

ORPHEDUM



ALAN WATSON

Cold Feet

"How distinctly I remember, it was in a bleak December. . ."

Poe couldn't have said it better. So winter has overtaken the valley like an army of marauding ninjas who have sliced an hour from the very daylight and remain busily blowing leaves from the trees to skitter down the street like baby spiders free to conquer the world. It's sad to see the lizards retreating from the walls, back to their hidey-holes for the next four months with bellies full of bugs to dream their lizard dreams; see you in March.

Large dark clouds roll across the sky as if we were being tucked in for the long haul and birds wing away for parts unknown while roofs are dappled with morning frost. We have four months of bitter cold ahead; gloves and scarves and too much clothing await us. Maybe not the same bitter cold those in Montana might endure and scoff at our measly drop in the mercury while they plunge deep into the minus numbers, but ours is the cold that plunges from a sizzling 120° that will soon be bottoming around 17°, a hundred degree difference and I prefer the warmer end of the mercury. The dry heat becomes a dry cold that turns our colorful garden into a shock of tangled skeletons and the neighborhood lawns to dead wasteland. It's amazing how all this comes back at the first ray of warm light, but in the meantime, it's just damn cold.

Rain happens too, not the mighty rolling monsoon thunder and lightning theatrics of summer, but tortuous drizzles that after the novelty has worn off, remains a sodden, world of windshield wipers and wet shoes.

For me, all this inspires is melancholy and cold feet.

On this gloomy note, we close the year after five issues of Orpheum and should we not freeze to death or delusions point us in other directions, we will see you next year!

Apple Sauce

So last ish was the breakthrough tryout for Apple's word pusher "Pages" It was fun and worked amazingly well.

Apple then released a new OS: "[Mavericks](#)"; yep, no more big cats. I generally enjoy updates, yet the new Pages had been absolutely gutted of every feature I use for creating a zine. Guides: gone! Text linking: gone! OY!

Forums are awash in irate users so I suspect when OS 11 hatches, all those goodies will be stuffed back in there. In the meanwhile, the old Pages wasn't overwritten, so we're back in action!

And so. . . let's dive into it, shall we?





OCTOBER

Vegas Science Fiction Association Party!

Local fandom converged on Cooperville as they do every year for a good time in costumes and without. Cooperville is the well appointed home of **James Willey** and **Mindy Hutchings** where fanac drips from the walls, lurks behind sofas and under the rugs. As usual, good food and fannish conviviality reign supreme. The insurgents attended with gusto and if you look up there ^ you'll see **James Daugherty**; **DeDee**; **Alisen**, **Jacq** and **Brenda Dupont** as the Halloween Tree, then **Jacq Monahan** as the Monarch of Mayhem, **Roni Bush**, VSFA "Master of the Manor" **James Willey** and **Cooper**.



While the Vegrant elite, seldom if ever launch themselves from the pad, the rest of Vegas fandom congeals with delight at the combined VSFA and SNAFFU Halloween Hoedown!



Halloween also boasts the [Flesh & Fantasy Ball](#) for the well healed and decidedly unfannish.

Walk or Run, Zombie Fun

You can't escape them damn zombies and this Halloween was no exception. [The Zombie Run](#) year two; a 5K dash through armies of the undead! Before the race you're adorned with three streamers. Should you be the first across the finish line with the most streamers, you're the winner! All donations go to [Generation Vegas](#).

If you prefer less strenuous charity, you may be more suited for the [Zombie Walk](#).

In any case, better start working out for next year! Remember, the #1 rule of [Zombieland](#) is "Cardio!"



Life is Beautiful

Vegas has been trying for years to get you to believe we actually have some kind of art community here, and if you don't believe us, we'll run over you with it! Not only do we have The Smith Center for the hoitiest of the toity, but for the blue collar in everyone else, we now have the "[Life is Beautiful](#)" festival. Our own [Woodstock](#) slash [Burning Man](#) slash [Electric Daisy](#)

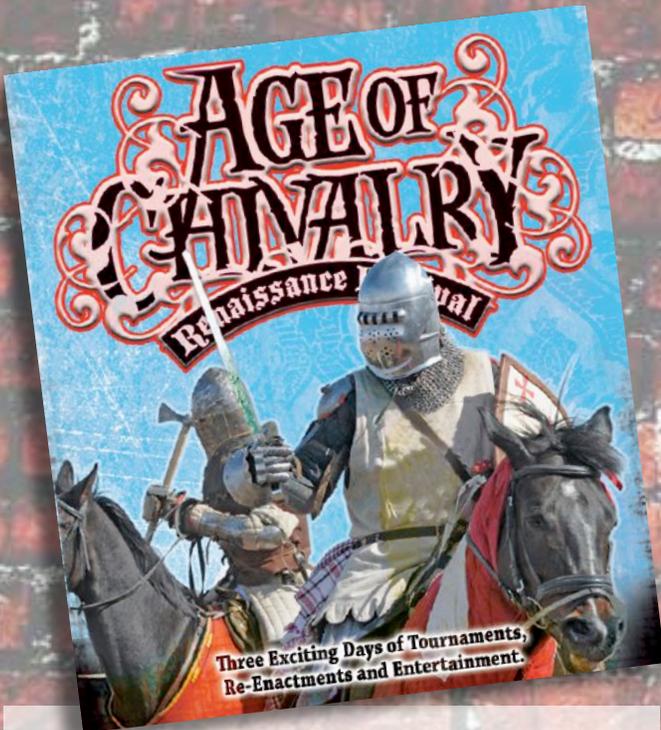
[Carnival](#) with cleaner restrooms with even more music, but keep your clothes on and the only things that burns if my nose is any indication, is that "Damnable Wog Hemp!" But art and music fill your eyes and earholes while the heavenly essence of fried food pokes you in the noseholes. 60,000 like minded revelers enjoy this two day event that overwhelmed 15 blocks of downtown Vegas! Here's a kind'a lame line-up promo for an impressive corral of guests: [HERE](#). There were several lovely tributes to the legendary [Lou Reed](#).

Beam Me to Vegas, Scotty: Ssince we brought up [The Smith Center](#), it may be prudent to mention **William Shatner's** one-man show transporting to Vegas come 2014. Official plank here:

Television and movie legend **William Shatner** will brings his one man show **SHATNER'S WORLD: We Just Live In It** to select cities across the U.S, following a Broadway debut. The 90-minute show will take audiences on a hilarious and often poignant voyage through Shatner's life and career, from Shakespearean stage actor to internationally known icon and raconteur, known as much for his unique persona as for his expansive body of work.



OTHER THINGS THAT ROCKED OCTOBER



My first whiff of SCA came at the 1968 WorldCon watching barbarians pummel each other. Cool, yet full of the same stuffy assholery permeating much of fandom.

I was a regular at the [Paramount Ranch Ren Faires](#), in the '70s and once took visited one near San Francisco after a Westercon, but was so stoned I still don't know where I was, but dollars to donuts I had a great time. They've come a long way since the '60s. Many cool events become fun when the inmates got to run the asylum.

The Faire moved to [Glen Helen Park](#), not as romantic as the ranch but served well.

They've since moved to Irwindale, [HERE](#).

Vegas has enjoyed over a decade of our own [Age of Chivalry](#) that has gotten bigger every year. [HERE](#)'s some footage from our Vegas festival.

< Westsiders Scott and Cindy Anderson.



"Get a little sumthin' that you can't get at home." – Tom Waits
Step right up and get an eye full right [HERE](#) sonny!
Get ready for next year, just click [HERE](#).



Nothing sweeter than cool bikes and hot women and Vegas has both that coincidentally, can be found at the annual [Las Vegas Bike Fest](#). No, I'm not a rider, but since working with [Ed Roth](#) in the '60s have an appreciation for the art and bike culture. [HERE](#)'s a promo for the show.



NOVEMBER

"Reading is Not Optional"

For a dozen years the Vegas library system has sponsored the [Vegas Valley Book Festival](#) featuring hundreds of local authors in a festive outdoor celebration of books, reading and pumping all things bookish into the malleable grey matter of willing subjects. To get them while they're young, the last four years the Flamingo library has hosted a free one day free for all known as the [Vegas Valley Comic Book Fest](#). Attendance has been growing every year, despite Vegas now having it's own pair of comic cons, [Las Vegas Comic Expo](#) and [Amazing Las Vegas Comic Con](#). June 21-23. It makes for good business and good fans.

Among the guests were: Star Wars comic artist [Spencer Brinkerhoff III](#), Buffy artist [Georges Jenty](#), Dark Horse and DC artist and author [Greg Rucka](#), Top Shelf publisher [Chris Staros](#), artist [Warren Wucinich Activities](#). And the fabulous gals from "[Very Awesome Girls into Nerdy Activities](#)" who can be heard on the "Geeked Up Beyond all Recognition" podcast found [HERE](#).

< **Lara Carter**; ^ **Dedee** digs squishy guys and guns, Spidey tries to snag a copy of "[Lost Vegas](#)" and **DeDee** cozies up to the [Zombie Squad](#)!



NIC'S NEW DIGS

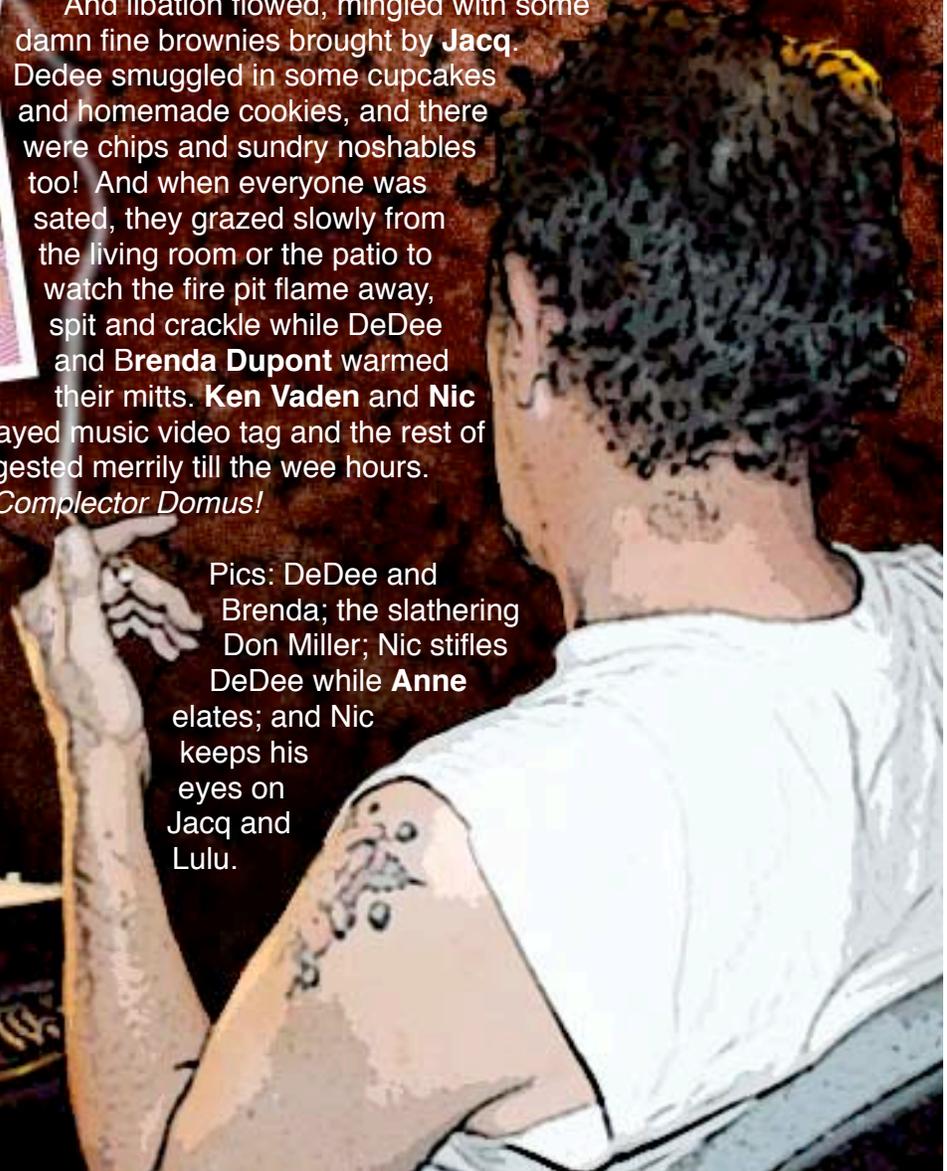
OK, everybody knows Nic, esteemed editor of [Beam](#) who has been entrenched in fandom since Nipper was a pup. But even faneds are given to pull up stakes and steal off into the night, even if they only have to steal across the street! But whether it's a block, a mile or across town, one thing is consistent: PARTY!

It was neither a dark nor stormy night and thus it came to pass as soon as his computer was cranked up and the charcoal torched, the Westside Insurgents, and a gaggle of local interested parties convened on the new digs lookin' for hot meat and cold booze! Both of which were in abundance as the tag-team of **Nic Farey** and **Don Miller** applied sausages in a variety of flavors to be licked by the flames and there was chicken bits slathered with goo, more chicken bits than even fans could cram down their craw. . . if you can believe *that!* And thus the offerings were deemed good!

And libation flowed, mingled with some damn fine brownies brought by **Jacq**. DeDee smuggled in some cupcakes and homemade cookies, and there were chips and sundry noshables too! And when everyone was sated, they grazed slowly from the living room or the patio to watch the fire pit flame away, spit and crackle while DeDee and **Brenda Dupont** warmed their mitts. **Ken Vaden** and **Nic** played music video tag and the rest of us digested merrily till the wee hours.

Completor Domus!

Pics: DeDee and Brenda; the slathering Don Miller; Nic stifles DeDee while Anne elates; and Nic keeps his eyes on Jacq and Lulu.





Capt. Timothy's Pirate Ramble & PIZZA PILLAGE

Ahoy Mates! Time to set sail for the continuing saga of Captain Timothy Gylstorff's Pirate Rally, Comestible Chow Down and Peg Legged Drunk-Off right here on the forlorn shores of Sin City!

I got a whale of a tale to tell ya' lads, a whale of a tale or two! It was a chilly night for anyone with a well shivered timber. Once through the Pirate's Portal into Tim and Amy's dungeonly appointed domicile, it warmed the very cockles of me heart as the fortress filled with but a hair's breath from a hundred piratical sorts and land lubbers alike ready to set foot on Party Island inhabited by its own mermaid!

By Blackbeard's granny's eyepatch, you'll not find a brasher band of sea dwellers, feisty wenches and equally tasty vittles fit for a feast for Davey Jones hisself! There was a treasure of delightfull noshy bits, sweets by the skull full, and pizza boxes stacked as high as yer eye. . . . Nooo, the *other* eye!

The night was Neptune's delight for the ears as well with the DJ spinnin' the hits in the bar and live music in the dining hall by them Screamin' Salty Sea Dogs "Bloody Ale!" Bloody indeed!

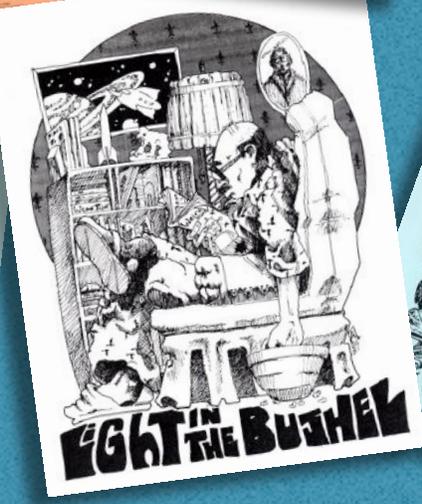
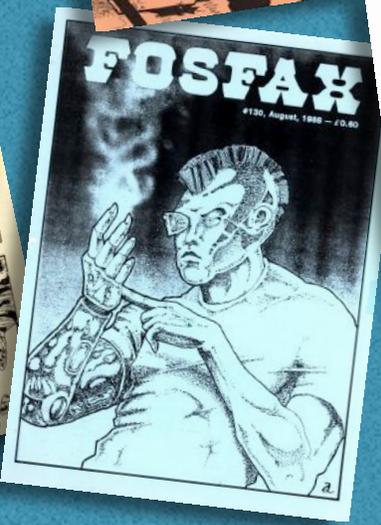
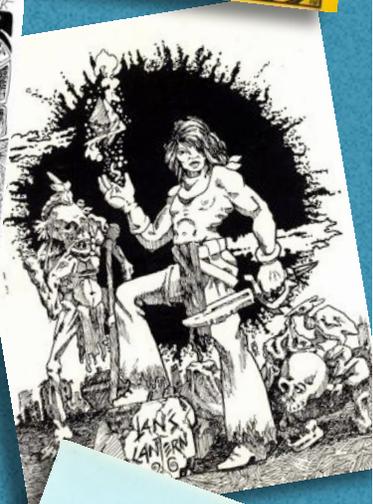
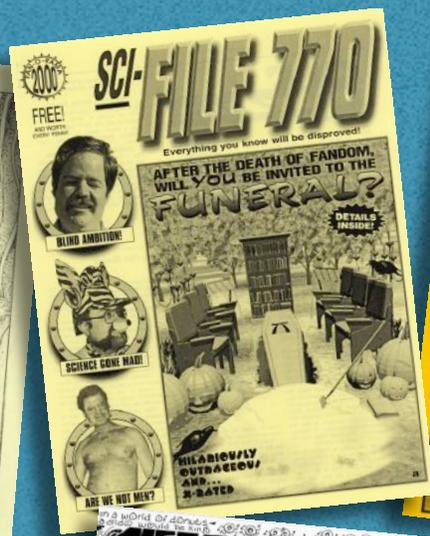
Tim is the creative maniac who crafted his own pirate world, a tangible world he can live in, play in and entertain his mates in full pirate fashion! I swear by my tattoo!





THESE OLD FANZINES:

By cracky, remember years gone by when you set up camp by the mailbox panting like a love struck science major, waiting oh so eagerly for the postman to grace you eyeballs with fanzines? Those were the days, eh? Dinking around with my website, I pulled out some of my old zine covers from 1963 (my only catastrophic go at mimeography) to the '80s! Maybe you'll remember a few of these old biscuits.



DeDee's Book Den

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

By Maya Angelou

Nominated for National Book Award 1971
ENTwives book club Nov. 2013

All of the emotions are upfront, simple and real, with lots of meat on the bones.

If a girl child was ever born into the most chaotic surroundings it may have been young Marguerite, born in a time of total segregation. Self described as being black, ugly with kinky hair and being raised in Stamps, Arkansas during the depression years, this child had a mountains to climb from the very beginning. Being raised by her devoutly religious staunch disciplinarian grandmother gave her someone to respect and fear at the same time.

A truthful story of how black women were powerless but with strong spirits they somehow overcame their hardships one way or another. The seemingly submissive behavior on the outside only added to the final goals and success in the end.

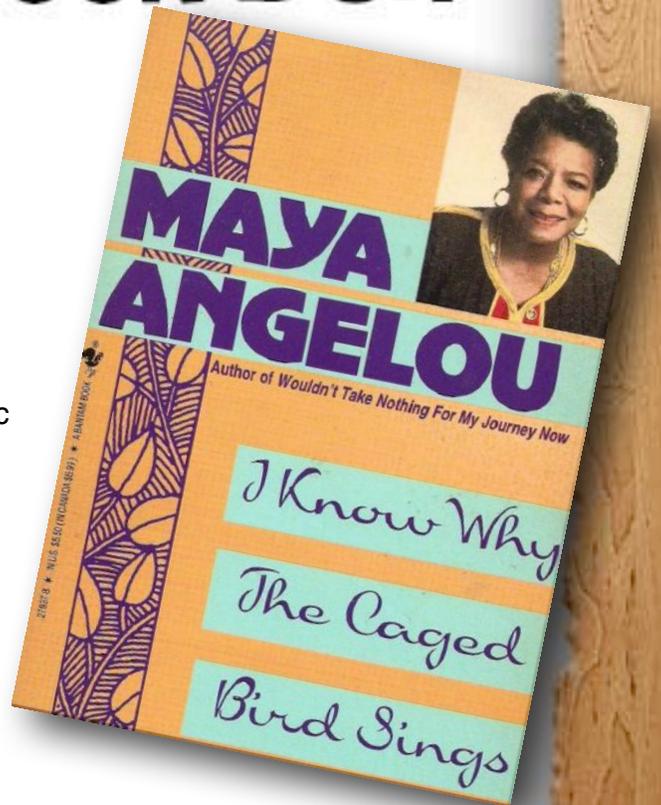
The story details how being so paralyzingly shy as a youngster her brother Bailey and only friend and champion with his humor and love gave her a tiny sliver of hope inside.

The ugliness of the times brought out the worst in most all the crackers she encountered and especially the "po' white trash". Harassment by these totally cruel, bigoted youths would have brought anyone to their knees but Marguerite watched her grandmother keep her dignity through each and every event and come out the other side with her honor intact.

We see how through her personal struggles she amazingly had the inner confidence to graduate from high school and eventually receiving a scholarship to a community college. Amazingly she was a trail blazer from the age of fifteen by being the first ever person of color to be a trolley car driver in San Francisco. The accounts of her struggles and successes make this book one you can totally devour like a huge bowl of creamy ice cream and the satisfaction is total.

From the first chapter till the last I was in total awe as this author took me by the hand and let me walk with her through all of her life's struggles and remain amazed by the true events of a woman who has overcome such adversity and has become a literary treasure that we can all learn valuable life lessons from.

It's a beautiful book that touched my heart and after reading you too will understand why the caged bird sings.



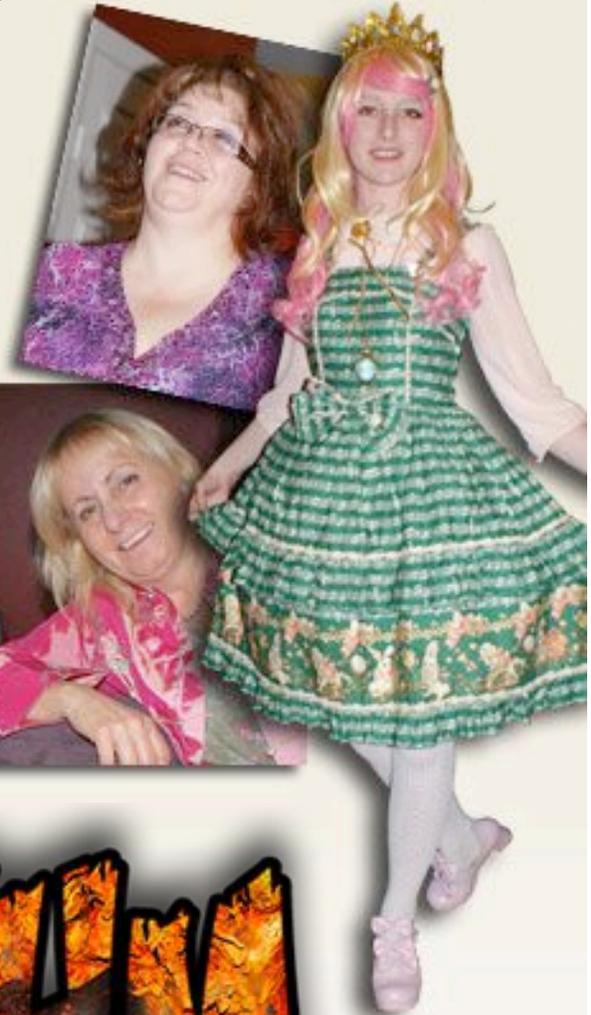
A SNAFFU Do For You!

Can't remember how many years DeDee and I have attended the annual Holiday Thingie in the home of head Snaffuti **Lorie Forbes**, but each year is a welcome treat full of old friends, good food and enough booze to make the trip home an adventure!

Mathom, White Elephant, Crap, whatever you call it, one of the highlights is the Alien Gift thing where theoretically anyone can gift some cool thing they can live without. Some things are cooler than others, but once given however, the item can be stolen, then stolen again. This is the first year absolutely every gift was based on TV shows! Oh, whither thou goest fandom? Pushed over the cliff like a honeymooning spouse?

Nancy scored a crocheted dragon's egg, well, for a moment, anyway! DeDee nailed a Ren and Stimpy doll (Happy Happy Joy Joy) and preyed somebody would snatch it away, but no such luck, damn that gift of giving! Oh well, there's always next year.

▼ That's Nancy with egg, Ling, Jacq and Brenda. The lovely Rebecca came in more festive attire >



ORPHHEUM

is looking for
active fans the world over!

We want to hear about your
CON, CLUB, BOOK, ZINE, MOVIE
other FANNISH PURSUITS and DISTRACTIONS!

Hev! Click [ME](#) and send a note today!



Andy Hooper

Dear Alan, Jacq, et al,

I have to break down and write a letter of comment to ORPHEUM #4. Thus far, your letter-column appears nearly vestigial, but I still I have to send some reactions to this trans-phasic neon weinermobile of a fanzine. I'm also going to review it – oh, I'm going to review the HELL out of this thing – but I won't publish that until about the 21st of the month, and I have to get down some impressions while the whole funhouse odyssey is fresh in my memory.

Firstly, I haven't seen a document with so many hyperlinks since the last feature story the late Bill Kunkel wrote for The Collecting Channel. You should send a link to Lilian Edwards and mention that I thought she should have a look at the way you configure the zine – it is at least a gesture toward the "Web 2.0" fanzines she wrote about in CHUNGA #21. To say that you take this to elaborate lengths hardly does the results justice. The wealth of additional content to which ORPHEUM #4 connects to quite obscures the relative lack of comment hooks in the issue itself. I mean, you guys had a succession of parties and gatherings and dinners and conventions – it looks like Desperate Fun All Around – but it's hard to say much in response to it all. I said "Cool!" quite a few times while reading the fanzine, yet that hardly qualifies as meaningful comment. But following the link to the website of the "Alpo" dog food brand reveals that the venerable "Liv-A-Snap" has been replaced by something called "Variety Snaps," and I reflect that if all knowledge is not contained in fanzines, perhaps they can at least link to it.

All this **BOLD FACE NAME-DROPPING** is familiar territory for Alan, really the same sort of thing he used to do in DELINEATOR (although the distant lilt of calliope music and layout that a carnival barker would love suggests that years of Vegrant fanzines have had their effect on him), but Jacq can easily be much more discursive and descriptive than she is in her report on Lonestarcon 3. The hyperlinks to Wikipedia pages on the defenders of the Alamo are nice, but I missed you a bit, J. And there is something backwards about an American fan winning and

administering TAFF before ever attending a Worldcon, but better late than never. The fan fund auction sounds like it was received much more enthusiastically than in some years, which is encouraging.

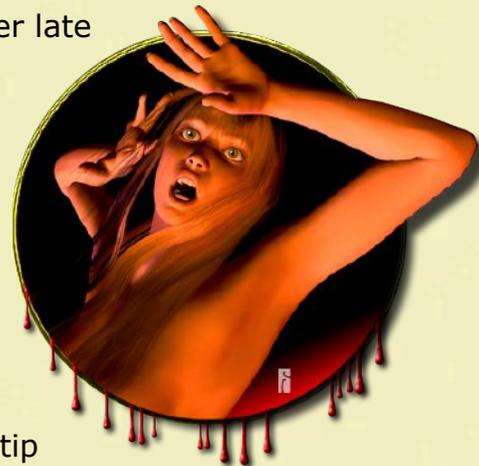
The Indian dinner which Nic Farey made for Jim and Carrie Mowatt sounded like the culinary highlight of the week. I've got to say, Nic has really grown on me a lot over the past few years. When I met him in 2001, he behaved in such a belligerent and boorish fashion that I fantasized about killing him for most of the weekend. But I couldn't work out a way to get his body out of the hotel without appearing on camera. He was so drunk for 90% of the event that I felt sure that I could tip him over the railing of the stairwell from the top floor, but it was only a three-story hotel, so I doubted he would actually die from the fall. Then there was all this business about pulling his still beating heart from his ribcage, which is also very difficult to conceal from forensic analysis. Time ran out; although it feels that way, not even Corflu lasts forever. It took a little while for my feelings to change; maybe as much as nine and a half years, but certainly less than ten. I got to read more of Nic's writing, endured musical outbursts, enjoyed his hospitality at room parties, and gradually came to see him as the demented shaman of a particularly depraved and backward clan of faanish hominids, a group of which I am a perpetually reluctant member. In the shadow of feud and friendship are fandom's lives pursued. Still and all, the chance for Jim and Nic to have their reunion is another one of those unanticipated benefits that TAFF can bring about.

DeDee's review of Shari Tepper's *The Gate to Women's Country* is the most significant departure from the glamorous haze. There was a certain nostalgic horror in seeing that title rise from the mists of time once more; it's a book I heard debated at length by the sercon cognoscenti back in the day. Tepper has a real gift for smiling sweetly and setting up her story like it's going to be some pleasantry in the vein of Zenna Henderson, then she casually drops in something that makes the hair on the back of your neck stand up, and you find yourself locked in an argument with her narrative for the balance of the book. The Neil Gaiman book sounds like fun as well.

But Dear Ghu, how long can I pretend that anyone will notice anything other than the eye candy in ORPHEUM #4? First, there are repeated

appearances by the women of Siren Strings -- all stunningly attractive, exuding the kind of sexy intelligence that every fanboy wishes he could handle. And then there's Carrie Mowatt, who is just really, really cute, and made even more attractive by the evident fun that she and Jim were having on the trip. And not even the experience of attending a pet-related comedy theater seems to have taken the smile off her face, so she is made of sterner stuff than I.

Other fanzine writers might embrace Geek Reality programs like *Comic Book Men* or *Face Off*, but ORPHEUM's guilty pleasure is *Bar Rescue*. (And BTW, when the Zombie craze has cratered in



about 18 months from now, will Jon Taffer return to THE END and tell the management that the first thing they want to do is take down the Biohazard symbol from the front of the bar?) This, I fancy, may tell us all we need to know about the West Side Insurgents. No wonder Nic gets along so well with you – you might pass for British fans, if only for the many occasions for libation which arise in your fannish lives.

I'll echo Curt Phillips' statement that ORPHEUM is truly an explosion of color and imagery, so much so that it can be difficult to concentrate on the text long enough to read it. The photography is perfectly complimented by Alan's art, although it must be awesome to be able to photo all these great cosplay outfits that you used to have to draw yourself! It's as if we went to sleep one night and woke up in a Taral Wayne fanzine cover the next morning. Oh brave new world, that has such furies in't! No acid or mushrooms required!

It's a pleasure sharing all these events with you guys. Few TAFF delegates can have been as well documented; one wonders what Jim has left to write about! With your group so clearly active and welcoming to overseas visitors, I can only imagine that more fund winners will pass through town. You seem to have dealt with having the TAFF and DUFF winners in town at the same time without a hitch – another reason why the hospitality of Las Vegas fans has been a modern legend for more than 20 years.

Thank you again for publishing, I'm still shaking my head over the Alpo thing, but even that was unique. I can't wait to see what you come up with next.

Best Regards,
Andy Hooper

I am shocked, SHOCKED you discovered the West Side Insurgents have our own trans-phasic neon Weiner Mobile! We take it for spins when slouching the Strip, and as you suspected, it's sponsored by Alpo! Bad on the mileage but we get the looks! Nicknamed "The Rolling Weanie of Death"!



I can't argue with your observations on Orpheum and I plead guilty to going over the top with it! I secretly plan on being the Ken Russell of fanzines and I'm taking it as far as it will go. Next is a zine you can spread on your body like butter and absorb through your skin like a literary Jill Masterson!

Hooks? You want hooks captain? Meh! I think fans for the most part have just gotten lazier (if you can believe *that*) knowing they no longer have to LoC to get a zine, thanks to the wonders of PDFism.

I'm more interested in what fans are doing than fans themselves. Oddly, the more active the fan, the further from fandom I have to go to find one. "Active Fan" is an oxymoron isn't it?

Lloyd Penney

Dear Alan:

Many thanks for Orpheum 4, another spectacular fanzine with even more spectacular artwork. As Indiana Trash keeps the zombies at bay, I'll duck inside and see what he's protecting.

I wish I could update my software, but I would need a new computer to do so, and that hasn't been in the budget for some time. I have an old version of QuarkXPress 5, and it does what I want it to do. Old tech is not bad tech. I am not a Luddite, but stale technology is all I can afford.

Your granddaughter's a fan, excellent? They can blame you for generations down the line! Way to go, Grampa! Some people do know how to have some fun.

I think Creation held a Supernatural convention here...they got so little coverage (I usually can keep track of all the conventions in town here, but this one, I never knew about), and as far as I can tell, so little attendance, I doubt they will be back for it.

Jim Mowatt's first stop on his fannish Tour of TAFFish Duty was Toronto. Met up with him twice, but never got the chance to talk with him. And, wish Bill Wright had been able to come here, but money and itinerary didn't allow for it.

Pages and pages of party...looks like it was a helluva blast! We need more parties like that here. We used to run what we called Aparticons, but those were decades ago, and when we decided to stop, no one picked up the slack. Did anyone try the Fremont Street zipline?

Jacq, I was sure it was Whatever Happens in Vegas, is on YouTube in ten minutes. It's beginning to look like Worldcons are a thing of the past for us.

London looks more and more out of reach, and while 2017 was a year I thought Montreal might have had sewn up, Helsinki has decided to bid again, this time for the same year.

Thanks for great pictures and vicarious good times... looking forward to the next issue.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.



Thanks Lloyd for your continued support! I'm sure I can get DeDee to take the zipline. She's up for anything!