our living room. Then the applause started as, one by one, they began to see the dimensions of her joke.

"A four-way pun!" I cried. "Joyce has made a four-level pun!"

"Four levels?" someone said, conveniently for this article.

"Four levels," I reiterated. I ticked them off on my fingers.

"JoHn is our Tolkien humorist, because the joke had to do with 'Lord of the Rings'.

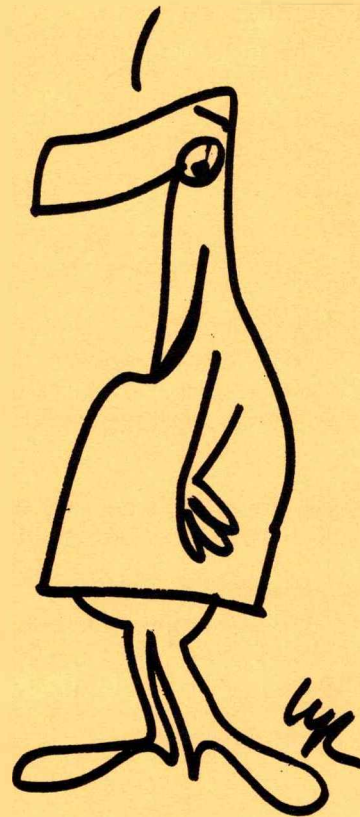
"JoHn is our token humorist, because the joke refers to turnstiles and slugs.

"JoHn is our token humorist, in the sense that no one else has said anything funny in the last hour.

"And finally, JoHn is the tokin' humorist, because he spoke between pulls at the pipe." She sat there, smiling, as adulation broke over her like waves at a surfing beach.

Teeshirts bearing the legend: "I heard the four-level pun" are available in the lobby.

I COMMITTED
FANAC ONCE



Steve

By Charles Burbee

This all happened in a hospital, Queen of Angels Hospital, where I spent about a week. I had a collapsed lung and I had it taken care of beautifully by a doctor whose name I've forgotten--but let's talk about Steve.

My room was in a posh section of the hospital, I think, because it had a large, very comfortable chair--not like you see in most hospital rooms. It was fun to sit in, and Steve used to come in and sit in it and say, "Oh, shit." I guess he was an attendant, not a nurse, but the nurses all were fond of him. They all said, "Steve is a love," because he never refused to do any job. No matter how dirty the job was, he'd help them. He earned his reputation.

One morning, he brought me breakfast and he apologized for being late. He said, "I'm sorry I'm late, but the fella in the room across from you shit on himself. And it looked like he rolled around in it. That's why I'm late, because he was a mess."

And I said, "I hope you washed your hands before you brought me breakfast." He turned to me and said, "Oh, you!" He said "Oh, you" to me several times because I had a reputation for saying outrageous things to nurses. I didn't say anything nasty or use any naughty words.

I had a nurse once, one of her patients hit her. I can't imagine why anyone would hit a nurse. Nurses are there to help you, but any nurse that came near him, he'd hit.

One day, they wheeled in a heavysset guy who looked like Death warmed over, and I said, "What's a matter with you?" And he said, "Oh, I got carderac trouble. Where the hell is the doctor? Where the hell is the doctor? Where the hell is the doctor?" He finally had a doctor come in, and he said, "Are you a doctor? Where the hell have you been?" The doctor said, "There was a big bus crash on the freeway, we had to admit about thirty people. That's why all the doctors were busy."

One day he had about four doctors in attendance

and they were giving him an EKG. This was a long time ago, in the fifties, and they used to stick needles in your body all over. They don't do that anymore, they put a little bit of ointment on you and then stick a sensor pad on and get the EKG that way. But this time, it was the old-fashioned way. They had an oxygen tank in there, and they talked doctor-talk to each other, and they wheeled him out. Soon afterward, Steve came in and I said, "Where did they take that fella?" And he said, "He was too sick to be in here with you." And I said, "He died, didn't he?" Steve looked at me and said, "How did you know?" I said, "As he went out the door, I heard the death rattle. About five minutes after they wheeled him out, two ladies walked by my room crying. One looked like she could have been his wife, the other could've been his daughter."

One day Steve said to me, "Do you know what gay means?"

I said, "Yes, that means homosexual."

He said, "There's a fella that comes to work down on the third floor, and when he sees me, he says, 'Hello, Steve,' in a kind of voice that makes me wonder about him."

I said, "Well, I know how you can stop wondering and you can learn something at the same time. Next time he comes in, you walk up to him, grab him by the crotch--gently!--then bite him on the neck and give him a sloppy kiss on the mouth. If he says, 'Get your hands off me, you silly bitch,' and slaps you, that will surely tell you something."

"Well," he said, "What will it tell me?"

And I said, "Well, I don't know exactly what it'll tell you, but I do know one thing: It might be the start of a beautiful friendship."

In the hospital, bath day was a day of happenings and of non-happenings. A good many of the nurses were Catholic Nuns and I imagine it to be a precept of the Catholic Church that Nuns can't fool around too close to a male being, so that is probably why a Nun never gave me a bath.

When they wanted to give me a bath, they got a non-Nun to bathe me. A non-Nun doesn't sound right...so, they got a Lay Lady to do it. That doesn't sound right either because it sorta has a sexual connotation, but it's better than non-Nun.

My roomie, the one that replaced SanGeorgio that died on me, got bathed by a non-nun...or Lay Lady. The usual procedure was that she would wash us all over except the crotch area. She would then leave the room so that we could finish the job ourselves.

My roomie, when she came back said, "I washed all over except the crotch area," thinking he had forced her to wash that for him. She would not be outwitted. Her reply was simply, "Well, there's always tomorrow."

The next day we got a male person to do the bath for us and he did a fine, professional job all over.

One day, immediately after my bath, Steve came in and uncovered me down to my knees and sprinkled a white powder, probably talcum powder, on my crotch.

I asked, "What are you doing?" and he said, "I want all my men to smell sweet."

"I think you just wanted to see how I was hung."

"Oh, you," said Steve.

My Punishment

By Arnie Katz

My Punishment By Arnie Katz

I've been reading Burbee lately. As if you couldn't tell.

Producing **The Incompleat Burbee** was a refresher course at fanwriting school. Prof. Burbee's lessons have changed my life. Well, at least the part that involves writing for fanzines.

Thanks to his influence, my prose is leaner. My phrases are razor sharp. The characters in my anecdotes leap off the page.

I've got my edge,

That's not the way it was before I spent so many nights with the Burbee anthology. My prose was laid back, languid. My Shield of Umor was mirror-bright, but the Rapier of Wit was a little rusted here, a bit pitted there. All right, since I'm telling the truth. It was busted in half.

It crystallized at Magicon. Ted White, more in sadness than in censure, said to me, "You've lost your edge." He said it with the confidence of a man who knows that *his* writing has Edge.

"I think you're right, Ted," I admitted. I couldn't look my mentor in the eye. I was ashamed. Edgeless and ashamed.

"Maybe you wanted to lose it," he offered, trying to toss me a life preserver,

"Maybe I did," I said, though I knew I didn't. I wanted my writing to have an Edge. Just at that moment, I wanted an edge as big as the continental shelf.

Ashamed and edgeless and incontinental, I slunk into the night. In the solitude of my hotel room, I pondered my fannish future.

I banished illusions and faced the undeniable truth. My prose had packed on some pounds around the middle, gotten flabby in the muscles.

I resolved to do something. The first step, of course, was to analyze the problem.

I turned to my spell checker for facts and figures. Hard as it may be for some to believe, I do own one. *Thunder 7* can run copy through the Flesch Index and Grunning's Fog Index. Both measure readability.

BB (Before Burbee), my stuff generally hit the high school reading level. Only when the rating ballooned to university level did I run the piece through the machine for one last revision.

The Incompleat Burbee (35th Anniversary Edition, \$10) changed all that. Now I hit seventh grade reading level every time. The Burbee Academy has guided me from hemming and hawing to Hemingway. It makes me want to chase the bull, or perhaps throw it.

I am a satisfied customer.

A proud (and lonely) graduate. Charles Burbee, the Jack Lalanne of fanwriting, has made me a sinewy literary machine.

So, I'm satisfied. Burb can use me in an ad if he starts Burbee's Famous Fanwriters School.

Except for one thing.

The process which transformed me into a fanwriting colossus somehow extinguished my ability to pun.

I've always fancied myself a renaissance man of fannish humor. I don't let the fact that no one else has seen fit to make this observation stop me. You name it, I've tried it.

If I'm not the best at any one type of fan humor, flexibility ought to be worth something. My willingness to try any and every approach, from slapstick to repartee, is one of my strengths.

I'm no Willis at puns. He'd easily vanquish me in any waw of words. My punning was a humbler gift, the kind you buy for a two-buck holiday grab bag.

But I enjoyed it. It gave me pleasure on nights when it was impossible to jump for Joyce. I'd stumble onto a pun, insert it into an article, and bask in self-admiration.

I always knew my pun-making ability was limited, so I rationed it. I used them here and there to spice up articles and faan fiction like "Willis Plays Vegas".

Willis' "In Defense of the Pun" is a definitive statement about wordplay. If I wrote an article about this art, I would probably title it, "In Offense of the Pun".

It would plead for moderation in punnery. Self-censorship could cure 90% of hammy puns. I've gained a small reputation, because I don't try for quantity. Though unable to create a lot of great puns, I could stop myself from swamping the world in bad ones.

And then the punning stopped. The problem burst upon me full blown during a fanwriting session. I reached a place in on article that cried out for a pun. A good one could turn an amusing paragraph into a roll on the floor comedic turn.

I couldn't think of anything. I was im-pun-tent. On reflection, I realized I hadn't made a written or verbal pun in weeks. That's carrying restraint too far.

Like a slumping baseball player, I began to push too hard. I'd warp an article to admit a hideous pun -- and then delete it in the final revision.

Conversation went no better. I'd start to utter some ghod-awful play on words and realize it was unworthy. Sometimes I stopped myself, sometimes I didn't.

My friends began looking at me funny. Then I heard the whispers. "He's lost it," said the wagging tongues of Las Vegas Fandom.

They weren't sympathetic, at least at first. "Here comes the ex-punster" they would say when I walked into a room. "Got any jous de mot for us," they taunted.

Maybe they were trying to jolly me out of

my punlessness. Whatever their motivation, my punning faculty remained frustratingly inert.

I knew I'd reached some kind of breakpoint when their scorn turn to pity. We were talking about the fan articles we all intended to write, when Joyce said to me, "Arnie, you're always so good at names. I need one for a faan fiction piece I'm thinking of doing about my incessant head colds."

"How about 'Sinus Fiction'?" I said immediately. For an instant, I felt the old confidence return. I could still launch one.

It was too easy. Then Joyce said, "That's so wonderful! I knew only you could think of such a punderful title!"

Now I was certain it was a set-up. You don't live with a woman for 23 years without learning something. She was faking all that heartiness and enthusiasm. She'd concocted the exchange to feed me a patently obvious pun opportunity, probably in hopes of stimulating my dormant faculty.

It make me feel better, but not for long. When more puns didn't follow, I grew desperate.

When someone mentioned a recently closed fast food joint, I said that eating there was like a sentence to burgatory. That was fine, except that Charlene Komar Kunkel Storey said it 20 years, and several surnames, ago.

I had sunk to recycling puns! Pardon, recycling stolen puns. All I needed to complete my degradation was an "I Pun for Food" sign and a spot in front of the next worldcon.

I tried everything to shake the malaise. I even attempted a Feghoot. The result seemed unusually vapid, even for that puerile medium.

Nothing goes right when you're slumping. Four days of labor produced one pun. And it wasn't usable, because it referred to a Vegas fandom *liaison dangereuse*. It was of interest only to the participants, possibly not even them. I couldn't imagine an appropriate written or spoken opportunity. The sad part is that I tried for 20 minutes.

Joyce put a consoling arm on my shoulder. Once again, she had watched me strain for a pun, the kind I once concocted so

effortlessly, and fail.

I sat there, hunched over with shame. Beads of sweat from my vain exertions dripped down my forehead.

"Maybe you're trying too hard," she offered.

"Trying too hard?" I repeated. "They don't happen by themselves. At least not to me."

"Maybe it's time to consider other alternatives," she said.

"Other alternatives?"

"You could stop making puns," she said tentatively.

"Never!" I was adamant.

"Well, have you considered Rehab?" Joyce looked away.

"What do you mean?"

"We could retrain you, like they do people after strokes or incapacitating accidents."

"We?"

"The Vegrants! They'll help you."

"They will?"

"We, your fannish students. must now turn teacher," she declared. "We'll get you up and punning in no time!"

"When could we start?" At that point, I would have tried anything.

"No time like the present!" She picked up the phone and started gathering the shiftless band.

Two hours later, they were sitting in the living room. Joyce patiently explained the problem. "Let me try first," she concluded, edging closer to me on the couch.

"OK, Arnie," she said in an especially low and soothing tone. "Let's try something simple.

"We will try to restimulate the roots of your punning power. I'll start the pun, and you finish it."

"I'm ready."

"My fingers are willing but my thumb..."

"... is recalcitrant!" I completed. It sounded good to me, but the way Raven flicked her bull whip in my direction suggested that it was not the answer they sought.

"Maybe that wasn't a good choice," Joyce said. "How about this: My father was a printer..."

"I thought your father was a railroad man?" I inquired.

"And you're getting off the track, Joyce snapped, stubbornly maintaining her train of thought. "You've got to cooperate if your

rehab is going to work. Now, My father was a printer..." I don't see why she had to pronounce each word so distinctly.

"... and mine managed a factory!"

"No, that is not correct, Arnie." she shook her head. "Give him three, Raven!"

By the time they brought me around, Joyce had regained her composure. "I hope that provides sufficient motivation. Begin again. My father was a printer and I have reverted..."

I laughed. "That's a good one!"

"He may be worse than we thought," Bill Kunkel blurted. Laurie Yates began crying.

"Shall I motivate him again?" Raven asked.

"Maybe later," said Ken Forman. "We don't want to tire you out before we motivate JoHn to write something for **Wild Heirs.**"

"We should try it again," Joyce said, "It'll work. I know it!" She returned her attention to me. "Now try very, very hard, Arnie.

"I really can't promise anything, Joyce," I said nervously. "After all, my father was a gourmet chef, and I'm addicted to tripe."

The room got very quiet.

"Did you hear that?" Bill asked.

"He made a pun!" Joyce marvelled. Laurie Yates wept for joy.

I had made a pun. Not my best work, granted, but a definite pun. In my agitated state, my subconscious mind had taken over and created a minor witticism. "Am I cured?"

"...like the big ham you are..." JoHn muttered.

"No, Arnie, rehabilitation is not accomplished in an instant," Joyce explained. "But you have had a wonderful success, possibly even a break through."

"I want to get well. I want to walk in the fannish sunlight again."

"Then we have work to do," said Joyce with new resolve. "Try the one we started before. My father was a printer and I..."

"...have reverted..."

"Go on, go on," Ken prompted.

"You can do it, Big Guy, you can do it," seconded Bill.

"...reverted to... to..." It was agonizingly close. I knew there was something I was supposed to say, some type of remark. Wait! That was it! "... reverted to type!"

"That's wonderful!" Joyce said.

"Repeating an old pun doesn't seem like

much to me," I said. "I guess I can't help plagiarizing Himself."

"Why is that?" Bill said.

"Because my father was a printer, and I'm just a copy Katz!"

Joy reigned among the Vegrants. I had climbed, haltingly to be sure, over the first hurdle.

"Arnie, that was wonderful," Joyce said. "You're on the way back."

"Willis would have been proud to make that pun," Ken said.

"He would have been silly to make it," Joyce corrected. "Who ever heard of a 'copy Willis'?"

Laurie began to cry again. This time, I felt like joining her.

"This is the big step, Arnie," Joyce encouraged. "See if you can make a premeditated pun."

A solo flight already? The hair at the back of my neck stiffened. Every eye was on me.

"My father was... was...." I had to think of a profession. "My father pitched for a baseball team, and I..."

"...and you?...." I felt like Joyce was attempting to will the words into my mouth. I had to do it. I couldn't let her down. I couldn't disappoint the legion of eager young neofans who had only recently looked to me as the font of fannish humor.

"My father pitched for a baseball team, but I've struck out on my own," I said. There was polite laughter. Well, that might be stretching the point. A couple of them coughed convivially.

"That was good, Arnie," Joyce assured me.

"More universality," Bill offered. "Willis,

White, and Shaw may not get the baseball reference.

"Maybe he should lie down, gather his strength," Laurie said.

"No," I told her. "I need to go on."

"Concentrate hard, and pull out all the stops!" Raven ordered.

"I can't do it any other way," I said. "My father was a dry cleaner, and I'm always pressing."

"Did you hear that?" Joyce said to the others. "Did you hear that?"

"Not vintage, but a definite play on words," JoHN Hardin judged. I knew he spoke for all of them.

"It's a breakthrough! He's made a breakthrough," Joyce exulted. "We've got to build on that." She fixed me with a resolute stare. "All right, Arnie, give us another one."

"My father was a composer, but I've done nothing of note!" The sound of groans and laughter lifted the invisible weight from my shoulders.

"By Ghu, I think he's got it!" said Moshe Feder, no doubt surprised to find himself in what seemed to be a serious, or at least dull, article. Fortunately, he had the presence of

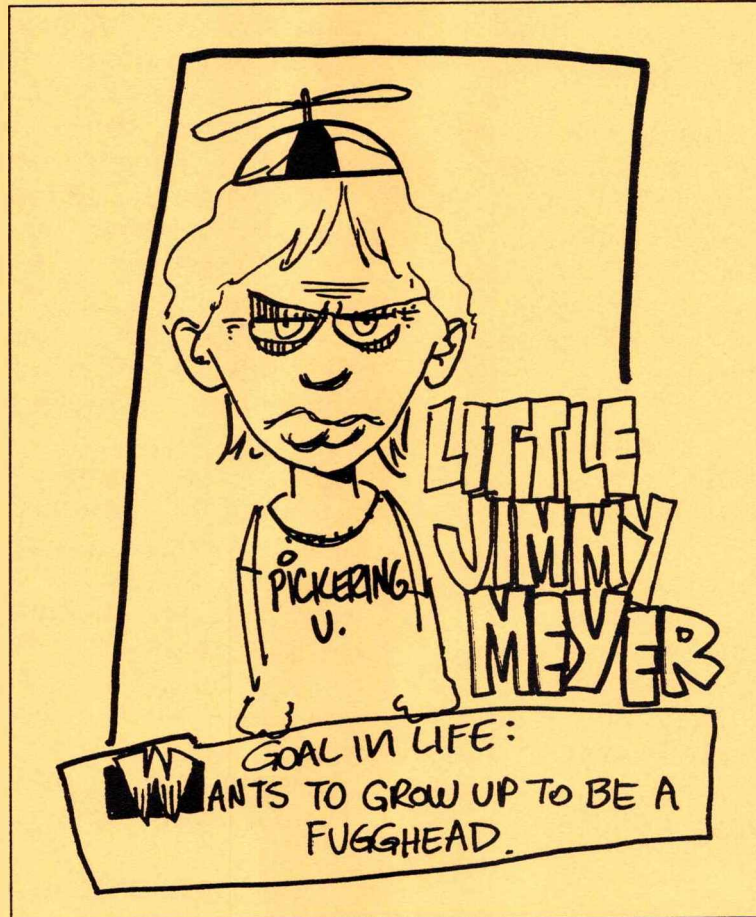
mind to perform an a capella version of "The Pun That's Fun Shines Brighter Than the Sun."

"He's got it! He's got it!" the Vegrants chorused.

Moshe's sudden appearance didn't faze these veterans of more than two years of Katzian fan-literary madness.

I left during intermission, booted up the word processor and wrote this article.

And to those who feel cheated that I didn't print the entire second act of this mythical version of "My Fair Femmefan", I say: "My father was a sculptor, but I'm just a chiseler.



PUNdit

*My Father Was in Public Relations
and I've Reverted to Hype*

By Bill Kunkel

Okay, in the first place, this is **all** Arnie Katz's fault.

I don't usually do puns or feghoots or any of that stuff. Alliteration is my literary weakness. I'm driven by a demoniac desire to desecrate my delivery with this dreadful device, and I don't dare defy destiny by demuring.

But puns? "Do you have a yen for the Orient?" used to be about my limit.

Then Arnie sat a bunch of us down and read a riotous report on his lost ability to produce puns. In case you haven't read it already, please do so now. I'll wait...

Okay? So now you know how he plays around with that classic line: "My father was a printer and I've reverted to type." It's a great piece, and he uses it brilliantly, coming up with several more pretty good examples before finishing up. However, after reading one of those "My father was..." lines, I pointed out: "You already used that one, Arn."

He stopped for a second, thinking. "So I did," he decided, thumbing backwards. "I'll have to come up with another one."

Now it's much later. I've taken a swim and absorbed a sufficient quantity of ultraviolet light, had a nice meal, and was enjoying an after-dinner doobie when I decided to give my best friend of two-plus decades a hand. So I took out my pad and wrote down the immortal line:

"My father was a printer and I've reverted to type."

Perfect. A jewel. I couldn't hope to top it, so at first I simply tried to produce something in a similar vein.

"My father was an... undertaker --" I started, looking to Laurie and Rachael for assistance.

"And I help him bury people!" Rachael offered.

I realized help would not be forthcoming from the peanut gallery. Arnie's bitter lessons had taught me nothing.

"My father was an undertaker," I continued manfully, "and I've always been a big stiff."

I searched the room for a reaction, but I got the impression they liked Rachael's better. But I'm no quitter, so I tried again. This time out, I decided to go for the second half first, and then graft a paternal occupation onto it. This produced better results.

"My father was a detective," I ventured, "but I've never had a clue."

Aha! This time I could see the barest trace of a smile gracing my audiences' lips. I was moving in the right direction. Emboldened, I attempted another.

"My father worked for the Gas Company, but I'm just an old fart."

This wasn't lighting them up, so I immediately dove into another entry: "My father was a policeman and I've never been able to resist a great bust!"

I was rolling now. They were still watching "Current Affair" but when I delivered these witticisms, they didn't look at me like I was interfering with the TV.

"My father dug septic tanks, and I've always been in deep shit."

God, I couldn't stop. I was out of control.

"MY FATHER WAS A BANDLEADER," I was screaming suddenly, as worried looks crossed the ladies' faces. Laurie was edging toward the telephone. "BUT I'VE NEVER KNOWN HOW TO CONDUCT MYSELF!"

Now I sit here in this room with the nice, soft walls. They give me excellent pills every day but won't let me smoke. They also give me paper and crayons, but nothing too sharp and all day long I write things like: "My father was a vampire hunter, but I've never

developed a taste for stake." For a while I thought they were going to release me, but then they found the paper under my mattress. I think the entry that bothered them was the one that went: "My father was a cereal killer and I've always been a bit of a flake." But it's hard to be sure.

Anyway, I just wanted to let you all know that this is Arnie Katz's fault. It's all his doing. But then his father made envelopes and he's never known how to fit in.***

Dither

A column by Ross Chamberlain

Fandom (fan'•dum) *n.* A loose community of special interests.

I once wrote a segment of a fan article no, it was a letter of comment, to Stu Shiffman purporting to be from an alternate universe (Stu's really into playing with alternate universe stuff, or at least he used to be). I wish I had it handy. I made up a few words for it—a Gauschwau duper was the equivalent of a Gestetner mimeo, as I recall. But the word for fan was *dev* (devotee) and things could be *devvish*. I wish I could remember other neologisms and aspects of the thing. I got into oddities of spelling, word-derivation and sentence construction and the like, so much so that it took some deciphering. I may have overdone it. The entire reaction from Stu was: "What?"

At that point, I had a sense that the devvish ethos was pretty similar to ours within a world that had gone awry from ours quite some time back—the language had more German and Spanish elements or roots in it, for one thing (because those are the two languages I had in high school). I think that its fandom (devdom doesn't seem quite right, maybe it was something like devheit) was perhaps a little earlier in its development than ours but not as early as First Fandom or today's electronic gaming fandom. It was still pretty much an unacknowledged subculture (hmm—*devnation* occurs to me, though I doubt me that was what I called it then). Of course, dev lent itself to punnish possibilities with "devilish" and the like, so that I felt that the mundane aspects of that world would see devs as having more of a mischievous side than I think ours does or did, and that devs would quite happily live up

to it. (Not that our fans could ever be so considered oh, no!) The devvish Ray Nelson might have drawn fans with horned propeller beanies... Rotsler—probably no different.

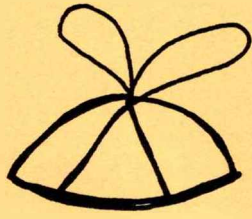
But devs would be just as independent and resistant to over-organization as we are (and overdoing it when not), getting together on projects that have inner, devvish-related significance (*à la* TAFF or a convention) rather than of social or pragmatic import. Degler aside, fans were never an advocacy group.

I'm not sure if devs thought of themselves as the equivalent of Slans. Fans—our fans—tend to be social elitists (we're all elite together, but some are more elite than others...), I think. Devs aren't necessarily particularly inclined toward embracing the lowest common denominator concept either, but in that world I think democracy and consensus were a little harder won and achieving them a little more recently part of the human struggle. They have less patience for divisiveness. Oh, there are BNFs and WKF's of sorts—I suppose that should be BNDs and WNDs (their spelling reforms eliminated silent "k"s), but devs don't really feel the need to distinguish them as a class. *Novadevs* (neofen) are simply new fans who don't yet know the jargon and some of the devvish traditions. And so on I'm not saying their world is better; either, just alternate. Besides, as long as I'm making it up...

My experience with fandom is largely one of constant surprise at my acceptance. I've been less responsive to its embrace than is reasonable, quite unconscious of why I should be resistant but nevertheless pensive about it. Sooner or later you guys'll find me out. I've mentioned before that when Art Widner introduced me among the well-known fans at SilverCon a couple of years ago I was astonished and floating on a natural high for quite some time thereafter. Concentrated Egoboo. Heady stuff! Especially for a self-styled fringefan.

Yet I've had fun over the years, all in all. Certainly I've enjoyed participating in the personal journalism aspects of fandom as well as sharing space at gatherings like the Vegrants and, in olden days, FISTFA, the Insurgents and the various incarnations of the Fanoclasts. I look back in wonder at some of the things I've created as fanac; superior, many, to anything I've done lately. (But then, those are the things that have survived; I guess there were bunches that belong to Sturgeon's 90%.)

On that cheerful note, 'bye for now!



Touched by the Spirit

By Joyce Worley

I have few regrets about fandom. I regret my gafiation; I regret a bitter fan feud; and I regret that I don't have time to complete every fannish project I'd like to do.

But my biggest regret about fandom is that I didn't find it sooner. And, it wasn't for lack of hunting.

I got wind of fandom in 1952-53. Carol Ann Fisher, my classmate and friend, had a weird older brother named Duggie. Once when I was visiting her house, Duggie told me about his fanzine. I wrote poetry back then (an affliction that lasted for years), and he asked me to let him see some with an eye to publishing it in **ODD**.

But I was 13, and though I thought many time about his offer to publish my poetry, it just never happened. I quit hanging around with Carol; he gafiated about that time, and even though the idea of fandom was planted in my mind, I heard nothing about it again until 1956, when I was 17.

Seventeen, and fresh from highschool,

and that's when I ran into Duggie again. This time the relationship took. We were married that summer.

In the months to come, I met Max Keasler and Bob Jacobs and Jackie Dean Clark. I read all of their zines, plus others that Duggie had in his collection. There were, in addition to the Poplar Bluff crew's zines, others from the 40's and early to mid- 50's. So I read **FanVariety**, **Oopsla**, **Slant**, and (the most important one of all, to me) **Quandry**.

I liked it all quite a bit. I loved the cross-talk between fanzines. It didn't take much reading for me to realize there was a real society of literati here. I'd read remarks by Shelby Vick in one zine, a reply from Lee Hoffman in another, letters from Walt Willis in a third. Bob Tucker was there, too, spreading wit all around, often as not with Bloch responding to every quip with one of his own. This was great stuff.

I was intrigued. It was, in fact, beyond mere intrigue, and I developed a passion to be part of this crew.

But Duggie was gafia, and even Max Keasler had dropped out by this time. I'd make wistful remarks about "joining fandom", and Dug would shrug me off with "maybe someday".

This unrequited love affair with fandom went on for years. It wasn't that I thought about it every minute. But it was always there. I'd get out the zines, and read Lee's stuff, and



dream that I could be like her. I longed to be part of that easy chatter, and to publish my own clever banter.

I read some articles by Burbee; one described a bookstore that I had often visited, though I never met him or anyone else there.

I had another especially close call in LA's Pickwick Books. The proprietor noted my choices over several visits, and said, "I know some other people who like that stuff." You're probably thinking: someone from Lasfs, right? No such luck: Turned out to be Betty McCann, a woman who'd read your past lives for \$35.

One bright day (I'm sure the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the daffodils must have been in bloom) Duggie and I were touring the St. Louis bookstores. I was pouring over the s.f. books, when I noticed a well-dressed middle-aged gent browsing the same section. I went to Duggie and pointed him out: "Do you think he might know where fandom is?" I asked. "I don't know," Dug said. "Why don't you ask him."

I'll never know why Jim Hall caught my attention. Certainly there was nothing remarkable in his behavior or attire. I guess it must have been his Sensitive Fannish Face.

But when I asked, Jim actually told me, "No" and my heart sunk for the thousandth time. Then he said the words that shaped the rest of my adult life: "But my son does."

Were there choruses of angelic hosts? Did flashes of light cascade before my eyes like a psychedelic fountain? Did trumpets sound, drums bang madly,? Were there Bird-like choruses of twittering tones?

Oh, yeah. Looking back on it, I'm certain there was all that and more.

(Actually, the Spirit of Trufandom descended from the sky and laid the tip of her wand on my forehead, and said, 'Thou Art Fan: Go Thou and Pub Thy Ish.' Believe it. I

didn't really notice her at that time, but in time's mirror I see the reflection of that event.)

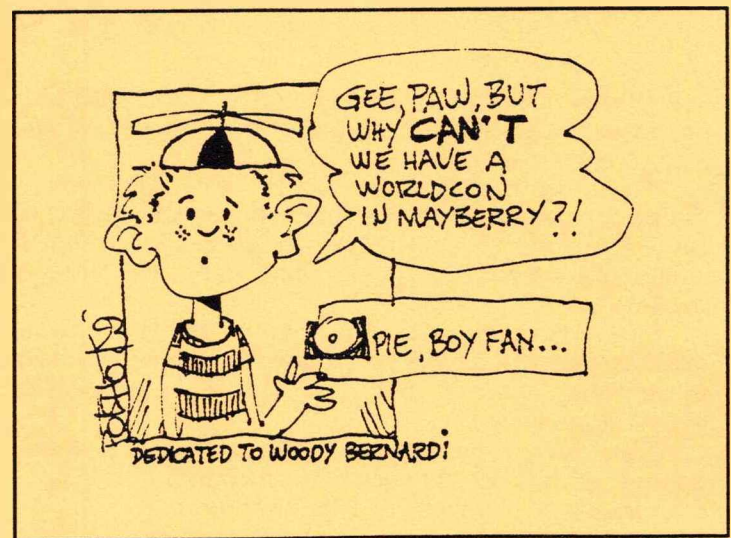
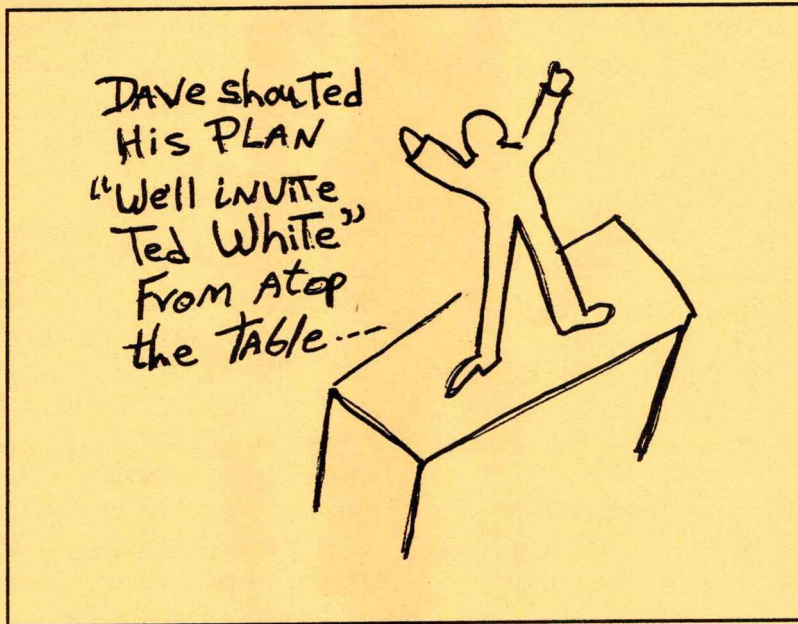
Jim Hall passed our name and number to Dave Hall. Dave called and invited us to his house on a not too distant Sunday afternoon. When we got there, we learned that they had called all the other science fiction readers Dave and his dad knew. There was Harold Steele and his son Jack: both avid

readers and anxious to be part of a club. There was Rich Wannan, and Paul Gilster, and one or two others. And there was Hank Luttrell.

That was the founding day of St. Louis' science fiction club, OSFA (the Ozark Science Fiction Association).

Dave had fanzines... apazines from various Southern fans. I wrote to every address and gradually a few began to arrive. And I wrote letters of comment to every one of them that came.

Almost from the first meeting, the OSFAns wanted to give a convention. "Let's ask Ted White," said Dave Hall. I think he jumped atop the coffee table in his parent's home, so great was his excitement at what he had just proposed. "I read in a fanzine that he's been



traveling around the country, promoting a worldcon bid."

Ted was the GoH at Ozarkon 1 in 1966, and the first active fanzine fan I ever actually met, outside of our local circle.

At this point in my life I seldom spoke to anyone I didn't know well, and only wrote poetry. I was the typical half-invisible hippie chick standing beside her more outgoing spouse. It's never been clear in my mind whether Ted actually remembers me from that convention, or only my shadow.

But, in a way, meeting Ted marks the true end of my long search. After all those years, I was finally in contact with current, national, active, fanzine fandom.

I like almost everything about fanzine fandom. I like the smell of the paper and ink, the sound of the mimeo. Before they were

done automatically, I loved to type mailing labels; I'd linger over every name and think of who they were, and what they'd done. It was a sort of visit with friends.

I like the relationship I have with the page of paper (and even better the relationship with a screen of wordprocessing.) I like the freedom...

Creating a fanzine is such a flurry of unfetteredness. I can throw away the shields of professionalism, and just spew my personal feelings all over the place.

But, the thing that over shadows all the joys of self-publishing, is the community. I have never lost that fine feeling I had when I read Hoffman and Vick, Tucker and Bloch, Burbee and Laney, Willis and Shaw.

And their fannish beanies are as beautiful as diamonds to me. •••

Chuchy's Cheque-mate

From a letter by

**Charles
Randolph
Harris**

Well now, I've just been down to the bank and pid your cheque, (that's the Chuque Cheque you sent over) into th copier account.

It was fun,too. There were a lot of people there queueing up to draw out money so they could buy all the leftover Merrie Rubbish in the post-Christmas sales, and my old enemy, horrible Hetty, was the clerk on duty.

She took one look at the cheque. "Is that Churchy or Chuch as the payee... and anyway, it will have to go to the Head Office at at Rugby," she said. "We don't do conversions here.:"

There was a sudden hush from all of the people behind me. You could see them thinking: "Churchy... conversions?...Conversions? Is that some sort of

religious maniac Up Front, eager for admittance to the Holy and Apostolic with a free foreskin transplant and a quick dip in the Jordan water on the National Health Service? Disgusting! There ought to be a law against it!"

"Er, it's 'Chuch'," I said, getting a little bit flustered. "It's a sort of pet name -- it comes from 'Cherchez la Femme'." ((The last thing I wanted to do in front of all thee people was get involved with fandom, Lee Hoffman and the Pogo Possum mythos, and try to explain why I was named after a turtle...""Joyce Katz, in Las Vegas, who signed the cheque, only knows me by that name.""

"Ah," whispered the audience, "a French religious maniac! Perverts... eat frogs... and all gangsters in Las Vegas like *The Godfather* on on TV last night... I'll just bet he's got a a gun in that plastic Sainbury's shopping bag, too."

"Well," said Hetty, "sign the cheque with your er, Pet Name and the form with your Real Name, and I'll send it to Rugby... but I still can't see why she thinks of you as a Church."

(And, -- I'm sorry Joyce, but when you eventually get to Daventry, perhaps you'd better stay out of Barclay's Bank, where you are known as a Fallen Woman...)

"No," I said, "shedoesn't think of me as a Church, Hetty... just a steeple!"

And plain as plain, one of those dialogue balloons appeared over Hetty's head, and it sdaid: "**Phallic Symbol...Wow!!!!!!**"

The crowd behind me parted like the Red Sea. Themen stared enviously, and the women scrambled for my autograph and phonenumber.

"Yes," said Susan proudly as we left the bank. z you Inpe. drcu-generians are *really* the best!"

And as always, my Mom -- hi there, Geri -- had the last words: "Dream on, little dreamer."

Sercon Navigation

A column by Tom Springer

The Younger Generation

Vegas Fandom has taken casualties. Commitments, vows, and rings were fired with abandon in a shootout during that gland swelling time of year when the scent lingers deep in your throat and your mind is clouded with pink shades of love, a time in Vegas Fandom that, I think, should be mentioned.

After reading Laney's Ah Sweet Idiocy and Forry Ackerman's take on "fans and women", what kind of reception would our marrying fen receive? Bill and Lauri, JoHn and Karla, Ben and Cathy, and Peggy and Tom are all entering into those most holy of vows (which are commonly disregarded after the first two months.) unbeknownst to them, probably on some level, incurring Forry Ackerman's wrath. Or disappointment, I'm not quite sure since I don't have a copy of Ah Sweet Idiocy lying around, but Laney has convinced me that Ackerman would have **some** things to say about these upcoming marriages.

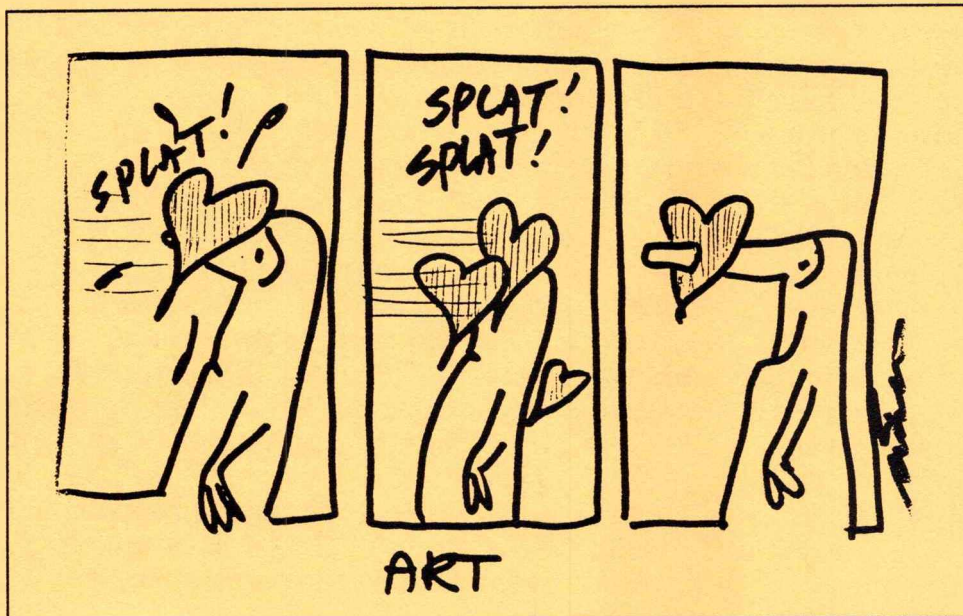
This is undoubtedly history in the making, four couples (four fans) announcing plans to spend the rest of their lives together, all within a year, here in Las Vegas. Has this sort of marrying spree happened before? Is this how fans find their mates, during a reckless period of time in which hearts are promised

and hormones run unchecked? At today's Vegrant meeting should somebody be standing by the door when they arrive at Arnie and Joyce's to hand out little notes of disappointment in regards to their fannish priorities?

These thoughts are spurred by Laney's characterizations of Forry Ackerman and times long past, stories and fan history that distances me from all that is fandom by the years and timebinding that many of these 40+ year old fans have shared. I'll never know Laney or any of the people he wrote about in Ah Sweet Idiocy (fortunately I met Burbee in time). I'll never be able to speak

about them like Arnie and Joyce, or Burbee, Ted White, Harry Warner, Don Fitch, Jack Speer, or rich brown (I'm sure I'm erroneously mixing generations here), I'm just not on that level, and don't expect to be any time soon. I imagine I'll be talking about Arnie and Joyce and other fans of their generation just like they talk about the fans before them.

Mike McInerney wrote to Eric Lindsay in Gegenschein #71, "I'm 50 now and most of the fans who were active during the '60's when i was most



active are 50+. It's only natural that people who have known each other for so long tend to gather together to have cons or parties. I'm sure young fans are welcome, but they might feel a little out of place since they won't have as many shared memories. Some fans worry about new blood - they mean new blood that respects and cares about the old days and the old ways. It's natural to want to preserve traditions and histories of our past doings - most religions do this sort of thing. It's also natural for new blood to want its own traditions." This is just the sort of thing I'm talking about.

I agree with Mike that "younger fans might feel a little out of place since they won't have as many shared memories..." at these parties and cons, or for that matter in fandom, but I don't think this hobby can become so specific as to become isolationist. Social skills, intelligence, humor, and conversational skills (being able to write is essential, you don't have to be very good (and don't expect people to think you are), but you should produce) are, I think, mitigating factors in what one would call a successful fan. If fandom is a hobby in friendship (and a lot of factors point in that direction), than even new young fans can make their way through a 40+ year old party with some success without feeling too out of place or foolish.

And let's face it, when you have Arnie and Joyce Katz guiding you on your journey, making your introductions, and advising you on subjects unfamiliar, it's hard to feel too "out of place". Just as Las Vegas has been home to infamous names like Jerry Rosselli, Moe Dalitz, and Anthony Spilatro, it now sports the likes of Vegas Fandom's mentors; Arnie Katz and Joyce Worley Katz who have met the onerous task with consummate grace.

It is history in the making, and it has been duly noted. After Ben's wedding at Corflu '95, where Burbee will be giving away yet another beautiful young lady, I will keep my ears open to hear what everyone has to say. I'm sure I'll be able to get Arnie's take on the whole thing, and perhaps I can ask Burb what he thinks of it, and then I'll corner Andy Hooper and round out the poll. Then perhaps I'll have answers to all of my questions and I won't have to write Forry Ackerman about all this.

Our Hobby

I'm was just sitting there in my office

writing about fandom (coincidentally the topic for the February distribution of our Apa V) and getting what I thought to be a pretty good line on it. I hadn't so much as nailed down what "it was all about", but had more like corralled a few of the things I had already gratefully confirmed. And like I said, getting a pretty good line on it, when I see a familiar gray blue car motor up the hill. Ben, and as I look through the windowed door, Cathy, emerge from the vehicle with rosy cheeked grins splashed across their faces. Immediately I regret not bringing my leaf filled Christmas tin, and stand by to greet my two traveling friends.

This thought of "no grass", sitting curled on my tongue makes a break for it as I lament my current situation. Ben happily assures me that it's not a problem and asks Cathy if she could "please get my box from the car?"

I mean, here I am, sweating this piece about fandom that's due tomorrow at the Vegrant meeting, when out of the blue Ben and Cathy walk into my office with a joint. Essentially, the word "delight" definitively describes my emotional/mental state at this time. So, we grab softdrinks all around and adjourn to the front steps of my sales trailer where we bask in the seventy-six degree weather and watch our smoke drift on the skin cooling breeze

So much for writer's block.

Now this is an aspect of fandom that I really enjoy. I like to smoke grass and so do most of the fans I've met and now know. Which makes it an all around excellent situation to be in when at any time good conversation could come walking through the door. I don't know whether it's a minority or a majority, I'm sure it can be argued either way, but there's definitely a population of grass smokers to found in fandom.

I think we all practice our hobby with discretion, I don't see a lot of writing including said herb, unless it's briefly mentioned or couched in some form of artistically crafted verbal camouflage. I've also seen several "legalize" illos which I enjoyed very much, but all and all, our illegal little hobby is mostly kept under wraps, and probably just as well.

Still, I sure would like to see more about that stuff we smoke, it's certainly a part of fandom I very much enjoy. •••

There comes a time in the life of every fan when they pause to consider what it all means to them. I'm not sure what brought on this moment of self-reflection, unless it's the fact that "fandom" was the subject for the February APA-V distribution, and Arnie always looks at me so pitifully when I miss contributing to the group of which I am currently Official Editor.

To me, fandom is Willis, Burbee, Laney and Rotsler cartoons and Potshot illos and the occasional ©Ross drawing.

Fandom is a series of hilarious stories about people I've never met, but feel I know. Fandom is fanzines: Blat, Glitz, Folly, Habbakuk, Nine Lines Each, Apparatchik, Dalmatian Alley and Brodie. Fandom is reading the Incomplete Burbee, and realizing why the man is venerated among fen. Fandom is dinky little science fiction clubs and the fans who love them. Fandom is getting sercon with Ted White at SilverCon, and the exhilaration of throwing a good convention. Fandom is the struggle to write and pub yer ish.

Fandom is about friendship. There's the story of the convention that asked people why they came to conventions. Among the list of things they thought attracted people, like parties and masquerades and dealers' rooms, one write-in answer overwhelmed them: friends. Fandom is making friends, and learning how to socialize and how to stop being a social retard.

Fandom is the paradox between the idealistic belief that anybody who reads science fiction must be a brother under the skin and undeniable hate and disgust for FOSFAX, and White Trash and any number of British fuggheads, regardless that they may be brothers.

It's about staying up too late and talking about everything and anything that comes into your head. It's living in Las Vegas' first slan shack and being the center of fanactivity for everyone you know. It's meeting the right girl and falling in love and getting married fast enough to make your head spin.

Fandom is Tom Springer in a sarong and nobody noticing, and Harry Andrushack in a kilt and everybody noticing. It doesn't seem fair, but somehow it seems right.

Fandom is weird pins and buttons on funny clothes, topped with a propeller beanie. Fandom is shaking your head at the 200 pound woman in the chainmail bikini and laughing about it with your friends who are wearing sarongs and kilts. Fandom is the comforting thought that if I haven't seen it all before in fandom, at least Jack Speer has.

Fandom is deftly sidestepping a charging Klingon lupine and ducking into suite 1812. Fandom is writing more LoC's in my head than I have ever put on paper. Fandom is writing my APA-Vzine at the last moment (as always) and hoping it's good enough.

Fandom is recognizing Spring in the air and knowing that Corflu isn't far off; knowing that another magnificent, ghoddam hot summer is on the way, and looking forward to all of it.

Fandom is new things and new ideas. Fandom is tradition and revering our fancestors. The Fandom I love walks the thin line between the two. ...

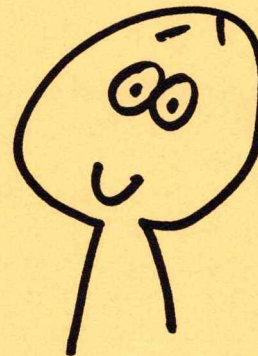
Musings

of a

Slow

Collator

By
John Hardin



IDEA ON THE WAY

FANDOOM

More Reflections on the Fannish Condition

By Ben Wilson

What is fandom? OK. so I've used that line as a starter in other articles, but the question still lingers. People have given me numerous answers to this unsolved mystery. Even now, I sit here, looking at a good size stack of Ken's asking that dreaded question. Flipping through them I find articles by Arnie, Ted White and Burby describing what fandom is, was and should be. The basic belief is all the same, socialization with other people, with similar likes. And basically that's what the dictionary says, also. Each has a different view as how fannish energy should be expressed, or so it seems to me from the different articles I've read. I guess I'll just find out the hard way which is the correct way for me. (hoping not to become a fugghead in the mean time)

If fandom is all that everyone has told me, I have a lot to look forward to. I've asked myself several times "What am I looking for in fandom?" I'm hoping to find just a few things, most of all some new friends. Although some writing skills would definitely be another.

Fandom, what a trip. I know I'm new and have a lot to learn (about fandom and writing). But I do have to say I shouldn't have too much trouble, what with all the Vegrants and out of town guests that visit. Not that many outside of Vegas know who the hell I am but after CorFlu that will be changed.

CorFlu Vegas will defiantly be an event I'll remember for the rest of my life. Yea the con might actually be that good and I actually hope that I'll remember it. The part that I won't forget is that I'll be getting married at CorFlu.

At this time my plans are coming together very nicely, it should be really special. Charles Burbee will be giving the bride away. (Thank You Burbee) My best man is, I hope,

Ken Forman. Also, standing up with me will be Arnie Katz, and Ted White. Joyce and Arnie are looking into finding a fan minister to marry us. The female side I'm not as sure as to who will be included Cathi has the reigns on that side but I'm sure that it'll be a fun event. I'm inviting all to show.

My true introduction to Fandom, I'm sure, lies in the clouded regions of my mind. I'm sure of this, because I can't remember the moment. Either it lies there dormant, or I've been reeled in so slowly and gradually I didn't notice..

Both are possible, I suppose. My first recollection of being a fan of fandom, is standing around talking to a group of Vegrants, doing what Vegrants do so well. I don't recall what or who the actual conversation was about, but somewhere in the middle of it, Arnie turn to me and actually got a serious look on his face.

"Welcome to Fandom, Ben." he said.

I was surprised. All I could croak out was "Thanks!?"

Later in the evening I cornered Ken Forman to tell me what fandom is. I haven't been the same since.

I know now, my first few months of fandom were blessed. I got to meet Ted White, Charles Burby, Andy Hooper, the Benfords and many, many more. I expect the next few months will be slow for meeting any other fens, but when April rolls around I'll need a note pad I'm sure.***

Ben's introduction to Corflu will also be his introduction to matrimony. He and his ladylove Cathy plan to wed at Corflu Vegas on Friday night. The all-fannish cast features Ken Forman as Best Man, Charles Burbee giving away the bride, Arnie Katz and Ted White as witnesses and Raven officiating as minister.

I found fandom when I made friends with a tall patron (Ross) of the restaurant that I worked in. He would come in each day to grab a sandwich and leave; we spoke and I learned that he did not eat well at home and I demanded that he make time to sit and have a hot lunch—he did and sixteen years later we got married. But, I am getting ahead of myself.

It was about a year after I met Ross that I needed an apartment and there was one in the building that he lived in, so now I saw him at lunch and in the evenings. It was the end of summer and I was about to have my 21st birthday; Ross was helping with the arrangements for a science fiction convention and busy, but he asked me if I would like to go. I said yes.

I would go down to his apartment each week to watch Star Trek and other offerings on the T.V. that were in any way fiction or SF. I had seen every movie I could on the SF theme, but I was not a reader. I had gone to several fandom gatherings with Ross and I felt a little out of place at first. I had no idea what they were talking about most of the time. Later I was to find out that they did not either.

Back to the weekend of my 21st, we walked into the hotel in New York City that had been taken over by NYCon 3 and I knew that I had been transported into another world! There were costumed people of every type. There were artists, writers, actors, collectors, and the sellers of items that I thought one could not buy. There were hundreds of fans who wanted you to have a copy of their "fanzine" and many more who wanted to know what one I wrote in.

I saw people covered with pins from all over the world and others covered with pins that all spoke of winning the next world-con. I met so many that I will never remember them all, and some that I will never forget.

I was learning that the fans were as different within their group as any I had been in before. It took me a long time to realize this, maybe because I feared too much contact with people who read the volumes that these people did.

We saw a movie. I do not remember which one. We saw a new Star Trek show before it aired on the T.V. as well as about an hour of out-takes from the show. We saw a costume

NYCon 3

Memoriest

By Joy-Lind Chamberlain

show with some of the oddest shaped Federation officers ever assembled. We went to a dinner and listened to a much too long joke that no one would ask to be stopped and then to the speaker, Lester DelRay.

There were Hugo awards presented and predictions for the future (most of which have not come true) given. What I remember the most was a nice young fellow who gave me a button which to this day I cannot read. I am told it says "Frodo lives" in Elvish. Now, if that is not what it says then I have to seriously rethink the idea of wearing something that I cannot read, but no SF fan would tell me an untruth, right? Also standing out in my memories was the way the fans in general were open to the new to the world of fandom as well as their old friends. It was so easy to join into conversations and feel comfortable with total strangers.

With all of the parties and good weather as well as the high spirits, the weekend of my 21st birthday was one to remember.

I have to say that as a first SF fandom convention, a world-con is not the best to go to. It was not the lack of anything but rather the over amount of everything. In the next few years I went to some other fandom conventions in New York, they were dull by comparison. I know that local and international are bound to be different but I

so enjoyed the life and energy of NYCon 3.

For a while I wrote in an APAzine, my offering was called "MeOne" for it was my first. I went to a few more local gatherings but I was becoming disenchanted with the big city life.

At last I moved from New York to the mountains of Virginia and then to Boston. One day Ross called and said that he was coming to Boston for another world-con! I was overjoyed. I do not remember the year, in the early 80's or so. It had been about 14 or 15 years since NY and I was ready! I was not disappointed!

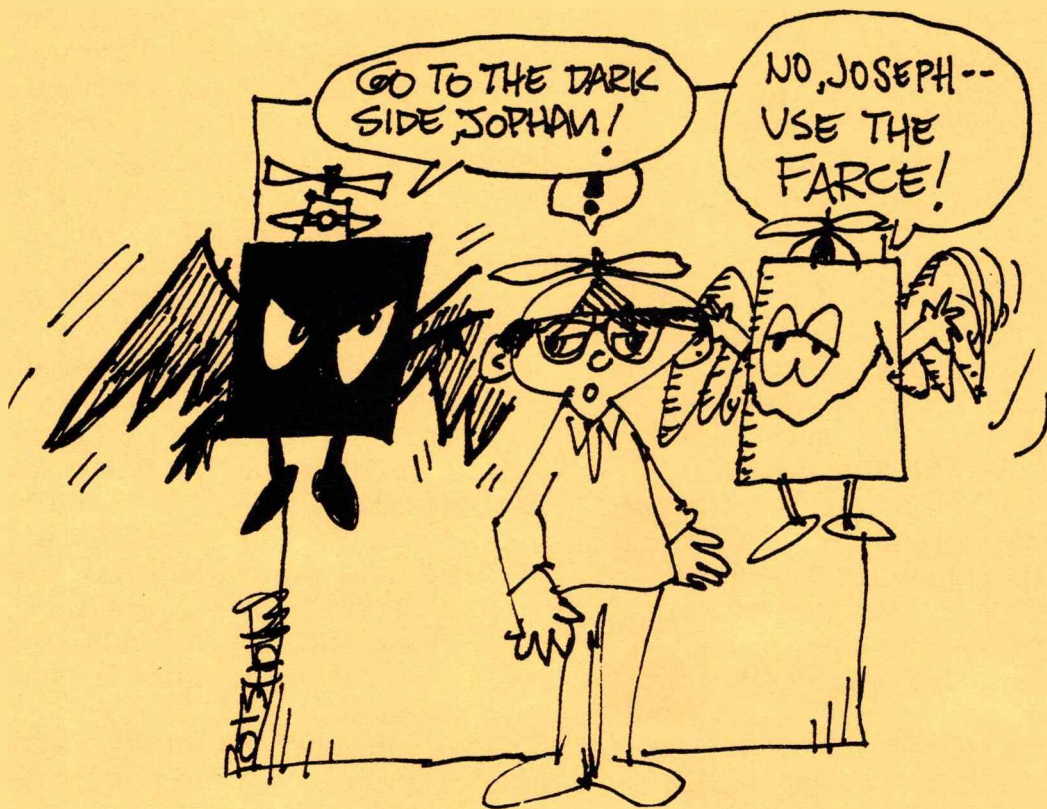
Again the place was filled with costumed people, but this time they added a "Dr. Who," whoever that was (I do know now). The fanzines were slicker and there were fewer of them. The buttons were everywhere and the politicking for future world-con's was everywhere. I got a set of SF Tarot cards which had the art work of many of the best SF artists (Ross did the four of Cups). I even saw the Movie "Bambi Meets Godzilla" for the first time. Behind it all this was the same spirit of fun that I had felt at my first world-con and I was so happy. (It was also nice to see Ross again!)

It was a year or more later that Ross and I wed. From NY and Boston we moved to Ohio.

Our fan life was stifled there for we found no groups to meet with. I heard that there was a Star Trek group and in the same breath was told that they were lacking in any sense of fun. All play and no fun make . . . so I never made contact. This might have been the end of my brush with fandom, but then Ross was offered the chance to transfer to the west side of the country and here in Las Vegas fandom is alive and well. Ross has been dismayed that I have not gone to any to the local SF conventions, but I have been saving myself up for a world-con to come to Las Vegas.

At the beginning of this offering I called myself "a fan of oddness." I often still feel this way. I do not read well. Therefore, I get my SF from the audio and visual formats. I feel I miss a lot. I also still like Star Trek and its branch-offs. This is not so popular with all of the fans here in Las Vegas. It feels odd when I realize that I am not taken as a serious fan by those around me. I love to write and would be more involved if I felt like I fit in. It will come in time . . . until then I will keep chuckling and enjoying the things that make me do so.

Fandom is a neat thing to be involved with. It helps make reality fit into the realm of acceptance, within a world gone mad for power.



FIJAGH, Dear FIJAGH

By Ken Forman

When the phone rang that morning, six years ago, I wasn't prepared to talk, much less to embark on an adventure that will last the rest of my life.

Ring...ring...ring

Slowly I reached up, out of my slumber, to pick up the phone and stop that infernal ringing.

"Ah...hello?" I asked sluggishly.

"Hello. Is this Ken Forman from SNAFFU?" a deep but cheerful voice asked.

"Ah...yes," I answered, "how can I help you?"

"My name is Arnie Katz, and I heard you are part of a local science fiction club."

"Ah...yes. Do you like science fiction?"

"Well, actually I publish fanzines, but I like science fiction, too."

My mind was racing laggardly, "I'm sure I've heard of that name, somewhere, and didn't he say 'publish'?"

"Hi Arnie. Your name sounds familiar to me. I'm sure I've read something by you in the past."

And thus started my journey into fanzine fandom. I'd heard of fanzines before, but I didn't have a clue what they were or what fanzine fandom was all about.

My first real convention was IguanaCon, the Phoenix World Convention in 1978 that was so successfully screwed up by the Phoenix fans that a stigma still surrounds Phoenix fandom. (By the by, Pat Virzi once told me that it was her first convention, too.) I was just out of high school and just out of my parent's house. Oh, how I wish I had accidentally tripped over any of the fans that were there. Harlan Ellison was the guest of honor, but he was his old vitriolic self and unapproachable. (Everyone has an Ellison story. Mine comes from this convention.) I'm sure that other fans must have been there, but I was so wide-eyed and wet behind the ears that I missed them all. I got to see Isaac Asimov auction an original, signed script for *I, Robot* (the movie) for \$2400. I got to meet A.E. van Vogt and Anne McCaffery, but I didn't get to meet any of the people I later came to know as friends.

Even though this convention was my first, it certainly wasn't my last. Phoenix' own CopperCon became my annual staple. I met Terry Carr at one of these conventions. Many years later, I've come to regret not falling to my knees before him and asking him to show me the way, but I didn't. Many cons later, I had learned about masquerades, filking, gaming, meeting pros, consuites, all night drinking and smoking, but I somehow missed fanzines.

Throughout this time in my life, I always felt a loss, like something was missing from my life. No, fanzines weren't what was missing. What was missing was a peer group. I had good friends and interesting cohorts that I partied with. I roomed with two other guys with whom I had many shared interests, but I never really considered them my peers. I had met numerous people who I considered above or below me, but never a peer. These big name authors were just that: Big Named Authors. I, as a lowly reader, was only there to appreciate their work and efforts. I certainly wasn't their peer.

A number of years later, I met Aileen in the science fiction section of a bookstore. Just weeks later, we attended a science fiction convention together. Obviously this was the woman I needed to marry, so I did. She was the first person I considered a peer. But she's hardly a "group."

That first phone call from Arnie Katz didn't adequately prepare me for the future. My first meeting with Arnie and Joyce didn't do it, either. They showed up on my door step during a club meeting with a stack of "introduction" fanzines. Of course, since Las Vegas fandom didn't have the slightest idea of what fanzines were about, we didn't quite know what to make of this wonderful and generous gift.

Even at Vegas' first convention, VegasCon, I didn't really meet fans. Arnie and Joyce were there, of course, but Bruce Pelz (the fan guest of honor) and I never crossed paths. It wasn't until SNAFFU's first convention, SilverCon 1, that I truly met fanzine fans. Robert Lichtman, Art Widner, Don Fitch and Jack Speer were the first four out of state fans I met. What a great start!

The first night of SilverCon 1, Arnie and Joyce hosted a FAPA party in their room. They invited me to attend. When I walked into their smoke filled hotel room, little did I know my life would change. Jack was sitting on the floor, collating his FAPA-zine, Robert and Arnie were chatting animatedly, Joyce was smiling broadly. Art and Don sat on the couch discussing some point of fan history.

I was welcomed warmly by everyone, those I knew and those I'd recently met. Someone, I think it was Joyce, handed me a beer and invited me to sit. My head was spinnin'óg! I sat next to Jack and offered to help him collate. He politely refused saying that he was almost done, but handed me **Synapse** to read.

Over the past four years, I've met numerous other fans, all of whom received me warmly and openly, Andy Hooper, Ted White, Matthias Hoffman, Mark Karnes, Janice Eisen, the list continues on for pages. Over the past four years, I've read hundreds of fanzines that entertain me, interest me, or bore me. The authors' names are familiar to me, many of their thoughts and ideas are open to me.

I don't agree with all of them, I don't want to. What I do share with all of these people is a willingness to exchange and discuss ideas. I'll keep attending the parties, and asking the questions. I'll keep challenging ideas I disagree with and expect others to do the same for me. All I ever needed was a peer group.

Fandom Is Just A God Damned Hobby, but what a hobby. •••

Rambles

An exploratory
column
By Belle
Churchill

THIS IS THE NEW BEGINNING OF AN OLD IDEA. I've been stumbling around looking for fandom as long as I can remember.

Not knowing that such a thing even existed or what to call it at first made my quest very hard. My introduction to science fiction and fantasy came from library books. I didn't figure out that the magazines existed for years, even if I did live in a college town. Humboldt County, CA was very backwater at the time.

The reality and effect of all those students had just started sinking in when I left town. The people I met along my journey who shared my interest turned me on to other paperbacks. Still no Fandom though. I finally found Analog etc. but by then I lived in Hawaii, talk about backwaters. It may be Paradise to millions of mainlanders but living there can limit your contacts. I did finally find some Fandom, a scattered Int'l. Star Trek fan club. (People with very itchy feet.) The experience was definitely limited, though mind expanding due to the short stories that can be written on characters people are

obsessed with.

The club had very little cohesiveness and the president, a woman in her 60's, kept trying to get me to take over the reins of her scattered group (my physical presence was a plus), before I had a chance to figure out what a fan club was. What with a toddler and two jobs I gave up on fandom before I got started. Of course, I still didn't know that there was a non-specialized Fandom lurking out there.

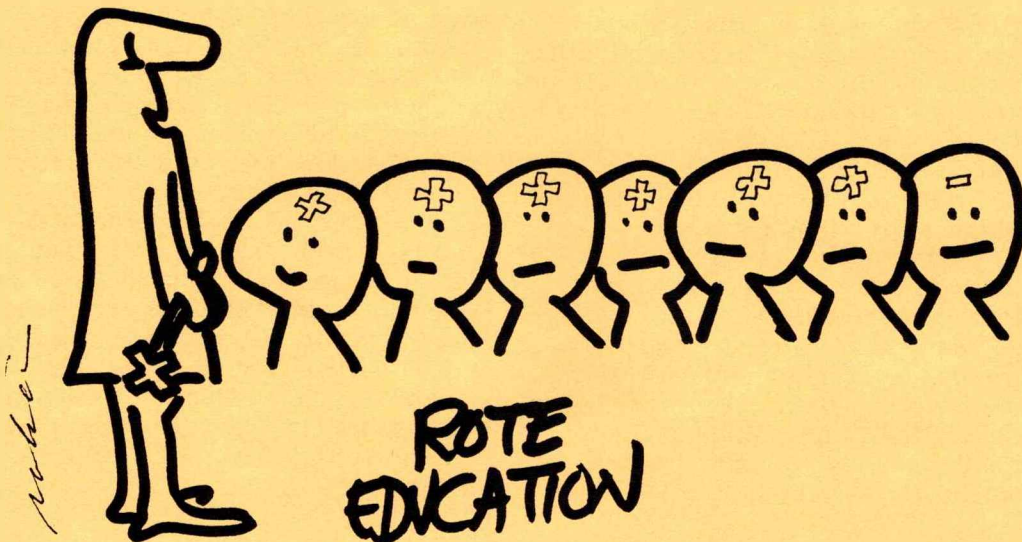
I had read many references to the fandom of the early years, when Clarke, Pohl, Heinlein, et al. were fans. Somehow I never recognized any references to fandom's continuing existence or just thought of it as on some other planet.

Living on an island can do that, you develop this awareness that the mainland is but a tentative reality. Having reached this state of mind you might as well be on another world. Especially if you live on an outer island, we are talking true isolation. People tend to use the tropics as a hideout from the realities of cities, crowds, big organizations, and possibly even western culture.

PC's are definitely putting a crimp in that fantasy and westernization is infecting this enclave of Alternative Lifestyles. Even with all this encroachment the reality of Fandom didn't appear to be booming on the Big Island last time I was there.

Now here I am in "Sin City" and what do I find? I've found my illusive, real, live, growing, piece of fandom, with conventions, zines and all the other trappings. I guess living in a city helps you find some things. I still feel very much at a loss as to the breadth and depth of fandom but it is growing on me.

Thanks, I think!



Fan Achievement Awards 1995 Nomination Ballot

Vote in as many categories as you wish, nominating up to three fans in each category. The order in which the names are listed does not matter, since each citation is worth 1 point. Repeating a name within a category is not permitted.

A final ballot will be distributed prior to Corflu Vegas.

Winners will be announced at the Corflu Vegas Banquet

Other Fanzine Editors are invited to copy and distribute this ballot

Send entries to: FAA, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107

Deadline: February 1, 1995

Best Fanzine/1994

(At least one issue in 1994;
at least four issues overall)

Best Fanwriter/1994

Best Fanartist/1994

Name _____
Address _____

Corflu Vegas Information

Where & When: Friday, Saturday and Sunday, April 7-9, 1995

The Hotel: Jackie Gaughan's Plaza Hotel
Number 1 Main Street
Las Vegas, NV 89101

Rooms: Reservations: 800-634-6575
702-386-2345

\$45 per night on Friday and Saturday
\$30 per night Sunday-Thursday

1 Bedroom Suite: \$100 per night on Friday and Saturday
\$80 per night on Thursday and Sunday

2 Bedroom Suite: \$150 per night on Friday and Saturday
\$120 per night on Thursday and Sunday

Note: You **must** make and bind your reservation before March 1, 1995. The hotel will not guarantee room rates after that date, and will not hold the Corflu room block after then. This is Vegas -- the hotel will be full.

Membership: \$45 before April 1
\$50 at the door
\$10 supporting

Make Checks Payable to Joyce Katz

The Weather: Very mild by day, but you may want a jacket at night.

Transportation: The bus depot and train station are in the hotel.

A taxi from the airport to the hotel costs about \$20-25.

The Shuttle bus is under \$5 per person. Go to Ground Transportation and ask a Sky Cap for the shuttle to Jackie Gaughan's Plaza.

Have Questions/Need Info? Joyce & Arnie Katz
330 S. Decatur, Box 152
Las Vegas, NV 89107

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E-Mail: Crossfire@aol.com

We Will Party!