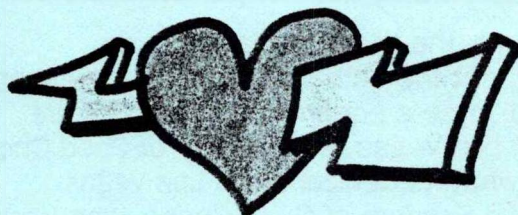
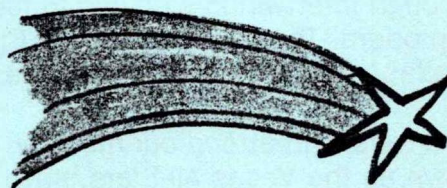


# Wild Heirs #1



WILLIAM ROTSLER  
Fan Guest of Honor  
SILVERCON



Charles Burbee  
SILVERCON

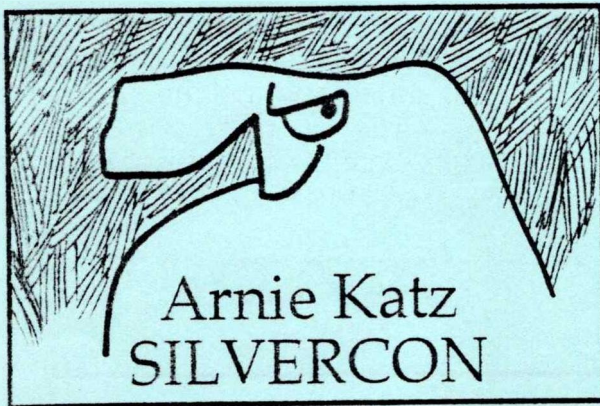
## Arnie Katz

The idea for this oneshot came to me a few weeks before the Silvercon 2. I was emersed in the preparation of the new edition of **The Incompleat Burbee and Rotsler's Rules**, and the influence of these twin fannish ghods was strong.

"Let's do a oneshot," I said to Joyce, Bill and Laurie one evening in mid-March.

My companions' initial reaction wasn't encouraging "You mean now?" Joyce demanded.

They brightened when they realized that I was talking about doing a oneshot in the future.



It was only the threat of having to do something, not the actual concept of a oneshot, that ruffled Joyce's equanimity. Oneshots are common in Las Vegas, the Fandom of Good Cheer.

That's what its denizens call Las Vegas Fandom, The Fandom of Good Cheer. John Hardin coined it. He was serious when he said it. John had just returned to LV after a long stay in Texas, so his optimism may be understood and excused.

John, an unusually intelligent and rational dude, would probably now admit that local fandom, being composed of humans, is as beset by passions, machinations, and contention as any other inbred group of overly verbal intellectuals. There are enough intertwined plotlines to fuel a network soap opera. The Fandom of Good Cheer is a lot like "Dallas", but with more sex and less money.

The 40-60 fans who attend our monthly Socials, known as the Vegas All-Stars, have done

about 20 shot fanzines. I think Ken Forman and Karl Kreder have put together a couple, too.

Why has Vegas Fandom not acquired a reputation as the oneshot capital of the world? We have been a little shy about sending them to out-of-towners. Instead, we have Honed Our Craft in private, waiting for the day when two Pillars of Insuirgentism, Burbee and

Rotsler, would come out of the wilderness and lead us to undying oneshot glory. At least that's the line I'm taking in **Wild Heirs**.

Reassured that no immediate activity on their part was needed, they relaxed and considered the merits of my proposal.

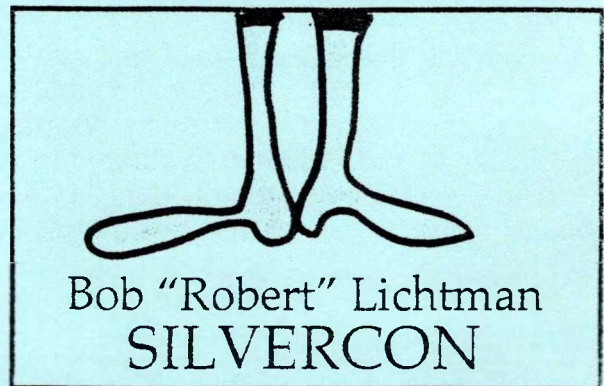
They still weren't that enthusiastic. I decided additional salesmanship was required.

"This won't be an ordinary oneshot," I promised them. "This will be in the illustrious tradition of the Los Angeles Insurgent Element." If there's one thing we value more than shattering the grip of the dead hand of the past upon present-day fandom, it's tradition. "This will be more than just a collection of a few random comments."

"What will it be?" Joyce wanted to know.

"It will be a symphony of the wit and wisdom of Las Vegas fandom."

"Oh, I see," she said. "A short oneshot."



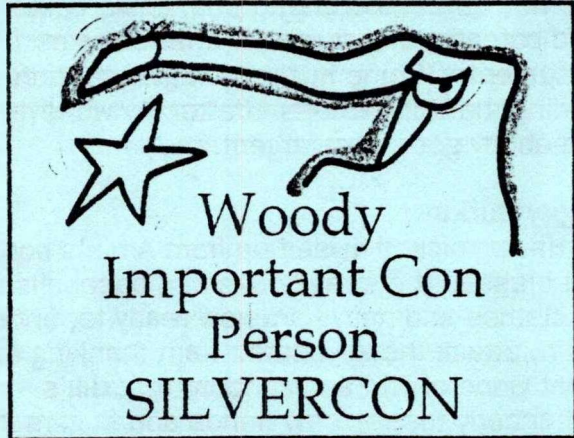
"That's beside the point," I persisted. "What I mean is that it will have short, but trenchant articles, each one a jewel of humor and perception."

**Wild Heirs #1** is produced by The Vegas All-Stars, under the benign influence of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107.) It was produced at the Katz' pre-SilverCon Party, April 1, 1993.

"I see," she said. "And who will write these brilliant articles."

"Us, the heirs of their magnificent tradition!" It seemed so obvious. "Maybe if we stroke their egos the right way, they'll will us their fanzine collections."

The very next day, I learned that Burbee had settled his fanzine collection on Robert Lichtman, but we're going to do this oneshot anyway.



#### John W Hardin

I have met Burbee and he is us. Right now, Arnie and Joyce are out having lunch with Burb and Cora, while Ross and I try to entertain Art Widner and Bill Rotsler, a task that I'm not sure I am equal to. Why else would I be here typing on the computer while they are in the other room having a bright, witty conversation? Well, I listened in and the conversation wasn't *that* witty and bright, but at least they were talking to each other, which is more than I can say for myself.

Art I know vaguely from last year, so at least I have some possible conversational openers. But Rotsler? He has been likened unto a ghod in faandom, and I expected him to burst manically through the door, pen in hand and begin drawing willy-nilly; producing art on any flat surface. But no. So far he has managed to restrain his artistic urge. He is behaving in an intelligent and well spoken



manner. He looks younger than I imagined (he looks "just like anything else".)

And Burbee! Can I say anything original to him? I'll go now and try to coerce one of them to come contribute to this thus-far sparkling one-shot.

#### Peggy Burke

My arrival was fortuitous. Even as I write, Arnie and Joyce have returning with the Burbees from their dinner.

I am awed to be in the presence of these BNFs. Also, the timing of my arrival meant that I didn't share with John the task of keeping up a bright and witty conversation with Art & Bill.

I can plan ahead when I want to.

#### Bill Kunkel

Bearing the mantle of modern insurgentism – a position I feel was unfairly placed upon me just so my friends could attribute all their nasty thoughts to "something Bill said" or "something Bill drew" – I didn't know quite what to do when I got out of the car today. Having slapped around a 10-year old



child at the previous social [see article in Wild Heirs], I figured my only chance at topping myself was to go on a spree of unrestrained insurgence. I'd insurgue at everything. I kicked over Ken's bike (don't worry, Ken, only part of the gas tank emptied onto the hot tar and the broken mirror shards probably won't cause too many sparks) just to get in the mood. I bullied my way over to the one-shot and tossed Peggy – who was finishing her entry – across the room, taking out part of Arnie and Joyce's bookcases in the process. "Out of the way, woman, and let an INSURGENT MAN take over!"

Then I saw Burbee sitting there in his wheelchair and the most demonic thought of all possessed me. I crept slowly toward him, my eyes gleaming as if I was wearing Linda Blair's contact lenses from "The Exorcist". I reached out for the

chair, caught Cora's attention momentarily diverted in the other direction and I... and I...

I called him "sir."

Ah, well, there's only so much "surge" in any one person.



### Laurie Yates

Having an insurgent as a significant other can be a challenge – that I meet, if only in theory. However, I'm learning that as I edit fanzines my insurgentism is usually deleted in the spirit of making and keeping friends. (Trust me, I only make the same mistake once.) The problem is that this editing leaves some of my best material in my MAC trash can. No more! Bill has taught me one important quality – if they can't take it – dump 'em (okay, not his exact words – I'll save those for **Desert Strike**). And Arnie and Joyce are also encouraging me. Indirectly, so are other people. So the sweet elf that may once have been, may occasionally be replaced by a ghoul. Look closely, after all, "Ghosts and ghouls follow no rules, but a vampire's bite happens only at night." I'm in bed at 9:30, folks, just in time for *Dick Van Dyke*.

### Ross Chamberlain

I've never been too much of one for labels—at least, not since summer camp days—so I've never



really understood about "insurgentism" (aggh, I didn't mean it! that was a legitimate typo!) (a Sreudian flip, indubitably)... I lost track, there. Yes, I never really got it into my head about "insurgentism" and whatever is its flipside of the coin. I did read Arnie's *Folly* thing about it, a year or so ago, but somehow the definitions never really penetrated. So anyway, I was wondering if I, who have sort of "been away" as it were, or anyone who has gafiated and returned, could be part of a third category that might be referred to as "resurgent." (Some might be regurgitant on reading that, or perhaps I flatter my wit level.) Somebody get the detergent...

### Peggy Burke

Having picked myself up from Arnie's bookcase and brushed the stray books and baseballs from my clothes and hair, I am now ready to, once again, attack the keyboard. I am thanking the Great Ghod of Fen and Fandom that Bill's unmannerly toss left my hands and fingers intact, so I can still type at my 70-plus words per minute.

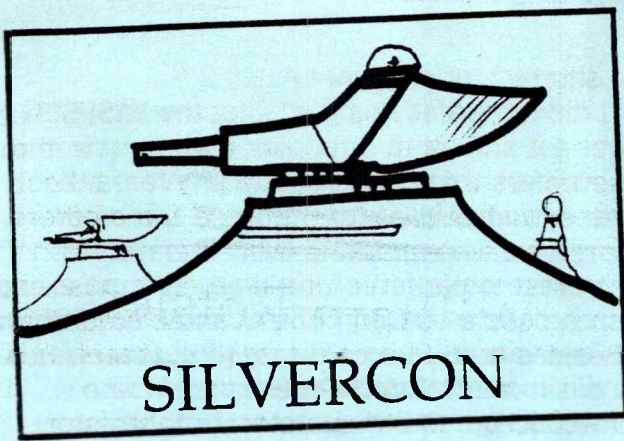


To sort of continue Ross's line of thought, Gary Deindorfer recently wrote an article about the "resurgence" of fandom, citing as an example our very own Las Vegas, which sprouted fen almost overnight (thanks to the careful tending by our hosts), and the Las Vegas fen currently make up just under 10% of FAPA—more than that, if one counts those on the waitlist. Is this really a resurgence? Or are we just a freak occurrence of nature? A sport, perhaps, in the biological sense, or a throwback?

This is the fundamental question of existence: are we sports or throwbacks or just plain average?

### Arnie Katz

Resurgentism! Is this the birth of a bold new philosophy that combines elements of both



### Trufannishness and Insurgentism?

These are the questions that must now be bubbling through your minds.

Resurgentism, as I see it is, a fusion of time-honored fannish concepts for the 21st Century. Of course, I have notoriously weak eyes. You probably see it more clearly. Go with your instincts. Relief, in the enticing form of Aileen Forman, awaits...

### Aileen Forman

Well, I finally finished my frantic typing on my own computer and drove at break-neck speed to get here, only to type frantically on Arnie's computer. Ghod save me from any more computers!

OK, enough ranting.

My handsome husband introduced me to the faces behind the names that I have heard so often in the past few months. Charles Burbee - a much quieter man than I expected, he looks introspective and interesting. I look forward to finding him in a comfortable setting and actually getting him to talk. William Rotsler - I'm not sure why, but I envisioned him as a much older man. He sparkles with intelligence and wit. Him I don't have to get alone. I think he'll open up without gentle prying.

Cora Burbee - I didn't hear as much of her as



the others, since she's apparently not as active in fandom, but her smile is delightful. She seems like the perfect wife for such a gentle husband.

Robert Lichtman I met last year, and I was so delighted that he remembered me. As always, I find him to be a terrific listener, since I'm ashamed to say that something about him makes me ramble endlessly, and I don't let him get a word in edgewise. Art Widner I had also met at SilverCon I, and I was excited to hear that he was coming again. I guess that means he enjoyed himself last year. He immediately made me feel at ease, and I feel like he's an old friend. I love the stories he tells.



### Karl Kreder

I have met our guests of honor for **SilverCon II** and, me not knowing anything about them, I have to say I'm impressed. In case you didn't know, I don't know that much (if anything) about fanzines



or fans. Because of this fact I haven't the faintest idea of what they're talking about half the time. That has, not however, stopped me from listening to their conversations. But since I don't know what they're talking about I won't relate any of it here.

Well on another note **SilverCon II** is happening tomorrow. And it looks like we're going to do a lot better than last year. That is my prediction - and that is all for now.

# WHO?

William Rotsler  
Fan Guest of Honor  
SILVERCON

### Rotsler here:

This day started just fine. A stunningly beautiful Asian Southwest Air Lines clerk sent me off, I read John Varley, the plane didn't crash, they've published Rotsler's Rules, I'm a Guest of Honor, and now I'm talking to Charles Burbee, the one and only, something I've not done in far too many years. To know Burb is to love him, and I love him, wheelchair and all. But in truth, I'd rather talk to him than you. Nothing personal.

### Art Widner

The party is starting to break up but Bill is still talking to Burb (or was)—he just wandered and said "What?!, only one line?"—wch considerably inhibited me. But I thot that this evening looked like payback time between B&B. A year or so in YHOS Bill wrote a loc reminiscing about how he use to go over to Burbee's in the good ol' insurgent days and laugh until his jaws and cheeks were sore. Tonite Burb was very quiet while Rotsler talked and talked and told stories and Burbee britened up and laughed every now and then.

I was at a few of the legendary sessions in the long, long ago, but I was on the edge of gafiation and don't remember a whole lot about them, except that I was living with Laney for a while while I tried to find a house for my family in

the shortage of postwar LA.

I didnt have anything against the LASFS, but I never got around to attending a meeting in the seven years that I lived in the LA area, bcoz Laney introduced me to Burbee & the other Insurgents, whom I found lively and witty in contrast to other fen of the time. (I must except such people as Damon Knight and Fred Shroyer) Besides that, Burbee's first wife, Isabel, was a Cousin Jack (of Cornish extraction) who introduced me to the gustatory delights of Cornish pasties, wch she often made when the gang got together. She helped me to forget the wonderful wifely ministrations of Frances Nevada Swisher (among many prefeminist women who knew little of fandom and cared less, but thot it their "duty" to provide first class refreshments for their husbands' strange associates) and the fabulous pecan buns that she served at Stranger Club meetings in Boston, long before the Mighty NESFA came upon the scene.

On the other hand, this evening we have the outstanding spread of Joyce Worley Katz, who also does know and does care. Thank you Joyce.



### Joyce Katz

Ah, shucks.... thankee kindly. Actually, I've found that if I stuff my friends, sort of like taxidermed pets, they'll stay around longer, if only because they're in an overfed stupor. And, you just thought I was being friendly.

It's strange to be on the eve of a convention, with all the industry and adrenaline surging about me like wind-driven waves in a cesspool. I greatly anticipate the con. Yet so little of the expenditure of effort has real bearing on me. I have no intention of going to programmed events, except when Arnie is on a panel and I dutifully drag along, and the banquet. Oh, perhaps I'll glance at a costume, if someone parades past me in a hall. I'll not put cotton in my ears if the sounds of





filking waft down a corridor; I can handle it, even if they happen to be chanting about Art Widner's purple unicorns.

I think it's pretty impressive how tolerant I am. I will let those other fans convene, and I'll even permit them to talk about science fiction. If they must.

I've just finished reading **The Incomplete Burbee**. I wouldn't say it's made me belligerent though.

#### Arnie Katz

In which direction will fickle fannish fashion take the bustling, oh-so-hip Las Vegas All-Stars in the next 12 months? All fandom wants to know. Well, at least I want to know, and I'm the part of fandom at this key board.

In the past, I have chronicled the cargo cult-like behavior which has, at times, been observable among my Sin City colleagues.

How well I remember the days of Jack Speer worship. He made such a great impression on everyone at the 1992 Silvercon that, for months afterward, Jack Speer's name worked its way into a remarkable number of conversations. People would start arguing, raising their voices and gesticulating wildly, until someone would ponderously intone the one phrase that had the power to quell every discord, end every argument:

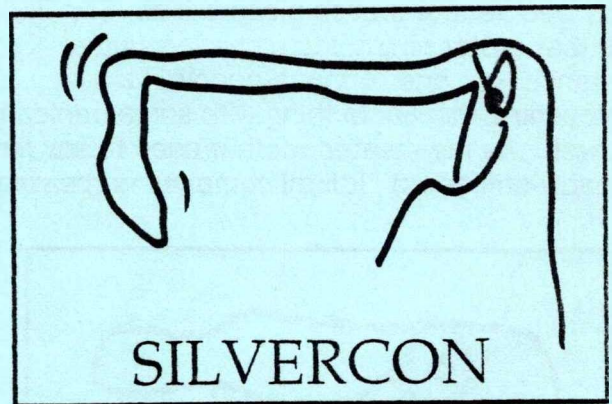


"What would Jack Speer think about this?"

Then it was the rush to join FAPA that has already put half-a-dozen Vegans into the group, with more to come.

These fads come and go, sometimes with blinding speed. I don't think it was more than two months that the mere mention of Avedon Carol could command the instant attention of a room full of generally self-absorbed and chaotic fans.

What will be next? The start of this very oneshot may contain the kind of clue trend-spotters love. Softened up by heavy-saturation exposure to



Burbee, they succumbed utterly to the charm or the inimitable (and still amiable) William Rotsler.

If my guess is right, all will now turn toward lightheaded frivolity in the hedonistic insurgent manner. At least for this month. Next month, it might be John Berry or Dean Grennell.

So if you've got any old Burbee, Laney, or Rotsler fanzines, you might want to arrange for a timely sale in the Las Vegas area. Act now, before the moment passes.

#### Woody Bernardi

Waay back there somewhere, Art said something about the party coming to an end. Well, I just got here about 20 minutes ago. In other words, Art wrote his comment well before I got here. Be assured, things are still going.

I'm not sure what I'm supposed to say, I've never been a part of a oneshot with such esteemed contributors.

I've been running around town all day, doing con things. (Yeas you've guessed it I'm the conchair.) I think that I'm going to go and get in the jacuzzi.

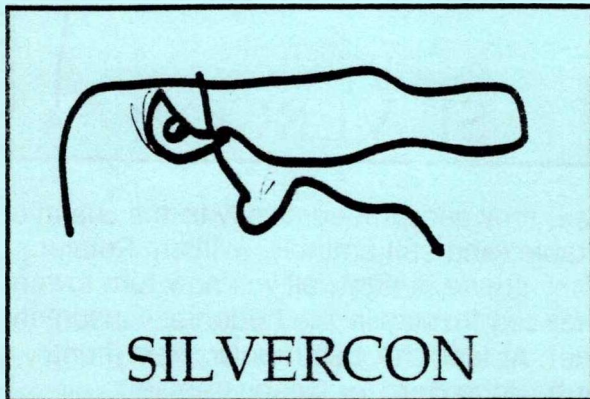
### John Hardin

Woody is now doing the big soak, Arnie and Karl Kreder and Bill Rotsler are regaling each other with horror tales from the entertainment industry and I am here, groping. Things are quieter now, as the party winds down to its logical conclusion.

Joyce is cleaning up a bit, a little damage control before everyone leaves, and she has to straighten up in earnest. She probably won't have to do too much, as we try to be good about helping out before we leave, but I still feel guilty because Joyce and Arnie always work so hard to throw a good party and provide for their guests.

SilverCon 2 is now less than 24 hours a day and anyone on the concom who says they're not at least a little bit nervous is a liar!

Last years' debacle left a lot of lurking fears. Many people feel that this con will be SNAFFU's acid test, determining the clubs' continued existence. As one of those people, I am approaching the whole thing with some trepidation. Oh, well. As my sainted mother used to say (and probably still does) "It'll all come out in the wash."



### Ken Forman

Traditions are often associated with events or celebrations and this is a useful thing. To have traditions allows a member of a society - or culture, subculture, etc. - to stop and concentrate on something else besides the event. Karl, John, and I are going to practice a SNAFFU tradition. We enjoy stunt kite flying; two line, fast, loud, stunt kite flying. The night before last year's SilverCon, I was freaking out since I was the con chairman.

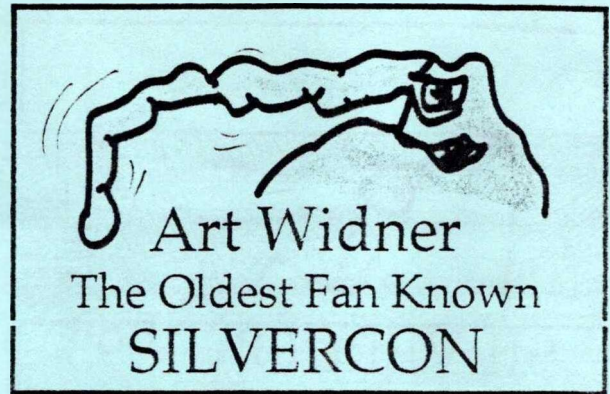
"Let's go fly," suggested Karl.

"It's 1am, Karl," I reminded him.

"So."

"It's dark."

"The kites are wind powered, not solar," was his comment.



To finish the story, we went flying, in the dark, the night before Silvercon 1. We continued the tradition by flying the night before we went to the '92 Westercon in Phoenix. And we are flying tonight, the night before Silvercon 2.

Ah, tradition. It's a good thing.

### Woody Bernardi

I've only just returned from the jacuzzi to explain myself. The jacuzzi relaxed me enough to be able to realize the purpose for my previous inanity: my mind is mush!

I waited 10 minutes for Ken to finish just so I could let you in on this fact.

### Arnie Katz

They're so cute when they worry. Every day leading up to the start of Silvercon 2 has brought con committee members its own distinctive trauma or fright.

That's one reason why I'm not on the con committee. (Another is that I'm lazy.) I leave the agonizing complexities of running even the smallest convention to those who will endure the contention, suspicion, and paranoia to pursue Ghu-knows-what dark drives.

Ken, John, Aileen, and Woody came over almost every night this week. They did a



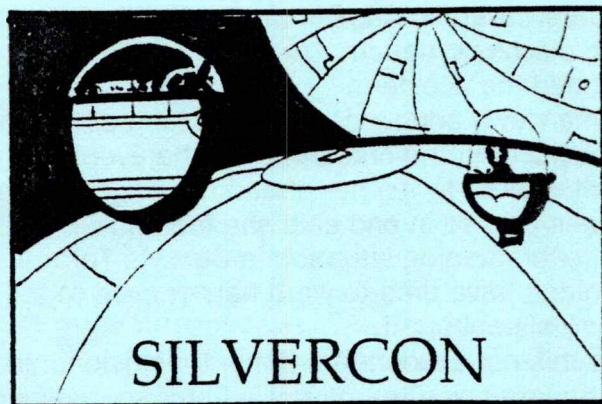


tremendous amount of proofreading and collating on **A Taste of FRAP** and **Rotsler's Rules**, helped me with **The Incomplete Burbee 35th Anniversary Edition**, and wrung their hands over the inevitable slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that rain upon every concom's parade.

The topper was their certainty that the verdict in the Rodney King trial would be delivered Thursday night. Stark terror etched lines in their sensitive fannish faces as they contemplated a repetition of last year's riots.

I think they can be forgiven for skipping over the catastrophic effects of widespread mob violence on the American social fabric to fret about the consequences to the Silvercon 2. The brief flare-up in Vegas had been enough to discourage some locals fans from leaving their homes for a couple of days, and the unrest probably held down attendance from Los Angeles, too.

I was never worried. I had no proof, so it would have been ridiculous to make assurances, but I was sure that the verdict wouldn't be announced on Thursday afternoon. When you're trying to

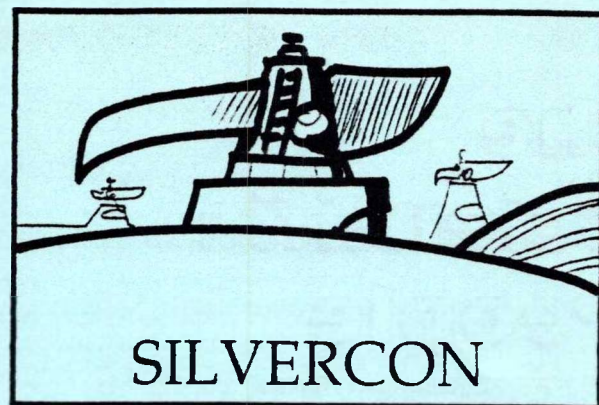


prevent a riot, you don't risk striking the spark right before the weekend. People are much more amenable to rioting, protesting, and other forms of group action when it allows them to stretch a weekend into a three-day mini-vacation. Somehow, I think the court will find a way to delay the reading of the verdict to a Monday or Tuesday afternoon.

We have Lichtman his copies of **A Taste of Frap**. He opened one and promptly found a typo. Maybe it's the only one in the book.

That's what we get for honoring such a literate and perspicacious individual. Next time, we'll pick someone who is worthy, but doesn't know how many "p"s there are in "peppermint".

**Rotsler's Rules** was the first saddle stapled



fanzine I've ever produced. It only occurred to be to check the positioning of the foldline after I'd run off a few pages. Wouldn't you know it: page 3 bled into the margin.

The Mainspring, Ken Forman took charge at that point. Within minutes, he had the situation under control. He dispatched me to the Gestetner copier to rerun the defective pages. Assured that I was working diligently, he retired to the jacuzzi to meditate on the future of fandom.

Soon he returned, though, and set up **Rotsler's Rules** Repair Center No. 1. Aileen, Karl, John, and Dave Pacorny unstapled copies, substituted the correct sheet, stapled, and folded 200 copies with speed and efficiency worth of the Publishing Giants of old.

The midnight hour struck, the remaining guests except Art Widner (who is using our guest room) left, and Slugger the cat, teeth and claws tired from a strenuous workout on the fans, settled down for restorative sleep.

That leaves me sitting at the keyboard, exactly where I began the party. Except that now, I'm hunting for a last line.

If I find it, you'll be the first to know.

Meanwhile, greetings from the Vegas All-Stars!

### About the Artwork

This issue of **Wild Heirs** is lavishly illustrated by William Rotsler, fandom's only indispensable man. They are the badges he created for Silvercon 2. Actually, he did quite a few more than we're using, but those are personalized for folks who, although no doubt sterling, were not part of the frenzied gesthalt that is **Wild Heirs**

# The Scientific People of Snaffu By Joyce Katz

This article is dedicated to Charles Burbee.

The science fictions fans of Las Vegas are very scientific people. Oh, yes. They understand about motors, and rockets, and gears, and wheels. They know about minerals and flora and fauna.

Quite a few of them, however, seem to have their ears cocked to a different sound: the quiet shuffle of tarot cards, the swish of the reader's fingers over their palms, the chants and spells of the witch's coven.

Yes, it's true. These Very Scientific Folk, whom all of fandom probably envision as raptly engrossed in the creation of robots and super vehicles and planes with swept back wings, have their heads up quite another, darker corridor.

It started innocently enough. A club mainspring carved a few runes onto a staff. Several members collected crystals. Next, a few mid-winter tarot readings, "just for fun", during Socials. I thought, how nice, and dragged out my ESP test cards. Well, that didn't go over. Once a few of them had tried to determine if they were clairvoyant, telepathic, or possessing any wild talent whatsoever, the ESP cards were scorned. Facts and tests (which might, after all, prove their fantasies unreal) were not what these scientific folk were hunting.

I set my face in a mask of quiet rebellion to their chatter. Not that anyone noticed, apparently. One young thing, brightly avowing her great sensitivity to others' spirits was so unable to read my disbelief, continued to preach her own talents to me.

Next, a witches coven formed, right in the middle of these most scientific people. No, I kid you not: the chanting and posturing became more intense, as spells and incantations were tossed about like so many screws loose in an airplane

factory.

First one showed up wearing the pentagram that marked involvement with these activities. Soon the mark of the beast was seen around many necks. Even the sweetest, most gentle mom-ish fan bore the stigmata, all the while avowing her skepticism, yet nonetheless wearing the token. I kept a careful eye on my cats to make sure they didn't end up in the middle of some witch's broth.

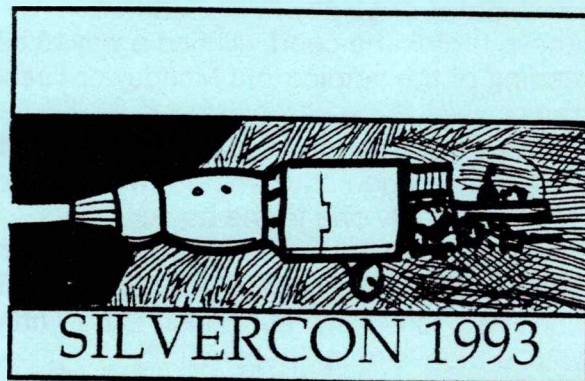
Discussions of psychic visions dominate many conversations. When Arnie's father died, one seeress announced she had known it, because she had read the flux in biorhythms. I was impressed. She'd never met the man, nor seen him, and he was in a distant city. I believe it must have been her great sensitivity and desire not to intrude on the family's private grief that kept her from calling Arnie when the event actually happened.

They tell me they have talent, these visionaries. In fact, they just recently put themselves to a great test of psychic skill, albeit perhaps a little after the fact. When Becky Milford was hit by the car, pronounced dead at the scene, later revived, and her baby saved by Caesarian section, there was much discussion about the portents that had preceded the accident.

One clown announced at a Social that he read the accident in the cards prior to the event, but hadn't wanted to tell her about it. A bright young Seeress chimed in and said she too had witnessed the life-threatening situation in Becky's Tarot, but she didn't have time to warn her, or even to tell anyone else about it.

Is this not a wonderful thing, that visions and insights are filling the otherwise empty cavities on top of the shoulders of these gentle folk? Is it not an amazing occurrence, for so much psychic talent to fire itself in one small club?

I must tell you, I'm in awe.



# I Slapped A 10-Year-Old Boy at a Fan Social By Bill Kunkel



He had been sitting in that chair in front of the video game station for the entirety of every social I had ever been to. A 10-year old among nominal adults, holding sway over the video games, insulting and abusing anyone who tried to play against him.

"I'm an expert at this game," he'd crow, "and you're not very good."

If the adult player makes a mistake, the kid gloats like a... like a kid! "Boy, you really STINK! Don't you know how to do ANYTHING?"

Before long, he is back to playing solitaire.

I had watched all this for over a year, the pressure growing in my brain like a tumor. I had to slap him down -- metaphorically, of course. And when I saw him slip in a copy of the Genesis version of NHLPA Hockey, I knew I had my pigeon in the coop.

"Wanna play?" I asked casually, feigning indifference. I'd cast the hook, but would he bite?

"Okay," he responded, and we started playing. It was a slaughter. I was magnanimous in my total domination, scoring only two goals out of a dozen opportunities. But what really freaked this kid out was going offsidés. He didn't know enough about hockey to understand the rule.

"The puck's gotta cross the blue line before your player's in the attacking zone," I explained several times.

He turned to glare at me: "I want to FIGHT you!" he said through gritted teeth. I wasn't sure if we were speaking in simulation terms or not, but I explained that fighting had very little impact on the actual game results.

"I-WANT-TO-FIGHT-YOU," he repeated, blood in his tiny eye.

Two seconds later he rushed over the blue line offsidés for the twelve skillionth time, and he was fuming. I, meanwhile, was having trouble with my joystick, so I paused the game.

And the kid actually reached over to my controller and turned the game back on.

"Leave that alone, man," I told him, finally getting hot. I paused it again and, damn if he wasn't reaching again to turn it back on.

"Look, dude, I'm checking something on my stick, so keep your hands off it!" That's when things started to

lose the center. "Do you get hit much?" I demanded. "Do you?"

"No."

"Well you should be. You should be hit hard and often."

And then he said the magic word: "Faggot!"

I reached over, shoved his shoulder and stuck my finger in his face: "Watch your language with me you little jerk!"

And then he did the most improbable thing of all: he swung on me, full force, across the side of my face. The next thing I remember was the sweet sound of my hand meeting the side of his face. I was simultaneously infuriated and ashamed and I left.

On the ride home, I thought about my own youth. By the age of 10, I had developed a repertoire of facial expressions guaranteed to drive any adult to tenth level black belt rage. I recalled one occasion when some of the younger kids had crawled into the back of a pickup truck. I got up on the running board and ordered them out -- just as the owner, a stiff-assed kraut, came around the corner. He didn't see the kids but he sure saw me. I tried to explain, but armed with the knowledge that I was in the right, I also let him have one of my most irritating grins.

Wham! He caught me right in the chops. Enraged, I stormed around the block toward home, encountering my assailant's wife along the way.

"What's wrong, Billy?" she asked.

"There's gonna be trouble," I assured her. "LAW trouble!"

There wasn't any law trouble, of course, but my mother scared the hell out of the guy who hit me. And suddenly I felt a kinship with the 10-year old I had previously regarded only from a negative viewpoint.

But if he calls me a faggot again, I'll put his head through the monitor.

Kunkel

Watch for  
Wild Heirs  
It WILL Return!

# Sketchy Information

**By Arnie katz**

Joyce and I encountered Las Vegas Fandom shortly after we returned to fan activity in summer 1990. Like Columbus discovering America – or Costa Rica, as sticklers for truth contend – we stumbled on a going concern.

SNAFFU (Southern Nevada Fantasy Fiction Union) held meetings almost every week, alternating formal meetings and gaming sessions. The club owned a library of science fiction and fantasy books and published a monthly club newsletter. Virtually isolated from the rest of fandom, Las Vegas created its own fan-world with several dozen participants.

True, they knew not fanzines nor national (and international) fandom. Joyce and I were their first real contacts with the rest of the hobby.

I started writing about this fascinating collection of personalities from the first day. Like most fannish fans. I write a lot about the people and events around me. If you can't be funny, make funny friends.

I also thought that seeing their names in print would work its subtle charm on some of these newly met folks. It did and it didn't. I detected the sudden heightening of attention, that flair of nostrils that marks the egoboo hound in a few of the locals.

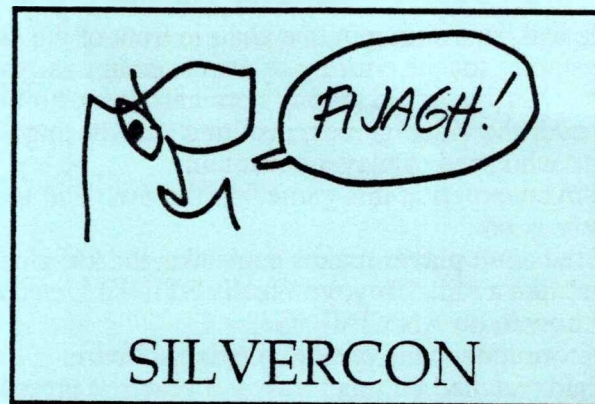
There were others who took a wariier view. Over-sensitivity, coupled with ignorance of fandom, made their reactions unpredictable. I never knew what innocent quip might grievously puncture a tender ego.

One such comment was that the classic fan types were all to be found in Las Vegas. This led to a digression about fan archetypes in which I listed some, including the Sexually Aggressive Fat Girl.

A few weeks later, another fan confided that my remark had wounded one of the women in the club.

"No," I said, after I had tried in vain to guess the injured party's identity. He named one of the group's most prominent members.

"But she's not *that* sexually aggressive," I said.



I have been a fan a longtime and have known more than one femmefan whose greeting is an affectionate squeeze below the belt. I wouldn't describe this particular fan as more than flirtatious. "She's happily married and everything."

"That's true," he said. "But she was hurt."

I said as much to my informant.

"Well, she was really hurt," he insisted. "That part about being fat, especially."

"But I didn't have her in mind!" I said. "And you can't say she's fat" I said. "She's the right weight for her height, one of the best-looking women in the Vegas fandom."

"No, she's not fat," he conceded. "But she was hurt."

The way Las Vegas Fandom has exploded onto the scene has encouraged unwarranted skepticism about their existence.

The more I write about them, the more people charge me with making up all of them. Even the appearance of such enthusiastic young fanzines as **Doodle•Bug** and **Dalmatian Alley**, not to mention FAPazines like **Marquee** and **Night Music**, has not silence such speculations.

So this article is intended to set matters straight. The Vegas All-Stars are real, no matter how much they may sound like characters from optimistic faan fiction.

I tell you all this, because I want you to understand that I am taking considerable risk in following a hallowed oneshot tradition and writing little character sketches of the notable participants.

Now is clearly the time for such character studies. A bunch of them came over last night to help collate and proofread, and John Hardin's readings from Burbee ignited insurgentism in more than one fannish breast.

Ken Forman is the logical person to discuss first. His place in local fandom has earned him the nickname Mainspring. He's an incredibly tall, semi-athletic guy in his early 30s. Ken recently returned to college and is closing in on a degree in environmental science, which goes nicely with his professed Druidic beliefs. He likes to stand near trees, but is otherwise quite sociable.

Aileen Forman has resisted all attempts to saddle her with a nickname. On the other hand, she has no compunction about saddling her horse with a rider. (The Forman's also have a Dalmatian and a ferret and there may even be a cat in there somewhere. Maybe two cats. The menageries excites Joyce's allergies so alarmingly that I am seldom in the Forman's pleasant home in Southeast Las Vegas long enough to take an animal census. I'd tell you about Aileen's glorious red hair, but our only genuine casino card dealer (Las Vegas Hilton) has just trimmed it Stylishly Short. This sketch is, therefore, being written under protest.

John Hardin was in temporary exile in Texas when we joined Vegas Fandom, but he's become one of my favorite local fans since his return. I've tried to come up with a nickname for him, but in vain. I thought Rock would do, since John is a very sensible person who rarely loses his temper or perspective, but Rock Hardin sounded like an actor in an adult movie. Incidentally, his middle name is Wesley, and he is a relative of the outlaw celebrated, in among other things, the song "John Wesley Harding". (John has generally not retaliated by calling the composer of this epic Robby Dolan). Nevertheless, you can't discount heredity, so we are watching Mr. Hardin.

Laurie Yates got the fanzine bug first of all the locals. The Elf, as her boyfriend Bill Kunkel dubbed her, has aspirations as a writer and editor that she has already begun to fulfill. Short, cute, and slightly zoftic, Laurie is generous and helpful, a very sweet person who has begun to flower in her mid-20s.

I could tell you about Bill Kunkel. Bill Kunkel the

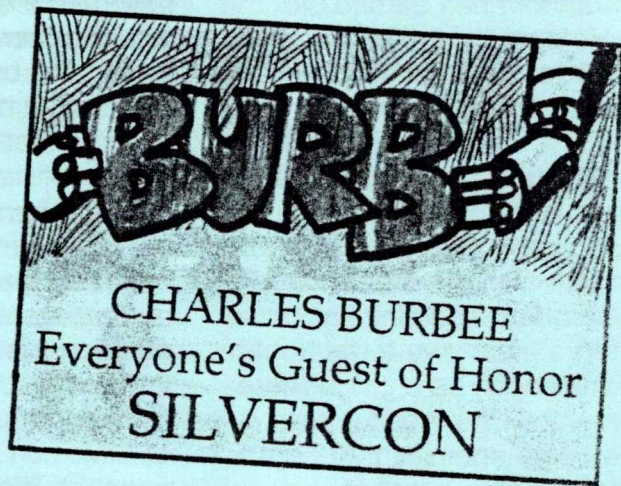
Instant Artist. Bill Kunkel the Pro Wrestling DemiGod. Bill Kunkel – but what's the use. What mere paragraph could do justice to the Laney of the Nineties? Besides, it's grist for a whole article, maybe next week.

Peggy Burke might be a good person with whom to share an attempt at post-nuclear holocaust survival. Not only is she young, pretty, and ebullient, but she is rumored to have a collection of over 80 guns.

If Jophan came to life, he would be Woody Bernardi. Well, at least he would be if the process gave him a solid knock on the head and caused a little disorientation. I wouldn't say that Woody's memory is bad, but he usually forgets the name of the person he's talking to before the end of the conversation. Truly, he embodies most of the virtues Willis and Shaw ascribed to the hero of "The Enchanted Duplicator", so we cherish him dearly and remain patient when he absent-mindedly leaves behind huge stacks of personal belongings after every visit. I am not supposed to mention that he asked Jack Speer if he was in FAPA at last year's Silvercon FAPA party, as Jack collated an issue of **Synapse**. And as the chairman of Silvercon 2, the event which has spawned this oneshot, Woody is a fan of substance whose wishes must be respected. Now that the government has let him drive again and the phone company is mulling the possibility of restoring his calling privileges, Woody is poised to enter his glory days as a Vegas fan.

Karl Kreder is squeamish about being mentioned in print, even though he is not the sexually aggressive fat girl to whom I earlier alluded. To the contrary, he is a tall, handsome young man who wants to teach high school history. His female students will pass notes about him during class and giggle nervously when his name is mentioned.





CHARLES BURBEE  
Everyone's Guest of Honor  
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