

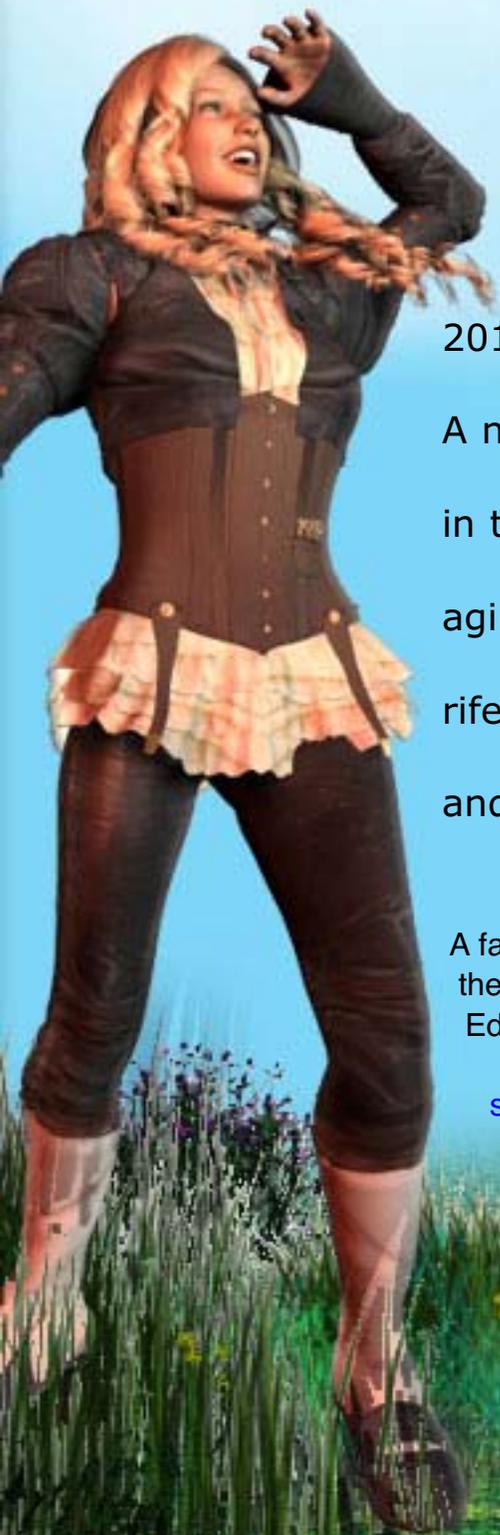


# RPHUM

NO. 2  
МАРТ 2012



ALAN WHITE



2013:

A new year begins  
in the life of an  
aging, cranky, fanboy,  
rife with insight,  
and introspection.

A fanzine by Alan White for  
the West Side Insurgents.  
Edited by Jacq Monahan  
[Podmogul@cox.net](mailto:Podmogul@cox.net)  
[smelltheFandom.com](http://smelltheFandom.com)

## THINGS HAPPENED:

Fandom & Standards	..... 1
I Discovered Mundanes!	... 2
2013: Things Happen	.... 3
I Go to the Gym	..... 4
Pyro Joe Comes Calling	... 5
Is YOU NuFannish?	..... 8
The Jokeress	..... 10
In the Bar by Jacq Monahan	..... 12
Is YOUR Club Dying?	.... 14
In the Mail	..... 15

Artwork and Pics by me, and me alone,  
Mwahahahahahahahah!



O rpheum 1, contained 32 pages, packed with art, photos, newsy bits, and two con reports. On all of this, Fandom remained silent, aside from the Penny / Purcell class acts, then “Hah!” Jacq Monahan was taken to task on Facebook for a five paragraph rant where she called out the rudeness of a few fans, and fashion choices of the plus-sized she experienced at LosCon 39.

For daring to call a spade a spade, she was reviled as a “Bigot” and “Oppressor”. I can’t help but think, poor Jacq was bestowed such immense power for pointing out what everyone already knows.

Through all the finger pointing however, not *one* acquiesced that perhaps fans *can* indeed be rude, and shabbily attired, sometimes both at one time for the truly experienced, but Jacq’s attackers persisted on the “Fat” issue if for no other reason than to repeatedly demonstrate their indignation that anyone would bring it up.

**On the art of being rude:** Jacq recounts her tale of being mashed against the wall of an elevator by a fan of immense proportions, yet despite her pleas to the otherwise, this fellow remained inert till he arrived at his floor, then nonchalantly sauntered off. And for that matter, yeh, I saw that gal on the mobi plunge into the elevator, then back out at warp speed, running over that poor sap’s foot without so much as a tired “hoo hah, and Awwaaaaaaaaaaaaay”.

Later, prior to a belly dancing demonstration in an outdoor public area, yelling at hotel guests to put out their cigarettes and be quiet just seemed beyond the pale; particularly after seeing what the demo actually became.

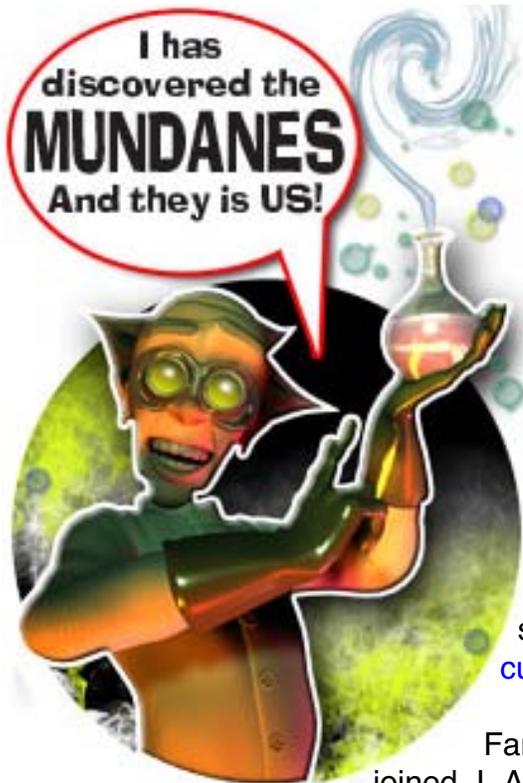
LosCon 39’s policy towards rudeness begins with causing... “excessive discomfort to other attendees”, implying, mild to moderate discomfort to other attendees is encouraged by some, or at least to be expected by others. I subscribe to Wil Wheaton’s Convention Rule: “Don’t be a dick.”

**On the inappropriately attired:** There are fans who go out of their way to tell you how smart they are, which is fine, if they must. But this strikes an incongruous note by their inability to choose clothing that suits their body type, and meander cons like free-range Walmart shoppers. I mean, really, does your fannish indignation go so far that you can see a [Walmart Shopper video](#), and not ask “what were they thinking?” I don’t see why many of [Rotsler’s Rules](#) can’t be applied to real life.

I’ve been to hundreds of cons, around the western states, and Europe, but many L.A. fans appear to be the Walmart shoppers of Fandom. Just maybe Fran Evan’s Corollary “Thou shall have more than a nodding acquaintance with soap, water and deodorant” isn’t such a bad idea; but clearly, Rotsler’s suggestions are forty years old, and shouldn’t be news to anyone! But because we point out the obvious in the era of agendas, and “political correctness,” we become bigots and oppressors? I put it to you, that those who have no regard for their fellow fans are the true bullies and oppressors.

The last Facebook entry insinuated we had “low standards”.

Seems to me, if Fandom is where anyone can behave with complete disregard to the well being of other fans, dress without any thought to self worth, and destroy their health with ill-advised eating habits, aren’t you implying Fandom has no standards at all? Is it any wonder Forry said he had “No faith in Fandom whatsoever!”? ■



**My introduction to Fandom:** those formative years when my malleable gray matter was up for grabs to the first shiny object that came along. Yet, I was pretty much treated like dirt by the snobbish SMOFery. Friends I introduced to Fandom were so offended, they never came back.

I wonder, if things had been different, Fandom more accepting of newbies, and not so full of themselves, my opinion of Fandom might be different today, and they wouldn't have lost so many good people.

These were the days when SF was suspect reading material at best, and taunting by jocks a daily nightmare. Once, an English teacher instructed everyone to bring a book to class, so I showed up with some Andre Norton thing. The teacher exclaimed "When I said bring a book, I didn't mean *science fiction*," and threw the book out the window! AND I was there as self-anointed conservative groups paraded through school, [culling science fiction and fantasy books from the library](#).

Fandom provided an outlet for my obvious nerdery, and when I joined, L.A.S.F.S. (the first time) they had filmed their own movies, presented plays at cons, and produced some fine zines. I relished the creative atmosphere, and spent more than one evening collating pages in Bjo's basement.

Since then, it appears fannish institutions have done an about face. It's easier than ever to make movies, but they don't. It's easier than ever to create professional looking zines, but they don't. There are many individuals who do their best, but the clubs themselves spend more time banging gavels, and harumphing, than doing anything creative. And there are some fans who lead such shallow lives, they need to create stories which place themselves in positions of power and intellectual distillation, to be read by an ever dwindling few.. So yes, I get it, I really do. But TruFandom, if nothing else, is now about worshipping people and incidents from a particular time and place that resonates as a shared experience to a close-knit community. Fandom has become its own means to an end where Science Fiction, or reading SF for that matter is of little or no particular importance.

### **WHERE DID THE GOSHWOWBOYOHBOY! GO?**

It's time for a Fandom of creative souls who remember their initial goshwowboyohboy! and see Fandom as something exciting in the future worth contributing to, or, just knock off all that "Holier Than Thou", and "Proud and Lonely" crap; that just doesn't wash anymore.

The mundanes have beaten you at your own game. While some were too busy having fits over anyone saying "Sci-Fi" to notice, fandom and nerd culture have gone mainstream, and unleashed a nerdstorm of events, creativity, publishing, art and media! Makes me wish I was 24 again! Well, I ain't getting any younger, and I admit some jealousy of these new fans with their fresh faced conventioners. Fandom used to be a place to hide. Now it's a launching pad for, dare I say: GOSHWOWBOYOHBOY!?

I'm the first to admit, I've been left behind, and frankly feel I have nothing to contribute to younger fans. But they, on the other hand, have lots to teach me! It's a new world of costuming, Anime, steampunk, gaming, techno-geekery, media, music! This ain't your father's Fandom, and nobody under 50 will ever care who Laney was. Why? Because Fandom has marginalized itself over bogus self importance, self indulgence, into an aging, and tasteless pudding.

Looks like those who once reviled "Mundanes" most, have now become them. ■



**JANUARY, 2013**

## **The Falling Apart Factor**

Whoever said “Getting Older Ain’t for Sissies!” wasn’t off the mark, as I’m on the far side of the bell curve now. My hair has gone from dark brown to “Hi-Yo Silver”, and I can feel the clammy paws of [Prince Sirki](#) pushing me closer to the pit.

I’ll be hitting 66 this year! Am I still a senior or am I now elderly? Good news is, being a senior is cool because you get discounts on stuff. Bad news is, you have to admit being a senior! Good news is, you can get away with murder just by saying “I’m having a Senior Moment.” Bad news is, you *really* have a “Senior Moment!”

Helping DeDee in the garden, never fares well for me at the best of times. Wrenching a huge succulent from a pot, using my innate, Hulk-like power, something popped! Three days later, I developed a huge lump on my left side that looks like I’m smuggling a loaf of bread! I then tore a ligament in my right leg, which still has me limping like the ghost of Dennis Weaver.

My poor mom, near the end of her life, couldn’t have a conversation without shedding teeth, but instilled an obsession about teeth at an early age I *think* paid off, having accrued only three fillings, and one root canal to date. But that root canal bought and paid for 20 years earlier, developed an infection, as the dentist had left a wire in there (*bastard!*). The whole damn thing had to be re-plumbed, and the surgeon banged away, replaced bone material, a screw thingie, and now, a very fake tooth waits to be implanted among my otherwise hearty pearly whites. TMI: That bone material comes from cadavers! Yikes!

Next to go: eyeballs. Got new specs; bifocals (*gadfray!*), and it seems I’ve been cultivating a pair of brand new cataracts, like pearls in oysters. Who would think, pushing a mouse for thirty years, and forty three years typesetting, could turn my wrists to pudding? The nerves are shot on my entire right side; partially from that stroke a few years back, and from a syndrome caused by them pesky tunneling carpals. [Peripheral Neuropathy](#) they say. Screw’em, my [Rheumatoid arthritis](#) is making my hands look like dolphin flippers anyway! Oh well, I’ve been skating by for 65 years!

I’ve joined the jolly CPAP club too, and now retire each evening with my own life support system blasting air into my nose-holes, and whistling out my ears! I’ve always had this apnea thing, where at night, I go into power saver mode and stop breathing! Hell, looks like I got a deal on season tickets for humiliation! Mother Nature has ways of saying “Go Fuck Yourself!” No wonder I’m cranky!

One success has been my yearly flu shot I get like clockwork, and haven't caught the bug since '75, (knock Melmac). That last time, I was so sick, it took months before visitors didn't take a whiff of my digs and ask "What the hell happened in here?"

Now, how can I tie all this whining into Fandom? Man, the cost of all this rehab might put the damper on any hopes of hitting WorldCon. We'll see. Phew! Well, glad I got all that off my chest!

## I Go to the Gym

Generally oblivious to any form of reality, I had no idea I'd packed on the pork in such a fashion, until winter hit Vegas and I had to go back to wearing shoes. Bending over had become, not a job, but an adventure. Horrifyingly, I've allowed myself to careen 40 pounds into the dark side of the lard, and I'm hyperventilating, just thinking about standing up; thank Ghod for channel changers! But I swear, it was writing those two novels that did it!

For the delusional Peter Pan such as myself, the concept of a day of reckoning for a lifetime of total self-indulgence is too much to bear! So here I am, after months of sitting at this machine, and getting winded at any attempt to push myself away from the computer; a sure-fire cause of "Gut Bloat" and certainly, blaring evidence of a good life gone to squalor.

And thus, I'm now on a personal crusade to clean up the act (*it says here*), put a little pep in my step, and either die quickly on a treadmill or live to a ripe old age and croak in the sack; both have a certain appeal. So DeDee and I are off to the gym several days a week and hope for the best.

Fortunately I found a gym catering to the average Joe and not those hulking, god-like Adonises: intimidating to a weak-willed flabatetic such as myself. Thankfully, however, there are Goddesses that inhabit this same space-time continuum, with their ponytails and perfect asses, galloping on treadmills and assaulting Stairmasters for hours on end without breaking a sweat; an impossible feat for me, much like the women themselves; the stuff of daydreams, never to be attained.

I'm convinced days of rejuvenating past "coolness" is far behind and must be content to make the best of what time is left. "Get real you old, gray, fatty, those gals wouldn't give you the time of day". There was a time, to be sure; but that ship has not only sailed, it's been torpedoed, and now rests teetering over the continental shelf of my psyche.



For a horrifying vision of things to come, I have only to gaze upon my locker room companions. Old hairy creatures one and all, and I suspect I am the youngest. These old farts, whose very countenance, turns me to stone look like Hobbit/Yoda hybrids, in Mother Nature's final go at humiliation. To be honest, there are a few who suggest having been humpy dudes in say, mmmmmmm, those pre-Vic Tanny days of yesteryear; muscular, preening on the beach, kicking sand at those 98 pound weaklings. Now, Alas, they look like burlap sacks full of coconuts (sigh).

Dylan Thomas uttered: "Do not go gentle into that good night. Old age should burn and rave at close of day." So while I have the capacity to think it and the energy to say it, maybe that's good enough for me, but I ain't goin' down without a fight. ■

## FEBRUARY

### Pyro Joe Comes Calling

Living in Vegas, eventually everyone comes to visit and February was no exception, as long time amigo, [Joe Viskocil](#) and gal pal Susan, made a periodic visit. Hadn't seen him for several months, and it was great laying eyeballs on both of them again. We go back further than I sometimes care to remember, and there's never enough time to catch up, but we smacked them well-worn bases like cerebral piñatas. In the '60s and '70s, we were off to Europe at the drop of a hat, sleeping on benches in Paris, smacking rats in London, and hitting every party, and convention we could muster.

But this visit would be different. . . he brought a surprise that would blow me away, but to put this visit in perspective, we need to travel back. . . back to the very dawn of time, indeed. . .

#### Backstory 1 - **The Academy:**

I joined Dr. Donald A. Reed's lustrous "Count Dracula Society" (*Devoted to the Serious Study of Horror Films and Gothic Literature*) in 1963 after catching wind of the wacky bunch in *Famous Monsters of Filmland* magazine. If you liked horror films and literature, this was the only game in town, during a quieter time when attending members included [Ray Bradbury](#), [Robert Bloch](#), and [A.E. Van Vogt](#). I felt as though I'd come home, and remember auspicious occasions, when I would pick up Ray and his daughter at their home and drive them to and from meetings.

We had the most amazing speakers, as the great [Devendra P. Varma](#), The Wizard of Mecosta: [Russell A. Kirk](#), [Ray Russell](#), particularly [Robert Bloch](#), and so many others. Joe and I would revel at the innate silliness of the proceedings, but relished being in the same company as these wonderful people. I was promoted to Vice President, based on my unflinching willingness to humiliate myself, but then, that's another story.

In 1972, with membership lagging, gothic horror had become a well worn subject; and Don had run out of viable guests on whom to bestow awards.

Don considered diversifying One night he and I drew up plans for what would be known as "[The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films](#)." This idea had potential, and as I was flush at the time, put up the dough to kick off the venture, snag a venue for our first award show and get the mailings out. Our first award was a humble certificate, gloriously known as "[The Golden Scroll](#)" which I created on a typesetter. We finagled films from studios and had screenings every damn weekend, and especially, our grand annual awards ceremony.



Pic by Larry Harmatz

Me, Forry, Walt, [Karl Freund](#), 1969



Pic by Walt Daugherty

Presenting an Award to [Mantan Moreland](#)



Sculptor Jim Rumph created the stunning “Count Dracula” statuette, and also designed a ceramic Metropolis Robot for the Academy, Don wanted to call it “The Dr. Donald A. Reed Award”, but on presentation day, Forry picked up the statuette, and declared “I dub thee, “The Trixie!” Forry might have stolen Don’s thunder, but it was to be short lived.

< [Gayna Shireen](#) with the Dracula Award & with the Trixie >



Don was known for repeatedly giving awards to any number of stars and producers who would stand still long enough. He was also known, for giving the very same awards to complete strangers and passersby to curry favor. He would even give *himself* an annual award just for being there! Because of Don’s propensity for giving these awards, I was often asked by friends why I’d never gotten

squat for the twenty-odd years of diligence. Yeh, I got some of the piddling stuff, but Don knew, since I’d clearly sold my soul to the Academy, there was no reason to give me any big ticket items.

I’d yearned for Don to expajd the Academy to its full potential, right up there with the [Oscars!](#) O.K, at least the [Golden Globes](#), so we might (*perhaps delusionally*) increase the respect, and even the quality of genre movies. And who knows, maybe, just maybe, find a career in all of this.

In 1978, it happened! We were taken under the wing of [Arnold Shapiro](#), who produced our “[Saturn Award](#)” show on television! Arnold observed through the lens, the “Trixie” looked like a “lump of clay,” the silver was flaking off, and it hadn’t that “Oscar” ambience under the lights. One evening, he showed up with a gleaming golden trophy his staff had designhed and created, “The Saturn Award” and that was that. Don was fit to be tied, but had nothing to say about it. This seeming shift in power spelled doom for Don and I. But we’d hit the big time! The first nationally televised show happened at the Coconut Grove (in the [Ambassador Hotel](#)) with “[George Burns](#)”, “[Charlton Heston](#)”, hosted by [William Shatner](#) who gave his unforgettable “[Rocket Man](#)” performance.

It was the beginning, I was sure of it! I was there when Arnold made *THE* offer. For the studio to back the Academy, and produce the shows, for which Don would garner multi-thousands of dollars! All Don had to do was make the Academy legit: Not use the hovel he’d been living in, in South L.A. as an office, pay taxes on Academy income, kick dead relatives off the Board, and have elections. Don was so terrified of losing absolute power, he looked at me, and said “I’d rather be a big fish in a small pond.” Poof! That was the end of that; Shapiro dropped us like a hot potato.

I was crushed; things were never the same between Don and I. For my heresy I was scratched from the records, became a non-person; vanished from the mailing list, and never saw them again.



*The Saturn Award*



*Don on Radio Show ‘72*



*The Esteemed Academy Offices*

Still, I felt bad not being invited to Don's funeral. His lifestyle, seeing he didn't smoke or drink was a wreck, but he ate *everything*, as seen in the documentary "My Life with Count Dracula." His diabetes, had diabetes, and he died a bloated, and very preventable death.

**Backstory 2 - To the Future and Beyond:**

While my own endeavors tanked, Joe pressed on in Hollywood. To make an exciting tale seem feeble, to save my own shallow ego, I'll mention a miniscule detail of Joe's lesser accomplishments: blowing up the damn Death Star in "Star Wars." Yeh, that's him, pro-pyrotechnician, and Original Warlord of Space and Time. Blessed with a well deserved Oscar for "Independence Day" and a "Saturn Award" from the "Academy!"



*Joe & I Working on Set of Bob Burn's Halloween Extravaganza while Mike Minor & Al Jermanis look on.*

**Mind Blown in 3 .. 2 .. 1 ..**

So Joe shows up here at Casablanca, with a box, which I ripped open like Helen Keller with a machete, and out comes. . . . (wait for it). . . .Joe's very own Saturn Award(!) Holy crap! After 30 years, I finally get my Saturn Award! Joe even went so far as to replace his own nameplate with another he had etched, reading:

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE FICTION FANTASY & HORROR FILMS  
TO THE CREATOR OF "DELINEATOR", "AIRWAVES",  
AND ALL 'ROUND GOOD GUY!  
ALAN WHITE

So the Saturn has now become the world's coolest zine award, for which Dr. Don would be rolling over in his grave, if he could. Getting him into that coffin must have been tantamount to cramming a marshmallow into a matchbox. It's a strange, strange world.

**Thanks, Joe for 50 years of craziness!**



*Pic by Jan Henderson*

*Me & Joe - Claremont Hotel Roof, WorldCon 26*



*Pic by DeDee*

*Mr. V Presenting "The Pyro Joe" Award*

Hey, that getting awards thing just doesn't get old! Last year I received a fun nostalgia piece from the San Diego Comic Con bunch, "The Shel Dorf Best Friend of Fandom Award" for supporting Comic Con since year 1. The best part is being signed by old friends from years gone by: Phil Yeh, Richard Kyle, William Clausen, Clayton Moore, Richard Alf, Trina Robbins, Roy Thomas, Jackie Estrada, George Clayton Johnson, Matt Lorentz, Wendy All, and the fabulous Alex Niño. Well, OK, Eric Hoffman is on there too.



Having said all this. . . .

## Time for a NuFandom?

Does it seem to you that pro awards are specific while fan awards are general? If Jo Walton gets the Hugo for Best Novel, you can buy that very same novel. The "Best Fan Writer/Artist" awards may go to whomever, but for what, *exactly*? Critics of these awards say "People vote for their friends, or whomever won the previous year." If fan awards went to *specific* fans for their *specific* works during the year, it would not only force voters to pay attention to what they're voting on, but negate voting for the same person from habit. Quality of fan projects would escalate tremendously, and open a new audience to fan projects. Otherwise, it just becomes a repeated "Lifetime Achievement" award.

From the realm of nothing ventured, nothing gained, and because I want to see the best that Fandom can provide, I would like to launch a new fan award. No, not like the Hugos where you have to pay to participate, nor like some club award with say, 56 voters who pull names from the same trough, assuring the same people snag an award year after year.

But this award will include the entirety of Fandom, free of charge. Orpheum and participating fan outlets will make ballots available. While all of this is modest at first, and subject to change, we're thinking ballots should look (modestly at first) something like this:

Best Fanzine of the Year: \_\_\_\_\_ Issue #: \_\_\_\_\_

Best Fan Writer of the Year: \_\_\_\_\_ for: \_\_\_\_\_ Issue #: \_\_\_\_\_

Best Fan Artist of the Year: \_\_\_\_\_ for: \_\_\_\_\_ Issue #: \_\_\_\_\_

Best Website: \_\_\_\_\_

Best Fannish Media (Film, Podcast): \_\_\_\_\_

Most Exemplary Fan: \_\_\_\_\_ for: \_\_\_\_\_

Best Motion Picture of the Year: \_\_\_\_\_

Nominating ballots will be available November 1, nominating ends December 31. The top 5 nominees in each category will be selected, blasted through Fandom, and tallied. Ballots available through the internet, and social media. Definitive rules will be forthcoming.

Voting will be open to any fan of SF, fantasy, horror / literature, film, art, but nominations must be created during the current year. Lots of stuff to be ironed out; suggestions appreciated. ■



Hey gamers, there's a new con in town February 16 & 17. Well, actually at the neighboring bedroom community of Henderson, NV. It's [The Level UP Gaming Expo](#). Where guests too, from "Evil Dead: The Musical", the "Leet Ladies", the ever nerdery of [Jim & Them](#) Friday night podcast met their fans. Plus your basic dealer's room, and gaming, gaming, gaming. If you weren't there, well, you missed it. But check out the website, and set your phasers on "Same time next year!" ■

## MARCH



March 8-10, The merchandising caravan that is [Creation Con](#) put up their tents in Vegas quite frequently, and I confess to being completely out of touch with the subject of most of their events! They'll have cons based entirely on a single TV show, such as "Xena, Warrior Princess", "Star

Trek", "Stargate", "Battlestar Galactica", and others. This time around, their flogging "Supernatural". Guests included Jared Padalecki and Jensen Ackles.

## The Brunch Bunch

One of the problems living in Vegas, being, it's a 24 hour town where those of the working class find themselves toiling their lives away at the most peculiar hours! Which means. . . friends aren't always available for parties, fannish events, and hanging out! It had been a long time since Derek Stazinski had come up for air, so I thought it was about time we celebrated the dear boy with a brunch, down at the old Chug and Chew. So, amidst a flurry of "over easy", hash browns on the side, and a couple hours catching up, a small group chatted away the morning.

## A State of Mind

So, when Bryan Follins wrote his book "[The Jokeress: Emergence](#)", I was there with some graphics and a few bon mots. But now, the ever ambitious Bryan was escalating his tale from page to stage and had turned the tale of revenge and costumes into script form.

DeDee is such a ham when it comes to playing dress up, and stabbing people; so she signed to play one of the four characters on whom the tale turns. I set up an interview with Bryan and Scott's new webshow "Las Vegas Grit" where he was chatted up by author and producer [Jeremy D. Brooks](#).



*Bryan and Jeremy Interview*



*Gene & Joan, me, Derek, Jacq, DeDee*

Pic by Sally the Waitress



## **The Jokeress: Emergence** **Debuts at the Las Vegas Sci Fi Center**

by Jacq Monahan

In a new take on the woman scorned story of revenge, writer/director/producer/creator Bryan Follins produced a one-shot (so far) production full of deception and karma, capes, masks, syringes and narcotics.

Yes, it's the feel-good story of the year.

< *Bryan, Geeta Allen, Susan Alden, DeDee, William Wheaton.*

The 40-minute four-act production took place in the theater of the Las Vegas [Sci-Fi Center](#), which recently moved from its Commercial Center location to share a parking lot with Tony Roma's.

Nanorod Project scientist and passionate skin enthusiast Swann Lee routinely visits Dr. Lakso for what look like Botox injections, until one session goes horribly wrong.

Swann's two, shall we say, eccentric friends are Louse, a ninja-like shape shifter, and Calista Bouvay, an escaped murderer wearing a black cape and half-mask. Both cackle maniacally as they plot Lakso's comeuppance. Girls' Night Out was never so dangerous, or mysterious.

The Sci Fi Center's 40-seat venue, more than half full of attendees and well-wishers, filled with screams and evil laughter as black clad females tortured the male doctor responsible for Swann's disfigured face. Cigarettes and a power drill come into play, as does LSD.

Is this the first of a series of stories? Will the director and actors attempt to perform it again? Can you actually get prescription LSD pills and if so, would you label them as such?

All of these questions (and more) will be answered when Bryan Follins is good and ready...and not before. His story, a "noirish" tale, is also in eBook form at Amazon.com with a translation available in German in case you ever find yourself in possession of a Kindle and bored on the autobahn.

Actors DeDee White and Susan Alden, as Calista Bouvay and Louse, respectively, chew up the scenery with campy, diabolical deeds and dialogue. Geeta Allen as Swann Lee is a sympathetic character, or is she? William Wheaton (not the Star Trek: TNG guy) is the most complacent torture victim you'll ever meet; another William, Wilson this time, supplies the necessary narration to speed the story to its inconclusive conclusion.



*James Daugherty, Jacq Monahan, and Brenda Dupont*



*DeDee Goes Bonkers!*

This is not the end of anything. There's plenty of room for a sequel or two. The Jokeress, "a state of mind" not limited to just one woman, has only just emerged.

There's no telling what she might do next.

### About the Sci Fi Center:

The storefront anteroom is full of comic books and packaged action heroes. There's a cardboard TARDIS in two sizes. A wall of DVDs features Wasp Woman and Watchmen's Ozymandias stares down from a lofty perch. Below him, Han Solo stands ready to defend the small SF kingdom from all invaders. A Millennium Falcon is right across the way, with a bonus purchase included. Who wouldn't want an R2D2 digital wristwatch?

An antique wooden cash register takes up half of a small counter; Spiderman comics (without color on the interior pages) are stacked to the side. The Center is not officially open yet, but already it's got the makings of a hangout for those who might simultaneously crave ribs AND racks of reading material whose premise is not constrained by theoretical physics. ■



## Bailing on WorldCon

Well, I threw myself at the committee's mercy, offered to do panels, film presentations, and "The Mosquito Dance to Summer" in the lobby, but to no avail. What? Art GoH for LosCon has no sway with these people? Poo. Just couldn't talk a membership from these stern taskmasters.

The last nail in the coffin came when I found out I need eyeball surgery! Whoever heard of such a thing? Somehow, and with no help from anyone, I've torn some eyeball muscles IN BOTH EYES! How the hell do you do that? So that put the damper on my wallet, and any dreams of WorldCon. I wanted to hit one last WorldCon before I kick the bucket, but it ain't gettin' any easier!

## Unlocking Vegas

The ever industrious [Scott Anderson](#) has been filming segments of what he hopes will be a viable TV pilot based on life in Las Vegas, with a equal parts gangsters, and romance; shaken, not stirred. And thus, on a chilly March afternoon, while our order of ideo had yet to appear, Scott and Jeremy Brooks shot a brief opening segment in which the outgoing mob boss turns over the "Keys to the City", both figuratively and literally. Larry Davis played the outgoing, while I play the incoming boss. Thankfully, there was no dialogue, as my acting skill leaves room on the head of a pin for the entire remains of Stanislavski.

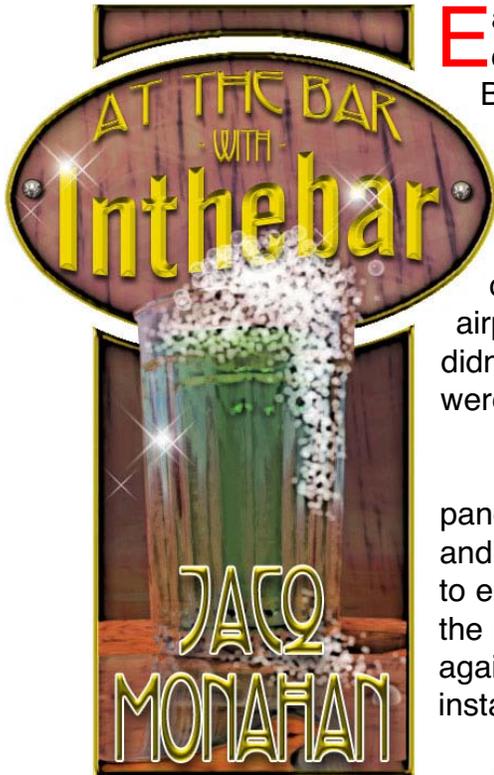
Pics by Jeremy D. Brooks



*Gangsters Larry Davis & me*



*Scott Directing the Help*



**E**astercon “Olympus” 2012. A year has gone by since I attended the convention held in the twisty, mysterious hallways of the Radisson Blu Edwardian Heathrow, its marble great rooms awash in moats full of animal statues and bridges crossing dark, shallow water.

A decidedly memorable event within that time period occurred just down and across the street from the Radisson at another hotel on the vast row of hospitality establishments on the west side of the airport. There was a rumor, or rumour that it would take place, but I didn’t know when or where, but hey, this was a TAFF trip; such things were to be expected – or unexpected.

I’d met her in London and so hurried to Caroline Mullan’s panel/slideshow on the History of British Fandom. It had just started and I was a bit late for it, creeping in at the back of the room and trying to emulate seepage more than a physical presence. The tallest man in the room, wearing an olive green army jacket and leaning nonchalantly against a column turned to see who had invaded the space and instantly sprung to my side.

It was none other than London host (and Tun escort) Dave Hodson. Before there was time enough to glean even one fact about British Fandom, he whispered, “I was told I am to bring you to where Inthebar is meeting.

“Yes!” I hissed as politely as I could. A hiss takes the place of a yell when you are trying to be both quiet AND excited.

We left the session in a hurry, cartoon smoke pooling behind us, and walked briskly a few blocks down from the Radisson to a first floor lounge without walls. That meant that the assemblage of BNF’s could see us well before we could see them. The Inthebar luminaries were seated at a long rectangular table, probably unprepared for the onslaught of babble from a star-struck Yank. It came naturally as I disintegrated into a chimpanzee.

I think I ran around the table exclaiming everyone’s name, like Pam Wells! Graham (and Pat) Charnock! Uncle Johnny! (I had forgotten that my Ramsbury host would be there, and in a blazer, too) Dave Langford! Rob Jackson!

Into each ear I sputtered and stammered in an effort to sound even slightly intelligent. It was not to be. Everyone got a long-lost-friend hug. To Graham I chirped, “You told everyone not to vote for

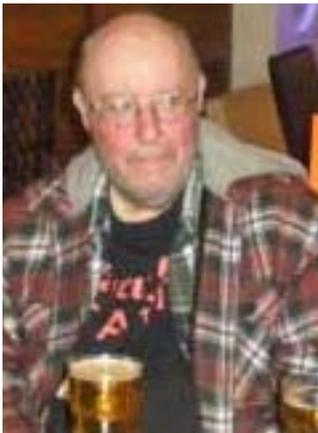


*Alison Scott, Steven Cain, Rob Jackson*



*Pat Charnock, Graham Charnock, Bernard Peek, Dr. Pam Wells (facing away)*

All Pics by Jacq



Graham Charnock

you!” referring to his TAFF song of 2011. When Pam introduced herself, I quickly added the “Dr.” to her name.

Rob Jackson and Dave Langford had the kindest faces beaming toward the circling missile of Monahan. Dave spoke in what I called a “posh” accent, very upper class and regal. “But I’m from Wales,” he commented, as if the two were mutually exclusive.

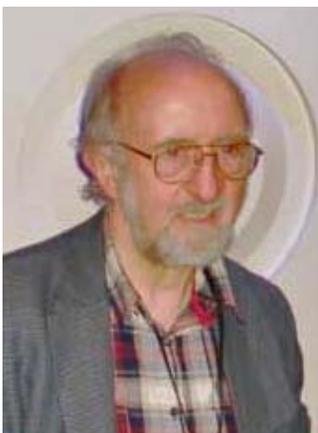
Rob (I’d later see him at Corflu Glitter back in Las Vegas) presented me with a copy of Inca 7 and seemed to be genuinely surprised when I asked him to sign it.

Dave Hodson and I split the cost of a round of drinks for everyone and Dr. Pam gave me with a T-shirt, quickly adding I could keep it, trade it, sell it, or wash a car with it. I held it up for all to see and said, “This one’s mine,” in chimp-speak. The T was made for me. How could she have known?

A round of digital photography followed, and at one point four cameras from different sides of the table all pointed at each other in geometric angles. Somewhere there exist photos showing me shooting someone else who was simultaneously shooting me. I was flattered and put at ease by the good natured welcome and sense of fun (and number of pint glasses) that fueled one of the most memorable visits of my TAFF trip.

One of the truly pleasant surprises I encountered was the presence of John Nielsen Hall, the only man on earth with whom I’d circled Stonehenge, not once, but twice. That poor man got hugged more than once by manic monkey Monahan. I don’t know if I ever made any sense during the visit with Inthebar, but they were indulgent and perhaps a little amused by my ebullience.

A punster by nature, I choked back the urge to tell Bernard Peek that if I had his surname, I name my progeny Sneak and Pikes. With Ian Maule it would be Shopping and DARTH. I hear you groaning; I simply couldn’t help myself, then or now.



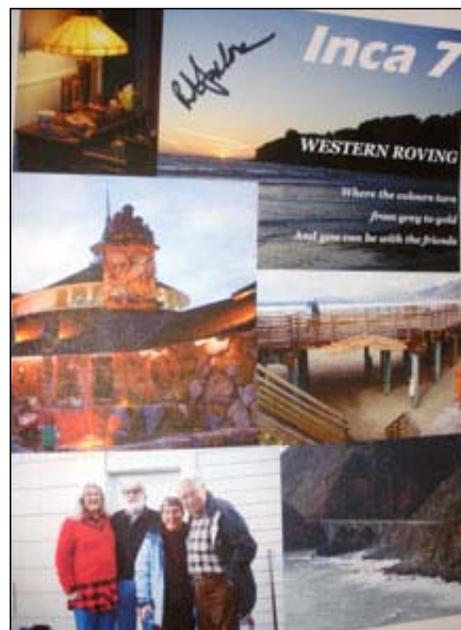
Rob Jackson



David Langford



Rob Hansen



I was sitting among Fandom’s icons, authors, and legends with a half pint of hard cider in front of me (yes, I know there is no such thing as hard cider in the UK – there is only cider – but the U.S. products must specify or we’ll all see an increase in drunken toddlers). I was among TAFF and Hugo winners in my sudden and decidedly un-evolved state of euphoria. Perhaps my enthusiasm was enough to mitigate my daft appearance, but I’d never know since the British are notoriously polite.

Eastercon attendees visited throughout the day, with Claire Brialey, Rob Hansen, Alison Scott, Steven Cain and Mike Meara (who can be seen peeking out from the cover of Inca 7) joining the group until several of us who were on panels had to leave, walking back across the street to the Blu Edwardian.

I was blue. Meeting the Inthebar group was an absolute highlight on an already life-changing trip, even more exciting than finally finding a large copper penny or police call box (thanks to Julia Daly and Doug Spencer).

Time constraints prohibit me from singing individual praises; those will be expounded upon in the trip report where I will extrapolate like a reprobate. I am as reluctant to leave the memory as I was the actual site of the place where I met Fandom’s finest – UK division. ■



## IS YOUR CLUB DYING ?

### Diagnosis

### Prognosis

No member under 40 .....	Your Club is Dying
Most exhilarating part of meeting is asking for “any <i>old</i> business” .....	Your Club is Dying
Banging a gavel any time during meeting .....	Your Club is Dying
Chasing away more members than you actually have .....	Your Club is Dying
If your members have more hair on their face than on their head .....	Your Club is Dying
Newsletter editor refuses to use a computer.....	Your Club is Dying
Takes twice as many chairs to hold half as many members .....	Your Club is Dying
Giving an award to same person for same thing more than 5 times .....	Your Club is Dying
If you invoke the names "Burby" more than once a month .....	Your Club is Dying
If your current projects pale by comparison to your projects of the past .....	Your Club is Dying
If anyone in your club throws a fit at the phrase "Sci-Fi" .....	Your Club is Dying
If your zine or newsletter is only available as a hardcopy .....	Your Club is Dying
If you think being a fan is a "Proud and Lonely Thing" .....	Your Club is Dying
If you can't tell your club is dying .....	Your Club is Dying

Aging, cranky fanboy...yeah, there's a lot of us around, aren't there? Actually, I am trying my best not to be so cranky because I remember my own neofan days when there were plenty of cranky fans reacting to a bunch of neos fresh to the local scene, changing the way things used to be. Now, I am in that position, Fandom around here has changed radically, and we are attempting to cope with the changes and adapt to the new activities and attitudes, and lots of new fans, too.

Myself, I tried to be a writer of science fiction, and I was part of a writer's collective, but I was a science fiction short story writer in the midst of a lot of fantasy novelists. Fanzines have at least given me lots of opportunities to see my byline, especially in the letter column. I have thought to get on with short stories again, but I am totally unaware of the current markets and how to get your writing on the Web...I think my time is done. Besides, with people like Robert J. Sawyer around here, it's pretty tough to shine.

Wish we'd been at Chicon 7...we'd been to the previous three Chicago Worldcons, and had a great time at all of them, but it's getting awfully expensive to go to any of these cons, and we are saving to go to the London Worldcon next year. We skipped Chicon 7, and will skip LoneStarCon 3 this year as well. I wish a lottery would burden us with untold wealth...

I think World Horror has been here, couldn't tell you for sure, I am not a horror reader, and if it was here, it made little noise. Toronto doesn't have the best record when it comes to World conventions like World Horror, World Fantasy or Worldcon. ComicCon or DragonCon? Nope, I won't go to either. Too big, too much walking, and too expensive. I can barely afford local cons now. There are some local fans who go to DragonCon only, and they shun local cons.

I got to finally meet Jacq Monahan at Loscon, she's a sweet lady, and I wish there wasn't so much geography in the way. We were busy at the convention, with panels and special events and such, but there's never enough time to spend with everyone. Speaking of which...

Loscon 39! Christian McGuire had asked us to be Fan Guests of Honour (your badges said Honor, ours said Honour) about 15 months previously, and we were very much excited by the prospect. We've guested at a number of cons in the past, but most of them had been local...Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Kitchener, and even a trip out to Vancouver, but going to LA and Loscon was a

special treat. With the theme Steampunk and Zombies, they may have had you in mind for the zombies, and us for the Steampunk, not sure. We arrived a few days early for the event, and we got ourselves settled, and we explored the LAX Marriott to see what was there. We explored the local neighbourhood as well...not many places to eat, and Denny's presented itself...strange to be ordering off the seniors' menu, but it was the size of portion we were used to. We also went to a LASFS meeting at the new club house in Van Nuys, and because this was Yvonne's third meeting she joined the club, and what the heck, so did I.

We were at the end of the 14th floor, in a great junior suite that suited us just right. We did volunteer our services on the Thursday before the con, so we took many shipments of food and drink to the con suite, supplies and mailings to the art show, and reg packages to registration. Even if we weren't guesting, I figure we made back most of our membership with our labours. Yvonne helped with the paperwork in Jerome Scott's art show, too.

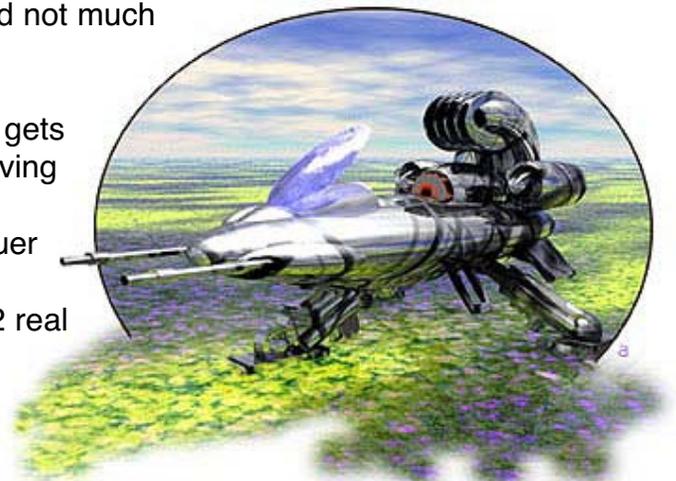
And, there we are, mugging for the camera on page 22! We got our per diem and goodie baskets as well; the convention was certainly generous to all its guests. The Sunday high tea was terrific, and being served by Japanese café maids was a new twist. The tea was one reason we brought our Steampunk/Victorian best. I wish I'd known about Keith Kato's chili party; we never heard a word about it.

Hi, Jacq! Wish we could have spent more time together, and wish we could have helped out with the Fan Fund auction. We did have a good time at the tea, and with our interest in Steampunk, putting on some good clothes was a treat for us. Hugs! We're never strangers, just friends who haven't met yet, and now we have. Wish there were more opportunities to meet again.

Jacq, I fully understand about having to deal with some other fans. I've always found that Fandom is quite accepting, which seems to allow some people much more leeway to do and look as they please. If reading and other fanac were exercise, we'd all look like bodybuilders, but we do enjoy sedentary activities. I'm a victim of such sedentary fun; I am on a diet, and now, medication for high blood pressure. We should all be looking after ourselves, especially when we get into higher ages, and we often don't. As a result, there are morbidly obese people around, but that's okay, we just wish they'd be better to themselves. There were plenty of Steampunk costumes here and there, and at some other conventions, there's plenty of them. Thanks for exempting us from your opinions of steampunkers, but I know of people who will dress that way any opportunity they get. For us, these are costumes made of everyday clothes, and while we very much like them, we bring them out only for special occasions. In early March, there's a Victorian tea and gathering east of Toronto, and those costumes will come out again. You probably noted there's a fine line between Steampunk and Victorian, and unfortunately, it's goggles and gears, and not much more. Oooh, heresy...

Alan, many thanks for this zine. It's a good one if it gets me to write two pages of comments! And, thanks for giving Jacq a forum to vent. To quote the late Bill Rotsler, "Fandom, so neat, so nifty...too bad it's full of fans." Truer words were never spoken, or at least, written into a cartoon. Thanks again, and I hope there will be issue 2 real soon now.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.



Alan, allow me to tell you that the first issue of Orpheum is a beauty. A very well-produced fanzine, even though there is little that I feel I can comment on - but that can change as I page through the zine again. For now, though, hands down this is visually splendid, and I thank you.

Then again, there are a couple items I can comment upon, one of which is the proliferation of zombies. For some reason, these danged critters are extraordinarily popular lately, and for the life of me I don't understand why. Oh, sure, there are probably some underlying psychological reasons for people to believe in things like this - the undead coming to eat our brains, and rot like that - but I figure zombies, like vampires, werewolves, and monsters (oh my!) will always appeal to the fantasy-lovers in all of us. You know, the monsters are under the bed or hiding in the closet kind of a deal. We just like to be scared shit-less, and lately the gore-meter has gone right off the charts. Can't say I like that, but your zombie art is fun, so thank you for sharing your efforts and the stories behind their creation.

It was a great honor to run two installments of Jacq Monahan's TAFF trip report in Askance, issues 27 and 28. I look forward to all of them being culled together and buy the bugger to support the fan funds; they are a worthwhile endeavour to keep running.

Well, I have to agree with you that Las Vegas does seem to a rather active stfnal city right now. This must be due to the large number of crazy people who live there, plus the city's proximity to Area 51 and other scientifically "hot" areas that might interest assorted alien beasties. That's my theory, at least, and I'm sticking to it.

Thank you for the quick review of your time in LASFS. When I lived in Los Angeles with my first wife (just one year in LA - 1986) I attended probably less than half a dozen LASFS meetings. After my decade in Minn-stf, the LA club meetings were positively deadly dull. Did not care for them. The people were nice, sure, but the danged club was Robert's Rules of Order Up the Asseum, and that simply turned me off, making me miss Minneapolis Fandom that much more. So back to Mipple-Stipple I went. Oh, well. Some folks like that kind of order, others don't, and I'm solidly in that second group.

Great photos and reports by you and Jacq Monahan from LosCon. Other than that, not much to say except it sounds like it went well for you and DeDee. Glad to see that Lloyd and Yvonne Penney had a good time (as their photo on page 22 attests).

Well, I think I shall knock off there. Thanks for the zine, and I look forward to the next installment from your furrowed brow.

All the best,  
John Purcell

