

# THE Glitter City Gigolos

March 2006 Issue #2



**Arnie Katz**

Welcome to the second in the current series of Las Vegas oneshots, *The Glitter City Gigolos* #2. I am your host, the steely-nerved fan who writes the first entry in what will hopefully be a worthy successor to *The Glitter City Gangstas* #1 if second-issue letdown doesn't sink it.

The theme for this issue is, allegedly, love, sex and romance. I say "allegedly," because my Vegrants' cohorts are just as likely to write about Presidents, cherry trees, rail-splitting, the Olympics or whatever comes into their heads during the 2/18 Vegrants meeting at which we'll create the issue.

If I'm not careful, I could become one of those who strays from the appointed course. By coincidence, I had an idea for an article that would fit nicely within this theme about a month ago – and immediately promised it to Mark Plummer and Claire Brialey for my favorite British fanzine, *Banana Wings*.

And I can't tell the story of how Joyce and I met, I've told it at least twice already and it's dangerous to depend on fannish memory lapses. I'm mulling a faan fic-

tion story, but the vagaries of the oneshot fanzine being what they are, I don't know if it'll jell sufficiently to merit inclusion.

"What?" I can hear you shriek, "There's something you've written that you haven't forced us to read?" Sadly, I don't finish every essay, column and story I start. Though I sometimes get back to these literary orphans, as is my plan when I file them, I frequently

leave them half-finished.

You have been warned: If chain-reaction inspiration suddenly strikes and I complete them all, no one will be safe. Even Victor Gonzalez's Trufen.net website would be unable to cope with the flood of previously suppressed Katz crap.

That said, I must admit that Love Is in the Air. Not only have a goodly number of us met our Beloveds through Fandom, but we actually have a courting couple – James Taylor and Teresa Cochran – to inspire us.

They serve as a reminder that Fandom is second only to eHarmony.com as a matchmaker.

There's no better place to meet your soul mate – especially if you are intelligent, verbal and deeply maladjusted.

# THE Glitter City Gigolos



*The Glitter City Gigolos* #2, March 2006, was written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas 89145; crossfire4@cox.net) and the Vegrants as they took time out from their habitual carousing to demonstrate their commitment to the Oneshot Fanzine Artform.

This oneshot was written at the February 18th Vegrants meeting, though a few participants emailed in their contributions.

TGCG is available on local listservs and at efanazines.com. Letters of comment would be a wonderful way to show that you've enjoyed our efforts.

Member: fwa    Supporter AFAL    Westercon in '08!

You may think that no sane person would want to cohabit with you – and you may very well be right. Yet in Core Fandom you will find several hundred people who have strayed so far from mainstream societal norms as to make the word “normal” itself irrelevant.

It makes sense. You’d have to be crazy to live with me or most of my fan friends and here’s Fandom, jammed with colorful, if somewhat off-kilter misfits.

It certainly worked for me, if not for Joyce, and it has apparently done the job for a lot of others, too. It’s a wonder LASFS, in its quest for money-raising opportunities, hasn’t opened a marriage bureau.

And, appropriately enough, next up is the latest beneficiary of Fandom’s remarkable knack for bringing couples together...

### **Teresa Cochran**

I’ve never been one to subscribe to the philosophy that a life partner is needed to make a person whole. It’s always been important to me to be strong in my own mind before I consider sharing a life with someone else. I’ve always been attracted to people who are confident in themselves.

On the other hand, having a truly loving relationship can enrich the lives involved, starting a process of give-and-take that can potentially go on indefinitely.

It is a tricky thing. It seems that whatever problems, strengths, and weaknesses one has can become amplified in a close relationship. I know I’ve experienced close bonds that involve highs and lows. One, which lasted ten years, was full of comfort, verbal abuse on sides, laughter, adventure, and despair. For whatever reason, (perhaps because we really were fond of each other at bottom) we stuck with it. I got into the mindset that this was the only way I could have a companion, and so much time had been invested in it, and what would I do without him? But we did break up



eventually and my life didn't end. Unfortunately, he had already been sick with cancer (something I didn't know at the time) and he died a year after we broke up.

I learned a lot from this experience and others. A kind of strength began to build inside me that I didn't realize I had.

A couple of years ago, I moved to Las Vegas from the San Francisco Bay area. I was starting my life over again, this time with my family nearby and the possibility of new friends. I was very happy living alone, being up at all hours, knowing I could howl at the moon or learn welsh or do whatever I wanted. Just that thought was incredibly freeing.

And just when I was saying to myself that I would be happy, whether I had a life companion or ended up as the crazy old funky neo-hippy, neo-fan hermit with a weird cat and weirder habits, I fell in love.

So I'm convinced that the moment you find yourself

truly happy in whatever situation, you open the door for more wonderful possibilities to walk in, whether it's friends, love, a support system, self-



expression, or all of it. I certainly have found myself with more in my life than I might have dreamed of, including close friends, a loving relationship with my family, and a new love, who's proving to be a most kind, gentle, and understanding man.

Oh, and I am still a crazy neo-hippy, neo-fan with a weird cat and weirder habits. Oddly enough, that part hasn't changed. Ok, I'm not a hermit anymore.

### **James Taylor**

This Valentine's marks a watershed for me. For decades Valentine's Day was just a chance to poach other people's chocolates at work. But this year I have a Valentine of my own so it has taken on whole new meaning for me. And der Flieger Hollender's story is no longer mine.

So bring on the Ozzie Nelson phase of my life I'm ready.

### **Joyce Katz**

I'll admit it. I'm an incurable fluff-head about this holiday. Despite my really Awe-ful cynicism, I like everything about Valentine's Day. I like the origin story (it is Not a day created by card companies, you know!) I like the pretty shape. I like those fancy crepe-paper Valentine's Day boxes we used to make in grade school in which the greetings were deposited, all pink and red with lace and ribbons. I like the cards, especially the flowery kind, but even the funny ones.

I love the pretty pink and chocolate pastries, the red tablecloth with lace over it on which I usually serve the dinner, if we don't eat in front of the tv. I like the silly heart-shaped chocolate boxes even if they cost double the amount of the same candy in a plain box.

I like those little candies with the messages stamped on them, though they don't taste too good. I like the stickers, the decorated paper napkins, the pink ribbon around the cat's neck, even though Foggie doesn't.

I love it that there are Valentine's Day decorations. I love it that there is a house on West An-telope, just before Westin, that is decorated with lights and hearts and fancy Valentine decorations.

I've always planned, but never quite got around to decorating our house for the holiday.

I like romance. But, I suppose I must admit that sometimes romance has let me down on St. Valentine's Day; I seem to remember being dateless on a few high school dance nights; single, alone and broke once or twice as an adult. No matter. I also like to watch the St. Valentine's Day Massacre t.v. shows. Like I said, everything about the day....

When Arnie and I were younger, we did the candy-and-flowers, fancy dinner, romantic cards things (yes, I saved every single one of them.) Now we

are simpler in our efforts, but it never fails to be a meaningful event.

Here's where I should insert the funny little story about the meal that went wrong, the forgotten date, the mixup on the meeting place. But you know what, I don't really have one.

It's true there were times we were sick, even one time when something had us on opposite sides of the city, or work had Arnie on the road. But mostly I forget all that stuff. That makes it really easy for me to stick to my theme.

Which is, after all, that I like Valentine's Day.

### **DeDee White**

This is the first time I've been asked to write anything at a meeting here at the Launch Pad. The last time was at the last home of Joyce and Arnie and it was just as much fun then.

As a new member to this world of "Fandom" I would like to say this about that. Actually I can say Valentines Day is one, if not my favorite. of the Hallmark people's invented holidays. I love all the love that's in the air. Chocolates for everyone and flowers that make everyone smile and feel loved at the same time. Who could complain



with those two ingredients at the same time?

Alan, on Valentine's, has always been the more romantic of us two. He's the one who always remembers the beautiful cards with heartfelt sentiments inside with candy (chocolate the only kind for me) with a heart balloon and flowers. Who could complain with a guy like that?

We met on a blind date about 17 years ago and I always feel that's very romantic from the first meeting. We had beautiful radar lust in an instant and it's lasted all these years and I believe that Valentine's Day has always played a role in keeping the love alive and healthy.

### David Del Valle

This is my third visit to Joyce and Arnie's home. I have been made to feel at ease among kindred spirits here from day one. Being a newcomer to Vegas this is a much-needed shelter from the stress of relocating as well as adjusting to my new environment.

I lived so long in Hollywood that Las Vegas seems quite reasonable to me. A true sign that I need help... Anyway I am as always grateful to my pals the Whites for bringing me to this location and all that jazz. Fandom means never having to explain why you know who George Zucco was.....you mean you DON'T????

Yikes! Valentine's Day—so many of these have been big zeroes for me—but this year I got TWO phone calls—from male-type people! No-one is my real Valentine, yet—but at least I wasn't all alone by the telephone...

Just finished *three* books about the changing

rules in love—actually no-one has a clue...just that everything you thought you could count on is no longer in the program...so we're all making it up as we go...

I agree with Teresa... I'm ready to love my cat till death do us part and it's OK if there's a larger mammal with undamaged human DNA in my future...

Actually, my life is working so well lately—the fanfriends have *made* my social life here in Loose Vagaries and even Music is happening... and it's only taken 3 and a half years! ( OK, I'll admit it--With all my NYer crassness, I'm a true romantic at heart—looking for a soulmate/partner and hoping he is alive and well and living near Las Vegas! Anybody got a cousin/uncle/ex-boyfriend they're stashing away?)

### Laurie Kunkel

Add Bill and me to the “couples who met in fandom” list. We met in 1990 at Arnie & Joyce's World Con Non-Con and by New Year's Eve, I

had moved in with him. He's been extremely wonderful through my illness and is showing me every day how much he loves me. I wish I could show him my love as much as he does.

I've learned that love can grow, change, and be strong, making both parties happy,

or love can be stagnant and die, making at least one party miserable.

It was Typo's first Valentine's Day and he was a little confused about red ribbons being tied on things. When Typo is confused, he generally decides to remove what is confusing to him. After he removed the first red bow I attempted to deco-



rate with while Bill was gone, I decided that decorating right now was not a good idea. Maybe next year, when we are in Michigan, I can try decorating again.

### **Jolie LaChance**

As we type there are conversations going on all around us which should surprise no one. Which leads me to my valentine's goal. If Wayne Gretzky breaks up with his wife, I am standing by.

### **Ross Chamberlain**

Sometimes it's difficult to stay with any one conversation for long in this milieu, I think – or it may just be my attention span. I haven't followed the career of Wayne Groetzky --- I think I must blame Don Rickles for putting me off hockey altogether. As to his wife, well I've missed most of the news on that. But then, I may not be one to go to for emotional involvement with sports figures. Not even one of those pretty tennis stars of late, though I may occasionally lose my glazed gaze when the sports news intrudes and tries to entice me with... My memory fails to conjure up their names --- something sounding fairly Russian with potential for bad punning in the last name, and another not-quite-placeable heritage...

### **Alan White**

Well here it is, 60 minutes before the witching hour and showing my age. All I can think about is wending my way home and crawling into the arms of Morpheus.

Another great party, and one I'll let those more qualified, close down.

Nightly nite.

### **Lori Forbes**

Valentine's Day has, in the past, filled me with a sort of dread. I'm 40+ years old and never been married. There were many years when I was miserable because I wasn't with someone. In fact, that's one of my biggest fears, dying alone. But as I've gotten older, I've noticed that it doesn't bother me as much as it used to. I guess I've gotten to the point where the phrase "alone, not lonely" actually means what it says. Now, I find that I still dread the day, but it is because I have no will power to deny myself chocolate, not because I

don't have someone with whom to share my bed.

Alas, I must agree with Alan, the Sandman is calling me and he is not the Neil Gaiman version.

### **Roxanne Mills**


Hi. Wow. I can do this. I've never done this before, but I can do this. Right? Sure. Valentine's? Are we talking about Valentine's? I've had the best Valentine's days ever for the past five years, since I married Bill and moved here to Vegas.

And this year we both had the special treat of a new pet, Candy Matson – girl ferret. Though we never really wanted a ferret, for a lot of reasons, Candy has brightened our lives in a priceless way. We laugh every single day since getting Candy.

She's reminded us of how much fun it is to play on the floor, how invigorating a simple game of couch tag can be. And watching the way she plays with her "big brother" Milo kitty – the tussles, the tag, the washing, the ambushes... sometimes I think I'll go blind watching them, that I will laugh myself sightless.

I'm so glad that everyone here has welcomed Candy so kindly, and she has a great time visiting here. Candy joins Joyce in worrying about the missing kitties as Candy was cultivating a friendship with one of them. So was it a given that I would talk about Candy?

I hope everyone enjoyed the cake, and I can't think of any better place, nicer group of people, to



**That's the editorial  
for this issue.  
Now on to an article  
and our letter column!**

Since this issue of *Glitter City Gigolos* is devoted to love, sex and romance, it's an opportune time to delve into the dark and little-understood

forces that swirl below the hearts-and-cupids surface. As my contribution to the oneshot, I thought I'd explore the libido – or, at any rate, *my* libido. Emboldened by

a recent discussion of such childhood sexual influences in *VFW*, I decided to try to analyze the wellsprings of my sexual tastes.



I didn't really *have* to do this, of course, since I already wrote in the opening section of this *TGCCG*, but it sounded like good, narcissistic fun.

And it was. The cruise through the turbulent waters of my sexuality, meta-

phorically akin to a run down the Colorado River rapids, dredged up some half-forgotten old stimuli. It was pleasurable to discover that many of those libido-shaping elements have kept their ability to seize my interest.

After completing exhaustive – and at my age exhausting – research, I am ready to write an article about it, profusely illustrated with some of the iconic images that twisted me into this mental bonsai.

I've explained the article's

meaning to me, but I admit that I haven't exactly spelled out why *you* should care. Well, the illos will be cute and I'm sometimes amusing in this sort of essay. Besides, it'll come in handy if you decide

# Meet My Libido

to give me porn instead of chocolate for my birthday.

Most of you probably haven't hired a private detec-

tive, or one of those Internet search companies, to check into my sex life. (My apologies to those who did for wasting their money.) A little personality history may help put my influences in perspective.

I was born in 1946, which means that my teenage years were the late 1950's and 1960's. Kids like me, raised in one of Long Island's Golden Ghettos, are often thrust into social situations at a young age, so my precocious interest in girls hardly made me remarkable.



My first girlfriend, in kindergarten, was April Wallach. She was blonde and petite. She was also the daughter of June Lockhart and Eli Wallach, but I didn't really understand that her parents were in Show Business. It wasn't long before their success propelled the Wallachs from middle class New Hyde Park to posh Great Neck.

I started going to kid parties when I was in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade and learned about spin-the-bottle and post office. I had a couple of



grade school girlfriends and a few other experiences scattered through an increasingly alienated teenage-hood.

Then I discovered Fandom and female fans discovered me. By about the time I was ready to leave graduate school, I met Joyce and a lot of the rest is well documented in various fanzines.

The first and only thing I ever stole was a digest-sized girlie magazine when I was about 12 years old. I blame the system. There's no way the proprietor would sell me the little cheesecake rag, so my options were limited. Once



I was big enough to fake my way through the transaction, I began buying them.

The girls in magazines like *Quick!* and *Flirt!* played peek-a-boo. They went to extremely lengths to hide exactly the parts about which I had the greatest curiosity! They wore bulky sweaters tantalizingly unbuttoned *almost* to the waist or they stooped to pick up an imaginary something in a skirt too short to hide the garter belt.

There was also a lot of tree-hugging. No, not environmentalism, but the real, actual hugging of trees. Some beautiful girl with tousled long blonde hair always got around to hugging a tree in just about all of the magazines. If this was subtle conservationist propaganda, it worked. I have always liked trees.)



Julie Newmar

This was not the only important moral/ethnic lesson I learned as a result of my fascination with women. My parents unwittingly set me on the road of being a lifelong civil rights supporter when they took me to see Dorothy Dandridge in *Carmen Jones*. Young as I was, I found Dandridge tremendously exciting, as exciting as any White Woman. After that, I was pretty damn sure all skin hues are equal.

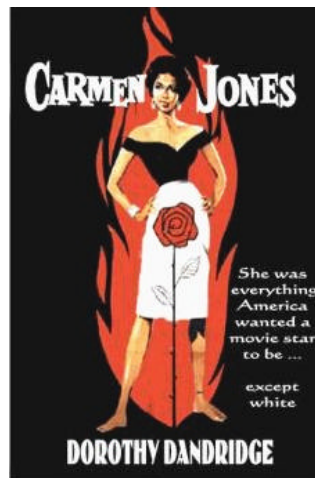
Two of the women I saw in those digest magazines stand out from the rest. I distinctly recall being impressed by redheaded Tina Louise in a skin-tight dress showing a lot of sleek thigh, but by the time she was Ginger on *Gilligan's Island*, my interest had gone elsewhere. Julie Newmar in a metallic dress also burned an image into my brain, but by the time she played Catwoman on the *Batman* TV series, my interests had gone elsewhere. (I still responded to them, if not to their TV characters. Get a fellow young enough and you've got him for life...)



When I started reading the science fiction and fantasy prozines, their covers had grown sedate and, in general, asexual. When I began buying backdate prozines around 1962, I was thrilled to discover that the SFD and Fantasy magazines had not always shared this devotion to visual decorum.

There were enough scantily clad women on the covers of *Fantastic* to keep a youthful imagination bubbling in those benighted pre-Internet porn days.

Like most inquisitive young fellows, I used the absence of my family from home on a nice Saturday to see what might be found in little-used cabinets. The scav-







enger hunt yielded very little, since there were still places I thought too private to investigate, but I did unearth a copy of *Confidential* magazine. The cover story, about Jackie Robinson’s alleged predilection for strip-poker-playing blondes, clued me in on the possibility that adults might be hypocrites. The blonde was extremely flashy, which helped me identified with my baseball hero



Jayne Mansfield — a happy marriage of genetics, conditioning and medical science.

that much more.

I didn’t develop crushes on TV and movie stars when I reached puberty and began attending Great Neck South Junior High School. Three or four of the women did pique strong interest, though.

Sally Mansfield was Vena Ray, the comely assistant to a slightly dotty pseudo-Einstein on *Rocky Jones, Space Ranger*. Vena was noted for the criss-cross straps across her chest that accented her out-thrust bosom. Looking back, I can see she was also notable for never changing her dress. I guess she knew the effect her cheerleader-like outfit had on men and decided to stick with a winner.

Although I might not have admitted it at the time, since it compromised my fierce allegiance to Good, I was more attracted to the slinky villainess Cleopatra. She was supposed to be modeled on Cleopatra and exuded a rawer sexuality than wispy blonde Vena Ray.

I remember Irish McCalla, who starred in the 1954 *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle* and several of my pubescent fantasies.



More influential than any of those was Betty Boop. While not physically my type, Betty Boop symbolized the forbidden carried off in style. Especially in the early cartoons, she was portrayed as a party girl who hunted men even as they chased after her.

I didn’t see eight-page adult comic books — what some call “Tiajuana Bibles” — until I was in high school, so their crude charm didn’t do much to alter my sexual interests. I was already poured into the warped mould by then and didn’t need additional instigation.

One thing I noticed about eight-pagers was that a lot of them were about Mae West. I later learned that she inspired more little dirty comics than all other women combined.

I understood it a lot better when I finally saw her movies. Her sexy, witty comedy and overwhelming animal magnetism made me a loyal fan — as I am to this day.

When I read Gay Talese's *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, his first-person study

of sexuality in modern America, I was surprised at his citation of Diane Webber as one of the earliest molders of his sexuality. In retrospect, it shouldn't have been a shock that we both noticed the most vibrant and ubiquitous nude model of the 1950's.

I didn't encounter the flip side of Dianne Webber's wholesome nudity, until my late teens. Betty Page's heyday was a decade earlier, but I appreciated her kinkiness when I saw her a decade later. Her ascent to sexual icon in the last 20 years shows that I am not the only one who found Betty Page interesting.

Much as I admired Marilyn Monroe's talent, she was never *the* blonde for me. I was also enthralled with Jane Mansfield, whom I always rated higher in pure sexuality than MM. A taste for hussies also led me to a certain degree of admiration for Mamie Van Doren.

Rounding out



Irish McCalla heated up the jungle as Sheena in a 1954 movie.

the blondes was June Wilkinson, who became a *Playboy* centerfold as an underage (and highly developed) teenager. She spent most of her subsequent career showing that she could carry a drink without using her hands and touring endlessly in a stage show built around her build, *Pajama Tops*.

I'd be letting down Dr. Frederic Wertham (author of the pseudo-psychological examination of comic books, *Seduction of the Innocent* if I didn't

mention the pernicious influence of comic books on my juvenile sexual attitudes.

I couldn't get into the romance and *Patsy* comics, bastions of "Good Girl" art, because of the stories, but I was a regular reader of Archie comic books in my early and middle teens. I wasn't sure that having two girlfriends was such a problem, until I tried it in the sixth grade — and ended up with no girlfriend.

Crime comic books had passed their peak by the late 1950's, but the ones I saw certainly made the crime they supposedly fought seem more than a little glamorous. Contrary to Dr. Wertham, seeing those colorful murders and robbers didn't make me want to follow in their footsteps, though I did wonder how one got to meet their sluttily alluring molls while they were safely in stir serving 50- or 100-year sentences.

Super hero comics didn't offer much fodder for my budding libido. The female counterpart of *The Fly*, *Flygirl*, was a mild exception. The premise seemed to be: What if Jayne Mansfield became a costumed super hero. It didn't hurt my interest in *The Fly* comics.

Put 'em all together, stir with an overheated imagination and you have an Everglades of a libido. You also have a good candidate for Fandom...

-- Arnie Katz



## Hal Hughes

Nice bold cover! Thug life is everywhere these days. If only the real gangsters weren't running things

*Arnie Katz: To be completely accurate, we were Gangstas; now we're Gigolos and can barely run ourselves, much less the country.*

## Robert Lichtman

What a terrific first issue! Makes me look forward to

more. I am curious, however, about who did the wonderful piece of artwork on page 4. It looks vaguely familiar, but I can't place it. I'm less interested in who drew the cover, but in general art credits would be welcome.

It seems to me that I've either heard or read parts of Arnie's story of scoring a box of old fanzines from Les Gerber and making his way home with them in the rain. (Did you write about this in a fanzine, Arnie, or tell me about it in person once upon a time?) I'm not sure, however, that I recall the part about having to explain fandom to a cop until his (the cop's) eyes glazed over. And I was bemused by Arnie's word choice of referring to Sandi Bethke as "Ted's former mistress."

Unlike Ross, I don't remember ever being at a New Year's Eve party "with a girl I was taken with in the way of otherwise intelligent males have done for recorded time." I've also never been to a public event like what he describes happening in Times Square. In fact, given the fact that most New Year's Eve parties of my youth involved lots of consumption of alcoholic beverages, I hardly remember any of them at all.

I remember somewhat better the ones in the '80s I attended at Terry & Carol Carr's house in the Oakland Hills: the adventures of finding a parking place, the giant cannister of nitrous at the end of the hallway and the ample supply of balloons in which it was dispensed, and at one of the later ones going down in the basement and Talking Fandom with Terry for over an hour.

Ken Forman writes concerning \*his\* theory and practice of one-shot fanzines: "Arnie's suggestion of writing something ahead of time is useful, but not really in the spirit of a one-shot. (The exception would be a one-shot where everybody knew ahead of time to bring a short piece. The whole zine would then be pubbed in 'one shot.' The Vegrants played around with

that style for a few issues, but they tended to be less cohesive and not representative of the occasion. I've always liked the notion that the zine was done during some event or party.")

My own take on this is that both forms of the one-shot fanzine are perfectly valid, but that for the most part the ones I would consider "keepers" in my fanzine collection over the long run would follow Arnie's suggestion, with some on-the-spot additions by those attending the one-shot session. Looking back at the Vegas All-Stars one-shots of the '90s, I find that few of them are truly memorable; the exceptions are those where a

theme emerges, such as No. 57 in which Redd Boggs is missed and No. 58 in which the trip to spread Burbee's ashes is written of.

In closing Arnie wrote, "I think it is also opportune to mention that we will publish letters of comment, if received, in future issues." I'm doing my part...

*Ross Chamberlain: Teddy was pretty and busty and red-haired, and the vacuum between her ears just sucked this sucker in. In retrospect I probably had evil intentions on her, but they never came to anything but a teeth-clicking kiss one evening, coming back to school from a movie in downtown Williamstown. I saw her once, not too many years later, and she had gained weight and cut and dyed her pretty long red hair to short blonde. I barely remembered her name. Not proud of that aspect of my youth, ill-spent though it may have been (though not in ways that's usually meant).*

*Arnie: The artistic masterpiece in question was drawn by Joyce, as I suspect you already knew. We may well present additional pieces by her if she donates them to the Cause.*

*When Laney wrote about oneshots in ASI!, he referred to participants bringing notes and drafts with them. Allow folks to prepare material in advance is in that spirit, though the publication as a whole comes to fruition in one night. Even my article was inspired by the oneshot and largely written in the hours immediately before and after the Vegrants meeting.*

## John Purcell

Many thanks for TGCG #1 - apparently the first of many projected one-shots by you desert folks - and shame on *all of you* for making me so damn homesick for Minneapolis Fandom. All I did this year was sit and watch the Sci-Fi channel's *Twilight Zone* marathon

# Tourist LoCs Talk

(now a Purcell family tradition; four years running and counting), feeling morose about what Minn-stf's parties were like: friends, music, food, bheer, music, more friends, more bheer, and WAY more music. Thanks a lot! I am so damned happy for you I could just puke...

But like all your contributors, I have a lot of fond memories to fall back on. There are so many good people up in Minn-stf that I miss, and I look forward to trekking up there in the next couple years for a Minicon again. Been a long time, but I really miss playing music with Fred Haskell, Reed Waller, Nate Bucklin, Steve Brust, and all the rest of Mipple-Stipple Minstrels; besides the comraderie and conversation - and food and bheer - it was just a fun, warm place to be in sub-zero weather. Nothing better.

Hey! Ross Chamberlain was in College Station, TX? I can't tell from his arkle exactly when that was. I've only been here since July, 2001, so chances are I missed Ross by at least three decades, if I'm reading this right. Oh, well...

Before I sign off, a big hello goes to Jolie La-Chance. Welcome to the world of fan pubbing!

And are you kidding me? *Flippin, Arkansas!?!?* That's almost as bad as Cut 'n Shoot, Texas (a real town, over by Conroe; I had a student from there a couple years ago in one of my classes at Willis, TX, High School).

*Ross Chamberlain: Yup, our family moved to College Station in 1944 just in time for my 7th birthday, and left in 1952 for Parts North when I was 15... I and friends of mine would sometimes hike down along the Southern Pacific tracks to a little town called Copy, where a friend I went to school with lived. Never did figure out what it was supposed to be a copy of...*

### **Laurraine Tutihasi**

Sounds like you people had a great New Year's Eve. As you can probably guess LA fandom is too big for us all to be at the same party. In fact most years, I haven't done anything special for NYE.

This year, though, some friends decided to have a party that we attended. Most of us, though, were getting too tired to celebrate the local NYE, so we finally decided on Mountain Time. I don't know what they're going to do with all the leftover champagne. We only opened one bottle.

*Arnie: We really did have a good time on New Year's Eve and I'm glad it showed in the fanzine. The New Generation of Vegas Fandom certainly has enlivened things around here.*

*You'll undoubtedly get to meet some of them at the LACon — and you are always encouraged to visit us in our desert paradise.*

### **Ted White**

Here I am at work with nothing to do again -- it happens too often here these days, but I'm told it's always like this for the first couple of weeks of January -- so I just read *The Glitter City Gangstas*. I see you're looking for LoCs, so....

Your memory has played you slightly false in your description of how you got to my Brooklyn apartment back in the '60s. The RR train ran on the BMT line, not the IRT (these days I hear not only are such distinctions largely meaningless, although IRT trains remain narrower, the idea of doubling the letter of a line to indicate it was a local has been done away with, and thus there is no longer an "RR" train, but perhaps the R remains) and it was Brooklyn's \*Fourth\* Avenue you walked down to 49th St -- not Third Avenue (which ran under an elevated expressway). My apartment, at 339 49th St., was midway between Third and Fourth Avenues. It was a seven-room apartment, on the first floor and basement, with a back porch overlooking a back yard in which grew a pear tree from which I harvested dozens of pears every year.

I liked that apartment. Indeed, it still pops up occasionally in my dreams, although I moved out of it 35 years ago.

Further on, Ross mentions a New Year's Eve in New York City maybe in 1963/64, while he was an "underage" student. I think his chronology is off. Ross is a year or two older than I am, and I was not "underage" in 1963/64. (Worse yet, I think the drinking age in NYC in those days was 18 -- and I'm quite sure Ross was over 18 by the time 1960 rolled around.)

I hosted NYE parties at my Brooklyn apartment from some time around 1964 until I moved to Virginia in the fall of 1970. It was the only time certain NYC fans were invited to my place -- and some of them gave me cause to regret it. The worst incident occurred one year when a drunken lout (no Fanoclast, he!) shook up a bottle of Coke and sprayed it all over. He permanently ruined an Alex Schomberg painting I had on my wall -- originally an AMAZING cover in the Cele Goldsmith era -- which even the experts at the Smithsonian (courtesy of my friend, the artist Ron Miller) could not restore. \*Sigh\*....

At another NYE party the infamous Fred Phillips eagerly copied down the number he saw on one of my phones, since he knew my number was unlisted. Unfortunately for him, the number on that phone wasn't mine.

Since moving back to Virginia I've been to a variety of NYE parties, but haven't hosted any. For the past decade I've been going to a party about a mile

from my house. The host, Sean, isn't a fan and probably has never heard of fandom, but he throws great parties.

My friend Uzi (an Israeli physicist) had been telling me about Sean's parties for the previous ten years. "You should come, Ted," he'd tell me. "But I don't know anyone," I'd say. "Doesn't matter," he'd say. "You'll like them. They're your kind of people." What finally convinced me to go was my stepson, Spencer, telling me \*he'd\* been going to Sean's parties. Sean's son Simon and Spence went to the same high school and were good friends.

What I found was an old, much-added-to house with a bonfire in the yard, and perhaps a hundred partygoers, their ages spanning from the late teens to my age (which is Sean's age too) -- a good mix. And I \*did\* know some of the people there. Spence's friends knew me, and all came up to say hello. And Uzi was there to introduce me to a variety of people, among whom were two Brazilian sisters.

Several years after my first NYE party at Sean's another friend of mine showed up. Gute is a Brazilian artist whom I know from our mutual interest in progressive rock. After bustling into the kitchen to greet us all, Gute moved on to greet others and the younger of the two sisters I'd mentioned turned to me and said, "Ten years ago he and I were married." (She is now remarried, and I like her husband.) Small world.

For the past two NYE parties at Sean's my son Aaron has also showed up, along with his friends. Aaron turned 18 this last New Year's Eve.

Sean sometimes has a live band and always has fireworks at midnight. This year's was probably the best -- professional quality shells which burst magnificently overhead. Down in the kitchen were \*two\* hams and a huge pot of chili. Close to a dozen women (all strangers) happily kissed me (and others) at midnight.

A good time was had by all -- as I assume was also the case at Chez Katz.

Let's hope 2006 is a better year.

*Ross Chamberlain: I dunno what was wrong with my math, but of course you're right, and I had to be thinking of the NYE of 1955/56. I can't find any Google reference to which year the ball went out before it hit bottom, but I did find that they changed the ball to a lighter one (aluminum, 150 lbs compared to 400, of iron) in 1955. In 1942 and 1943 due to wartime light-out conditions, there was no lighted ball, the only time since 1904...*

*And yes, coming into 1960, I would have been 22 -- and NYE 1963/64 I'd've been 26. No smarter, mind you...*

*Arnie: You're 100 per cent right about the subway route from my home to yours. I took the IND 6th Ave train from Queens to 34th Street in Manhattan where I changed for the RR that took me into Brooklyn.*

### Lloyd Penney

People come and people go, and people go forth to find their lives, so it's a shame all your friends can't all be within easy reach. One of my closest friends is in Vancouver right now, looking for work in acting, and while she's still not that successful, she is at least in touch via e-mail. I'd like nothing better than to hug the stuffings out of her, but geography just gets in the way.

I have been told that the CIA, FBI and probably CSIS (our version of the CIA) have many of us on record because we travel extensively, and we often cross international borders. I would imagine that Customs on both sides, and probably the Mounties, too, have been keeping an eye on us. All I can say is I hope they've had an eye-ful. This is one time when I'd be pleased to be simply dismissed as a crazy, and left alone.

New Year's Eve,? Yvonne and I were just up the street at a small but fabulously fannish party, eating great food, and enjoying the usual chatter such a party provides. The television was on...at most parties, the box would stay off, but seeing it was New Year's Eve, we surfed between Dick Clark and the local city celebration. The ball dropped, the calendar changed, and we went back to the kitchen for more food.

James and Ken are coming to the Toronto Corflu? They should have a good time, assuming there will be a convention. So far, Colin and Catherine are totally silent about their plans. The website hasn't changed, still no hotel, and no list of who else is going. They have my cheque; I'm afraid they're going to say "Thanks", and nothing else will happen. Sure hope I'm wrong, but Murray Moore and Hope Leibowitz and I are rolling our eyes and hoping something will start happening.

I hope there are plans to do this again. At least there are some people who believe in the value of fannish writing. I suspect I wouldn't get the local fans even vaguely interested. Oh, well, they have their own interests. Take care folks, and see you next one-shot, I hope.

*Arnie: Vegas Fandom is so small that we can't let any of them separate from us, even when they move across the country. I hope we'll see more from Flippin in future issues.*

And now we've arrived at the bottom of the page, with only the back cover between us and the end of the issue -- and the start of the watch for letters of comment from you. See you next issue!

