

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY



Chris Garcia Wins TAFF!

Chris Garcia has polled the majority of the 174 votes cast in the 2008 Trans Atlantic Fan Fund election. Administrators Suzle Tompkins and Bridget Bradshaw made the announcement.

Chris will attend the British National Convention over the Easter weekend in 2008.

VFW will have a breakdown of the results when they become available.

Vegrants to Hold Special Meeting!

At the December 1 meeting of Las Vegrants, most of the 13 attendees expressed the desire to get together between then and the New Year's Open House. So the informal, invitational group has scheduled a meeting for December 22 at the usual 7:30 PM time.

Merric Anderson Breaks Fannish Cherry!

The Earth Shakes and the planets wander from their celestial courses! Life *as we know it* will cease to exist!

You've heard the rumors; now read the incredible facts: Merric Anderson has committed two certified instances of fanac. Las Vegrants' lovable sideliners has suddenly decided to Get into the Game.

The first thing he did was produce an unofficial commercial for the 2008 Westercon, scheduled for the July 4th weekend in Las Vegas under the sponsorship of those amiable California carpetbaggers, James & Kathryn Daugherty. You can see it at www.cineholics.com

Merric and his lovely and talented wife Lubov have also decided to sponsor a regional convention in Las Vegas in April, 2009. Called Xanadu, it is still coalescing into a concrete proposition. So far, Merric has declared his intention to make it a weekend-long party, but he is also planning a variety of events including programming that focuses on technology. We'll have more details as Merric divulges them.

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Third Annish

The results are in!

Chris Garcia has won the 2008 TAFF election, reportedly by an impressive majority. Competing against an array of three candidates, Chris Garcia has emerged as North American Fandom's emissary to the 2008 Eastercon next April. As one of Chris' nominators and an enthusiastic supporter of his candidacy, I'm delighted that UK fans will now get to enjoy the experience of meeting this fannish dynamo.

And to think, he accomplished this feat, winning out over Ghu-knows-what smoffish conspiracies, despite the failure of the Christopher J. Garcia Fannish Sex Change Fund. Chris has beaten not just three other fans, but the Gender Factor itself!

Admittedly, it is possible that some of the votes for Chris were in expectation of the success of the Fund. In that case, I extend my sincerest regrets to male British fans (and perhaps some of the female ones) for this disappointment. On the other hand, I am sure the female British fans (and perhaps a few of the male ones) will enjoy the Unmodified Chris Garcia. He drinks, you know.

That Chris was able to overcome this weakness in his candidacy, as well as the defect in taste that causes him to praise the 2007 Hugos, speaks volumes for his good points. His writing, publishing and other fanac merit the honor of winning the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. His effervescent personality and spirit of adventure are sure to make him worthy as a guest in Britain next spring.

Congratulations, Chris! Well-done, indeed!

OK, now that that's out of the way, let's take up the far more intriguing question: Now that we are sending Chris to the UK, should we bring him back?

— Arnie

Vegas Fandom Weekly #103, Volume 4 Number 1, December 8, 2007, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; Email: crossfire4@cox.net; phone: 702-648-5677).

Special Thanks to Bill Burns (Posting), David Gordon (Mountaineering Consultant), Alan White (Designated Arty Fella), Bill Mills (Technical Advisor), Joe Fillinger (Fanhistorian), Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More).

Reporters this issue: Robert Lichtman, James Taylor, James Willey, Guy Lillian, Charlotte Proctor, Linda Bushyager and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Alan White (cover,), Brad Foster (3), Ray Nelson (4), Steve Stiles (9), Joe Fillinger (10, 11, 12), David Dyer-Bennet (17, 18), Geri Sullivan (17), Ross Chamberlain (24) and all else by Bill Rotsler.

Columnists This Issue: Shelby Vick, John Purcell, Warren Buff, Bill Mills, Ross Chamberlain

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at efanzines.com and LasVegranths.com. No Southern Belles were wrung out during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Corflu Silver in 2008!

The Truth about NYDAHL'S DISEASE! Katzenjammer

Of all the scourges that may potentially ravage fans, the most infamous is the dread malady known as Nydahl's Disease. Despite its rarity, Nydahl's Disease has become a frightening specter that fan moms often use to cow rambunctious neofans and make them eat their crottled greeps.

The illness is named for its first and still most famous victim, Joel Nydahl. When Lee Hoffman announced that she was folding *Quandry* after its 30th issue, a newish, 12-year-old fan named Joel Nydahl tried to keep those early 1950's good times rolling with *Vega*. He published monthly and it wasn't long before *Vega* had corralled many of the top writers and artists of Sixth Fandom and made *Vega* a surprisingly potent successor to the legendary *Q*.



Even back then, when teenaged neofans – Robert Silverberg, Ted White et al – were more common, this was pretty heady stuff for young Nydahl. Flushed with success, he decided to make *Vega*'s first annish memorable. The resulting 100-page issue certainly ranks as one of the most impressive single issues of any fanzine.

And then...

And then...

Uh-oh.. Gafia!

Publishing Jiant Joel Nydahl had done the fannish equivalent of the Indian fakir who climbs to the top of a magically suspended rope and disappears when he reaches the top.

It amazing how many fans gafiate and still, somehow, manage to maintain a tenuous connection to Fandom. Joel Nydahl eventually made his story known, a lesson for all fanzine editors who might be tempted to follow the example of the VegAnnish.

The disease developed slowly, almost undetectably, over a period of months. Perhaps if Joel had lived in a big fan center like New York or Los Angles, someone who saw the telltale symptoms would've been able to stop this forced march to gafia. But no such rescuer was at hand, so the disease crept into him, seeped into him until it manifested its full virulence and took him out of Fandom.

The main causes of Nydahl's Disease are negative cash flow and over-extension of credit. In Joel Nydahl's case, monthly publication of a sizable fanzine exceeded his financial resources. After all, he was 12-13 years old with very little discretionary income.

Unusual for that day, Joel Nydahl didn't have his own mimeograph with which to duplicate *Vega*. Like today's copy shop boys, he employed a local mimeographing service. He fell a little more behind with each issue, but the mimeo shop carried his account, because he was a regular customer (and an extremely bright and likeable young fellow).

The huge size of the VegAnnish, the equivalent of three issues at once, blew the debt out of reach. Nydahl's fanac collapsed under the financial pressure. *Vega* went from focal point to fanhistory and Nydahl, unable to publish, was forced to find other outlets for his fine mind.

When I told a few friends that I intended to do a very large 100th issue to celebrate *VFW*'s milestone, skip-



Continued on next page

ticism and dire predictions came flying back at me. Warnings about Nydahl Disease multiplied as helpful friends tried to protect me from possible infection.

It was sweet, in a way. I was touched by having so many people worry about my fannish health and welfare. Frankly, I never gave it much thought. I listened, and I noted their warnings, but I never experienced even a moment of wavering. I no sooner finished *VFW #100* than I went right into #101. And the same day I sent that to Joyce for proofreading, I began work on this issue.

What, me gafiante?

Not happening.

Now that the danger is past, I've had time to ruminate on the subject of Nydahl's Disease and why I am apparently impervious to it.

I credit electronic publishing for my immunity. Computers have their own, special virus problems, but one they never get is Nydahl's Disease. Switching to digital publishing is a never-fail preventative, the ultimate vaccine. And you don't even have to think about a hypodermic puncturing your precious skin.

Electronics take the financial stress out of fanzine publishing. You can't build up a crushing debt, because expenses are nearly non-existent. You don't have to pay for duplicating, collating or mailing. If you have a computer, a copy of *Acrobat* and maybe DTP software, you're set.

Another way that electronic publishing prevents this lethal malady is that it takes the monotonous physical work out of doing a fanzine. Back when fanzine editors actually produced their fanzines rather than turning them over to a copy shop, it was common for fans to have a half-completed issue stuck in the closet or the basement. Dan Stefan and Ted White's *Blat!* made a good thing out of rescuing undistributed fanzines like Frank Lunney's *Syndrome*.

That's because the fanzine editor is at his weakest and most vulnerable immediately after completing the

creative work of producing the issue. In the old days, the fanned still faced collating, stapling, enveloping and posting. That's a lot of work for someone who has just shot their creative bolt, particularly if it's an unusually large issue.

Yet here I am, working on about my fourth fanzine since *VFW #100* with no signs of Nydahl's Disease!

What a wonderful Fandom this is in which we live.

-- Arnie



Corflu Silver Info

Corflu Silver will be held April 25, 26 and 27, 2008, at the Plaza Hotel, One Main Street, Las Vegas, NV 89101. Room rates are \$35 per midweek night (Monday-Thursday) and \$72 per Friday, Saturday & Sunday. Reservations must be made prior to **March 22, 2008** in order to obtain the special Corflu rate; after that date, the regular room rates will apply. Telephone 800-634-6575 for hotel reservations, and mention Corflu.

Membership is \$60 attending (£35). Send checks payable to Joyce Katz to 909 EUGENE CERNAN ST., Las Vegas, NV, 89145, USA.

You can also submit funds via Paypal. It's a good idea to send me (Joyce) an email to let me know that you've done this.

The name of the account is Joyce Marie Katz. Email for the account is JoyceWorley1@cox.net.

Going MY WAY KJ Annex

Now that I've established my immunity to Nydahl's Disease, it forces me to ponder the vagaries of my own faanish demise. I plan to stick around Fandom and, indeed, This Mortal Coil for a long time yet, but every story has its end.

As a former gafiate who stayed gone 14 years and then realized the error of his ways, I don't think I'm likely to put myself through a second estrangement from Fandom. It could happen if I got involved in an energy-sapping, interminable fan feud or develop some kind of seriously debilitating illness or condition, but a conscious decision to gafiate is highly unlikely. (In other words, you're probably stuck with me for the duration.)

Still, there's one gafia-related fear that has dogged me for nearly two decades. It seems all the more dangerous to me, because it's closely connected with what I see as my main strength as a Core Fandomite: I am an extremely prolific writer. The upside is that, when stuck for an article that completes a fanzine in just the right way, I can usually count on myself to concoct one.

The downside is that sometimes the Creative Urge gets in the way of nuts-and-bolts activity like finishing a fanzine, catching up on correspondence and posting to listservs and websites, I think fans have come to understand those hiccups in my otherwise-orderly fanlife.

In the past, however, I have experienced an extreme form of this condition. I start writing more and more, but also thinking of more and more ideas. The result is that I eventually end up with about a dozen half-finished essays, faan fiction stories and other examples of fannish prose. When that hot streak ends, inevitably with everything short of completion, it leaves me depleted and enervated. If something Very Bad were to happen to me, relative to Fandom at such a vulnerable time, I won't be responsible for the consequences.

The preponderance of evidence leads inexorably to the conclusion that I am most likely to leave Fandom involuntarily, as a result of accident or illness.

There's not much I can do about my Final Moments if I'm conked with a falling safe or run over by OJ's limo, but the faan fictioneer in me would like to ginger up that final, touching moment to make it more memorable and dramatic than it is likely to be without such preparation.

I wouldn't want to risk one of those Lupe Velez scenes, so I won't even attempt to choreograph the whole tender scene. Lupe, who starred in a series of "Mexican Spitfire" B movies, decided her career was over and wanted to die in a manner befitting a Hollywood star. She dressed in white lace, took a zillion pills and arranged herself on the death bed. Alas, her final meal and pills combined violently in her stomach and she had to rush from the bed to the toilet to vomit. They found her with her head stuck in the bowl.

Yet I feel obligated to come up with some memorable Fannish Last Words. Obligated, but somewhat unwilling to expend the effort that may be wasted. No, I haven't suddenly embraced the delusion that I am immortal. Rather, it's that I've never understood how you know when its time for those Last Words.

I visualize a desiccated and withered Arnie Katz, lying on his deathbed, about to be claimed by Extreme Old Age. I raise one bony finger and, in a whispery, cracked voice say whatever deathless remark I have prepared for the occasion. The hand drops, there is a big exhalation of air and...

... I start to feel better. Only a little better, but I look around at those doctors, nurses and BNFs who ring the bed. I smile. Then, this brief rally ends as suddenly as it began.

Once more I am at Death's Door.

The End is Now at Hand.

So, what am I supposed to do? Should I just let my previous Last Words stand or repeat my Final Quip?

Or am I obliged to have a second, equally deathless epigram prepared for this eventuality? What if I rally two or three times? How many reserve quips must I have ready?

Until someone answers these questions, I guess I'll just have to Wing It.

— Arnie

Now & Again

And in This CORNER...

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, prepare yourself for the match of the century!”

A young fan nudged his older companion. “Hey, the Match of the Century! This is gonna be great!”

“Yeah, sure,” responded the cynical fan. “They Always have a Match of the Century! Nobody’d pay big bucks just to see an ordinary match.”

“Oh! . . . Well, we’ll see.”

“And now,” the announcer continued, “approaching the ring is the World Champion, ‘E’ Zine!”

To a round of cheers – and a few Boohs, the champion came down the aisle, waving to the crowd, smiling broadly.

“From the other side,” the announcer continued, “the ex-champion, ‘Paper’ Zine!” Again, cheers and boohs as the ex-champion came down the aisle, smiling and waving.

“He looks much larger,” the young fan commented.

“Yeah, but ‘E’ is fast,” said his companion. “‘E’ can zap around the world in a second. ‘Paper’ has to resort to snailmail.”

“Oh. . . .”

The announcer said, “Managing ‘Paper’ is the inestimable Robert ‘Don’t Call Me Bob’ Lichtman!”

Lichtman bowed to the usual cheers and boos. “And managing ‘E’ Zine is Arnie ‘Weekly’ Katz!”

“Spell that ‘weakly’ with an ‘a’!” someone in the audience jeered. Again, cheers and boos.

“With the same last name, they must be related,” guessed the young fan.

“Worst kinda feud,” agreed his older partner.

The referee brought the two contenders into the middle of the ring. “No fouls, gentlemen,” he said.

“Break when I order it.”

“I’ll break *him!*” Paper said, which was greeted with cheers from the audience. “He’s no champion! I’ve got Trap Door, Challenger, and so many more!”

“Ha!” E said with a sneer. “I outnumber you more than a hundred to one! I can cover the world in the time it takes you to slip into an envelope!”

“Yeah, and the world is full of dirt, but that don’t make dirt champion!”

“Why, you—“

“Gentlemen! Let’s save this for the match. Back to your corners,” the referee ordered.

At the sound of the bell, the two combatants cautiously approached each others.

“I’ll smack you!” Paper threatened.

In response, E dashed in, jabbed Paper in the belly and zipped back, to a roar of approval from the audience. Reaching behind him, Paper pulled out a metal staple, the size of a horseshoe because of proportion, and poked it at E, who trembled. “Straight from the Staple Wars!” Paper declared.



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“Foul!” Arnie shouted. “Paper knows how metal affects E’s electrodes!”

The referee agreed.

“I have writings by the Father of Fandom, Bob Tucker!” Paper declared, with vengeful satisfaction.

“Right back atcha!” E countered. “Some of his last writings, in fact!”

“I have letters from Robert Bloch!”

With sneering viciousness, E shot back, “I have letters from Robert Lichtman!”

Crushed, Paper looked at his manager, who shrugged helplessly. “I can’t help it! I write to ANY fanzine.”

“I’ll smother you with my LoCs!” Paper screamed.

“I’ll hit back with my listservs!” E countered.

“If you can use listservs, I’ll bring out my big gun!” Paper shouted, nodding at Lichtman. At a wave from Lichtman, something huge and formidable made its way down the aisle.

Pulp Mags!

“That has-been!” snarled E. “I counter with Trufen Aberrant Dreams, Vegas Fandom Weekly, Fanac and Planetary Stories!”

Electric tension filled the air. Soon the auditorium was packed, and fans started fighting among



themselves.

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Afterwards, the young fan said, “Who won?”

“Who cares?” his partner said. “We all had fun!”

“...And,” he added, slyly, “I snatched Paper’s metal staple!”

They both laughed. — Shelby Vick

Fannish Links

LasVegrants.com

This would be the official site of Las Vegrants, Las Vegas’ informal, invitational fan club, if the club had anything official. Bill Mills is the genial host.

TheVoicesOfFandom.com

Bill Mills covers Fandom in sound and images on this often fascinating video and audio site..

Cineholics.com

Alan White runs this increasingly interesting site that reports on the doings of the film-oriented Vas Vegas club.

Efanzines.com

Bill Burns operates the free online fanzine newsstand.

Fanac.org

This large and varied site has a lot of information about Fandom as well as archives of some excellent old fanzines.

Phlizz

Chuck Connor is doing a very innovative and entertaining site-based ezine.

SNAFFU.org

I used to be a fulltime artist, but these days I work in a bookstore along with the writers, musicians, composers, dancers, and actors (as many of you are aware of, there seems to be a recession in these areas of employment, but we all know it's only temporary).

I lucked out when I stumbled into this job (the manager and I both thought The Stranglers were a great rock group); it's a nice place, with pleasant staff and management, a decent salary and generous employee discounts, much better than the corporate chains. As a book person, I am Brer Rabbit thrown into the briar patch.

I originally didn't know how I'd get along in retail, but it turns out I enjoy dealing with customers. Particularly customers who appreciate our stock and prices, and they all do. It's just satisfying to ring up a sale for someone who's happy with his or her purchase. I imagine much more so than if I were selling vacuum cleaners, codfish, or auto parts. All in all, our customers are quite an agreeable lot.

Except for the pond scum. There are some people who shouldn't be allowed out of the house without a leash and muzzle. And then there are those who are merely annoying; I can think of three in particular: The Giggly Idiot, The Smelly Demanding Old Man, and the self-billed Afro-Centerist Feminist (hey, Euro-Americans, did you know that slavery was *wrong*? Yeah, sure, you *say* you do, but the ACF knows you are *lying* and will lecture you about it for a very, *very* long time).

Variations of these types pop up in every area of retail (maybe gun shops are the exception); we learn to deal with them. But I have a problem that may be out of the norm: one of our store's customers is an ex-girlfriend.

Okay, I know that dating almost always finally entails rejection; it's part of the process, it's a matter of people trying on other people for size until (hopefully) just the right fit is ultimately found. Yes, the right peg for the right hole. Rejection need not be taken personally, although it can hurt for a while when the locks get changed. Also if she keeps your paperbacks and record albums. But ending a dating or sexual relationship need not mean the end of a friendship, as my many women friends will tell you.

However, with certain women I throw this noble bullshit right out the window!

Such is the case with the woman I call Susan E.

This all happened in 1976. I was recovering from a traumatic breakup months earlier that had cost me my job and apartment in New York, and also most of my self esteem. As Prince Charming I thought I was just a toad, perhaps one that had been repeatedly run over by an automobile. Fortunately, there was one piece of good luck; I had managed to land a job freelancing for Marvel's British comics, and so decided to move to Baltimore for a change of pace and the cheaper rents.

And in the fall I started dating again. Susan and I seemed to be getting along quite well; she seemed to like me, we seemed to be on the same wavelength as far as tastes and attitudes were concerned, and we seemed to have a good time each time we went out together. I really liked her.

However, after six dates, it seemed we were still on the platonic level and copulation was a mere hump on the far horizon. Susan explained that she was an Old Fashioned Girl and preferred to take things slowly.

That was fine with the Squashed Toad; frankly my libido was barely twitching; all I wanted at the time was a woman's warm company –and maybe just a little appreciation as a worthwhile man. I took her at her word while hoping that a closer relationship would develop.

(As the King of the Feminists I've always been a very considerate guy!)

When Susan E. invited me over to her apartment for Thanksgiving dinner, I took that as a good sign.

Until I got there, where I was introduced to another man, someone who had the good looks of rock star, say Jim Morrison. During the course of the meal he French kissed her repeatedly, caressed her breasts under her blouse, caressed her in other places below the table. Susan E. didn't seem to mind in the slightest; just a typical Thanksgiving for the Old Fashioned Girl!

Continued on next page



I left as soon as possible; I really didn't have much of an appetite for turkey, in fact I rather identified with the bird. When I reached the street I threw up in the gutter.

When I got home my considerate roommate filled me with various mood altering substances, including two or three brandies, phoned Mary Mueller and Larry Carmody in New York, and then poured me onto a train headed there.

That was thirty one years ago. After that, I had better times with *nice* women –i.e. they had normal human values—and eventually met Elaine, who has been my wife for twenty six years. All's well that ends well.

Except that it still tormented me: *Why* did she do that? *Why* did she *do* that? *Why* did she do *that*? I mean, there are kinder, more traditional methods of shedding a relationship, one's that usually involves the standard speech that ends with "and we'll always be friends," and then you never see the guy again.

Keeping that in mind, it was kind of discomfiting when I realized that Susan E. stopped in at the bookstore every three or four months. The first thing that was discomfiting was that her hair had turned completely gray, and I wondered about how that had happened, but mainly I wanted to avoid her, so I did.

Still, I had this fantasy: She would come into the bookstore on a day or two before Thanksgiving and I would total up her purchase, and then I'd hand her the receipt and say "Have a nice Thanksgiving!" and then watch her blanch with guilt. It would be such great closure!

And then, last week, it happened. On Wednesday, November 21, Susan E. walked into Daedalus Books. I hastened over to the cash register and positioned myself like a vulture, waiting, waiting, waiting. And then I was totaling up her purchase, handing her the receipt.

"Have a nice Thanksgiving!" I said.

"Thank you!" she said, smiling at me warmly, "Happy Thanksgiving to you, too!" And then she left.

So I wonder: (A) Did she remember me? (B) Did she remember what happened on that Thanksgiving? (C) Did she give a rat's ass?

I don't understand women. I barely understand myself. It's just one of life's little mysteries. *I'll never know!* Just like we'll never know if there's intelligent life on other planets, and if so, have they developed modern jazz?

--Steve Stiles

Timebinding **Recalling the 1952 MIDWESTCON**

Joe Fillinger shares previously unseen photos from a legendary con.



Joe Fillinger Age 17 or 18



Bob Bloch



E. E. "Doc" Smith



Henry Burwell



Arthur C. Clarke



**Perdita Lily &
Ray Faraday Nelson**



Lee Hoffman



Dick Clarkson



Bea Mahaffey 1

The Midwescon (or Midwestcon, as some spell it) is one of the oldest regional conventions, being first held in 1950. It grew out of a post-Cinvention (1949) visit to Dr. C.L. Barrett by Marty Greenberg and Ted Carnell. They all agreed that the most fun at cons came after the formal program ended and they set in motion plans to do a more informal convention.

The early Midwescons had a light program, and socializing was the main emphasis right from the start.

The 1952 Midwescon, shown here in photos provided by Joe Fillinger, took place at Beatley's-on-the-Lake Hotel in Indian Lake, OH. Fans delighted in coming up with improvements on the name of this resort, usually along the lines of "Beastly's-by-the-Bayou." That didn't stop them from returning there repeatedly until circumstances exiled them from this paradisiacal spot.

Robert Bloch served as Master of Ceremonies at a banquet that featured Arthur C. Clarke, EE Smith, Charles Tanner and Mack Reynolds as speakers.

Fans acquired a small plot of land, whether literally or symbolically is not definitively known. They established a fannish shrine under a tree where, at the previous Midwescon, a fannish couple had enjoyed each other.

Only a little more practical was the gift to Bob Tucker of five bricks. According to Harry Warner in *A Wealth of Fable*, they were to be used to build an Old Fans Home. (Apparently, the Great Work of the Tucker Con Hotel had not yet commenced.) — Fanhistorical Arnie

Share YOUR Memories

Do you have a good story or even some interesting information about the fans and pros shown in these photos? Can you identify the mystery fan in the photo on this page?

Why not share your remembrances with the rest of us by sending them to *VFW*?



Arthur C. Clarke & Bea Mahaffey



Author 's name not remembered



Nancy Moore & Ben Singer

The Podcast MYSTERY! *No Facts*

An Attempt To Explain The Podcast Mystery.

The standard type of audio file used by computers is called a wav file. These wav files are typically quite large. When the internet began to flourish people began offering sound files on web sites but, as wav files, a mere three minute song could take hours to download at the speed dial-up modems of 10 years ago could provide. Obviously, this was not a practical way to access audio files on the World Wide Web.

So, years ago a compression method was developed to crunch the file size, allegedly without damaging the audio content. The result, now fairly well accepted universally, is what is commonly called an mp3 file. In some instances, this process can reduce a multi-megabyte file down to mere kilobytes. These mp3 files have the option of applying different degrees of compression, resulting in a variety of possible levels of sound quality, from poor to excellent, in the process.

The advent of mp3 files drastically changed the face (and ears) of the internet. Without this evolution one would still be surfing the net on a overpriced text reader instead of the multi-media center that today's computers have become.

Combined with the improvement in internet connectivity and download speeds it became simple and practical to enhance a web page with background music, a welcome speech or to offer sound files to download, (or to play via streaming technology), from a simple link on a web page. These files, either stored and played back from one's own computer hard drive or streamed and played 'on-demand' from a web link, are played on whatever audio player one has installed on their computer (Windows Media Player, Creative Labs player, Winamp etc.). This has been standard form for several years and most internet users have some experience with "Click Here To Listen" type links.

The term podcast is derived from the glorified mp3 player developed by Apple which they called iPod. Apple forced the term 'podcasting' on the public in an obvious, but apparently successful, ploy to monopolize the concept, as if the only way to hear a 'podcast' was to own an iPod on which to play it. This has confused many potential podcast listeners who, quite reasonably, believe they are excluded from the audience if they do not own an iPod or similar device. In truth, podcasting is nothing more than "Internet Broadcasting" or "Netcasting" as it had been dubbed before Apple's iPod campaign and a 'Podcast' is nothing more than an audio presentation encoded as an mp3 file as described above.



Rather than trying to explain the complexities of the iPod, podcasting directories, RSS feeds and so forth, let me just underscore that no matter what name it goes by a podcast is only an mp3 audio file stored on the internet and available to listeners on-demand. On almost all listings for podcasts you'll find more than one way to access the program you want to hear (choice of various podcast players, iTunes, RSS feed, etc.) and you'll usually see mp3 as one of the choices. You can right click and choose 'save target as' (or the equivalent on a Mac) and save the file to your own computer to play at your convenience or left click and stream the mp3 file directly to your computer's particular player for immediate listening.

— Bill Mills

Surf's Up! Things Fan Never NEEDED TO KNOW!

The Cravat

I'd seen enough mention of the Regency in passing comments from fan and in reference to dances to spark my interest, and I figured it was a particular historical period with notable fancy dress. My curiosity and boredom tag-teamed me, and I began my search on Wikipedia. Based on the disambiguation page, I figured that the period associated with the genre of Regency romances, the English Regency (when George IV acted as regent for his mentally unfit father) was exactly what I was looking for. It should have been a quick scan through the article for my further education, and then on with my life.

But then I saw the cartoon at the head of the article: "Neckclothitania." It looked like a genuine period print, and the caption said as much. So of course I had to click the link to see why a set of drawings of what appeared to be knots would be the most relevant image to associate with the English Regency. I was confronted with a catalog and commentary on the various and sundry ties (my second clue that I was definitely looking at articles of clothing was a reference to starch). I learned that the second most austere of these ties was said to resemble the "Seat of Love," which I sincerely hope can be taken to mean the heart, and that some of these ties were strictly relegated to a single color – blue for the Irish, the purest virginal white for the Ballroom. I didn't need to know any of this, but I couldn't stand to not learn more when I read that the period was known for its dandies, who were supposed to be preoccupied with their cravats.

That last word, of course, was a hyperlink, and that's where the trouble began. The same image adorned the head of the page on the cravat as the previous one, so I was unable to see one of these devices in action just yet, but did get a bit of history. I learned that the cravat was of military origin in the time of Cardinal Richelieu, its name being a French corruption of "Croat" in honor of a Croatian regiment supporting the Cardinal and the King. Charles II was to blame for importing it to England after his exile in France, so at least I was able to trace its connection to the Regency. The darned things were apparently much like towels at first, but were trimmed down following the Battle of Steenkerque, only to be set back to flowing by the particular brand of fops termed macaronis (which gives an explanation to the line in "Yankee Doodle" about dandies and feathered caps). The macaronis brought it into such prevalence that by the time of the Battle of Waterloo it was referred to simply as a "tie."

At that point, it was too late. I'd gone down the rabbit hole, and I wouldn't be satisfied until I saw how deep it went. In the halcyon days of the card catalogue (I learned to use one in elementary school and found them obsolete – but still available – by the time I hit college), I never would have reached this point. No one would have printed a book with that cartoon in such a prominent place atop an article about the Regency, and I would have learned whatever the first dozen or so pages and the more interesting chapter headings of a book on the Regency could teach me. I would have seen some fancy dress, but probably no catalog of cravat knots. But the absurdity of the cravats from the Neckclothitania led me to wonder how exactly a proper gent would tie one of these contraptions. And that's why we have Google, after all.

My first search result was aptly titled with the exact phrase I'd entered into the search engine: "How to tie a cravat." The instructions were almost exactly the same as the four-in-hand knot used for most men's neckties today. Drape it around your neck, with the long end on the right. Bring the long end over the short end, and then back around underneath it. Wrap it over again, and then up through the loop you've created. This part is ambiguous, as I could imagine ways of coming up behind through the loop I've made of the long end by bringing it around the short end, in a strange reversal of the final step of most men's necktie knots, but the image associated with it makes it look like you just come up at the collar, wrapping around the corner of the short end, exactly as you would in the four-in-hand. There's apparently an option as to whether to bring it through the loop in front (the conclusion of the four-in-hand), or to just drape it down over top. The four-in-hand method is referred to as the "scrunchy tie." The final option, available in both the draped style and the

Continued on next page

scrunchy tie, is whether or not to pin it (actually, the option wasn't even mentioned in the draped style). As with most formal neckwear, the manually inept are given the option to purchase a "pre-tied" version, but I'd say that if you're going to wear a cravat, you'd best be the sort of dandy who knows his knots.

But these instructions and the accompanying pictures bear no real resemblance to the masterpieces depicted in the Neckclothitania. In fact, even the variation was familiar, being nothing more than the ascot (still widespread enough to appear in most quick listings of "how to tie a tie").

Perhaps half the knots appeared to be handled by draping the cravat around the neck and then tying it, but that left several unexplained knots made with starched cloths sticking up to the chin which could not possibly be so fashioned. Digging deeper, I added the word "Regency" to my search, and came up with a site expounding upon and transcribing the entire Neckclothitania at the top of my results. This site shed some light on the matter, describing several of the knots, and the morning habits of Beau Brummell, who was a popularizer of the neckcloth. It was that account that led me to believe that perhaps the terms "neckcloth" and "cravat" were not entirely interchangeable.

I returned to Wikipedia, but was dismayed to find that no article existed for the neckcloth. The closest I could find (besides the article on the cravat) was on the history of the necktie. Here I discovered the first references to neckwear known as "stocks," but was hurled down a bad link to an article on the so-named shares of corporate interest. Wikipedia was a dead-end, so it was back to Google.

A search for "cravat stock neckcloth" seemed to bear fruit in a site about not just my search terms, but solitaires, jabots, and macaronis, too. This site was probably the most topical of my results, as its creator is actively involved in Regency costuming. The jabot, apparently, is the ruffled and embroidered shirt-front which nearly covers the neckcloth. During the ascendancy of the jabot, the neckcloth buttoned in the back. The jabot flows up over the waistcoat, creating a puffy effect.

The stock may well be the stiff piece I'm looking for, as the description on this site says that a stock had something in front that would appear to the modern eye to resemble a pre-tied bowtie. Perhaps the stock is an item which could be worn in addition to the cravat, although I remain uncertain exactly how the terms were used, and whether the neckcloths of the Neckclothitania are all of one sort. The solitaire certainly seemed to be something entirely different, as it was attached to a wig in the back, and worn over the cravat. To simplify

things, it appears that where referring to a neckcloth, "macaroni" simply indicates a particularly huge variety of cravat. Searching into the historical and reproduction images on the site, I found that the pictures of men wearing cravats really didn't look much like the photo of the fellow from the earlier site that recommended a four-in-hand.

This apparently wasn't going to be as easy as I'd thought. After continuing to scour the internet for instructions on tying a cravat, I found that there was some basic assumption that seemed to be operating on all of these sites that just wasn't communicated. It must have something to do with how the cloth is wrapped about the neck before the tying begins.

It would have been great to have a few pictures of the back of the knots from the Neckclothitania, but none seemed to be out there. As I dug deeper, many sources seemed to share this opinion of the document. I even found some that criticized it in this regard, and didn't think to share whatever leap of logic had allowed them to produce photographs of some of the knots! The most frustrating part was that a search based on "Neckclothitania" turned up piles of results, but most of them were just bloggers having a laugh about the absurdity of it all. They might yet laugh, knowing little of this desire that consumed me. It seems that my thirst for knowledge cannot be quenched online, but must be satisfied in a neckcloth of my own.

The horror! The horror! -- Warren Buff

NECKCLOTHITANIA



As the end of yet another year rushes headlong at us, most fans around the world are gearing up for the typical end-of-the-year blasts that accompany the holiday season. For instance, in *Science Fiction/San Francisco #54*, Chris Garcia alluded to the numerous parties/events in the Bay Area that he's planning on attending. Past issues of *Vegas Fandom Whenever Weekly* announced, then covered, the New Year's Party (at least one of them) that's held in Las Vegas, and the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society (LASFS) always has a slew of end-of-the-year parties for fans in the LA-area to pick and choose from - that is, of course, if one is invited to more than one party, but that's fodder for somebody else to write an article about.

Obviously, this goes on all over the place. North, South, East, and West, England, Ireland, even Down Under. All of the fannish hotbeds have gatherings starting the weekend of Christmas that run through the first part of the New Year. This is one of the great attractions of being a science fiction fan in an active fannish community. Some call it party time. Others have different names for it, some not mentionable in mixed company.

In another week or so, the December, 2007 issue of *Einblatt!*, the monthly announcement-zine of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., will appear. Besides the typical listing of book signings, club business meetings, upcoming conventions, publication news, birthdays, etc., there might be a listing of various holiday parties being held, with the major announcement being the location of Minn-stf's Annual New Year's Eve Party. Usually held in a member's home, this is a major bash and requires a good amount of space because of the number of people who show up for the party. Last year it was held at the home of Jonathan Adams and Carol Kennedy; Laura Jean and David Schroth have recently hosted it twice (2003, 2005), and two long-term fannish abodes have been common repositories of this annual festive occasion: Sharon Kahn and Richard Tatge (2004), and Dean Gahlon and Laura Krentz (2001, 2002). Over the years many different fans have hosted this massive jag, and all with the same result: Good Times For All.

The fun doesn't stop once that party is over, either. Larry Sanderson has been hosting an Annual Hair-of-the-Dog Party beginning at 3 PM on January 1st, approximately eight or nine hours after the last of the New Year's Eve revelers have staggered homeward. The dedicated party-animal can enjoy this *soiree* until he or she drops, which will sound vaguely familiar to veteran convention attendees.

But back to *Einblatt!* A quick perusal of back issues - which can be accomplished by going to <http://www.mnsthf.org/einblatt/> and following the links - will reveal that not all parties are announced. Take it from me: There Will Be Parties. If you live in the Twin Cities area and are active in the club, the fannish grapevine will let you know what's happening, by whom, and where.

Then again, there may not be as many holiday-week parties as there used to be.

Way back when (as in the late 1970s, which may not be that long ago to some of this fanzine's readership, but it sure feels like a lifetime ago to me), it certainly seemed as if something was always going on starting right around Christmastime. Sometimes it was a club meeting, at which various members would announce they were hosting a holiday party at their house or apartment. That was nice, and people would show up bearing drinks, gifts, munchables, drinks, decorations, and more drinks. Eventually it got to the point of people checking to see if the day/night of their holiday parties conflicted with each other's. An appropriate schedule would be hammered out, and any so-inclined fan could plan out a week's worth of party-attending if they wanted to. The end result of such planning was that something was always going on beginning the day after Christmas (Matthew Tepper's Annual Boxing Day party, when he lived in Minneapolis) and running through New Year's Day, sometimes continuing through the weekend after, if the dates fell just right. That's at least seven days of continuous partying. Ow, my head hurts just thinking about it!

After a few years of this, that week began being called HolidayCon because that is exactly what it felt like: a week-long convention party. Fans from other parts of the country even began flying in for the festivities be-

Continued on next page



(Left to right): Kate Worley, Emma Bull, Jerry Boyajian and Steven Brust. At a party at Judie Cilcain's on 1-Jan-1982. (Photo by David Dyer-Bennet)

cause the holiday festivities in Minneapolis began to develop a reputation as being a great time for all. I remember Jerry Boyajian and Krissy would come all the way from Boston, Jeanne Gomoll from nearby Madison, Wisconsin, Linda Ann Moss from Cleveland, Joan Hanke Wood and other Chicago fans might drop in and stay for a few days, and so on. It sure as heck *felt* like a convention to me. And it all culminated in the New Year's Eve party.

One of the most memorable New Year's Eve parties was the 1979 edition. That was the year that it was held in the Phoenix Building, an apartment building constructed in 1922 which housed six fans in three different apartments: Lee Pelton, Carol Kennedy, Curtis Hoffman, Rachel Fang, Barney Neufeld, and myself. At the time, Lee and Carol were the co-editors of *Rune*, the Minn-stf clubzine, and the idea of hosting the big New Year's bash in the building was Lee's idea. I remember some people in the club had well-founded misgivings about the party being held in an apartment building, but since Lee could sell shoe polish to a bare-foot guru, he was able to convince the rest of us in the building – and then the club members – that this was A Good Idea and that It Could Work.

In retrospect, it certainly did. The basic plan was this: since the apartment that Barney and I shared was on the ground floor that would be the music room, which meant it would be not only the most crowded apartment, but also the loudest. It was also the only apartment on that level, which made good sense, plus the hall-way and laundry room could be overflow. (Can you think of anybody who would want to do their *laundry* on New Year's Eve? This was an obvious no-brainer.) Directly above our apartment was Lee and

Carol's, so the noise from our apartment would be no problem at all; in fact, Lee and Carol's apartment was ideal for chatting (with the racket from below a muffled musical accompaniment), and the apartment directly opposite from theirs had a semi-fan who Lee had been trying to get involved in coming to club meetings and contributing material for *Rune*. The fact that she was also kind of cute may have had something to do with it, too, but that's not important right now. (Her name has been forgotten to the ages, I am afraid, unless Carol still remembers it.) Up on the third floor, well away from the hubbub of the main party area, was Curtis and Rachel's apartment. This was designated the "smoking" room. A nice, quiet, get-away place to retreat to and chill out, if you know what I mean.

Well, there's no reason to go into great details about that particular party, mainly since it was nearly 30 years ago and thus reduced to a blur in my brain, but I can remember some items, the main thing being that the place was packed and it was a lot of fun. Highlights included Sharon Kahn bringing a huge oven-baked turkey (close to 20 pounds, I think; it keeps getting bigger every time I remember that night) with all the trimmings, and everybody else brought something to eat or drink, too. The party ended up having piles of other cooked/baked goods (stuffing, vegetables, casseroles, assorted pastas, salads, besides cakes, cookies, chips, *et al*) and a mess of drinkables both alcoholic and non-alcoholic. There was so much food and drink that it was all spread out among the three apartments, although the cooked comestibles stayed in the bottom two locations while snackable-type munchies and a sizeable stash of drinks were shuttled up to Curtis and Rachel's flat.

As for the music... Well, it was glorious. Once established, the round-robin set up included some of



Music is integral to a good Minneapolis party: (Left to right) Steven Brust, John Sjogren and Adam Stemple. Shot in the dining room of Toad Hall, Geri Sullivan's house in Minneapolis. (Photo by Geri Sullivan)



Sarah Prince, Curtis Hoffman, Steven Brust, John Purcell, and Emma Bull – Bass player’s hand probably belongs to Kara Dalkey. (photo by David Dyer-Bennett)

Minn-stf’s legendary musician-fans: Fred Haskell, Nate Bucklin, David Emerson (with keyboard), Reed Waller, Kara Dalkey (with bass and amp), Mike Wood, Blue Petal, Martin Schaffer, Steven Brust (who also brought assorted percussion instruments besides his guitar), Kate Worley, Emma Bull, Jerry Stearns, and myself; Jerry Boyajian and Krissy occasionally borrowed guitars to join in the music making. Amplification was present because I had my electric Guild semi-coustic with my Fender Reverb tube amplifier set up; Jerry Stearns used it to lead the assembled masses in a dynamite version of Neil Young’s “Cinnamon Girl,”

John Purcell is shown at the Not-Anokon music party, 1980.



helped along by percussion and Kara’s electric bass playing. It was great stuff. Fred had everyone singing along with assorted Grateful Dead tunes, and Reed Waller kicked in a killer “Suite: Judy Blue Eyes” with Nate adding perfect lead fills. Shit, I wish I could play like that!

And then there was a moment of music magic. I forget who started it, but at one point during the night, everyone present sang Don MacLean’s “Babylon” not only in perfect harmony (or near-perfect; it sure still sounds fantastic in my memory), but in three-part *a capella* round, just like on the record. Remembering that one song still sends proverbial chills up my spine.

The music lasted well past dawn, and I think the last party-goers straggled off some time around 8:00 AM on New Year’s Day. Our apartment looked like a war-zone, but Barney and I didn’t care. We slept until late afternoon before starting the clean-up. If I remember correctly, it took us a couple days to completely clean up the joint. Yeah. That definitely was a sign that the bash was a success.

Some of the people involved that night are no longer with us. Mike Wood died many years ago, as did Kate Worley and Linda Ann Moss (who eventually moved to Minneapolis in the early 80s), and others have simply moved on: Emma Bull and Will Shetterly are now in California, Steven Brust is currently in Las Vegas, I’m in Texas, and those are only the ones I know off-hand. Even so, most of the folks who were there that one magical night still remain in good, old Mipple-Stipple.

So lately I wonder what the current New Year’s Eve parties have been like up there. I am sure that they are still a lot of fun and filled with wonderful people. The monthly e-mailed *Einblatt!* (you had better believe I subscribe to it) includes the names of many fans whom I assume have joined the club since I left the fold.

However, old memories remain: the kind of memories that make you smile and feel all warm and gooey inside. I once wrote in an issue of *Bangweulu* (ca. 1986) that Minneapolis at New Year’s may be unbearably cold and freezing, but Minn-stf made it one of the warmest cold spots in the world. That probably still holds true. I certainly hope so because one day I’d love to celebrate with them again.

— John Purcell

John Purcell edits one of today’s best fanzines, *Askance*, which you should go to efanzines.com and download, even though it sometimes has articles by me.

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Vegas Fans Set for Christmas Cheer!

James and Kathryn Daugherty will again host the annual Las Vegas Fandom Christmas Party. One of LV Fandom's oldest traditions, the annual Christmas Party is open to all local fans – and any visitors who'd like some Christmas Cheer.

The party is set for Saturday, December 15 at the hosts' palatial home in Anthem. There'll also be a Cookie Fest get-together on Thursday, 12/13, to make some goodies for the party.

A time-honored featured of the Las Vegas Fandom Christmas Party, started by Aileen and Ken Forman, is the Alien Auction. This is a gift-exchange game in which each person puts in a wrapped present not to exceed \$15. Everybody ends up with a present after about an hour of semi-hilarity.

Get full details, directions to the house and so forth from Kathryn at: kd9@jds.com.

Las Vegrants Want You... To Celebrate New Year's Eve!

Joyce and I, and our party-minded band better known as the Vegrants, invite all Las Vegas fans (and any out-of-towners who plan to bring in 2008 in Glitter City) to the 16th annual Las Vegas New Year's Eve Open House.

The Open House has grown more and more popular in recent years, probably because of the flexible set-up. Fans can arrive any time after 7:30, partake of the food drink and fangab and either stay to watch the ball drop on TV or continue on to whatever other New Years celebration plan they may have.

There'll be plenty of food, highlighted by Joyce's celebrated Auld Lang Syne Buffet and an enhanced version of the SNAFFU bar. Contributions of food or drink are encouraged and gratefully accepted, but they are not mandatory

The normal Vegrants Party Smoking Rules apply. The living room, dining room and kitchen are designated as non-smoking areas. The Launch Pad has both indoor and outdoor areas for those who want to light up and plenty of room for those who don't.

For directions and questions, either write to Joyce (joyceworley1@cox.net) or call us at: 702-648-5677. RSVPs aren't necessary, but if you aren't a Vegrant, we'd like to know you're coming. If it's a last-minute decision, just come ahead.

SNAFFU Starts Elections!

James Taylor, president of SNAFFU, has called for nominations for the 2008 Officers. A President and Vice President/Meeting Director will be elected starting with the December SNAFFU Discussion Meeting. The winners will be announced in January at the Discussion Meeting.

So far, James Taylor is standing for re-election to a second term. Linda Bushyager has agreed, after some coaxing, to run for Vice President. Joyce Katz decided that, in view of her sketchy health and the impending Corflu, that it would be best not to run for another term as Veep.

Sidney Coleman Passes!

Sidney Coleman, long-time fan, physicist and friend to so many BNFs, died on November 18. He had been ill for some time, though his passing was said to be peaceful and without pain.

Sid did not leave a great body of fanwriting, though he was certainly capable of slinging words with the best, but he will remain in the cherished memory of all those who knew his wit and wisdom.

SNAFFood to Return to Artem

The December SNAFFood Dinner Meeting returns to Artem Russian restaurant (Decatur and Flamingo). Says the event's ever-enchanting coordinator Linda Bushyager: "Please RSVP if you haven't done so. This restaurant has been extremely popular with fans and has delicious food and a free glass of flavored vodka! Please join us."

The start time is a little earlier for the December get-together, 6:00 PM.

Send those RSVPs to Linda at: LindaBushyager@aol.com

Garcia Prepares for Third Annish!

The Dink Tank, Chris Garcia (garcia@computerhistory.org) informs, is getting ready to celebrate its Third Annish. It will be out in January, co-edited by Derek McCraw of FanboyPlanet.com.

Here's what Chris says about the theme of his weekly fanzine's upcoming special issue:

"I'm looking for art and articles that talk about Fanboy/girl types of things. Movies, TV, Comics (especially comics!), comedy records, the lesser works of John Cheever, wrestling, cartoons, you name it! Anything on any of that would be much appreciated.

"We're also looking for art. The theme of most of the art should be the number 3, since last year we tried to get as many things as we could with the number 2 in them. If you're at all interested, drop me a line. We'll be putting the thing together in mid-January so there's plenty of time."

Health Chart

Australian fan Jean Weber has come through her hip operation on Tuesday, November 6, with flying colors. She's safely home from the hospital and well on her way to recovery. "Until today," she wrote on 11/14, "I've had hardly any pain at all, and I can walk much more easily much sooner than last time."

Heard Around Fandom...

Jolie LaChance, popular Vegrants member, will have major surgery on December 21. She'll be home two days later and, we hope, at the annual Las Vegas Fandom Open House on the 31st.

Jeff Redmond has done something that would benefit a lot of other fans; he has upgraded his computer system by adding DSL and installing XP. ...

ChatBack

The VFW Lettercol

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

There's another batch of great letters waiting to share, so I won't delay any more than necessary for this briefest of introductions...

An old friend returns to ChatBack with some interesting information about vintage graphics and other fascinating topics...

Bhob Stewart

As I'm sure others will point out, that futuristic computer photo is not from a 1954 POPULAR MECHANICS but is actually the altered image of a 2000 Smithsonian exhibit of a submarine room.

Also of interest: Jamie McDonald's PULP FICTION



ART, displaying the original art of many pulp paintings, was released on DVD this summer. Watch trailer: <http://www.pulpfictionart.com/trailers.html> Pic attached.

I highly recommend King Features' excellent Daily Ink email service: <http://www.dailyink.com/en-us/> They just added BRICK BRADFORD from 1935 to their line-up of vintage strips on Daily Ink. It's quite a bargain because your choice of more than 80 strips and editorial cartoons is delivered each morning by email for only \$15 a year. Only downside is too few vintage strips. BRICK BRADFORD began October 1 with May 20, 1935.

Armie: Joyce and I are both avid fans of lurid pulp art, so the URL is much appreciated. These vintage sites are one of the delights of the Internet.

Not quite so lurid in many cases but also fascinating is Dick Lupoff's coffee table book of paperback covers.

Now it's time for the not-especially-peevisch stalwart from the Land of Lakes via the Lone Star State...

John Purcell

Many thanks for putting in that "call for submissions" for me. So far I have yours and Lee Anne's contribution - and I have already apologized to her for miss-spelling her last name in that notice - so my hopes are for a few more contributions. If necessary, I will include one of my fannish pet peeves, but I'd rather have other fans write theirs up. We shall have to see what I get in the mail. But again, thank you, kind sir, for the advert.

Love that first page illo by Taral Wayne. Leaping ahead into the discussion about the Nippon2007 Hugo Award base design, I personally didn't like it because Ultraman was just as tall, if not bigger, than the silver rocket. Now, the reasoning behind creating this base makes sense - giving the award a signature design for the Japanese World Convention - but the emphasis needs to be centered on the Hugo Award itself, which is the shiny silver rocket that needs to be featured (and I like shiny!). Ultraman shifted the focus away from the importance of the Hugo and onto itself, which was not A Good Thing To Do. Personally, I would have removed Ultraman from the base and left the smaller Mount Fuji, which is probably a much more world-wide recognized symbol of Japan and its people than Ultraman. That would have been more tasteful, In My Humble Opinion. As if that really matters now, of course. But, the point of the Hugo Award is the award itself. Does the 2007 base smack of crass commercialism? No, I don't think so, but the designer definitely missed the point of what the Hugo stands for in the Science Fiction

Nov. eMailing REPORT *SNAP Shots*

SNAPS, the monthly electronic apa, welcomed back co-founder JoHn Hardin after an absence. The group put together a 49-page bundle to mark the occasion.

The SNAPS eMailing, sent directly to each member, contained 11 contributions from nine members. Charles Fuller and I had the largest SNAPSzines, each 10 pages.

SNAPS is a friendly group with a lively cross-section of fans from southern Nevada and other areas. There are no dues and the activity requirement is a zine every other month. If you'd like to see a sample eMailing, just drop me a note (crossfire4@cox.net) and I'll zap it to you. Shelby Vick has already taken up this invitation and will be in the December eMailing.

Deadline for Nov. eMailing: 12/29

universe, something in which Ultraman is a minor player. The fact that I have never really cared for Ultraman is immaterial. To paraphrase Shakespeare, "The award's the thing, and we are all mere players faunching for shiny." Or something like that.

Does my being located in Texas include me in Southern Fandom? Technically, I suppose so, but I have always felt that Southern Fandom covered the area east of the Mississippi, over to the Atlantic, and south of the Mason-Dixon Line. But then that would make it Southeastern Fandom. Oh, bother... my head hurts. Let me get some aspirin and I'll be right back.

Okay. I have never witnessed Underground Secret Professional Neo Feuding, but then again, I have not been a regular convention attendee for many a moon. This does sound bad, doesn't it? You weren't by any chance influenced by the Michael Vick case, were you, when you wrote this bit of fan fiction? Just checking.

Here, here, James Bacon, on your reasons for endorsing Christopher J. Garcia for TAFF! I couldn't have said it better myself. Actually, I wouldn't have used so many syntax-convoluting sentences, but the message would still be the same: that Garcia kid has the enthusiasm and fannish resume to be a splendid TAFF delegate. That is why I support him. Now let's get everybody to the polls in time to vote.

I have bad news for Bill Mills and the Voices of Fandom project. When I retrieved the pocket tape recorder from my older daughter - which had my interview with James Halperin on the tape still in the machine, stupid me - I discovered to my chagrin that she had recorded a criminal justice lecture *over* the interview! I had told her to turn the tape over, but she must have forgotten. So the actual recording is now lost to posterity, but the interview still remains in print in *Askance* #3. Sorry, Bill. I really felt bad about this for a couple days. However, the other good news is that the CJ lecture was kind of interesting. Would you be interested in that instead? No? Okay, then. Since I'm planning on bringing

my guitar to Corflu Silver, you have my permission to record for TVoF. I hope that will make you feel better. I am still crushed by the loss of the recording, but it's my own fault. *grumph* Next time I'll take the tape *out* of the machine before I give it to my daughter.

A great loccol again - of course, what other kind could there possibly be? - but I have some papers to grade, so I shall sign off here and get on with them. Take care, and I look forward to the next thrilling episode in the continuing saga of *Vegas Fandom Whenever*.

Arnie: I agree with you that the award is not attractive, but I wouldn't have bothered to write about it if the statues were simply ugly. I am against the commercialization and cheapening of Fandom and must oppose the McHugos on that basis. I love Betty Boop and Spiderman, but I would oppose using either as part of the Hugo design just as strenuously. Mt. Fuji is not a commercial product, so it's not at all the same as using Ultraman.

Southern Fandom can be an elusive entity to define. Although almost all of its founders were located within the geographic confines of the old Confederacy, many have moved to other parts of the country. Thus there are many Southern Fandomites who don't dwell in the South.

On the other hand, Core Fandom has quite a few fans who live in the South, but who have little or no contact with Southern Fandom. Ted White falls into that category, as did Lee Hoffman and Dick Eney when they were still alive.

Next up to the podium is one of VFW's most valued supporters with an update on her life and times..

Jean Marie Stine

I feel bad for not writing in to congratulate you on your milestone 100th issue. But perhaps more congratulations are in line for the 101st. For, how often has an editor put out some milestone issue of a fanzine only to collapse, gafiate and never published an issue again?

Las Vegas Fan December Events Calendar.

CookieFest Thursday, December 13 7:00 PM

James & Kathryn Daugherty help fans get in the holiday spirit with an evening of cookie-baking. Contact Kathryn Daugherty (kd9@jsd.com) to get in on the fun.

Las Vegas Fandom Christmas Party Saturday, December 15 7:30 PM

James & Kathryn Doughert again host the annual Vegas Fandom celebration, featuring the Alien auction. Contact: Kathryn (kd9@jsd.com) to RSVP and get directions.

Las Vegrants Special Meeting Saturday, Dec. 22 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club regularly meets on the first and third Saturdays at the Launch Pad. This is a special holiday meeting. Contact Joyce Katz (JoyceWorley1@cox.net) for information.

SNAPS Deadline Saturday, December 29

Contributions should be sent to Official Editor Arnie Katz (crossfire4@cox.net). Everyone is invited to participate in this popular and enjoyable fan activity.

SNAFFU Discussion Meeting Sunday, December 30, 2:00 PM

Vegas' formal science fiction club meets for a lively discussion meeting once a month at the Clark County public library on Flamingo (near Maryland.)

Las Vegas Fandom Annual New Years Open House Monday, December 31 7:30 PM

Ring in the New Year at the LaunchPad. All fans invited. Non-Vegrants please RSVP to Joyce Katz (joyceworley1@cox.net or phone 702-648-5677.)

I also love your lineup of letter hacks. I would like to have written more frequently this year but have been overwhelmed by publishing duties forced on me by the rather swift growth of Renaissance E Books the past three years. Plus, I spent a lot of the summer traveling to inexpensive New England destinations with my partner Frankie as we have been pretty much housebound since starting at the university full time.

Mostly we went to a Massachusetts Quaker Retreat (we are Unitarians but they take whoever wants to rent one of their three very primitive cabins) called Woolman Hill (.org if you want to see pictures). And several trips to Brattleboro, VT, and some nice motels with Jacuzzis.

Speaking of trips (stand by for earthshaking announcement, at least to Frankie and I!), we are planning a slightly longer one to relocate to San Francisco next summer when he graduates from his MA in Architecture program here at UMass. He has always wanted to live there and I have always wanted to live there again, and there are more jobs for architects there than here by far.

This of course will also put us within driving distance of Las Vegas with its vibrant fan community, plus Bill and Roc Mills, and as I hear it some casinos as well. So expect us to make an appearance there once or twice a year as well.

In theory, we would love to rent a couple of bedroom apt in the gay area/s of San Francisco. Or a condo in the Castro, as Frankie puts it. We would both be most comfortable and I would certainly feel most safe surrounded by queer culture and community (where there is always a strong sfnal presence – i don't think i have met ten trannies in my whole life who do not read stf!).

I guess our dream would be to walk downstairs out the front door and have a coffee shop we could step into only a couple of doors away, and a smoking hot queer nightclub around the corner, and a bookstore with a very large sf/f/h section within easy walking distance, of course. (Equally of course, I mostly read older stf that pleased me in the long ago when i read stf, although I do read Stephen Baxter and Greg Egan from time to time, and when i read new books they are likely to be thrillers.)

Arnie: You have no reason to feel guilty; you've been a strong and valued supporter of VFW for a long time. My lax schedule may make it a little easier for folks to keep pace with the fanzine, but I still don't expect letters of comment every single issue (except for you, Robert and Lloyd; I can't live without you.)

Here's rooting for your dreams to come true and I am glad that a small part of what you wish is to visit Las Vegas. And I hope you'll be joining us for Corflu in April.

It's a pleasure to welcome one of the most popular fans in both Southern Fandom and Core Fandom to VFW and to "ChatBack"...

Curt Phillips

I enjoyed reading about the Halloween doings of Vegas fandom and once again I was reminded of how nice it must be to live in a place where there *are* other fans close enough such that periodic gatherings can happen. I can say without fear of successful contradiction that *I* am the leading SF fan in all of Abingdon, Virginia. That self-proclaimed distinction might actually start to be impressive if

only there were a second fan in Abingdon, Virginia. But at least I can vicariously enjoy the good vibes that radiate out of Las Vegas in the pages of VFW.

The graveyard decorations in (your?) yard are a pretty neat way to gussy-up for the holiday. I actually have a friend who collects old, unwanted, and very real gravestones and has 4 of them planted in his backyard. You might think - as I first did - that gravestones are something that pretty much should never go unwanted and I had to ask my friend about this. The first one in his collection came to him from the family of a fairly well-known Civil War Union General (I've been asked not to make his name known) and was the original stone placed at his grave in Tennessee. Long after the war his family contracted to have the body moved back home to New York. The original stone came with it but was deemed insufficiently glorious and a replacement now rests on the new grave. The original stone was stored in a barn where my friend eventually discovered and acquired it while researching the general's life. Another stone lacks the date of death, although the original owner has certainly passed away. He had the misfortune to do so in the Panama Canal Zone in 1905 where he was promptly buried while the stone that he himself had commissioned languished unused back in Tennessee until my friend ferreted it out. Sadly no one knows exactly where the original owner is buried in Panama; apparently no one thought to mark his grave at the time and now its location is lost forever.

My friend - who works as a "historical archeologist" for the state of Tennessee (which basically means that he gets to dig up Civil War sites for the state) has similar stories for the rest of his collection and only stared at me for a long moment when I suggested that there was something a bit macabre about his collection. He then slowly asked, "and what is it that *you* collect, Curt?" I drew myself up and replied in clear, ringing tones, "70-year old Science Fiction magazines!"

He shook his head in revulsion. "Man," he said. "That's messed up."

There's nothing unique about my friend's opinion. I actually have many friends who think I'm odd. He is only one of that maddening crowd...

I have to agree with your opinion on the inappropriateness of the "Astroboy" figure tacked onto the Hugo Award this year. If a Los Angeles Worldcon had awarded Hugos with figures of Mr. Spock alongside the rocket, would those who like the Astroboy Hugo approve of that too? Well, perhaps they would, but it would still be tacky.

Robert Lichtman says: "Southern Fandom is a phenomenon that never ceases to amaze and amuse me". Well, I sup-

pose I can say the same thing though perhaps with a bit more appreciation for having grown up in Southern Fandom.

I've long been surprised at the reaction that the very existence of Southern Fandom seems to evoke. I've never doubted that it exists for exactly the same reasons that any other fan group exists; because it's members *want* it to. Is there a Las Vegas fandom? A New York fandom? Midwestern fandom? Of course there is - and I don't recall ever hearing anyone wondering why those entities happened to come together. But such speculation can only benefit Southern Fandom in that some of those who decide to take a closer look at what we've done in the past and what we're doing today may decide that they *like* our style of fanac enough to come and join in with us.

Southern Fandom probably arose in the first place simply because of the relative isolation of fans in the Southern States in decades past. Certainly some of the earliest Southern fan groups like the Columbia Camp (1940, South Carolina) or the Dixie Fan Federation started because isolated fans in those areas read about SF clubs in the prozines and wanted to imitate the form. And those early clubs helped establish the format for later and more organized groups like the Atlanta SF Organization, which had some major accomplishments and which in turn seeded later groups like the Southern Fandom Confederation which still thrives today. I doubt if the phenomenon would repeat itself in quite the same way today because there isn't the same need for it now. Still, the region *does* have it's history and we do have our own traditions and customs and we enjoy them. "Smoothing", for instance, may have started on that plane ride to Australia, but Tucker brought it to Southern Fandom where we perfected it with him.

I think that part of the confusion in other areas about Southern Fandom may lie with the false notion that to be a part of Southern Fandom, one must necessarily be a Southerner, or live in the South today, or have *once* lived in the South, or once spent a few hours in the Charlotte airport while flying somewhere else, or... and so on. In fact, being a part of Southern Fandom has nothing to do with where you're from or where you are. All it really takes is a desire to *be* a part of Southern Fandom, a little participation in some of the many activities of Southern Fandom, and at least some little sense of humor. Bob Tucker - for instance - was as Northern as they come, and he was practically the King of Southern Fandom. He was the King of *all* fandom of course (and in my personal opinion, the greatest fan who ever lived) but he embraced the way we explored fandom in our region and we loved him for it. Tucker never asked "why does Southern Fandom exist, anyway?" Tucker just cried "Smoooooth!"

Corflu Silver Breaking News

- *Zanthic #1*, the Corflu Silver Progress Report #1, has been released in electronic form. It was sent directly to approximately 400 fans and is also posted at efanazines.com, Corflu.org and lasvegrants.com.
- The second progress report, containing the 2008 FAAn Achievement Awards ballot, will be distributed on January 2, 2008,

and we couldn't have agreed more.

I love your comment that "we should aim for wider contact between the Fandoms." You were talking about Core Fandom and Southern Fandom in this instance, but I would expand that to include all of the various fandoms that find a home under the "Big Tent" of Fandom. The Internet lists have certainly made that a viable possibility in a way that in years past, traditional fanzines could only hint at simply because the Internet has lowered so many barriers to fanac. And VFW - which I would argue is a combination of a

great traditional style fanzine with the best aspects of Internet age fanac - is ably making the best of the opportunity that the Internet has provided. Nothing can be lost by having greater contact between the fandoms, and so very much can be gained by all.

Arnie: You're the biggest fan in a whole hunk of a state and I would get a stiff argument if I claimed to be the greatest fan in my house. Not that I think about such things or that it would bother me. How many other active fans have a major BNF right at hand?

CROSSwords About That COSTUME

From Arnie's email to Ross:

Would you do me a favor and dash off a paragraph? I will include it in an appropriate place in the letter column of #103. I plan to distribute it before the end of the week.

*Faanishly,
Arnie*

Why, soitinly - nyuk nyuk nyuk...

Foist -- uh, first of all, it was self-taken. Much as I'd aspire to Alan's photographic skills, as more than wonderfully exemplified in other locations in VFW #102, a couple of times in superb portraiture of Joyce -- the fact is that I set up my own little Sony Cyber-Shot in my den after I got home from work, in order to preserve an image of the unlikely-to-be-repeated Halloween outfit which I sported at Fry's that day. While Joy-Lynd had thought I was going for (and should call it) a Brokeback Mountain outfit, which she suggested after she saw me in the wig and loaned me the rainbow scarf, I opted for "Disco Guy." Hence the pose. It wasn't until someone on trufen pointed out that I'd included satanic symbolism in that shot that I noticed the anti-evil-eye gesture -- I'd really just intended to do the John Travolta dancing point that everyone now associates with disco.

And here is the photo, taken at Fry's, that perhaps better represents the gesture. I won one of the 3rd prizes (an MP3 player) for best costume, as is blazoned across that photo, which was attached to the break room bulletin board the following day. It should also dispel any notion that I'm somehow a taller version of Paul Williams (the not-of-fandom one).

-- Ross Chamberlain



I really enjoy Vegtrants meetings, but the day-to-day friendly contact with the other Vegtrants means even more. There's a constant flow of visits, outings, phonecalls and emails that links us all pretty tightly. There are always going to be periodic frictions with such a dynamic, inner-directed bunch, but the friendship and support dominates.

I focused my "outreach" comments on Southern Fandom for two reasons: They're right here and they share a lot of attitudes and traditions with Core Fandom. I'd love Fandom to return to its unified, homogenous past, but that's most unlikely to happen. As things now stand, there is a huge attitudinal gulf between many of the people in All Known Fandom (gamers, costumers, confans, con-runners, etc) and Core Fandom that is unlikely to be bridged. What I think we can work toward, though, is a spirit of mutual understanding and tolerance for our different approaches and closer connections to those in other sub-Fandoms who do share our views about what it means to be a fan.

The usual reactions to the existence of Southern Fandom are different than the reactions to New York Fandom or Midwest Fandom or Vegas Fandom, because Southern Fandom is a very different entity. Southern Fandom has a unique identity that sets it apart from other local and regional groupings, much as British and Australian Fandoms do. When we see how much Core Fandom has benefited from strong links to the latter two groups, it makes me even more enthusiastic about doing the same with Southern Fandom.

The kind words about VFW are much appreciated. I believe that Fandom is in the midst of an epochal transition and if VFW makes the process easier and more enjoyable, I am satisfied.

Welcome to VFW and Chatback a long-time pillar of both Southern and Core Fandoms who has recently stepped-up his activity.

Jerry Page

Thanks muchly for VFW.

I interrupted my morning stroll through semi-consciousness and read it immediately. Enjoyable and informative. One of these days I hope to send you a real letter of comment.

I got two copies. In the subject line of one there was the parenthetical 4 you can see above, and in the other a parenthetical 7. I suppose some day there will be a movement to conserve electrons, so you can, if you like, get a head start on this future trend by only sending me one copy in the future.

But one copy or one hundred, I assure you Vegas Fandom Weekly is always welcome in my laptop.

Arnie: That duplication is one of the few drawbacks of my system for organizing the mighty VFW emailing list. At least with my ISP, emails with more than 50 addressees won't send. I've chopped up the list into eight segments, including one for those who get only a notification. If anyone gets extra copies, a heads-up like Jerry's will get that fixed. Meanwhile, wield the "delete."

And it's good to see you more active in national/international fandom, Jerry.

Back from a brief, computer-imposed exile comes the Living Legend of Sixth Fandom with a trufannish loc from the Sunshine State...

Shelby Vick

A real First, Arnie --

I'm responding to VFW 102 the same day I read it! To underline the real strength behind this First -- I also just got my repaired computer in and, other than taking care of a lot of email and loading a few Necessary Programs, I got to 102 Right Away! And don't think you're getting off easy -- my next column is gonna go into detail of My Computerless Ordeal.

Before working on *Planetary Stories* -- www.planetarystories.com -- even, and this is already late; was supposed to be out first of November, it it still ain't ready.

Be impressed. Awed. Flattered. . . .Or, at least, relieved that I can still write.

I had lots of things to say in response to that letter about Worldcon -- but you said 'em all!

Too much of 102 was taken up with sadness. -- Unavoidable sadness, I hasten to add. It all had to be said about the great ones we've lost, and I'm sure you hated having to say it -- and, I might add, saying it well.

Robert Lichtman remarked on your remark about 'fannish peeves' but, as you noted, mentioned no contributions. Actually, I have none to add either! Those peeves come and go in importance, and neglecting and forgetting 'em is my philosophy. BUT --

I have another suggestion: The Perfect Fan. How would you describe him? To me, he has a great computer (complete, of course, with printer, scanner and cable modem) and has never thrown away a fanzine, regardless of his feeling about any individual issue. He also has a good collection of old pulps. He has a good sense of humor, and can write an insightful article at the drop of a hat. He has some cartooning talent as well. He also has a wife who is long-suffering, understanding, a great cook, and has a great sense of humor herself -- and can, the occasion being right, be cajoled into writing an article.

Oh, and another thing, Robert: Your LoC was *not* among the things lost when my computer died! It is still growing -- much more slowly, as I've been practically computer-less and now hafta spend lotsa time getting the next *Planetary Stories* out -- but it's not forgotten! And, yes, I'm sending it snailmail -- but don't worry; the snailmail is symbolic; I am also gonna email it, once it's finished.

Maybe before the next *Trap Door*. . . .

I had another comment inspired by your letter, Robert -- but I can't read my note, so I'll let it slide. . . .

Bill Mills, I'd be glad to read one of my columns for you, but -- I've gotta get a mike! And I'm glad you enjoyed our Forry edition. It was fun putting together. Also had lotsa fun with the upcoming issue -- if I ever get it out!

Arnie: Electro-Fandom has taken away some of our most treasured moments, like the hour that the mail carrier puts the letters and fanzines in the mailbox. But it has given

us others, like the hour that the computer is restored to health. The joy of a clean boot, the incredible satisfaction of opening Word or Publisher or Acrobat... well, it's inevitable, anyway, so we might as well enjoy it.

Yes, #192 had more than its measure of sadness. I didn't know Hank nearly as well as I did Calvin, but both have been mourned and will be missed by many. I'm willing to stop running these obits if fans will just agree to Stop Dying. OK, Fandom, the ball is now in your court.

Here, with a follow-up to a recent article and *Much Much More* is one of VFW's most valued (and valuable) contributors...

E. Terry Kemp

My father and I were talking about your Halloween party, and agree that we missed it. It looked like fun.

With the help of Lloyd Penney and Joe Fillinger, I now have Ken Krueger's address. Now all I have to do is wait for Santa to bring me a new typewriter ribbon so that I can write to him. All in good time.

Coincidentally, I just picked up a copy of Ken's Shroud version of "The Fearsome Island" by Kinross. I can hardly wait to read it and compare it to the hardcopy original.

Speaking of comparisons, I've been enjoying my comparison of life choices with Greg Benford. He last wrote how after leaving UC Berkeley he went to work for the CIA and entered into the best part of his life.

I also made a similar choice. After graduating from UC Berkeley I was seduced by the Dark Side of the Force and took my commission as an officer in the USAF. I suspect it was all the pilot training that was the attraction. However, I do not think of it as the best part of my life, but rather the worst part, a part I have tried to pretend never happened.

I suspect my disenchantment began during flight training when my first Captain suggested that the best training he could think of would be to chain all of us to urinals, only letting us free periodically. Good ol' Capt'n Wright tried to do to us similar and worse things during his "special" training sessions. It all went downhill from there, as with encounter after encounter all I found was corruption, nepotism, incompetence, and out right stupidity. I expected more from a group entrusted with nuclear weapons, but I did not find it.

I am not surprised at the current state of world affairs with such like leaders and their followers in control.

However, I believe that I learned my lesson and now live fifteen miles from the nearest small town, off a dirt road. I have my own water and electric supply, as well as a stockpile of food. And the countdown begins now...

Arnie: All credit and glory for the Las Vegas Fandom Halloween Party rightly belongs to James Willey and Mindy Hutchings. They did a fantastic job as hosts. Made me wish Joyce and I both had been able to attend, too.

What is this typewriter machine of which you speak? I wonder if it would be possible to use it to type on a mimeograph fanzine and then use a machine of that type to "run off" copies of such a publication. Why, it could be almost like a real fanzine, except that it wouldn't be colorful, cheap

*to produce or easy to distribute. (*Joke*)*

Your mention of obtaining Ken Krueger's address does raise a point that has troubled me for some time: the transition from paper to pixels isolates the "slow adapters" from the rest of Fandom. I don't like the idea of "forced gafia," especially for those who've contributed so much to Fandom, but things also have to move forward as we come to grips with this exciting and challenging new environment. If I could afford to address those fine fans with paper copies of VFW I'd do it in a second, but my finances just don't permit that luxury.

Maybe each of us could "adopt" a fan and be responsible for getting them copies of the major electronic fanzines in hard copy.

It's time for the fan who's loved by the Trufen and hated by the Fakefen, the Sage of Fandom... (A Free Advert.)

Robert Lichtman

Thanks for a well-done, sensitive memorial piece on Calvin Demmon in VFW No. 102. I particularly resonated with this paragraph: "Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon is the definition of that kind of special, one-of-a-kind fan. When Robert Lichtman reported his death to Fandom, it became clear that, like other similarly worthy fans, years of gafia had made him a stranger to many current fans." Indeed, the reaction was strikingly different on the lists where I posted the news. On Trufen there was a several-day period of silence followed by a few responses from fans who'd actually known him. And no one ever said anything on Fmzfen. But the British members of InTheBar responded promptly offering heartfelt condolences. I don't think any of the Baristas (other than a handful of the older generation of American members) ever actually knew Calvin or experienced his fanac as it was happening (other than, perhaps, his occasional contributions to *Trap Door*), but despite that they knew how to behave appropriately. If this is just one of the many cultural differences between the U.S. and the U.K. manifesting itself, it was much appreciated.

You also wrote: "A favorite Demmon story involves the editorial of the second issue of his first fanzine, *Grunt*. After acknowledging letters from fans who pointed out that (the equally fabulous) Gina Ellis had published a fanzine called *Grunt*, he wrote at length about the confusion and unfairness of this duplication. Then he solved the problem—by renaming Gina's fanzine *Pomade*." I don't have that second issue, but this may be one of those spurious stories that's taken on a life of its own over the years. Calvin *did* write as you say, but it was in a column called (coincidentally) "Grunt" in the fourth issue of my fanzine, *Frap*.

Here's what he said: "A *Public Apology to Georgina Clarke*: Dear Mrs. Clarke: I did not know that you used to publish a fanzine called *Grunt* until Rick Sneary called it to my attention; by that time I had already published two or three issues of my own *Grunt* and had a short column in *Minnac* with the same title. My gross mistake in this matter has left me simpering in dismay, because I realize that it is not good for two fanzines or columns to exist—even if widely

separated in time—with the same title. Therefore, beginning immediately, I am taking the liberty of changing the name of your fanzine from *Grunt* to *Pomade*. Thank you for your cooperation.”

By the way, *Grunt* was not Calvin’s first fanzine. That would be **Skoan**, which became a general fanzine with its eleventh issue in the summer of 1961 after moving back to his home town of Inglewood from Berkeley. The earlier issues were hektographed newsletters done while Calvin was a student at the University of California—they had a circulation of about twenty copies and I was probably the only fan receiving them. (I wish I still had them, but they got away from me when I offloaded my entire fanzine collection in 1971 to move to Tennessee.) When Calvin moved back to Berkeley early in 1963, he and Andy Main did the wonderful 13-issue run of *the Celebrated Flying Frog of Contra Costa County*. And then he moved to New York and began *Grunt* as a rider to Ted White and Les Gerber’s *Minac*—and had a column or two under that name in *Minac* followed by the one installment in *Frap* after he’d returned to Inglewood. But I digress...

Your article on your “own fannish great moments” made for impressive reading. I was especially taken with your reading *The Eighth Stage of Fandom*, *The Enchanted Dupli-cator* and *Ah! Sweet Idiocy!* all on the same night. Your speedreading capabilities aside, that’s quite a spread of fannish material. I find myself conjecturing how fandom might have been different if after Laney’s magnum opus you’d had an opportunity to go through *The Incomplete Burbee* that same evening and taken “How To Stop Writing For Fanzines” to heart.

Further on you write about how you were “astonished by the first fragments of information” about the Bergeron Wars and how you “thought it was some kind of initiation joke until two different fans laid it out for me in gory detail.” I had a vague memory of being one of them, but checking back in my correspondence files I found no trace of imparting such information. Was I one of those fans? If so, I must have told you in a phone conversation. I do agree that *Folly* played a significant part in reviving the core elements of fanzine fandom.

I should write my own “great fannish moments” sometime—if I can remember them all.

Shelby refers to the Tommy Lee Tracy “hoax” as “fandom’s Biggest Little Hoax,” because it wasn’t intended as such and because “the fanzine involved had a small circulation.” Some years ago I bought a sizable batch of *Confusion* from Lloyd Currey and, later, made copies of them for Shelby and they eventually ended up on Bill Burns’s marvelous “fannish newsstand” (a term I think you may have invented). When I mentioned this, Shelby told me at the time that *Confusion* had a circulation of, at most, 75 copies per issue. Currently I’m in negotiation with someone I met on eBay to get a copy of the first issue of *Confusion*—and when I do I’ll make sure it joins its virtual brothers on-line. All that aside, I enjoyed and appreciated Shelby’s description of how his personal fanac evolved back in the day.

Your mention in the Vegants meetings report of a pos-

sible “Best of SNAPS” anthology being organized by James Taylor leads to me to request that if it actually comes to pass I’d like to have editorial control over anything of mine that might end up in it. I have no hesitation in saying that I was one of the voices speaking out in opposition to SNAPS being available on-line—as it was for a while until the SNAFFU Website got taken down. I only discovered this by accident while Googling for something about myself, but I was not happy that what I considered relatively private writing (at least in part) was available to all who happened across it. Your mention of the SNAFFU Website itself prompted me to have a fresh look, but to my surprise it’s not available as of this writing. What’s happening with it?

I’m going to go all Jack Speer on you for a moment and hope you don’t mind. One of the things I’ve frequently found annoying about the news coverage in *VFW* is that it’s often repetitive within the same issue. There are three examples of this on pages 16 and 17 of this issue. First, there’s the present and past mention of Jim Young’s attendance at the Halloween party: the future in the “Heard Around Fandom” section and the past in the “LV Halloween Party is Huge Success.” Next, there are two separate mentions of the Daughertys’ plans to host the annual Christmas party—first in the “United Fans of Vegas Fills Out Holiday Schedule” and only a few column inches further in “Daugherty’s Unveil Christmas Party Plans!” Finally and perhaps most egregious, your and Joyce’s New Year’s Eve open house concludes the “United Fans” section and is *immediately* followed by “Katzes to Host Vegas New Years Bash!” I know you probably work on *VFW* in a piecemeal fashion, incorporating news as you receive it, but your keen editorial skills are letting you down in these repetitions. Another sign of the way in which issues are accumulated is the short piece on page 17, “SNAFFU Meeting to Salute Halloween,” which makes reference to an October 28th meeting as a future event in an issue dated November 12th. Okay, enough creebing!

Like you, I disagree with many of the viewpoints expressed by Kevin Standlee in his letter about such cosmic topics as whether it’s okay to write “Worldcon™” with a lower-case “W”—but I did enjoy and appreciate his tale of how the WSFS’s “Mark Protection Committee” **saved** the word “worldcon” from being appropriated by a group of evial “energy engineers.” How goddamn’ valiant is that!? I hope this letter from Kevin isn’t a prelude for the “Mark Protection Committee” to send you a nasty letter from its attorneys to cease and desist your references to Corflu Silver as the “Core Fandom worldcon.” Such is the stuff of fannish space opera in these latter days. I think a movie should be made. Perhaps the guy who directed *Galaxy Quest* would be interested. At the very least, it cries out for faan fictionalizing.

I was bemused by your list of fannish “pet peeves”:

- * Fans who chronically RSVP for events but don’t show up.
- * Fans who criticize a host’s food and drink as they shovel it down.
- * Fans who ask for awards in their fanzines.

* Fans who publish articles that would have looked So Good in My Fanzine.

The first two are hardly exclusive to fans, as you probably know from larger social contexts. The third is merely boorish and self-serving, and always best ignored—or, perhaps, making a mental note *never* to nominate or vote for that fan in any award context. But I can definitely relate to the fourth, even though over the years I've had to forgive and forget—and also be mindful in doing so that I like to read good stuff in other fandoms than my own.

Regarding broadband and the fans who don't have it and/or can't get it, you write, "I hate that unavailability of broadband (or even DSL) has separated these fine folks, and no doubt others, from us." I totally agree, but would note that DSL is a form of broadband.

To Bill Mills you write, "Unlike Robert Lichtman, you don't have to fear the creation of one of those "couple names" for you and Roxanne. I don't think anyone can squeeze 'Mills' and 'Smith Graham' into a single, pronounceable word." Applying my cosmic mind to the challenge I came up with "Milsmigra," which is at least a good name for a Japanese movie monster.

Arnie: Your perception of the response to Calvin's death on the various listservs jibes with mine. The InTheBarnacles acquitted themselves well in voicing sincere sympathy for the loss. I wasn't denigrating anyone for being unfamiliar with Calvin's impressive fannish credentials; the passage of time is largely responsible. My hope is that Calvin's many friends and admirers who do remember him so vividly will refurbish and renew his reputation in Fandom.

Have no fears concerning the proposed "Best of SNAPS." The first thing James asked about was how to round up the permissions. I imagine he'll start working on this after the holidays with the aim of having it by Corflu Silver.

You'll have to read Askance to find out my number-one fannish peeve; the four in the letter column are lesser peeves. Asking for awards is certainly boorish, but I was focusing on my reaction to this behavior, which profoundly depresses me when I see fans whom I otherwise respect sinking that low.

Here's everybody's fannish Uncle with comments about possible prodigious production...

John Nielsen Hall

Thanks for your 102nd effort. By close reading of this issue (and to prove I really do read it), I doubt you have pubbed as many issues as you have had blow jobs, but I think you may be getting there. Could you send me a sample mailing of this eAPA you people are doing? Since my fannish reentry I have had to be reeducated all over again about APA's - apparently I was a member of one back in the seventies, but I don't remember nothing about it. If I joined this one, I'd try and dwell more in this frame of reality, promise.

Arnie: I'm actually not sure how many fanzines I've published. As a neofan, I was really impressed with Bruce Pelz's well-organized and frequently updated list of Incunebulous

Publications.

At the time, Bruce was in all the apas and seemed to be Official Editor of about half of them. By the time I'd been active for a year, I had a pretty good idea that I would be a prolific fanzine publisher and thought it would be nice to have this detailed record of my fannish output. I did really well for about the first hundred fanzines. After that, my own wayward tendencies came to the fore and I gradually stopped compiling the list. I have no idea how many fanzines I've done to date, but I'd guess the total tops 1,000.

So, yes, the number of blowjobs is well above the number of fanzines.

The new eMailing of SNAPS should be ready to distribute around Thursday and I will zap a copy to you. I wouldn't worry about unfamiliarity with apas; SNAPS is pretty straight-forward and I am here to answer questions.

Here he comes again to bring the letter column home, the man who looks Askance at Fandom...

John Purcell

Interesting photo on page one. What in the world is Ross Chamberlain supposed to be: a disco Mark Twain? A stylish costume, to say the least.

I am very sad to read the obituaries of Calvin Demmon and Hank Reinhardt. I never met either man, but over the years I knew their names and read their writings here and there. If I remember correctly, Hank was on my mailing list back in the late 70s. Your remembrance of Biff Demmon was well done. Sometimes I have wondered where fanwriting picked up its little punctuation quirks like the use of strike-throughs, asterisks, and capitalization of certain words For Effect. Now I know, and I thank you - actually, I thank Biff. He and Hank will be sorely missed.

Your "Inside Story" certainly triggered my memory banks of becoming involved in fandom when I lived in St. Louis Park, Minnesota. Fred Levy-Haskell also was a graduate of St. Louis Park High School, although five years before Steve Glennon and I graduated (I think).

A bunch of us early-Seventies converts to the fannish fold were drawn in by the inspired lunacy of guys like Fred, Jim Young, Frank Stodolka, Denny Lien, David Emerson, Don Blyly, Mike Wood, Ken Fletcher, Nate Bucklin, Reed Waller, and a wealth of other talented and fun individuals. It was a very heady time to get into Crazy Minneapolis Fandom, and I am glad it got me involved. A nicer bunch of people I have never known in my life. You will soon be receiving a written result triggered by your brief mention of Jim Young at the Halloween Party.

This kind of naturally segues into my personal listing of Great Fannish Moments, one of which obviously is attending my first Minicon (#7 - 1973). Other *great* moments were meeting Steve Glennon in high school, getting introduced to Lee Pelton (these events preceded Minicon 7), the first issue of *This House* (1976), my first "Smooth" with Bob Tucker, my first WorldCon (MidAmeriCon - 1976), and so on down the line. Your time-line is much more extensive and fascinating than mine, so I shall stop there and enjoy the tour down

Katz Memory Lane.

The neat thing about setting all these events down in writing is that this exemplifies fandom's knack for being self-documenting. There may not be many other hobby interest groups with such a sense of self-history; I certainly can't think of any offhand. Articles like this - and obituaries/remembrances of fans we've known and loved - help to solidify our sense of fannish myth-making. More importantly, these pass along to younger generations of fans the stories of What Has Gone Before, and preserve fannish traditions (typographical tricks, natchery) and all that rot.

It is a strong part of fandom's charm, and I, for one, immensely enjoy it.

Speaking of myth-making, Shelby Vick's article is a prime example. With people like ShelVy hanging around to write these things down, we're in good shape. Thank you, ShelVy, for regaling those of us - like me - who have no knowledge of Tommy Lee Tracy, the Big/Little Hoax, and the origin of *confusion*. Geez, I learn So Much from reading fanzines. As they say, "all knowledge..."

Good health wishes for a speedy recovery to Linda Bushyager! Same thing for Marcy Waldie, and here's wishing for good news for Alan White and your lovely and talented spouse, Joyce Katz. You know, this getting old crap is for the birds.

You are right, Arnie: Kevin Standlee's loc does indeed bear some serious thought. I do have my opinions on WorldCons - I tend to spell it this way as consistently as I can, since to me it is indeed a "proper noun" in fanspeak - but I have never thought of WorldCons as being "elitist" nor "snobbish." Yes, it is a "literary" event because it was birthed from a love by fans for a literary genre, but even from my distance (no WorldCon attendance since 1978), the World Science Fiction Convention has definitely broadened out to incorporate all the media branches that use SF in any way, shape, or form. Even back in my day of attending multiple cons in a year (1970s through the end of the 1980s), there were definitely people who came across as "elitist" and "snobbish." Unfortunately, even some of my favorite fanzine fans could be described that way, which I didn't like. In fact, I am positive that at times I was even described that way. We are all susceptible to these labels, so therefore we should try to be as self-aware of these tendencies as possible. Should all of fandom be plunged into a Holy War (probably not, but we must be careful), let us try to remember that we are all in this together whether or not we agree on certain things. I would rather "agree to disagree" and enter into intelligent discussion rather than resort to name-calling and ostracism. That is definitely *not* the fandom that I know and love.

Yeah, WorldCons have gotten huge, but not as huge as DragonCon and ComicCon. I remember working on Mini-cons when they passed the 2000 and 3000 attendance marks. Very tiring, indeed, but in its own peculiar way working on a con can be a lot of fun. Conventions of any size are a lot of work, and become exponentially more difficult to manage as the numbers go up. My hat goes off to people like Kevin Standlee, Christian McGuire and all the others who *volunteer their time* to run these massive events. It takes a special kind

of person to do that sort of thing, and it ain't me, babe. We need guys and gals like this to run WorldCons.

Anyway, I shall stick to smaller cons as I can afford them. I have nothing against WorldCons, but they have definitely moved beyond from what they once were to reflect the changing nature of the science fiction field. So be it.

As for the recent Hugo Award design, I didn't mind the Ultraman being on the base; in my mind, it should have been smaller in dimension compared to the rocket. The Hugo Award is supposed to reflect the science fiction field, symbolized by the silver rocket. Each WorldCon Hugo base design committee wants to make their base distinctive, and that's fine; just don't detract from what this award is supposed to *mean*. When I saw that big honking Ultraman on the base, the first thing I thought of was, "What's that?" It completely drew my eye *away* from the rocket.

sigh This is getting redundant. Let's just say that it's fine for each base design to be distinctive, just don't overpower the Hugo Award rocket, and then move along, citizens.

Great letter. Kevin raises some very good points, and I am interested in seeing what some other folks think, especially those who have attended many WorldCons. Intelligent discussions are always welcome.

I hope Robert Lichtman will contribute to that "fannish pet peeve" collaborative article I am putting together for *Askance #6*. Arnie's listing of possible fannish pet peeves in his response to Robert's loc should generate some ideas, I hope. Those are exactly the sort of thing I am looking for. One of my fannish pet peeves is centered on elevator usage during a con, especially when a fan (or a couple) use the elevator for going either up or down *ONE FLOOR!* Man, that irks me to no end. Remember, gang, the deadline is the end of December, 2007. It should be a lot of fun.

Arnie: Ever since I read your letter of comment, John, this one-time Samuel Clemens scholar has had nightmares in which I am forced to watch the video of "Soul Twain." There are a lot of half-nude dancers, which is the good part, but there's also a guy in a purple jumpsuit laying down a staccato rap about Mark Twain.

Those Minnesota fan names were certainly evocative. Did you know that David Emerson, when he was a neofan before he moved to Minneapolis, was a member of the Brooklyn Insurgents?

We Also Heard From: Sheryl Birkhead; Les Gerber; Thomas Byro

**Come to
Corflu Silver**



KINGFISH SAYS

VFW's Third Annish is far different than the first two. They were both compilations of some of the best material in that volume of *VFW*.

I thought about doing that again with the 18 issues in Volume Three. There's certainly enough good stuff.

I *almost* did it, but decided to go with all-new content. I've got some terrific stuff I want you all to see and I didn't want to wait. Fact is, the next issue will come on the heels of this one, because I'm still holding some pieces I can't wait to share.

I know I've kept this secret from you for a longtime, but I feel I must now reveal it: I really, really like hearing from as many of you as possible. Fanzines are fun to do and fun to read, but the comments and contributions of readers are very important to this faned. That doesn't mean you have to write thousands of words or write to every issue, but it is so nice to hear from you.

Meanwhile, I'd like to wish everyone Happy Holidays — and remind folks that there's a Las Vegas Fandom Christmas Party on 12/15 and the annual Las Vegas Fandom New Years Eve Open House (at the Launch Pad).

See you all in the next issue!

— Arnie

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... and tons of news!