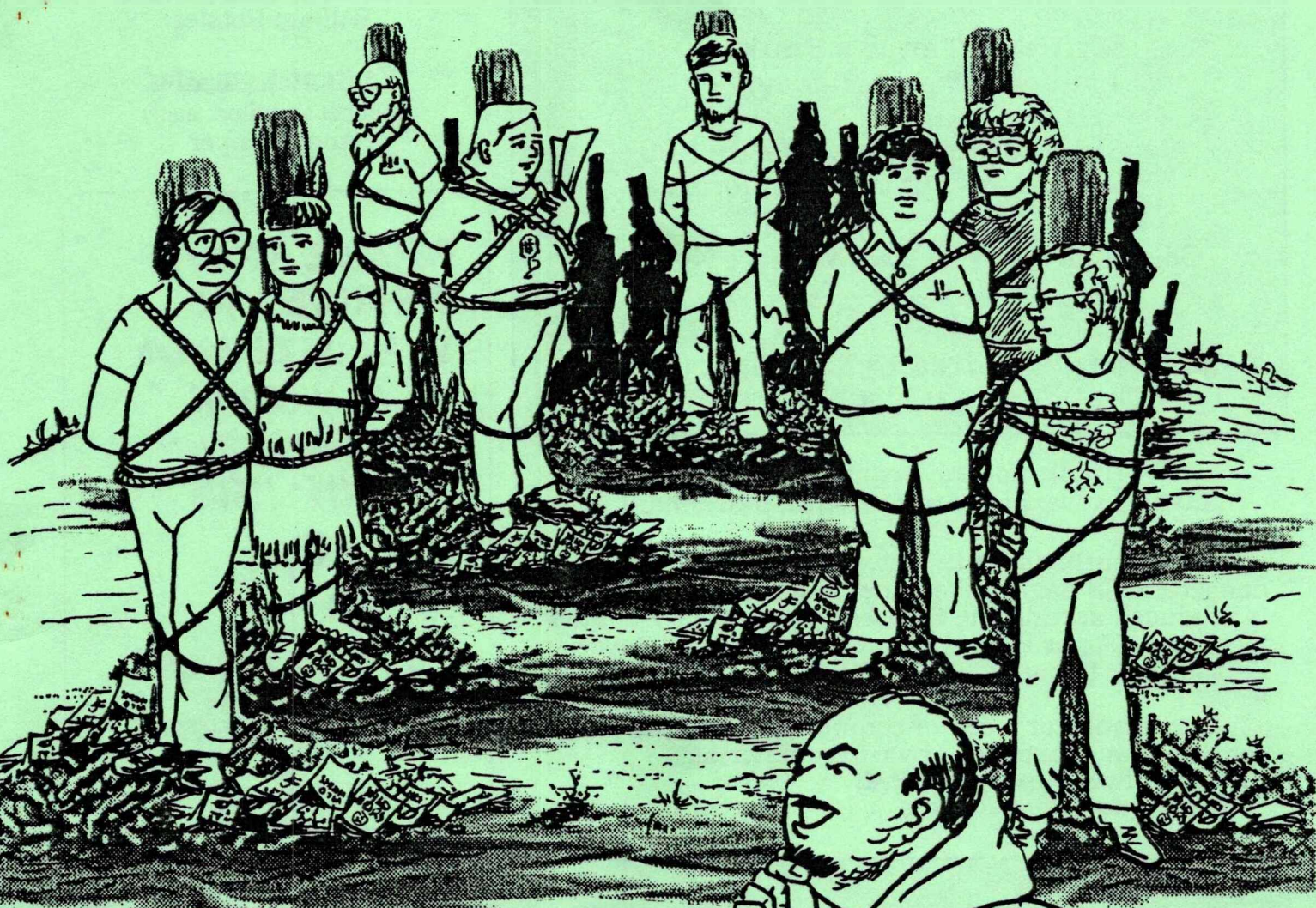


Wild Heires

NUMBER NINE



Wonder how long it takes 23
editors to burn out...*

*Apparatchik #39

Ross C.
8/95

Vague Rants (Everybody Here, Almost) 3
The editors sit down and jam.

**The Vegas Fandom Garden
of Fuggheads (Arnie Katz) 9**
A Catalog of our more lurid characters.

Charrisma (Chuch Harris) 12
*Our number one fan in Europe
has a word for it!*

**C.Ross Town: Part 2
(Ross & Joy-Lynd Chamberlain) 14**
A moving tale.

My Hero (Tammy Funk) 20
Find out what's bugging her.

Ye Olde Summertime (Ray Waldie)
A parade of summer memories.

Going into the West, Part V (Joyce Katz) 24
Joyce identifies her Heroes and Villains

Heir Letters (edited by Tom Springer) 28
The editors and letterhacks jam

Thanks for the inspiration, Andy
Thanks in advance for next month, Mark Manning!

Even a monthly schedule can't stop the most dangerous 38 pages in fanzine fandom. **Wild Heirs #9** is produced around the September 9th 1995 Vegrants meeting at Toner Hall, 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, supporter AFAL
EMail: WildHeirs@aol.com

Editor in Chief
European Theatre of Fanac
Chuch Harris

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

Vegrant-from-Afar
(but not an editor.. hah!)
--- Andy Hooper

WELCOME TO MY
FANZINE. NO
LNFS WERE KILLED
OR INJURED IN
THE PRODUCTION
OF THIS ISSUE



ART Ross Chamberlain: Cover & Backcover
Brad Foster: 24 Tom Foster: 29
Bill Kunkel: 4, 8, 22, 30, 31, 32, 34, 37

Grant Canfield: 13
Tammy Funk: 20
Bill Rotsler: 2, 7, 28, 33, 35

Arnie Katz

So much for good intentions. I didn't want to greet you two issues in a row, but the Fannish Fates, it seems, have their own agenda. I tried to entice first one, and then another, of my colleagues into taking the point position, but all my earnest entreaties failed to embolden anyone enough to step forward.

With this issue, and its .5 companion, **Wild Heirs** hopes to continue its progress with some improvements in graphics, layout and typography. I hope no one misses the phantom lines around some illos, and those big new margins are absolutely perfect for jotting notes towards the letter of comment I know you're burning to write.

Speaking of letters of comment -- and I'm always ready to speak about letters of comment -- we are prepared to receive both electronic (WildHeirs@aol.com) and hardcopy (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107) egoboo. We circulate the letters to all the editors, so make sure there's a lot of egoboo, since we have to split it about two-dozen ways.

There's nothing sadder than when a teary-eyed youngfan comes up to me at a Vegrants meeting and says, "Can I please have some more egoboo, sir?" and I have to tell him, "No, son, we don't have any more egoboo at all." If you could see them, sitting there, blearily reading the same hand-worn letters in a fruitless search for some nuance of egoboo that has somehow escaped the nine previous scans.

Don't let a lovable Vegrant go to bed without their egoboo. Thank you in advance for your concern.

Actually, I have a lot more to say on this subject, but the Mainspring, Ken Forman, approaches. He has a Pepsi in his hand and a look of intense concentration. I just know something significant, even profound, is about to splash across the pages of **Wild Heirs**.

Let's watch.

Ken Forman

Here I am, drinking my Pepsi and contemplating the nature of beverage snobbery. My penchant for drinking "good" soda is well known. Given the option, I'll drink water before I'll drink a bad soft drink.

You may ask, "What does he mean by 'bad soft drink?'" Well, what I mean is cola that doesn't please my palette. I know that's a little ambiguous, but it's hard to describe discriminating taste. Lately I've found Royal Crown Premium Draft Cola. The name's a little presumptuous, but the flavor speaks for itself.

There are other beverages that people are picky about. What about wine, or coffee, or beer? A good Cabernet, or a nice tasty Chardonnay cannot be beat. Sipping a steaming cup of Jamaican Blue Mountain or Kenya Double-A coffee is the height of beverage decadence. Or you could ask Tom Springer about Guinness Stout. I don't happen to agree with Tom's particular taste in beer (although his taste in women is impeccable).

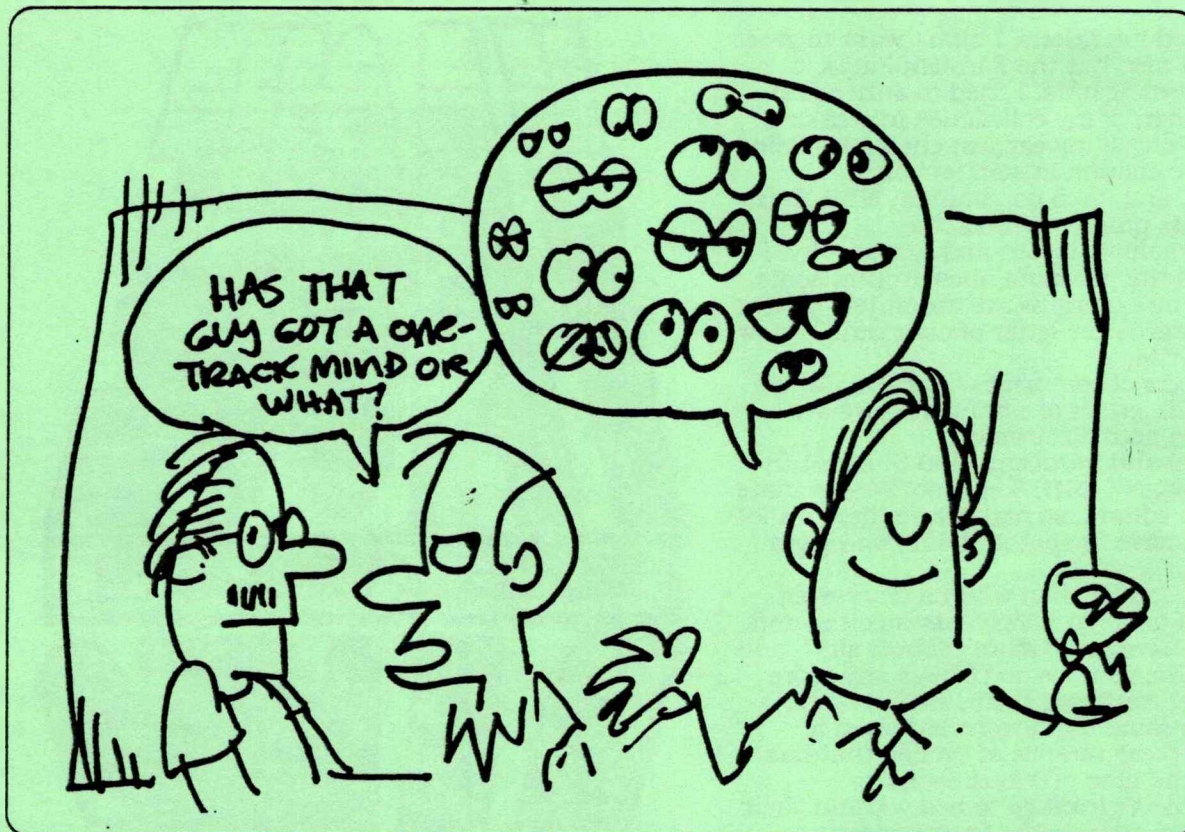
Another local fan with notable tastes is Joyce Katz. Her *only* soft drink is Tab. Yes, I know, "nobody drinks Tab" but she does. You should see her at the store, I've gone shopping with her. She's positively vicious. Her eyes grow wide with delight if there's more than a six-pack or two on the shelf. She squeals with ecstasy when she can get more than a case. Joyce promptly

WILD HEIRS

THE EDITORS JAM

WILD HEIRS





And what has it got me? After a lifetime of faithfulness, Coca Cola has turned on me. Unwilling to support two diet soda lines, they have Phased Out Tab in many markets. (My poor niece Kim, who followed me into Tab addiction, lives in Oklahoma, and hasn't seen a Tab for years. Poor girl is just a shadow of her former self.) Here in Nevada, it's touch and go. Sometimes I have to visit several stores. Sometimes there is none. Imagine my shaking hand,

buys every can she can.

There is a dark side to her drink preference: if anyone else, I mean anyone, tries to reach for the Tab, her eyes turn red, steam pours out of her ears and she turns demonic. I've seen her use a stick of French bread to beat off some innocent old lady who just wanted three cans. Another time she attacked a Cub Scout who was reaching for a six-pack. He was actually reaching for some Diet Coke that was behind Joyce's Tab, but she didn't want to take any chances in case he accidentally grabbed the wrong thing.

I love Joyce dearly but I think I'll go have a glass of water, the Pepsi's next to the Tab, and I don't want any broken fingers.

Joyce Katz

I have a great vindictiveness toward the Coca Cola Company. For my entire life, I have been faithful. More faithful to them than to anything else.... no religion, romance, nor republic has ever held me so deeply in thrall. I even left fandom for a while, but never the Company.

When I was a child I drank Grapette, that syrupy nectar produced by the Coca Cola Company in the 40's and 50's. As soon as I was old enough to let my choice be known, I picked the familiar wasp-waisted bottle, even though it came in much smaller portions than that other brown drink. Then as I grew older, and larger, I pledged my troth to The One True Diet Drink, Coca Cola's own Tab. And, I've stayed true. No flirtations with Pepsi Cola. No flings with 7-Up. Arnie eventually switched to Coca Cola's new diet drink, Diet Caffeine Free Coca Cola. But not me. I stuck, through saccharin and cyclamates; nothing shook me away.

my tearful face, when I look in the fridge and find it Tabless.

And, so, this warning: Touch Not The Tab. Tab drinkers are like Siamese Fighting Fish; you can't have two of us in the same bowl. We'll kill on sight.

You've gotta understand, Ken, I don't choose to be so possessive. I have no choice. There simply isn't enough Tab left in the world for everyone who wants it.

There Can Be Only One.

Arnie Katz

Tears dampened my cheek as I read the "Fanzine Countdown" in *Apparatchik* #39. The tattered remnants of my fannish innocence trickled away. The fan whom Vegas had extolled as the epitome of the trufannish ideal had fallen short.

Fandom will never be the same to me.

I wouldn't want to give a false impression. Andy lauded both *Wild Heirs* #7 and #7.5, rated them the second-best zines he received between July 11th and July 27th. That's better than being named the NFL's "Special Teams Player of the Week," and we Vegrants were thrilled. Few fans are more respected here than Andy Hooper, and his kind words about our joint effort had WH editors walking around with broad smiles on their sensitive fannish faces the minute they saw *Apparatchik* #39. His praise was so fulsome that even I am not egotistical enough to quote it here. Suffice to say that Andy enjoyed the fanzines in general and, specifically, the multiple mentions of his name.

The only small area of disappointment was that he rated them as a unit instead of individually. The Vegrants booked big local action on which of the two

zines would rate higher, but Andy's presentation nullified the proposition. Maybe we can make it back with high-stakes games of "Fannish Feud"...

All this background is offered in the spirit of the OJ Simpson trial. I want to firmly establish that I was in a good mood when I noticed that another Vegas title, *Rant #2* (John Hardin), had also made the "top five."

"A banner day for Las Vegrants!" I thought as I scanned for my name and found a favorable mention.

It was during my third reading, following two searches for "Arnie Katz," that I saw the one discordant phrase. It was only a little phrase, but a derringer fired by a friend at close range can rip your heart out as surely as an AK47 fired by a stranger across the street.

I could've almost missed it in the hunt for my name, but I didn't. Now I wish I had. Andy wrote: "These Vegas zines... the repro leaves something to be desired..."

After years of hearing Joyce reverently quote Andy's description of fandom as "the brotherhood of all fans of science fiction," imagine the pain of discovering that Andy Hooper is a pseudo-Campbellistic fakefan.

"No! No! No!" I hear the protests shouted from every corner of the *Wild Heirs* readership. I sympathize; typing the words brought back the full tragedy of this revelation, just as when I first read that terrible, soulless judgment.

Mourn, oh Fandom! Andy Hooper has revealed his lack of understanding of one of the most fundamental aspects of fanzine fandom, the relationship between a Fan and his Duplicator.

Despite numerous sterling characteristics, Andy turns out to be one of those dilettante copyshop boys. The mythos of *The Enchanted Duplicator* is no more than a charming story to lullaby younger fans to bed.

Copyshop boys think producing a fanzine means typing into a computer and then turning it over to a professional photo copy center to reproduce, collate and staple. They know not the hallowed tradition of coaxing a creaking duplicator through a long afternoon of fanzine printing. They know not the power of the press, for they have never gotten their hand stuck in one.

The reproduction of Las Vegas fanzines is not perfect. We would never contend that it is. But it is a loving and personal imperfection, the product of days of production effort with gear that simply isn't as good as what the commercial copy centers offer.

Each side of each sheet is a separate run. Each pile of pages must be straightened to exacting tolerances. This involves repeatedly blowing between the fanned sheets to remove static. Otherwise, sheets stick together on the rerun and penalize us with lots of sheets with one blank side.

This practice, carried on for so many years, has given me lungs that can inflate a basketball without a pump. This seeming strength does not come without a dread price, however, though a copyshop boy wouldn't be aware of it. As I blow through the warm sheets, I'm inhaling clouds of toner, a substance so toxic that it can't be put into landfill.

During publishing sessions, we Vegrants hover over the copier as parentally as fans once doted on their Rex Rotaries and AB Dicks. We battle static

cling, paper jams, toner feed problems and a hundred other problems that the copyshop boys with their crystal-clear repro and perfect collation will never know.

We Vegrants are fannish traditionalists. We believe, with Walt Willis and Bob Shaw, that "The Enchanted Duplicator is the one with the Trufan at the handle." In the case of Apparatchik, that's the guy down at Kinko's.

Perhaps someday Andy, one of fandom's most intelligent and sensitive participants, will come to appreciate the personal touch we give every *Wild Heirs*. I can only hope that Andy Hooper will fully comprehend what we are doing in the name of fannish tradition before it is too late.

I can see him, standing contritely at the foot of my deathbed in the fannish sanitarium in the Ozarks. Like the good and loyal friend he is, Andy is there to pay his final respects as I cough away my life with Toner Lung.

I hack once or twice, my wasted body ripples as the telltale black foam dots my lips. Andy and the others lean forward to catch my final words. "I did it all for fandom," I say as I belch one, last sooty cloud.

I hope it will not be only then, in that moment of sadness, that Andy Hooper fully comprehends the great fannish truth embodied in our repro problems. We pray daily for our comrade's enlightenment. In the meantime, we'll gladly suffer criticism of Vegas fanzine repro in the name of the mystic brotherhood of all science fiction fans.

(We are also in spiritual union with the master rug-makers who always introduce a flaw into their designs to symbolize the human factor. We call them typos. We have become so good at this subtle declaration of artistry that we no longer have to plan to introduce the all-important imperfections -- they appear as if by their own volition. I credit Ghu's Great Plan and say no more on this matter.)

Tom Springer

And to think, I was just advising in the *Wild Heirs* Editorial that we would be having a cessation of Hooper Talks, but it appears the Vegas Empire deems him a subject of some special interest, so I will go so far as to say that Andy Hooper (publicly proclaimed Shrimp Brother and member of the Intergalactic Brotherhood of Shellfish Gobblers, as Joyce is quick to point out) is the shrimp behind this Child Proof Lighter Conspiracy. If there are any doubters out there who think Joyce is wrong to point the fishy finger of accusation to the north, they should consider their arguments well. For the Shrimp Bros. are more than they appear, so beware!

Tammy and I finally moved out of our one bedroom hovel, forsaking the crackheads and wifebeaters for a more upscale neighborhood. It's obvious, the best way to separate yourself from these kinds of people is to live where they can't afford to. I've never been able to do this before and it's a nice bonus when you're really looking for something bigger in only a certain neighborhood.

Two bedrooms, two bathrooms, over a thousand square feet with a balcony and full-sized washer and dryer, I love it. That we're surrounded by yuppies and respectable families (so far) is a pleasant surprise, but my habits on the balcony (when the urge hits) should

loosen the place up a little. We have an agreeable view of the Strip (ooh, look at the pretty lights) and a tremendous vantage point overlooking McCarran Airport's runways. I enjoy watching the orchestration of multiple and simultaneous take-offs and landings in not altogether parallel directions, and appreciate how rapidly these great sophisticated contraptions are juggled, directed, and handled. I've yet to see a touch and go, but I'm keeping my eyes open.

Flashing is its Own Reward

Joyce

It's my Duty to ferret out all the activities of this Secret Shrimp Society. The removal of all lighters that actually work is obviously their step to stop any fish fries we may be planning. Even now, as we write this, I know these Shrimp Lovers are planning to convene near the salty waters of the North Atlantic. Who knows what foul fishy foolishness may be afoot.

Fanac has been filling our odd moments around here; or odd fanac is momentarily filling. Perhaps the latter is more correct: every space around here that isn't filled with electro-mania is filled with fanzines, one-shots, newsletters, and mail.

This is not altogether a bad thing, for if the space were not filled, then the universe would come crashing together in a bang, disturbing the sleep of our cat.

Space is an ever-consuming concern....no, not dark deep outer space, but the more localized variety, and needing more. (Now isn't that a strange concept: needing more space. For surely there is the same amount of space at all times. And don't start any Expanding Universe lectures when I'm pontificating.)

I am anxious to start the trail of events that will lead to an organized garage, with rows of filing cabinets filled with alphabetized fanzines. This is a lofty goal, but one which will surely take place.

Ross Chamberlain

Joyce, I'm not sure how appropriate lofty goals are for the organization of one's garage, but in the absence in this part of the world of properly finished attics, perhaps a garage is the next best thing. Certainly an improvement over carports, I must say.

Has anyone ever actually done a fanzine (completed as opposed to started) called RSN? Seems like one I should do if it hasn't been done, thus aiding in the prevention of universal collapse and cat-unnapping.

I don't subscribe to the Expanding Universe theory anyway. Fannish waistlines, yes; and I believe the Kipple Takeover Hypothesis is ready for acceptance soon in fanacademic circles. But no lectures...

Laurie Yates

With Summer comes organizing and visiting in-laws. Part of Bill's family arrive at the end of the month, and while I won't have the entire house completed by their arrival, I will be able to put my car in the garage!

Actually, the house is coming along. It's amazing

how one small project (painting the house) can lead to so many others: new carpeting, new furniture, renovating the downstairs bathroom (why would a contractor install a bathroom cabinet so out of proportion that the door cannot open completely?), and redoing the kitchen-dining area.

On the bright spot, most of the organization details and junking are done. Now it's a matter of dealing with the two closets that Bill moved stuff into when he moved in, and hasn't looked at since. Who knows what treasures lie in the dust-covered Avon boxes marked "Bill"?

Arnie

I have a few -- well, a few dozen -- mysterious cartons in the garage. We've managed to do something about the old game consoles, the software and cartridges and the bulk of the prozine collection, but quite a few still await. The boxes, most of which are labelled "fanzines," contain all the stuff Joyce just imagined alphabetized in that row of gleaming filing cabinets.

It will be wonderful to have my fanzine collection restored to full accessibility, as it was back in my Brooklyn fanning days. I'm looking forward to a lot of re-reading, and it'll make it a lot easier to gather the material for *Heirloom*. Prior to our move West in 1989, I alphabetized the fanzines and stuck each title into a manila folder. What with one thing and another, I currently have one well-ordered fanzine filing cabinet, a couple of cartons with folders, and a couple of tons of unsorted zines.

John, Tom, Ben and Ken have volunteered to put the collection to rights in exchange for the duplicates. Thus another fannish tradition is perpetuated.

Back in the mid-1960s, I organized Ted White's collection for a similar reward. (I wonder if Ted did the same for some yet-more-venerable fan?) I ended up with a pretty good run of Ted's zines, and ones he'd run off for others. I expect the four fen involved in this project will soon be experts on my life and times.

They'll be earning those fanzines with literal sweat. The Toner Hall Garage is justly famous in song and story, but it is not covered by the two-zone heating/cooling system. In the winter, sidebarians shiver, and in the summer they swelter.

Gee, I hope they don't drip on the pages....

Tammy Funk

Well Arnie, it is only fair to warn you that Tom does have a tendency to melt in the summer. Someday I'm sure I'll have to pour his liquid form back into a mold to re-shape him. I am curious to see this labor party file the zines -- especially Tom. In fact, I am still waiting for a burst of organizational energy to seize him and inspire him to sort through all of the boxes he has around the apartment. Every week brings a new treasure trove of cartons from storage, filled with everything from juggling pins to his high school clothing, and of course, every last sf book he has ever read. I wish we *had* a garage! One of his better plans includes building book shelves, which we both desperately need. At present, all of our books are piled in stacks against the wall; I can only feel fortunate that we don't live on a major earthquake fault. I'm considering starting a pool on how long it

will take him to actually complete this project, but after seeing his patience threshold with the contact paper incident, I'm also rather afraid to see him start it. Ah, but perhaps a few sidebars will impart the necessary reward and tranquilizer to see him through this perilous task.

Tom

I do not sweat. I merely lubricate my surface areas for additional efficiency when moving muscles in ways which may cause soreness and regret for the next few days. Some people may accuse that it's sweat or perspiration, but they are uneducated and misinformed of my special powers.

Powers which I've chosen to exercise for the good of Vegas Fandom, tools which will enable me to reverse the wrongs suffered upon Vegas' science fiction fan community, Snaffu, and invariably, the Vegrants, unwilling victims of misspent energy.

No name dropping yet. First I must marshal my forces, establish my informants, and generally infiltrate the problem infrastructure, exert proper force, topple the degenerates, and carry the day. Then

collection, then an organized fandom. All members will be required to stand in order: shall it be alphabetical or in ascending level of height? No, let's do it on a philosophical basis. All of Them should stand over there....further, further....w-a-y over there. And all of Us will stay here. I like it already.

Chuch Harris

I wish they'd hurry up and invent air-conditioning over here. Sue gets pissed off and complains that her arms ache whilst she stands behind me waving the big ostrich-feather fan up and down. She keeps whining about electric ones, but they don't have the same ambience.

Ken

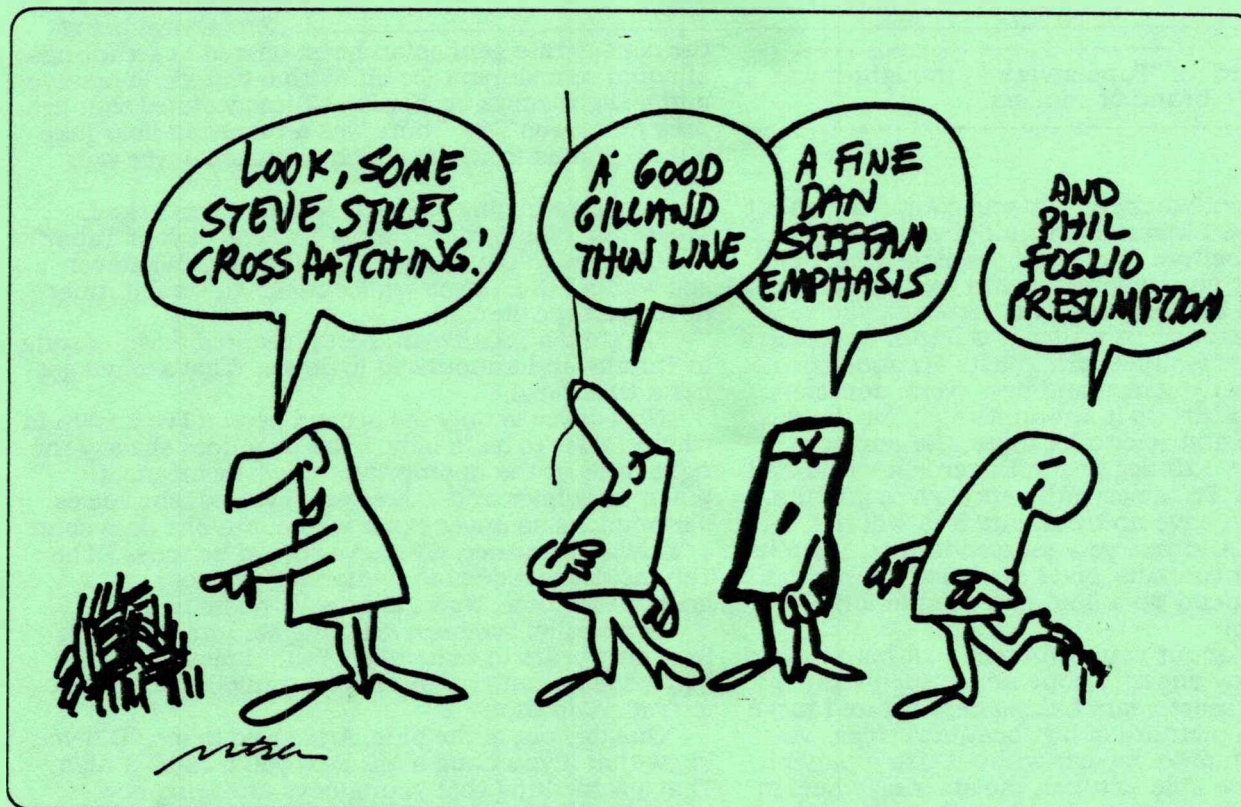
Here in Vegas, summer tends to swoop in on Thunderheads and Dust Storms and kicks spring right out. The weather here tends to follow the seasons (Winter is relatively cold, Summer is relatively hot, Spring and Fall are moderate), and the seasons tend to follow the calendar. We haven't broken the century mark on the ol' mercury thermometer, but

with Soltice around the corner, triple digits aren't far away.

I've always been amazed by the people who complain about the heat here in the northern Mohave Desert, or the apparent lack of seasons.

"What's wrong with our seasons," I invariably ask.

"We don't have any," they'll explain.



I'll celebrate. It's not difficult for me to see this future and supra-fannish Vegas, ruled by a community of fanzine fans who will lead a new regime of Katz led Vegrants.

Joyce

You just can't know how happy it makes me, Tom, to know that you are going to reverse all wrongs. I've been waiting for quite some time for someone to do that. Oh, save us, thou savior of sandy fandom.

Only think of it: first an organized fanzine

"Aren't the summers hot?" I inquire.

"Yes."

"And the winters cold -- keep in mind it sometimes snows here." I remind them.

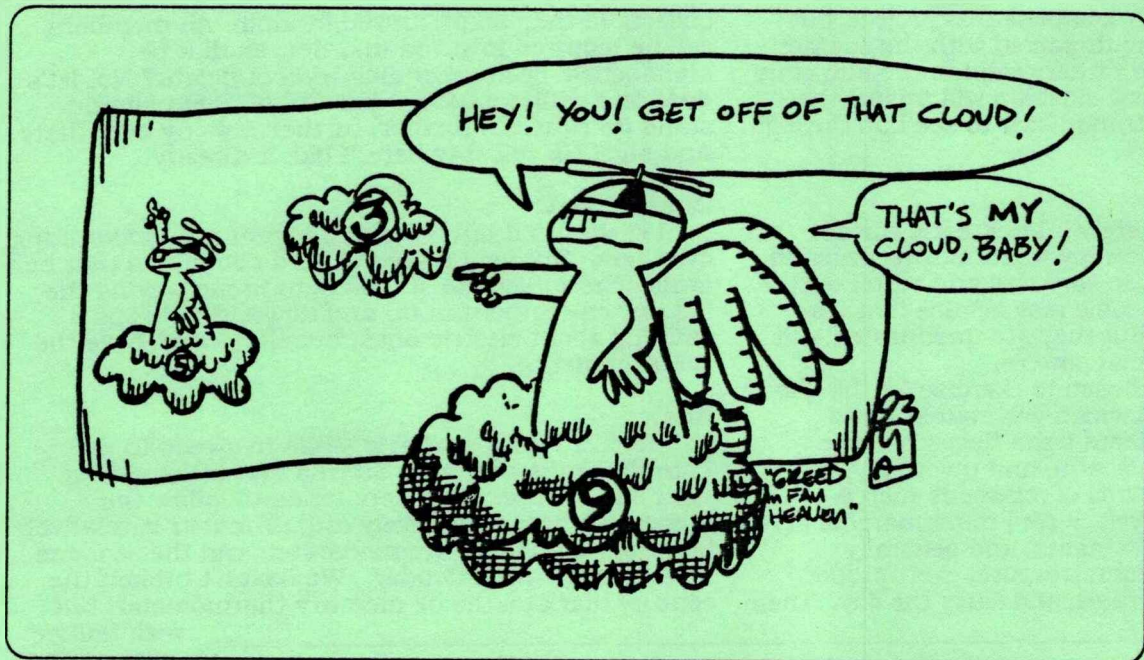
"Yes."

"And aren't the springs and falls somewhere in between?"

"Yes, but the trees don't change color," they whine.

"We don't have trees here, this is the desert."

It always seems to come down to a color change. I think I'll go paint some cacti and tortoises.



saw her hackles raise! Since then, I can feel her eyes upon me when I approach the refrigerator, her body coiled to pounce, just in case I am foolhardy enough to do it again. On the bright side, you know it is a true reward when she offers you one. But to just wantonly take a Tab -- never!

Marcy Waldie
I was there, folks, during the infamous Tab incident. During a subsequent gathering of fans, Ken, always being

When I first heard of "Tupperware," I thought it was a brand of condom.

Tammy

You know Ken, whenever anyone complains about the weather here, I invariably think of you. I say, "it may be hard to believe, but some people actually like it!" I realize that no one forced me to come here, but I can not claim to like the "seasons" to which you refer. Yes, we have seasons. In winter it is frigid, and even though it rains, it is dry. Spring lasts for about three weeks, is pleasantly warm, and dry. Next, summer rapes spring and throws it out on its ass; for the next six months, give a little or a lot more, the temperatures soar (it was 123 degrees in Baker last week) and it gets still drier. I'm never quite sure when fall hits, because since we have no trees, and it is still hot, I can't really tell. And yes, you guessed it, *dry*. It sucks the life out of my contacts, gives me bloody noses, and compels me to spend \$8 a bottle on good lotion. Oh boy! Sign me up!

I don't know about you, but I feel a lot better after getting that off my chest! I hope not to spend any more than three more years baking here before I move to a place with a plethora of big, beautiful trees. A place where I can drive my car without using paper napkins just to be able to touch the steering wheel in the summer. A place where I can take a walk in the afternoon without needing to be treated for heat exhaustion. I think you get the picture.

By the way, I must agree with you about the danger of taking one of Joyce's beloved Tabs. I did it once, not knowing the imminent danger, and swore I

the considerate gentleman he is, offered to get rounds of liquid refreshment for all. With a twinkle in her eye and a slight smirk on her lips, Tammy stated that her preference was Tab. There was a barely audible gasp that originated from the couch on which Joyce was sitting.

Upon returning from the kitchen, Ken asked, "Joyce, is it all right if Tammy has one of your Tabs?" Cheerfully, Joyce replied, "Of course. Whatever she wants." (No, Joyce's voice never quivers. It must have been the stereo.)

Wearing a broad grin, Ken presented a can of soda to Tammy and announced to Joyce, "That's why I got her a Diet Pepsi."

Now Joyce is only the second person I've known to whom I refer to as "a lady." Not only does she say the right thing at the appropriate time, she means it. When principles and values are involved, she voices her opinions as anyone else would, but she does so in a "ladylike" manner. (I've never heard her cuss.) The Tab incidents indicated to me that she, too, has a limited tolerance. Now I can really relate to her.

Personally, I've been drinking Mountain Dew for too many years to remember. Yea, I know about the high caffeine content, but I don't drink coffee, so that's my rationalization.

One day out of the blue, Arnie said to me, "Did you know that if you chug a Mt. Dew you'll catch a high? That's something that young boys are doing now instead of sniffing."

I'm still not sure what he was implying, if anything, by the "young boy" thing. But I'm still savouring the anticipation of my first chug.

That's about as far as I'll go in search of nirvana. See you next month.

Where Is Lloyd Penney?

The last two issues of *Wild Heirs* have come back from our last known address for Lloyd, and we miss him. Anyone have a CoA?

T H E

L A S V E G A S

G A R D E N
O F

F U G G H E A D S

BY ARNIE KATZ

The rich variety of Las Vegas Fandom startles many the first time they encounter the Fandom of Good Cheer. A big city is expected to boast a few fans, but Vegas has sprouted one of the country's largest urban fandoms in the last four years.

When I tell people that Las Vegrants, the invitational, informal fanzine fan club hereabouts, has over two-dozen members, they ask how many of them are imaginary -- and there are many local fans who are totally outside the Vegrants orbit. The sight of 50 or more at a Social has rendered more than one visitor temporarily speechless.

Besides fanzine fans, Vegas has serious students of science fiction, sf gamers, media fans, filkers and just about every *genus* of the fan species that breathes air. (Out at Area 51, we are developing an anaerobic fan. They'd be ideal for smoke-filled SMOF rooms.)

Amidst all this plenty, one type of fan is in short supply: fuggheads. We haven't produced any who are worthy to carry the banner of stubborn stupidity across the stage of international fanzine fandom.

Before going further, we must differentiate between the unregenerate, dyed-in-the-wool fugghead and the person who occasionally says or does fuggheaded things. Everyone makes mistakes, so we should be charitable when it's someone else's turn to step over the line. This article concerns permanent residents of Fugghead-land, not daytrippers.

Also out of bounds this time are the merely bumptious and improperly socialized. Bad manners and body odor are common enough in fandom that it's impossible to chronicle overachievers in those areas in any feasible number of pages.

I thought David Wittman had promise as Las Vegas Fandom's first fugghead of stature. Alas, as I explained in "The Call," in **Rant #2**, he has bolted back under the rock from which he sprang.

I still believe that publication of David's "The Proposal" will enshrine him among the wrongheaded immortals. Alas, reading "The Proposal" will be like

viewing a supernova hundreds of light-years away. By the time you see the blinding glare, he'll be long gone. Fandom-at-large will never actually experience Wittmania.

Vegas Fandom's fuggheads have all been local villains, though a few have reached out and inflicted themselves on one or more non-Vegas fans when the opportunity arose. While none of Vegas' well known fans, including me, is free of the taint of occasional stupidity, none has made a fan career of it, unless this article has tipped the balance in my case. One or more of them may develop their sporadic fuggheadedness into a full-blown case of the disease, but that hasn't happened yet.

We've had our local fools, though. Vegas Fandom has a few modern-day Ackermans who'd like to project a nicey-nice image. This somewhat insurgentish fanzine seems like a good time to shoot that illusion to pieces. Like many families, we've kept our more frightening relations stashed away in the attic during your visits. They've escaped into public a few times, with uniformly disastrous results, but few out-of-towners experienced the full effect of our local fuggheads.

In truth, our local fuggheads were like Vegas fandom itself. If the newly minted trufans were still too inexperienced in the ways of fandom to cope with true villains, then the city's fuggheads were equally incapable of inflicting much real damage.

They're like first-level monsters in a fantasy RPG campaign. They strut around, look menacing and expire readily in the party's first assault.

Beth Brown, her husband Alan and their two children moved to Las Vegas from the Deep South, where they were evidently minor wheels in *Star Trek* convention fandom in that region.

Her boundless power hunger showed right from the start. In a group noted for its absence of fan politics, she tried to create factions by setting people against each other. Joyce and I weren't directly involved, because we always gave Beth a wide berth, but I lost count of the overwrought phone calls her handiwork inspired.

The calls all followed the same pattern. The person would wail about what some close friend of theirs was doing to them. I'd ask how they came by all this information. The answer was invariably, "I just got off the phone with Beth" or the equivalent.

Beth is a "total immersion" roleplayer. She thinks she's a dragon named Elspeth. She participates in RPGs, but this round-the-clock posturing is much, much more than that. Her roleplaying is a way of life rather than a pastime. Beth responds to most of what's said to her with quasi-irrelevant monologs about her dragon-hood.

After attending a single SNAFFU meeting, she started a club called *Fairytales Are Us* which met at the same time. When SNAFFU gave a party at Westercolt 45 to plug Silvercon 2, she not only reneged on her promise to help with the event, she threw a competing party! These may seem like small things, but they are indicative of the attitude Beth took toward the rest of us.

Her undoing came after Silvercon 2. Beth bullied her way onto the Silvercon 2 committee, forced a minor writer friend of hers on the convention as a special honored guest, and then did almost nothing

for the con before, during or after. Well, she *did* throw a tantrum on Friday, prior to the official start of the convention, but the histrionics happened before too many people arrived.

Tantrums were a major form of fanaticism for Beth. And to give her her due, she really has a flair for them. I doubt many will forget her public display at Westercolt 45. She was upset at something in one of the Silvercon 2 flyers, so she positioned herself in the middle of the elevator area on the hotel's main floor and bellowed her rage to the heavens while hundreds of con-goers wondered if the stairways were a good alternative to waiting in her vicinity for an elevator.

Joyce and I weren't officially part of the Silvercon 2 committee, because we resigned rather than put up with her rumor campaign. It had little to do with our actual contribution of work, but she stopped talking about us once we made it obvious to her that we had no aspiration to Run Things.

So I wasn't at the meeting when Vegas Fandom got a bellyful of Beth Brown. She didn't attend the meeting, either, but sent her husband Alan, whom Ken dubbed "the flying monkey boy," as her messenger to our plane of reality. Alan dutifully delivered a sealed envelope to each committee member.

It was a jubilant session up to that point. Silvercon 2 had drawn raves from attendees like Robert Lichtman and Bill Rotsler, and it hadn't gone into the red like the first try.

Beth's letter, which she signed "Elspeth," told off the con committee in the strongest language. Everything was wrong, and they were all awful people. She mentioned, in her fuzzy-minded screed, that she felt compelled to share this wisdom with everyone she knew in fandom.

Carol Kern and Rebecca Hardin -- and since he pays me heavy cash for this phrase, "not related to John Hardin or any other members of his family" -- were the daily double of fuggheadedness. The two women were what I call landmine fuggheads.

The truth is, I don't call them that. To my knowledge, I've never called anyone a landmine fugghead, until I called Carol Kern and Rebecca Hardin (no relation to John Hardin whatsoever) landmine fuggheads in the previous paragraph.

Maybe it'll catch on, like "sidebar." Then I'll copyright "landmine fugghead" the way Barry Friedman did with "Digiverse" and sportscaster Len Berman (no relation to Ruth Berman or Len Bailes) who trademarked "threepeat."

If you had bet me a month ago that I would call them landmine fuggheads, I would have branded you a rash speculator. Then I would have asked you to get away from me in case the rash was contagious.

But now I've called them "landmine fuggheads." There's no putting the wine back into *that* bottle. I have coined a term. Now in the tradition of fannish blowhards, I will describe the complex system I have devised to allow me to use that word, and perhaps others, relentlessly in this article.

There are three types of fuggheads. (If there are more than three, and if I somehow learn of this fact, I'll tell you about it in another article.) Secure in the knowledge that these neologisms will be forgotten before you're two paragraphs into the next article, I present the Fugghead Classification System (FCS).

The FCS system is a bonus. I'm throwing it into this article at no additional charge. That's how I rate its value to Fandom. I'm sure, when you have fully ruminated on the FCS, you'll realize the price was right. I hope the crew compiling *Fancyclopedia III* is ready to take notes...

The most spectacular type is the Mortar Fugghead. Mortar Fuggheads, like Claude Degler, burst on fandom with the suddenness of an exploding shell. One minute all is serene, then **Cosmic Circle Commentator** arrives, and you must explain to everyone that you are not now nor have ever been Philosopher King of the Lower Southwest Missouri Ozark Imagineers.

The One-Note Fugghead, or Crank, is not a true fugghead. They are part of this system because they frequently act like they are fuggheads in one, limited sphere. Away from their Subject, Cranks are generally fine fans, admirable people well respected by most fanzines. They blunder into a form of fuggheadedness on a single issue. They aren't fuggheads per se, but if the subject becomes a major bone of contention in fandom, One-Note Fuggheads can cause no end of trouble. Their overall credibility and stature in fandom give them more license to spew forth embarrassing commentary than fandom usually allots to its Pickerings and Wetzels.

The Incremental Fugghead often prospers for many years before fan consensus drops the hammer. The Incremental Fugghead seldom does anything that rivets the attention of people who write articles like this on them. No one notices their low-level, but steady, fugghead activity until the years build up a track record of habitual fuggheadedness.

Seth Johnson, of 1960s N3F fame, and New York's Robert Sacks became regarded as fuggheads without doing anything as splashy as trying to Clean Up Fandom (Russell K. Watkins) or besmirch the name of Willis (GM Carr). It was only after they'd been around for years that fans started piecing together a complete picture and branded them fuggheads.

Finally, just when Andy Hooper has despaired of my ability to get back to the point, there is the Landmine Fugghead, the category to which Carol and Rebecca belong. These fans give no inkling of their fugghead potential until they burst forth in full cry, when something sets them off. The trigger can be an incident, another fan or merely increased opportunity. The metamorphosis is sudden and total.

Rebecca and Carol were already attending meetings when Joyce and I went to our first one in August 1991. No one knew much about them. Vegans occasionally forgot which was which.

Carol and Rebecca arrived together, huddled in the corner, and spoke to no one. Although Carol was in her early 20s and Rebecca was 20 years older, they did seem remarkably similar, both plump, pallid and shy.

Vegas fans, ever friendly and generous, looked upon these two somewhat mournful women and took pity. We tried to draw them out, include them in the various social events, give them our fanzines. It was "Pygmalion" with propeller beanies.

We opened Pandora's box. With everyone's encouragement, Rebecca took over **Situation Normal??**, SNAFFU's newsletter. It was all right at first, neofannish but promising. Las Vegrants took it

as a sign that Rebecca's inner depths were cracking through the ice, rising to the surface.

The trigger for both Rebecca and Carol was Silvercon 3. They requested, and received, appointment as convention security co-directors. Security, as the committee explained to the volunteers, had very little to do at a small, friendly convention like Silvercon. It boiled down to discouraging blatant felonies of various types and making sure that items for sale didn't walk away without a stop at the cash register.

One of them made a reference, in the last **SitNorm** before the con, about the power Security wields at a con. When pointed out by several Vegrants, the rest dismissed it as a feeble joke that hadn't quite come off as planned.

It was a plausible analysis.

Unfortunately, it was incorrect.

On the first day of Silvercon 3, Carol and Rebecca performed their work with a zeal not seen since Himmler and Heydrich. They had a harsh word or a nasty look to suit every occasion -- and they found many, many occasions. At one point, it seemed as though they were about to handcuff John Hardin and, perhaps, beat him with truncheons. His offense? He was not wearing his badge -- which Rebecca and Carol knew for a certainty he had purchased -- while he was scurrying about doing conwork.

The Dirty Harriets were happy to spend the day intimidating people, but they reacted much differently to the first genuine security crisis. The huckster room wasn't as secure as promised, and emergency provisions had to be made for keeping the goods safe at night. That's when Carol and Rebecca announced they were done for the day and went home. This forced Aileen Forman, who had a few other duties as con chairwoman, to spend the night in the huckster room doing their guard duty.

After Silvercon, **SitNorm??**'s shrinking violet editor became a paper tigress. Insults, attacks and whining complaints filled every page as Rebecca displayed an impressive ability to hate everything and everyone.

Like Beth Brown their animosity focused on Silvercon. I guess they didn't have a very good time, though it is just to attribute that to the extremely negative, even hostile, attitude with which they approached the event.

In **SitNorm??**, they assailed the con committee for its role in staging Silvercon 3, which, as already noted, the rest of fandom subsequently judged the year's best regional.

Carol's bid to become SNAFFU president failed, when Joyce defeated her in the February 1994 election. Carol attacked savagely in the weeks prior to the vote, but Joyce refused to campaign beyond announcing her candidacy. When Joyce won, she offered Carol any post in the new regime that interested her, but the loser went into full pout anyway. Rebecca and Carol, as might have been expected, gaffiated together. They have shown up only once, at the Formans' 1994 SNAFFU Christmas Party, since ceasing participation.

So here we sit, temporarily bereft of inflammatory local fuggheads. Yet we do not abandon hope.

Fandom Will Provide.

-- Arnie Katz

An Occasional Column

Charisma

by Chuck Harris

I guess it happens to everyone eventually. You get overconfident. You sense that your whole life's fannish ambition lies within your grasp; all you have to do is stretch out and here is the Ultimate Prize, the very pinnacle of super fanatic; the achievement worth incomparably more than a tawdry Hugo, something far exceeding a free life subscription to **Science Fiction Chronicle**, or even an admiring letter full of unsolicited praise from Dorothy Dunnett (the Mundane equivalent of Wm Gibson and my current heart's desire.)

And it took me long enough, too; but at last, after god knows how many years of searching, I had a sure-fire contribution for "Hazel's Language Lessons."

Now, before I start, those of you condemned to that horrid deepest frozen circle of Hell where even Dave Langford's **Ansible** distributors seldom venture, should understand that Hazel's Language Lessons are by no means elementary grade school stuff. They are the jewel in the **Ansible** crown. Every language in the world is scrutinized for the bizarre, outré rarity that will, on publication, bring fame and admiration to its lucky finder.

And its no good hoping to get away with mere rarities like, say, "Didicoy -- a person who is part gipsy" or "Muricate -- having or covered with short pointed projections," or even "Formicate -- to crawl like ants/to swarm with human beings." That's just baby talk, and this is The Big Time, the Ultimate Obsession. You're competing with people who unearth things like "Sunganit -- the intestines of the ptarmigan" or "Suignel -- how it smells of foxes here!" (from the *Shultz-Lorzentzen Dictionary of West Greenland Eskimo Language, 1927.*)

You blanch, you despair, you think you can walk away from it all, but this is the monkey on your back, and there is no way you can give up. So, you search the dustiest shelves in the libraries and the second-hand book stores for archaic dictionaries, and you plod through them hoping for the long-forgotten nugget.

For example, our Vincent [Clarke] (who made it a little while ago with god-only-knows ...a little classical Greek gem in classical Greek script that I can't even attempt to copy on this keyboard)... finds a Bible Concordance in a carboot sale that lists every word

that appears in the Scriptures. ("Pisseth," I understand, appears five times, "cats" doesn't appear at all.) He's up to "H" at the moment hoping, hoping, hoping he'll strike gold and repeat his earlier success. (Digression: I couldn't remember exactly what Vincent's contribution to the Lesson was about so -- not being able to use the telephone myself -- I got Sue to phone for me. He was justifiably proud of his Triumph, but Vincent, alone of all my friends, has a clean reticent mouth when it comes to talking to ladies and couldn't (or wouldn't) remember exactly what it was....

"It was Greek -- I can't remember the exact word. It was more than a year ago."

"Alright, what was it about then?"

"A Radish."

"An ancient Greek word for radish? ...the vegetable?"

"Well... er... um..... not exactly.... it was a punishment for... um..... adultery."

"Oh, I see. And what was the radish for?"

"They, er, well, they Shoved It Up."

(Pause whilst my lady wife consults me.)

"Chuck sez Up who -- the Adulterer or the Adulteress, and where exactly was this radish Shoved Up???"

"Athens."

"Chuck says prevarication will get you nowhere."

"Pardon?".....

* * * *

That's as far as we got. He has now sent me a photocopy of His Triumph. (I think the custom has probably died out by now, but if you are about to holiday in Greece be a little cautious about the salads. You never know where they've been.)

But let's get back to the Language Lessons.

Ken Lake, another fanatic, hopping from isle to isle in the Pacific, monopolised the December **Ansible** with Pijin straight from the Solomon Island:

"mektrabol long hasban (or long mere) ...to commit adultery," "Beleran... dlarrhoea," "nambawan ...the best" ..."nambatan -- the worst" -- "nambanaen ...Honiara Central Hospital."

You can see that it's pretty hard to compete with

this sort of stuff. After the first hopeless despairing decade or so, you wonder if you could cheat your way to glory. Vincent (who, apart from the clean mouth, was born with a double set of scruples but no follicles), waved temptation in my face last Christmas. He sent me a tiny lexicon that, at first glance seemed to be everything I'd ever dreamed of...

"ADRIGOLE (n) -- The centrepiece of a merry-go-round on which the man with the tickets stands unnervingly still."

"AITH (n) -- The single bristle that sticks out sideways on a cheap paintbrush."

"BAUMBER (n) -- A fitted elasticated bottom sheet that turns your mattress banana-shaped."

"BUDE (n) -- A polite joke reserved for use in the presence of vicars."

"GLENWILLY (n. Scots) -- A small tartan pouch worn beneath the kilt during the thistle-harvest."

On the first skim-thru I think it was "Glenwilly" that set off my sense of wonder. I turned back to the introduction and found that the authors, knowing there are hundreds of situations, objects, etc, which we all know and recognise but for which no words exist, offer these little-known place names to fill the gaps.

Marvel away if you wish, but don't for one moment imagine you'll be able to slip one past Hazel Langford. She is one red-hot linguist, and the only person I know whose Christmas cards are in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

However, Patience brings its own rewards. I need no fakery; I have the Genuine Article. Last month, on the 6th of December, I FOUND ONE!!! O frabjous day! O Joy! Poot Poot! I FOUND ONE!!!! A veritabobble jewel. A diamond of the first water.

TAGHAIRM

You've never heard of it, have you? That's why my name will resound throughout fandom forever instead of yours.

TAGHAIRM

I'll tell you about it.

Out there in Mundane, every year since 1970, John Jules Norwich (actually he is a genuine Lord, but unlike most of the coroneted bastards, he doesn't flaunt it at you) has published his *Christmas Cracker* "a commonplace book" -- a collection of oddments and quotes that have caught his eye over the previous twelve months -- as a Christmas gift to his family and friends. They are never best-sellers, but I did find a couple of them on the wrong shelf in the Daventry Public Library. I enquired for others, but these seem to be the only ones in all of Northamptonshire.

I wish there was some way I could get on his Gift List. He is an erudite exasperating writer. For a start, he assumes everyone can read medieval French -- but many of the selections are truly fascinating.

And right there, in the 1989 issue, was my ticket to fannish immortality:

TAGHAIRM.

"TAGHAIRM; (n) In the Scottish Highlands, divination; esp inspiration sought by lying in a bullock's hide beneath a waterfall. (Source.

Chambers Dictionary.)"

So how do you like that? Crown me with laurels -- and pfui to Ken Lake and his bloody Pijin. If you aren't a word addict you'll never understand the glee, the sheer bloody marvelous delight. I couldn't wait. I made a little joke about buying Dave a nice hide, rushed the letter off to Hazel and sat back awaiting the fame, the applause, and all the deference, obsequiousness and outright envy that was due to me.

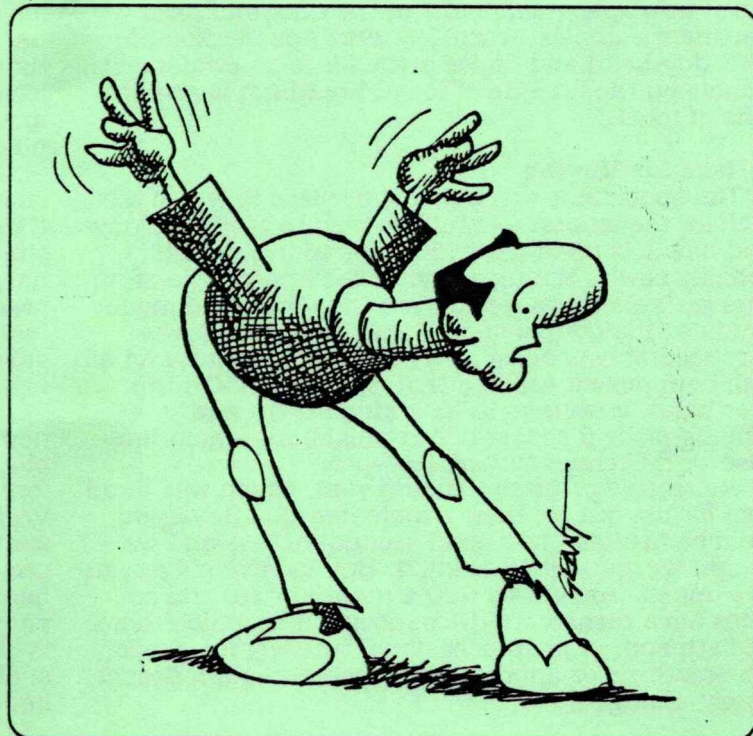
And it never arrived.

Dave, who can transmute words into daggers -- esp if your name is Elron or Ellison -- is invariably kind to addicts who come in second. He was gentle. He sympathised, but Somebody Else, years and years ago, has discovered my hidden treasure in John Jules Norwich, and pre-empted my acclaim in the "Language Lessons."

And -- dammit -- salt in the wound -- Dave sez Terry Pratchett's next novel will feature a would-be seer in a bullock hide beneath a waterfall.

I shan't bother anymore. I shall go back to reading books without a notepad handy for jotting down possibilities. It's a foolish obsession -- and about time I grew out of it. For heaven's sake! Who wants an archaic vocabulary or a head full of foreign phrases that you can't even write, let alone pronounce

I won't even bother to tell them about "MALLEMAROKING -- the visiting and carousing in the Greenland ships," or even "SOOTERKIN -- an imaginary kind of afterbirth formerly attributed to Dutch women." (Draper Intell. Devel. Europe xviii (1865) 412; "The housewives of Holland no longer bring forth sooterkins by sitting over the lighted chauffers." (I have to tell you though that chauffers are a sort of tiny stove or heater and nothing whatsoever to do with chauffeurs who are something else again and very very rarely lit up -- or sat over.)



CANYON LAKE TOWN

AN MOVING TALE

PART 2: THREE YEARS LATER

BY ROSS & JOY-LYND CHAMBERLAIN

While in the first year or so after Joy-Lynd and I arrived here in Las Vegas we basically wanted nothing to do with the concept of moving ever again, the idea of finding another place to live did gradually begin to percolate after roughly our second year. Now, three years and a month after we moved to Las Vegas and settled into apartment 1227 in the Canyon Lakes apartment complex at 2200 S. Fort Apache Road in 1982, Joy-Lynd and I have settled into a new domicile, a house on the far side of town, breathing heartfelt sighs of relief.

Motives for Moving

The apartment was a pleasant place to live, if a bit small for the amount of stuff we tried to stuff in it. Joy-Lynd has described it as 15 rooms in five, which probably covers the territory. In the first couple of years we were there we enjoyed the place, and made friends with a couple of our neighbors. But it was overpriced; it was billed as a luxury apartment, and all in all I suppose it fulfilled that description. On the other hand, it seemed to be a kind of temporary stopping place for most of our neighbors—including those we'd become acquainted with.

We started at \$800 a month rent, which was a tad steep for us, but we then anticipated that Joy-Lynd would be bringing in a good second income and we thought we could just swing it. But each year Canyon Lake upped our rent by \$20 a month or so, and as things have turned out J-L's income has settled to her SSDI stipend, plus an occasional tutoring fee, while, with one thing or another, my income, though decent, has not changed.

The first rumblings of our hunger for improved living space came along less than a year ago. Jan Staples, one of our friends from the Las Vegas PC Users Group, lives not too far from where I work. She pays less than we were, the neighborhood is pleasant (if riddled with speed bumps), and she offered to put Joy-Lynd in touch with a real estate agent who handles the area. We intended to put that off until the time itself approached; when the time did begin to loom, we took quick mental stock of the massive effort moving would entail, and felt inclined to continue putting it off for maybe another six months.

But this inclination was being eroded by some changes in the quality of services we were getting from Canyon Lake's management (which had changed since we moved in) and by our increasing irritation at neighborhood children playing in the breezeway and lawn outside our apartment. We were turning into just the sort of irascible middle-aged complaining grownups I used to really resent as a youngster. Was I that bad as a kid? Surely not!

From a purely aesthetic point of view (literally), a newly built complex across Fort Apache Road now blocked our panorama of the mountain chain that forms the western edge of the valley in which Las Vegas is nestled. When we moved in, we were at a sparsely populated edge of the city. Now the burgeoning metropolis had engulfed us. (When we moved here, predictions were for Las Vegas to hit a million population in something like 2007; now that number is likely to be reached imminently.) Like the pioneers of old, who felt crowded when they saw smoke on the horizon, we knew it was time to move on.

We needed... *Lebensraum!*

So, we began to ask around. A couple of people—friends of friends, connected with real estate—didn't pan out, and neither did the one we thought might be able to find a house in Jan Staples' neighborhood.

Auto Motive

One day, a Saturday, Joy-Lynd and I had driven across town to visit a couple of friends who had a booth in a flea market called the Outdoor Swap Meet. Dee was in an aquarobics class that Joy-Lynd was a part of for a while (as was Jan); William is a tee-shirt artist who has done several designs for Joy-Lynd. We were on our way home from there when our car quit in the turn lane at an intersection.

This car was Joy-Lynd's white 1976 Grand Am which she had bought, used, from Raven (a friend from the fan circle) about two years ago. Current Grand Ams, albeit medium quality cars, are relatively compact in size; Victoria (the name passed on from Raven) was among the first crop of Grand Ams made, and much too large and heavy for me to push alone. A very kind gentleman offered to help me push it into a nearby parking lot adjacent to a 7-Eleven. After I called the auto service, he revealed in conversation that he was in real estate, with a local Caldwell Banker office. We mentioned that we were looking for a new place to live, and he offered to check his data base for us.

We didn't know it at the time, and the story is too miserable a tale to relish retelling, but Victoria was gasping her last at this point. Suffice it to say that AAA took her to the only auto place they dealt with that was open Saturdays and it cost us about \$300 to get her partially fixed without a guarantee for the work; they wanted \$700 to put her in warrantable shape. We had wanted to take her to another place, Dick's Auto, which Joy-Lynd has learned to trust, but Dick's is only open weekdays. As it turned out, on Monday evening, we drove her home, complaining all the way (5 miles). The next morning she died before we could get her to Dick's Auto. We did get her to Dick's, with Triple-A's aid, but he said she was done for and noted that if we had brought her in to him first he could have saved us the \$300 because she was unfixable. We had been taken by the other repair place.

So, now we were in the market for a car as well as a new place to live. Meanwhile, Joy-Lynd and I had to share the use of my Chevette again, as we had before Victoria had come into our lives. We missed her, though in fact she had started to become more and more expensive to maintain. But from the beginning she seemed so elegant I had tended to translate Grand Am in my mind, as well as ear, to *Grande Dame*...

Darrel Simmons, our new real estate acquaintance, called Joy-Lynd and told her he'd found a listing for a four-bedroom house that fit our price scale. I was working; Arnie and Joyce let me take time to go look at it with Joy-Lynd. I had the car; Darrell was to pick her up and bring her over. It was not far from the expressway I used to get to work and indeed was about four miles closer to Arnie and Joyce's, or about half the distance I usually commuted.

My first impression, however, was less than positive. It was a two-story house on a dry and dusty

corner in a dry and dusty neighborhood. Not quite as bad as the Norman Bates residence, but...

After Darrell and Joy-Lynd arrived, and he was fiddling with a balky lockbox to get in, some people driving by visibly slowed and craned their necks looking at the group of us standing at the door—it seemed with more than neighborly interest. The thought flashed through my mind that it might be some white supremacist types who, seeing Darrell, a large black man, at the door, might have thought it was he who was interested in moving in, and were thinking less than friendly thoughts...

When we entered, we found the first floor consisted mainly of a spacious living room/dining room area with a setup for a wet bar (i.e., a sink). Around a corner was a kitchen (minus a refrigerator; we'd have to supply one); there was also a laundry room (we'd also have to supply a washer and dryer) and a very partially finished garage. The bedrooms were upstairs, all individually smaller than the rooms we'd had, and only accessible by a fairly narrow enclosed stairwell. There was a small, dry, weed-encrusted yard, too unfinished to call it desert landscaping.

It wasn't too bad, though; we thought we'd go for the place. We would have to sign an application form (for which there was a \$45.00 non-refundable fee); the management office was going to have to check us out before we could actually make the deal. Joy-Lynd took me back to work; we'd go to the management office next morning.

Overnight, however, we began to have second thoughts—like, how would we ever get larger furniture, like our beds, bureaus, dressers, desks, etc., up those stairs? At the management office, instead of pursuing the house we'd just looked at, we decided to inquire about single-story places. They only had a couple, both pretty much compromises in size and value. They gave us an address to check out, but we couldn't find it (it turned out we were driving in the wrong direction), and by that time I had to get to work. So we dropped that opportunity altogether.

It was a few days later that Joy-Lynd learned from Jan that a woman she worked with had a house that she had been thinking about selling, but might go for a rent-to-own arrangement! We'd thought about the idea of renting-to-own. If we went for it, it would be the first time for me to try for house ownership, though Joy-Lynd had once begun such a process, in her year or so in Pulaski, Virginia.

The location was across town, some 18 miles via the expressway as we later discovered (shorter by regular streets, but we never actually checked the mileage that way). It was in a small, ten-year-old development behind Sam's Town, a hotel/casino we'd visited a couple of times. Sam's Town is distinguished by an artificial park within a huge atrium. Artificial animated squirrels and woodpeckers adorn the artificial trees as artificial (and somewhat amplified) sounds of nature are piped in. There are paths through the park centering on a bar (seating "alfresco"); little bridges pass over streams of real running water (well, something had to be authentic!), and at one end of the atrium is a waterfall. A couple of times during the evening there is a light/laser and water-fountain show at the waterfall end, with

impressively orchestrated music and a narrative concerning some Native American legend (which may also be authentic, I suppose). At the start of the show an animatronic wolf emerges from a cave near the top of the waterfall and howls. He then watches the show from his vantage point, and then, at the end, he howls once again and returns to his cave. All this was built about a year ago, though the casino itself has been around a while.

Anyway, we drove over one Sunday morning to meet Jan's friend, Suzanne MacLulis, who owns the house. Joy-Lynd had worked up a little map from some street map software on CD, so the twists and turns within the streets behind Sam's Town were easily negotiated, and we found the place easily. It is a single-story L-shaped pinkish-tan stucco ranch-style building, somewhat raised from the street, with desert landscaping. The sole vegetation in the wide, sloping front yard consists of some dangerous-looking aloe and other desert plants (not cacti) dotted about in a bed of stones and some hard desert earth. The yard is surrounded by concrete sidewalks. Blooming oleanders encroach upon the right end sidewalk and the wide tilted driveway on the left. The L-hook appears to consist of a two-car garage; as it turns out, however, the garage has been converted into a finished room. The garage doors tilt open to reveal a shallow work bench area.

Suzanne is a very pleasant woman, a little younger than I. Her health is fairly delicate—she recently underwent a bone marrow transplant. She has fixed up the house to be as dust-free as possible, and all the water is filtered through some kind of treatment system making it drinkable, which cannot be said for standard tap water in this part of the country. As she showed us the house she tended to be apologetic about one thing or another, but she was obviously proud of it, and rightly so.

The house has something like 2000 square feet of floor space, 700 more than we had at the apartment. As one enters the front door, there is a huge living room-dining area that the word spacious was coined for. A kitchen occupies a large corner of this area, toward the back, set off by a rounded counter/bar, complete with stools. There is a door to the finished garage space to the left on the near wall, and on the back wall between the kitchen and the left house wall, glass French doors lead to a concrete uncovered patio extending into the back yard. Beyond the garage door, the front left corner of the living area is occupied by a huge stone-faced fireplace with a wide mantel and a gas log. At center right from the front door there is a hallway leading to a large master bedroom with its own bath, and two smaller bedrooms opposite it. There is a complete hall bath near the hall entrance. The entire house, save for the tiled kitchen and the fireplace hearth, is lushly carpeted. Well, okay, the finished garage area has a thinner, utilitarian carpet. It also has a direct door to the outside, leading out to the covered sidewalk that leads from the driveway to the front door.

To make an already long story shorter, we loved the place almost on sight, and soon made the agreement with Suzanne to take it. We also agreed to (say, leapt at) the opportunity to buy from her some of the furniture in the living room-dining area—a dining set (glass-topped round table, six swivel chairs) and a

couch, all wicker-based. Also the bar stools, which have footrests, plush backs and tubular side pieces that make them very comfortable to sit in.

Now, Suzanne was prepared to move out entirely by the first of the month if we could cover her mortgage payments (\$700) plus \$300 a month, but there was no way we could handle \$1000 a month. She came up with the alternative of her staying on, keeping the master bedroom and sharing the kitchen with us, and we would just cover the mortgage payments. This we decided we could do. Joy-Lynd volunteered to give up smoking indoors for the duration, and Suzanne gratefully accepted that offer. And so it came to pass...

Slow Motion

There were still a couple of weeks plus before we had to be out of the Canyon Lake apartment, so of course, foolish mortals we, we began our packing at a relatively leisurely pace. I arranged with Arnie and Joyce to take a vacation week for the penultimate week of June, figuring that should be adequate. Hah!

I made it the next-to-last week rather than the last because generally speaking the last week of the month is one in which the magazine requires a great deal of our time. It didn't exactly work out that way on this occasion, but that's another story for another time.

Joy-Lynd was meanwhile casting about for a decent used car to replace Victoria. Here again two or three possibilities failed to work out positively, but then she got a good lead via a friend she knew from the computer group. He knew a friend from AA who works at a used car company. This guy was able to get Joy-Lynd a good deal on a blue and silver Ford station wagon—a Crown Victoria. I don't know if it was the model name or something else that convinced Joy-Lynd, but she went for it.

She wanted to have Dick (of Dick's Auto) look at it, but the people at the dealership talked her into accepting a neighboring garage's okay that the car was in good condition, and, thinking she had 72 hours' refusal, signed the papers. Then while driving it around, she heard some nasty noises and took it to Dick's, who said it sounded like some kind of transmission problem. Back at the dealership they told her no way. She took it to a Ford dealership, who also told her it sounded that way. Furious, she went back to complain, and learned that Nevada law does not give one that right of refusal—once one has signed the papers, one is committed to the purchase. As 's.

However, the guy who had arranged to help her with this sale agreed to have the car checked out and the problem fixed by someone else, at their expense... "We want your repeat business, after all." It turned out that the problem was something other than the transmission, but they fixed it as agreed.

Somewhere soon afterward someone gave Joy-Lynd a little hollow rubber dinosaur character that we learned later was based on one of the characters in the animated film, *The Land Before Time*. It has a real name, something like "Ducky," but J-L christened it "Baby," somehow thinking it resembled the baby brontosaurus in the rather rough (albeit Disney released) adventure film of that name. I thought of the baby character (also called Baby) in the TV series, *Dinosaurs*, which was more of a little stegosaurus to my recollection—if not in appearance then at least in



personality. In any case, this Baby rides in the space between the driver and front passenger, and the station wagon has become "BB" for Baby Buggy.

Too cute? Well, think of it this way Joy- Lynd and I both rather groaned when we realized that we who were once rather radical free spirits were now a middle aged couple with a ranch house and a station wagon... *Where had it all gone wrong?*

We did begin carrying stuff over to the new place right away, and got quite a bit done during my "vacation" week, with a little help a couple of days from LVPCUG friends with cars. One, Betty Evans, has a small pickup truck, with which we carried over some of our metal industrial-type shelving. Others—Jo Astin and Mary-Ellen Bly— stuffed their cars.

Then on a hot summer Friday afternoon, at rush hour time, Joy-Lynd and I were driving home after going in to the local cable company to have the cable service switched to our new address as of the end of

the month. We smelled something funny and, soon afterward, the car stalled at one of the busiest intersections in town (Charleston and Valley View, for readers who know Las Vegas). *Déjà vu...* Only this time we were in the center lane.

When I returned to Joy-Lynd and the car after calling AAA, I found that she had discovered a real talent for directing traffic. She was standing behind the car, waving people to either side and, when some seemed to hesitate, afraid to enter a lane where other cars were approaching, she had the palm-up-with-one-hand, wave-forward-with-the-other technique down pat. When the Triple-A truck finally arrived I took over for her as she talked with the guy; I did all right, but didn't have her flair. By that time there were three other cars down with the heat further down the road, and my directorial efforts became amazingly extended!

Once we were out of traffic's way, we called the

garage where the last work on the station wagon had been done, and they agreed someone would stick around for us while we had it towed in. Once there, after warming our heels for a while (nothing was cooling that day!), we learned that the drainage plug in the radiator had blown. They thought they could get a replacement for it for us right away, at a dealership, but when their bookkeeper (who'd volunteered to fetch it) returned with the part it turned out to be the wrong one.

We had to do without the car for the weekend. This time we concentrated on getting things packed to be ready for when we did have transportation again. But, as anyone who has ever moved can tell you, the more things one packs, the more things yet to be packed proliferate.

I returned to work during the following week, and Joy-Lynd found lots of things she had to take care of not only at home but out in the non-packing world. It was too hot for her to load and unload the station wagon during the day, but we managed to have something ready to go some mornings. Despite our best intentions, we only succeeded in packing, loading and making one or at most two trips in the evenings.

A couple of mornings, she got up very early to be there when the telephone guy came. Let me explain.

The local telephone company, once called Centel, was taken over by Sprint some time in the last couple of years and became a less friendly operation as a result. Among other things, they would not let us begin our phone service at the new place while we retained it at the old—a new experience for us after all these years of moving from place to place. We arranged to have the switch made the last Thursday in June.

However, Joy-Lynd called in a personal favor with Steve, a telephone installer she had given some Word Perfect classes to, and he came in early in the morning (6:30 a.m.!) a couple of times to rework the wiring for our two lines plus Suzanne's separate line. This installation work turned out to be quite an operation, as whoever had lived there before Suzanne had evidently been something of an amateur handyman and left a mess of wiring that had to be untangled and deciphered. Steve did a great job, setting up an outlet for a dual-line phone in the kitchen, two outlets for my line in the finished garage (to be my office), two for Joy-Lynd's in the area of the living room that we set aside for her office space, another pair (one for her line, one for mine) in my office, on another wall (the idea being for shared calls), and, finally, plugs for our own lines in our bedrooms. When the official installer arrived Thursday morning, basically all she had to do was make the final connections to the outside lines.

Why two lines each in our offices? It seemed like a good idea at the time. One's for the phone, one for the modem... [Okay, for those reading this who are not yet computer literate, a modem is the device for a computer that allows users to use the telephone system to interact with other users on other computers. It does this by translating the computer's binary signals into tone signals and back. The word comes from *mod*ulate-*dem*odulate, a fact that I invariably forget between times that I look it up.] We're not yet plush enough to get dedicated modem lines, but the second wall connection saves connecting the phone to the

return plug in the modem. This was supposed to avoid the loud click and momentary dead spot we've experienced in the past when turning on or off the computer while talking to someone on the phone. Alas, we've learned that this effect remains.

Also, in my case, should I get a modem for my Macintosh system, in addition to the one on now my DOS PC, I'll have a plug for it, too—and the phone's plug will return to the back of the computer. We all have to make sacrifices...

As the week wound down, I requested and got Friday off as another vacation day. June had the discourtesy to end on that Friday this year, withholding the weekend from us; we were supposed to be out of the apartment Friday night or at the worst Saturday morning.

We had professional movers come in Friday to take the heavy things—beds, bureaus, desks, etc.—all the stuff we'd worried about getting up the stairs at the other house. We were still clearing space around those things and getting things off and out of them when the two guys came, but things went reasonably smoothly, and they were very pleasant and efficient about their work. Nevertheless, the work, which we'd estimated at three hours (at \$65 an hour plus mileage) turned into half again as much, including the trip over to the new place and the unloading.

Saturday morning, after our first (pleasant) night at the new place, Joy-Lynd and I returned to the apartment to continue what was now serious drudge work. I packed and loaded while she drove and unloaded. Several friends—Jan Staples, her friend Sam, Betty Evans and her husband Ron—came over in the evening, with two pickup trucks and a couple of cars among them, and whirlwinded massive quantities of the remaining things into bags and boxes...

And still, when they could jam no more into their vehicles and ours, there was more to be done.

It was after 11 p.m. when their vehicles were finally unloaded at the Petal Avenue location. We went to Sam's Town for a late supper that was, frankly, a bit disappointing. Mary's Diner, which advertises it's open 24 hours, was closed, and we had to settle for another restaurant where long lines and some kind of kitchen problem threatened to delay us for hours. Joy-Lynd, who can be very persuasive when she wants to be, succeeded in getting us in and served. I won't go into details.

Needless to say, when she and I rose early (5:30) Sunday morning, we were moving slowly. We had to unload our own cars, and we stopped to eat breakfast at a Burger King before we returned to the apartment, which at last was looking, if not empty at least emptyable. We thought we'd get the last of the stuff out that needed to be out that morning, drop the keys at the management office, and head across town for a celebratory brunch at Elizabeth's Little Kitchen—a favorite breakfast spot of ours that Raven and Ron (her S.O., not Betty's!) introduced us to a couple of years ago.

It was not to be. Elizabeth's closes at 2 p.m., and we were still working... I shuttled a couple of times between the apartment and our storage place (about two miles away) in the process.

We finally had the car loaded and everything out of

the apartment that wasn't disposable trash by 3 or maybe it was 3:30 or even 4 o'clock when we stopped in at the office to leave our keys. (My recollection is perhaps understandably blurred.) The last trip from there to Petal Avenue was taken in a kind of exhilarated exhaustion and strong feelings of gratitude that we were quit of that place.

We didn't actually get over to Elizabeth's Little Kitchen (which is now 10 miles closer), until the next weekend.

Settling In

Four weeks later we are, of course, still unpacking and looking for missing stuff, and arranging and rearranging boxes and furniture and the like. But the house is beginning to look like home. Joy-Lynd lost little time in getting the kitchen into shape, with the cupboards and drawers occupied (more of them, she once remarked, than one household should be entitled to), and nearly everything unpacked that belongs there. Priorities being what they are, the TV and its attendant stereo system were also among the first items connected and ready to run, cable attached, etc. The area around her office space still has a few boxes, but her desk and computer are all set up. My office is pretty much occupied with boxes, but I, too, have my computers set up, though the desk arrangement is still pending a lot of sorting out and locating of things.

My commute to work, although three miles longer than it was, is actually faster than before—with kindly disposed traffic lights and no highway delays, I can make the 11 miles in less than 15 minutes, where the previous eight miles generally required 20 minutes at a minimum.

Joy-Lynd and I have begun to make a routine of sitting outside on the patio in the morning, she with her tea and a cigarette, I with my bowl of raisin bran, before the temperatures soar to their usual triple digits. We return in the evening when the stars are out. Each time we go there we check under the chairs for webs and critters; it seems the area is well populated with black widows and, worse, a spider called the brown recluse whose bite is even worse than the black widow's (you don't want to know what it does). We've heard there are scorpions around; so far we haven't seen any of them. There are also fire ants (back in Texas, in the 40s, we just called them red ants) and, I've been told, the valley also hosts a small black ant that is one of the few poisonous species in North America, or maybe the world. Sweet. Thanks for the info, Ken.

I know it's all in my head, but I have a tendency to feel itchy when I come in from the patio.

Our third week brought us another bit of the downside of living in this area of the world: our air conditioning blew—on Friday! It had to be replaced, which meant that for the weekend and a few days more we tried living with windows open and fans running most of the time. I could deal with this better than Joy-Lynd could, but not a whole lot better—especially as the southwest was conveniently hit with a heat wave that very weekend! This means that the middle digit of the three was a one instead of a zero. (Yeah, yeah... Fahrenheit. We don't talk Kelvin or even Celsius in these here parts, podnuh.)

My office was, surprisingly, a tad cooler in the day

than the rest of the house, though, normally, since the A/C ducts don't lead into it, it's a lot warmer. In the afternoon the sun begins to hit one wall of the former garage. Even before the A/C went out we hung some plastic rattan-type roll-up shades from the roof of the adjacent covered walk; these block much of the direct light against that wall, and this has helped. I was especially grateful for it earlier that week.

Joy-Lynd, meanwhile, was having great difficulty getting through the days and with sleeping at night. Besides the fans and things, she took to using wet towels against her skin at night, and she bought one of those personal misters, which we were told were jumping off the shelves at Home Express during the heat wave. (No, a mister is not an alternative spouse; it is basically a spray bottle with a battery-powered fan attached.) She also acquired an outdoor mister, which attaches to a garden hose. Both were highly effective.

Of course, I had to try to make a little fun at her expense, because one evening, while we were moving, we'd gone to a restaurant and sat out on its patio, where misters were in use (common in this part of the country) and Joy-Lynd had hated it. Well, for one thing, the evening had already cooled off considerably, and a couple of times a minute we'd all get kind of spritzed with water... It wasn't that pleasant.

In these circumstances, however, it was near life-saving. (Speaking of which, I was taking my life in my hands making jokes about the misters with Joy-Lynd, who was in no particular mood for jollity during this period.)

Happily, Suzanne was able to find someone who could get us a new air conditioner by Tuesday. They made a special effort—on Monday we had received a call apologizing that they didn't think they could get it to us until Wednesday. Thus it was a pleasant surprise, as I returned home from work on Tuesday afternoon, to find a big crane truck (required to remove the old unit from the roof and lift the new one up to replace it) in our driveway. The installation was complete by six or seven, but they told us the house had heated up so much that it wouldn't really be comfortably cool until 10 or 11 p.m. Joy-Lynd and I went out to eat, and by the time we got back, it was so much cooler than it had been that we both basked in it with great pleasure! (All of us did, I should say—Suzanne had of course shared the discomfort with us.)

I don't know how much the physical effort involved in moving took out of Joy-Lynd, exacerbating her already extant aches and pains, arthritis and knee damage and other things; she doesn't talk about those things much. I'm still recovering from minor strains incurred, and kneeling or bending over excites nerves that never much bothered me before. I'm sure this will ease up in time; I'm also aware that it'll take longer for me to recover than it used to take!

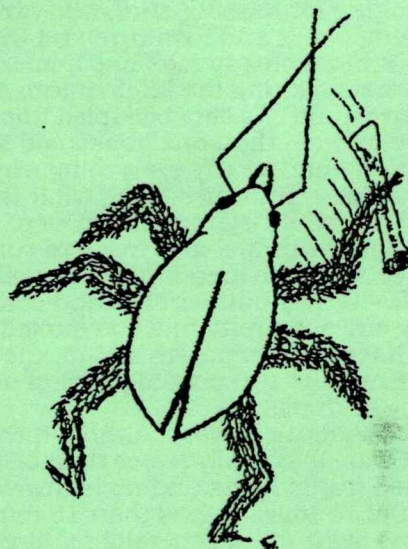
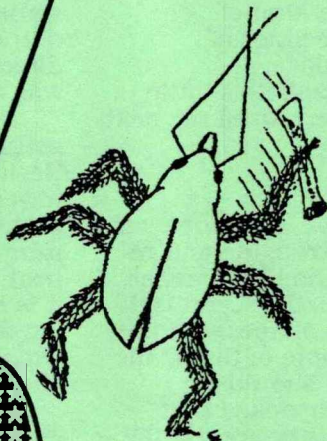
Our economic recovery will also take some time. We blew our savings and had to borrow in order to get all this done; it'll be a while before we catch up with the loans and get started on another nest egg. Another factor worth considering is what kind of deal we can make when the time comes to take over the actual purchasing of the house from Suzanne. We're keeping our fingers crossed!

— Ross & Joy-Lynd Chamberlain

MY

HERO

BY TAMMY FUNK



Oh Ghod, I thought, as I saw the small, yet menacing brown spot on the floor. It's a cockroach!

I looked over at the inert form of my boyfriend, Tom, who lay surrounded by fanzines on the bed. Hmmm... how to get rid of the creature without his noticing?

"Heeere, kitty-kitty! Bullseye? Come here baby?" I cajoled.

"What's wrong?" Tom asked, his bug antenna ever-alert.

"Umm, nothing." I stalled, as I guided the cat's nose to within an inch of the bug. Damn, it's dead! He won't eat it if it's dead.

Slowly, with great trepidation, Tom rolled over and peered over the edge of a 'zine. He squinted at the floor by my feet.

"It's another one, isn't it?" he whined. "Yuck! I'm not sitting anywhere on that floor until they spray this place again!"

It was only the the third bug in two months.

"Honey," I soothed, "they just sprayed last week. Look! This one's dead! Really, Tom, it's working fine."

"Oh, oh... get it away from me!" he cried, as he dove under the quilt, a great lump, all a quiver.

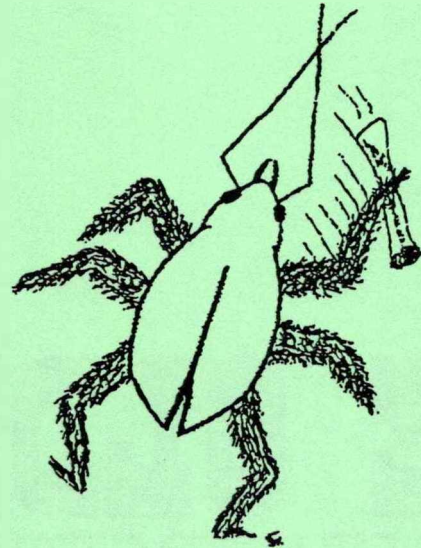
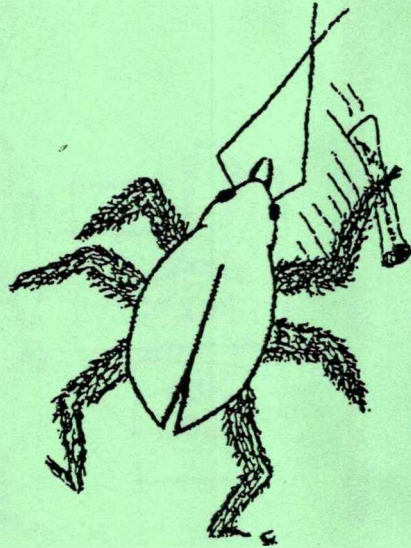
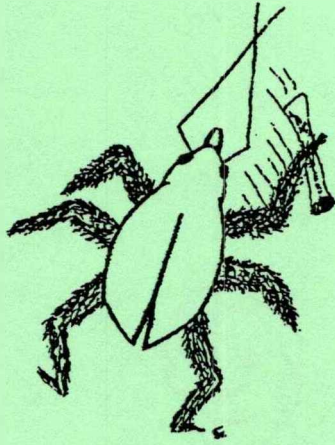
Not a pretty picture, is it? Yes, it's true; Tom Springer, 6'3" of Shrimp Brother Buster and sometime insurgent, is afraid of bugs.

As Tom has repeatedly told me since we moved in, "anything with more than four legs gives me the heebie-jeebies." Why do I have to kill them? It isn't in the relationship manual! I checked! I have had some bug-hunting experience, but I've been traumatized a bit myself. I moved out of my first apartment because of those slick little sewer-dwellers.

After I escaped the place, I found out that the apartment rests in the cockroach triangle of Pacific Beach, San Diego. All had been fine for about a year, until the night I turned on a light in the bathroom and interrupted a convention of them on the tile. I ran screaming and brought back a trusty can of Raid. The black tide receded rapidly, but not before I gassed twenty-five of them. War was declared!

My roommate, Tracey, and I spent the next six months losing that war. The apartment manager, in his infinite wisdom, sprayed only our apartment, but not the rest of the building. Our slimy-legged squatters took a month's vacation in far parts unknown, leaving a few sickly relatives behind.

One twitching specimen took up residence on the ceiling in the hallway leading to the kitchen. To get there, we would have to pass under him, but he had the D.T.'s so bad we were afraid to brave it. Sure enough, the minute Tracey walked under, he fell, glancing off of her shoulder, and leaving a deep psychological scar.



The troops came back with a vengeance. I heard them rustle past plastic bags in my closet at night, planning strategies. They demolished an entire village of Sour Patch Kids (a tart and chewy little candy), eating the very heads off of them. Then, they launched their best plan yet: a personal attack on my slumbering, unsuspecting figure.

I woke to a tickling sensation on the crook of my elbow. I flung the brave soldier across the room with a shriek, so blind without my contacts I couldn't even see it. Oh, but I *knew* what it was!

For two weeks, I had drugged, restless dreams of thousands of whispering, hairy little legs traversing my body. In a fatigued, nervous state, Tracey and I waved the white flag and moved within the month, never to return.

So how is it, you ask, that I of all people have come to be Tom's savior from things that creep under sinks? The plain truth is he is manic about them. I've been out-cowarded.

I realized this sad truth one night after Tom and I had just moved here. In the spare room, boxes littered the floor, with his clothes filling the spaces in between. He had gone in to type up a letter column when I first heard him squawk.

"Ah! Honey, honey, come quick! Oh no, oh Ghod, it's so gross! I'll never be able to work in here now!" he cried.

I sprang to my feet, and flew to the door, only to find the inch-long cause of his distress lolling on the ceiling in front of the closet.

"Kill it, kill it, kill it!" he chanted, backing away in fear.

With a moan of disgust, I turned and went to the kitchen in search of a weapon. My duty must be done. I came back to find that the culprit had escaped.

"I don't know where he went! What if he fell in my underwear?" he gasped, gazing at his clothes on the floor.

"I'll find him," I sighed. "Oh, there he is, over by the window blinds."

"Ahhh!" Tom yelled, and scuttled off to the living room to perch on the couch.

Holding my can aloft like a sword, I entered into the fray. I unleashed a long spray of insecticide, giving the roach a gray foam coat. Unable to give up so easily, he charged me. I backed away, spraying without end.

"Drown it, drown it!" cheered my moral support from the other room.

The fiend turned and made a break for the closet, where he finally rolled over, feebly kicking his many legs in defeat.

"It's dead!" I called. "Come in and bring me a Kleenex!"

"Yuck! You don't want to *touch* it," he said. Tom crept in to sheepishly hand me the cat's litter box scooper for the corpse.

"Oh, I'm so happy," he gushed, as he ran ahead to watch me throw it outside. "Thanks for saving me," he said, looking pitifully grateful.

He looked so cute that I pledged to guard him against any such future onslaughts, as long as I get a victory hug and kiss.

The things I have to do ...

YE OLDE SUMMERTIME By RAY WALDIE

That was one hot summer. July 1966 in central Wisconsin was very hot and humid thanks to the mighty Mississippi that bordered my hometown of LaCrosse. During those wilting months I instructed the color guard of a drum and bugle corp called The Blackhawks. It consisted of about two dozen horns, half that many in the color guard and maybe six drummers. If everyone showed up, that is.

That summer we were scheduled to be in parades around the midwest. I think that kids twelve to sixteen thrive in the hot weather. As I think back, it didn't, really, seem that hot. The bus was not air conditioned, but we didn't seem to notice. We were having fun. Those were the days. < sigh >.

The parade was in Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin. (More humidity.)

The Corn Festival or whatever, was being held and the fest committee had invited us because some members had seen us in other parades and were impressed. It was a competition parade. Which meant that we were going to be judged against some of the best parade corps in the state. This was scary but fun. We did things back then just because it was fun. The fest paid for our transportation cost (drivers pay and fifty dollars for gas) plus a couple hundred in honorarium, more if we won. We planned on winning. We were the Blackhawks.

We left early Saturday morning from the parking lot



of the American Legion hall. Early was four-thirty in the morning. People started to stumble in around four. The Legion was nice enough to open the kitchen so the adults could get to the coffee pot. We stood under the parking lot lights and drank coffee to get our hearts started. The kids just hung around being kids. All of the equipment had been stored in the corps bus the night before when we were wide awake and knew what we were doing.

This was fun, remember.

Four-fifteen came, and the kids and chaperons boarded the big blue bus. The staff made one more review of the checklist to make sure everything was ready for the trip. When we boarded, the kids were already singing "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall." I turned to the corps director and said over my coffee cup, "This is fun, remember?"

At four-thirty the bus coughed, hissed and rolled out of the parking lot. I took my normal place, facing the rear of the bus perched on the cooler and my sleeping bag, and looked out the back window. The equipment truck and two station wagons, belonging to some diehard parents, followed us into the dark.

The hours flowed by accompanied by all the camp songs that everyone had ever heard or partially remembered. By mid-morning almost everyone was asleep.

We made the scheduled stop for breakfast and the

necessary activities that many cups of coffee precipitated. I don't remember the name of the place, but I will never forget the expression on the face of the lone waitress as she watched half a hundred sleepy kids and adults stagger through her cafe door. Upon our departure, the relieved waitress commented on the orderly manner in which the teens had conducted themselves. Of course. They were Blackhawks.

We made it to Horicon Marsh around eleven. The parade was scheduled for two that afternoon. Since kids are always hungry, we stopped for lunch. Our server gaped at the partially uniformed mob that descended on her restaurant. Nothing greasy, that was the rule for food ingested before a parade. I'm not sure what we ate, but it wasn't hamburgers and fries.

Near the parade route, the equipment truck, recuperating in a high school parking lot, yawned empty as the corp circled for warmups. The horns, the drummers and the drum major were lost in their collective thoughts of music and rhythm. The color guard went through some basic moves to loosen cramped muscles and shake cobwebs out of sleepy minds.

"Four for nothing!" the tall, thin sixteen year old drum major called. Boom, boom, boom, boom thundered the base drum, and the route march of the drum line rolled across the parking lot and bounced off the school walls. All Blackhawks fell into step. Knees rose to horizontal, chins were raised a little higher than normal.

That was the Blackhawk image; high stepping professionals.

"Blue skies, roll off," commanded the drum major. "Horns up!"

With a snap, all the shiny silver plated horns flashed into playing position. "One, two, three four!" The walls reverberated with the powerful resonance of drums and bugles at full bore. "Blue Skies, nothing but blue skies..." The Blackhawk theme song roared through the sleepy Wisconsin town. The crowds of people on the sidewalk stopped and listened.

It was time to step off. The color guard formed a line from curb to curb. Behind them stood the "magnificent seven", as the red bereted rifle team called themselves. Then came the drum major, the horns and finally the drums.

Their black satin shirts with red cummerbunds gleamed with reflected pride.

The Blackhawks were ready.

-- Ray Waldie

SilverCon 4

September 29-October 1, 1995

Guests of Honor

Joe Haldeman

Bob Tucker

Phil Foglio

Best Western Mardi Gras

(an all suite hotel)

3500 Paradise Rd.

Las Vegas, NV 89109

1-800-634-6501

\$60 for single or double

\$20 in advance/\$25 at the door.

SNAFFU

PO Box 95941

Las Vegas, NV 89193-5941

Phone: 702-896-6338

The flyer pinned to Joyce's bulletin board mentions a lot of other stuff. What's really important, though, is that this is Vegas Fandom's annual bash. You've probably been to one or talked to other fans who have. This time we've got an all-suite hotel. Las Vegants would love to see any and all of our beloved Wild Heirs readers here in Glitter City for this intimate, relaxed and friendly con.

If you want a varied program, well-run gaming and a masquerade, SilverCon 4 has those, too.

All of the Vegants and fans like Lichtman, Speer, Widner, Burbee, Brandt, Donaho, Vick, and many more will be there. We hope you'll join them -- and us -- for SilverCon 4.

SilverCon 4 Kick Off Party

Thursday, September 28th

2:00 pm til exhaustion

The pool and jacuzzi are waiting...

at the home of:

Arnie & Joyce Katz

3701 Bridgeglen

Phone: 1-702-648-5677

E-mail: Crossfire@aol.com

In the great circle of life, it now seems inevitable that Arnie and I would move to Nevada.

Well, perhaps a little less inevitable for a Brooklyn Boy whose feet had never been off concrete. (So I exaggerate a little, you get the point.) But tying up with me and my karma meant the wide open spaces were just over the hill from our Livingston Street view of the Statue of Liberty.

Not that Arnie knew that when he married me. I was in my CitySlicker phase back then, and had left any western lore I ever had behind me in Missouri.

But, blood will out. When I was a kid, we railroaded all over the west, saw the trails, watched all the western movies, and read the settler-family books. My whole family was favorably inclined to western things. We often assured each other that people were friendlier in the west, as compared to easterners who were known to be cold and inhospitable. For this reason, we always traveled west, and never visited any spot more eastern than Kentucky.

At some point in the early 70's, my interest in western history started to resurface. It was probably sparked by the gift of a Russell art calendar. Whether it was that or something else, I gradually drifted back to admiring the west.

About this time, I got a professional reason to pursue my renewed interest (or perhaps it was the other way around.) Katz Kunkel Worley got a contract to design some games for Tynesoft, an English software company. The second in our string was "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show & Rodeo".

I did the backgrounder stuff for the design: extensive research in just exactly how to rope a calf or ride a bronco or barrel race. Saddles and lariats and types of brands and posthole diggers and styles of barbed wire.... you get started down this road, and it's amazing the dusty tracks you'll stumble into.

Well, I pretty much steeped myself in rodeo lore, then started down the back alleys of cattle ranching. And, I was reading a little Indian history, and getting the tribes straight in my mind again.

It was about that time I was given My Mission.

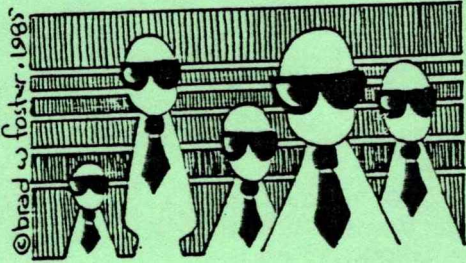
Now, some people go all their lives, and they never really get assigned A Great Quest. They peacefully watch the telly and read the news, and never hear The Call.

Mine came the last night of a January Consumer Electronic Show. We sat in the room with Ken Williams, President of Sierra On-Line, and he said, "Would you like to do a game for Sierra?" No body says no to such a question. So, thinking fast, I popped up with, "I'd like to do a game about the Western Migration, an Oregon Trail adventure."

Ken allowed as how that seemed like an interesting idea.

"I'll need to do a little basic research," I explained to Arnie and Bill after that meeting, "to make sure I get the facts right." And they said, "Buy anything you need."

It was like turning me loose in a candy store, with carte blanche to acquire everything that looked good to me. I already had a basic western history collection; it quickly advanced to a good collection of western books. Then I got sources for more arcane knowledge: the trailbooks, songbooks, cookbooks. The diaries, the photograph albums.



GOING

into the

WEST

PART V

By Joyce Katz

And, there were other places to go for research; every state's tourist board from Independence to Oregon City got a call from me; most came up with rare and unusual material about their state's history and geography. Utah was particularly helpful, with pages and pages of photocopied diaries, photographs, maps.

When I needed more information about oxen, I went to Purina. They had one man (only one in the country) who could tell me the weight, and daily consumption of a healthy ox, and how long it would take an ox to die of starvation, and how many pounds of meat that starved ox would produce. Now there are two of us who know.

I hugged a stuffed buffalo and examined an authentic prairie schooner in Salt Lake City. I studied the wheeltracks cut into the road in Wyoming. I sent away for photographs of the Snake River, with its four places to ford.

I learned the name of every tribe between Missouri and the West Coast, and just exactly what they were doing in 1850. I traced the route of every famous wagon train leader, Indian scout, and mountain trapper that year, to figure where their paths may have crossed and where each might have been seen on which date by the mythical traveler in the game.

Birds, flowers, trees and wildlife were next; I had to know every creature and thing the pioneer would see.

Sitting in Brooklyn Heights, I became the eastern-most expert on *The Wild West of 1850*.

The game itself took some interesting trails. After creating the route to Oregon, we decided to extend it to California as well. I ran the pioneers through Truckee, and wept over the agonies these historical heroes experienced in the mountains. We like to think of them as Men of Iron and Women of Steel. But they were, sadly, frail as thee and me, just forced by their awful circumstances into acts of ferocious heroism. I marvelled at the men, and I cried over the women who carried their children on their backs as they walked barefoot through the mountain snows.

The game passed through several publisher's hands. Sierra gave me back the game (and let me keep the money) and I resold it to an Ohio company who wanted to produce it for the school market. They acquired a Smithsonian sanction for it and for me---for about two weeks I was the official "Miss Smithsonian Software". Then that company went under, lost the Smithsonian license, and I got the game back to resell.

The last company I sold it to wanted something different: "Give me a game I can sell to schools that I can do using lots of New Mexico scenery as background." So I scrapped the Oregon Trail project, and started researching the Santa Fe Trail. An altogether different experience for the traveler, and a whole new set of terrain and Indians and wildlife and flora

So I researched that side of history to a fair-thee-well. This time I knew the routine, and was a lot more efficient about it. But it was still a major undertaking ...and my history library developed a southwestern accent.

About that time, my publisher started marketing a piece of hardware: a gun to fire at the computer

monitor for target-style games. So, I got a new directive: "Change the game so there'll be a lot more shooting. The educational stuff will still be embedded, but now the gamer can shoot more people and animals."

I objected somewhat to all the buffalo and Indian shooting. I didn't win, exactly, but I was allowed to build in a sort of karmic retribution that came from being too much of a free-shooter.

So, I did it all again...this time I read up on various models of guns and their loading times, the weight and cost of ammunition for each in 1850. And, the violence level of all the tribes between Missouri and Santa Fe, so we could build in their responses to all the shooting.

I joined the Santa Fe Trail Association (I'm still a member to this day) and got good at naming the dry river beds of Western Texas.

By this point, I'd been going into the west for ten years or more. I was not only trail wise about The Oregon, The California, and The Santa Fe Trails, I was looking toward other roads. So the publisher got a notion: "How about we fix it so we could sell add-on disks of other trails, so the traveler could choose other routes, other destinations."

That got me started on some of the other major arteries through the Southwest. I started slowly building up the information I'd eventually need for *The Mormon*, *The Bozeman*, and *The Gila Trails*. Looking toward future projects, I also went back a bit in time and started making notes on how to recreate Lewis & Clarke's exploration.

I was getting pretty trail-worn by this time. I started talking like Gary Cooper, bought a square-dance dress, and started wearing boots most of the time. I got some really good turquoise, and a leather fringed jacket.

But the epic of the game isn't over, and *My Mission* isn't yet complete.

The publisher recently brought his wife into the business. She decided what they really should do is start a line of games for teenaged girls. She wants to redo the game as an orphan teen taking her siblings into the west and having a quasi-lesbian friendship with the girl in the next wagon. And, oh, by the way, not so much shooting please, but more gingham.

The role of the game designer has just as much importance in the scheme of things as the role of script writer for the movies.

But don't think my western odyssey is finished. I own so many western history books at this point that it is absolutely necessary for me to find a way to resell my accumulated knowledge. It's only a matter of time 'til I peddle all this arcane lore to someone else.

Now that I'm in Nevada, I look everyday at the mountains, and wonder at the barrier they represented to the pioneers who passed this way. I study the desert, and mentally tally the edible fodder for the stock. I read the diaries of these heroes, and marvel at their tenacity.

When I go to the airport, I always look at the statue of the bronco buster that welcomes visitors. When the rodeo comes to town, I break out my western shirts. Often, when I drive along the Las Vegas streets, I play cowboy songs on my car radio.

Don't get me wrong, it wasn't the lure of cowboys

and Indians that made us turn our eyes to the west, when Arnie and I decided to make our move.

And, I'm not going to tell you that I'm some kind of Annie Oakley/Calamity Jane/Dale Evans cowgirl. I'm allergic to horses, and avoid actually walking on dusty trails.

But my move into the west was preordained. The neon and sequins were only part of it.

Every Fan A Hero

I could never start any discussion of my fan heroes without mentioning Lee Hoffman in the first sentence. It was her light and easy wit that made me want to be a fan, her and Walt Willis and Bob Tucker and Bob Bloch and Shelby Vick. But especially Lee.

Lee proved that a woman could be just as good a fan, and produce just as good a fanzine as any man. When she started Quandry, it probably wasn't really her intention to hide her sex. She just didn't mention it. Then, as time passed, she never corrected the people who assumed she was a guy. Oh, there was that birthday card she sent to Walt; hindsight makes some fans see the hint that no one picked up on at the time. But, the fact is, she had won her laurels as a good faned before she showed up at the New Orleans worldcon.

Lee is definitely my number one role model.

But, as I start counting down my fan heroes, I realize that I have a lot of them.

I salute Forry Ackerman for starting fandom, and Ray Palmer for the first fanzine. I salute SaM for being the first to know that fandom is the Immortal Storm.

I salute Bob Tucker for establishing wit, humor and insurgentism as the fannish coin.

And SheVv for his kind nature and generosity. And Rotsler, and Burbee, and Laney, and...

I salute Ted White for how much he promotes the highest standards, and for how much he loves fandom and its history.

I salute Ray Nelson for inventing the propellor beanie as our cartooned emblem.

This article could get as long as my mailing list, as long as a fan history book. But, you get my drift. Fandom is just full of people who have done their heroic best.

Not just fandom at large, either, but home-town local fandom. I salute Ken & Aileen for nurturing this desert crew; without them, we'd not be gathered today. I salute Ben & Cathi for having the heart to choose Burbee and Corflu for their wedding. I salute Tom Springer for the way he grasps fandom; he was truly touched by the Spirit of Trufandom. ("Takes one to know one," Arnie said to me when I expressed this opinion.)

I salute Arnie. Truly my hero among heroes. For always helping, for always encouraging, for always holding the torch of trufandom against all forces.

...Do you begin to get the idea? Fandom is made up of people who are giants in my eyes.

That's why it's so hard to accept it when any fan is exposed in other than heroic light.

I wrote before, of the genre of heroes:

"We like to think of them as Men of Iron and Women of Steel. But they were, sadly, frail as thee and me, just forced by their awful circumstances into acts of ferocious heroism."

Fan heroes may be forced to their acts by a different style of Awful Circumstances, but it comes to the same. They get the badge of heroism pinned to their chest by such worshippers as me because they did what they did, or do what they do, out of devotion to fannish goals.

Ben Wilson said, in a recent Wild Heirs lettercol, something quite profound. Something to the order of, "I'm not the first to discover there's a difference between the person and what he writes."

That's how it is with heroes. Often they don't stand too much close examination, beyond the specific act that wins them their badges of merit.

I remember well the first time it happened to me. I adored a certain fan and hung on every word written or spoken. I considered this fan a paragon. Later, when I got a glimpse of his feet, it fairly well shattered me.

But after it was all over, when I was able to explore my feelings, I surprised myself: I liked the fan just as well as before, for the same reasons I admired him at first. His accomplishments were still the same, whether or not he had other faults.

That experience helped me. Before, I would have said, "I could never call any man a hero who did thus-and-so." After, I realized that a weak person may rise and shine at times. And the tragedy of weakness does not darken the brightness.

And so I can look around at my friends, and scan my mailing list, and think of the world of fans, and I can name many heroes and why I love them, without turning my head away in sorrow at their failings.

I salute Harry Warner for always sending a letter.

I salute Robert Lichtman for his love of fan history.

I salute Don Fitch for his hospitality.

I salute Chuch for his wicked wit.

I salute Redd for his unfailing wisdom and logic.

I salute rich for his passion.

I salute.....

I salute.....

A Hero's Life

Paula met me at the Oklahoma City airport. It was the first time we'd seen each other since, oh, when was it...two years before Mother died, at least eight or ten years ago. She was thinner, not yet recovered from anorexia and alcohol, but she blazed in the waiting crowd, drawing my eyes to her jet black hair and copper skin. Like most Indians (we wrinkle, you know), her age seemed indeterminant, and I had to count on my fingers to set her at 43.

Her happy chatter hardly ceased during the drive to Ed's place. She'd only moved back to Oklahoma a few weeks earlier; left a good job in Nashville to relocate to be near him. There was no regret in her; her bubbly spirit exuded gaiety even when she admitted that clerking at a convenience store was a step down from being a journeyman printer. But Oklahoma is where she is now, and she looked around her surroundings with the same joy as when she left.

Meeker is in that triangle of Indian land bounded by Midwest City on the west, Shawnee on the east, and Chandler to the north. Rolling hills and farmland, gently wooded, the clay nourishes a lush ground cover; the area is festive in green with red earth trim. Ed's land is 8-10 miles from the village; the prettiest

piece of property I've seen. Five acres of plush, well-trimmed lawn, with a small woods running across one corner, it's easy to see why he placed his trailer there twenty-five years ago. Since then, the Worley roots dug deep; he moored the trailer on a permanent foundation, and added on: first a master bedroom, then a family room, and most recently a fine front porch, shady and carpeted, with bird feeders hanging from the roof.

Cars lined the front; I recognized Ed's Chrysler, and Mary's wagon. Cory's truck was there; Paula explained that her son had also come back to stay near Ed. Like Ed, Cory is a plasterer, working in the city five days, but on Worley land every weekend.

I greeted Mary; she looked tired but still a handsome woman. I remember the last letter Ed wrote to me, a dozen years ago: he said, "I like my place; my girls are strong and healthy; I enjoy working outside, and Mary is still beautiful." He was like that. No matter the load put on him, he'd stand up under it, and smile while he was doing it.

A whirl of tires on gravel, and Marnie came dashing into the house, hair done up in flames, flawless makeup that made her look like a golden Madonna as she swept up Baby Bailee, and leaned over to kiss Andy, all grown up and six years old and too big to lift in her arms. The most beautiful of us all, she got her looks from her grandmother; Mary used to look like that when she was 17 and first married Ed. I remember hanging on her skirts; she'd comb my hair like I was her own child; then later, when I was sick, Mary sat by my bedside and wept with me when the baby died.

Rounds of laughter moved from room to room. I daddled Bailee on my knee and Andy hung on my elbow, while I promised to watch *The Lion King* tomorrow; to play on the swings; to walk in the woods.

Kim came rushing in with her two children; Paula's daughter looks like a Victorian cameo, delicate in color, frail as a raindrop. She carried Raven, then set the toddler down. My first meeting with this baby, I greeted my great-great niece on one side, as the older girl tackled me from the other. Ashley remembered seeing me two years ago, and begged me to pick her up and swing her around as I had before.

Waves of conversation filled the kitchen: kids and babies and toddlers and young married girls barely out of their teens, and Paula, suddenly turned middle-aged with her grandbabies on her knee. Amid it all, Mary preparing ice tea and bandaids and face washes and dinner, answering questions from every side about where-did-you-put-that, and have-you-seen, and what-should-we-do-about, and can-I-borrow-your.... Awash in such life, I sat gingerly on a chair, one child tugging at my hand, and another crawling on my lap, dotting on Paula. The younger of Ed's children, she has his fire and quickness, but Mary's forgiving nature.

Ed was fiery, quick to anger, too, a wild country boy full of mischief and energy. When we moved to town from the farm at Twin Springs, he was only 13 or so, and things were never the same for him again. He lost his dog; the folks said the big collie would have to stay behind, and only Mother's little shepherd Pudgie could come with us. Pango did one of those doggish miracles, and somehow followed the car 14 miles to town. But they wouldn't relent, and made Ed take him

back.

School didn't go well either. Teased by the town boys, the country kids hung together, fought together, unwilling to adapt. It might have worked out, but it didn't. In singing class (an affront to the country boys) the teacher reprimanded him for not participating. She made him stand in front of the class, and told him "Sing your name." He refused and stood there silently humiliated; the next day she again stood him in front of the class, with the same demand.

The third day, he ran away. Mother found him down on the railroad tracks, and brought him home. And then she beat him, but he wouldn't go back to school no matter what. So she put him to apprentice with an old German plasterer. Ed was fourteen, and for four years, T.A. owned him: abused him, cursed him, cuffed him. On the day Ed became a journeyman plasterer, he walked away from T.A. and never worked with him again.

Life got better at 17. He met Mary, and would bicycle to see her, 18 miles outside Poplar Bluff, every evening. They married; by the time he was 19 Linda was born. That was 1949. Two years later, Paula arrived.

He went where the work was, first to St. Louis, and then to Oakland, and back to Poplar Bluff, and back into the West to Oregon. The girls grew up in Oregon, and married there. When the time came to seek work elsewhere, Ed and Mary moved to Oklahoma, and so did both daughters with their husbands and children.

Like Abraham, he gathered his flocks and his family near him, and they settled in the Cherokee Strip. When Linda's marriage failed, and she needed help with the kids, he took Marnie and Chris in to raise. Later, when Marnie's first marriage failed, he took her and Andy and Raven. Paula's oldest, Kim, married a local boy, so Ed took him into his crew, and Mack and Kim bought the plot of land just down the road.

That was the thing about Ed and Mary. They always stood behind their kids, no matter what. If one of them got in trouble at school, no matter--Ed stood like a rock beside them. If jobs ran out, or marriages failed, or sickness struck, each knew where home was, and knew they'd get a loving welcome. Ed once said to Mother, 20 years or so ago, before her mind had gone, "It seems like just when I get ahead a little, there's another family to raise." But, he never stopped, and he never reproached her that she had given up on him.

Two years ago Ed and I sat and looked through his family photograph albums, a collection of frozen moments with family members showing off or standing proud or vacationing or working... when we finished, he summed it up: "Cars, and Kids, and Dogs and Fish... that's what it's all been about."

When he awoke, Mary and Paula led, half-carried, him into the kitchen. He sat on his chair, smiling calmly at the flurry of activity that swirled around him. As grandchildren and great grandchildren passed by, they'd stop to hug him. The baby hung on his knee, uncertain why he didn't lift her to his lap. Mary gave him dinner, and she and Paula took turns raising the spoon to his mouth.

That night, Cory and I sat stargazing in the pool of darkness beside the woods. There's a lot of air traffic out of Oklahoma City, in moving contrast to the Big

Dipper and the North Star. We both were hoping to see Something, yet both too rooted in realism to dream up an alien encounter.

Cory's such a joy; a wild Indian boy, nothing but muscle and bone. We talked a lot about mystical things, and the essences one feels but cannot see, and the visions that tie the past to the present.

That entire branch of my family is very Indian. Ed's seven-sixteenth blended with Mary's half, to produce a flock of Cherokee children that could pass muster at any powwow. And it's not just their looks; for some reason, they've all turned their souls to their Indian background. Visions and feelings and herbs and artifacts and lore. With their matter-of-fact belief in the old ways, I was caught up in passions that seems far from my city life.

Cory's working toward college; he plans to study computer science. "I know all about computers," he explained sincerely, although he's never owned one. Artistic, too, he has great enterprise coupled with some talent. He visited a meat packing plant, bought five cow skulls for \$25 each, then painted them with western designs, and sold them for \$200 each. I saw photos of the finished works; the boy definitely has something. My pride can hardly be stilled.

And, oh yes, he told me he knows how to build a faster-than-light space drive. I figure he'll get over it. And meanwhile, I'm ever so happy that one of my relatives knows how to do it.

We talked about Paula, and I said I thought she'd grow to be a Healer. Grandma Suzie Worley was one; she'd sit by the bedside of a sick person (I know cause it happened to me) and they'd just get better as she rocked and crooned and petted their forehead with her hand. In that wooded plot, at that hour, it didn't seem too farfetched that Suzie may have had a Gift, and that Paula might be growing to have Talent. She's already getting deep into herbology; I even had her recommend some for me, just in case they can help.

The next day Marnie and I walked through the woods with Andy and Ashley. Andy ran crashing through the woods, as we scolded and fretted about the possibility of snakes. Finally he saw one, just a few feet off the path, and was happy to return to stand by us as we marveled at its diamond skin. That afternoon, Marnie went to Chandler to get a wheelchair, while I played with the kids and the livestock.

When Linda came home, after one of her problems, she brought back her cat. And, when Marnie came back, after her second marriage failed, she brought back a dog. Paula was visiting someone and saw an old turkey being tortured by a pair of peacocks, so she paid the farmer \$25 for the turkey, to save its life, and the farmer threw in a couple of guinea hens. Then Paula got four hens and a rooster to live with the guineas and the turkey in the chicken coop; the strange familial fowl group strutted and gobbled and crowed as we walked the dog round the pen. Later that weekend, Cory found an abandoned pup on the road, and tied him up in the yard to become the newest member of the menage.

That evening nine of us went to dinner. We ordered up a Chinese banquet suitable to feed two dozen: "It might be the last time." I explained to the youngsters who questioned the amount. Ed sat, looking wise and patriarchal, wheelchair at the head of the table.

I met Paula's new husband the next day; John's

mangey and hippy and a tough dairy worker, and completely likeable. I kissed him in greeting, certain I'd known him for several lifetimes, he was so like the wild youths I used to run with. Within fifteen minutes, he'd told me he was a Shaman, let me smoke his Cherokee tribal pipe, and played some screaming blues for me on his guitar. In return, I encouraged him and Paula to come to Vegas.

Another day, with Fern Gully and The Lion King and the inflatable plastic pool and the dog fight and tell-me-a-story and let's-go-look-at-the-snake. The flurry of life was like a fall of feathers from a burst pillow. I tired from straining my neck to see everyone, straining my ears to hear them all. That night we visited with Kim; it was Mack's birthday, and a family gathering of the McCutcheons. Feeling like step-children at a reunion, we sat on the sidelines to watch these Oklahomans in their native rites. In this case, the McCutcheons are musical. After dinner, they sat up their speakers, keyboard and instruments, and had a Sing. Now, normally, this is one of my most-enjoyable family pastimes; we used to gather around the piano when I was growing up, and sing old Baptist hymns together. It was a friendly sort of activity. But the McCutcheons are from a different breed; we listened to a dozen or so songs and not a one I knew. Later I conferred with Mary and Kim, who agreed. Among my entire family of God-fearing, church-attending kin, none recognized the hymns we heard.

When I said goodbye the next day, I knelt before my brother and told him that I loved him. I told him to do what Mary tells him, and take his medicine. And I told him we'll meet again. And he looked at me with his blank and staring eyes, not knowing who I was, or what I was telling him.

So I left him there, like a Tolkien king, age 65, and every day going further into the west. My brother, my hero, a river of goodness to his family. On his little piece of the Cherokee Strip, surrounded by his loving kin, wrapped in the arms of Alzheimers.

He spoke only twice during the weekend. Once he said, "Jewel Jaco." That was the name of his friend, the boy on the next farm, when we lived at Twin Springs. And when one of the great grandchildren kissed him and said, "I love you grampa," he answered, "I love you too."



Walt Willis

32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 OPD

Thanks for **Wild Heirs 7 & 7.5**. They are just bubbling over with what BoSh used to call fannish good cheer.

It's great news about Chuck getting on the Internet. It might have been made for him. I've been thinking of investing in a PC myself, being deterred only by the prospect of moving house shortly. We'll have enough trouble with books and furniture and the satellite system without worrying about another computer and associated equipment.

[[Joyce: You've certainly raised our hopes by your remarks: I think you'd enjoy the Internet a lot, and hope you'll follow through with your interest after you finish moving.]]

Marcy Waldie's piece reminds me of our favorite cat, Peter, who shared 170 Upper Newtownards Road with us more than 30 years ago. One of the things we remember about him was that after you gave him something to eat, and before he ate it, he would rub himself up against you as if thanking you. Recently we have found that the cat next door does the same thing and maybe the experts will explain that it has nothing to do with gratitude. All I say is, how do they know? It's like the behaviour of our dog, who always scratches over the place where he excretes. The experts say it has nothing to do with tidiness or cleanliness, the aim being simply to ensure that his scent is widely distributed. to which I respond "How do you know what is in the mind of a dog?"

Chuck's column was a joy, and a reproach. For years I wondered how to transmute his letters into a column, and now you show me that all that was necessary was to persuade him to write a diary. It's one of the great literary discoveries.

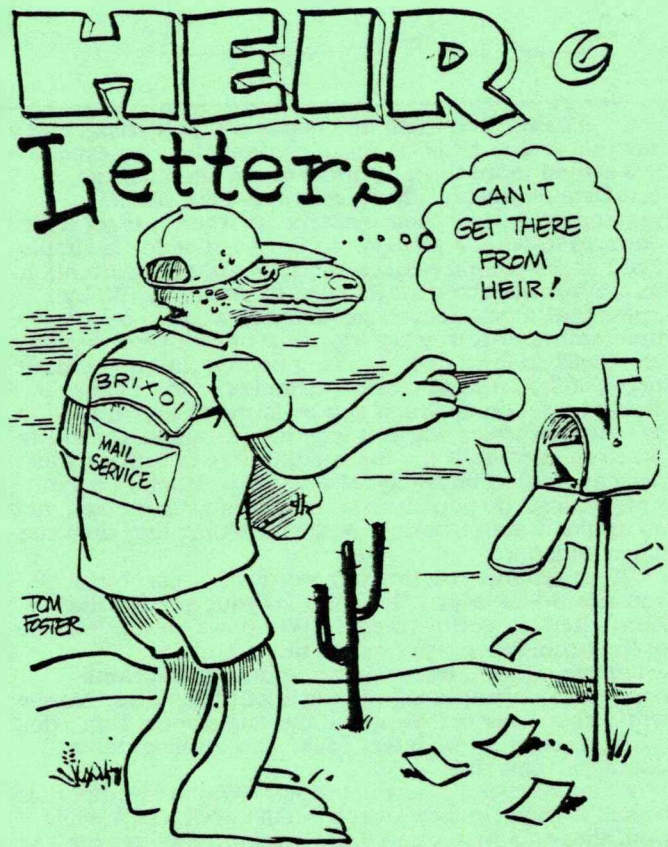
[[Arnie: It was even easier than that. When you're dealing in undiluted Charrisma, all you need is a scanner.]]

Tom Springer's conreport was well written, and the theme of his fanzine production gave it a sort of artistic unity.

Marcy and Belle were good too, and Rob Hansen and Joyce round off the issue nicely.

I was pleased to see you're going to reprint my Wilde Heir, and I hope you will include Chuck's excellent contribution to that oneshot, which was really off the cuff, whereas I must have had some idea beforehand of what I was going to say. I'm wondering where the text comes from that you're going to reprint. You will hardly have the original Fapazine, and it wasn't included in **Warhoon 28**. The only reprint I know of was in the **Willis Papers**, published by Fields and Johnston sometime in the Sixties, and that must be pretty rare now.

[[Arnie: Oh, Willis, you tease! Do you think fandom will rest until you are electronically linked? You can't show us the glittering prospect of the WWW (in this case, Wired Walt Willis), and expect us to return to our homes and go about our fanac in a normal manner. I hope you'll seriously consider connecting to the Internet after your move. Think of the time you'll save not answering those letters we are otherwise going to write nagging you about this.]]



Conducted by
Tom Springer
 with a little help
 from the Vegrants

gripped with gambling fear that they spend half of their income on it).

((John: Dormitory suburb 'Bedroom Communities' is how they are known over here.))

This outburst is partly because **Wild Heirs 7 & 7.5** thumped in together a few minutes ago -- as we're having the hottest summer for about 300 years the front door was open to assist air circulation, and the **WH's** were tossed in through the letter flap, unlike the usual subdued slither through the letter flap. Oddly enough, you have been more on my mind than ever for the last few hours; I'm going to the Glasgow World Con next week, and as far as possible there's going to be some emphasis on fanzines.

Well, there will be if I have my way. For several days I've been using a photocopying machine to make copies of ancient fanzines to take there, and only this morning have been looking at the few copies of **Focal Point**, **Guip** and others that I have from the old Katz publishing empire, trying to decide which should be copied (too precious to take originals, of course). Trouble is, I really hadn't the time to copy off a 100 page annish....eventually settled on a few pages of the July '72 **Focal Point**. **Guip** was a fine fanzine, but the cartoons on the first few pages of the issues I have made it just a wee bit too esoteric.

And before **Focal Point** I did a few pages of Silverberg's **Spaceship** from '53, and after **Focal Point** a complete copy of Gillings' small **Scientifiction** (a sercon zine) from 1937. Trying for variety, y'see?

And I hardly need worry about modem stuff. I was talking to Jenny Glover of Leeds on the phone this week -- she's one of the major organisers -- and she said she was 'culling' a five-foot high pile of more

recent 'zines to bring along. Someone is also bringing a duplicator....As I said, there'll be some emphasis on fanzines, at least in my small corner. (I keep on thinking of a time many years ago when Ted White was talking about the large size of US Cons. "But aren't the Trufans lost in the mass?" I asked. Ted grinned. "We hold our own small Con in the middle of it," he said.

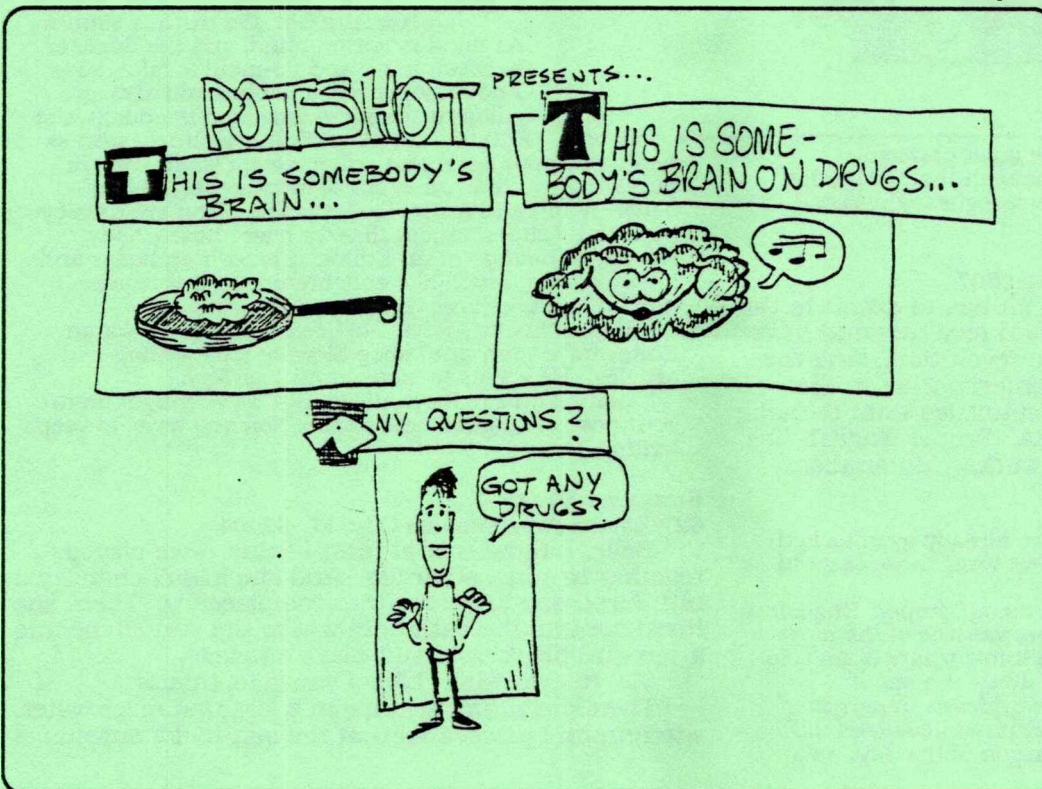
But back to **Wild Heirs 7 & 7.5**. That's a marvellous editorial panel. If you got that many British fans together there'd probably be blood on the floor. And you're so lucky to get a column from our Chuchie. Over the last few years columns (in **Microwave & Pulp**) have had to be extracted from the Hanis letters. Not an onerous task - my filing cabinet has a six-inch thick mass of correspondence from Chuch since 1981 - pulsating and radiating in the blue. It's marvellous that he's on line - it fits so well. And, as you can see from previous mentions, the errant copier is working OK. Only trouble is, it's so big that us old'ns didn't risk struggling with it to the fan-room upstairs. It's now in the living-room almost within arm's reach from where I sit. Unusual for a normal home, but....

Most significant of all the high-value contents of both zines is contained in your answer, Arnie, in your reply to Steve Jeffery, who's the best newcomer (meaning someone who wasn't around 10 years or more ago) I've seen for yonks. "Our country, 'Fandom,' is the sum of its history, personalities, literature and philosophy." Maybe a little lightened -- I've come increasingly come us as in a playground -- but wholly admirable.

Heck -- Just had a phone call from Rob Hansen offering a lift to Precursor, the Con being held the weekend before the Glasgow Con, so will have to alter a few plans, including a remorseful six-page loc to the Veggrants ensemble. Thanks a million for what you've already sent.

((Joyce: Well, at least it's a high-toned playground. It seems that having a small fanzine con in the middle of a giant exposition is the most we can hope for at worldcons, and even at most regionals. When the worldcon committee is sympathetic, as at MagicCon, this works just fine. But when the fanzine room provided isn't comfortable enough to make fans want to hang out there, it can be difficult to find friends. Of course, where there's a will.... At WesterCoit in Phoenix, at which no provisions were made for fans to find each other, I wore a sign around my neck "I'm hunting for Bob Tucker". Within 15 minutes or so, someone ushered me to him.))

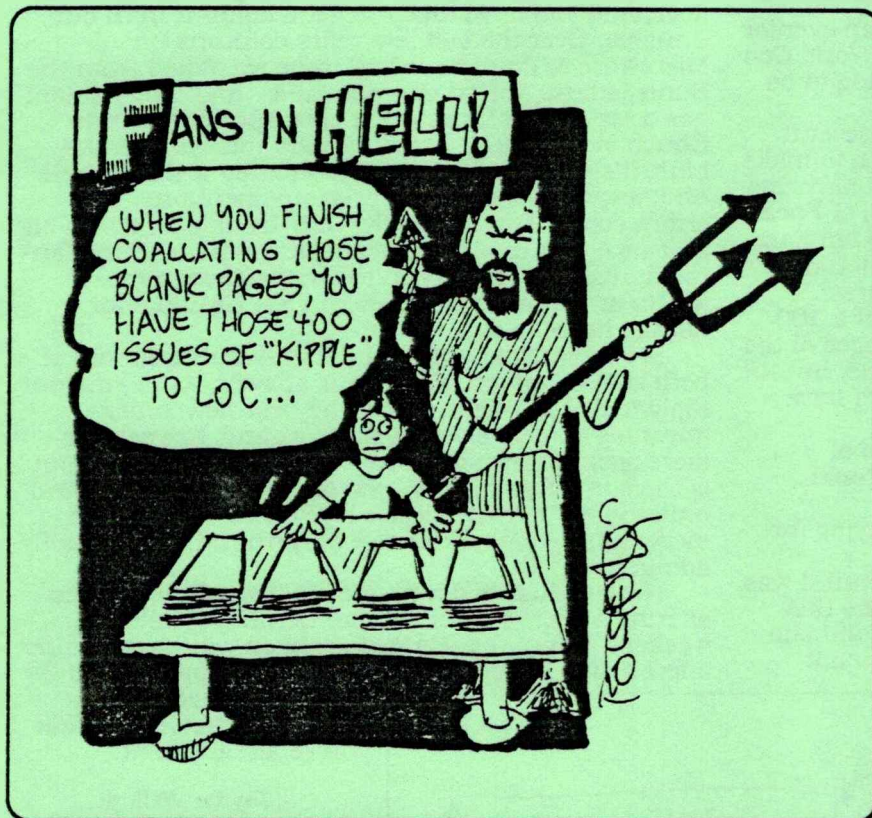
((Ken: I don't think



It's so strange having a photocopier in your living room, only inches away from your fingertips. How many fans in the past left the mimeo on the kitchen table or left stencils on the coffee table for months (so much so that they essentially became part of the decor)? The great Katzian fan-pubbing empire centers around Arnie's photocopier, located conveniently enough in the center of his house. It's a regular scene to find the Vegrants crowded around the machine for warmth (both fannish and infrared) and inspiration; waiting and watching while page after page of WH are produced. When the final page emerges, the call goes out "Clear the kitchen table, Joyce. No more food is to be served! We have

teacher, I made a special effort to be able to communicate with my young students in terms which they readily understood, while interjecting "proper" English in the process. I did not "lower" myself to anyone's level; I did not use vulgarity. What evolved was not a game of me against them or vice versa, but rather communication with respect. That's the key word: communication.))

((Joyce: Do you mean that profit is the great motivator? Unfortunately, our greed for the goods exceeds our will to wreak economic havoc by withholding that profit from countries with ways that revolt us. Witness, our China trade which grows steadily, undisturbed by our dismay at their disregard for human rights. Give me the pen....I believe words eventually win over everything else, by their powers of persuasion.))



collating to do!" That's when the most powerful Vegrants flex their biceps and moisten their fingertips. Pages fly and staples bend. You can guess the rest.))

Teddy Harvia (August 4)

701 Regency Dr., Hurst, TX 76054-2307

The one big influence the USA has to export to the world, which English English find revolting and have no equivalent for, is democratic revolution. And the USA is the biggest single consumer market in the world. If the English speaking countries want to make big bucks, they cater to the USA. Proper English has little to do with how the world works. Materialism takes words where it can.

((Arnie: Great idea, except we're already overstocked on edible panties, and we wouldn't want those to go to waste.))

((Marcy: I used to believe that using "proper" English learned through formal education was one of the most important facets of life. But, you know what? It ain't. In the mid-60's when I was tucked away at a small midwestern university, the real world was undergoing changes that I did not fully understand because I did not familiarize myself with the jargon of the day. As a

Sid Birchby

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

Thanks indeed for Wild Heirs 7 & 7.5, a feast off all good things. What can I say? There's Brother Shaw and Harris - to name a few - and many many more. The usual high standard of cartoons, and on the whole an excellent pair of issues.

The impressive line-up of The Editors is, well, impressive, but it's slightly puzzling to read of Andy Hooper as being "Not-an Editor." What's to do? Is he not Editorially Correct? Did he blot his editorial copy-book with his blue pencil? I think we should be told.

A tasteful range of coloured papers, with vanilla-ice cream for Issue #7, and strawberry split for Issue #7.5. It sounds a good idea. If you don't like the writing, you could always eat the papers.

((John: Ahh Sid, the truth is simple. As mind is not no-mind, and the dualism between mind and no-mind is false, so is Andy Hooper not-an editor and also an editor at the same time, and the dualism of Editor and Not-an Editor is thusly seen as

false. You are also not an editor except when you are publishing your fanzine, consequently the dualism between you and Andy Hooper is false. You are thereby both Not Editors, except that we have chosen Andy Hooper to be the Not-an Editor. It is both an honor and an obligation, much like enlightenment, but heavier. I hope this has cleared things up for you.

((Aileen: Lucky Andy! I've been trying to be Not an Editor for a year, but I keep blowing it by writing articles. He seems to have found The Way.))

((Arnie: You say that, Aileen, but we've caught on to your pose of languid indifference. Now you have to keep writing.))

Suzanne Vick

627 Barton Ave., Panama City, FL 32404

Belle, I know -- or at least I think -- we played together in some other life. And she hasn't changed a bit! First, she lulled me into complacency. Then, she lured me into the bathroom where she stuffed me into a red and black swimsuit like a sausage.

Me, not the suit. Like a sausage, that is.

Then she submerged me in a large vat of ice water, whereupon I discovered that the suit had a surplus of

bodice (you can ask Joyce, Arnie; she knows what one its) Once in the water, the bodice opened up, turned itself inside out, revealing two foam rubber disks something like hockey pucks, which promptly floated to the surface, leaving me -- of course -- even chillier and quite a lot more bare.

Goosebumps (courtesy of RL Stine) broke out. My lips turned blue. Blue must not be Belle's favorite color because she produced a large towel and coaxed me slowly out of the pool. (I couldn't move very fast; I was frozen) wrapped me up and eased me into a large pot of simmering water. I noticed that, bubbling on the surface, were three ducks, one of which I recognized. I balanced the smallest on the largest one's back. Peabody paddled happily upside down by himself. About the time I was well thawed, I began to smell a tantalizing odor. Could it be cassoulet? The main ingredients: sausage, preserved water fowl, needed only seasonings and the white beans. Where were they? And wasn't there some wine or brandy missing?

Belle must have seen that the fumes were getting to me, because she pulled me out and hauled me back to change clothes. I wonder -- did the beans ever get into the pot? Probably not, I think, because the enticing scent of turkey -- brown, roasted turkey -- gravy, stuffing, cranberry sauce, green beans and mashed potatoes wafted towards us. ...Sorry, I have to go now; I'm getting hungry for some strange reason.

[[Belle Augusta: I'm afraid the beans never made it into the mix, Suzanne. A lot of nuts and hot air continue to flow in and out of it, though. It is still one of my favorite places to simmer. I've been a little on the blue side myself lately and look forward to succulent tidbits amidst the bubbling warmth. Socials at the Katz's are chicken soup to the soul and to be enjoyed as often as possible. Our adventure remains one of those warm spots in my memory.]]

[[Marcy: As all of us here in Vegas know, Belle is our most sophisticated fan, a kind, caring, unselfish person

who is happiest when she sees other people enjoying themselves. She assists in any way possible, and if someone isn't having a good time, it's their own fault. But don't play this lovely lady for a pushover; if you cross her, she'll gitcha - in writing.]]

Jeanne Mealy

766 Laurel Ave., Saint Paul, MN 55104-7107

Thanks for **Wild Heirs #7** and **7.5**. They arrived a few days after I sent the monster LoC to you. As I was preparing for the NASFIC, and wanted to let the keyboard cool off, I waited for an opportune moment to start anew.

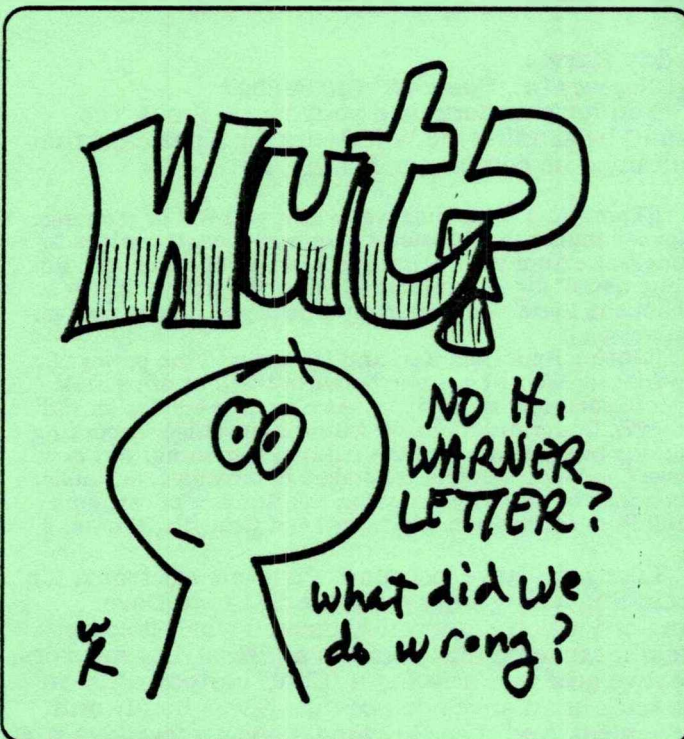
#7: Congrats to John and Karla on their co-production of Colette. What does Eric Davis repair to assist with the production of Popsicles for the west coast? I hope we see progress on Chuch's requests for an assistant and back pay. Both seem reasonable to me (after all, I'm way over *here*) and necessary to his sense of well-being, which is directly related to his willingness to contribute to these publications. For instance "Merde He Wrote", a collection what was on Chuch's mind at the time.

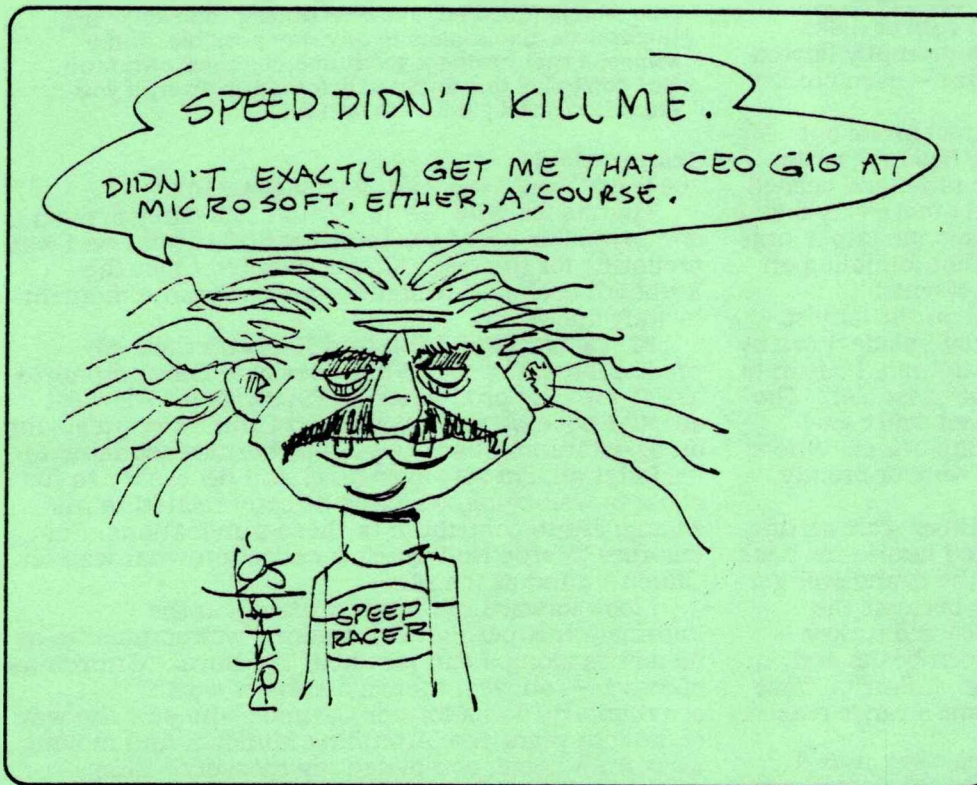
I look forward to Chuch cruising on the information superhighway, making wry comments as he tootles along. I can just hear the horn... Church as spectacle— oh, yes, there's a subject worth commentary. (I'm a former Catholic who saw the way of fandom years ago. Attending Minicon, and moving away from home, completed my recovery.) Blue Beanie Day: "I am in deep shit and Sue is going to leave me forever." I was afraid to read more, though it was worth encountering "Undress from the waist down and throw your clothes out of the window." Hmmm. On the way to picking up his neat-keeno computer stuff for the Net, Chuch drives the wrong way down a major road. Avedon had quite a task ahead of her to get THIS guy ready for the info superhighway. Just kidding, Chuch. Thanks to the masterminds who thought of ChuchieNet! One complaint: Chuch's e-mail address was not included. Thanks to Arnie for providing it.

[[Arnie: The question, sister Jeanne, is not whether Chuch Harris is ready for the Internet, but whether the Internet is ready for CyberChuch, the most potent fannish force in the virtual universe. His power is limitless, just take a look at our masthead and Chuch's special place.]]

Poor Tom Springer, naively believing he could attend a Corflu and finish a fanzine. I was amused by the image of him driving around with fanzines buckled into his vehicle in an effort to regain the glory days of Corflu fan ferrying. And then there was the Indiana Jones-style beer run. This story contains humor, action, and pathos. Kinko's struck again! Where do they get the people that work there? OK, I'm being unfair. I have gotten my orders done just fine. Just when I thought I could count on them... nope. I'm pleased that Tom was able to hand out some copies of Brodie despite all of his trials and tribulations.

I enjoyed Marcy Waldie's description of Corflu virgin nerves. Cat fur rules the world! Belle Augusta provided many salient details of the con itself as well as plenty of enthusiasm and commentary. We need more information on what Cathie and Ben's wedding





cake was like besides "great and very messy." Yes, I agree that the Australia Worldcon in '99 will be a great excuse to visit Oz. So, get out there and VOTE! It's been 10 years since I was there and I wanna go back. I also want to hear more about the Weird Food that Marcy referred to.

[[Aileen: In case Ben doesn't get around to describing it, their cake was two-tiered and wonderfully tasty with white flowers and the roses that they held through the ceremony on the top. Throughout the rest of the convention it was first gorgeous, then a nice addition to the desserts table, then something pushed on over-sugared fans, then a pitiful something that I begged people to take with them as they left for home (except the top tier, which got taken home by the bride). Perhaps they ordered too big of a cake.]]

[[Ken: Questions, questions, questions. Where to start? How about the "Weird Food" Program at Corflu? Several local fen were sitting around in the Katz' spa (see Suzanne Vick's letter above) before Corflu and discussing some of the food functions.

"I want to serve something that is typical Las Vegas food," Joyce explained.

"Well, our main choices are prime rib and shrimp cocktails. We simply can't afford to serve that much rib and we certainly don't want to promote the whims of the Shrimp Brothers," a parboiled fan explained.

"Exactly what is 'Las Vegas food?'" someone else asked. "We have so many strange and weird restaurants here."

"How about if the local SF club, SNAFFU, sponsors a Weird Food Night at Corflu?"

"Yeah, we're all a little strange." The club members combed the city for the strangest foodstuffs available. With such things as Shrimp Chips (with deference to Hooper), and Gelatinous Mutant Coconut, it was a very strange event.

I feel the way Rob Hansen does about 5:45 a.m. In

my opinion, 5:45 a.m. is a time to be sleeping. I might talk about 5:45 p.m., which is very late afternoon, if you're lucky. But I'd rather talk about "Adventures with Mark and Vijay" and the amazing things that happened. Well, um, actually, I don't have much to say except it was nice of Rob to allow.. us tr be vi-ricls &elle-.Y visitors.

I participated in a rubber stamp chain letter years ago. Didn't net me much, though I did gain a pen pal. Chain letters are a hassle. Grumble, grump...

Glad to hear you're supporting the Australia in '99 bid. I was trying to remember who else was bidding for that year. My allegiance has been clear for years. AUSTRALIA IN 1999!

#7.5: Fanfiction, aieee! I mean, oh goody! "The IBSG" by Tom Springer looks like a good movie project for Bob and Doug, the MacKenzie brothers. They kind've dropped out of sight

after making "Strange Brew" (I think that was the title) and just might be available.

Bob Shaw's "A Chance of A Ghost" is short and bittersweet. It has the feel of a Twilight Zone episode, as did Arnie's "The Insurgent Elevator" tale. What's this about JoHn reading everything wherever he went? It appears to be an amusing in-joke, but you're supposed to let the reader in on it! That's it for comments. It got busy on and off at work and I wasn't able to finish this as quickly as I hoped.

Teddy Harvia

701 Regency Dr., Hurst, TX 76054-2307

You have undermined your blurb about "the usual" by sending me Wild Heirs for a postcard that contained no comments. Ha, ha, ha!

[[Tom: Aah, but while we've sent you WH in exchange for a commentless postcard, we now have three locs in one issue from you. I assume a record of some sort, but "the usual" for us is not at all what we expect. It just so happens there's only so many things you can do with an envelope.]]

[[JoHn: Tom, Ben, Ken and I know well the power of a pocsard. We put out one between the four of us and people actually thought we were fanzine editors (or did they?). Congratulations on winning the Hugo. According to our interpretation of the rules of this thing, you now owe Las Vegas fandom 3 Rotslers of drawings. (A Rotsler is a unit of measure based on the number of cartoons Bill Rotsler draws in one hour.) Get Cracking Harvia!]]

Like you I have lost more than one electronic file (including a long witty e-mail message to Dave Langford which I ignorantly deleted when it came back because I'd mistyped his address), but my worst creative goof was drawing a "Chat" cartoon strip on the back of an envelope because it was handy and convenient, and then throwing it away a few days later when I glanced only at the address side and didn't

remember why I still had it in my briefcase. Argh. I remembered the captions but I agonized over recapturing the facial expressions. Having a deadline staring me in the face didn't help. I don't see how Bill Rotsler keeps track of his cartoons when he draws them on everything available - napkins, business cards, table cloths. His stuff (and ATom's) lightens up your ingrown hairs.

A postcard will follow - even if I can think of nothing to say. Keep those fanzines coming.

[[Tom: Even if you say nothing we'll pretend you said something, get all huffy about it, and as a result receive sympathetic letters filled with concern for us and accusing you of some vile deed we'll think up later. All this will guilt you into sending your first four page loc, to us, the most deserving and selfless faneds you'd cross the street to meet. All because you couldn't come up with anything better than nothing.]]

Dave Langford

You fiends. You cunning, cunning fiends. There I had my morning all planned out -- wash hair, pack last-minute fannish additions, haul suitcases to Reading station and begin the long haul to (cue heavy Gothic type) "The Scottish Convention" -- all minutely planned from second to second like an intricate watch mechanism filled with the very best butter -- and then you strike, with the appearance of two whole fanzines which I had to read in order to savour all the namechecks from Mr Charrisma.

So much for that timetable. In revenge I shall monitor fannish excess in the days to come and send several exceedingly insalubrious Andy Hooper anecdotes which you will be too embarrassed to print.

[[Tom: You make the grievous and incorrect assumption that any insalubrious Andy Hooper anecdotes you might have would be too embarrassing for us to print. We love Andy just as much as you, if not more so (he has become somewhat of a crustaceas cult figure for us), and to think we'd refuse to publish any stories about our favorite Seattle fan is unthinkable. Please, send them, you have our address. And if you got any pictures...]]

[[Laurie: The juicier the stories the better. Andy has a reputation to uphold and Vagrants to lead.]]

William Rotsler

17909 Lull, Reseda, CA 91335

Once again a thick wad of Vegas-originated fanac appeared in my mailbox. It's traveling companions were a check from Learning Tree University for my fifth session of How To Write That Science Fiction Stuff, some porn company publicity material, a photo mag, a copy of The Best of Drawn & Quarterly for review (It sucked), two other fanzines by

people who don't know how to be interesting, three bills, half an inch of junk mail—which is why I open my mail by a trash can — a returned short story from Asimov's (the fools!), and a critiqued Xerox copy of the mss. of The Only Sex Manual A Man Will Ever Need.

I wrote this last thing awhile back and thought, "I should get a woman's point of view." So I sent it to my last girl friend with whom I had fantasy sex for a while and she thought I did a "Good job," but made some minor comments. Then I thought, "I need a guy to check this out, too." That was when I realized something very egotistic. I don't know anyone who has had more sexual experience (that's still alive) or such a variety as I have been blessed with.

So I plumped on the couch, with the Simpson trial groaning on in the BG, and read about in the two you people sent.

Re rich brown's article: I don't think I will ever get involved in the Internet — for physical reasons. (1) I am a monodigital typist, doing a fast 25 words a minute; (2) I have a spot of arthritis at the base of my spine that gets to hurt after 60-90 minutes and I gotta go lay down. (Thus the time on the couch. (3) This restricts my time at a keyboard and I want to be making money when I'm there...and that's why I'm snipping this off here.

Incidentally, I think you're printing my drawing too big. Reduce them about a quarter, or 75% or original. It's like I'm shouting.

[[JoHn: Well, I guess your letter puts an end to our GRUMBLO fund (Get Rotsler Up Mailing Blackmail Letters Online).]]

Gary Farber

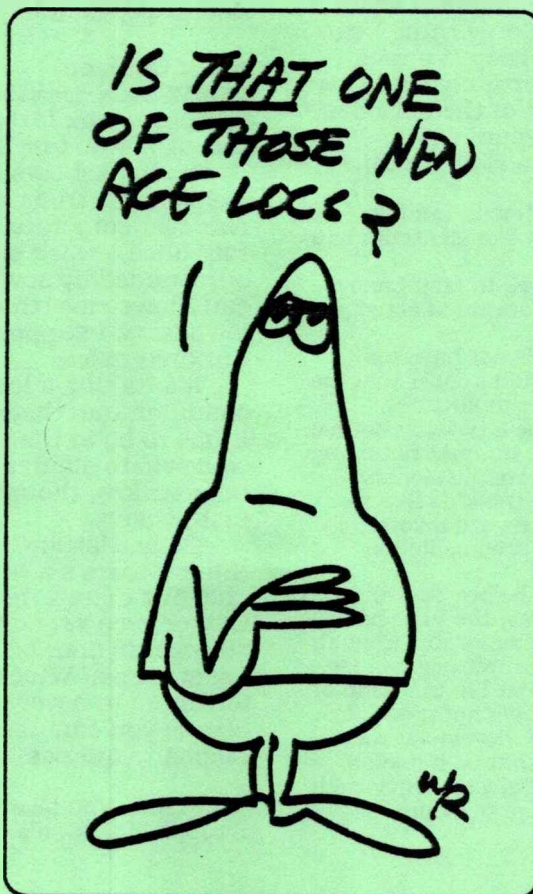
I was bemused by Arnie's mention of "finally are newer fans." Why, didn't Arnie just call me a newer fan? (Grinning: I presumed that was tongue-in-cheek.)

I think I was probably the last one to reprint WILDE HEIR, incidentally, in Drift 3 in 1977, where I brilliantly typoed the lettering guide heading to WILD HEIR, somehow, blowing the pun. I've been a trifle leery since that it might be mis-read as anti-gay, though of course a close reading would show it is not. Casually, though, it might be misread, unfortunately. I still treasure the piece.

Say, did you know that if you type "arnie" into the "where is" field of my on-line address book, it coughs up John Foyster's e-address first?

You don't have any objection to e-locs, do you?

[[Laurie: E-locs are probably the best. I know I live for my electronic mail. It's actually the only key that I have that there is a office door.]]



Fred Herman

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

Thanks for the unexpected zines! **Wild Heirs 8** and **Heirlooms** were both beautifully put together (and I'd always heard about this Laney person, but had never read anything he wrote... Why'd he leave and declare fandom idiocy when he was clearly having such a great time with it when he wrote "I Am A Great Big Man"?).

{{Tom: You must find someone in New York who possesses Laney's Ah, Sweet Idiocy, borrow it, by hook or crook, and read it three or four times. A wonderful account of why Laney left the "Idiocy of fandom," and some great opinionated historical insights to Las Angeles fandom and the cool things Laney did while he was there.}}

Embarrassed to say I didn't even know there *was* a Las Vegas fandom, but then, with my miniscule resources, I haven't ever been able to make it farther west than Niagara Falls. One of these years.

I'm glad rich brown seems to be enjoying cyberfanac (if under protest); I haven't seen much to hold me so far, other than the rec.arts.sf.fandom group, but I may be looking in the wrong places.

One thing: if this really is a "New Golden Age of Fandom," how come at 26 I'm the youngest fan I know? If fen are doing more and more, but growing older and not infusing new blood while doing it, it would seem to be more of a Graying Age. (A Hardening Age?)

A side note: I'm surprised a little at Ross Chamberlain's reaction to Voyager's music. I personally think Jerry Goldsmith's theme is lovely, though it's certainly just about the only thing I can appreciate about this awful show. There's a nice soaring nautical feel to it--which certainly isn't there in the hack soundtracks of the rest of the episodes.

The reprints in Heirlooms are appreciated. Walt Willis' "Wilde Heir" in particular is a riot! Thanks.

{{Arnie: Quibbles about length of time in fandom aside, that wouldn't explain why fans like Lichtman and White feel that way, would it?}}

{{Joyce: It should also be noted that, in fact, Laney didn't gasfate after writing ASI, but continued activity for a long period thereafter.

There are a few younger fen, so let's not have too much of that Graying talk. And, it would appear that the Internet itself is bringing a few people to fanzine fandom. Also, the clubs continue to be a possible source of new fans; there are plenty of clubbers, just not many that filter through to us. (We need more missionary enterprise!) But it's true we don't get the kids like we used to: vast numbers of creative teens are involved in music or gaming fanzines instead of science fiction fandom, as Ghu intended.}}

{{Ross: (I'm inserting my comment before Tom's, for reasons that will soon be obvious.) Yes, the Voyager melody is sweet, but I still find it unmemorable (though I'm beginning to "recognize" it as the show begins). On the other hand, and I acknowledge that I'm in a kind of minority in this, I like the series. No, it's not great; it adheres to the current Star Trek mill, developed soon after the introduction of STNG, and that is in itself a limitation. But with that as a given, I always enjoy each new episode. Second run? that's where my value judgements begin to kick in.}}

{{Tom: Can you see the vitrolic drool that is etching its way into my chin? It's due to the fact that you're talking about Voyager, the matronly Star Trek byproduct, and though we don't really have any hard and fast rules concerning the discussion of Star Trek related subjects it should be known to one and all that there are more than several WH editors who believe Star Trek fans to be a great, and as of yet, unrealized food source. So beware, we're always hungry.

{{Arnie: I'm for anything that puts classic fanwriting into the hands of those who haven't had access to it. Entertainment value aside, the only way to strengthen fandom's subcultural content is to make people more conversant with it. Which is another way of saying that we've gonna send you another Heirlooms with the next WH.}}

{{Aileen: Don't feel bad - Chicago fandom (at least Convention Fandom) didn't know we were here either! They had the bad taste to try to plop a WorldCon on top of us! Remember WH #7's cover.

Perhaps we feel that it's the Golden Age of Fandom because, despite the 33 years I've lived, I've only been in Fandom about 5 years. Most of the other "new" fans here are in the same situation.}}

{{Tom: So what's it feel like to have comments on your letter run longer than the actual loc? You'd think we're playing favorites or something.}}

Ben Indick

428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666-2626

Every time I open my mailbox another issue of Wild Heirs is there! The postlady is complaining that she has no space for my other mail and is threatening unless I nail up a second mailbox she will not deliver anything but Wild Heirs. (She gets it too, I think, and says it's better than the other mail! Plus, it's not a bill!) So either cut the frequency or stop sending it to her! (Keep sending it to me.)

Buck Coulson

2677W-500N, Hartford City, IN 47348

Okay, look for me on the Internet in the near future. I won't be there, but it never hurts to look.

No houseboats here, but if you want "something isolated in a tropical climate," we have it this summer. Average temperature around 90 degrees, some sort of rain once a week or more. Of course, our house is surrounded by soy beans instead of hibiscus, but you can't have everthing. You could call soy beans lowbiscus, I suppose. And no other fans within a hundred miles.

It's "taking a leak" because you take your condition into the bathroom and then let it leak out. It has to be in the bathroom or outdoors, or somewhere different from where you are when the urge strikes, though. If you let go where you are, it's just pissing.

Okay, HartforCon in 2001. Have fun. I'm trying to think if there's a hotel in Hartford City. Can't recall one, but there's the jail. Our house isn't in Hartford City or even very close to it. It might be possible for a stranger to find, but I've had people get lost even when I sent maps. Which might only prove that I was fortunate in never becoming a mapmaker. And of course you can use my name. I don't guarantee to respon to queries, but I'll keep the registration fees.

{{Tom: You heard him, we can use his name. Okay people, I think it's time to start talking about

CoulsonCon in 2001.)

((Ken: Thanks for your permission, Mr. Coulson. Of course you get to keep the registration fees. We are honest Vegrants after all. There is the customary 11% skim to us for promoting the con, and there's a 35% fee for printing and mailing costs. Let's not forget the 47% share finder's fee that goes to the editors of Wild Heirs for coming up with the idea in the first place. And, of course, you'll want to contribute 6% to TAFF and DUFF (3% each). Don't you think Tom should exact a 8% bonus for coming up with the name, "CoulsonCon.")

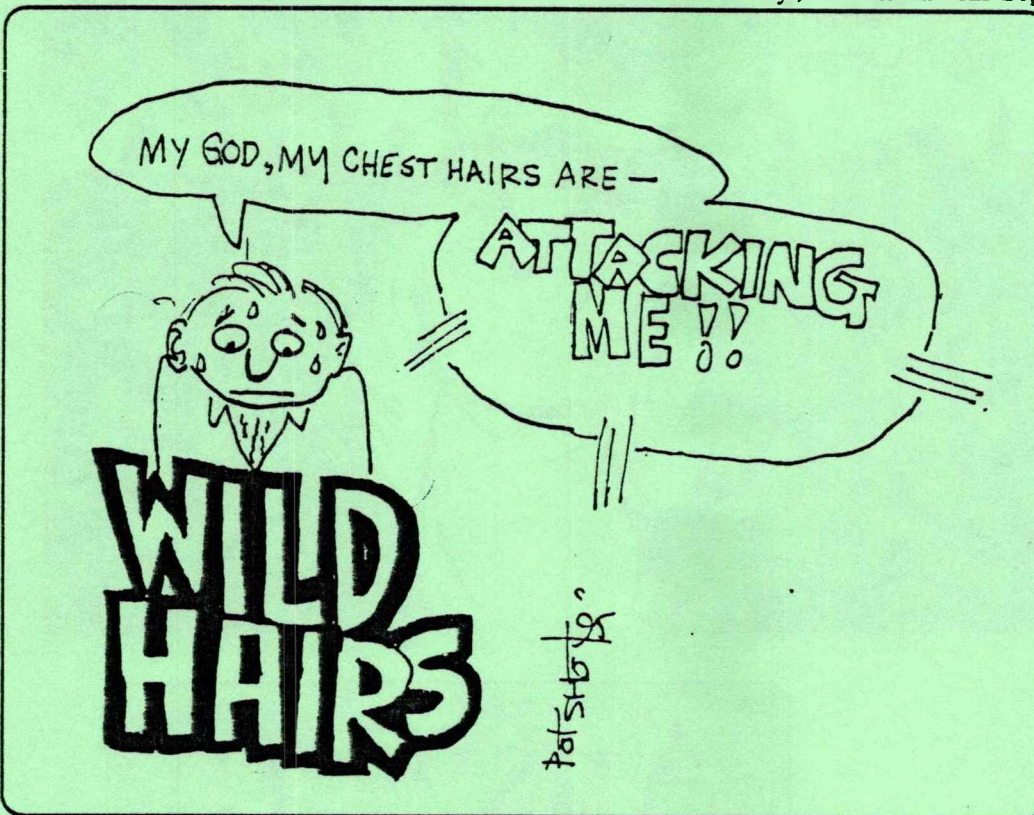
Respect for authority? If I find an authority who deserves it; they're sort of thin on the ground these days. I've been called an authority on sf, which just goes to show you.... The word has been devalued in print, television, radio, etc. Of course, there still are some people with genuine authority in their fields, and I'll respect them.

Steve Jeffery

Thanks for Wild Heirs and companion. Rather chuffed at the (unplanned) synchronicity of my 'Fanfare' illo to you and the piece on Party Squeakers in the previous Vegrants zine (tho can't remember which of the multiplicity of Vegrant titles it was in at the moment, and it's not with me to check).

Teddy Harvia (August 18)

701 Regency Drive, Hurst, TX 76054-2307



Ooh, was I ever mistaken. I knew your title was a pun but I thought it was a play on "wiled," as in "having passed (time) agreeably." I've been staring at text on paper the color of goldenrod too long.

I disagree with Peggy Kurilla. The biggest charm

of electronic fandom is that it's so damn fast. I can have responses in 15 minutes from Australia and the U.K. that used to take 15 days. I even remember my questions.

((Ross: But passing time (agreeably or not) would be "wiled," not "wiled," which is the act of being wily, as, "He wiled his way into her confidence." Acknowledged that many fail to pronounce "wh" differently from "w," which allows some such slightly stretched puns to be made.))

Vijay Bowen

Wild Heirs 8 & 8.5 arrived yesterday. Looks good, but it's going to have to be added to the stack of zines-to-be-located on the kitchen table.

Much as I love him, I advise you to take young mister Hansen's tales with a five-pound box of kosher salt...except regarding Andy Hickmott and the white rubber mice. Andy left us another one, carefully tucked into a stack of folding chairs. One day, I really must thank him adequately.....

We're taking a nephew to see the WWF tonight. Wish us luck.

((Joyce: I still remember the first time I went to Madison Square Garden to see WWWF Wrestling. (Note the additional "W". At that time, the outfit was called World Wide Wrestling Federation. But they dropped the "Wide", getting rid of an excess "W", making it easier to say.) I was filled with trepidation about the people who'd

be there, the cleanliness of the surroundings, the possibility of getting smashed by some angry wrestler. Well, the crowd was delightful, MSG was spotless, and in all my days as a wrestling magazine publisher, I never got body-slammed even once. But the show was great, starring Killer Kowalski and Bruno Sammartino in a Texas Death Match. Years later, I met Bruno at a Consumer Electronic Show, and spent a half hour or so talking to him. A fine fellow, a prince of a sportsman. I still keep his autograph on my wall.))

And that's all you, and we, wrote this month.

Thanks to all the Vegrants for collating, stapling, addressing, enveloping, stamping and mailing help. Chief among these worthies this time were Marcy Waldie, Ross Chamberlain, Ben Wilson,

Tom Springer, Ken Forman, Joyce Katz, Arnie Katz and John Hardin.

The next Wild Heirs is already in development as we await your scintillating letters of comment about 9 and 9.5.



Answer:

About 38 pages,
including covers.