



Miltoniana Mowatt in

# TEMPLE OF FANDOM

# ORPHEUM

A CELEBRATION OF ACTIVE FANS

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Orpheum #4, September 2013. A zine celebrating active fans by Alan White who can be reached [HERE](#). All pics and graphics by me unless otherwise noted. All contents copy write ©2013 by Alan White

# EX illudo machina

**S**o Another month passes and here I sit leisurely perusing one from the vault: The [Savage Henry Star Trek Lampoon issue](#) (#17). Some good fun that still reeks of [Charlie Sheen](#).

**I'm trying something new this issue.** Since I've finally had a chance to update the software on the mighty Mac, daring to desert the comfy confines of [Snow Leopard](#) directly into the gaping jaws of [Mountain Lion](#); with vine swinging passed "Lion" without so much as a howdy-do.

The dark side of making such a leap, are "things" you leave behind as Puff so eloquently forewarned Jackie Paper; applications that may not necessarily work with a new operating system. I cringe after an upgrade; clicking each icon in succession seeing which one will open and which will just as soon flip me the digital digit and refuse to operate forever more.

One such fatality was my [Quark Xpress](#), version 6 - an old timer to be sure. Quark had been a constant companion and confidant since 1986, now in its umpteenth incarnation, kicked to the curb (sigh). Of course, Quark has now launched version 10 and has only scorn for someone indisposed to buy the thing at nearly \$700!

My first Mac in 1986 came with a whopping 4 megs of ram, [Quark Xpress 2](#) and [Illustrator 88](#). I can't imagine anyone running a design business with 4 megs and a nine inch monitor! But those were different times and just those meager weapons were enough to drive a stake

DeDee checks out just a few of our Mac stack. A pair of Mac Pluses, A G3, G4, [Powerbook 145B](#), a newer powerbook and a pair of iPads. >

through the heart of "Layout and Paste-Up" people scurrying into the streets screaming "The sky is falling!"



Like any leap in technology, there's your retentive luddites who refuse to embrace the next shiny thing and remain stranded on some dwindling island of stale technology (*and we know who you are!*).

Manually laying out complicated graphics was an arduous, sometimes all day job, but going digital was tantamount to the creation of fire! Furthermore, there was much to be said about chucking the photographic chemicals, knives, wax, cements, and solvents which was worth the jump to light speed alone. But light-speed was relative and being redefined almost monthly with a cornucopia of exciting new software, upgrades, plug-ins and gadgets!

Being complacent is something I do best, and certainly now I'm retired, the old Quark was let from the barn less and less often. And on those occasions when I cranked it up, I would find a sad testament to my once Zen-like powers, which easily sent my fingers to the correct key commands. Now I spend far too much time clicking the drop-downs looking for the same things - dang!

Oh sure, I have some back-up machines that will serve my aging software, but just maybe for many projects, particularly zines, it may be time to smell the roses and thus, with this issue of **Orpheum** we're using the Apple software [Pages](#).

At first blush, the functionality is amazingly simple and throwing this zine together easy. The basic layout and function is identical to [Scrivener](#), which I use for writing novels. This is a test run, so we'll see what falls out of the bag.

## The Evil Down Below

You may have caught an episode of the reality TV show "[Bar Rescue](#)" where the sainted [Jon Taffer](#) travels from city to city finding sorry-ass bars down to their last six-pack. Then applying his years of business acumen plus a "Mission Impossible" team of financial, architectural, booze and grub gurus giving the place a complete makeover of both staff and building worthy of Oprah Winfrey. Yeh, the show has heavy doses of hokum and hoohah, but much of the savvy in watering hole operation is much more interesting than the common passerby might think. Everything from the height of bar stools to lighting the bar, to correct temperatures of food and booze; quite fascinating.

Some dives revealed by Jon Taffer present an unimaginable, crap filled horror show indeed, which you might think would account for their spiraling into fiscal oblivion, but failure, if this show is any indication seems proportionate to blithering egos and disquiet nature of owners who can't see a good thing when it's nailed to their forehead.



Before / After

Since Taffer lives “. . .right here in River City”, it seemed natural to put to task a few local watering holes along with everyone else. And such it was, Jon and team tackled the horror themed dive formerly known as “[The Underworld](#)” (*The Best Little Horror House in Vegas*) boasting assorted horrors, a live band (and most horrifying, Karaoke). As pulp plot provides however, the place had been on the slide, but Jon, like the cavalry rides in and saves the day after much finger waving, exhortation and sometimes employees being tossed out with the rest of the undead!

Before any rescue happens however, there’s a “soft opening” where staff, and general bar operations are put to the question. Here several hundred locals such as DeDee and I were invited to attend by the kindly owners of the [Zombie Apocalypse Store](#). It was an onslaught of humans and zombies alike storming the bar, begging for booze!

This episode of Bar Rescue is set for Halloween when the bar reopens as “[The End](#)” with a new slogan: “Drink Here If You Want to Live!”, a zombie proof bunker where we can all find safety (and booze). Keep yer eyes peeled (they don’t have to be yours)!

## Steamtown

[Movoto Blog](#) (known in steamy back rooms as “*The Lighter Side of Real Estate*”) ranked Vegas a rousing number five in its feature article “The 50 Most Steampunk Cities in America.” A debatable claim perhaps, but further proof Vegas is getting “More Respect” in advanced Geekery.

## Flower Power

So it’s another month late of the [Electric Daisy Carnival](#) which would be as rare indeed to find a propellor beanie among the festive masses as it would at a Klan rally.

## In The Grit

If you consider self mutilation to be grand entertainment in the big city, you’ll be pleased as a kick to the groin that Scott and Rick Jettisoned the cold glass-brick background of their Vegas based interview and derelict exhibition vidcast [Las Vegas Grit](#), otherwise known as “*The Boss is Away, Let’s Film Something, Productions*”.

They’ve filled a warmer if slightly more unsettling location in a small studio just this side of The Strip where their first outing would have a live



audience with a “gangs all here” ambiance conducive to making inquisitive neighbors believe there was actually something going on here and on this night, they’d be right!

Tonight’s program included an interview with female Muay Tai fighter **Lisa Cook**, the inflated (or rather engorged) antics of adult Balloon Master **Rob Cole**. Believe you me, these were not your father’s balloons!

**Scorch** the Fire Breathing Clown who horrified the packed house with a diet of razor blades, poking things where they don’t belong, firing a staple gun hither and yon upon his body, and blowing fire that would spell big trouble for any place with a lower ceiling.

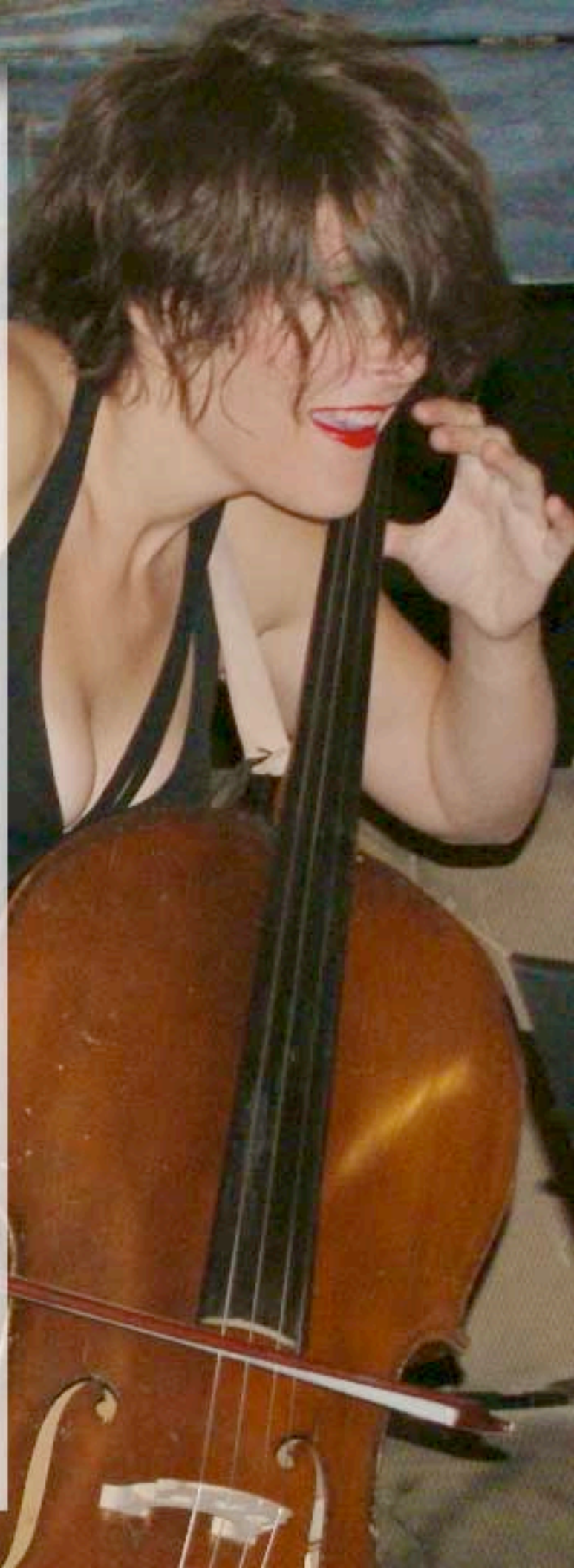
Once satisfied nobody had called the Fire Marshall, the program highlighted musical entertainment from the fabulous:



Ahhhh, them **Siren Strings**, a quartet of vixens, stringing along their audiences with a talent that does justice to any piece they play, being a classic, a movie theme, and even Metallica! These girls rocked the house and came wrapped with their own bows! Known to the cognoscenti as a “Nontraditional String Quartet” that includes the collaboration of music aficionados **Debra Yavitz, Marlo Zemartis, Belinda Martinez** on a trio of violins and the flaming cello of **Corinne Hymel**.

The filming went off without a hitch and word is, it will appear on YouTube at some point soon, somewhere in the pantheon of Grit interviews to be found [HERE](#)!

*There is more to be found regarding the Siren Strings on following pages.*



# Time Marches On. . .

Although I killed off most of the family in my gorefest "[The Zombie Effect](#)", somehow a few of them survived and prospered. Especially Kaitlyn, a *grand* daughter indeed who somehow managed to grow up wonderfully geeky and completely gorgeous; a perfect combo for a perfect wedding. Now she's off on another adventure and we wish her all the best. See you at Comic Con my dear!

## The Creation, The Con & the Romance of Conventions

OK, here's the deal, and I admit it stems from my own cheapassery juxtaposed with a complete disinterest in this event. But if I'm not going to a convention to have a good time and solely to take pics for the zine, damned if I'm going to pay for a membership, especially at the exorbitant rates being asked at these things today.

There were two cons on the same damn weekend which I would have enjoyed taking pics of their unholy goings on should I have been given a freebie pass for a couple hours, but alas, it was not to be. Is it hubris on my part to even suggest they give me the time of day? Well, yeh, but it never hurts to ask - only disappoints.

[CreationCon](#), the long blustering assortment of media conventions, plus the first go-'round of the [Romantic Writers Convention](#) were in town. Both of which I would have liked to snap a few pics for these pages. Alas, it was not to be, Damn! I wrote a number of emails to the CreationCon folk and received polite, yet negative responses for a mere one hour pass to shoot pics of the dealers room and whatever costumed folk were to be found therein. Can't imagine what they thought they'd be losing by coughing up a 1 day press badge. Oh well, I'll try again next year.

Wanted to get into that Romance Writers Con, and not just for taking pics, since my next novel is intended as a romancer of one sort or another which remains to be seen. Will try again next year. With any luck, my first foray into something marginally less grotesque than zombies will be in the bag.





## SNAFFOOD

Old timers may remember when SF clubs discussed that very subject; books, movies and things related. Now, those of bookish taste are relegated to an even smaller clique known as "The Entwives". Even [VSFA](#) has been known to push away from the table for various outings but [SNAFFU](#) cuts through the facade and heads straight to the trough without

so much as a mention of the subject matter! [Big Dogs Brewery](#) was the site and the table quickly filled with hungry fans! Here at the table sits, [Jacq Monahan](#), **Brenda Dupont**, **DeDee**, **Ron** and **Linda Bushyager**, the very **Nonchalant Nancy**, some guy named **Tom**, **Hai Ling Chu** and the man of few words and no hat: **Daniel Rego**.

## House on Party Hill

Just as the fires of [Burning Man](#) were barely two sticks being rubbed together, local fan and resident burner [James Stanley Daugherty](#) throws an annual pre-burn and very fannish celebration at his expansive hilltop abode overlooking Sin City.

The event is a grand time with a sumptuous spread yet marred only by one of those gift handouts things that always piss me off when the only thing I have interest in is snatched from my hands, never to return. Ohhhhhhhhhh that burns my biscuits! Aside from that, everyone cools their naughty bits in the pool, and their insides with beer; eats and drinks a little *too* much and has a great time! Our bathing beauties include **Jacq Monahan**, **DeDee**, **Brenda Dupont**, **Lorie Forbes** and **April Reckling**.







**FANS on a collision course at a glittery spot in road with history pause for just a moment just this side of The Twilight Zone. . . .**

**TAFF delegate Jim Mowatt coming to Las Vegas?** Nooooo! But yes, and why not? The West Side Insurgents were the steaming engines behind **Jacq Monahan's** meteoric rise to international stardom and TAFF win. We likewise gave our enthusiastic support to **Jim Mowatt**, impending delegate to the WorldCon in San Antonio, Texas! All this culminating in a half dozen cities from Canada through the west coast of the US and finally, using Las Vegas as the fannish springboard to [LoneStarCon 3](#)! At last, Vegas fandom gets some respect around here!

**But wait, there's more!** **Jim** will be accompanied by his wife **Carrie** who, by separate flights will collide here in Vegas, spend a week engaged in fannish hobnobbery, then be on their way into con history.

Avidly we watched the inveterate **Jim** document his travels on FaceBook traversing thousands of miles from his home in England to fannish digs who opened their doors for him along the way.

The Insurgents must now surge ahead to show our visitors the wonders of Vegas fandom, and our Fab City!





Pic by DeDee

## The First TAFF/Vegas SteakOut

There would be a very insurgent barbecue and tub dunking to welcome our TAFF guests from the UK: **Jim** and **Carrie Mowatt** who had finally caught up with one another here in Vegas just a week before WorldCon and safely delivered by **Jacq Monahan** to the sacred doors of Casa Blanca.

Thankfully, **John Hardin** manned the grill and proved chickens can indeed fly, from the grill to the plate anyway, along with steaks and sausages cooked with the master's touch along with spuds and veggies; it was tops!

We also unveiled our new fannish brew with **Taff Blaster Beer** for the discriminating fanaholic. The labels showing **Jim** and **Carrie** on their wedding day were actually wrapped around bottles of [Third Shift Beer](#).

Making practical things oddly competitive in our 100° plus heat, we began our parade of "Fans with Fans", and they all look like winners to me (if I know what's good for me) It's **Jacq** and **DeDee** on top; *bottom row*, **Brenda Dupont** and **Carrie Mowatt**! **Jim** and I forgot our fans altogether and were thus disqualified from participating.

Then we all drank a lot and jumped in the tub; a baptism of sorts which everyone needs coming to Vegas (others upon leaving)! Everyone needed a good dunk anyway; **Jim** and **Carrie** for spending untold hours in the big flying tube and the rest of us, because it's a great way to spend a hot Vegas evening.



Pic by Ruby the Waitress

## Planet Hollyweird

One thing about Vegas, the food keeps coming, and tonight, the gracious **Ron** and **Linda Bushyager** had everyone to dinner at the buffet deep within the galactic bowels of [Planet Hollywood](#). Pic: *Me, Jacq, DeDee & Ron. Linda, with Carrie and Jim Mowatt knockin' noggins!*

# THE WRIGHT STUFF FROM DUFF

OK, so I'm the last to know. Unbeknownst to any of the insurgents, **Arnie Katz** ([Fanstuff](#)) invited the DUFF Laureate **Bill Wright** (editor of [Interstellar Ramjet Scoop](#)) to simultaneously stop off in Vegas during the same weekend of the **Mowatt** visit. Sure, I read **Bill's** zine, but none of us were aware of his impending arrival (but for a quick email he sent to **Jim Mowatt**) a complete surprise had **Jim** not forwarded the email to us. I don't know who picked Bill up at the airport, but somehow he made it to the hotel room **John Hardin** quickly arranged for him Friday evening.

Saturday was a special, "Legendary" meeting of Las Vegrants which gave **Jacq** a chance to pile the visitors into her car and whisk them across town for. . .

## KatzCon



Saturday night and everyone was in search of the Stuff of which Fans are made which required a TAFF/DUFF trip to "The Launch Pad," abode of **Joyce** and **Arnie Katz** - HQ of the Las Vegrants twice monthly enclaves where chatter, food and booze flowed till the wee hours and everyone met **Bill**, an affable fellow on a grand adventure.

In the pic, you'll find, *Back Row* Arnie, Ross Chamberlain, Bill, David Del Valle, Teresa and James Cochran, Brenda Dupont sprouting my

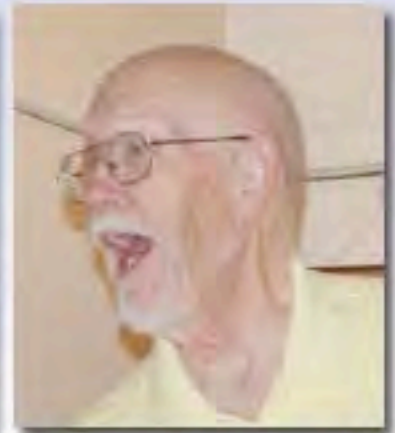
Photoshopped-in head, and *Don Miller*. *On the Couch*: Harry Simon, DeDee, Jacq Monahan, Carrie Mowatt, and Joyce Katz. *Relegated to the floor*: Jennifer Grutzmacher, Jim Mowatt and John Hardin. We invited **Bill** to **BrunchCon 3** the next day and he was game for the party.



Jim, Bill, and Jacq



Arnie and Resident Kitty



Ross Chamberlain

# BrunchCon 3 Vegas

West Side Insurgents  
Hit the Jackpot!

## Culture? Save that for yogurt!

Now really, who could have thought being on the **Jacq Attack** team a year ago sending her to the UK would result in an extraordinary fannish backlash of bringing both TAFF and DUFF representatives not only to Las Vegas, but here to Casa Blanca? Truth be told, we've had **BrunchCon** several times in the past, but third time is definitely the charm!

Oh, the plans that must be made; I guess this is the closest we have to fannish royalty! So we came up with a program booklet, bottles of our TAFF Blaster Beer, TAFF ONLY parking signs and a mini-gauntlet of Union Jacks lining the walk in front of the house, personalized badges, and since we had planned on a live web broadcast through [Livestream](#) by way of an iPad and thus I made a wacky cover for the device to be less conspicuous when I zoom in for your close-up, Mrs. Desmond! But there were gaboodles of booze, begs and acon; **Brenda** brought her French bready things which had a revolution in the oven and were guillotined to the one! **DeDee** made her *netherworld* famous Cthulhu Bacon Muffins which went down well and have yet to rise.





The Sacred Camera



The Sacred Camera

I think [Scott](#) and [Cindy Anderson](#) were first to arrive with [Nic Farey](#) toting a pair of large tubs for ice and booze. There's nothing like tubs of ice covered beer and champagne to remind you you're at a party! Not only that, but should you imbibe too much, plunging your face into the icy tub is tantamount to taking the blue pill and returning you instantly to judge-like sobriety! We festooned the place with British bunting (Brinting) and [DeDee](#) did her nails a patriotic Red, White and Blue! [Piehole](#) just sat there moderately amused.

At 11am I cranked up the camera, and damn, if it didn't work perfectly and goings on in the house were now being broadcast to hell and back with a slight detour through the seamy underbelly of fandom! I was sure hundreds of fans would be checking in during the day.

Horror personality and author [David Del Valle](#) had been staying at the house over the last few days anyway and was already up for a piece of **BrunchCon** when the door flung open and through the portal marched [Jim](#) and [Carrie Mowatt](#), [Bill Wright](#) and [Jacq Monahan](#)! I guess it's too late to call the whole thing off and just keep all this beer for myself! But the house quickly filled!

Some guests dove immediately for the booze, others for the bacon, eggs or maybe



Flag Badge for Each Guest



DeDee and Nic Farey



Carrie Mowatt





Mike Conway on Camera



Jacq Monahan and Bill Wright: The Dunkin' DUFFER



Carrie Mowatt



Rani Bush

a combination of all three; in fannish tradition, nobody was late to the table. By noon, thirty West Side Insurgents held plates to face and guzzled that boozy nectar of the Ghods!

Like a scene from *Fahrenheit 451*, The Entwives met in secret to chat up [Neil Gaiman's](#) "The Ocean at the End of the Lane". Bradbury would have been proud.



Jim Mowatt

Jim Mowatt: The Mad Hatter

I went from one room to another wagging that damn camera around to the dozen or so viewers trying to have no dead spots in this loosely described entertainment, but dang, nine hours of doing so, was exhausting yet I'm not sure I actually got to attend our event!

During the day, **Cindy Anderson** manned the camera as did **Brenda Dupont**, [David Del Valle](#) and movie director [Mike Conway](#). Some guests sat comfortably sipping their drinks, talking business, movies, others gulped down



Cindy Anderson on Camera



Scott Anderson



Jennifer Drennan



Entwives Nancy, Rani, Jennifer, DeDee and Brenda



Bill Wright

their libation with great gusto and gibbered like monkeys. Well *I* did anyway and in my reverie feared viewers would see only the enthusiastic and enjoyable intoxication of Vegas fandom; ahhhh, you should have been there!

## The British are Slouching! The British are Slouching!

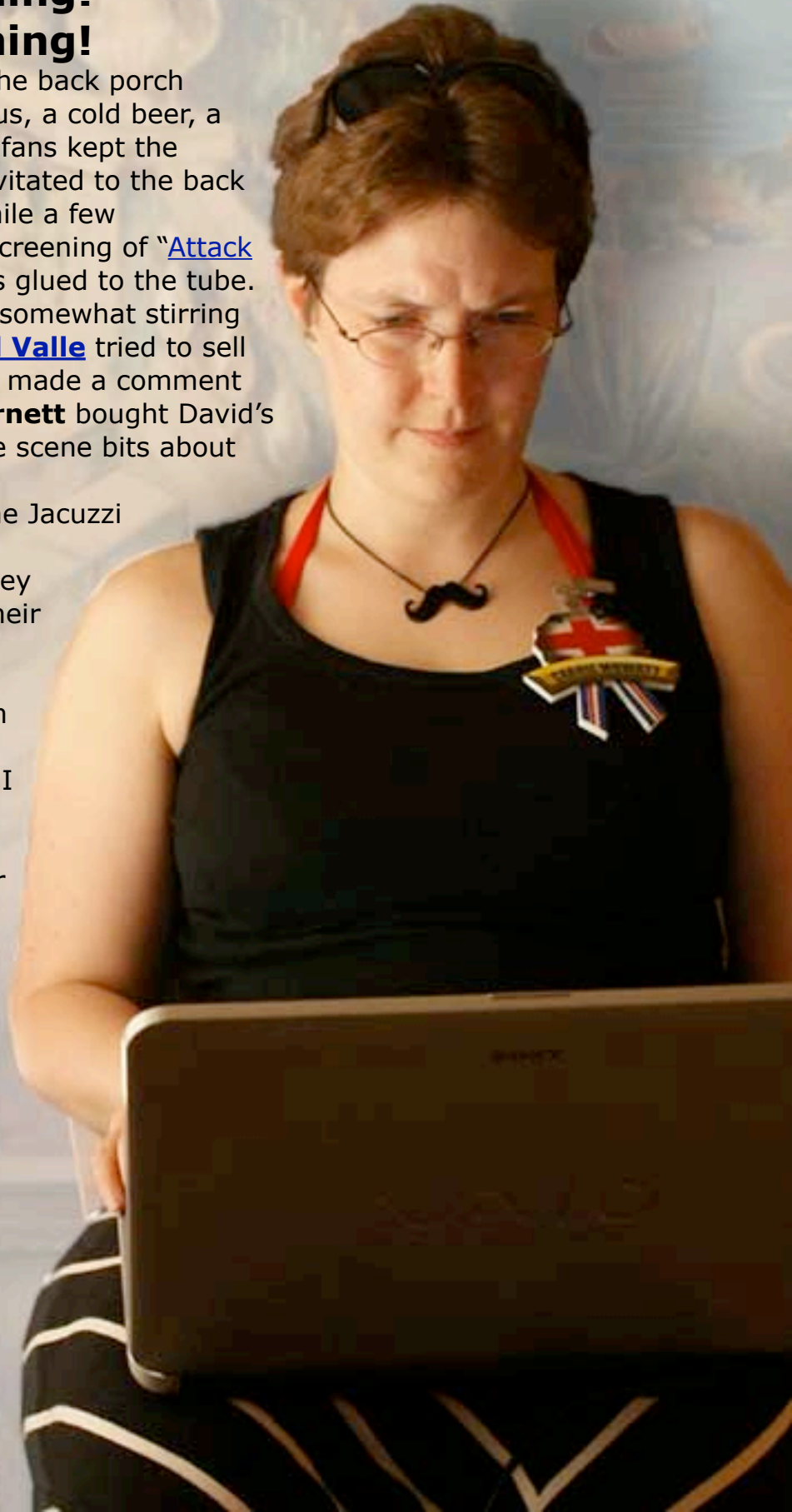
Despite the blazing heat, under the back porch awning, greeting the day at 100° plus, a cold beer, a string of misters and a back yard of fans kept the temp at a comfy level and most gravitated to the back for a goodly chat with the guests while a few malcontents were enraptured by a screening of "[Attack of the Crab Monsters](#)" and were thus glued to the tube.

**Bill Wright** gave a splendid and somewhat stirring eulogy of **Marty Cantor**, [David Del Valle](#) tried to sell his books to the viewers, **Nic Farey** made a comment about [Robert Heinlein](#), **Buddy Barnett** bought David's damn book and loved the behind the scene bits about "[Whatever Happened to Baby Jane](#)".

Revelers availed themselves of the Jacuzzi including our new Aussie pal **Bill**. Accompanied by **Jacq Monahan**, they made a fine and soggy pair giving their tired bones a good soak.

I got a moment to chat with that aforementioned **Bill** and asked when he joined fandom. He thought for a moment and replied "1958"! "Wow" I replied "That's a helluva long time ago" or something equally banal. The Eisenhower years seemed so far away, but it occurred to me, *I* became a fan in 1960, only two years later! Gadfry, time flies and neither of us are gettin' any younger. But enough of my baying at the moon. Soon it was time for the class photo of everyone still standing (or could at least stand up long enough for a quick snap!).

**Mike Conway** herded everyone into the house with cries of "There's a fire out here, into the house for safety!" Dutifully, everyone blindly headed inside. Those too bombed to move were left outside to burn!

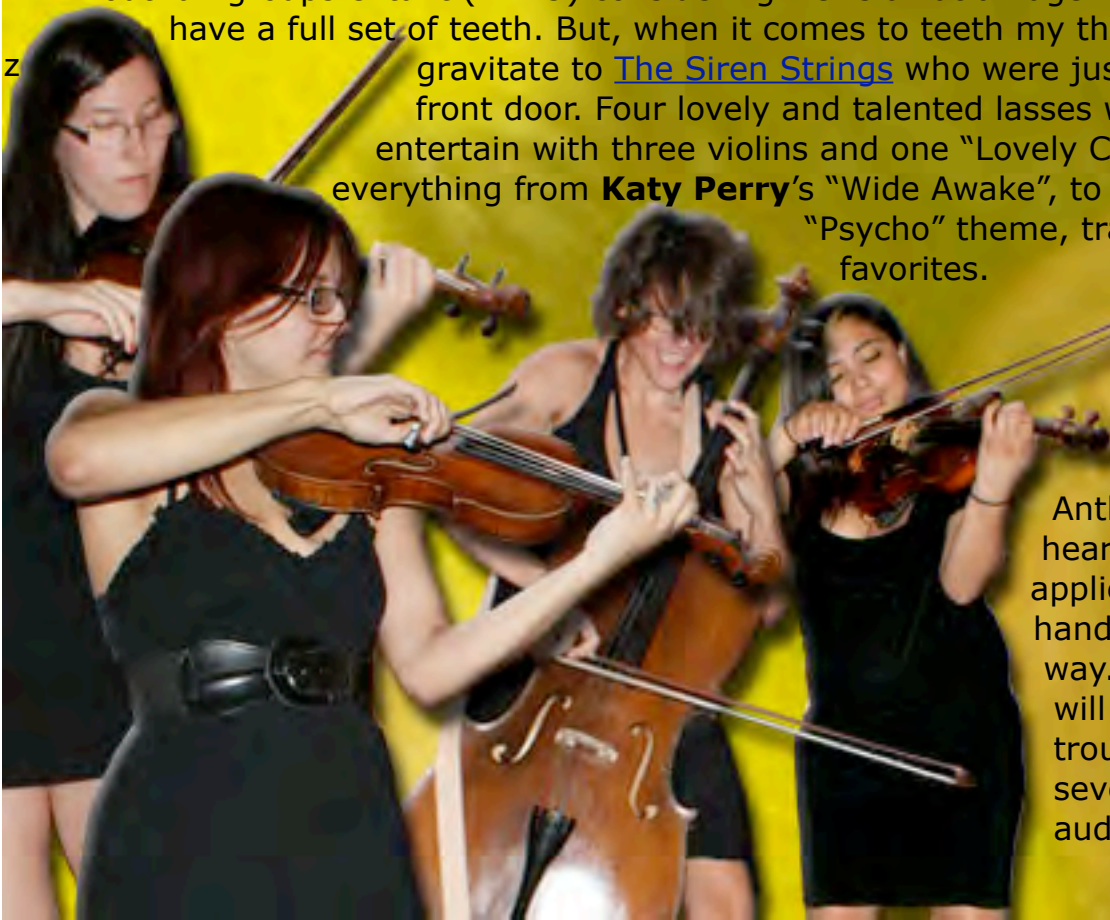




*Standing:* Daniel Rego, Mike Conway, Cindy Anderson, Kathe Duba, Nancy Thomas, David Del Valle, Scott Anderson, Rick Shipley, Rani Bush, Jennifer Drennan, Brenda Dupont, Buddy Barnett DeDee. *On the Couch:* Bill Wright, Carrie and Jim Mowatt, Jacq Monahan, Nic Farey and that's Joan Kelly relegated to the floor!

And a jolly lot they are when you get them all set up like those big furry dolls you throw balls at at a carnival. Even though **Nic** was giving **Jacq** the old "My Favorite Martian" thing in the pic, I'll bet dollars to donuts (*if anyone is keeping score and their hands off the donuts*) that our humble group of insurgents is one of the better turned out fan groups extant (IMHO) considering we're all at an age where I'll wager, few of us have a full set of teeth. But, when it comes to teeth my thoughts immediately

gravitate to [The Siren Strings](#) who were just passing through the front door. Four lovely and talented lasses who know how to entertain with three violins and one "Lovely Cello", they tackle everything from **Katy Perry's** "Wide Awake", to **Bernard Herrmann's** "Psycho" theme, traditional reels and popular favorites.



At one point, **Bill** interrupted the concert and requested "Advance Australia Fair" the Australian National Anthem; a ditty so near to his heart, he had the sheet music applied to tote bags which he handed out to fans along the way. Something of his visit we will treasure, and being troupers, the Sirens played several verses while the audience screamed "Aarrgg!"





But the sirens played merrily and Bill sang aloud. it was all in good fun, and he was one happy Aussie!

When the concert came to an end, it was time for a mass migration into the Jacuzzi for one last dip and here Bill entertained the crowd with an impromptu strip-tease culminating in the revelation of a hearty constitution indeed!

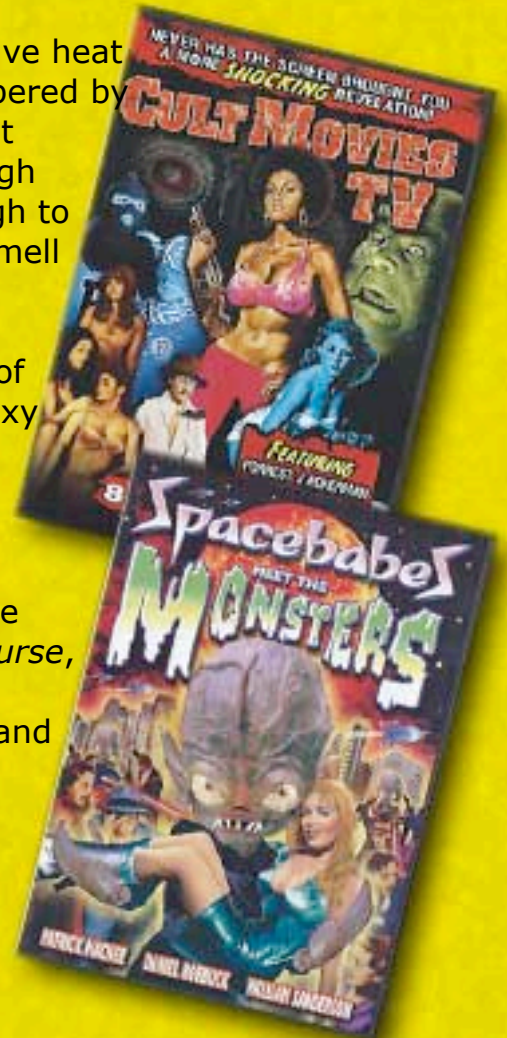
The oppressive heat had been tempered by a light rain that whipped through

Vegas amid a flurry of lightning and thunder, just long enough to make everything wet, 30 degrees cooler and lift the lovely smell of the desert into the wind.

The kindly [Buddy](#) and [Kathe Barnett](#) slipped me a pair of their classic Sci-Fi pics: [Spacebabes Meet the Monsters](#), a sexy romp through time and space starring the iconic John Steed himself: [Patrick Macnee](#), [William Sanderson](#) (J.F. Sebastian from [Blade Runner](#)) and the man with the best basement in the whole wide world: [Bob Burns](#). Plus a copy of: [Cult Movies TV](#) a whizbang documentary on cult films: the people who made them and the fans who adore them. Of course, [Forry Ackerman](#) is in it, plus [Yvette Vickers](#), [Brad Linaweaver](#), [Verne Langdon](#), [John Lazar](#), [Titus Moody](#) and several others I never thought I'd see again.

Kathe and Buddy direct, produce and act whenever the muse allows and their eclectic films can be found [HERE](#).

Fans may remember **Buddy Barnett** as the co-editor of the long running Cult Movies Magazine; back issues of which and other cool stuff that may give you an acid flashback can be found [HERE](#).



Bill Wright Readies for The Dunk!



DeDee films Nic and the Tubsters



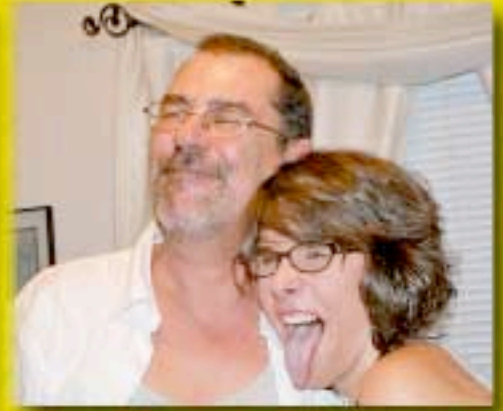
Corinne and Marlo: Sirens Indeed



Rick Succumbs to the Empire



Gene Kelly



Nic and Corinne Give Opinions

Nothing beats evening in the desert. Yeh, it was nearing eight o'clock and things were winding down. The last few bottles of champagne were being dealt with harshly and every scrap of food appeared to have vanished from the property!

## Brunched:

Well, I must say, another **BrunchCon** left us jolly, yet beat with lots of tidying up to do around here. I don't remember a single soul leaving the place, so I must have been a number of sheets to the wind I suspect. **Jim** and **Carrie** took the guest room, and several took the sofas.

So here, I'd like to thank everyone that came; **David Del Valle** from Hollywood and all the West Side Insurgents, the Entwives, the Siren Strings, **Buddy and Kathe, Nic, Brenda, Jacq,** and of course **DeDee** and **Piehole**.

Alas, none of the Vagrant elite attended but we couldn't have had more fun with **Jim** and **Carrie** if we had been poking them with sticks, and **Bill** turned out to be the "Darling from Down Under," or as *he* put it, "The Bastard from the Bush!" Any way you slice it, a good time was had by all and with any luck, some will remember it. By the way, our video documentary of **BrunchCon** can be found and viewed with either eye or both simultaneously: [HERE](#). ◀



## 'BOUT THE COVER

Yep, that's Jim and Carrie Mowatt battling zombies on this issue of Orpheum! On the night of the SteakOut, I whisked them into the garage for a quick photo shoot. I knocked out the background and placed them into this scene created with the help of Poser 9 and Photoshop.

# Las Vegas TAFF TRIPPIN'

With Jim and Carrie Mowatt and Bill Wright

8/21 - 8/28/13

8/23 - 8/27/13


By Jacq Monahan

**Jim and Bill** have got their own trip reports to write, so these are **MY** impressions of their visit to Las Vegas. It is therefore suggested readers adjust the seams on their pant legs and skirts to allow for the flash flood of hyperbole and pun that will inevitably ensue.

**Jim Mowatt**, 2013 TAFF delegate, flew into Sin City a day after his lovely wife, **Carrie**, and his three-woman welcome wagon inadvertently arrived at the wrong terminal for his arrival. We all blame United Airlines. In the meantime, Jim was left to watch the baggage on the carousel dwindle until it was merely a music case housing a tuba and, further along the belt, a single forlorn turnip.

Okay, that's only how I envisioned it. In reality, **Jim** was approached by a representative from a toothpaste convention who asked him if he was sure that he wasn't attending (as if Jim would suddenly get fluoride fever and dash off to marvel over the latest tube and pump extruders). So now the turnip doesn't sound so odd, does it? When the greeters finally arrived, the arrival got a splendid greeting from his wife, who bounded into his arms and was held aloft for at least 10-seconds during a film-worthy kiss. Only then did we pose for the welcome photograph holding our signs. Carrie's declared simply, "JIM!" **Brenda Dupont**, who had dressed as a chauffeur (with a hat, too) held up a "TAFF Delegate, Don't Panic!"; mine, constructed at the last moment, read, "Whatever happens in Vegas... winds up in a fanzine."





We took him to his 11<sup>th</sup> floor room in [Palace Station](#), notorious for being the location where [O.J. Simpson](#) committed the theft of his own property at gunpoint. He sits in a cell in Lovelock, Nevada, far from the sheer luxury of Jim and Carrie's Tower Room.

That evening, the Great TAFF SteakOut took place at the home of [Alan](#) and [DeDee White](#). Ribeye shared the guest of honor spot with Jim, and we tore at our food with murderous paws. [John Wesley Hardin](#) was the grillmaster, and [Nic](#) swore he ate some bratwurst. There was chicken and turkey as well, so pretty much any barnyard animal was in for it that night.

Speaking of "in for it" several of us went into the Jacuzzi. I can call it that because it really IS a Jacuzzi and we bubbled away into the wee hours like sated carnivores, displacing water like mad and replacing it with champagne whenever possible.

## The Venetian/Planet Hollywood

[Jim](#) and [Carrie](#) had both punted me on the Cam when I visited Cambridge, so now they just had to go on a gondola ride in the fake [Venetian](#), on a fake river under a fake sky. That's what I call payback. You give me thousands of years of history and scholarship; I will give you a manmade tourist trap. Under painted clouds, no less; with a gondolier whose nametag reads Giuseppe, but who could actually be named Lenny Schmedlap and sport a New York City way of *tawking*. Judging by the romantic way [Jim](#) and [Carrie](#) looked at each other, the subterfuge worked.

## A Jim (not Jimmy) Buffet

[Linda Bushyager](#) is the author of two fantasy books, a fan with an impressively long pedigree in fandom, and a high roller here in Las Vegas. About to embark on another of her numerous cruises, she and husband [Ron](#) made time for the [Mowatts](#) before leaving for Alaska with a seafood buffet at Planet Hollywood. With a mountain of crab legs in the middle of the table and a bucket of crayfish nearby, [Jim](#) and [Carrie](#) feasted on food from Cthulhu's hood and were able to try out several different liquors each. They weren't driving, after all. That was me in the [Volkswagen Passat](#), a rental with brakes so sensitive I could have thrown the contents of the backseat (TAFF delegate included) through the windshield at any red light.

## Receiving the Bill

I took [Carrie](#) souvenir shopping on Saturday, hoping she wouldn't be too offended by what she found. Las Vegas trinkets can be pretty (fill in the blank) and we visited several stores full



Jacq rubs rubs elbows with Bill Wright



Jim Mowatt and Bill Wright meet for the 2nd time in the U.S. at the LaunchPad



of trinkets before I received a call from **John Wesley Hardin** advising me of **Bill Wright's** room number at Palace Station. **Carrie** and I immediately put down our dice-y merchandise to zoom back to the Palace to meet him. There was no answer to our knock (later, we found out he had slipped off to play poker).

I finally got to meet **Bill** when I came to collect the Mowatts for a party at **Arnie** and **Joyce Katz's** home later that day. Stopping at his room first, I knocked at a door which instantly opened to find the 2013 DUFF Laureate, staring at me as I stared at him. We introduced ourselves and I told him I'd return in 20 minutes with the **Mowatts** because I didn't want him to leave right then with a stranger. I figured that 20 minutes would give him enough time to get used to me, as if there is any such thing.



Brenda Dupont and Carrie Mowatt



DeDee

When I returned a second time, at least I'd be somewhat familiar to him. It worked, and all four of us made our way to the Launch Pad (Arnie's place, so named because it sits within a row of streets with names like Astronaut Way, [Neil Armstrong](#), and [Eugene Cernan](#)).

Bill likes to chat while in the car. Somehow I managed to maneuver the rental through surface streets without harming anyone, outside or inside, delivering the delegates to the festivities in one piece. He's so charming I just couldn't apply the brakes on anything that night.

## BrunchCon3

Then it arrived, majestically and full of sun, the long-awaited BrunchCon3, hosted at the home of **Alan** and **DeDee White** and scene of the Great TAFF SteakOut. The



**Mowatts** had been here before, but it was **Bill's** first time and he seemed extremely pleased with all of Alan's preparations. **Jim, Carrie** and **Bill** had their own name tags, complete with national flag. There was an official program and flyers that saved choice seats for the visitors. One flyer saved the best parking spot for us. There were even personalized beer bottle labels for the TAFF couple. The day-long event started with a sumptuous sausage, egg, fruit, and pastry orgy that bordered on decadent overkill. Red velvet, cream-filled cake? Grenadine-laced almond champagne? A

mountain of hash brown potato cakes? We came, we ate, we exploded. Not exactly, but **Bill** and I were the first two to brave the Jacuzzi (I know, eating THAT much and shoe-horning oneself into a swimsuit? Madness).

The pictures of **Bill** and I in the bubble tub show him to be a serene-faced darling, while I squint a canyon-sized crease between my eyes, shrunken to pinholes in a face that has expanded into that of a humanoid blowfish. Just add water, it seems, and my head takes on the properties of a desiccated sponge, drinking in moisture until it barely resembled itself any longer.

Of course, I didn't know any of this until I saw the photos and footage from the Eye(pad) of Horus live-streaming apparatus days later. Right now, I wanted only to see that **Bill** was having a good time. The **Mowatts** were circulating like social butterflies. I was fixated on **Bill**, making sure he was doing well in the cauldron we both shared.



Carrie and Jim Mowatt



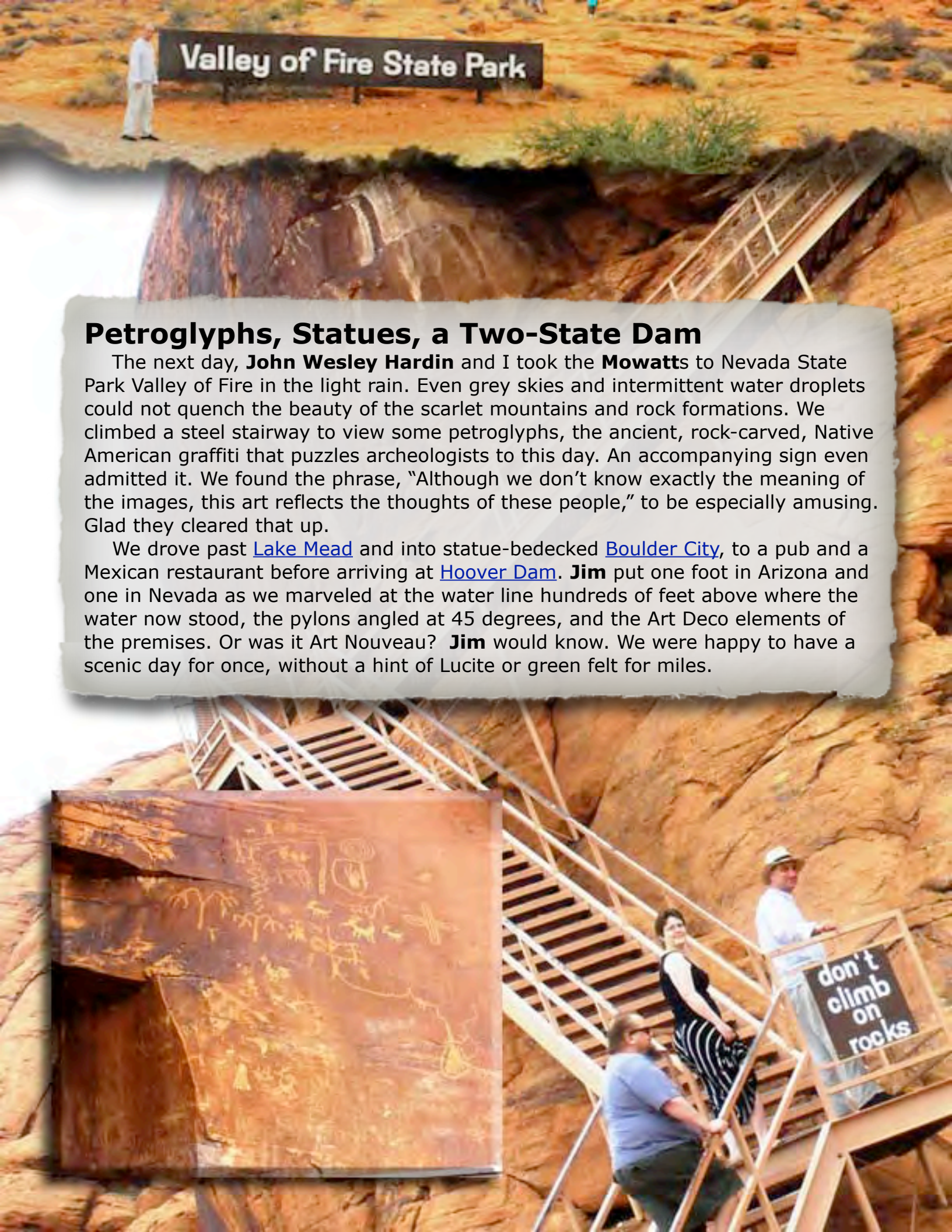
A Couple of Good Old Fannish Flounders

Then, I looked away and heard a loud splash. When I snapped my head back to Bill, he had vanished underwater, and my first thought was, "Please don't die!" Was it the heat of the Jacuzzi? A leg spasm? A purposeful dip? Not at all. **Bill** had simply thought that a bird was dive bombing him from behind, when what really happened was that a piece of fabric from the umbrella next to the tub had brushed the back of his head ever so slightly in the wind. The Duff Laureate was safe; the blowfish finally exhaled.

After the live-streaming apparatus had made several hundred circuits through the house and backyard, and the con had been going for five or six hours, a quartet of female musicians, **Siren Strings**, arrived to honor the delegates with a string concert that included songs from **Katy Perry**, **Metallica**, and **The White Stripes**. The cellist, along with three violinists even played Australia's National Anthem just for Bill, and he sang along proudly, coaxing the quartet into four full verses.

Later, **Bill** got right back into the Jacuzzi, after completing a daring striptease in **Alan's** living room, and chatted up two of the sirens who had traded musical strings for bikini strings. I think dear **Bill** will recall his time in Las Vegas fondly.





## Valley of Fire State Park

### Petroglyphs, Statues, a Two-State Dam

The next day, **John Wesley Hardin** and I took the **Mowatts** to Nevada State Park Valley of Fire in the light rain. Even grey skies and intermittent water droplets could not quench the beauty of the scarlet mountains and rock formations. We climbed a steel stairway to view some petroglyphs, the ancient, rock-carved, Native American graffiti that puzzles archeologists to this day. An accompanying sign even admitted it. We found the phrase, "Although we don't know exactly the meaning of the images, this art reflects the thoughts of these people," to be especially amusing. Glad they cleared that up.

We drove past [Lake Mead](#) and into statue-bedecked [Boulder City](#), to a pub and a Mexican restaurant before arriving at [Hoover Dam](#). **Jim** put one foot in Arizona and one in Nevada as we marveled at the water line hundreds of feet above where the water now stood, the pylons angled at 45 degrees, and the Art Deco elements of the premises. Or was it Art Nouveau? **Jim** would know. We were happy to have a scenic day for once, without a hint of Lucite or green felt for miles.



don't  
climb  
on  
rocks



Depositing our guests back at the Palace, we looked up **Bill** and found him in the Grand Café. He'd partied like a madman the day before, and had elected to stay in to get some writing and copying done for WOOF. We made arrangements to collect him for a second **Katz** dinner party the next night, which seemed to please him. The feeling was mutual.

## Bacon Martinis, Cats and Dogs, Two New Yorks, Katz and Bill

Just past noon, **John** insisted on taking our unsuspecting guest/hostages to the infamous [Double Down Saloon](#) for an equally famous Bacon Martini. [Steve Green](#) had downed one on his last visit, even buying the bar's signature shirt which read SHUT UP AND DRINK. The martinis looked inviting, but a tiny sip, a tongue dip, in my case, brought about a face wrinkled by a libation dotted with pig fat and vying for drinkability with floor varnish and furniture polish. No one attempted the equally infamous Ass Juice (liquor dregs from many bottles; compatibility is NOT the point).

On this 106 degree day, **John Wesley Hardin** and I took the **Mowatts** to a Pet Comedy Show that featured dogs, cats, geese, mice, and a parrot who could complete a slam dunk into a basketball net. Cats paraded around in blingy splendor as they climbed tall poles to get to the regal cushion at the top, where they sat and surveyed the mere humans below, superior in everything but can opener mastery.



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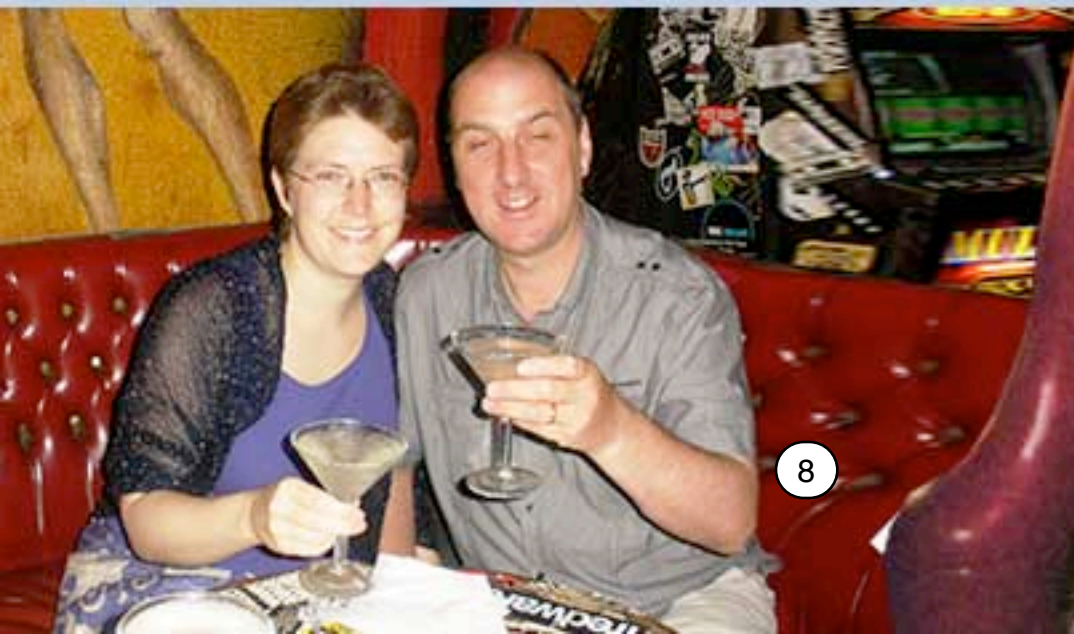
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We found that you can dress dogs in running shorts and elephant masks; they will assist with jump rope games and hold a rescue net steady outside of a burning building. They will jump through hoops and hold thermometers in their mouths, and some can walk on two legs. When [Gregory Popovich](#), the human star of the show who trains rescue and shelter animals can get them to fix a toilet or air-conditioning system, I myself will give them a call. They work for [Liv-A-Snaps!](#)

**John** wanted to take our guests to the International Market to show them the big warehouse full of imported food from several continents. He was disappointed that I didn't immediately take them to the British section, but I saw no point in showing them a shelf full of Marmite when it originated in the country they had flown in from. The black, 1000-year old duck eggs would hold more interest, I thought, but my real agenda was to get Carrie to [New York, New York](#) and on that loopy roller coaster that would make me look like a skilled driver.

You'd think there'd be no lines on a Tuesday afternoon, but everyone wanted to be terrified it seemed. **Carrie** led the way, and the intrepid **Jim** chose to accompany his wife on the wild ride while I waited for them in the gift shop, where everyone must exit. Makes sense. What you need after a good brain jumble is lots of shiny merchandise floating in front of your face, daring you to buy it if only to reassure yourself that you're back on earth. Afterward, **Jim** admitted that he "screamed like a girl." Now that's a real man.

We scooped up **Bill Wright** from Palace Station for the next dinner party at the **Katz** house, knowing he'd be taking off for [LoneStarCon3](#) the next day. I had a small consolation in knowing that I would see him there, so it wasn't really goodbye. In Las Vegas, though, it was the last time we all broke bread together.





## Fry's, the Sign, The Stratosphere, and Currying Favor and Fremont

For those who don't know, [Fry's](#) is an electronics paradise that can enrapture patrons into whirling, pinwheel-eyed tech zombies with no concept of time. Or there are those like me, content to roam around the aisles in search of a miniature Iron Man, laser pointer, or As Seen On TV product. **John** and the **Mowatts** checked out tablets and hard drives; I visited the bank of gumball/novelty machines and got a few rings, a tiny green duck, and a dollar sign pendant. **Jim** and **Carrie** liked the store, and though we looked for [Ross Chamberlain](#), Vegrant and employee extraordinaire, we did not find him.

A stop at the Welcome to Fabulous [Las Vegas](#) sign was mandatory, and it occurred to me that a time lapse video showing the quick-change scenario that surrounds the iconic structure both day and night would be pretty hilarious.

People wait politely for their turn, aided by buskers who want a tip out of the process, and who will actually try to take your camera out of your hand and supervise the photograph. Every minute or so, a different individual, couple or group walks up the lawn to the sign, which has worn a gown of tourists, bikers, and wedding parties since its inception. **Jim** and **Carrie** looked particularly good under the Las Vegas sign during their last full day in the city.

Seattle has the Space Needle, Toronto has the CN Tower, and Las Vegas has the [Stratosphere](#). When visiting a city, it is gratifying to be able to point out one of its highest structures



and say you were in it or on it. Any time **Jim** and **Carrie** would see a postcard of the Las Vegas Strip, they'd be able to say, "I was nearly at the top of that thing." **Jim** was even ready to bungee off of it, but two things stopped him. A lightening storm had been detected in the area, so the outer observation deck had to be evacuated shortly after we arrived. The cost to plunge yourself over the side was \$109! We contented ourselves by viewing videos of others who had jumped, screamed, and dangled, probably after realizing what they just paid for; we found Palace Station, a mere Monopoly-sized structure from this height, but we were nowhere near heading back just yet. There was an Eastside Insurgent to visit.

**Nic Farey** spent an entire day cooking Indian food for the **Mowatts**, including a slow-cooked lentil curry with pork, a chicken vindaloo, and two types of Naan. The two **Beam** editors held an informal meeting about the production of upcoming issues and posed like they were squaring off for an inevitable fist fight, while Lulu the large shepherd mix burrowed into the sofa between **Carrie** and me, her head always covered by a pink blanket. It's not unusual for lethargy to set in after a big meal, and the four of us were dragging a bit as we left Nic's in an almost communal yawn.

**John** was tired and it was dark. It was the **Mowatts'** last night in Las Vegas and we hadn't seen **Fremont Street** yet. You want it to be dark when you visit Fremont Street, but no one seemed up for it except me. While driving

past it on the freeway, I tried to point it out to our guests so that at least they could see the blinking lights of Downtown merriment. John said to me, "We're getting off," (the

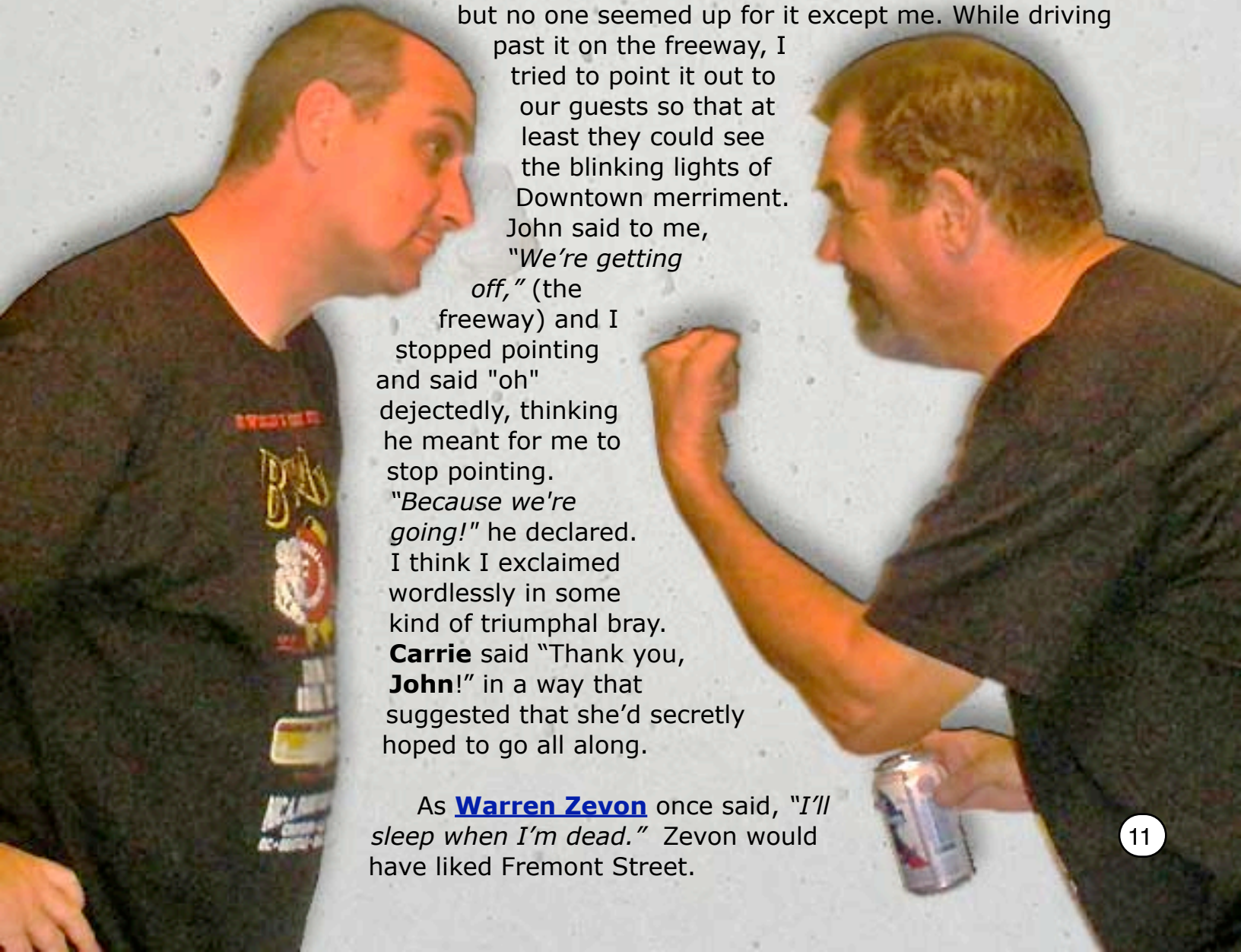
freeway) and I stopped pointing and said "oh" dejectedly, thinking he meant for me to stop pointing.

"Because we're going!" he declared.

I think I exclaimed wordlessly in some kind of triumphal bray.

**Carrie** said "Thank you, **John!**" in a way that suggested that she'd secretly hoped to go all along.

As **Warren Zevon** once said, "I'll sleep when I'm dead." Zevon would have liked Fremont Street.





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It was busy for a Wednesday night and the street performers were out in all of their superhero, risqué, painted and anatomically astonishing glory. The [Fremont Street Experience](#) hadn't started yet so we wandered the crowded corridor of hotels under a canopy that would become a movie screen at 9 p.m. I actually stole a picture of **Jim** with a showgirl in front of the Mermaids Casino without stuffing a bill into her cleavage. I was supposed to pay for the privilege, but played dumb. I'm so good at it that I should be insulted instead of proud but it got me a photo of a sheepish **Jim** with a peeved showgirl. Priceless. We came upon an Elvis a few minutes later although neither **Carrie** nor I could score a lei from him (no pun intended). It was black leather Elvis, as fake as the Blue Hawaii leis he tossed out. We were lucky to find one that adhered so closely to the iconic ideal. Las Vegas had so many iterations (and sizes, heights, races, and genders) of The King that it had become a viable career option. I think someone's even working on a holographic version.



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We waited for the Fremont Street Experience to start at a nearby Starbucks, a great place to people-watch. One very buxom Pirate lass, topless but for pasties (and not the British kind) would pose for pictures with tourists for a fee. The rest of the time, she covered up with a fan to prevent candid shots. Captain America and Spiderman roamed around like sailors on leave. A human cowboy statue, painted silver, hoped for tips from those savvy enough to get that they were in the Silver State. People walk around with yard-long glasses of booze, so he probably got just as many tips from those who thought he was the Tin Man from Oz.

When the canopy overhead erupted in image (tonight belonged to Bon Jovi) and sound, we left our perch to stand in the middle of the street, looking up – a favorite time for pickpockets to strike we warned our guests. They had me looking out for them as well, so the blues stayed up on the ceiling where they belonged.

Next, and last, we virtually ran into Binion's to look for the One Million Dollar pile of money. I just had to get a shot of Jim with that bundle, and even though he nearly limped with a sore ankle (sports injury) you'd never tell by his ebullient grin.

We dropped off our weary guests at the Palace, where **Nic** would pick them up the next day around 4:30 a.m. to catch a 6:00 a.m. flight.

**John** said his goodbyes, but I knew I'd see the **Mowatts** again at LoneStarCon3 in San Antonio.

We were not done with herds and carnivores just yet. ◀



## JIM MOWATT'S TAFF Trip Legend

1. Gamblin' Man
2. Broke Bloke
3. Alan Gets a Bill
4. Bill Sings with Siren Strings
5. Nic Takes a Pic
6. Jim in Boulder City
7. Carrie's in NV, Jim's in AZ
8. Bacon Martinis
9. Stratosphere Observation Deck
10. Jim Points to Palace Station
11. Beam Editorial Meeting
12. Fremont Street Experience
13. Compromising Position
14. Million Dollar Delegate



# AS BIG AS BIG TEXAS!

Written and Pics by: Jacq Monahan

It was not my first time in Texas, but it WAS my first time at a WorldCon and I found it to be huge. One big hotel, one great big hotel, and one giant convention center made up the downtown San Antonio neighborhood where thousands of fans converged and distilled descriptively into three ubiquitous words: books, scooters, costumes.

Books, the life's blood of fandom, were given away from massive stacks set up at a table near Registration and in the great exhibition hall. Scooters could and were rented from somewhere on-site, an absolute necessity for some due to the amount of space and floors to be covered. Costumes, especially those of steampunk finery and fantasy could be seen each day, with accompanying animals attached in some instances (a mechanical dragon perched on a shoulder, a stuffed dog sat in a hat on a head).

Registration was easy; I was handed my badge and program in a matter of seconds. Finding the Fan Lounge was difficult and that was definitely a destination since one of my *raison d'être*s was meeting **John Purcell**.

Astoundingly, 100% of the people I asked looked at me as if I'd phrased the question in a Turkish



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dialect. They blinked, they froze; they spoke to me as if no such space existed. Was I mistaken? These were people connected with the con as well as convention center employees. Finally someone directed me through the Exhibits Hall to a large side room where I spotted Mr. **Purcell**, known to me only through photographs on Facebook. That's how he knew me, too, so he saw me coming from about 20 feet away and did not take the opportunity to escape. We were easy friends, at least in my version of events, and John showed me around the lounge, littered with candy and a table of free fanzines. I added my 71 copies of a rushed-into-print WOOFzine to the crowded table, where other people's vastly superior works already sat awaiting collation.

Like a sheepish elementary school student, I discreetly slipped my stack among the paper piles, hoping it would not stand out. I'd had no time to get anything together, and my attempt at a TAFF newsletter crashed with a Quark Xpress program that even the great **John Wesley Hardin** couldn't rescue. The result was decidedly less aesthetic or informative than I would have liked, but at least TAFF would be mentioned.

I had come for the auction, bearing pounds of publications. While not on the program, I was a behind-the-scenes presence, scurrying through the audience with Las Vegas beads for the highest bidder of an item. The intrepid **Chris Garcia**, resplendent in a Fred Flintstone animal print shirt, demonstrated his mastery of improv and quick-witted repartee as he exhorted the assembled crowd to dig deep into their pockets, accompanying each pitch with anecdotes and jokes. The man is a force of nature, and, I'm convinced, enhanced the auction's proceeds by being there.

A big thanks to [Naomi Fisher](#) for recording, **Andrew Stewart** for running, **John Hertz** for narratives that upped the fannish interest exponentially in each item he presented, **Murray Moore** for generously supplying artwork and boxes of auction items (he split the proceeds between TAFF and DUFF), [Norman Cates](#) (who supplied one-of-a-kind WETA digital clothing AND a donation for over \$400 to DUFF) **Jim** and **Carrie Mowatt**, who offered among other things, an



interactive TARDIS T-shirt that required a free smart phone app to allow view of its interior) [Pat Virzi](#), [Chris Marble](#), and [Robert Roche](#) for VERY generous, multiple bids. To add icing to this cash cow of a cake, the auction was fun for all involved, and we almost ran overtime. Items that didn't sell were from lack of time rather than interest.

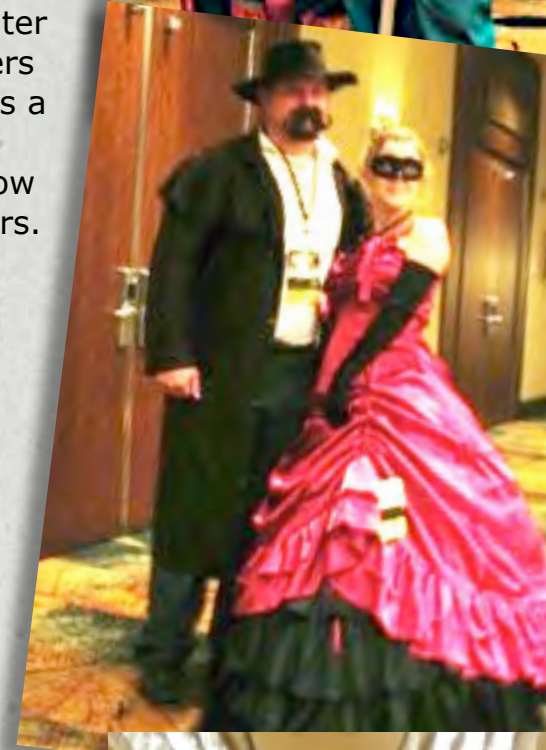
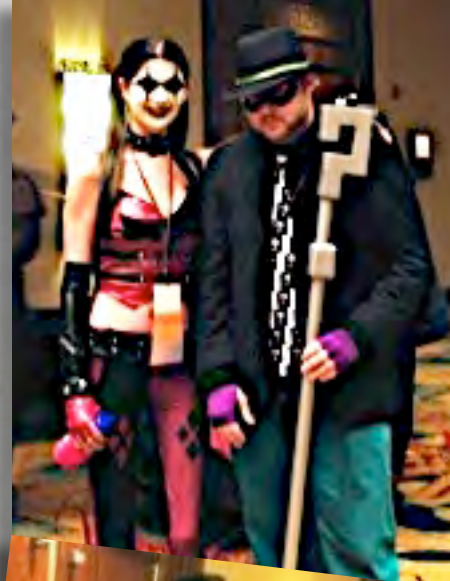
A Masquerade later that Saturday night brought out the sartorial splendor of sf fandom as painted and bedecked beings invaded the [Marriott Rivercenter](#) ballroom before swarming the hallways afterward to be photographed.

**Parties you say?** It WAS Saturday after all, and the several floors (26, 32, 34, and especially 35) of the Marriott Rivercenter were such hotly contested destinations, that elevator wranglers were enlisted by the convention to control the flow. There was a line that formed and stayed visible for about 45 minutes until everyone got to their destination, but elevator service was slow from that point on, a sign of continual traffic to the party floors. I came up with a motto: "Where there's a murmur, there's usually a crock pot."

It works like this. Get off the elevator on a floor that you THINK there's a party or two on. Listen for the murmur and head for it. Chances are you'll see an assembled group of fans, some in costume (I saw Dracula eating off of a paper plate) and follow the sound to the refreshment table. A slow cooker is akin to a gooooooooooooooal! New Orleans was blessed by a few, and Chicago had the drink equivalent: blenders. Kansas City had pounds of cubed pork, thousands of toothpicks, and puddles of barbecue sauce to smear it all in. London had a ritzy cheese table where I coveted the Stilton like a private conversation with Tom Baker.

I bring up Dr. Who #4 because I become a terrible Robin Hood at conventions. Did I just say Robin Hood? I meant Ribbon Ho. How many stick-on badge ribbons is enough for me? There is no such number, nor is there a long enough quotient for a membership badge. Mr. Baker's Dr. Who scarf approximates a decent length, I think. I did not care if the message decreed criminally insane, emotionally stunted, or Antarctica in '19. I'll wear it! GIVE IT TO ME! Please? I am Ribbon Ho, and I'm sure some of the table personnel would have liked to change my first name to Heave.

**Panels.** There were panels, and at one point there were no less than 26 concurrent tracks at one time, so attendees had to choose between Lead Pouring, Mexican SF and Fantastic Fiction, Horses are Not Jeeps: Bringing Reality to Fictional Worlds, Planning a Starship, and Kaffeeklatsch: [Gabrielle de Cuir](#), [David Liss](#), [Julia Rios](#). [George R.R. Martin](#) could be seen strolling along the hallways and [Charlaine Harris](#) was available for a chat on Friday afternoon. These were all in the [Henry B. Gonzalez](#)



[Convention Center](#) and all, as Moe of the Three Stooges would say, "Spread out!"

The Con Suite was in the Marriott Rivercenter, third floor, and featured an outdoor patio where one could reliably find two cow troughs (that's what they called them in brisket country you know) containing soda and diet soda, iced and segregated. Water bottles got to stay inside and in the interest of fair play, were marked as diet and caffeine free as well. The hustling and earnest Con Suite staff endeavored mightily to keep food on the table and succeeded part of the time, with offerings of hotdogs, pulled pork, Hawaiian pizza, and assorted relish trays.

San Antonio's big draws include the [Riverwalk](#) and the [Alamo](#). The former was as close as an outdoor stairway from the hotels; the latter was a few blocks away, nestled in a plaza full of ice cream shops, novelty stores, a Visitor Information Center, and carriage rides adorned with strings of mini-lights that electrified the already dazzling view for night visitors. Both these attractions could be enjoyed by sun or moonlight. The scenic quality never disappeared; it was merely altered by natural or manmade light.

The Riverwalk, whether on foot or by passenger barge, offered lush greenery, restaurants graced by Mariachi bands, bridges to walk across or float under, and human activity to rival a busy anthill. Parts of the stone Riverwalk are so narrow, I wondered if people routinely fell in just due to overcrowding (they did) not to mention drunken misstep (they did). Barge tours offered information on city structures and floated past a tiny island shaped like a heart, the site of many a San Antonio wedding.

By contrast, the landlocked Alamo was as reverential as the Riverwalk was celebratory. As a shrine, you may not touch any part of it. You may not take any photos inside of it. You may try to imagine what it was like back in 1836, when [James \(Jim\) Bowie](#) of Tennessee and [David \(Davy\) Crockett](#) of Kentucky, under the command of Colonel [William Barrett Travis](#) of South Carolina, and along with 186 men whose names are known and others whose names are not, decided to fight to the death rather than surrender to General [Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna](#). It is known as the Shrine of Texas Liberty and is funded solely by donations, though admission is free to the public.

Back at LSC3 the crowds were gearing up for Sunday night's presentation of the Hugo awards, hosted by [Paul Cornell](#). when I arrived, all of the choice seating had been





taken, and was relegated to an aisle seat in a penultimate row on the left side of the Ballroom, and was lucky to get *that*. Behind me sat a man who wore high-tech stilts, the kind that looked like the artificial legs of a runner (think [Oscar Pistorius](#)). These made him about nine feet tall. He was not worried about where to sit. In fact, he said he always got a better view standing.

The [2013 Hugos](#) are all on record, so there's no need to rehash them here. [Leslie Fish](#)'s vocal accompaniment to the In Memoriam slideshow was moving. NASA astronaut [Cady Coleman](#) was awe-inspiring. Paul Cornell and company's [SF Squeecast](#) removing themselves from further Hugo consideration was noble.

And WorldCon was galaxy - huge, precisely the way it should always be. ◀



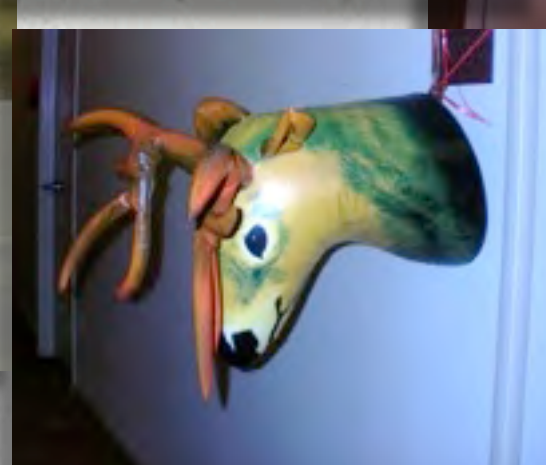
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## WorldCon Photo Legend

1. Norman Cates
2. Book Giveaway Title
3. Auction Action
4. Exhibit Hall
5. Masquerade Madness
6. View from Hotel Room and The Alamo
7. Hugo Awards
8. Warren Buff
9. LoneStarCon3 Hugo
10. ChiCon 7 Hugo

## Meanwhile, Back in Sin City



On one of his rare trips through town, cult film maker, alien fabricator and Vegas expat [Greg Parker](#) stopped by for a chat. He made a pair of wacky horror flicks [Lord of the Dead](#) and [Blade of Death](#) in which I had a small part as a psycho cop.

He'd been making aliens for exhibits in Roswell, New Mexico, stopped by Vegas and had spun off the hub on a wild toot some-where just this side of the Twilight Zone.

Wherever you come up for air, Greg, let us know!



## Photoshop World Vegas

I don't know, maybe Photoshop has taken it as far as it's going to go. I've been hitting [Photoshop World](#) every year as long as I can remember, listening to lectures, sitting in on demos of new techniques and software and never cease to be amazed.

Don't know what happened this year, but the show was a third its usual size and there was only a smattering of actual software booths. The convention was overwhelmed with cameras and high end photo equipment. Looks like they're taking out the "Shop" and just making more "Photo".

The most amazing thing I saw this year was a new ability to actually import video into Photoshop for adjusting and doctoring. Pretty dang cool, can't wait to try it! ◀



# DeDee's Book Den

**The Gate to Women's Country** By Sheri S. Tepper



Women unite together for survival post world wide apocalyptic convulsion. The book involves women's roles in this struggling new beginning of a different world order. Marthatown is the main setting as the story unfolds. The women live segregated by choice.

Only women and girls live in Marthatown and a few specially selected male servants. The

garrison houses all the men and boys above age 5. The new rules represent their past experiences, present day problems and their future as well as a master plan under their new rules. Like the puppet master the women secretly manipulate each and every situation with one goal in their vision.

This focus totally revolves around preventing any more wars. The Garrison is where the warrior men live, train and boast of their superior battle skills and they are always on the look to start another war with other struggling

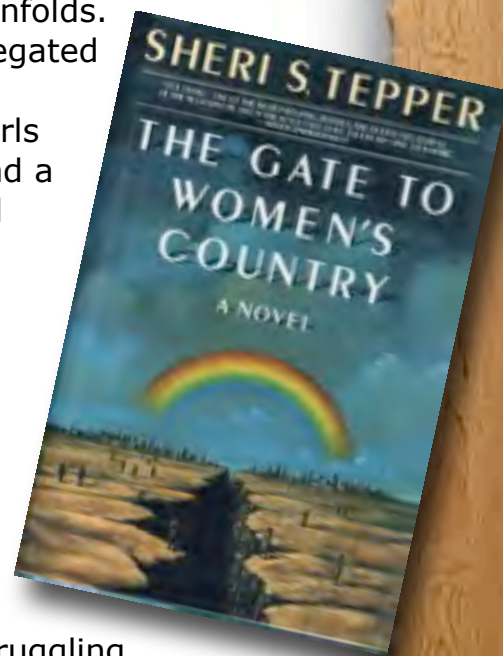
communities. This is the beginning of a dictatorship society however the dictators are hidden from view.

Interesting ideas from each one of our club members on this novel. Our total review of this futuristic book was a unanimous 4 stars out of 5. Give it a read I think you will enjoy it and it will spark some heated discussion at your next book club meeting.



August's Entwines reading choice was "The Ocean at the End of the Lane" by Neil Gaiman. This latest book is an adult novel written through a child's eyes and reveals the story as a seven year old boy tries to understand some dark and very unusual events that take place in his so far

undisturbed world. This short book catches you from the first page and then immediately sucks you in quickly and totally.



The book begins to show us how a young bookish, lonely, seven year old boy learns how to cope and understand the frightening bad events that take place. There is no doubt that our earliest experiences form and give shape to our view of the world and the people we love, fear or trust.

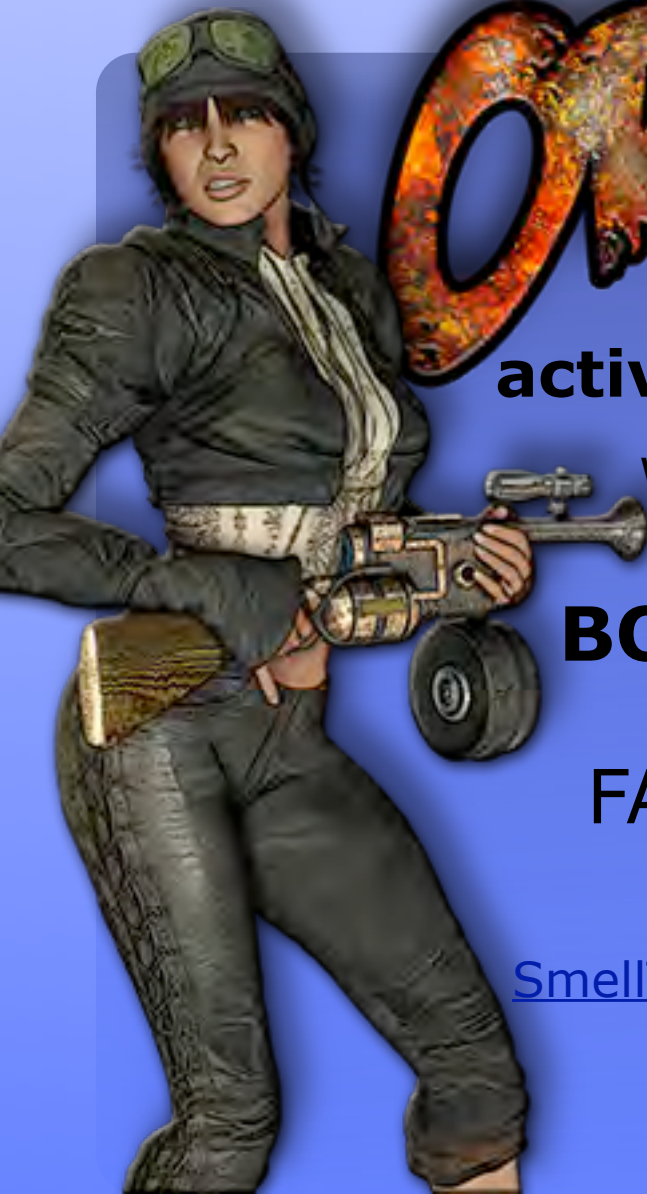
The reader is guided very skillfully through a sequence of unexplainable happenings and events that shape the reality or fantasy in this young boy's life. Whether it is pure fantasy or not this young boy learn many valuable lessons that will shape his life from then on.

The true emotions are real the fear is real dark and scary. Growing up through innocence, adventures and unexplainable frightening things that happen shape this young boy forever.

Looking back on these events as an adult we find him looking back into the realm of reality versus fantasy blurred and he isn't positive if his childhood memory was a dream or simply a remembered piece of a nightmare. However we are fully absorbed by our gut emotions that this book brings up forth from somewhere in our subconscious level. Whether a dream or a unexplained happening we can never be positive.

We rate the short book with a big fantasy and literary bang for your heart and a real charmer from the get go. we give it 5 out of 5 stars, can't get any better from us.

Enjoy the read. ◀



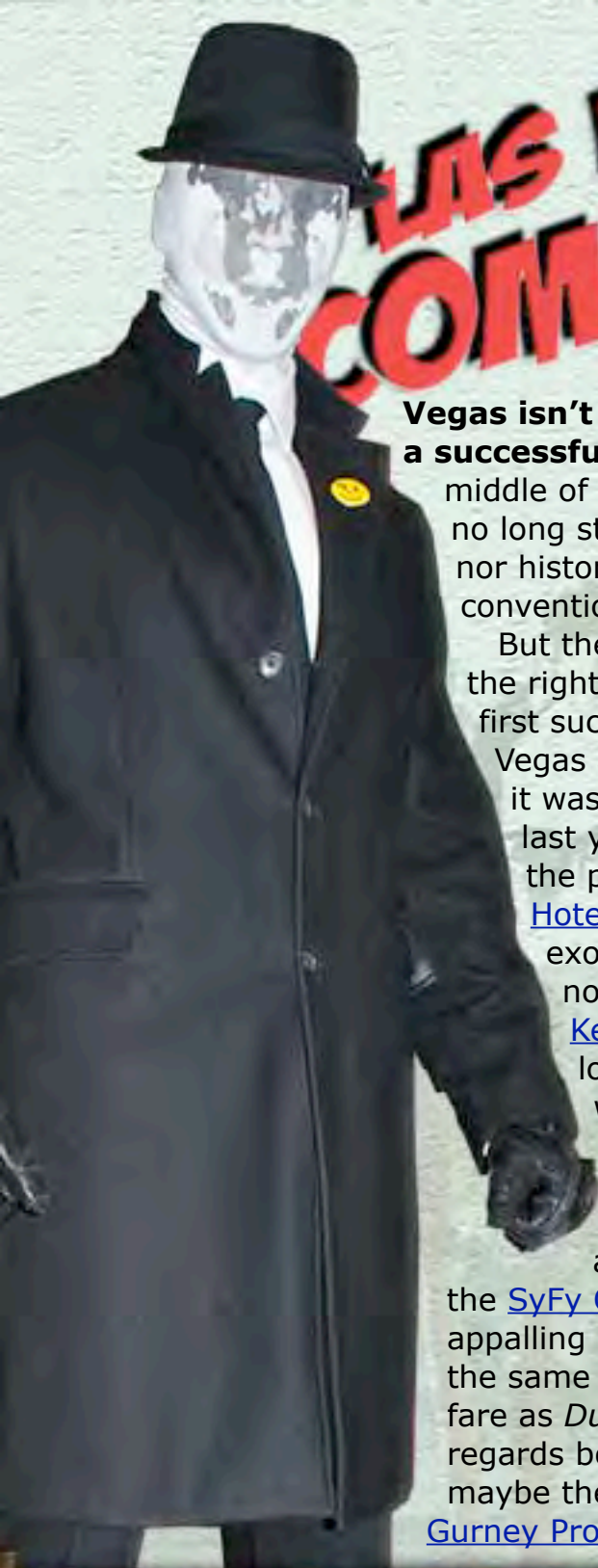
# ORPHHELM

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# LAS VEGAS COMIC EXPO



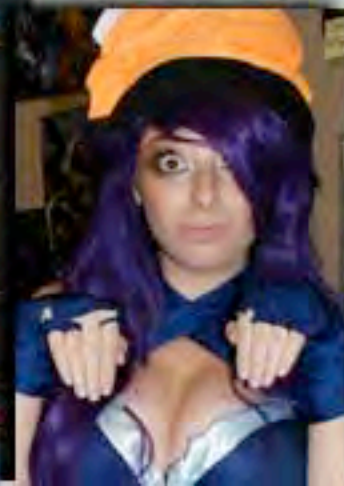
**Vegas isn't the easiest place to have a successful convention.** It's in the middle of a barren wasteland, with no long standing unified fan base, nor history of successful fan conventions.

But these guys proved they had the right stuff and produced the first successful Comic Con in Vegas and now they're back to prove it wasn't a fluke. Speaking of flukes, last year, a rare monsoon flooded the planned venue: the [Alexis Hotel](#) a week prior causing a swift exodus to the [Riviera](#) which they now call home! I remember seeing [Keely Smith and the Wildest](#) in the lounge there many times, but that was another lifetime. Now, Comic Expo followed [Rollercon](#).

While the convention officially began Saturday the 28th, the action began the night previous as the [SyFy Channel](#) was shooting it's latest appalling abuse of SF with [Naked Vegas](#) by the same folks who bring you such appealing fare as *Duck Dynasty*. This episode however regards body painting, and on that score, maybe they came to the right place. But HAH! [Gurney Productions](#) just sold a controlling stake




Nicole Brune



Alina Andrei - Omega 1





of the company for a cool 40 mil to [itv](#), the Brit company who now produces *Hell's Kitchen*, *X Factor*, and others. We'll see just how *Naked Vegas* fares when the show hits the tube come October.

I arrived Saturday to find fans queueing for the dealers room and several rooms in which panels were under way. It was fun seeing families attending, all in costume and I felt comforted that fans no longer have to leave Vegas for a great convention experience.

The Las Vegas Comic Expo always manages to assemble an impressive cast of Guests topped by the great [Neal Adams](#):

[Jim Cheung](#) • [Mike Choi](#) • [Gerry Conway](#) • [Dan Cote](#)  
[Joe Benitez](#) • [Blond](#) • [Andy Bohn](#) • [Mark Brooks](#)  
[Norm Rapmund](#) • [Kenneth Rocafort](#) • [Phillip Tan](#)  
[Whilce Portacio](#) • [Brian Pulido](#) • [Livio Ramondelli](#)  
[Joel Gomez](#) • [Brian Haberlin](#) • [Orlando Harding](#)  
[Stephane Roux](#) • [Joe Rubenstein](#) • [Nei Ruffino](#)  
[Peter Nguyen](#) • [Carlo Pagulayan](#) • [Dean Yeagle](#)  
[Glen Brunswick](#) • [Brian Buccellato](#) • [Keu Cha](#)  
[Agnes Garbowska](#) • [Alé Garza](#) • [Ryan Sook](#)  
[Beth Sotelo](#) • [Cat Staggs](#) • [Stephen Stern](#)  
[Joel Adams](#) • [Jay Anacleto](#) • [Eric Basaldua](#)  
[Jorge Molina](#) • [Juan Muniz](#) • [Marat Mychael](#)  
[Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez](#) • [Kevin Levin](#)  
[Dennis Crisostomo](#) • [Mark Dos Santos](#)  
[Patrick Finch](#) • [The Fillbach Brothers](#)  
[Scott Lobdell](#) • [Heubert Khan Michael](#)  
[Stephen Segovia](#)

**Media Guests featured:**

[Kristin Bauer](#) • [Linda Blair](#) • [Giancarlo Esposito](#)  
[Lou Ferrigno](#) • [Sylvester McCoy](#)

Cosplay was everywhere and costumes ran the gamut of old and new characters, comics and movies.

Saturday Panels ranged from Superman, to Zombies, Animated Grimm Fairy Tales by [Zenescope Entertainment](#) who promise these tales "Ain't for Kids!" Hmmm, sounds promising!



The big guns came out with an hour of [Giancarlo Esposito](#) where chatter didn't stray far from Gus Fring's explosive demise. *True Blood* still gathers an enthusiastic audience and [Kristin Bauer](#) as Pam De Beaufort delighted the gathered daywalkers with tales of the show where "My job is to just not screw it up!"

OK, I know nothing about Dr. Who. My first outing was **Peter Cushing** back in '65 with "[Dr. Who and the Daleks](#)", but poor Peter gets short shrift in that august doctoral compendium. But here was [Sylvester McCoy](#) late of the seventh Dr. now reveling as Radagast in [The Hobbit](#) along with a new crop of fans; several of whom were "Who'd" up in Sly's trademark "questionable" garb.

[Alina Andrei](#) has made quite a presence on popular TV shows, and is now branching out into her own comic [Omega 1](#) which she and [Mark Edward Lewis](#) have hopes of bringing to the big screen. There was also a gaming room which had already developed a heady aroma of the great unwashed. A sure sign of commitment.

I was impressed with the new hardback graphic novel "[Anomaly](#)" produced by **Skip Brittenham** and **Brian Haberlin** featuring visually stunning graphics imbued with the Ultimate [Augmented Reality](#)™ app that has creatures leaping from the pages into your eyeholes! I'm elated when I see comics taking advantage of new technology!

This is a convention I look forward to yet never have the time to enjoy it all. Here are a few people who made my visit even more enjoyable. Drop by and say we sent'cha:

[Boston Metaphysical Society](#) • [Splatter Comics](#) • [Sabine Rich](#) • [Sam Hoeffler](#)  
[Lonnie Millsap](#) • [OH Hell Comics](#) • [Gothic Geisha](#) • [Beth Sotelo](#) • [Popeye Wong](#)  
[A W Sculpture](#) • [Pariah, Mo.](#) • [Nicole Brune](#)

Bookmark [The Las Vegas Expo](#)  
website for this time next year

or

just keep reading

***Orpheum!***





## Curt Phillips

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Hi Alan & Jacq,  
I just read/viewed/experienced ORPHEUM #3 and am more than a little dazzled by the most intense use of color and graphics in a fanzine that I've ever encountered. The whole effect reinforces my impression that everything is more exciting in Las Vegas, including fanzines. I enjoyed reading it all and got a kick out of several things including seeing a photo for the first time of your friend Don Glut – whom I know as the author of one of my favorite Laser Books; SPAWN (#43). I was actually a subscriber to the Laser Book series and each month I'd receive a little cardboard box with three of those glorious novels inside. I miss those books. Please pass my greetings to your friend and tell him that I still have my copy of SPAWN carefully protected with a plastic bag and shelved in a prominent place in my collection.

My favorite part of ORPHEUM #3 is Jacq's TAFF report, which I've been sporadically enjoying as the various bits and pieces of it appear. I was delighted to see her photo and her account of THE DONUTSH in concert. This is the first I'd heard that she'd managed to see the band on this trip and I greatly envy her that experience. Very cool, Jacq!

## Lloyd Penney

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Dear Alan:

I got myself Orpheum 3! I am getting so caught up, it's crazy. Or possibly fewer zines are being produced. Well, I like the first explanation better. Time for comments.

Again, just made the page! You'll find it shortly in your IN box. Take care, and see you with the next one.

Greetings to Jacq...we're getting our own rolling waves of heat. Temperatures have risen to close to 100F over the last four days, but we're getting a break tonight with thunderstorms, and warm weather as opposed to hot, and just in time for the weekend, too. We will be getting a visit from **Jim Mowatt**, too.

Too many people are departing our happy little asylum. The most recent one is **Marty Gear**, dammit. I was hoping to see him again with the upcoming Toronto CostumeCon, but no such luck. There is a zine library in Toronto, but like most zine-oriented organizations in Toronto, all sci-fi fans are nerds and geeks, and I am sure that if I were to donate my zine collection to them, they'd see a shredder within a week.

There's been a few pirate events around here over the years, but for the most part, there's no real pirate group here. I know **Christina Carr**, who runs one of the best pirate groups on the west coast, under the name Captain Charity Rackham, and her group is in Vancouver. I finally had my cataract out, easy peasy, and my vision has improved, and I have a new prescription for glasses. Ah, if only I could afford them.

SDCC is on right now! And it looks like the usual circus. A local fan from these parts, Dave Ross, is wowing the crowds dressed as Powdered Toast Man! The con is simply too big for my liking. Every place has got its own massive comics convention, and I can find them in Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Niagara Falls. I've never been impressed or interested by anime, but Toronto is the site of the fourth-largest anime con in North America, Anime North.

Books are much more my speed, but I can't afford anything these days, so it looks like I've reached one of Bloch's later stages of fandom. Or, we're looking elsewhere with steampunk costuming, or Murdoch Mysteries. The now annual Murdoch Mysteries Experience is coming up in just a few weeks!

Happy upcoming anniversary! We hit 30 years back in May, but we usually say that with the wind chill, it feels more like 40...

Ah, more of Jacq's trip report. We'd thought to run for TAFF, but health is a real concern for us. Besides, we'd bore the proverbial pants off the Brits, so we still plan to go to London, but do it at the speed we want and need. Will we be able to see all that we want in the London area? Probably not, but we will try.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

## Jim Williams

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Insurgent Jim sends us a pic from [The Space Age Restaurant](#) in Gila Bend, Arizona.

