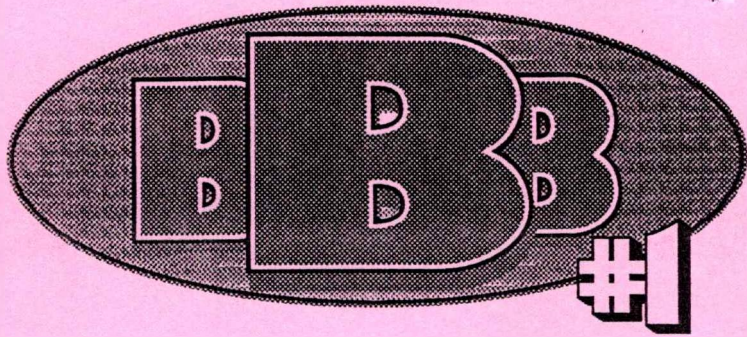


DDRB #1





November 1991
Volume One Number One

The First Issue
(Hallelujah!)



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- 15 Way Out West in Texas ::: M. Z. Bradley

Art Credits

- Greg Dees: Cover, 8, 16
- Bill Kunkel: 12
- Ray Nelson: 14
- Bernie Zuber: 6

Silvercon I

Las Vegas, Nevada
May 1-3, 1992
We Will Party!

BBB #1, the fanzine with the enigmatic name and personality to match, is brought to you (like a Neo... pubbing fanzines for the Very First Time) by those three amigas, Joyce Worley Katz, Laurie Yates, and Aileen Forman.

Published on a frequent, if undetermined, schedule, BBB is available for trade (fanzines to Aileen and Laurie), letter of comment, contribution of writing or art, or the vagaries of editorial whim. Anyone who just decides to skate by on editorial sufference be warned: those who stay on the mailing list with a notion could also find themselves gone with a whim.

Publishing and assistance by Arnie Katz.
November 25, 1991

REFERENCE

It's like water dripping on stone, carving a cup in some hollow cavern. It's like the beat of feet wearing down the concrete stairways of Grand Central Station. It's like the mountains eroding into the sea, until finally, inevitably, the earth is one level plain.

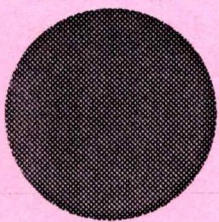
Thus I describe Annie's persistence in bringing about my return from gaffiation. It was inevitable. Once the process began, there was no stopping it, and little reason to do more than sigh and give in.

Once Annie started publishing **FOLLY**, it was certain that I'd feel the need to pub my ish before much time passed. Yet, I'm surprised myself at the form it's taken. A femzine? Well...chalk it up to nostalgia, I guess. I enjoyed the (admittedly short-lived) zine I published with two other fems in St. Louis. **What About Us Grils?** may only live in the

memories of co-editors Sue Robinson, Pam Janisch and me; but Las Vegas fandom, with its plentitude of pulchritudinous talent, made the zine pop fresh into my thoughts.

My two co-editors provide enough inspiration to drive any faned to publish. Poles apart from each other in personalities and demeanor, each is unique, with just a promise of Trufannish Sensitivity shadowing their Fine Fannish Faces. "These women are Publishing Giants waiting to be born," a tiny voice said in my ear. "With these women I could create a Relevant Masterpiece." Well, if not a masterpiece, at least an irregular personalzine.

Soft-voiced Laurie, who Annie nicknamed The Sad Eyed Elf, showed her trufan colors on the night of the Vegas NonCom. World Con weekend, Annie and I hosted a party, and Annie started a one-shot for the day. He left it on computer, for others to contribute as they chose. Unfortunately, we use screen



**editorial by
Joyce Worley Katz**

savers...sort of animated abstract patterns that keep text from "burning in"...so in fact, the one shot was pretty inaccessible. No one, but no one at all, realized there was a zine in the works. Until Laurie, totally undaunted by the moire patterns, lack of instructions, or her own inexperience, strode boldly up to the screen, just like Josephine Trufan, sat down and started typing in her contribution.

Thus are the great ones born....

A Natural.

Aileen is a bright sprite... a red-haired imp of a woman with lilting laughter and an "I'll take that dare" attitude. Fundamental to Vegas fandom, she (with husband Ken) cohosts the local club meetings. Firey natured, she generally exudes good humor which contrasts dramatically with quick barbs, fast mood changes, and rapier wit. A former fencer, her mercurial ways promise that, no matter what changes occur, she'll never be boring. Her enthusiasm is boundless for every new project. Though busy with home, club and career, she didn't hesitate even one moment when I proposed she become a co-editor of BBB.

Why BBB? You may well ask...we've not really decided that ourselves. I planned for it to stand for **Beautiful Brainy Babes**.

It could just as well be Bad Bitchin' Broads, or Better Business Bureau, or perhaps just BBB, the grade b zine, published by the b-girls of Vegas. Feel free to speculate; the best suggestion will win a valuable Vegan Artifact.

Thanks for the cover art this issue go to local fan artist Gregg Dees, who also contributed several other illustrations. Watch this guy...he's really something! Special thanks for the cartoon to friend and partner, Bill Kunkel; I look forward to his continued Potshot-ing in future issues. Some of the other art may look distinctly

Odd to those of you with long memories; I filched from those pages, and feel certain I'll filch again. The only way to stop me is to send contributions. Please!

The reprint was chosen by Arnie, and is the first of a promised series of Femme reprints. This originally appeared in **Innuendo**. I'm particularly fond of this classic; it describes aptly something that, sooner or later, happens to every fan, when they finally meet face to face someone they only thought they knew.

On the day of the recent VegasCon (Las Vegas' very first fan convention ever), Co-Chairmen Shawn and Anthony phoned me, asking if I could pick up GoH Larry Niven at the airport. Seems they wanted a more elegant car than Shawn's elderly one. I regretfully explained that I couldn't take the morning off work (being, as always, behind on my deadlines). But, hoping to take the sting out, I related how Ray Fisher and I picked up Harlan Ellison, when he was GoH for the Ozarkon in St. Louis in 1968, in our '53 Plymouth. The passenger's side door wouldn't open and the window was permanently shut. As if that wasn't bad enough, when Harlan stepped into the car, his foot went right through the rusted-out floorboard.

Shawn and Anthony didn't actually say how comforted they were by my story, though I'm certain it must have filled them with good fannish feelings, and a sense of historical perspective. As for myself, I had that swell feeling of self-satisfaction that comes from realizing that no help I could have given them costs so little effort as fine fannish lore.

And thus it is with this first issue of **BBB**. The three of us will be watching the mailbox for comments, in the hope that some fine fannish lore will be coming our way.

THE RENTED TONGUE

Greetings, Salutations, and Hi!!!!

Now that I've used my quota of exclamation points for the next two issues of *BBB*, (sorry, Joyce! (oops)), it's time to get down to some serious writing. Nope, can't do it, I've got to have my exclamation points! (I sense an editors meeting in the near future about using excessive punctuation. . . .)

Welcome to Las Vegas! Leave your money at the door (large bills, please) and come on in. Las Vegas (not Lost Wages) is an interesting place to live. (Remember the Chinese proverb/curse? If not, read on!) I moved here on a pleasant December evening in 1986, after an interesting three day trip from west Michigan. (Gee, a future column topic!)

Okay, back to Las Vegas. Las Vegas is currently (10/29/91) suffering from a cold snap (9 degrees Centigrade this morning) and the rumor is flying that we may have snow for Halloween. (I'll admit I requested snow, but I also requested the delivery date to be 12/22!) The stores are having a run on mittens and anti-

freeze. (Since I still have both from living in Michigan, I've been having fun auctioning things off to the highest bidder.)

People ask me how often I go to casinos. The answer is rarely. It's much more productive, for me, to play video poker in a 7-11 or a grocery store. There I actually win, as well as walk out with something. This leads me to some interesting observations.

I flew to Michigan about a month ago to re-establish ties with colleges I'm interested in for my Ph.D. in English. On the way home, well-bundled for the Michigan fall, I was speaking with my seatmate (that sounds odd--we weren't sharing a seat, but rowmate sounds even more odd) about my eagerness to return home:

"Where is home, dear?" Irene asked. (Okay, wait a minute--I do not like being called "Dear" by total strangers. It sends me into insulin shock.)

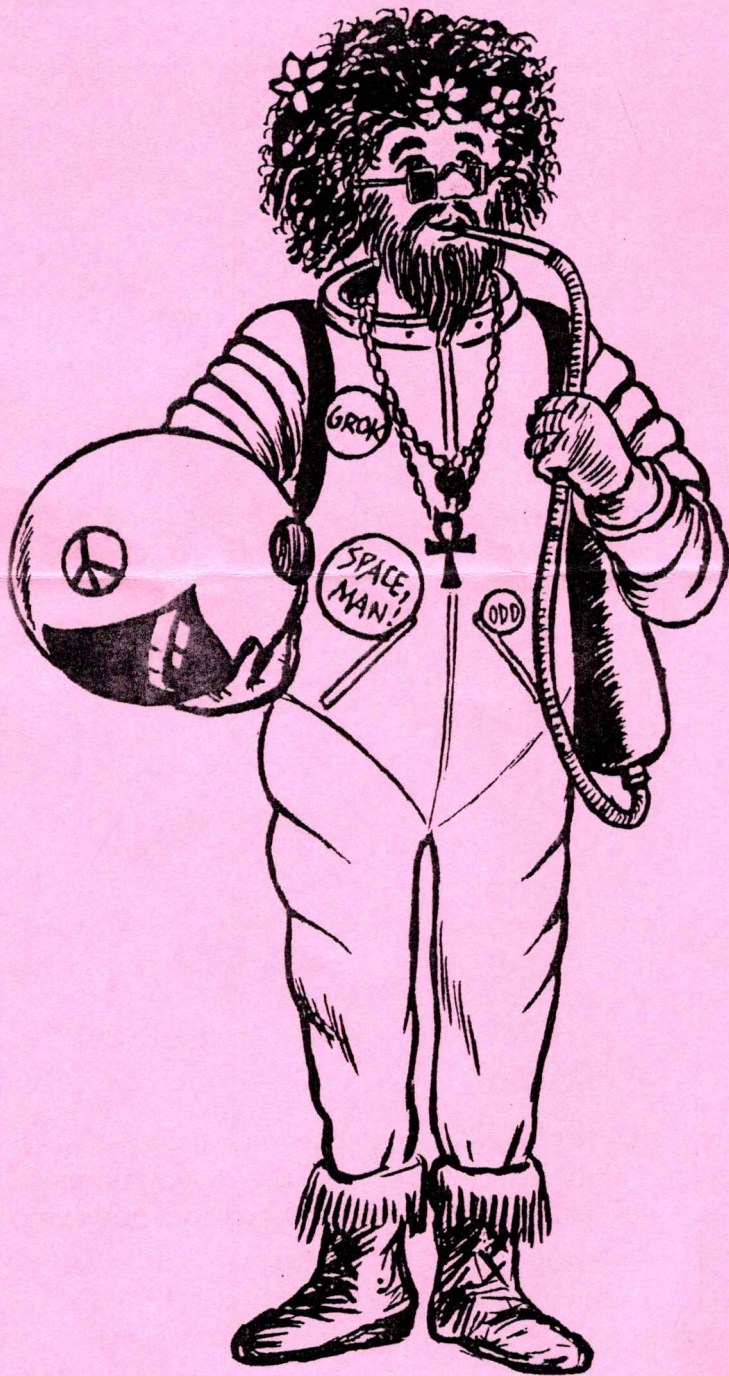
"Las Vegas, Nevada. I'm a graduate student in English at UNLV."

"Really? Where do you live? No one really lives in Las Vegas. There aren't any homes or anything."

Okay, stop! It's time to end misconceptions.



editorial by
Laurie Yates



© 1968 Zuber

(Hmmm. . .do I need a license for that?) First, Las Vegas has supermarkets! (Remember—I gamble in them!) They're open 24 hours for shopping convenience. (Hint: Most restock their produce sections between 3 and 4 in the morning.) Second, Las Vegas has a population base. People really live here! A number of tourists have been surprised when I've denied we drive in from California or Arizona. Las Vegas is a city with people, schools, stores, hospitals and casinos. And 7-11's. You can't forget the 7-11's; there's at least one on every major corner and often two. They are the landmark of the developed city: where development ends, so do the 7-11's. A friend of mine legitimately lived in the "boondocks of the valley" because the nearest 7-11 was a mile and a half from her driveway. (For comparison, there are 148 7-11's in the Las Vegas Valley and the semi-current population is 725,000, which means there's one store for every 4900 people. (And they're all in line in front of me!))

Enough! Let's see, I'm supposed to be introducing myself to you. Fascinating prospect. Hmm, I'll give you the same story I gave to MagiConComm: I'm a citizen from P'k'ythruk whose sole purpose on this planet is to stamp out Smurfs and Care Bears. Please don't misunderstand me, P'k'ythrukians like cute things--unfortunately, these are too cute and cause tooth decay in our youngsters when they watch your television, which is just cause for intergalactic warfare. Fortunately, we refuse to take on unarmed opponents. (If any of you accept this to be true--please contact the MagiConComm. I don't think they believe me!)

Ah, yes! It has been observed that I haven't explained the title of my column. Well, contrary to **Arnie's** bawdy pipedreams, this phrase evolved from the *Wizard of Oz*. **Ken Forman** had adopted the phrase "Ignore the man behind the curtain" for misphrasings. After a while, this phrase became a cliché, and someone evolved the phrase to "ignore the person behind the tongue." While this is more politically correct than the first, I didn't like it. I started using "Ignore the tongue, it's rented." Knowing this wouldn't fit for a title, I did the only thing justifiable—I shortened it.

Look at the time! (Yet another topic for explanation!) Gotta run for now--see you later!

* Chinese proverb/curse: "May you always live in interesting times."

See, I *told* you to keep reading!

Welcome to the first edition of *BBB*! As one of the co-editors of this fanzine, and therefore a semi-hostoid of the publication, I'd like to mentally take your hat and coat, motion you to the comfy chair (the one with cat hair on the seat) and get you a cup of mental tea. Better? Let's talk!

Isn't it funny how life goes in cycles? How often we hear people say things like "When I have the time I just don't have the money and when I have the money I don't have the time." Or "I just got to the point where everything in my life was under control and my whole life changed!"

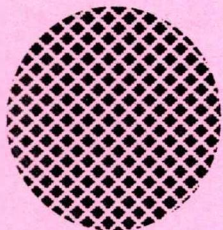
My life is echoing these sentiments exactly. For the last year I've worked part-time at the Las Vegas Hilton as a blackjack dealer. I worked a maximum of 3 days a week, and I had plenty of time for all sorts of things, but no money to do them. I recently was promoted to a full-time schedule, and, while my budget heaves a sigh of relief, my private life is rapidly becoming non-existent.

But enough of my problems. I'm being a bad hostess. How's your life going? Not enough interesting people in your life?! Come to Vegas--I'll introduce you to some of my friends. Your life will never be the same.

Take, for example, my husband Ken. He's a handsome, 6'4" length of quirkiness. Now, I can't say too much about him, since I still want to be Mrs. Forman, but he won't be too upset if I relate some of the weirdness that keep me with him. (He keeps me entertained.)

I first met Ken in Phoenix, appropriately enough in a bookstore. I was buying, he was selling. We hit it off over the science fiction section. I ordered a book, and managed to stop in every day "to see if it had arrived!" A week later, I found a note attached to my door. He had gotten my address from the book order form (don't let this happen to you!) and come to visit, only to find me gone. His note asked me to go out with him the next day, pleading "please don't damage my fragile male ego." How could I refuse? Easy! Fragile male ego, indeed! Fate dissolved my indignation, however.

STAGED DECK



editorial by
Aileen Forman

I called to cancel, but the scumsucker didn't answer the phone, and the next morning at the unghodly hour of 7 am, he picked me up to go innertubing down the Salt River. Well, he was standing there pitifully. What else could I do?

The ride was hellish. It was my first trip on a motorcycle, and I had a close encounter with the exhaust pipe. The river felt like it should have had ice floes in it. Ken accidentally peeled the skin off my motorcycle burn. I lost my top and didn't notice for about a 1/2 hour--nor did anyone let me know about it! The sun was merciless, and by the end of the 7 hours in the Arizona sun without sunscreen, this redhead was in some serious pain! By the end of this date, I never wanted to see this man again. So why, you ask,

am I married to him? How many relationships can you honestly say can never get worse?!

It didn't get worse, but it did get weirder. After a few more dates, he took me to Coppercon--my first convention. I was greeted at the door by a female Vulcan in full Federation dress uniform. I was wearing a T-shirt with the innocent catch phrase "Beam me up, Scotty." The alien asked me if I knew Mr. Scott, and proceeded to engage me in a Very strange conversation. I know I had a good time, because when I woke up 2 days later, my clothes were missing!

So, as you'll find out, I know enough interesting people to fill Eerie, Indiana. Stick around! I'll introduce you to more of my friends later.



THE GAGGLEDEN

Meet the
B-Girls!

Those who know me for the lifelong Chuch Harris acolyte that I am will not be surprised to find my byline in the first issue of *BBB*. How could I possibly resist contributing to a fanzine edited by three -- count 'em! -- fabulous female fans? Even the fact that one of them is already my wife can't daunt my lechery.

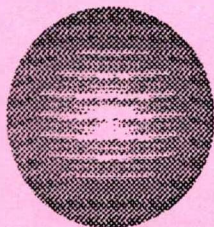
This perpetuates a proud, old tradition in fandom. Rich brown -- might as well implicate someone else to share the blame -- in one of his fanphilosophical moods, once observed to me that a female fanzine fan had it both easier and tougher than a male faned. (Rich would surely want me to add, if we were coauthoring this piece, that many female faneds have surmounted the factors I'm about to enumerate to publish great fanzines.)

Rich contended that there are quite a few major male fanwriters and artists who are

irresistibly drawn to court the favor of any woman who displays an interest in their own mania for fanzines. Fans being fans, these fellows are more apt to send an article, cover, or set of illos than ring up the potential object of their affections on the phone and ask for a date. Many of them probably wouldn't want such an overt connection in any case; contributing to a perky femmefan's fanzine is sublime enough sublimation.

Rich explained to a then-teenaged Arnie Katz that this meant that a neofanzine by a woman could automatically count on getting work from some fairly big names, fans who would generally be out of reach of the typical male newcomer.

"So it's easier for the female fanzine editor," rich summarized, "because they get BNF contributions more readily." He added that quite a few fans would also be more tolerant of mistakes made by a sufficiently attractive and personable female editor.



column by
Arnie Katz

"And why is it harder?" I inquired right on cue.

Rich pointed out that glossing over mistakes had a downside, too. It's more difficult for the female faned to progress if more experienced fans don't point out areas for potential improvement. Criticism, constructive or otherwise, is frequently the goad that spurs a fanzine editor to rise above that first crudzine.

Even the increased access to BNF fanwriters is a mixed blessing. "Some of the same fans who would contribute to a fanzine simply because it's edited by a woman unconsciously underrate the female editor and submit less than their best work," he replied. "It is easy for a fanzine edited by a woman to end up with a lot of big names on the contents page, but not much real quality."

I don't have that leeway. Laurie put me on notice the first time I mentioned writing a column for *BBB*. "I'm writing a column for you," I said to her on the phone one day shortly after the trio had decided to publish. "It's a column that introduces the B-Girls."

"I'll read it, and if it's good I won't reject it," she informed me. I hadn't expected her to turn handsprings or even coo in tones of startled delight at an Arnie Katz piece for her first fanzine, but the steel in her voice instantly chilled the hot Vegas summer afternoon.

Was she not aware of my sterling fannish reputation? Did she not know of the many fine articles I had created for fanzines? Had no one told her I was expected to run off and collate this publication? Either no one had, or this first-timer has the steely nerves of an amateur publishing veteran.

So I am on my best behavior this time. That means I won't tell you any of this trio's *Scarlet Secrets*. That may be best in any case. Fandom is not ready for such titillating tidbits, and I am not ready for the Radical Vasectomy they promised if I blabbed too much.

Aileen and Laurie are both accomplished markswomen, and they are fully capable of enforcing their editorial dictums at gunpoint. Joyce disdains firearms, but she's hardly a weak link in *BBB's* united front. My wife often mutters darkly that I "have to go to sleep sometime" in conversations laced with unsettling references to tomahawks.

So if you're looking for sly references to the quirks and quips of the *BBB* editorial triumvirate,

such as Aileen's constant boasts of being a *natural* redhead, you'll have to get them from braver columnists than I.

All-female editorial boards are nothing new to fandom, *Granfaloon*, *Janus*, and *What About Us Grils?* are three of many such titles. It could be argued, however, that none has approached the incredible success of that 1950s phenomenon *Femizine*. The British fanzine showcased the best female fanwriters and, naturally, had a letter column bristling with the top male fans.

Sitting in the editor's chair was Britain's foremost female fan, Joan W. Carr. All was serene until Joan turned out to be a hoax created by Sandy Sanderson. He resigned as editor after revealing his prank, and Ethel Lindsay took the helm. Though Ethel showed the same talent which later produced the long-running *Scottishe, Femizine* never recovered from the blow.

This may raise an interesting question in the minds of some potential contributors reading the first issue of *BBB*. Before throwing themselves abjectly at the feet of the Three Muscatels, some male fanwriters may desire assurance that they are, in fact, women. I can understand that. No sense wasting honeyed words and sycophantic flattery if they turn out to be Bill Kunkel, Ken Forman, and Alex Borders in drag.

For these concerned gentlemen, I have good news and bad. The good news is that I have personally checked and positively authenticated the gender of one *BBB* honcha. Joyce Worley Katz is definite a woman.

Though indications are encouraging for the other two, I am forced to admit that I have no proof. Oh, they look like women, but Las Vegas is full of cunning female impersonators. Perhaps Aileen is a not a dealer at the Hilton and Laurie is not a graduate student and teaching assistant at UNLV. Maybe they moonlight in the chorus line of "Boylesque" or "La Cage aux Foulies".

My advice: send those fabulous contributions to *BBB*. It's a delightful fanzine, and you'll certainly want to be a part of it, whether they are women or not. But if you are curious, like any prudent fan, demand proof! Documentary evidence!

They hoaxed us once, but we fan lechers won't get fooled again! And if you find out, contact me through the Federal Columnist Relocation Program.

The Vegas All-Stars

STRIKE!

THE SECOND ONESHOT

Arnie Katz

Las Vegas' first oneshot, *High Roller*, celebrated the new Age of Fannish Miracles. My theme for tonight, in these opening paragraphs of Las Vegas' *second* oneshot, is "A Night of Firsts." Saturday, October 19th will burn incandescent in LV Fanhistory for two reasons: tonight is the first SNAFFU Social, and this very oneshot is earmarked for the first issue of *BBB*, which Joyce Worley Katz, Laurie Yates, and Aileen Forman are readying to astound the fan universe.

Up till now, SNAFFU has had formal sf-oriented sessions twice a month, and about the same number of informal gatherings for our corps of ardent RPGers. Although SNAFFU has fostered many friendships among members, there hasn't been a good setting for pure socializing. SNAFFU Socials -- or "Son of SNAFFU" as several have dubbed it -- are an attempt to fill this gap in the fan-social calendar.

Will there be other firsts? One hears Strange Rumors...

Peggy Burke

Well, since I'm head SIDPERS for *FUBA(2)R*, I suppose I should start off by typing some strange musings into *The Vegas All-Stars Strikes*. If we're going to talk about firsts, I'm going to talk about the first issue of *FUBA(2)R*. It's due out early in January, and the deadline is the day before Thanksgiving. There really is no theme for the first issue, unless you feel inclined to explore the meaning of FUBAR and how it may or may not apply to SNAFFU, fandom in general, gaming, or any other aspect of life. Thanks for your time, and I might be back to harass you later some more.

Kenneth Forman

Men are Scum! I don't mean all men, just most men.

Women are manipulating, deceitful creatures! I don't mean all women, just most women.

While I don't suggest that all people be placed in

specific, defined categories, people who behave in similar manners belong in pre-defined categories. (Note: If you don't want to belong to or be defined by a label, don't behave in a predictable or predefined manner!) I'd like to start a new gender. Those of us who can't be described as scum or manipulators belong in a new gender. By the way, I don't have a suggestion for the name. Perhaps we should be called people, just people.

How many time has a woman been put down or slandered by a guy who views her as property or at least as "prey" to be hunted down, listed as a trophy and then discarded for the next target? How many men have been ridiculed and scorned by a women who view them as trite, shallow dweebs.

I don't think that anyone deserves to be treated in either manner and I felt *BBB* would be a wonderful forum to "plant the seed" of dissent, to start the "People Movement", to pave the way to the 20th Century.

Arnie Katz

The preceding section to the contrary, Ken Forman, Big Name Fan of Tomorrow, has not lost his buttons. In fact, he's been selling them as fast as the button press he brought to tonight's party can fabricate them. Most popular so far are a beautifully calligraphied button to support SNAFFU's planned regional, the Silvercon and a *Folly* button with which I hope to entice some of the locals to contribute to my foolish little fanzine.

Joyce Worley Katz

Welcome to our second one-shot! I'm wearing my *Folly* button, and with this kind of inspiration, the muse is certain to shine forth...it sez here!

Actually, Ken, I'd like to address this question of perfect dweebness. I think you underrate the appellation. After all, it's better to be a perfect dweeb than, like most of us, imperfect whatever.

Still, it's an interesting point you make, that people should be judged by themselves, not their genders. People whose

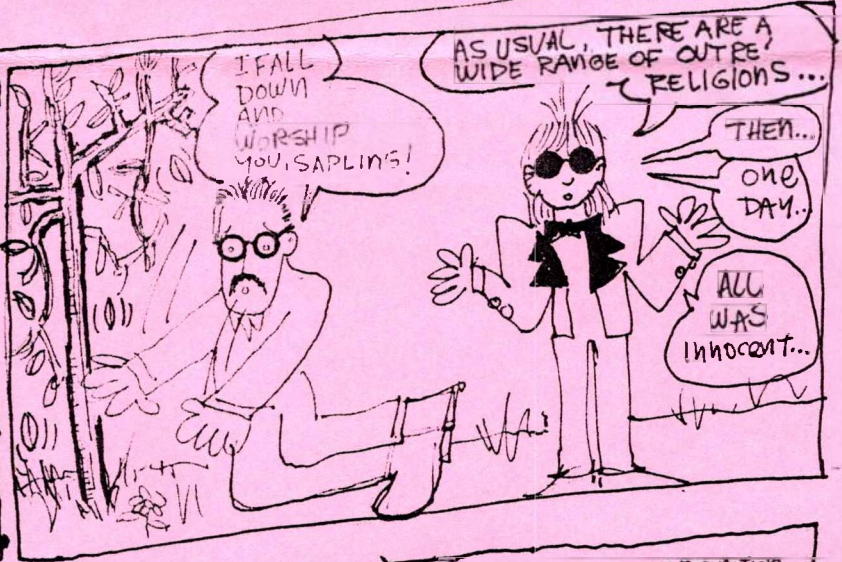
REPORT ON A SOCIALLY ISOLATED FANDOM

THIS REPORT IS BEING BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY AS PART OF ITS ON-GOING RESEARCH INTO ISOLATED SOCIETIES...

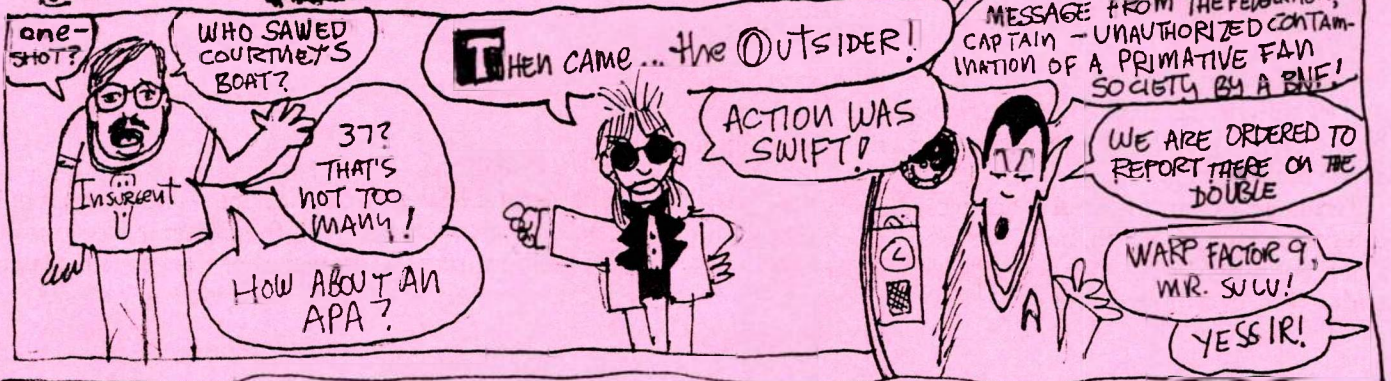
THIS DOCUMENTARY IS ESPECIALLY RARE AS IT DEALS WITH THE DEVELOPMENT OF A RUDIMENTARY FAN SOCIETY WHICH HAS HAD ABSOLUTELY NO PREVIOUS CONTACT WITH EXISTING FAN GROUPS!



FREE OF CONTAMINATION BY EXISTING GROUPS AND TRADITIONS, THEY HAVE DEVELOPED THEIR OWN RITUALS...



AS USUAL, THERE ARE A WIDE RANGE OF OUTRE RELIGIONS...



ACTION WAS SWIFT!

MESSAGE FROM THE FEDERATION, CAPTAIN - UNAUTHORIZED CONTAMINATION OF A PRIMITIVE FAN SOCIETY BY A BNF!

WE ARE ORDERED TO REPORT THERE ON THE DOUBLE

WARP FACTOR 9, MR. SULL!

YESS IR!

TO BE CONTINUED!

acquaintanceships are sparked more by written word, than face-to-face communications, have the luxury to first develop their affections, then decide what form those affections should take, and how (or if) they should be demonstrated. This is largely impossible in the course of normal friendships, where physical appearance sets the tone of the relationship forevermore.

Aileen Forman

"So, let us go a-ramboing among the live grenades..."

Having annoyed every group in the Katz's home, I now feel compelled to apologize for my feckless filking. Amazing how absolutely no one wanted us to stick around and serenade them! In fact, my brutally honest husband said something about voices being "far from sublime"! Well!

Actually, this Social seems to be going very well. According to the individuals in the groups, they are:

1. Having an adult conversation (HAH! There were no adults in that group!)
2. Playing a game (that's not playing, that's dying!)
3. Trying to solve the world's problems (too many Libertarians in that group to solve a 25-piece jigsaw puzzle) and
4. Fixing SitNorm (O.K., I'll accept that excuse for not wanting to listen to our wonderful voices).

My only other observation about the atmosphere in here is that there seem to be an amazing number of conflicting views in S.N.A.F.F.U. Amazing because we all seem to have similar views until the subject of politics comes up. Well, maybe there are a few other subjects that cause conflict -- proper temperature of the room, for example. Luckily, I have an in with one of the homeowners.

Oh, yes, and the amazing amount of delicious food! I *have* to lose 5 more pounds or else! Joyce, you're just too good a hostess. Next time, don't give these bums anything...unless, of course, I've lost the weight, in which case I'll be back for the Keebler Sandwich Cookies!

Thanks Arnie and Joyce. Let's hope your home survives this latest invasion by S.N.A.F.F.U.

Joyce Worley Katz

ohmyghod...someone just said that Nixon was our greatest pres ever. I think I'll go hop in the pool.

Laurie Yates

Considering that my beloved co-editor is completely clad, I don't think she'll do it -- but then again, what do I know?

Fuba²r is, indeed, up and running, and I'm trying to put together a poetry section. Do you know how difficult this is? My world-wise English composition students claim *no one*, but no one, reads poetry -- let alone writes it. Please help us prove them wrong.

Ken is an interesting soul who, according to him, defies categorization. Heh, heh, heh. We know how to label him: a non-definitive being. Anyway, it's a valid thought: down with labels, up with buttons!

Arnie gave me a button, but has yet to ask for writings for *Folly*. How long can I hide? How long will he let me use the

spa free of charge? What will he charge? What will Joyce let him charge? Stay tuned for the continuing saga...

Aileen led us merry wanderers over the river and through the woods to Grandmother's...oops, wrong song. Anyway, someone threw us a bone (of contention?) and we were essentially told to take a filking leap. I heard some of the adult conversations--they ranged from abortion to gun control to aborting a gun controlling Congress.

Anyway, the conversation is lively, the times are swinging and friendships are being strengthened -- ohmyghod, Norman Rockwell just showed up -- HHHEEELLLLPPPP!!!!!!

Raymond Waldie

Observations:

- * Why is it only noisy when I'm trying to hear what someone is saying?
- * Why does food that I normally pass by, taste so good at parties?
- * Why am I sitting here all by myself when there are so many other more interesting things to do?

Dandi Ashton

I have noticed that whenever you get a group of Sci-Fi-ers together the first thing you will see is the fact that the one who is the loudest gets his point across first. However this should also be said: that not one other person in the discussion has changed their opinion in any way, shape or form. I believe that this is the way that it should be, due to the fact that I'm always the loudest but seldom do I ever change anyone's opinion of anything. It should also be said that everyone else has little or know idea what I'm really saying and that it is always sexual -(or at least should be!)

Joyce Worley Katz

Actually, Dandi, I'm afreud everything is sexual. And I'm too jung to say more here.

Peggy Burke

Well, I always make good on my threats. I'm baaaaack. Yes, everything is sexual -- it has to be, otherwise we wouldn't be. There's a confusing statement for you. Figure it out yourself. I can't, and I haven't even been drinking -- at least, not alcohol. Also lack of sleep helps, or hurts.

It's almost 11:00 and the party's still going strong. That's what you get, Arnie and Joyce, for putting "until exhaustion" on the invitation. Next time you'll know better. Or know us better. Or both. But you guys throw great parties. Next time, though, somebody bring the flavored oils.

Arnie Katz

The Vegas All-Stars Strike has one -- and perhaps only one -- quality characteristic of the finest party oneshots it accurately mirrors the ambience of the event. This oneshot has it all, or almost all. I'm sorry you couldn't see the Wild Bikini contest, won by *The Vegas' All-Stars' Strike's Own Peggy Burke*. Her blue suit, artfully set off by her *Folly*

button (and showing to advantage her belly button) won the judges' admiration, not to mention their rapt attention.

The SNAFFU Social #1 is just as chaotic and strange as might logically be inferred from the musings of some of my co-conspirators. Enough sandwiches were made to ruin an entire chapter of Weight Watchers, and enough hot air expelled to launch all of the Goodyear Blimps.

Laurie Yates

Among the hot air expelled is a debate on the advantages of Los Angeles over Las Vegas in cultural matters. Considering the age difference, Las Vegas is young, proud and growing. Does Las Vegas have culture? Probably not. Will Las Vegas have culture? Hard to say. Las Vegas has SNAFFU, and that right there puts LV higher on the culture scale than a year ago.

Someday we will rise out of the mundane cultural void and embrace trufandom, become the home of the Magic Mimeograph and be culturally superior over everyone else in trufandom.

Look out New York and Los Angeles—here we come!!!!

Peggy Burke

Okay, enough of the worn-out Bob Maxson quotes, okay? Unless, of course, we're going to point out that Vegas Fandom, like UNLV, consists of the best and the brightest people in the country.

David Allred

Pertinent Questions for Intertemporal Reality Determination:

Where is public decency when most people are naked under their clothes?

If there's snow on the roof and fire in the fireplace, is it still

fun to stoke the fire?

How long is a submarine, yes or no?

What do you do with your eunuch corn when you're dragon your tale?

Ken (aka Ken-Not-Ken) Gregg

More Nattering on Obvious Answers:

Are you sure we're all naked under our clothes?

When there's fire on the roof and snow in the fireplace, do you fan the flames or freeze the fanny?

Does the submarine have avocado or extra cheeze? Or was that cheese -- I forget -- it's late in the evening doncha know.

I forget the last question, too -- old timer's disease. Enough smoffing for now. Fanac has infected Las Vegas! FIAWOL!!!

Alex Borders

Yes, FIAWOL (Fandom Is A Way Of Life)!!! I feel a statement like that definitely deserves 3 exclamation points!

Well, the party is wrapping up (I think), and energy is starting to peter out. Peter has been quiet all night, I wonder what he's been up to. Filking was OK, but we had to abort early. I'm not sure why, but everybody quit/left/whatever as soon as I requested "Banned From Argo". Maybe I'll have to live without That Song. Arnie & Joyce have been great hosts, warm, friendly, and didn't say word one when we spilled coke and bean dip all over the living room carpet. Conversation was too political for my tastes, but there was enough discussion of Moorcock, Effinger, and others to satisfy the most single-minded fen. I think everyone had a good time. I know I did, and I hope to see more of these new faces in the future.

Arnie Katz

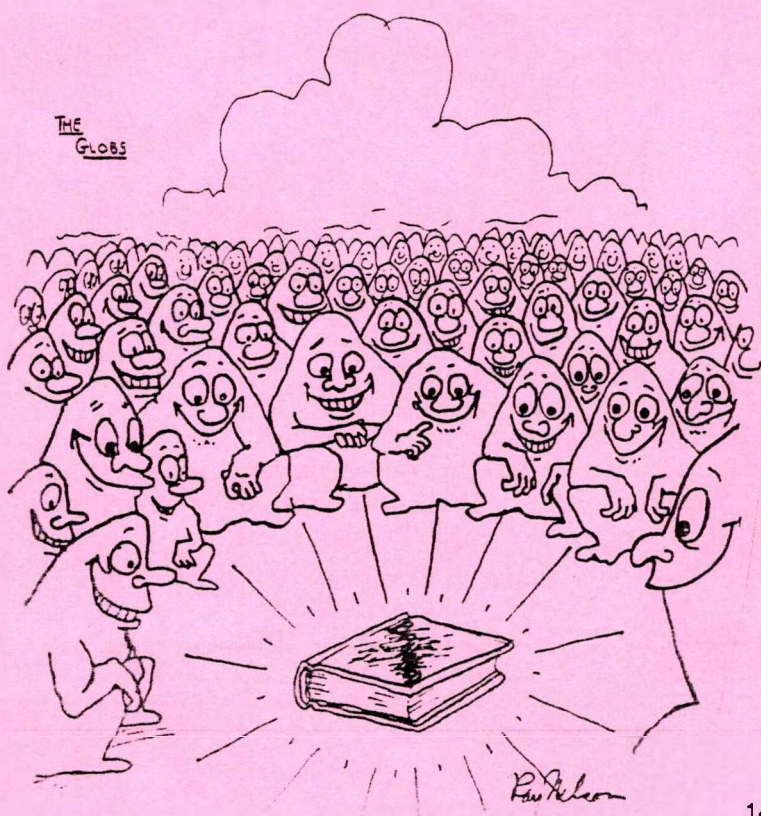
With many hugs, kisses, and handshakes, the last dozen or so attendees depart. Most walk upright, though a few list noticeably to port, due to noticeable consumption of bheer.

Bill Kunkel, who evaluated the bikinis but did not write, met Fabulous Vegas Fandom for the first time -- and was Pleased. "They have all the qualities I've always liked about fans," Bill said of the throng cavorting through the house, "but none of the ones I don't."

And so they charmed The Eternal Insurgent, thawed the icy heart of the Last Angry Fan. Remember that as you puzzle over the odder references. Many of the All-Stars made their fanzine debuts tonight, but I am amazed at how quickly these intelligent, delightful, and friendly folks are learning. Already, Peggy is fannishly wise enough to avoid setting the date of this much ballyhoo'd semi-prozine for a *specific* January.

Next stop: "Published irregularly", FIJAGH, and references to Chuch Harris.

And almost certainly, another oneshot at SNAFFU Social #2!



WAY OUT WEST in TEXAS

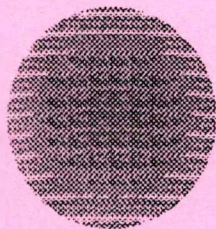
Marion Zimmer Bradley is so well known today as a writer of fantasy and science fiction that more recent converts to fandom may not realize that she was an active fanwriter, publisher, and FAPA member in the 1950s and 1960s.

Pressaging her success as a professional author is a marvelous series of faan fiction stories, of which "Way Out West in Texas" is the most celebrated. It was originally published in Innuendo, coedited at that time by Terry Carr and Dave Rike.

This is serious faan fiction, too, with some real points to make about fans as people and the difference in image and substance. — Arnie

Yeah, sure, I'll write something for your fanzine some day. Only right now I don't feel much like writing anything. In the first place, I told my kid sister she could use my typewriter while I was in the Army. Paulette's taking a commercial course in high school this year and she needs a typewriter to use. I'd feel like a rotten heel if I asked her to wrap it up and express it to me right in the middle of the school year after telling her she could use it and everything.

Anyway, I don't have the time, life here on Base is pretty drastic, just one damn thing after another. Every time I get a minute and sit down to do something, one of the guys busts in and wants to know what the hell I'm doing and why don't I come play ping-pong at the Rec or something. So you see how it goes? And--well, you remember last month I was in Nevada and before that they had me in Texas and here I am in Montana. My mail's still traveling all around the circle to catch up with me. Sure, every time I move I pick up the phone and call my family, and tell them about it, but I can't send out notices all over



**Fantique Fan Classic by
Marion Zimmer Bradley**



fandom, can I?

And, as a matter of a fact--well, no that isn't all. Listen, I'd like to tell you about it, only it's going to sound absolutely nuts to you. I mean, like I was going crazy or something, not just goofy, I mean really gone, psycho, crazy.

You're right about when it started, it was when they sent me to that big air base in Texas. I was real keen on going there, for a funny reason. Yeah, you can probably guess without my telling you. I mean Margo Sanders--Margo Bellew Sanders, that is.

Now look, don't get the wrong idea right from the start. It's just that I've known Margo ever since she--I mean, ever since I was a neofan. I guess she must have been the first fan I wrote to. She was just plain Margo Bellew, then. I guess it must have been an awful crazy letter; I didn't have a typewriter then, so I didn't keep a carbon, but she wrote me back an awfully nice letter, I guess you'd say gracious, and sent me a couple copies of her fanzine. I guess you're too new in fandom to remember *BELLOWINGS*. It was one of the first of the individzines. She got tired of it, after a while, and it never had been a top fanzine, but the people who wrote in to it, sure had fun with it.

I got a real shock when she married. Oh, I wasn't jealous of Sanders, or anything like that. He was a good guy, if he was kind of stiff and stuffy. I always thought Margo ought to marry a fan, and sure enough, she did. Well for a while after that, I kind of lost track of her. You know how it happens, how femme fans drop out of sight for a year after they get married?

She sent me a few copies of one-shots and FAPazines she put out after that, but it wasn't till a couple of years later that we started corresponding again. It was a different kind of corresponding now. I mean, we didn't just talk about science fiction magazines and fans and fanzines and stuff like that. We didn't talk personally, either, I don't mean that. She never told me anything much about her marriage (although she had a lot to say about Texas!) and when her baby was born I read about it in another fanzine--she'd never told a word to me about it. What I mean was, we talked about ideas. I still have the letter she wrote about school segregation in Texas. She was wild about it. I mean, she was so mad, she just blistered the paper, but she didn't get crazy mad--not the way Marion Bradley used to, for instance, talking nasty about anyone who disagreed with her; Margo just sounded indignant and reasonable--and sort of mournful. And we talked a lot about books. She loaned me some books on music--and she had a lot of them--and some novels by modern writers she liked. If Margo had one talent, it was for wading through all the pocket-size paperback trash and coming out with real honest-to-gosh good books. She could find real good novels on the bookracks--no matter how screwball the covers looked. I introduced her to Dostoyevsky, though, and Sigrid Undset. I even checked out one of Sigrid Undset's novels out of the high school library and mailed it to her because she wanted to read it. It was taking an awful chance, but she got it back inside of two weeks.

And we talked about people. I don't mean gossiping about people we knew, I mean talking about what made people tick. Sometimes when I read her letters I was reminded of that old English goon who used to call himself the Spectator or something. It made me blink to think that there might be people who sat and watched others like that, and then went home and wrote down, so damn devastatingly, what they were like, seeing right through to their insides.

I guess what I'm trying to say is, she helped me grow up. I knew she was a year or so older than I was--I wasn't sure just how much. But she seemed like a lot older than she was. You know. Heck, you've read her stuff. When she had her first story published, she sent me a copy autographed "To my best

fan and friend, Bryan Sears" and I almost bust. I was just as tickled as she was, I'll bet.

Heck, I'm getting long-winded, and I've got to be back at the Base by eleven. Let's skip all that--and pour me out some more coffee, will you? I wish to gosh they could sell beer in these damn fool towns, but I suppose your family wouldn't like it.

So let's skip all that and come up to where I landed in Texas. One afternoon I called Margo up long distance, and told her where I was, and the first thing she did was suggest that I come up and spend a week-end with them. Well, of course, I'd been hoping all along that she'd ask me, and you can guess what I told her. I was just as excited as a kid, and I could tell from her voice that she was tickled to death, too. So I arranged for a weekend pass, and Saturday morning I landed up in Clearwater.

It was a funny little town, like all those Texas dryland towns; a watertank standing head and shoulders over all the funny little one-story houses, and flat as a griddle. The first thing I saw, of course, was the Sanders drugstore, and I went in and met Tom Sanders behind the prescription counter.

He was quite a shock. I'd pictured him as being stiff and stuffy, and instead he was a round, chubby, balding guy, sort of middle-aged, if you know what I mean. And -jovial. He kidded and joked all the time. He acted like he was really glad to see me, though. He shook hands with me, and made some kind of wisecrack about what kind of Air Force was it where I could get away with long curly hair like that -- as it happens, I'd missed out on a haircut for about a month, so I didn't have a crewcut, but anyway -- well, it doesn't sound so funny unless you heard Tom Sanders saying it. He asked me to sit down and have a milk shake on the house while he got Margo on the phone and asked her to come down and pick me up. So I drank a chocolate malt -- he made good ones, the way they ought to be made, with chocolate ice cream and frozen milk, so thick I had to eat it with a spoon -- and we talked some about jet planes. He'd been a radioman in WW2, and was keen on flying. Then he stood up and said, "Oh, here's Margo," and I turned around and met her.

Well, she was a shock too, in a way. You know how you make up mental pictures of people? Margo was short and fat, and she had straight black hair whacked off across her forehead. She was nice-looking in a way, too, that was the funny part of it, and she had the nicest speaking voice I've ever heard. Her voice was just as pretty and gracious as her letters, and here's the funny part, after the first little shock at seeing that she wasn't young or pretty, I got used to her and hardly thought about what she looked like. Oh, yes. This was the real queer part of it. She wasn't young. I guess she must have been 35 or 36. It was hard to tell, and of course I didn't ask her, but I'd say she was about 35.

Well, I went up to the house with her in the car -- she was a good driver, too -- and saw their house. It was a nice house, in a way, and there were books all over the place, but it was -- well, it wasn't neat. There was dust on the furniture, and Margo's desk was the worst mess I ever saw, and she didn't have a cover on the typewriter so the

keys were all clogged up with sand and stuff. Oh, it would write, all right -- she asked if I wanted to write any letters or anything while I was there, because she knew I'd left my typewriter at home. But it had a jumpy feel, as if somebody'd been banging on it a lot.

Well, there isn't so much to tell, after all. I talked a lot with Margo, and played a while with her little girl, Peggy -- she was a cute little dickens and no mistake about it! Margo had some work to do in the kitchen and she said I could use her typewriter if I wanted to, and just help myself to stamps and paper and so on. And of course she said to make myself at home, look over the books and magazines all I wanted to, and so forth, and I did just that. She sure had some marvelous stuff, old Clayton Astoundings, Merwin Startlings, Brackett's books all bound in hard covers, and all that kind of thing, but of course I already knew about that.

And then about five, the door opened, and the cutest chick I ever saw walked in the door. I guess she was about sixteen, and brother was she stacked! In a nice way, that is. Everything in the house was nice, that way -- I mean, Margo wasn't prissy or prim, but you just knew, from looking around, and there wasn't. Especially not the girl. She had gold hair. Real gold, not just yellow -- just the color of a wedding ring. Her eyes were dark blue, not the wishy-washy color either, and as I say, she was stacked, in a nice way, and she had on a cute little pink sweater and a skirt that didn't hurt her any, either. She looked a little surprised when she saw me, and then she said, "Oh, you must be that friend of mother's. Mr. Sears. I'm glad to know you.

Yes, she really said Mister Sears, and my lord, she could see I wasn't much more than eighteen, for the luvvagod! And then Margo came in and said, "Bryan, this is Priscilla Bellew. My daughter by my first marriage." -- and I damn near fell off the sofa. I mean it.

Oh, lord, why go right through the weekend blow by blow? I slept in Priscilla's room -- she moved in with the baby, Peggy, while I was there. I didn't want to put her out, I said Margo could make me up a bed on the floor or anywhere, but she said, no, Priscilla's room was really a guest room but they let the girls have separate rooms when they didn't have company, and Pris said she didn't care, Peggy's bed was more comfortable than hers anyway. They were awfully nice to me. I didn't have much of a chance to talk with Margo, though. I guess she saw the way I looked at Pris, and so that first night she said there was a good movie at the drive-in and why didn't I take the car and take Pris to the movie. Pris acted like she wanted to, so I did. And the next afternoon, Sunday, we all went on a picnic. It was a lot of fun, too. The only thing is, somebody who knew Margo came up and asked if I was her son. And Pris followed me around. I mean -- well, I guess I encouraged her. She was the cutest thing I'd ever seen by a long shot, and after I got her to call me Bryan, she was all right, too.

But -- well, there was this. You've got to face it, she was dumb. I don't mean she was a stoop. Margo wouldn't have a creep for a daughter. But -- well, let me show you what I mean. I said something about a book I'd talked over with Margo, and Pris said, "Gosh, I'm not smart enough for that stuff. Mother's all the brain we've got in this family, I guess."

She didn't know what science fiction was -- honest, I mean that. She said when she was a little kid her mother tried to get her interested in it and she was just plain bored. And she wanted to know if our high school had had a good football team. For creep's sake, how would I know? And when I said I'd never seen a football game, she just stared at me as if I were a green bem or something.

And then, Sunday, Pris went to church with her father and the baby, and I stayed home with Margo. We tried to get to talking, but I just couldn't straighten myself out. You see, after the movie last night, Pris and I had stopped on the way home and -- well, you know. Nothing to worry about -- I'm not that kind of a bastard -- but anyway, we'd done some pretty heavy making-out, and it made me feel a little funny with Margo. All the girls I date have mothers, sure, but I don't get so friendly with most of them. So by the time we got packed up for the picnic, Margo had given me up as a bad job, I guess, and treated me the same way she'd treat any friend of Pris'.

When the picnic was over, it was time to get back into uniform, and catch the bus for the Base. Margo gave me a copy of the new GALAXY and an old copy of S-F with one of her stories I'd missed, and a couple of fanzines, to read on the bus, and Tom shook my hand and made a few more wisecracks, and Peggy gave me a moist and sloppy kiss and a bite of her candy bar. Pris said -- she was being awfully grown-up all of a sudden -- that she hoped I'd come back for the Homecoming football game that

Thanksgiving, and couldn't he come then, Mother? And Margo said sure, she'd love to have me anytime. Then the bus came in, and all of a sudden a funny thing happened. Margo put her arms around me and stood up on tiptoe and kissed my cheek. That got me. I mean it really did. I found -- now, don't think I'm getting gooey or anything -- but my eyes were all wet and teary when I got up on the bus, and I stumbled over an old lady's feet.

Well, that was it. I told you it wouldn't sound like it made sense. Even to me, it doesn't. Now don't get me wrong. I wasn't in love with Margo. I'm not just disillusioned, or anything like that. But she was an awful big hunk of my life -- I never knew it till now. When I think about fandom I think about Margo, and that brings me around to Pris again. If I gave myself half a chance, I could flip over that girl Pris. And some way, that doesn't seem right. In a crazy way, it's Margo I want, or maybe I want Margo to be Pris, or Pris to be Margo.

So that's it. Hey, listen, I told you I had to be back at the Base by eleven, where did I stick my coat? Anyway, that's all it is. Maybe Margo wrote me, I don't know, like I said, there's been mail following me all around from one Base to another. I did write her a letter to thank her for the weekend, but I didn't have time to say much except what a nice time I had. You know, like I told you, the Base is just one damn thing after another and like I said, fandom seems awful far away.

But yeah, I'll try to write you something for your fanzine, someday, when I can get around to it.

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