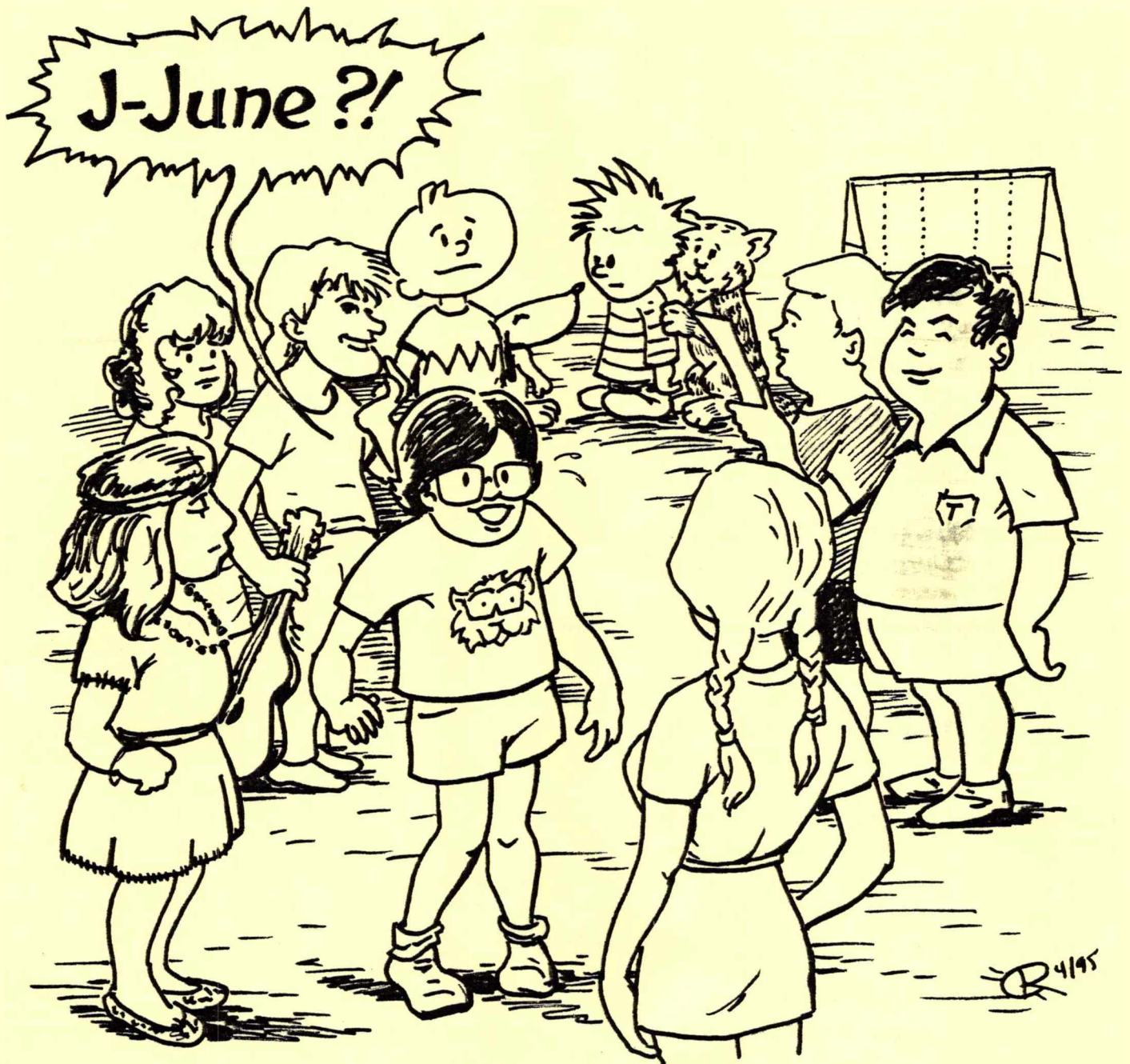


Wild Heirs #5



Jejune is busting out all over

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*They're trashy, they're sleazy...
andoh-so-lovably fannish*

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and let's go see about that mess*

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Our first letter column jam.

All of that and a box of twiltone... that's **Wild Heirs #5**, the third issue in the same number of months.

Fannish Fanzine Fandom's occasionally frequent and frequently occasional walk on the wild side, is produced by Las Vegrants, around the time of Corflu Vegas. We're starting this issue at the April 1, 1995 Las Vegrants meeting at the home of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107).

It is available for letter of comment (please....) or contribution of artwork or written material.

Member fwa.

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Belle Churchill

Peggy Kurilla

Woody Bernardi

Charles & Cora Burbee

William Rotsler

Chuch Harris.

21 Editors

When you co-edit

Wild Heirs..

You are never alone...

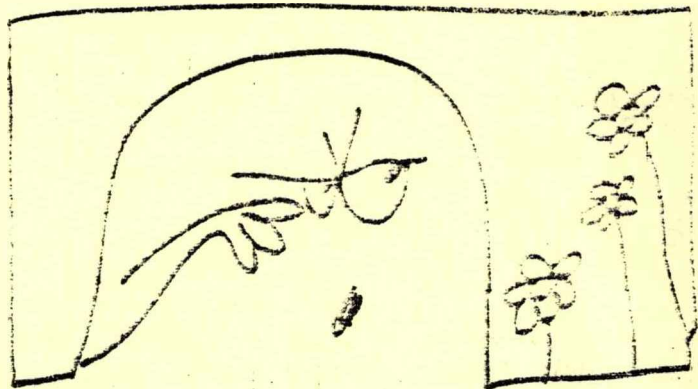
Thanks

for the cover idea,
Mike Glicksohn!

Art Credits

Ross Chamberlain: Cover Bill Kunkel: 5, 17, 19

Bill Rotsler: 4, 15, 18, 20, 28, 30, Bacover



WHAT ARE YOU FLOWERS
UP TO?

Vague Rants

Ken Forman

We'd like to announce that Ross did not delete that cute little dog on last issue's cover. That's what we'd *like* to announce, but it's

not true. Joyce called for mercy, but Arnie and I, blood-thirsty as we are, wanted to see him go.

"They'll send letters," pleaded Joyce.

"It's been days since last issue and no one's written," Arnie sneered.

"Click," said the computer as someone tripped over the power cord.

"He's gone," said Ross.

Just the next day, the mailbox was filled with letters from fans.

Among them was a communication from the farthest flung fortress of the **Wild Heirs** editorial empire.

Chuch Harris

You Know, this is all very confusing. **Wild Heirs 4** arrived last Saturday, 1st April (such exquisite timing), a bare seven days after it was mailed., and Gosh Wow! I'm Elevated! I'm a **Wild Heirs** Editor.

Shure, I'm right at the bottom of the heap -- tycoon #21 out of the 21 chosen people, and there's stacks of interesting women on top of me, but that's just fine. Gregariousness is fun!

Give me time, give me testosterone, and I'll work through them. In a perfectly respectable and decent manner of course, and climb to the very pinnacle. After all, Ike Asimov finished with a prozine named after him.

Chuch Harris' Wild Heirs has a sort of classy resonance to it.

And then today **Wild Heirs #3** arrived, mailed 27th Feb and Lo! I've been an editor for nearly six weeks and didn't know about it at all. That's really terrific; ultra marvelous, and is the salary retrospective to Jan 1st?

And the perks?

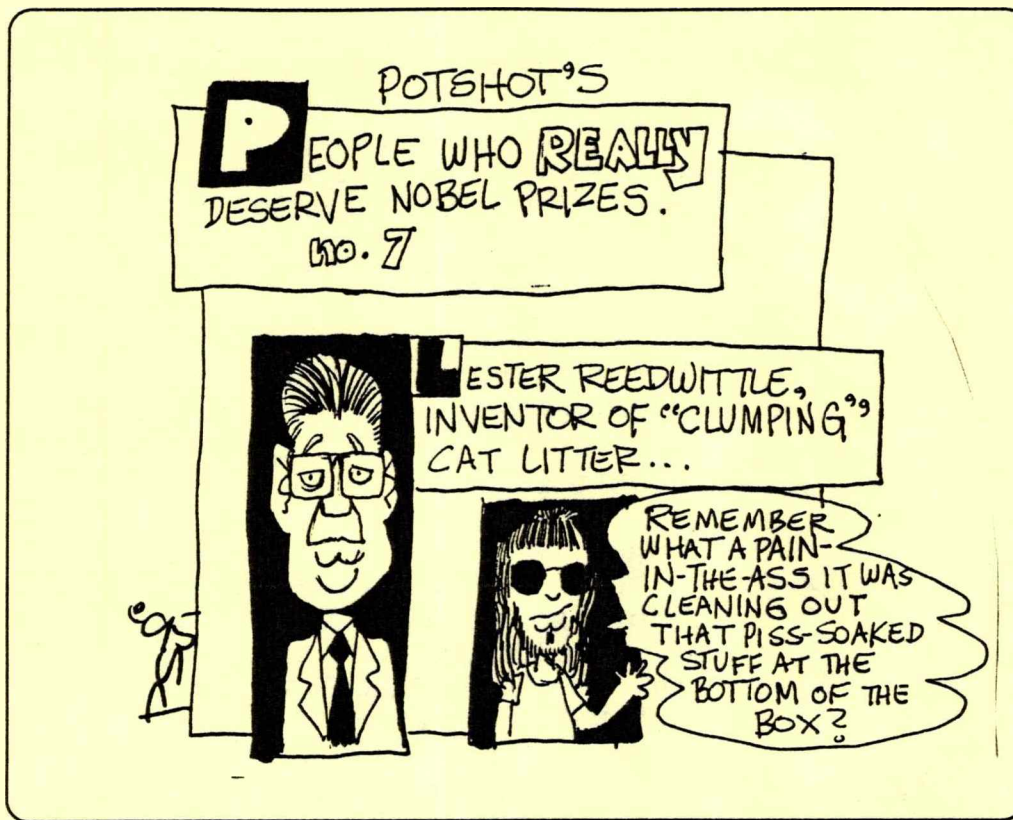
Arnie Katz

I hate social climbers, even though I have to admit they're preferable to sullen ones. I am a little disturbed about this emphasis on benefits and perks. Doesn't appear entirely seemly for the New Guy, you know?

Next thing we know, some **Wild Heirs** editor will start building some kind of grandiose corporate fiefdom.

Chuch Harris

I feel ashamed to represent this international conglomerate when I arrive for conferences on my bicycle and have to offer dele-



gates a sandwich from the lunch box that Sue prepares for me rather than a slap-up Big Mac with double coffee like a real tycoon would.

And I really do have to mention staffing levels. I am running our biggest territory virtually single-handedly whilst you sit there in Head Office knee-deep in talent. Surely some of our director ladies (preferably ones who can type) would profit career-wise by an overseas posting. They would work directly under me and have use of the company bicycle and a share of the lunch box.

A blonde workaholic who is familiar with IBM/Ameol/Windows (and perhaps keen on bell-ringing) would be ideal.

Arnie Katz

Sorry, that model is currently available only in brunette. We'll keep your order on file, and notify if we are able to accomodate you in the future.

It's true that talent clumps together like catlitter here in Las Vegas Fandom, but then, we actually produce the inventory. Just the other day, for example, we were collating *Fanthology '91*, worthy work for an indolent group like ours. One of the Vegrants produced a cunningly rolled

smokable. The paper was red, blue, green and perhaps yellow. I wasn't making notes of my observations, little imagining that it would be the stuff of fannish legend -- or at least a "Vague Rants" entry.

"That's a very impressive-looking artifact," opined a former blonde.

"Yes," I agreed. "We could tell Corflu attendees that they give 'em away at Circus Circus. 'Just go up to any change girl,' we can tell them, 'and tell them you're there for the freebies.'"

"No, no," said Tom Springer, warming to the task of making the cream of fanzine fandom look,

well, foolish. "We tell them about Miguel, the maintenance man at Circus Circus. 'Just go up to Miguel at Circus Circus,' we can say, 'and ask him for them.' We can tell them it's a special, if unofficial service of the establishment."

Several Vegrants laughed uproariously. I shook my head, silently noting the End of an Era.

Can you believe it? They've zoomed through their lovable, innocent neofan years! Now they're all too cynical with just that lurid edge of cruelty native to all the insurgent immortals.

Except, of course, for Ben Wilson. He remains bright-eyed and lovable.

Ken Forman

Epiphany is such a remarkable thing when it happens to you. The other night, at a Social, I experienced epiphany. Suddenly it became clear to me. I could see Arnie's Master Plan. It's beautiful in its simplicity and subtlety.

I can see it all now, Arnie and Joyce move into a fannishly barren city. The locals are prime for fanzines but they're new to the hobby. The Katz' start a monthly party to bring these locals together, hand them a few zines to read and the next thing you know, they are talking about zines.

"Sure, come to the Socials and swim in the pool," the Katzes charm.

"While you're here, take a turn at the Oneshot," Arnie suggests.

They assure us it's fun and interesting. "Yea, we'll print it next month."

A number of months later, local fans are used to, even looking forward to, sitting down at the Macintosh to add a paragraph or two. Each month, people would write in the new oneshot and read the old one. Each month, new fanzine fans practiced their hobby in a friendly and homey atmosphere. Each month, Arnie would smile to himself, twirl his mustache and plan for the future.

After a couple of years, locals were ripe for Arnie's Master Plan, Phase 2.

"These oneshots are fun, but why don't we try something a little different?" Mr. Katz asks. "If the Vegrants were to bring a page or two to the meetings the first of each month, we would have a local Apa."

Thus was born Apa-V, a locally distributed apa by and for Las Vegrants.

Each month, locals convened at Arnie's house and compiled a monthly APA. After a year and a half, most of the Vegrants got used to contributing most of the time.

Each month, a new topic challenged the group. Each month locals honed their writing skills. Each month, Arnie's mustache became ever more twirled.

After letting locals ferment in their own egoboo for over a year, Arnie's Master Plan, Phase 3 took effect.

"You know," Arnie suggested one meeting, "if we all expanded our Apa-V pieces a little, we could title them as articles, slap on a table of contents and we'd have a real fanzine. Sure, it'd have a couple dozen editors, but we could do it with little effort."

Now Arnie has a group of up-and-coming fanzine authors to help him produce **Wild Heirs** each month. I applaud you, Arnie. You should write a "How to..." book.

Arnie Katz

It appears that the Mainspring has discovered, and promptly revealed, my machiavellian Grand Design for easing Las Vegas fans into creative, happy and enjoyable contact with worldwide fanzine fandom. I've said my colleagues are Cheerful, Friendly and Generous, but I never claimed they could keep a secret.

If viewed correctly, however, it's yet

another victory for my strategy. My years of tutelage have paid off; at least one Vegas fan is now so wise in the way of trufandom that he is able to divine the sweeping theories which underlie what might, to a less fannish mind, seem like the random actions of a crazed old fan who has inhaled one whiff of Corflu too many.

John Hardin

I, for one, am glad that this whole business is revealed. If Arnie twirled his mustache much more, he would look like Salvador Dali.

Fourteen short days from today, we will be in deep Corflu. I'm looking forward to seeing if Steffan & White put out another convention one-shot, like SilverCon 3's **Group Mind**. My small, wrinkled heart leaps at the thought of a new **Habbakuk**. Could it be that we will see one?

Reading fanzines too often means separating the wheat from the chaff or finding the needle in the haystack. One of the pleasures of Corflu will be picking up two-dozen fanzines just from the people I want to read most.

Much like the buffet at Circus Circus, the Nellie Men believe that quantity can make up for quality, so we're going to put out Nine Lines Each and every day from Thursday night's party to Sunday night's Bheer Bash. That's a whopping 36 lines each. Man, we're going to be too exhausted to party.

Look for the Nellie Men as one of the teams competing in Corflu's Fannish Family Feud. Other suggested teams are the Falls Church Mafia, Seattle Miscreants and Big-breasted Fanwomen.

Tom Springer

I can see the neon sign flashing through the wafting casino smoke, urgent and demanding, a frenetic request to enter and partake of the fananacle smorgasbord to be found within, Corflu. I can imagine roving faneds, fanzines in hand, wandering about bemused and glowing with fannish glee, the latest copies of **Swerve**, **Apparatchik**, **Fanthology '91**, **Blat!**, **Mimosa**, **Mainstream**, **Habakkuk**, and maybe even some oneshots. Perhaps even some freakishly colored **NLE**'s will appear, heavy with fannish commentary, possessively clutched in their grubby little

hands. Subdued cries of delight softly cawed in the background behind the group noise of a smoky talking party in Arnie's suite will color my notes as I lean over my little notebook, jotting down someone's witty remark I find of particular note, humming some fannish ditty.

Gee, I hope my expectations aren't too high.

With Arnie lighting the way, his Grand Design a glowing yellow brick road to fandom, and the yearly Corflu, many of us find ourselves scrambling to find our walking shoes in the glare of his yellow flashing arrow. In some ways not so subtle, with few turns and no stop signs, the yellow brick road is nothing like it was back in Dorothy's days. But Arnie's way is the right way, and one that works, I think, to great effect.

On to other matters.

I think a weeding out process should become more acknowledged by all Vegas Fans, as well as practiced. I've found that I'm something of a minority in that I prefer to spend my time with interesting, fun, and amusing people who just happen to be my friends rather than having to endure the inane, misguided, or half-crazed; take your pick. So I imagine, at times, I appear a bit harsh, maybe even rude, when talking about these persons.

So I'm a snob...

Joyce Katz

But sometimes my friends are inane, misguided, or half-crazed...

Well, fandom is, in and of itself a weeding out process. And, in fact, snobbery is a good insurgent trait. Besides, isn't that what a public science fiction club is for?

In fanzines, the weeding out process has been pretty easy this year, since there have been enough really good ones to keep me from idly browsing anything too bad.

John

As Joyce says, 'We're not elitist; we're just better.' The worthy are eventually accepted, the unworthy fall by the way. It's a natural process, really. If we speed a few along the way, we're just the agents of evolution. I can see vast pogroms sweeping the worldcon, lining the crowd up against the walls during the masquerade and shaking the fen out, sending the rest to that fannish Siberia;

Phoenix. Tom, you have the right idea. Let fakefans be crushed under our hobnailed might; we vow to put a mimeo in every pot and pot in every fan. (Note to any member of the law enforcement community; Harry Warner is in no way connected to this blatant drug reference.)

Tom Springer

I don't know about being "agents of evolution", but if these things aren't noticed and pointed out, well, we wouldn't want anyone to get hurt, so perhaps it's better that many of those who just "fall by the way" stay there. And to insure this, well, doesn't it have to be written down or it didn't happen? Perhaps we should write a little bit more about them so others can learn to spot them more easily, thereby making the weeding out process a little better.

Arnie

We try to have an underlying theme for each issue of **Wild Heirs**. We don't stick to it very closely, but it is a guiding beacon during the long day (and evening) of this fanzine's creation.

Because we Vegrants are a thrifty people, we usually make the theme of our genzine correspond to the theme of the distribution of Apa V scheduled for the same month.

Perhaps it's the nervous excitement of Corflu distracting my attention from weightier topics, like the subject of this month's subject, Trash and Sleaze.

But "trash and sleaze" makes me feel like a man dying of thirst while treading water in the ocean. Here I am, living in the city which many would unhesitatingly call the center of the trash and sleaze universe.

Where else but Las Vegas could one find museum-quality painting of Elvis on velvet or dogs playing poker? You think even the legendary Sodom and Gomorrah had nightlights shaped like giant phalluses? Abso-lutely not. They had a Lott, but not light like that. And S & G have long been recognized as the benchmarks against which all sleazy and trashy municipalities must measure them-selves.

I don't mean to denigrate Sodom and Gomorrah. They were cesspools of trash and sleaze in their day. They are to lurid ostentation what Wilt Chamberlain and Bill

Russell are to professional basketball.

Las Vegas is the Michael Jordan of sleaze. Like Michael, Vegas plays above the rim.

And when alien archeologists excavate southern Nevada, centuries after the last retired person flushes their last Social Security check down the Keno machine's coin slot, what will they find? Imagine their surprise and delight when they discover that little area that has a sphinx diagonally opposite a larger-than-life lion and near a pyramid. Not too far away, they will stumble upon those giant stone statues. Will they assume that Las Vegas was a colony of the ancient Middle East powers?

My favorite Las Vegas sleazoid is Fred, the man who is ready to deal when you are. "If I can finance him," Fred might say to a masked man holding six hostages with an uzi, "and I vill.... I can finance you."

Stan the Inferno, our flaming neo, has actually participated in a couple of Fred's commercials. Imagine my surprise at seeing a familiar face inches away from Fred's? I will not soon forget the sight of this jolly fellow, wearing a tux complete with cape, doing his fire magic as Fred promises him a good deal on a used car.

This wasn't the right strategy for Fred. Not only did he flinch at every fireball, according to Stan, but the situation doesn't make Fred sound all that generous. If a guy steamed up to you, throwing fire balls, wouldn't you pretty much give him whatever he seemed to want?

Another favorite trash and sleaze attraction on the local airwaves is a half-hour show named something like "The Sports Advisors." It's on a couple of times every weekend on channel 33, and it's also simulcast on Sunday by Prime Ticket.

The format is simple. A moderator sits with four sports betting touts. They go through some possible betting interests on upcoming games, interrupted every 10 seconds or so with with motormouth commercials for one or more of these touts.

The ads hew to a tightly structured format. There is a static screen, with the tout's record and the phone number. The service's owner appears in an inset box and never stops talking until another commercial wrests control of the screen.

Each has an "800" line which dispenses

information of possible use to gamblers. The services charge \$10-\$20 for a call, though all of these guys offer free games or even entire calls at intervals to attract new customers.

My favorite tout is Stu Feiner. He favors an oratorical style derived from evangelist preachers, "Crazy Eddie," and Jerry Lewis in the last fifteen minutes of the Muscular Dystrophy telethon.

Stu may be the most upbeat man West of the Rockies, if not the northern hemisphere. "This is the greatest weekend of my li-i-ifffffeeee!" he shrieks, throwing his head back in ecstasy. He does this about three shows out of four, so either Stu is having some great weekends, or he has taken leave of his senses. After watching him for several weeks, I am reasonably sure it is the latter.

It occurs to me that there is a vicarious cast to my recitation of trash and sleaze that might not have been there in My Younger Days. Both of my examples came from The Tube. I think it's because in my real life I associate mostly with people whose idea of trash and sleaze is drapes that don't match the carpeting.

Ross Chamberlain

A Lott, but Knott a Lott like that... No... It needs punching up, but that ain't it.

Sodom Hussein... No, Sodom and Gomorrah were the names given to two competing Las Vegas hotels in a great segment from the Stan Freberg Radio Show, from back in the late 50s or early 60s. They kept trying to outdo each other's shows, and finally ended up with... "The Hy-dro-gen Bomb!!!!" The segment simply ended with the sound of wind across the desert...

I note that I in my musings about trash and sleaze neglected some categories of these topics, but since I basically ignore the car salesman and never if ever tune in on programs with titles like The Sports Advisors, these were not in the forefront of my musings. Besides, I'd be inclined to include programs like Hard Copy and—well, others of the Maury Povich ilk— somewhere within the area, and I'm not sure that would meet with positive response.

Arnie

In a fandom in which there is no true successor to Fanac, every frequent fanzine

has an obligation to report breaking news. Wild Heirs must shoulder this responsibility now that we have adopted our new, frequent non-schedule.

In that spirit, I feel it is important, now and for the generations of fandom to come, to tell you that Tom Springer and Tammy Funk broke their bed today.

For some reason, I feel there are several Vegrants who might have something to say about this. We take our Secret Vices seriously around here.

JoHn

I've got a secret vice. This will come as no surprise to those who know me, but I need to tell the world:

I'm a netcruiser. I spend two, three, four hours a night online, surfing the World Wide Web (only the biggest Zen navigation device in the known universe), reading the newsgroups, looking for the bizarre and unusual and strange.

I've found some interesting things, but it took me a while. The Anarchy sites were mostly dry, political places; I wanted to see Anarchy in action. I the Web Search tool and typed in CHAOS. I got something like 600 responses, most of which had to do with fractal geometry and pictures of strange attractors (all quite interesting, but not what I wanted). I wanted bizarre. I wanted Mind Bending.

After a few more searches I discovered a list of general pop-culture links. I looked at a couple, then peered under Sex under Alternative. Behold: alt.sex.bestiality. "Well" says I, "That sounds weird enough." So I went into the newsgroup to read the postings. A quote caught my eye, "alt.sex.bestiality-Happiness Is A Warm Puppy."

That's what I was here for! Sick, jaded kicks, to appease the world weary netcrawler that I had become in just a week. I read on. Someone who was apparently offended at these animal lovers had left a flame about everyone on the newsgroup being perverts, etc. One person responded with a very level, reasoned response about how these people weren't just using the animals for sexual satisfaction. They had real, loving relationships with their animal companions; relationships that were as real and textured as any human relationship.

I am not so quick to accept that, but it was interesting to see a defense of bestiality, much less an eloquent, well written one.

I didn't spend too much time here. I certainly had nothing to add to the discourse, so I left for other pastures.

Alt.sex.masturbation was the next stop, and absolute proof for anyone who doubts that telepresence liberates the libido. You would be quite surprised about how many people are willing to write intimately about playing with themselves. Or maybe you wouldn't. Did you wash your hands before you picked up this fanzine? Hey, I'm not a prude, and have even entertained thoughts of touching myself there.

One thread I followed here for a while concerned female ejaculation. The funniest line I've yet seen on any newsgroup was here, and it went something like "female ejaculation shouldn't be called ejaculation, it should be called something else" and another netter jumped in and said "how about 'ejillulate?'"

After that, I wallowed. Any site with trash or sleaze potential attracted me like a slimy, secretion covered magnet. I read all of alt.sex.lesbian.bondage.kiddieporn. I downloaded photos of girls I wouldn't introduce to my mother. I visited the Rush Limbaugh Fan Club home page.

Skipping merrily through the moral wasteland one day, I came upon the alt.tasteless web site. Not the actual newsgroup mind you, but a web page devoted to discussing the newsgroup devoted to discussing the sickest imaginable tasteless things. Here one is enjoined to download the shit eating GIF. I had an idea of what I would find, but I was now deeply committed to filth, so I downloaded it. The full-page color photo took a while to download, so I watched as the picture slowly filled in from the top down. Not too bad at first: Pretty girl, nice body, interesting expression on her face. As the bottom half of the photo filled in, I could see that the girl was fully naked with her legs spread, but could discern no evidence of coprophagy. Then as the last fifth of the photo filled in, it became obvious that she was defecating and I could see the fully dressed man under her as she sat there with her legs spread. He had a big smile as he lay there with his mouth open to receive the

mantra extruding from the young woman's bottom. Part of the picture was an "after" photo; evidence to prove that the man was actually, err, eating.

There's a bill currently being drafted by a Senator Exon, and some other repressed prig Senator, that would put an end to all this stuff. The Telecommunications Indecency Act would make it illegal to send or receive obscene material with a modem or other telecommunications device. The wiley Pols are trying to slip this one past the public before many people know just what the net is. If it's passed, it will bring an end to the Internet as we know it. The first amendment should also apply to cyberspace. If you're at all interested in preserving trash and sleaze or any other unpopular or non-mainstream expression, learn more about this bill, and do what you can to fight it.

Arnie Katz

"We've got one more thing to vote on," Joyce said just a few minutes ago. We had just finished ballots for the Fan Achievement Awards, and Hooper's Fan Poll, and Joyce had just admonished the FAPAns present to participate in this year's Egoboo Poll.

"What's that?" I asked.

"We have to vote on whether to have the Christmas lights lit during the Thursday night Corflu Vegas kick-off party." She had mentioned this to me before, but I'd assumed she was kidding. Evidently, she was not.

"It'd be great," she said, waxing enthusiastic about her strings of multi-colored chaser lights. "When people ask for directions, we could just say 'look for the lights.'"

"Or we could say, 'ask the neighbors for the crazy person with the lights!'," I offered.. "People already think you're a little strange, Joyce, and running the Christmas lights the week before Easter will convince them."

"The question," said the ever-helpful Tom Springer, "is whether this is a good thing for fandom."

"It would be a good thing to light their way to Corflu Vegas," said Joyce, a lofty tone giving her voice an anthemic quality.

"And it would be a bad thing to let the people who think you are so witty and intelligent know you've slid this far," I riposted.

So we voted and everyone wants the Christmas lights.

Well, I guess they'll be cheery.

Ken Forman

"...look for the lights" doesn't seem like a good direction, Joyce. If we tell people that, they'll all flock to The Strip, probably toward the Luxor light. Maybe it would be better to leave them on, but not tell anyone. That way, when the fen come around the corner, they'll think to themselves "I should have known."

Besides, we don't necessarily want 'The Authorities' to know about Joyce's special habits.

Tom Springer

Who's to say that having the Christmas lights on just days before the celebration of Christ's resurrection (after his suicidal decision to ride the cross for us), will be of any concern to any of those with specific religious beliefs, but will just be Joyce's signal to sercon fans to let them know where the party is.

I can see how Arnie might be concerned at how far she's willing to go with this "moth to light" idea. I mean, who knows what kind of person she's going to attract, other than the fans. Is this idea for a new way to troll for fans pose any risk to the Thursday night Corflu party at the Katz's, and if it doesn't, well, must we then concern ourselves with the type of neos she may attract?

Again we sigh with the burden of planning for Corflu. Sigh.

Joyce Katz

I hang out with such a gang of moral wretches. Look here, it's not that way at all. It's for the Noble Purpose of Protest. I've just been told of the woman in Florida who was led away in shackles for leaving her Christmas lights up too long. I may never turn them off again. And, it's only coincidental that I made my plan before the event happened; sometimes that's how it is with protests.

Belle Churchill

I thought it was Schenectady, she was 85, and hadn't taken them down yet so was hurting the towns image. Then with hands cuffed she said April Fool's. So, me, I'd put the lights on and take my chances with the moths you draw. Corflu is taking over.

The Chicago Science Fiction League

**Fanhstory in the Making by
Arnie Katz**

Las Vegas Fandom is a happy people, a contented people. We live in the nation's most electrifying (and electrified) cities, we have good weather just almost every day, and there is fanac a-plenty all the time.

JoHn Hardin named Las Vegas the Fandom of Good Cheer. What they called themselves before he had this brainstorm is lost to fanhistory, but it couldn't possibly be as appropriate.

Of course, Las Vegas has its personality clashes, power grabs and fuggheads, just like every large fan community. ((Insert in-group reference that puzzles everyone outside LV and insures that people will take the author to lunch to get the gory details.)) To pretend otherwise surrenders to fantasy, the Shangri-LA attitude Ackerman fostered in Los Angeles in the late 1930s and early 1940s. But day in, day out, Las Vegas Fandom really is pretty much the happy-go-lucky place its fanzines depict.

Yet there are two topics, and only two, which can wipe the smile off the sunniest Vegrant's face: frozen dew and Chicago. I've seen the mood at a Vegas fan party go from festive to funereal in a nanosecond, caused

by nothing more than an offhand comment about "the process of freezing; temperature at or below the freezing point." Even a passing comment about "putting icing on a cake" can start the more sensitive locals twitching and shaking in a most alarming manner.

Vegan reaction to "coldness of manner," bizarre as it may seem, is more readily understandable than the aversion to Chicago. I confess; I have exaggerated. That admission will shock the thousands -- well, dozens -- of fans who believe in the extraordinary accuracy of my accounts. Unlikely as it may seem to these trusting souls, I have slightly stretched the truth in this instance.

All Second City allusions don't cause out-breaks of Twonk's Disease. We admire many things Chicagoan. We cherish the highest opinion of Chi-fans like Alex and Phyllis Eisenstein. We love the episode of *M*A*S*H* in which Hawkeye orders from Adam's Ribs. We even enjoy an occasional deep dish pizza.

No, what drives Vegas fans crazy is the Chicago-spawned world con bid for Las Vegas in 1999. The image-conscious ones worry that these no-nothings will drag Glitter City's reputation in the mud. The earnest ones complain that their names are being used without permission. The fan politicians mourn the negative effect on our Australian friends' bid for the same year. And the fan-nish ones fret that the carpetbaggers will somehow win the bid and bring 6,000 semi-fans to our doorstep.

The mere mention of the ersatz Las Vegas worldcon effort makes even the most lackadaisical Vegrant froth at the mouth and threaten farfetched schemes of grisly revenge. These stratagems are mostly a way to harmlessly vent anger instead of accumulating it. They don't mean any of those threats, and I don't know where they'd get a wire-guided missile, anyway.

So Las Vegas Fandom bore their disgruntlement in silence. Yet beneath those warm smiles Las Vegrants plotted and planned.

It all came together one fateful Saturday night. We'd had a banner Las Vegrant meeting that afternoon, and many of the fans decided to go out for dinner. This consensus led to a meandering discussion about where, exactly, we ought to go.

Joyce mentioned a little place barely a mile down the Washington Avenue hill.

Mounting hunger brought quick agreement, so we piled into several cars and headed for the hot dog emporium.

When they saw the sign on the restaurant, they almost turned back. "Chicago Hotdog?" Ken snorted. "Is this another invasion of our beloved Las Vegas by forces from Chicago?" There were muttered grumbles from several others. The Mainspring had spoken for them all.

"It's the hot dogs that come from there," I assured them. "The owner moved here from California a couple of years ago. I guess he once lived in Illinois, but I don't think there's any connection with the con bid." They eyed the Chicago memorabilia that decorated the restaurant with blatant distrust, but they allowed my words to sooth their agitation.

Mollified, they lined up to enter their orders for the various permutations of hot dogs on the menu. The dozen or so fans pushed together a bunch of smaller tables and we took over one whole side of the place.

"I know what we ought to do," I told them between bites of one of my kraut dogs. "We ought to form a fan club." My fork dove into the basket of delectable greasy fries like a kingfisher swooping down to snare a fish.

They affected to not have heard me and continued wolfing down those oh-so-good Vienna Beef products. I repeated my comment, boosting the volume slightly to puncture the single-minded absorption of this company of gourmands. "We ought to start a fan club."

I felt this was The Answer. Of course, if you examine the history of Las Vegas Fandom, "we ought to start a fan club" has been The Answer more often than anyone has the right to ask the question. New clubs are as common in Las Vegas Fandom as divorces are in some other fan-centers.

"We don't need another new fan club," Joyce said, her fork dueling mine for an especially long and crispy french fry.

Unexpected resistance! No Vegas fan had ever before turned down an opportunity to found a new fan club. Frankly, I was unprepared for this turn of events. "Ah, but this is not a new fan club," I corrected.

"We just came from a fan club.," she reminded unnecessarily. "Isn't there a law against more than one fan meeting per day?"

I indulged in a brief, victorious smile.

True there was either a law against two fan club meetings in one day -- or at least there should be. Yet I didn't think she could prove it.

Yet her quibbling itself was a positive sign. I had her now! "Las Vegrants is Las Vegrants," I said. I like to start on firm ground. Building on an unassailable foundation of irrefutable tautologies, I can sometimes get two or three steps into la-la land before they realize I've taken leave of my senses. "This is a different kind of fan club."

Joyce looked at me. She shrugged. That meant she was ready to hear my latest crackbrained idea, especially if she could decimate the french fry basket while my mouth was full of words instead of potatoes.

I looked around the table. One by one, the giants of Las Vegas Fandom met my gaze. None of them slowed their inexorable demolition of the heaps of food on the table, but I knew they were ready to listen. Especially the ones who hoped to get a lift home in our LeBaron.

"Our next mission in fandom, as I see it, is to revive the venerable and celebrated organization known as The Chicago Science Fiction League!"

They gasped. I preferred to think it was in awe at the audacity of my plan. Maybe the muffled laughter was significant. Maybe it wasn't.

As they sat there raptly attentive, or perhaps just stunned, I pressed my argument. It began with a fanhistory lesson. "The Chicago Science Fiction League was an important early fan organizations. It was supposed to sponsor the 1941 Worldcon.

"They didn't."

"Why not?" Tom Springer asked.

"The Chicago Science Fiction League suffered an internal schism shortly after the 1939 NYCon. Midwest fans, including Bob Tucker, formed the Illini Fantasy Fictioneers to put on Chicon I in 1940.

"They never met again," I finished.

"Never?" Ken Forman echo'd.

"Never until today, here in Chicago Hot Dog," I replied. "We will pick up the fallen, tattered banner of the Chicago Science Fiction League and carry it proudly into the fandom of the 1990s."

"If those wretches can bid for a Las Vegas worldcon from Chicago," Joyce said, "then we

can start a Chicago fan club in Las Vegas!"

We can, and we did. By a unanimous vote of those present -- I would have their names at my fingertips if we had thought to elect a secretary prior to this vote -- we constituted ourselves the Chicago Science Fiction League.

We spent the rest of that meeting, and several more, working out a livewire program of activities for the revived Chicago Science Fiction League. Working out a livewire program of activities and scarfing hot dogs. Lotsa hot dogs. Jordan dogs, kraut dogs and dogs that have a bite. Chili dogs, coney dogs and jumbo dogs just right.

"What does this mean for fandom?" Chuch Harris may be thinking at this moment. Considering Chuch's experience with Las Vegas Fandom, his wariness is entirely understandable. We have, successively, drafted him as a columnist for **Folly**, forced him into honorary membership in Las Vegrants and shanghai'd him onto the editorial panel of **Wild Heirs**

As director of the CSFL, I am pleased to assure you all that you have nothing to fear from the revannant organization. Go on with your fanac and be not afraid. We want to become an integral part of modern fandom and regain the lofty station that our fancestors lost through petty personal feuds.

A few matters have cropped up while the CSFL was dormant that we feel we need to address. We hope, and expect, that high-minded fans everywhere understand the importance our revitalized group attaches to these long-neglected questions. Events may have slipped past the Chicago Science Fiction League *at the time*, but we're ready to repair our omissions.

The most important, which is why I am mentioning it first, is that there have been a whole bunch of worldcons held on our turf in the last five-plus decades. We are pleased that other, lesser combinations of Chicago fans stepped into the breach and brought the annual event to Chicago a record five times. While we thank these fans, it would be hypocritical not to remind them that the Chicago Science Fiction League. is the only Windy City fan organization official blessing by Hugo Gernsback. That's as close as it gets to Divine Right in fandom, bucko.

Hard as it may be for fans in other cities to

believe, all of the aforementioned Chicagos were held without our permission. Amazingly, no one bothered to ask.

I don't like to make a fuss, but this cries out for justice. The fair thing, say we of the CSFL, is for the committees of these unsanctioned Chicons to remit part of their proceeds to the group that started the ball rolling. We can figure out the percentages and amounts later, but for now we must insist on the principle. And speaking of principle, I don't see how anyone could object to a modest rate of compound interest on these heretofore unpaid, and therefore delinquent, payments.

Not that the Chicago Science Fiction League's aims are all pecuniary. We are as altruistic and righteous as only a do-nothing fan club can be. The CSFL has been silent on too many controversies, but that's a thing of the past.

Let's begin with questions on which the sloth of our predecessors as sponsors of the Chicago SF League passed without appropriate comment. For example, we are unalterably against the Shaver Mystery, Miss Science Fiction, the Clean Up Fandom Crusade, GM Carr's attack on Walt Willis, and the Exclusion Act.

Please don't construe the preceding to mean that the CSFL is merely a negative, reactive organization. There are a lot of questions we want to approach in positive, fanac-affirming way. We're in favor of resuming the world science fiction convention after the end of World War II, non-US consites, Southgate in '58, women in science fiction, and Dan Steffan for TAFF. Actually, I could give you a whole list of things the Chicago Science Fiction League staunchly supports, plus several dozen things we're against, but those who want complete particulars should subscribe to the forthcoming **Chicago Science Fiction League Proclaimer**, the organization's official bulletin.

We're going to get around to that bulletin, destined to be a landmark in the annals of fanhistory very soon, so please watch for it. We'll start just as soon as the guy behind the counter runs out of hotdogs. And those artery-stopping fries.

Next Issue:
Corfluvium

Dither

A Column by
ROSS

Chamberlain

And now, on ow-er stage, that great purr-forming team—Trash and Sleaze! Yeaaaaa-a-a-yyyy....! Image: Enter a slightly aged Shields and Yarnell in gaudy, slightly too-revealing outfits—she's been silicone-enhanced—and embarrassing makeup. A typical strip-joint band—lots of cymbals and a bass drum—is playing *The Stripper*. The team is moving a little like their robot-people act but as if the robots' joints have been over-oiled, to scattered but enthusiastic applause and a few whistles. As they approach the divan in center stage I draw the mental curtain, but there may be some of you who wish to peek a while longer.

Okay, not a perfect image. But hey, we're talkin' trash, here. We're talkin' sleaze.

Yeahhh... But —*Shields and Yarnell?*
Maybe not.

Hey, it could be worse. How 'bout Donny and Marie...? Talk about sleaze!

I've had other strange thoughts recently. In one case well, it's a kinda obvious thought to be writing about here (albeit definitely departing from The Topic), but it wanders a little, and I'd kinda like to share some of the trail. (Back to The Topic later.)

I listen every so often to the *Vortex* album. In case it occurs to anyone to wonder, what's a *Vortex* album? —and I daresay they're not a huge number in this circle, but I'm getting to that —it's the soundtrack written for a computer game --

Okay, someone snorted. One of the in crowds that overlap this one, okay? Hold on, I'll get to that. Call *Vortex* a strange semi-interactive movie, a psychological adventure with futuristic background. Kinda one of those things futurists and science fiction writers predicted computers would get us into, but not yet on the William Gibson jacked-in level. It's Virtual Reality without the surround sound, sorta, except that's literally inaccurate —VR without peripheral vision is closer to it. Anyway, I met Greg Roach, the guy who created the game, at CES and got a little of his time in conversation (not enough for a story) and he introduced me to composer Candice Pacheco of D'Cückoo, who did the music for *Vortex*. She describes the style as "tribal."

If that should be a Capitalized Major Category like New Wave, then sobeit... The album cover describes the group as technotribal, which sounds like sooo trendy a designation, donchaknow, but I suppose it could be real. Or both.

[Don't try to picture me doing catty. It's isn't a pretty sight. Go for, oh, say, British Snide: raised nose and eyebrow, slightly widened eyes and sidelong twitch—ideally, with a slightly flabby quiver of the jewels and underchin. Works for me. Or have I just described Outrage? Snit? Hmmm... It's in how the head works during the twitch, actually.]

Yeah, okay. So I was playing the album, V —you know—and a sorta parochial thought came to me: the Katz household in particular, but also many in this rough circle we call the Vegrants, would no longer have second thoughts about discussing a soundtrack album from a video game. I guess there must have been, at some point on hearing about the first such album, if not a thrill then at least a shake of the head and a "So it's come to that!" One wonders, however, if it has yet reached the point that, across the country and the world, in the living rooms and rumpus rooms and bedrooms and other recreation areas (gin joints?) where other gatherings of companions of mutual interest congregate (congregations gather?), there are discussions of the latest music albums wherein *Vortex* (and/or other game-soundtracks) are discussed. With or without the caveat.

As time goes on in the evolution and cross-breeding of electronic entertainments, it's

inevitable that it will happen, just as it was inevitable within that evolution that such albums would sprout. But...Popular? We haven't had such an album go silver, yet, have we, much less gold or platinum? In time...

After all that, of course, I began to wonder how to insert this concept into this month's Dither when it didn't really match the theme of Trash and Sleaze.

Trash and Sleaze,
Trash and Sleaze,
Go together
Like a Hive of Bees...
Nah.

It occurred to me that, like most elements of evolution, the arrival of game soundtrack albums was part of a non-exclusive trend effect. And there are certainly trends in the areas of the trash-and-sleaze genre of entertainment just as there are styles and fashions in the areas of music, film, literature and the arts, and the lifestyles, that it overlaps (disclaimer). Trends aren't always easy to recognize as such while in the midst of the flow of them, though soon enough they call sufficient attention to themselves that they are noticed beyond the circles where they originate or, to be more accurate, gestate. (Arnie and Joyce and Bill were accurate enough trend-spotters to ride the curl on video games and electronic entertainment. Now the beaches are crowded...)

Trends rarely ride alone. I doubt key-chain spinning and zoot suits were seminal either to the other, but they seem forever linked. In their time the popular music was linked to big band jazz and show tunes, with bebop and boogie sliding in from the side; the big underground became the beat of the beat generation and its cool jazz and existential poetry. [It's *Bird*, man!] Black influences were strong but, if not exactly sub rosa, unofficially acknowledged. When country/western began to take on some of the more raunchy blues elements, rock 'n roll began to slip between the song sheets of white bands and rebellion rose its ducktailed and sideburned head among the bobbysoxers, then slacks turned from loose to form-fitting, lapels and ties all but disappeared and leather jackets supplanted wide-shouldered suit jackets as the cool threads of the dangerous.

What was the status of raunch? In this

period, *The Tropic of Cancer* and *Lady Chatterly* were circulated underground while *Fanny Hill* and *Twain's 1601* were whispered-about collector's items. *Catcher in the Rye* was controversial (by the time I got around to reading it I was unimpressed). I was a naive youngster and teenager even by the standards of the time, or so I gather. When I read an adult novel that more than hinted at sex, I was quite suffused with secret delight in the wickedness of it all. As a teenager I hid a small collection of Hal Ellison novels about street life in New York because maybe once in each book something vaguely sexy occurred. I didn't get to Steinbeck until a bit later. And then there was Thorne Smith... a hilarious writer of the 20s and 30s whose heroines were more than fond of prancing about in their stepins or nothing at all, and were quite prepared to hop into the hero's arms (not to mention beds) that way. Wow...

I frankly have no idea if Grove Press and Lyle Stuart were in business (Stuart himself was around of course) or what they published before the landmark Supreme Court decision that opened up the floodworks, though I (no longer a teenager, but still pretty wet behind the ears) was lucky enough to be working at Bookazine (a New York book wholesaler) then and during the transition period following it. This facilitated my acquisition of many of the naughty books that came out (erupted!) at that time.

Before then—My older brother Hale was a collector of erotica. The Thorne Smith books were his, but I'm not sure they really come under the category. Oh, he had a collection of the nudist magazine, *Sunshine & Health*, and I found another one (I've forgotten it's name, but "Sun" appeared in it somewhere) at a newsstand at the edge of the Texas A&M campus. That one, unlike S&H, airbrushed the [naughty bits] frontal views. (Always women—neither magazine, if I remember correctly, ever showed male genitalia.) I got good at touching these up a bit closer to reality, but since at that time I had had no live experience with nude members of the opposite sex, I still had to use my imagination... I used to cut those retouched pictures out of my magazines (not Hale's) and send them to a school buddy of mine who had been sent to Korea. (He came back with a bit more worldly knowledge and we lost touch after that.)

But back to real erotica. Hale had a copy of *1601*, printed in solid, difficult-to-read black-letter [much like this but even tighter and harder to read]. To those unfamiliar with the work, Mark Twain wrote it as if it were one of the diaries of Samuel Pepys; the subtitle was something like "A Conversation by the Fireside" and the conversors were, presumably, such luminaries as Queen Elizabeth I, William Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh, among others. According to the introduction to the Lyle Stuart edition, which was in part a facsimile of the original that Twain had had privately printed (not in black-letter), it seems that Sam Clemens had made a point of using in it every naughty word he knew.

Hale also had a copy of *Aphrodite*, by Pierre Louÿs (1870-1925). The works of Louÿs were thrilling erotic material for a teenager (as I was then) to indulge in, though *Aphrodite* and *The Songs of Bilitis* and others of his titles didn't seem to appear among the titles made available in the erotic revolution of the 60s. Maybe they weren't really all that "dirty." I did find a copy of *The Songs of Bilitis* somewhere during or after that period. There was (and may still be) a Lesbian organization in New York, called the Daughters of Bilitis, which was named after the titular heroine of that collection of poems.

It was also possible to find the occasional unexpurgated version of Boccaccio's *The Decameron* or Sir Richard Burton's *Arabian Nights (The Thousand Nights and a Night)* before that period, but not as readily. I shall always be grateful to the Supreme Court for giving me the opportunity to read *The Diary of a Flea, A Man and a Maid* and *My Life by Frank...* (uh, hm—it's been too long; remind me, Arnie), as well as opening up the outlets for more modern eroticists. Not to mention the collections of erotic art from around the world, the *Kama Sutra* (illustrated with photos of Indian temple statuary), the Chinese Pillow Books, the art of Pompeii, etc.

And there was that short-lived hard-cover periodical, *Eros*, produced by the chap who later brought us *Midnight Blue* on cable. I keep wanting to say Allen Ginsburg, but that's the poet, the author

of *Howl*—I'm confusing the name with who...?

But (not yet addressing *Midnight Blue*) most of the above are works of erotic literature, and while they were once classed in the public eye with trash and sleaze, I have to share the more liberal point of view that these belong with the world's works of art. Attempts to bring high eroticism into the world of cinema were less successful, I think. There was already a body of work, both underground and foreign, that did succeed in this to some extent. Here in the U.S. we had the "Nudies," some flicks that engaged in production values slightly higher than the underground porn films, which allowed glimpses of T&A but no serious genitalia, and even sported some minor celebrities (so minor I can't think of any names at the moment), but beyond that were definitely aimed at the leering crowd. I think these came out of an underground that was already there but

NOW THAT YOU'RE
NKELY TIED UP,
GWENDBLYN, I'M
GOING OUT FOR
PIZZA)



the Sadist

which I'd seen only glimpses of in those barely tolerated art theatres where one could also catch nudist documentaries and, yes, some of those foreign films. (Whatever happened to Marina Vlady?)

The Nudies came closer to what I think of as sleaze and trash. There were publications like *College Humor* that had been around a while that were perfect for the sniggering adolescent, but evidently weren't too morally corrupt to be placed on the newsstands. But even by that criterion there were plenty of magazines that would fit the bill. Many of the would-be Playboy imitators of the time certainly could be categorized as trash, and bordered on sleaze. Girly-mags galore...

And then there were the infamous eight-pagers. I would never have seen any of them if it weren't for a series of books of collections of them I found available through a mail-order house. These I delighted in, though never found them at all erotic; they were so totally crude. The appeal, of course, was that of slapping the establishment in the face; of treating goody-goody popular characters like Dagwood and Blondie, Jiggs and Maggie, Popeye and Olive Oyl, Ella Cinders and even Little Orphan Annie and Moon Mullins as moral cheats as well as sexual athletes. Sure it was fun just to imagine what they would do in private, too. But with the eight-pagers, at least, they were hardly ever making love — they were out for the make. Just as with many of the dirty jokes we told and were told as kids, where the point was almost entirely the inner thrill of using the bad words rather than the humor of the situation (later, some of us graduated to punchlines that didn't include a dirty word: "Tomorrow, it's your turn in the barrel!"). Neither the setup nor the point of such stories had anything to do with emotional involvement. It had to do with bodily function, and, as far as the jokes were concerned, though it never if ever appeared in the eight-pagers, the function could just as well be one of waste elimination as readily as sexual.

I'm not sure if that's a definition for trash and sleaze, though I'm tempted by it. Eroticism requires some emotional involvement, if only investment in the effort, whereas trash and sleaze are purely (?) reactive. No? Maybe not. If I react physically to any of pretty sleazy stuff I see on cable stations from time to time,

is that erotic involvement? Or just body functions at work? Probably. But does that mean that if I react similarly as the lovely heroine of a highly involving film and her lover get past the dewey-eyed glances and the music slips into something more smooth and moody, the film is (or has suddenly become) sleazy? Some folk would have you think so.

I don't know. Ask Paul Rubens. Enhhhh... or maybe not.

And does the reality differ for different folks? Are those who swing and those who only autoeroticize on opposite wings of one spectrum of sexuality, or both at different corners of a range that stretches from celebrity to hypersexuality? One person's porn is another's yawn is another's titillation.

Yeah, until now I hadn't used the p-word. I don't identify sleaze with pornography directly—much of that is trash in its most disposable sense. I tend to think of the word "porn" as expressing pornography-lite, meaning diluted by mere soft-X and even some R rated stuff. Or, to be more specific, the stuff I find most amusing and harmless.

After the Supreme Court decision, Grove Press was among the first to publish some of the better known works of previously suppressed literature, and also to release new titles under the Evergreen label. They also started a film subscription thing (8mm films) that I joined briefly—I really couldn't afford to keep that up, and, to be quite frank, the ones I did get were too "artistic" and not enough getting it on. And they had a theater, also called the Evergreen, I think, which is where *I Am Curious Yellow* and *I Am Curious Blue* were shown first, at least in NYC.

I'm not keen on S&M and B&D and some other areas of erotica involving power play. Initially, though I couldn't afford to buy all the books, or even many, I was relatively unselective about which ones I did get. As time went by, however, it seemed that more and more of Grove's titles were going for the power trip stuff. After a while I stopped even looking. Different strokes...

Which returns me to a train of thought begun earlier, before the topic turned to that naughty stuff. It had to do with friendship circles and where they overlap with others.

Friendship circles vary in breadth and depth, of course, and people can belong to more than one depending on their areas of

interest. The Vegrants is such a circle, and it overlaps with circles of game-players, of speculative fiction readers, of musicians, of miniatures collectors, of environmentalists, of professional journalists.... etc. When I referred to incrowds, earlier, this is what I was talking about.

Here's where the thought gets weird. Suppose one were to chart these circles across the town, or across the Southwest, or across the country, or around the world. Where physical patterns or designs overlap, meta-patterns emerge—moiré patterns such as seen when looking through two window screens. Such constructs vary in clarity and design dependent upon the patterns that give rise to them, though their appearances may differ widely from those same patterns, and sometimes seem to have nothing to do with them. I have a theory (or hypothesis) that most of what we consider our reality is based upon such constructs built upon some under-realities we neither perceive nor understand—or possibly we do see them but misunderstand their nature.

I could go into that more, but that would again be diverging from the topic. I was wondering if the moiré patterns created by these personal acquaintance circles (incrowds) would provide a valid overview of our society. Whether the metaview offered a randomized hodge-podge or coalesced into a coherent, possibly pleasing aspect could tell us much about the society we live in.

Maybe.

Too esoteric a thought? Too outré?

Nahh—probably just nonsense. It came to me while under sercon circumstances, and probably should have slid away as such thoughts often do.

Here's another thought that came that way recently, which I added to my notebook:

"Intelligence hates to be shown wrong. In this it does not differ from stupidity.

"The difference is that intelligence will forgive you if you explain—convincingly."

You see what I mean.

Here's another note I put down in my handy dandy notebook, but the only bad influence on me at that time was TV:

"3/23 - Tonight, during a documentary tribute to Warner Bros. on A&E, there was a commercial on which the entire sound track was Janis Joplin singing "Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes-Benz..." On screen was an elegant sequence of images of stately automobiles turning before a sunny blue sky. Yes, sure enough, it was a commercial for Mercedes-Benz!

"Joy-Lynd remarked, 'I wonder if she's getting the money.' I responded, "I wonder what kind of estate she left. Who in fact has the rights to her stuff?"

"The commercial was among, or perhaps kicked off, a series of M-B ads aimed at that generation or younger high spirited and nostalgic."

Somehow, that seems appropriate to tie off an article that was supposed to be a discussion of trash and sleaze, even though it doesn't directly apply at all, save in terms of perception, classification—and perspective. We tend to classify things according to our expectations. Janis's song was intended as satire (would you agree?) and not at all as a promotion for Mercedes-Benz. Yet, now, from the perspective of a quarter of a century, it's a "Yes! All right!" kind of thing...

Perhaps more appropriate to The Topic was Jay Leno's introduction of the Judge Ito dancers on his show a week or so ago—a bunch of guys in black robes and black beards—and, dancing with them, a Marsha Clarke (sp?) lookalike in black mini-skirt, showing lots of leg.

I found it embarrassing...



An Occasional Column

Charrisma

By Chuch Harris

The techno-adventures of CRH, newborn netizen.

And for the very last time (probably) another Special Technology installment of "Charrisma." You, you, of all people, know that I am unsleeping, untiring in my efforts to replace the Heritage copier - - and you're probably sick and tired of hearing about it all by now... but I'm afraid you're stuck with it again for this column, and there's more after that, too.

The local papers have little to offer, so I've been buying *Exchange & Mart*, the market trader's bible with 90 pages of tiny classified adverts offering everything from very respectable Thai ladies searching for husbands to "thatched cottage near Port Isaac with fourposter bed and parking space."

There are always copiers for sale -- some of them even older than the Sharp we are trying to unload.

In the current issue, towering over the usual two-line microprint classifieds, there is a whole half-page, two-colour ad from National Fax Supplies Corp Ltd offering fax machines, printers, *photocopiers*, consumables, laser printers, colour copiers, "a large range of second-user copiers," ...visit our store in Banbury!!

Pause for small, impressed Wow. Banbury, home of the musical equestrian lady, is "just down the road" from Daventry. Dear wife will phone the man up, get directions on how to find his warehouse, and we drive over.

Mr. O'Banji (sadly, a Nigerian, and not a sub branch of the Connemara O'Brien clan. My broguish begorrahs were entirely wasted, and the cead mille fealte passed unnoticed.) was very helpful. Explicit directions... "right, left, first exit at the roundabout, and there we are behind the Kwikfit Tyre Depot. Can't miss it."

We think he was innumerate on roundabout exists, but after three circumnavigations of Banbury Cross, we eventually found the Kwikfit and started

searching for the National warehouse.

Nary a warehouse anywhere. This was a sort of Industrial Estate. There was a wholesale Building Supply yard, the Sea Cadet meeting house--all shabby, dilapidated buildings with a desperate Traffic Warden lurking around the corner, hoping that someone would park on his double yellow "no parking" lines and boost his record for nicking criminals.

We drove up and down the road, and then Sue spotted a small plate above a garage components sign. The National Fax Supplies Corp. Ltd warehouse was one room upstairs.

It was chock full of Mr. O'Banji, his desk, a mountain of fax supplies and three very shabby copiers. One was in pieces and "needed a small adjustment -- nothing really serious," one was a filthy Canon... so old the model number was in hieroglyphics and the third was a well-worn Minolta which still worked quite well and produced a good copy.

I quite liked the aged Minolta... but not at £475. All of them, including the jigsaw pieces, were conveniently

priced at £475. I think he saw me coming.

I am still smarting from that horrible day 45 years ago when Vincent found that my Roneo wouldn't work because there was a very dead mouse in the self feed. And so, even though I had actually checked the self feeds -- lightning does too strike in the same place sometimes -- I said I would have to bring down my Partner and Head Mechanic to view the stock



before we actually made a decision. I gracefully declined to "put down a small nominal deposit" and nipped off home sharpish.

So I phoned Vincent. He knows more about copiers than I now know about bag-piping (although I am currently busy on Mr. Hansen's correspondence course and eventually hope to pass out with honours unless I pass out first) and arranged to collect him and the old Sharp so that he could check out various copiers before we bought one. Preferably not from Mr. O'Banji.

Thanks to a cheque from Joyce and Arnie which helped push my bank account to £410 plus, and hopefully, another £50 for the old Sharp and my inborn haggle skills, prices seem to be within our reach... especially if we can work them down a little.

I ain't proud. The first thing I learned from my old Nan was "never pass the asking price... and never buy *shmattes*, you patsy."

Obviously, I was not all that happy and laughing, even with the Minolta. There was another tiny "X&M" advert from Bucks Copiers," which is just 40 miles down the other road to Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire, so we thought we'd drive down, have a look and see what was available.

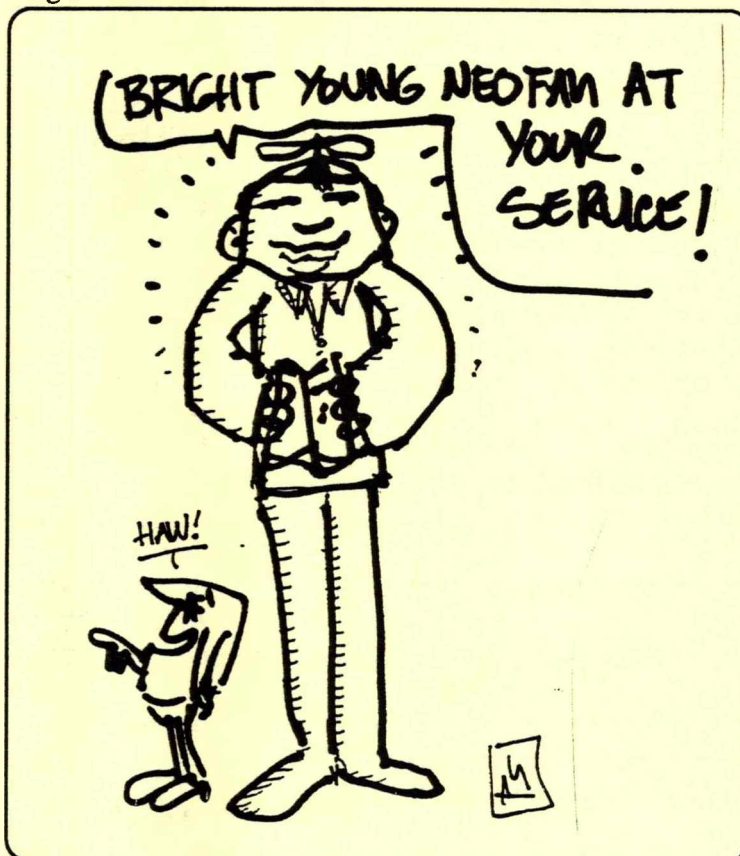
And this time, I tell you kiddies, it was a Trufan's Haven, lacking only Roscoe Himself to ply you with coffee -- real coffee in posh china cups too! -- before whisking us into the warehouse.

Glory! Glory! this time it was a *real* warehouse with shiny copiers racked four shelves high, all clean, bright and wrapped in clingfilm -- about 100 different models -- and three mechanics cleaning and checking before wrapping them and putting them on the shelves.

Impressed? Ghod, *yes!!* I was actually walking up and down the aisles fondling the bloody things and murmuring endearments as if I were in some high-class heavenly whorehouse and spoilt for choice. I wouldn't have been the least surprised if way up there on the top shelf, there had been some spot-lit miracle all shimmering and sparkling and labeled "NOT FOR SALE Replacement model Reserved for Mr. Jophan. Part Exchange."

Robert, the Sales Manager, asked us what we had in mind and how much use it would get. Rather than get bogged down in the Goshwowoboyoboy syndrome and the FIAWOL mythos, I told him we published sort of

Club Magazine and ran off maybe 300-400 pages a month. We had a beautiful immaculate Sharp 760, a veritibobble gem, which, sadly, was too large for our office space. We would like to use it in part exchange for a more recent machine.



He knew *all* about Sharp 760s and blanched a little: he would take it and try to unload it in the Trade... but he wouldn't be able to give us very much for it. We lived outside his guarantee area, but if anything went wrong in the first month or so, they would, of course, fix it for free. And, yes, Mr. Harris VAT would be chargeable: this is a

reputable honest business, not the Trotter Brothers from Hookey Street.

Personally, I thought all the machines are pretty good and suitable for our Heritage Project, but you know me, the original dreamer not yet awake. I haggle nicely, but it helps if I know what I should be looking for before I make The Decision.

"I hope it will all go away soon, like CB radio did."

-- Harry Warner, Jr.
in *The Reluctant Famulous* #37.

Now Harry... this is going to be even worse than your current nightmare of every fanzine in the world switching over to reduced typeface microprint... there has been a Conspiracy.

I don't know exactly who is involved -- Avedon Carol and Dave Langford for sure, and Jeff and Geri, and Patrick Neilsen-Hayden, and Arnie and Joyce and rich brown and Lucy Humdinger and Cathy Doyle and Ken Forman and Ben Zuhl and ghod only knows who else.

They want me to join The Net.

Avedon would teach me, Dave would find the set-up most suitable, Patrick would contribute a modem -- Avedon had to tell me what a modem was -- other people would supply cash and encouragement and all I need do is smile graciously and attack the keyboard -- the *new* keyboard, the Amstrad (sez Avedon) "is just a toy. Dave will get a *real* grown-up computer."

I tell you, this is heady stuff. It's raw 120-proof egoboo, as exhilarating to my fine mind as those "I LOVE CHUCK" badges worn by every fanciable woman at the Minneapolis Corflu.

So I said NO, of course. "I couldn't possibly let people do all this for me.... it costs far too much... I'd never be able to master it... I'd have to bowdlerize my language... lots of my friends aren't on The Net... and I'm definitely a computer cretin, you've no idea... and NO, hey nonny nonny nonny NO!! So there."

So Avedon (her real father is deaf, too, "Why am I cursed with parents who will not listen?") patted me gently, reassuringly on the knee. "Let's go upstairs," she said.

And upstairs there was Avedon's set-up and a whole heap of e-mail from the people I've already mentioned as well as others (Lucy, for instance). "Any fool can learn to use E-mail... Admit you're being a Technweenie..." (a *What??!* I don't even know my archie from my elbow yet, and you're already getting intimately personal just because I've viewed some of your orcas; I'll have you know we technweenies are very shy, retiring persons), "It's not essentially technically, physically, mentally or qualitatively difficult to use E-mail. I did it."

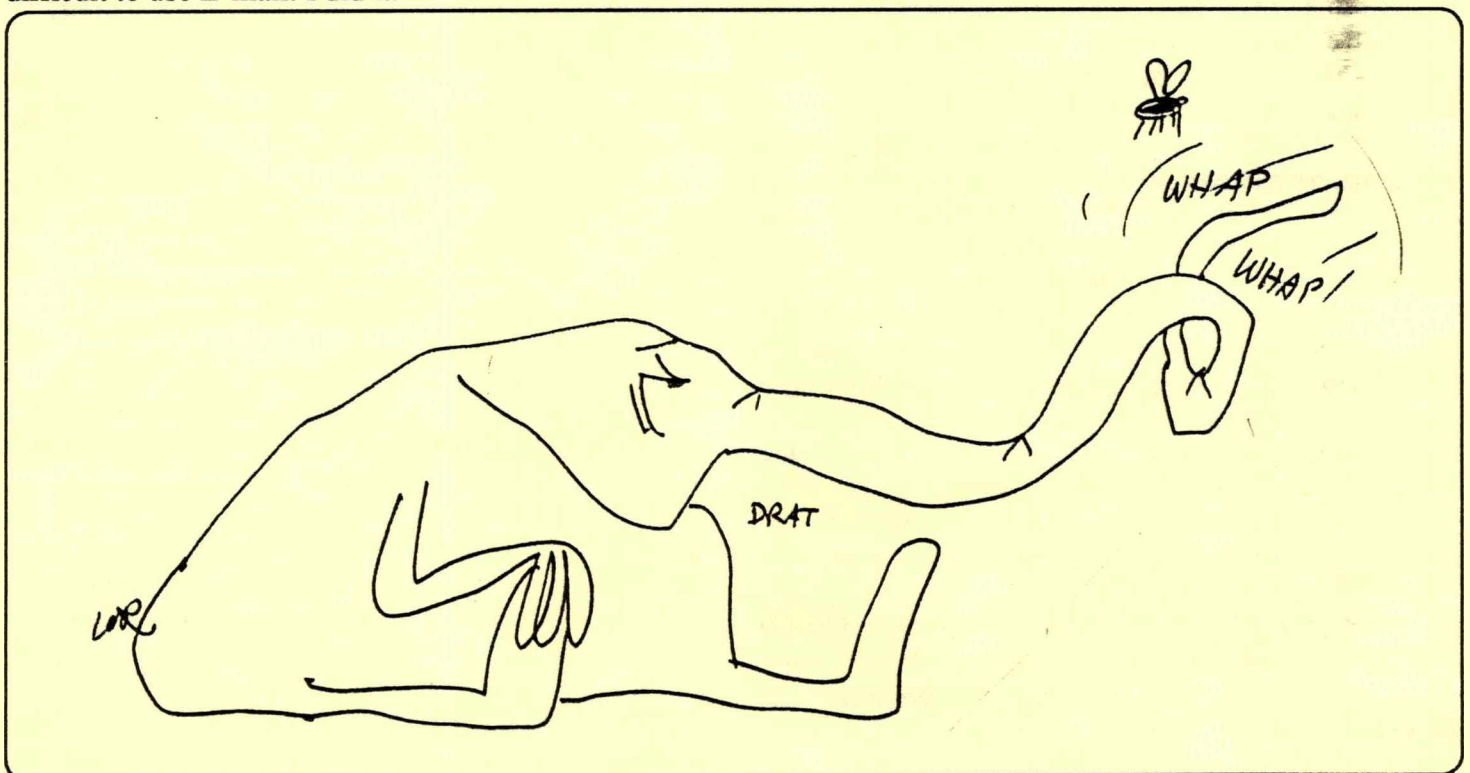
And Arnie offering a kindly warning about the "hungry, sex-starved women of the Internet, (You know me, Arnie -- I'll be *very* careful and carry my rape alarm at all times. I might even buy a battery for it.) and Patrick... "the entire invention and development of Usenet was planned by God for decades in advance, specifically to suit the quirks and strengths of Charles R. Harris Esq. And he can say 'fuck' here." (And sadly, he will brother, he will) and Joyce, my fellow campanologist, planning a carillon together... And the final clincher from my Mom... "Seriously, you will *love* it. Imagine a convention where everyone writes notes... and the convention never ends. You'll be included in every conversation... you'll discover delightful, shocking amusing tidbits..."

Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't dare argue any more. A boy's best friend is his Mom, and if she says I'll love it... I've love it. Or else!

Avedon has the worst job of all. She will come up here and help install the thing, teach me to use it and then run a permanent help-line when I get stuck. She thinks we will be able to manage. Dave thinks Ameol/Windows might be the best system for me, but nothing is definite yet.

As I see it, there shouldn't be any difference in either my ordinary lackadaisical correspondence. It might just mean that some fans will get e-mail... the same sort of letters you get now, but without the full colour portraits of HM the Q. It will be some time before we get going, but you'll be hearing more about it later.

-- Chuch Harris



Marylyn Remembered

My hair stylist, Lisa, always keeps two photographs of Marylyn Monroe on her mirror. One I'd seen, many times, but the second, older snapshot is unfamiliar.

I comment on this.

"Yeah, that's an older one; you don't see it as much." Back to the hair. Then: "You won't believe what happened yesterday. I was doing this guy's hair and he was, like, in his 30s. And he's really staring at the photographs, right? Finally, he says: 'Who's THAT?'"

"Well, I was pretty amazed, but I told him who it was and he nodded.

"Then, a few minutes later he wants to know: 'So, are they *recent* pictures?'"

"Marylyn Monroe died in 1962," I tell him, and I'm past being amazed -- I'm actually getting kind of *pissed off*, mostly on account of I can't believe this guy. I mean, what *planet* is he living on?."

"Really? She died?' He is stunned. He's shocked. 'What happened?'"

She turns off the hairdryer for effect. "So I said the first thing that came into my head. I said: 'The Kennedys killed her.'"

"Well, anyway, that shuts him up for a while, but after about five minutes, you can see his face get all strange. Then, suddenly, he looks so proud of himself, he's nodding, like 'Oh, yeah, I remember that.'"

"That's right!' he says, because he now understands it all. 'The one who drowned in the car!'"

There's a moment of silence. Then the hairdryer comes back on.

"You sure get the winners, Lisa. How *do* you manage that?"

She shrugs. "I phone ahead."

The Heimlich Maneuver

Rich Heimlich is a friend of mine. He writes about computer games and peripherals. He is very funny and perceptive and, if he were a wrestler, his finishing move would no doubt be dubbed "The Heimlich Maneuver."

He is also related -- as are all Heimlichs, it seems -- to the famous gentleman who invented the technique which transformed choking on dinner particles from an appetite killing affair to a relatively neat party trick.

Rich told me he's never had to use his eponymous skill, though he is certainly versed in its execution. His father, on the other

Potshots

a column by

Bill Kunkel

hand, has saved two lives through its judicious application.

Both events occurred in San Francisco restaurants -- a city in which Mr. Heimlich does not live, oddly enough.

"This guy was choking and immediately my dad recognized what was happening," Rich told me. "So he got up, put his arms around the guy, and--" He made a noise. "--popped that piece of unchewed steak out like a bullet!"

"Wow," I said, because I was truly impressed.

"Later," he went on, "after everything calmed down, my dad went over and told the guy that his name was Heimlich, and that the Famous Heimlich was his uncle.

"And the guy says: 'So?', like he's missed the punchline. 'So **who's** this Hine-lick guy?'"

It turned out he'd never heard of either the Heimlichs or their Maneuver. Not only that, suddenly this man whose life had just been saved became almost belligerent, in a puzzled sort of way. He was happy his life had been saved, but disliked being shown up as an ignoramus.

But Rich's pater wasn't daunted by this lack of recognition, and once again performed the life saving exercise in yet another San Fran eatery several years later.

"And you know what?" Rich asked me. I didn't. "This guy never heard of the name either!" There was a definite bitterness to the comment.

From the way he said it, if you start choking in a San Francisco restaurant, I'd suggest you hold up a sign saying:

"Heimlich Maneuver Requested!"

At least if you want Rich or his dad to help.

The League of the Two-Legged Men

"I had a dream," I told Arnie Katz.

"Really?" he wondered. "And in this dream did you look ahead to a day when people are judged, not by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character?"

"No," I admitted. "But that's a good one, too. I dreamed about putting my pants on."

"Whoa, pardner," he cautioned me. "There are ladies present -- but there are more in the back room, and they'll be mad if we don't call them."

"Arnie," I patiently corrected, "I'm putting my pants ON, not taking them off."

He stared at me. "Uh huh. I presume, therefore, that you have a point."

I stopped. After all, I wasn't quite sure who I was speaking to. At least, not in *that* way.

"Arn," I mused cannily, "how, exactly, do you... err, putonyourpants?"

He looked puzzled. "I put my feet through the legs. Isn't that how everyone does it?"

The poor ignorant fool. He had so much to learn. So very much. "Then allow me to lead you slightly," I continued. "Have you ever put your pants on... **while sitting on the bed?**"

He thought about it briefly, then shrugged. "Uh huh."

"And how do you put your pants on *then*?" I prompted. It was like pulling teeth, but he is my best friend.

"I just... pull them on over my legs."

My eyes narrowed. "BOTH legs?"

"Yeeees." He looked like someone who thought they were about to have their leg pulled. Or something.

"And -- this is the important part -- have you ever practiced this manner of dressing by inserting both legs into your pants **at the same time???**"

"Sure." It was no big thing to him now. Soon it would be. Soon he would understand.

I embraced him. "I am so glad, my friend; you are One of Us."

"One of us! One of us!" JoHn, Laurie, and Ross chanted in the background.

That's when I took him off to a private room to explain.

"Arnie, surely you've heard the expression: he puts his pants on one leg at a time, just like everybody else?"

"So?"

He wasn't getting it. I was ready to explode with revelation.

"SO?! So, it only means that you, and I, and ghod only knows how many others out

there are NOT like everyone else, NOT like unto Other Men. That is, We are the Men who DO NOT put their pants on one leg at a time."

"Perhaps we should form a league," he said. Now, in the service of journalistic integrity, I am compelled to admit that he may not have said this at exactly that moment. It might have been a sentence sooner, or a few later. Or it may have come up the last time we discussed drafting teams for a baseball simulation or in a discussion about softball, but he definitely said it.

I would swear to that.

"A League," I pondered, rubbing my chin thoughtfully, in that way I have that makes it look like I am thinking about something Very Hard. (In fact, I usually take those moments to wonder how many days are left until I can get my prescription for klonopin renewed.) "A League it shall be! The League of the Men Who Do NOT Put Their Pants On One Leg at a Time! There, now we have a name!"

Arnie, who frequently has a better sense for these things than I, added: "Perhaps that's a bit windy, Bill. How about The League of the Two-Legged Men."

Hmmmm. (I'm rubbing my chin again.) Not bad. It doesn't really say what's special about us -- I mean, it isn't as if having two legs would be enough to gain membership -- but it had an appropriately mysterious air.

We immediately tried recruiting.

"JoHn," we demanded. "How do you put on your pants?"

JoHn went through a lame explanation that seemed to basically come down to the fact that he put them on one leg at a time. Tsk. Of course, once we explained our concept, he made a pathetic attempt to back-track. "Oh," he said, when told that Arnie and I sit on the bed (this is a League Secret here, so please be discreet with the information that follows) and pull on our pants BOTH LEGS AT THE SAME TIME. "Well, I do that sometimes, too."

We shook our heads sadly. Obviously, weeding out the Two-Legged Wannabes was going to be our first major bit of League Business.

And that, my friends, is the story of why Arnie and I am not like Other Men, and the untold origin of the League of the Two-Legged Men.

--Bill Kunkel

Sercon Navigation

A column by Tom Springer

Chuch's passing reference to editorial perks got me thinking, mostly about possible benefits of being a **Wild Heirs** co-editor.

I've tallied all the perks and, frankly, there aren't many. That's why I'm taking one that traditionally belongs to the readers -- writing a letter of comment on the previous issue.

I'm going to give you fair warning here, so I don't want to hear any crap later on. Now, I've yet to see any LoCs for any of the **Wild Heirs**, so I've decided to fill a void that's been calling to me these last two issues. Whether or not the twenty-one editors of **Wild Heirs** feel that these comments should be included in this monthly issue is up to them, but I can't help feeling that some of these contributing editors would like to hear what a few of our readers have to say. Okay, one of our readers, who sometimes happens to be a contributing editor. But these comments should be looked upon as constructive criticism and helpful analysis, and be recognized as written evidence of the appreciation I have for my fellow editors.

I know that those contributing to this ish could have chosen to write on the topic, Sleaze and Trash, and one knows that you'll rarely find that sort of thing in a regular LoC, but that's not what I'm selling here. No, these LoCs to the editors are special, not only in their content but as a piece of work in its entirety. These are not merely LoCs, they're essays into the human condition, commentary on society, and brief but certain glimpses into our future. In some cases, these LoCs are really contributions unto themselves.

So perhaps our editors will allow a deviant moment from this Ross-inspired LoCer, perhaps they'll follow not only their instinct, but also their good taste when it comes to

making this decision. So, if you've read this far, read on, and see what I have to say about **Wild Heirs #4**.

Going into the West Part IV, Joyce Katz

Hmm. Are you sure they smiled and waved you ahead? I mean, actually smiled? Were you, possibly, misinterpreting? Maybe you accidentally blundered into some Resnikian alternate Vegas universe where the drivers weren't the Mad Max imitators I've battled to these past five years. However, your experience with the unsympathetic tractor-pulled triple vans (the beginning of railless trains?) that thunder down our freeways sounds more like the Vegas traffic I know and hate.

I've always been partial to Jamie's, a breakfast/lunch place which makes its own bagels fresh daily. They also make an exceptional omelette.

Charrisma, Chuch Harris

Still, you gotta admit, 1,480,000 dollars is a lot of money. Just think of the Corflu we could have. I have to admit, John Steinbeck's *The Tales of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*, was a book I ravaged for several years in middle school. I read it so many times the binding wore out and it now sits on my shelf in the smaller bound portions that make up the book now.

Back then I would have given anything to visit Merlin's Cave, even now I find it an intriguing idea. But having to wade into the grave, only to see a "huge weathered slab over the grave covered with faint, illegible runes obscured by moss and 20th Century graffiti," well, I think that for now I'll live vicariously through Chuch. Thanks Chuch.

The Slan Slammers, Arnie Katz

I don't know what to say. Except, I like it.

Though it does bring something to mind that I saw about a month ago. I was leaning back on the couch, a smoke in one hand and a Coke in the other (no Ted White Pepsi flunkie here), surfing through Prime Cable's varied collection of infomercials around 1:00am, when my eye catches two large sweaty men punching each other (not something I keep my eye open for, but it's still a spectacle that catches mine). Naturally I stopped my flicking, took a puff, and watched them battle for the full three rounds; Joe the Ladykiller Dubrowski vs. Mike the Cruncher something. I had stumbled upon the Northwestern Regional Toughman Competition Finals.

Sadly, they had Mr. T as the out of ring referee and look alike good guy, who though still looks essentially the same after all these years, *still* looks essentially the same. You can imagine my excitement.

Still, these guys were tough, some even spastically violent, so I twisted another one and settled down for the duration. The three-round bouts went quickly; the bell rang, and both men leapt from their respective corners, and began flailing away at each other, basically beating the crap out of one another. The dominant fighters were either large and fast, or serious healthy amateur boxers (one of which won the whole thing).

Like I said, spastically violent. One fighter, (with a nickname like the Punisher, or Pounder) actually went berserk, head-butted his opponent (twice in quick succession) to the mat, then in a spit-flinging fury, while he fought off the referee and the token cornermen, he proceeded to try to kick his opponent to death.

The third to last bout of the night was the best. Jim the Axe something (a tall rangy man) versus a short block of a man who went by the monicker, Stump. "And the Stump wobbles from another chopping blow by the Axe!...He's just cutting him down Charlie, just cutting him down... And the Stump lands another blow!...This stumpy little man from Seattle has just come alive in this last round!... And down he goes Charlie! I think the Axe is broken!" This was actually frantically written down verbatim during the fight. And these are the ones I thought I could get away with.

Dither, Ross Chamberlain

You again inspire me to try the traditional Apa mailing comments, though at times it's hard for me to comment on everyone's work. Sometimes I find myself reaching a little too far, and I can only wonder how noticeable it is. Sometime it's small talk and sometimes it's not, but I more often click on something than not. But hey, what's wrong with small talk?

I can't say I've yet had the misfortune to be sucked into (I'm a heavy guy) the World's Biggest Tourist Shop, though I've visited the little Irish Pub next door. They didn't have Guinness on tap, so I think they're only Irish in name. Where have I heard that before?

I've really never had problems getting work before I began selling, but then I wasn't really looking for a career type job. I just wanted a "job" job. So, I can't say that I really know what it's like out there, but from what I've heard from friends and the many people I've talked to for the year and a half I lived at the British Bull Dog, there's definitely a "who you know" factor that tremendously helps in finding work.

Bheer and Loafing in Las Vegas, JoHn Hardin

I wonder if your life would have come out any different if, on your way up the Strip to Caesar's, while listening to "Private Idaho" by the B-52's on your walkman, three large men attacked you, robbed you, mortally beat you, left you for dead, then...

A couple hours later (not dying but wishing you were) with several broken bones and something burst inside you that hurts so much it keeps you from being able to move, that's when two homeless men find you and drag you off the side of the road into some weeds where no one can see you. They wrestle you out of your clothes, even your underwear, because it's cold out and they need everything they can get. As you lie there, face down in the dirt, unable to fight them off, too paralyzed with pain to do anything but lay limp and moan, you realize you're coming down from those two spirals you did a few hours ago. Of course, the three big guys took your drugs, but you're coming down real hard, and that's all you can think about.

An hour later, you're still lying face down in the weeds just off the road, and you really

think you're going to die, 'cause not only are you coming down badly, something feels broken inside, and it hurts so much when you move that you lie face down in the littered dirt, naked, robbed, beaten, and ignored, thinking that you're dying. And, while you're lying there, dying, a rotweiler comes upon you. It scoots up to sniff your head, then your ass. It licks you on the butt a couple times. You lie there and think you're dying, and, "*what the fuck is that?* Christ! Get off! Christ! Get off! Ow! Aah, huh, huh, huh, huh!" That's when it comes to you. You're lying there off the side of the road in the weeds naked, beaten, robbed, ignored, left for dead, coming down real hard, and you're being fucked up the ass, raped, by this lucky rotweiler. You wish you were dead, but you're not.

The nice doggy sticks around a few more hours while you lie there face down in the weeds off the side of the road, naked, beaten, robbed and left for dead, coming down real hard while this fucking dog frantically dicks you up the ass every fifteen or twenty minutes for a few hours. You're found in the early morning hours, off the side of the road, in the weeds, unconscious, naked, beaten robbed, raped, and left for dead.

You survive.

Three months later you show no physical signs of what happened, but you remember.

So now, I wonder... Would your life have turned out any different?

Come Fly A Kite, Ken Forman

Baby, you're right on! Every time I read this I want to go flying. Hey, what are you doing Sunday? Wham! Wham!

Bright Lights, Not-so-big City, Cathi Copeland

I don't think the attitude is socialize or die of loneliness; it's more like socialize or die. People may seem more socially curious, but I think it's only a survival instinct, a sophisticated herd mentality thing. If you're part of the crowd you won't be noticeable. You won't appear weak and be singled out by the predators. You won't be a victim.

That's why there are so many clubs in this town from the Elks to Snaffu to crochet, AA, GA, bridge, Toastmasters, why, a veritable smorgasbord of social herds to hide in. Of

course, when you stalk the streets with the powerful amble of a sercon fan, no one'll mess with you, 'cause your better than them and they know it!

And, I've been meaning to talk to you about this Ben Wilson guy. I mean, are you sure about this? He's not really who you think he is. First of all, he may have told you he's from the Midwest somewhere, Detroit, something like that. Don't listen to him! He's really from Salt Lake City, Utah. Now it's true, he drinks caffeine, smokes, and has sex on Sundays, but it's all just a facade! He gets phone calls, right? Bet he says they're from his friends, family, work, stuff like that, huh? Nope. Those are his other wives calling. He's got two of them, besides you. One in Salt Lake and another here in town. It's true! If you don't believe me, ask Ben. He'll own up to it.

I bet he goes to work eight hours a day, at least he's gone that long, right? And sure, maybe he'll talk with you about it, and get a paycheck, but he doesn't work eight hours a day. He only works four, and sees Shelly, his wife here in town, after he gets off his regular four hour shift. You see, he's really Mormon. Now, I'd understand if you decide to reconsider, and I'll be there for you if you do, backing your decision all the way, so you just let me know when you wanna dump this guy and Ken and I'll be there for you. And if it's real sudden like, you know, abrupt, and I can't make it, just call Ken, he'll be there. Don't be afraid, he knows about Ben too, just ask him, he'll tell you. So, if you do decide to break up, we'll be there for you, Ken and I.

Maybe you better think about this wedding thing. Come on, he's not good enough for you! You don't need someone who loves you. You don't want someone who cares for you, worries about you, needs you, stupid stuff like that. You need a man who's less responsible. Someone with an interest in assault rifles and leather buckles. Admit it, you need a man who's riding a wave of insanity, who exudes the musky scent of danger (and suicide), you need a man who uses you, cheats on you, sketches clock towers, and ties you to the coffee table for hours at a time. You don't want a Mormon! Some happy, loving, responsible, sensible, amusing, caring goof who calls himself Ben Wilson. No, you want the kinda guy who

picks up large male hitchhikers to make friends with and who invites them over for a night or two, until they can find a ride out of town. You want a man like that. Well, dontchya?

Fandoom (More Reflections on the Sodom of the Southwest), **Ben Wilson**

Hey, I didn't know you were a member! I'm gonna need to see your membership card and hear the password for today. Hold on a minute though, I do have to agree with you that Vegas looks and feels like a big city, and that perhaps it is. I think the reason it feels that way is because mile-wise, well, were only talking eighteen square miles here. Sure, that may seem like a lot from someone back east who's lived with the "build up" necessity all their lives. Out here we've got plenty of room to build wherever, however, and as much as we want. We "build out" here in the western states. And that's the same mentality used during a large period of growth (a twenty or thirty year spurt), in which Vegas was built out.

I'm sure that originally they never thought that the city would reach the feet of the mountain ranges to both the east and the west, that make up the valley in which Las Vegas is located. And now that those geographical obstacles have stalled that build out mentality, we're just beginning to stuff these migrating peoples, these pilgrims, into a town that really isn't big enough for everyone. Hence all the problems you listed.

We'll get to that membership stuff in a minute, first there's something I want to talk to you about. Now, are you ready for this marriage thing? I know, you've already told her you love her, but we both know you really didn't mean it. We're talking about the rest of your life here, are you sure you want to spend it with her? Sure, she's smart, attractive, witty, controls your life, and you've told her you love her, but there's still time for second thoughts. I mean, you can always keep this one on the stringer if you can't find something better, but shouldn't you at least give it a try? I mean for Christ Sakes, you're a man after all, don't you think it's time you started acting like one?!

What about that Lori chick we met Tuesday night over at the Crazy Horse? She seemed to like you. Sure, maybe it had

something to do with the way you held your money, but you don't know that for sure! I mean, didn't she say you should come back sometime? Well did she? Of course she did. Now, doesn't that mean she'd like to see you again? Well, there you go, one instant date! It's only a start, but we can go somewhere different next Tuesday, you know, downtown, somewhere like that bar last month, only without the urine smell.

I know, I'm really pushing you at this Lori chick, but I'm worried about you. I don't think Cathi's right for you. I know she means well, but I just don't think that she's your type. I mean, don't you like taller women, with those severe crew cut hairdos and the masculine faces. You know, those chicks who are stronger than you, and dominate you, and make you do those things you love being made to do. Like last week with that truckdriver who picked us up when we ran out of gas, I saw how she looked at you. Steely eyed and hard, and who cares if she had a mustache, it wasn't that thick, besides, you're the one who tried on the cuffs hanging from the CB hook. Don't worry though, I won't tell anyone about what you did in the sleeping compartment if you promise to think this marriage thing over. Whatyathink? We got a deal? Promise? Good.

A Woman of Convenience, Marcy Waldie

My friend Matt worked a gas station in San Diego when he got of highschool, and I have to admit, without the hookers, celebrities, and the occasionally honesty-testing Japanese, I think some of his stories would match some of yours. It's really just a place many people in the world stop at for necessity and convenience, a place that gives you the best and worse humanity and the world in general has to offer.

Now then, can you believe this thing going on between Ben and Cathi? First they want to get married, now they don't? What's with them? Don't they have any consideration for their friends? I mean, c'mon, we've been talking this thing up like crazy, the least they could do is stick by what they say. But, nooooo! They have to go and change their minds, decide they're not getting married. Can you believe this? Jesus, people these days!

-- Tom Springer

I'd judge I'm the most qualified to talk on today's topic of all the Vegrants. I've lived in Hollywood, New York and Las Vegas: that should get me an automatic ticket into the slease-of-the-month club.

I hail from the southern corner of Missouri, where the phrase white trash is not unknown. And I've even lived with transported Georgia Crackers in Cajun Louisiana, which is about as deep in sleasy bayou mud as you can get.

Guess I've always had an afinity for trash: show me a red dress or a grey one, and I'll pick the one with the flounces and fake jewel buckle.

My friend Diane once said to me, "The reason I love Vegas is cause I can always wear jeans." I laughed and said, "and the reason I love it is cause I can always wear rhinestones and silk."

I confess: I once lived in a two room trailer in a backstreet trailer park. I once played games on Times Square. I've bought many garments from Fredericks. I've dragged my feathers into the Hollywood Cafeteria, in front of the freaks and has-beens and wanna-bees that enhabit such eateries.

Sometimes trash and slease can be beautifully combined, like the florist in the Times Square subway station who'll not only gild the lily with fake gold spray, but for a buck extra, sprinkle it with artificial jewel dust. Is that not perfection?

Trash and slease is such a matter of individual taste that it's almost always politically incorrect to dub it that. But we all know what it is, don't we?

My mother had a war against trash and slease that exceeded even her war against cobwebs. She'd sooner broom down a corner than eat, and she'd rather broom down a stack of 'trashy literature' than breathe. My oldest brother was an avid reader, and he'd hide his collection in a bottom drawer, under the shirts and socks. But she'd ferret them out and toss them on the trash fire. Ed'd never say a word to her, just grimly start his collection over, even with the futile certainty that she'd strike again. Sic transit Mickey Spillane.

Mother had an infallible method for recognizing trash: if it was a paperback, it was No Good.

But it's amazing what would pass muster if

Carrying

On

A column by Joyce Katz

it was nicely bound.

I once worked with a cub reporter, fresh out of school, bright eyed and bushy tailed. She looked forward to her first Consumer Electronic Show in Vegas...well, the way I'm looking forward to Corflu. She planned her wardrobe like a highschool senior plots out graduation week. And, for the most important night, she bought a beautiful fluffy confection of a minidress.

The night of the big parties, she groomed to the tee, put on her finest, looked in the mirror ... then burst into tears. "It's too short; it looks so different here than in the showroom; I look like a Times Square hooker."

Alas, she did... but a damned cute one, no matter how short the dress was. "I can give you instant respectability," I promised the crying girl. "Put on your press badge, and no one will think a thing about it."

Sleaze and trash are only a trifling squiggle away from respectability; usually it depends on just which way the watcher wants to see it.

No one who has stood in a grocery store line and idly browsed the super market tabloids is wholly pure.

And aren't you glad.

-- Joyce Katz

The **Wild Heirs** editorial staff has finally gotten around to a letter column.

Mike Glicksohn,
508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M6S 3L6,
Canada

Thanks for the recently arrived copy of **Wild Heirs #3**. It was good to see fanzine activity from Las Vegas again.

I wish I could tell you that I thought the issue was filled with scintillating wit and prose but that would definitely be an exaggeration. I'm afraid that to me, this seemed more like a fanzine produced from a sense of obligation than one produced from a sense of inspiration. The operative word might be "jejune", although there were occasional flashes of the wit and sparkle that used to make **Folly**, a fanzine to be anticipated. (Arnie's piece on Joyce's pun was vintage stuff, even if it was really "only" a three-level pun since "token humorist" was an accurate description and not a pun *per se*, and Joyce's reminiscences were powerful and fannish but too much of

the first half of the issue suffered from the sort of lackluster, unfocussed approach that typifies - and renders rather useless - most one-shots.) Even Arnie's piece on losing his ability to pun struck me as forced and not up to his usual standard. Then again, maybe I've been working too hard and am suffering from the absence of Spring Training?

{{**JoHn**: Your sharp eye caught us out when you say that **Wild Heirs #3** seems like "a fanzine produced from a sense of obligation (rather) than one produced from a sense of inspiration." Well, you're right.

Wild Heirs had lain fallow for months, and the publisher was breathing down our necks, the freelancers were screaming for their checks and the ad department was dying because they had nothing to show prospective clients. If we had not made that midnight deadline to the printer, **Wild Heirs** would never have made it to the newsstands. It was a crunch, but we did it. You should have seen Tom and Arnie, stalking the cubicles in the **Wild Heirs** layout/production offices. Smoking cigars, swilling cheap, raw whiskey and cracking their bullwhips: they were terrifying. Mike, had you been here, you would have felt obligated to produce a fanzine too.

Arnie: Your letter, and the cover which resulted from your inspiration, reminds me of June Wilkinson.

She displayed herself in the pages of *Playboy* at about the age of 15, at which point she had already bloomed to playmate-of-the-month physical dimensions. In succeeding years, the model and actress was

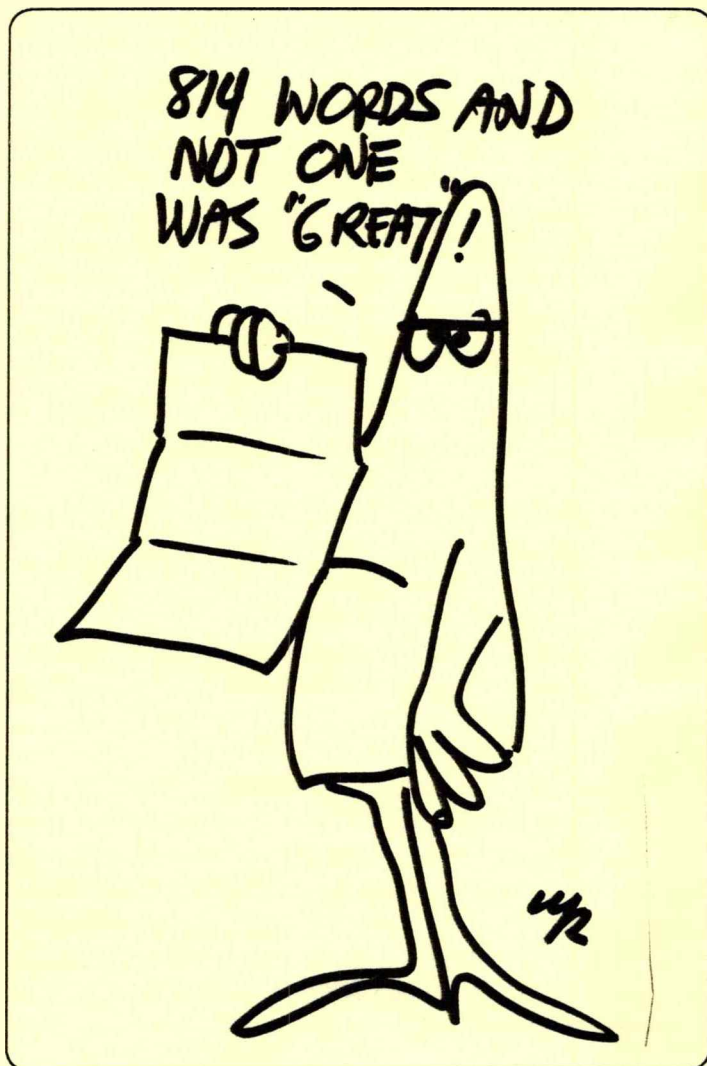
Conducted by
Tom Springer

Letter

frequently seen in the pages of Hefner's magazine, and on his "Playboy Penthouse" television program. As best I recollect, her main function was to balance several glasses of champaign on the upper slopes of her awesome breasts. Her career went down a side street when she became the star of a touring show called "Pajama Tops." I have no idea what she's doing today. She may be living in that trailer with Betty Page for all I know.

I could alibi that the "trash and sleaze" theme caused this mental association, but I'd be lying. With bows to all the famous and wonderful Junes from Havoc to Moffatt. June Wilkinson is not a stranger to my daydreams. The man doesn't easily forget the boy's youthful longings.}}

Just so you know I'm not a complete curmudgeon, I really liked Ross's cover. This is some weird form of meta-humor and thoroughly delightful! I first saw this idea on the



cover of a rather old *National Lampoon*, and I've seen variations on it on at least two other magazines but Ross has carried the idea to its most ridiculous extreme by threatening to destroy something that doesn't exist in the first place! Now this is pure essence of fannishness and sets an impossibly high standard that the rest of the issue falls far short of. A shame, but so it goes.

{{**Ross:** Thanks for the kind words about the cover — but I shouldn't take credit for the concept, just the execution. The cover on this issue, however...

Bill: Actually, Mike, the genesis for the "LOC This Issue or—" cover was Arnie's newsstand zine, *Electronic Games*. We were looking for an appropriate April Fools cover last year, and I suggested a variation on the classic *Nat Lamp* cover ("Buy This Issue or We'll Shoot This Dog"). I envisioned a photo of an innocuous-looking adult standing against a bare background, holding one of the popular video game lightguns (I believe we had Konami's big, pink Enforcer in mind.) Next to him would be a big, friendly-looking (but obviously computer-rendered) doggie. The headline was to read: "Buy This Issue, or We'll Shoot This Digital Dog!"

Unfortunately, while Arnie loved the idea (hey, he eventually found a place to use it, didn't he?), *EG's* publisher didn't share our enthusiasm. I don't think he got it. Anyway, that's the story of how I got Mike Glickson to admit in public that he enjoyed something of mine. Only took about 25 years which, as we all know, are not too many.}}

Buck Coulson

2677 W 500 N. Hartford City, IN 47348

Fascination with the female form is due to the fact that until recently all artists were male. You don't see Georgia O'Keefe doodling around with female forms; bison skulls are more her line. Don't recall Grandma Moses going in for female forms, either.

{{**Ross:** I was just trying to remember if Marie Cassatt indulged in painting the feminine form at all, but she wasn't exactly a recent painter. Yes, she lived until 1926, but she was born 150 years ago.}}

I dunno, Joyce; I didn't find fandom until I was 23 or 24 -- I'd have to dig through the totally unsorted fanzines (but they're in file

cabinets!) to find the first issue of Bob Silverberg's fanzine that I received. And I'm reasonably content with my fan career. Of course, when I was 23 or 24, the professional stf mags were running fanzine review columns, so it was easier to get in touch with the field. (Not sure whose column I picked my first zines from; it might all be Bob Bloch's fault, but I think it was someone else's reviews.)

William Rotsler

17909 Lull Street Reseda, CA 91335

Thank you for **Wild Heirs**. Burbee ain't lost it.

I've been in fandom 51 years. (Jesus H. Christ and his pet dog Floppo!) I got my draft notice to come be a dress alike to Ike and my first fanzine in the same mail. You know what has kept me in this odd little semi-secret society? Because you can talk to fans about anything. Okay, not *every* fan about anything, but to most about most things.

I used to be around a lot of artists, then photographers and fashion models, then farmers, then figure models, then porn queens. The subjects are limited, though (perhaps surprisingly) the porn actresses had the widest range and by far the most narrow

range were high fashion models. (They are *all* surface!)

[[Ross:
Pardon the double-take, but — farmers? How did farmers come into your acquaintance amid all those artists and models?}}

Then I was around comic books writers and artists and they are pretty good, subject-wise. Lately I've been talking to movie directors and support

personnel a lot - they're okay, but the subject is movies, sex, movies, gossip, movies. I went to a birthday party at Frank Darabont's a couple of days ago (he's up for seven Oscars for *Shawshank Redemption*) and the subject range was very interesting. Todsday Bill Warren and I interviewed Rick Berman (*Star Trek*) for French TV (an ongoing project of ours) and these people are nice, but 102% on TV and *ST* movies.

So fans are still the leaders in wideness of subject matter. (Wideness of other things, too, but we won't go into that.) Other than the above, Mrs. Lincoln, I enjoyed your fanzine. (And I *think* I will come to Corflu Vegas after all, even though I can't afford it - a quadruple bypass operation has cut heavily into my income.)

[[Marcy We in Las Vegas fandom modestly accept your gracious words on our wideness. Though, being a neo and the token Olive Oyl, I have to work harder for kudos.

Arnie: The thing that separates our fandom from several other similar ones is that we are the only one that strays so far from the mother lode, the subject that caused the fandom to coalesce in the first place. When the editor of an electronic gaming fandom decides to talk about animé, an editorial explanation for the deviation is a certainty. Imagine what *Wild Heirs* would be like if we apologized each time we gab about anything besides fantasy and science fiction.}}

George Flynn

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

Not guilty! I don't think I had even gotten **Wild Heirs #3** when you were putting together #4. (We will pass over why I haven't responded to it *since* then.)

OK, so I'll loc both issues together; maybe the loc will even get there before I do (though I wouldn't count on it). Good stuff throughout, of course.

There seems to be a historical discrepancy here: Arnie tells how he got in touch with Vegas fandom in 1991 (which seems consistent with information elsewhere), while Ken Forman refers to Arnie's first calling him "six years ago." Perhaps the Ken who wrote this is an interloper from an alternate timeline who has thus given himself away? But given this

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hint, no doubt you folks can resolve the matter.

The story of Fen Against the Sea River reassures one that today's fans have not lost the spirit of adventure. On the other hand, there seems to be no evidence that this adventure has been repeated, so perhaps they haven't lost their sanity either... (I was just reading that many tourists think the Grand Canyon is an artifact, and ask questions like what tools the Indians used to dig it. There seems to be an opening for a fannish legend here...)

{{**Joyce:** I believe you're right, George. In fact, I remember it well. Arnie and Ken were racing, each wanting to be first to pub their ish. The whirling and spinning of the mimeo handles were so fierce, and the draft from the fluttering pages was so strong, that the hot wind coming from them blew over the lonesome pine on the lone prairie. It scooted right along in front of the gale, scooping out the Grand Canyon (which rightfully should be named the Fan Canyon) as it moved over the desert.}}

It is also reassuring that the pun still flourishes. Of course, one must note with sadness that puns are not *always* appropriate. Only yesterday, for example, upon hearing that one of my co-workers was "going to *Where*" (a local magazine that's one of our clients), I had to sternly resist the temptation to respond with an adaptation of "Who's on First?"

The Worldcon in Boston that Joy-Lynd describes was in 1980 (only 13 years after NYCon 3).

{{**Ross:** Thanks for the clarification as to the date of the Noreascon in Boston that Joy-Lynd wrote about. It was actually my third Worldcon, with St. Louiscon my second.}}

On to the trufannish fire of #4, about which I nevertheless find less to say (except for the bits already mentioned).

Like Chuch, I have visited Dozmary Pool. Eerie place all right, and at least that time there were no cows betraying its depth. More impressive was Cadbury Castle, the hill that's said to be Camelot, where we spotted a party of knights horsemen on the next ridge over. But the way up was a cowpath, so the walking was...interesting. There does seem to

be this tension between cows and Arthuriana...

Buck Coulson, again...

Moving -- bah, humbug. So far, I've moved nine times, but never outside of Indiana, and except for the first move when I was five years old and had very little to say about it, never outside of northeastern Indiana. So no airplane flights cross-country. Cars and the occasional moving van, and the last move took us a month.

I don't intend any further moves, not even to a graveyard. Cremation, and scatter my ashes over the property.

I love the cows in Chuch's bottomless pool -- treading water, no doubt. After all, cows *can* swim, even if they don't much like to. No gold around here, though a co-worker found several glass jars full of old coins buried around his house. He gave me some Indian-head pennies out of the loot. Nothing buried here, though; a nice man with a backhoe put a trench all the way around the house when we were looking for the drain to the septic tank. (He started a couple of feet from the drain and went in the wrong direction...) I thought about leaving the trench as a defense against unwanted visitors, but Juanita insisted on covering it back up. Best that Indiana can do is rumors of loot buried by John Dillinger when he was busy robbing banks in the 1930's.

Incidentally, Dillinger's prick is supposed to be on exhibit at a museum in Nashville, IN. I didn't pay to go see it, but it seems a rather odd souvenir.

{{**Ross:** As a youngster in Texas, I decided once to bury some treasure in our back yard. I selected some of my favorite things (none of which are listed in the *Sound of Music* song, by the way), dropped them in a mayonnaise jar (not to be confused with Karnak's place of safekeeping), and buried them in a spot I knew I could relocate at a later date. Eons later (read: a few months), I decided to retrieve my treasure -- after all, the point of burying treasure is to keep it safe and eventually retrieve it, right? Regrettably, the jar had somehow broken in the interim, and the contents were soaked, mildewed, rotted, whatever -- basically irretrievable. }}

Interesting material by Marcy Waldie, but no comment. Well, one comment. Nearly all gas stations that I have visited, one reads the instructions (all of them used to work alike, but no more), pumps the gas, then walks into the station with cash or credit card in hand. There are on occasion "drive-offs" who leave without paying, but they remain rare. Is this proof of the honesty of the average American, or proof that drivers are operating "on automatic" and not really thinking?

{{**Joyce:** I am impressed, Buck, by the thought of gas stations that let you pump first then pay. They're less trusting out here, I suppose. But I don't think that drivers are operating on automatic; I think most people are honest and would rather pay the bill than steal.

Actually, pumping gas is one of my pet peeves. As a fairly recent driver, I don't really know when gas stations started charging so much more, yet offering so much less service. You long-time drivers sure did lose control of the situation! I really hate pumping gas, and will usually pay for the privilege of keeping my hands clean.

Ken: The gas stations here in Las Vegas all require the customer to pay first. I think this practice started when local stations changed over to self-service. Vegas tends to be a transient city (in both senses of the word) so station owners are understandably nervous when it comes to trusting customers. If stations used the "pump first" method, I'm sure the number of drive-offs would be as low as those in Cambridge but (just like a lot of things) tradition and inertia have insured that this practice continues.}}

Ben Indick

428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666-2626

Wild Heirs is a sporadically continuing one-shot, call it what you will; it is, however, better than most.

{{**Arnie:** You're not the only speculator about the nature of **Wild Heirs**, both in letters and at Corflu. Herewith the definitive answer (at least for this month): Wild Heirs is the fanzine of Las Vegrants and is produced through the combined efforts of its members. The name derives from **Wild Hair**, the oneshot series from the LA Insurgents in the post-war 1940s and symbolizes our reverence

for that iconoclastic band.

We write "Vague Rants" at the monthly Vegrants meeting, and a lot of the articles come from Apa-V distributed at those same meetings. We don't have a schedule, the surest prevention against lateness, but we've averaged about one a month lately.}}

Joyce, don't feel bad, if you do in moments of sentiment, about leaving New York City. I see in today's paper that Vegas, AKA Glitzville, is building its own hotel/casino version of the Big Apple, to be known appropriately as "New York, New York," with a somewhat miniaturized NYC skyline. Go there, my daughter, weep, at the pallid replica, and lose money. That, at least, can be done in either version.

{{**Marcy:** Is New York really as exciting to the core as, say, Wisconsin? After all, the Dairy State had Eddy Gein, Jeff Dahlmer and Mob vacation spots (talk about glamor). Yeah, I guess New York can boast of all of the famous sports figures and championships, but we had Hammerin' Hank.

Tom: Back in the fifties, Eddy Gein was a farmer, and kind of a maintenance man in the central Wisconsin town of Portage, next to another little village named Keen.

Occasionally he would baby-sit for neighbors and friends. During this time he was taking hunters and tourists, killing them, butchering them, and eating them.

In '56 or '57 one of the sheriff's deputies (the sheriff was Herb Winsurski) of the town stopped by a little bar called Bloody Mary's, run by an old whore turned madam from outside of Chicago. (What Marcie refers to as "Mob vacation spots" were actually safe house's and hiding spots used during the Capone era. Many a farm shed and guest house were used as such.) The bar door was open, the deputy went in to find blood and gore everywhere, and a trail leading out to the parking lot.

He was able to follow the truck tracks and occasional spots of blood to Eddy Gein's farm. Trailing the blood to a work shed on the property he found Mary inside, dead, hanging upside down, butchered like a cow.

The deputy called for back-up and the police followed the truck's tire tracks to another house where Eddy was quietly having dinner with his neighbors. They were

eating what Eddy claimed to be freshly butchered cow liver. When it was discovered they were eating Bloody Mary's liver, the neighbor's wife lost it, and has been insane ever since.

It was widely rumored that Eddy kept shoeboxes full of women's genitalia and breasts. Before he was brought to trial, and before the investigation was completed, Eddy Gein's house and outbuildings were burned to the ground and bulldozed flat by local townsfolk. Eddy later admitted to over a hundred murders. Some experts believe the number to be somewhere in the hundreds. He died in federal prison just outside of Portage in 1984. The character Hannibal Lector in the movie *Silence of the Lambs* was modeled after Eddy Geins.}}

Mike Glicksohn, again...

I'm a bit puzzled. According to my records I wrote you a loc on **Wild Heirs #3** on March 19th. **Wild Heirs #4** did not arrive here until March 31st. That's twelve whole days after I wrote my loc. So howcum #4 is filled with whining and crabbing about the lack of response on #3 instead of being partially filled with my loc, eh? Caught ya, didn't I? Let that be a lesson to you all: no matter what you write in a fanzine, *The Truth Will Out!* Now that you see that you can't get away with it, let's have no more of this puling negativism in future issues, okay?

Joyce's continued saga of the Katzian move west just makes me want to visit Las Vegas even more than I always do. I love to gamble, albeit for rather picayune stakes, so Vegas is a perpetual mecca for me, despite the expensive nature of the only trip I ever made there. Reading about the rest of life in the city merely makes it all the more attractive as a possible future vacation destination. I guess we'll see what the next few turns of the wheel of fortune bring.

It seemed appropriate that I read "The Slan Slammers" yesterday evening instead of watching WRESTLEMANIA (which cost \$34.95 on pay-for-view whereas **Wild Heirs #4** cost \$0.00 on don't-pay-to-read, so it was a pretty easy choice.)

I'm closing in on the end of my twenty-fourth year of teaching, but I don't yet feel burned out. So I guess I won't be moving to Las Vegas in the immediate future. But I

certainly enjoyed reading Marcie's article about doing so.

Harry Warner

423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740

I enjoyed this big **Wild Heirs** quite a bit, even though it finally forced me to revise my certainty that all Las Vegas fandom is you. There is so much material in this issue and the writing styles are so different that I've finally swung around to the belief that I was wrong after all. Now I feel certain that two fans exist in Las Vegas, probably you and Joyce, splitting the fanac between you. I am too old to decide who writes what in this issue.

Ross's cover doesn't frighten me a bit and it isn't responsible for this loc. Earlier today, I experienced something much worse than the cover's message: five individuals taking down my Christmas tree. It must have been the only house in the nation where five persons dismantled a small Christmas tree on March 26, 1995.

Tammy Funk might like to know that the Maryland Legislature decides on what shall be the official state flower, bird, tree, tramp, munchie, and so on.

Su Williams could find a fair quantity of human middle bits illustrations if she paid the proper attention to underwear advertisements in the supplements that come with many newspapers from Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, and so on. Curiously, it's hard to find complete upper bits in such advertisements. Either the photographers or the makeup people have fallen into the bad habit of cropping off the tops of the heads of most models. This causes me to wonder if it's a harmless idiosyncrasy or a more ominous way of preventing readers from realizing that these poor models have had the tops of their skulls sliced off and most of their brains scooped out, so they can display the idiotic expression that most of their faces assume

{{**Ross:** This comment fits well with Bill Rotsler's elsewhere in this lettercol. But chopping off various portions of the head in photographs makes me think of the art director hired for *Quick Frozen Foods*, a trade publication Sam Moskowitz edited and on which Arnie and I and other fans worked from time to time (e.g., Andy Porter and JJ Pierce).

He had come from one of those national digest size picture magazines that were around in the '60s and '70s. He artistically cropped all the mug shots of industry bigwigs (a major feature of the publication) so that they looked as though they were peering through square holes in the paper. He actually stayed with us a surprisingly long time, considering...}}

Tom Springer would do well not to believe every word Fran Laney wrote about Forrey Ackerman. Much of his Ackerman material seems to have been intended as Forrey-baiting and shouldn't be taken as the literal truth any more than we assume Irish Fandom did no inventing and exaggerating when writing about one another in the pages of Hyphen.

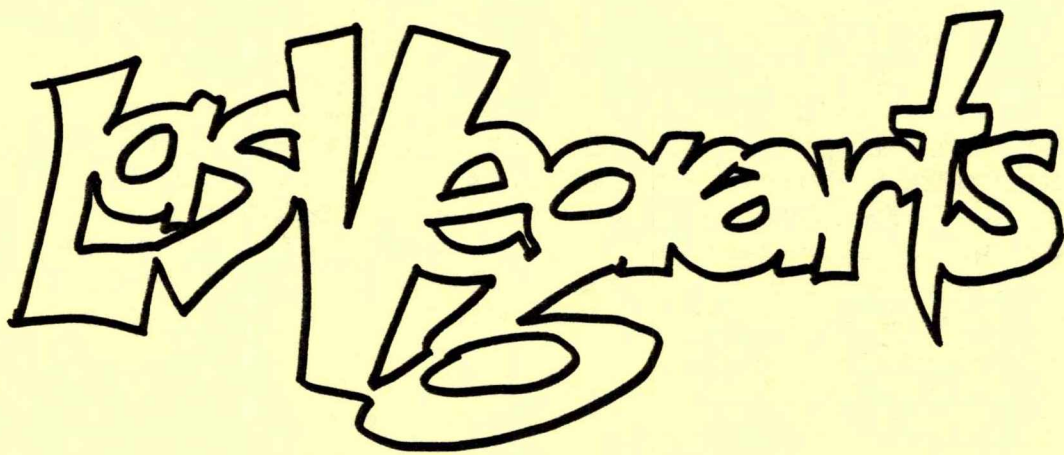
{{**Arnie:** I've come to my own conclusions about Forrey Ackerman, based on direct in-person and fanzine contact, so I am not much guided by Laney's views on the subject. Still, I think FTL was fairly sincere in what he said

in "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!" I'd like to hear from coeditors Burbee and Rotsler on this subject, since they are probably in the best position to know.}}

I don't think it's a good idea to publicize marijuana use by fans in a fanzine article. Fandom has already produced one convicted felon for drug dealing, and it's conceivable that authorities may still have fandom under occasional surveillance. In recent months I've had quite a few fanzines arrive with their wrappers or envelopes partially opened in such manner that I believe it's being done in Hagerstown; several of these fanzines probably wouldn't have retained their covers if damage had occurred accidentally at the point of mailing.

WAHF: We also heard from Dave Hall and Robert Lichtman, thanks for all the letters.

Keep writing! -- Tom Springer



L's Hearts