

THE Glitter City

Goofballs

May 2006 Issue #3



In the living room of the Launch Pad, headquarters of Las Vegrants, the revelry started early and continues to mount. In the dining room, Joyce's computer sits as quiet as a jack-in-the-box. The Kingfish strides to the keyboard and begins to type...

Arnie Katz

Since I was a neofan, I've gotten a steady trickle of fanzines that bear the familiar, self-deprecating slogan, "It's Eney's Fault." Though it has been Eney's fault a

number of times in the past and I would like to blame my present predicament on someone, circumstances compel me to admit my culpability and offer:

THE Glitter City Goofballs

It's Arnie's Fault

It's my fault, because I picked the theme for this oneshot. What could be more natural than "jokes, tricks, scams, comedy and humor" for an April Fools Day oneshot?

I picked it. I could shovel some of the blame along to my advisors, but it was ultimately my call. I will leave them to their Secret Shame and content myself with this admission and maybe a little more whining.

So here I sit, peering into the whiteness of the computer screen, fretting that I have already written every funny thing that's in me, some of them more than once. I mean, what if each humorist is allotted only so many quips, epigrams, jokes puns and satiric harpoons?

Comedians like Sid Caesar and Phil Silvers blew through a lifetime of night club and vaudeville material in a couple of years of weekly network television. After 70 issues of *Vegas Fandom Weekly* with more than 50 *Katzenjammer* columns, I fear that my brain will make that slurping noise you hear when you try for one more gulp of thick shake than the paper cup contains. My brain will make that sad sound that indicates that the stock of amusing asides and witty observations is gone. And like the greedy shake-sipper with the empty cup, I will continue to suck.



Not contributing, but here in spirit, was The Joker. Batman did not attend when Commissioner (David) Gordon failed to light the signal on the roof of the Launch Pad..

The Glitter City Goofballs #3, April 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 April 1st Vegrants meeting, though a few participants emailed in their contributions.

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

Member: fwa Supporter AFAL Westercon in '08!

At times of fan-nish stress, I meditate on the words and deeds of the illustrious BNFs of the past. Sure enough, I am instantly reminded of a short story involving Walt Willis.

While at a worldcon in the US, WAW was accosted by a bumptious fan, who said, "So, you're Walt Willis; say something funny!"

Willis looked at him and replied, "All right, turn on your sense of humor!"

This parable teaches two lessons. The first is that it is damn hard to be funny on command. It's easy to be plonking and sercon at the twirl of a beanie, but you have to rev up a bit to be funny. Well, at least I do most of the time.

The other lesson is that you *can* do it. (I refuse to consider the possibility that the moral is *really* "You can do it – if you're Walt Willis.")

Please, Ghu, don't make me start a sentence with the humorists most dreaded word, "Seriously."

That's no idle prayer, considering my function of opening the oneshot, welcoming all you fine folks and tossing out a few ideas that may do some later contributors some good.

Although no one has come forward to liberate me from this task, I must admit that Las Vegas Fandom has progressed significantly in the humor department since Joyce and I attended our first meeting in 1991. At that time, humor consisted of quotations from movies and jokes from *David Letterman* and the *Tonight* show. There may've been some cullings from the *Playboy* joke page, too.

This is the whoopee cushion and fake vomit of witty repartee. Ever subtle, I did not throw up after each barrage of such shabby chatter. Some Disap-



pointed Looks and Eye-Rolling – and, ok, some retching noises, but not very loud – they gradually progressed and soon demonstrated considerable ability to craft a funny line – or a whole fanzine article.

Alas, many of those fans now practice those lessons in other cities. *The Glitter City Goofballs* is very much the product of today's Vegas Fandom. I'm glad to say that they've tried hard not to slide back into the abyss of set jokes ripped from television.

And saying that, I think I'll turn it over to my guitar-playing sidekick to see what he'll produce for this Stanlog Fernzine.

Bill Mills

Hello microbes and germs, er.. Ladies and germs, uh, Germans... Ladles and Gentlemen! Thank you... thank you...really... that's kind... THANK YOU soooooooo much...

Okay you can sit down now... really... Thank you.

I am sin-city-cerely PLOWED to be here... er, I mean PROUD to be here at The Improv...ah, uh... I mean the Launch Pad for another exciting, raucous, scantily clad Las Vegrants' meeting. Yes, (Virginia) rumors of my demise have been a bit premature, or possibly just naively hopeful





(depending on who you're askin'). Nonetheless, here I are! Admittedly, the flesh is a bit ragged but the spirit is still willing... willing, and on the shelf in the Katz's hospitable kitchen, where my flesh has been more than willing to "meet it half-way", so I will undoubtedly also be 'plowed' in no time at all. Wait a darned minute. Why are there no cocktail waitresses here? This is Las Vegas after all! The land of the Cosmic Cocktail waitresses! When playing in any casino in this crazy ol' mixed up town (baby), alls ya' gotzta do is chout "Cocktails!" and some cool kitten in a chort skirt appears to quench your high-rollin' t'irst, pally! I guess she has the night off...

Now moving right along... (and subtly angling kitchenward in the process) ahem... On behalf of the city council of Waukegan... I'd like to welcome you to Las Vegas. No no... I mean in honor of my many years working for the railroad you have presented me with these ties. Which reminds me of a story I told just last week during a personal appearance at a combination Vegrants meeting, basketball game and funeral... it's soooooo funny!

But, cerebrally now Flox, er, seriously now folks... I believe that either you are closing your thighs to a situation you do not wish to acknowledge, OR, you are not aware of the caliber of disaster indicated by a fandom in your community!

Wellllllllll, you got Vegrants my friend, right here, I said Vegrants right here in Vegas city! And I believe for every drop of rain that falls a flower grows... and I believe the medication is finally kicking in, and I believe... lieve... the lights are very pretty, huh? Like little flying fair..

Say "Good night Gracie..."

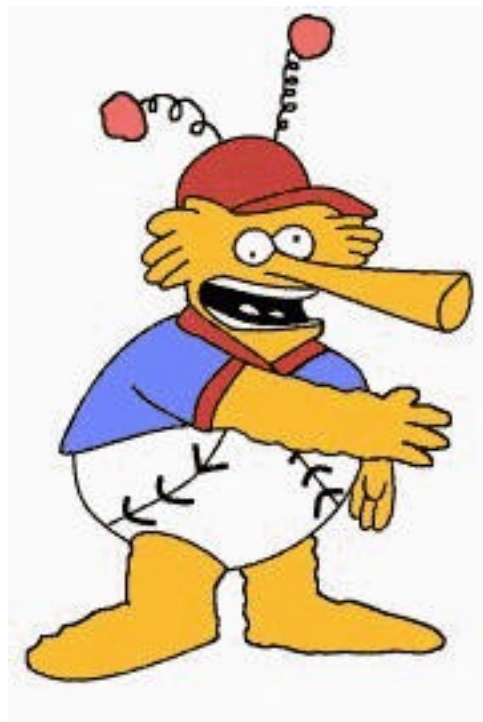
April Reckling

I love playing tricks on my husband Lee; no one else really, just him. When I jump out from behind a door to scare him it cracks me up. I have done this for the past 20 years.

I would think he'd realize by now that I like to lurk in dark corners. But, I have sworn off April Fool's day jokes after two years ago. Let me set up the scenario for you, I park my car in the garage on the right side, my husband parks his car in the driveway on the left side.

So two years ago, after getting ready for work I opened up the garage door, pull out my car a couple of feet and stop the car. I rush into the house all frantic and wake him up from a 'deep' sleep and tell him I hit his car. He panics! He rushes outside to see how bad it is and he can't find anything.

At this point I couldn't stop myself from laugh-



ing and saying, “April Fools!”

Lee gives me a dirty look and starts chasing me with a broom. He gets me a few times with it because I’m laughing so hard. Well, about six months later when my sister Lori is living with us guess what happens? I hit her car coming out of the garage!

Both Lee and Lori told me it was karma. Who knows but I’m swearing off jokes (at least for a couple more years!)

Joyce Katz

I believe Arnie was implying we should all try to be Walt Willis On Command. Heck, even Walt had trepidations about trying that. So perhaps we should all try to be Arnie Katz On Command – except that, after 35 years, I know that it’s very little use to try to Command a Katz to do anything. Herding cats is a most unrewarding occupation.

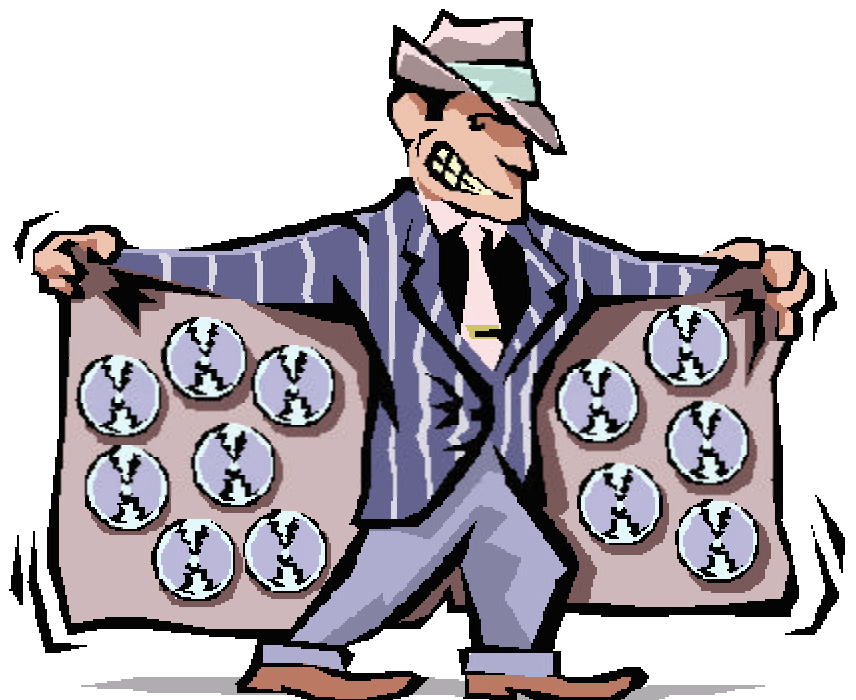
I can see how that would go. Wearing my Mask of Arnie, I’d immediately hop to my feet, wave my arms in the air, and spritz forth a few hundred words on the subject of fan activities of the 1960s, do a tap-and-shuffle-off-to-buffalo, and shimmy out another soft-shoe on the subject of fandom before the first WorldCon. (Hold your applause, please!)

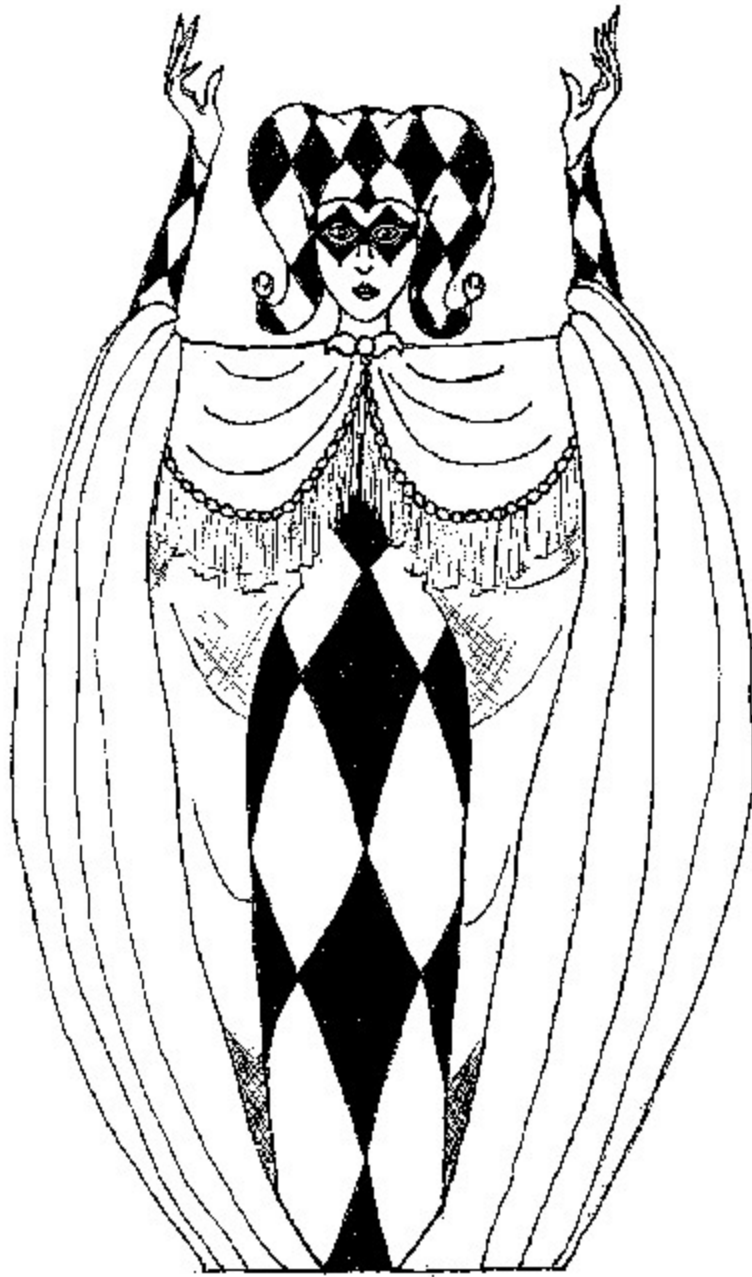
In this particular Command Performance, the indoor cat would leap into the orchestra pit, as he tried to avoid the flying feet. The band would give forth one mighty screech, then run for their lives. The outside felines would line up like a greek chorus going “Wah, wah, wah” to signal their disapproval of the current state of fandom, and the stage lighting would collapse onto our heads since Jolie LaChance isn’t here to be stagehand to our Boo-thantics.

Since this is April Fools Day, perhaps the text of my talk would spotlight the magnificence of World Con Committees, those self-less, self-sacrificing fools who endeavor to entertain the rank-and-file fans who entrust them with the future of conventions. How admirable that they are able to throw together a lit-



tle annual party, complete with ego-trips, a multitude of ribbons of many colors, green rooms laden with goodies that the attendees will never see, and walkie-talkies for every ego-sodden personality that fastens his or her hopes on these badges of honor. And all this munificence, all this magnificent accomplishment, for only the cost of forty times the price of a convention in the late-60s. They’ll suffer through dinners and tease, banquets and frieze, even entire expense-paid weekends out of the coffers provided by the admiring (it sez here) rank-and-filers who’ll apparently pony up





any expense to polish the polz of the pros.

But of course, that's merely an illusion, for science fiction fans would never do such exploitative things, and other science fiction fans would never stand still for it.

It is of course an April Fool's joke to even imply that something smells bad.

Arnie Katz

I've never been wild about jokes and pranks, mostly because a lot of them are mechanical and dull. Exploding cigars, whoopee cushions, teeth-blackening gum and the other items purveyed in

the Johnson-Smith Company catalogue may have excited a little childish curiosity, but those ads in all the comic books never did get me to part with so much as a penny.

I particularly dislike practical jokes. One reason is that they are often more annoying than actually funny and another is that "practical" is just a euphemism for "mean-spirited."

When I was young and telephones didn't come equipped with Caller ID, I tried my hand at prank phone calls. I quickly graduated from the "Is your refrigerator running?" level to complex spiels in which I tried to convincingly play characters. It was no small trick for the 12-year-old me to convince someone that I was John Guidel, producer of Art Linkletter's *People Are Funny*. These calls didn't have any agenda; I didn't try to get money or frighten the people.

Joyce cured whatever small, lingering interest I might have had in pranks. Shortly after we moved in together at 59 Livingston Street, I got into a slightly playful mood. I say "slightly," because Joyce had made it known in no uncertain terms that she didn't like surprises.

So I stationed myself in the middle of the hallway that led from the front door to the kitchen, the hall bathroom and the master bed room. Soon enough, she came barreling down the corridor, no doubt thinking Great Fannish Thoughts.

"Boo!" I said in a tone so moderate and conversational that I feel like taking back that exclamation point. (I'll leave it in place, but only because I don't think you can say "boo" without an exclamation point.)

She looked up, her eyes instantly focused, and let out a wail that would have done credit to the sirens – the ones they used in London during the blitz. She clutched her heart and staggered backwards. She hit the wall and slid down to the floor.

We talked about it after she stopped shrieking a couple of hours later and we decided that if I ever said "Boo!" again our married sexlife as I knew it would end.

Ross Chamberlain

Once upon a time I'd pull the odd practical joke and invariably felt remorse immediately afterward. Took me a while to learn – I kept hearing about new funny options to try, and I'd try 'em on people who really shouldn't be practically joked – members of family, y'know – and it would be days before I pulled out of the resulting depression. Then there was the detention I garnered after setting off the stink bomb in shop class back in junior high. I actually went to the principal and *admitted* I'd done it...

A couple of decades or so ago I started hearing about computer tricks – there was a book or two about them the name of which escapes me at the moment. We – Joy-Lynd and I – actually obtained one or two of them that actually struck me as funny. This was in the pre-Windows days of DOS text screens, and one trick was a thing where the letters would suddenly start falling off the screen. As a joke to perpetrate, it seemed like it would be hilarious. As a victim I think I'd've been less amused.

Another was an elaborate thing – too much so for me to recall in detail, but certainly trading on then-current *real* problems of computers -- where a warning message would come up about the sys-



tem getting so gunked up that it was going to have to be washed clean, and a line about now running the washing machine (or something like that) would appear while the hard drive or something whirred noisily, and finally (I don't recall how the sound effects were achieved, or even if there were any) there was something about everything on the system going down the drain. I can only imagine computer novices' hearts going down with it.

So it's actually reached the point where I recently read about new potential tricks one can do, like turning the screen upside down, or a mouse that would leave little mouse-pellets behind it all over the screen, and I actually felt my face screwing up into that puzzled look that goes with "why the hell would anybody want to do that?" And then I realized that my sense of humor has either lost something vital, or just wandered off into other territories.

I have been known to write funnier stuff than this entry. Maybe I'd better slip away from the keyboard and leave it to the wittier among us this evening.

James Taylor

I just can't believe that Chris Garcia has betrayed all of us. While I infiltrated Vegas fandom as a sleeper agent of the N3F he snaps up the Presidency behind my back and the backs of all the others. Years I've worked to insinuate myself into Vegas fandom to neutralize it, so the Plan can succeed. Oh so carefully suppressing my normally careless devil may care personality to be dull and unthreatening. Pretending to like books and fanzines when I longed for endless committee assignments and life by Roberts Rules.

Instead of waiting for worldcon in Japan to draw the SMOFs away so we can take control in one fell swoop of all known fandom he tips our hand. Wasted all of my efforts, the years of maneuvering the Forman's out of Vegas, placing untraceable toxins in Roxanne's favorite water glass and most recently getting DeChancie banished from Pah-rump.

The Plan collapses, ten years wasted and I didn't even get a lousy t-shirt.

Roxanne Mills

Jokes, humor? And here I was all set to regale

you with my day at Petapalooza 2006. Though there were some funny moments there... We took our little 1.2 lb. ferret out to an event with hundreds of dogs of every size and shape. She showed no fear, no matter what size or number of dogs came to sniff her. Quite the contrary, more often than not even the largest dog would back away, tail between its legs, when she would lick its nose.

One of the best “jokes” ever paid against me happened shortly after I had four impacted wisdom teeth surgically removed in one fell swoop. It was a horrible experience, and I couldn’t even think about eating solid food for weeks afterwards. However, that didn’t stop the staff from the college paper I was editor of from paying me a visit just two days after the surgery. Such wonderful, kind, sweet folks my staff... They brought me two grocery bags full of goodies... peanut brittle, popcorn, potato chips, pretzels, taffy... everything crunchy and chewy they could think of... everything I would rather die than try to eat. I fell over on the ground laughing so hard – and just that *hurt* – which somehow made it even more funny and I laughed until tears of pain as well as tears of joy and laughter fell from my eyes. I was so touched to realize that my staff loved me enough to torture me in such exquisite detail.

DeDee White

I love to laugh and to be entertained but literally I have no story to share with a theme in mind. With that said I’ll share a thought with you that I wonder if you may have had.

I was one of the thousands of viewers that stayed up late almost every night to catch Johnny Carson and his announcer Ed McMann. The two never failed to make me laugh time after time every show. Those late night slots have been filled by Jay Lenno and David Letterman these days. I have never stayed up to watch either of these two top talk show hosts. I’ve wondered just why. I recently was given a book written by Ed McMahon all about Johnny Carson. I now understand why I was so captivated by the humor of these two. The book tells the story about how they met each other and how the show began. The humor was as everyday as anyone could ever get and I think that’s why they lasted for so many years of

late night humor. They were a team playing off one another night after night, year after year. That simple humor seems to have left the mass television arena these days. Humor is such a needed item in today’s stressfull life. Where is humor on late night TV when we need it. No joke.

Teresa Cochran

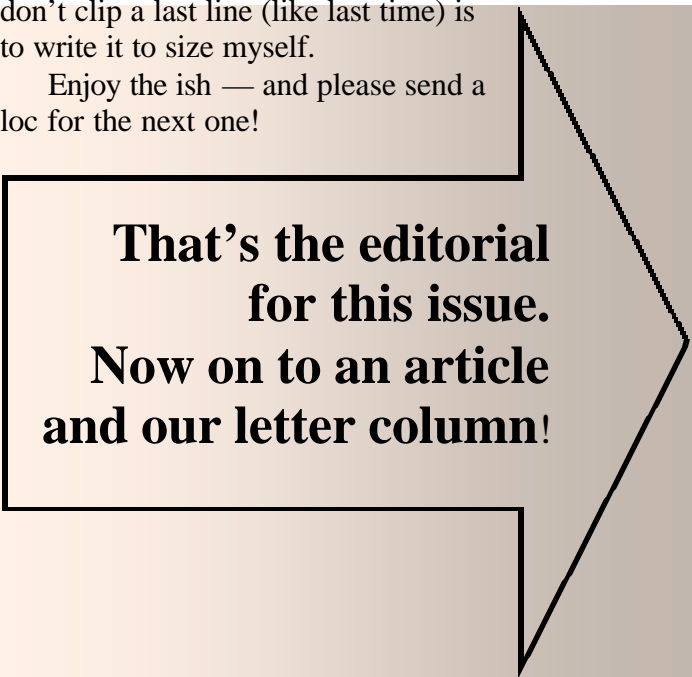
Well, I was going to write something about a little prank that was played on me, but that incident has been wiped out of my mind upon consideration of these truly horrifying revelations by James Taylor. Oh, what a way to pour cold acid on a Trufannish spirit! It just can’t be, I’m telling myself. Well, nothing for it for me but to continue onward, learning Roberts’ rules of order and ...

No. what was I saying? No, I will continue onward with chaotic, frenetic, idealistic activity, and to heck with the rules. Rules are made to be broken, or at least bent. So I hope I find ways to unleash mayhem and silliness and outright good cheer wherever I go; yes, even the Worldcon. Especially the Worldcon. If I should chance to meet one of these Lovers of order, these fascist fugheads, these impostors, I will inundate them with pure humor, disorder, serendipity, song, conversation, fanac, prose, and good will, among other things. They’ll be so flooded with all of this that they’ll either be won over or they’ll run screaming from my vicinity. I like it like that.

Arnie Katz

One good way to insure that I don’t clip a last line (like last time) is to write it to size myself.

Enjoy the ish — and please send a loc for the next one!



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

BOGUS FANDUMB WEAKLY

Vegas Fan Events

VSFA Paint-Drying Circle
Saturday (4/1) 9:00 AM

Las Vegrants Meetings
Saturday (4/1) 7:30 PM

SNAFFU Satanic Mass
Sunday (4/1) 11:55 PM

*Check out the Calendar
For more contradictory and inaccurate information*

Vegrants Hold Election!

Wearing the Ceremonial Headdress of the Fanish Ancients, Second Under-Secretary for Meeting Control, Madame J., seized the Talking Taser and called the assembled Vegrants to order.

After a lively discussion of whether the [number censored due to Core Fandom security concerns] fans constituted a legal meeting under the club's Official Bylaws (Seventeenth Revision), High Chief of Elections Ms. DD led the members to the voting machine to express their preferences for the 36 elective offices up for grabs this year. (The 22 appointed positions will be announced in the next *Bogus Fandumb Weakly*.)

The fiercest race is the battle for the top spot, Grand High Universal Fanwallah. Two of the club's best-known fans, Tony and That Guy, are running.

Merric Anderson Authors Novel!

Merric Anderson stunned the Las Vegas fan community with the revelation that his first novel

Cosmic Moon will be published by published by Simon & Schuster.

The book is described on the dust jacket, which features a painting by Lubov, as "a searing novel of eternal torment; one man, a loose-fitting pair of pants and a stunned universe."

SNAFFUties Foil Book Store Robbery!

Masked, heavily armed thugs reckoned without SNAFFU who subdued them during a robbery of Borders book store. "Let's roll," screamed presi-

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Robert Silverberg, science fiction and fantasy author, long-time fan and an equally long-time friend.

Inside Story Urge to Merge

It has been rumored for a long time, but few thought it would actually happen. The announcement stunned the entire Las Vegas Fan Community and must rate as the week's most important fan news story.

SNAFFU (Southern Nevada Area Fantasy Fiction Union (SNAFFU)) has announced the completion of a merger with the Nevada Water Authority.

The club will still be known as SNAFFU, but the acronym will now stand for "Southern Nevada Aquatic Fun Fan Union"

The Water Authority owns just about everything in Nevada except the casinos, so the question of dues and moneymaking schemes for paying for additional bookshelves for the club's library is now moot. In fact, the Water authority will now pay fans \$5 each to attend the meetings, which should increase the meetings to double-digit size. (The Water Authority is also considering buying the University of California at Riverside to obtain its collection.)

Inevitably, a merger of this scope will bring changes that require adjustments. Nevada Water Authority has asked SNAFFU to cease meeting at Borders book store in favor of a venue that they feel is more appropriate for the club in light of its new affiliation.

Henceforth, the club will meet at Water authority headquarters in a special, private subterranean water tank. There's plenty of space for the meeting and the acoustics are said to be terrific if one or more members decide to Burst Into Song.

So let's drink a Toast (water) to the new entity in our midst that may someday rival LASFS as one of America's foremost financial institutions. — Arnie



Vegas Fandom Weekly #71, Volume 2 Number 18, April 1, 2006, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; Email: crossfire4@cox.net; phone: 702-648-5677).

Special Thanks to Roxanne Gibbs (many things), Bill Burns (posting), David Gordon (Futurists liaison), Alan White (arty fella) and Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More).

Reporters this issue: None — we made it all up.

Art/Photo Credits: Shelby Vick (5), Alan White (8, 9, 11), Ray Nelson (14), all else by Bill Rotsler.

Columnists This Issue: Francis T. Laney, Don Wolheim, Bob Shaw

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU site and at efanazines.com. No egotistical fanzine editors were permanently harmed during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa. Supporter: AFAL Believer: His Own Image Avider: All physical labor

Fakefen in the Hands Of An Angry Ghod!

Katzenjammer

The number of the beast is *not* 666!

Oh, would that it were so! Alas, the number of the beast appears to be about 1,000,000. That's one million, for those who don't like to count the zeroes.

That's approximately how many people, claim some sort of membership in the nebulous entity I call "Mega Fandom." It consists of everyone who does anything more than watch, read or hear science fiction, anything more than the simple enjoyment of the primary source material.

The people who throng to those big conventions like the Worldcon and Dragoncon are part of Mega Fandom. The folks who lurk at the Baen Books site and other commercially-based Internet destination are members of Mega Fandom. The folks who think a group watching a TV show together is high-class fan activity are members of Mega Fandom.

I want to emphasize that these are not actually bad people. Deluded, yes. Misguided, yes. Dull and Mundane, yes. But not Evil. (OK, some of them probably *are* Evil, but that's just a coincidence. It's not a close connection, like the N3F and fuggheadedness.)

They are deluded, because they think they are fans. They are not. They are merely folks who like science fiction a little more than the average American (who probably likes some forms of it at least a little).

And in their delusion that they are fans, they pose a problem for those of us who are true to the sacred flame of Fandom, the essential social contract that the fancestors acknowledged and accepted when Ackerman was still a pup and Jack Williamson was only middle aged.

Mega-Fandomites don't do this out of spite. They just don't know any better. And in their ignorance, they are replacing the values of Fandom, so much wiser and truer than those of Mundania, with the very things that the rest of us fled to Fandom to escape.

These well-meaning illiterates don't come to Fandom with the same wants and needs as those who fill the ranks of Core Fandom. They are much more like the Mundanes we'd just as soon avoid as the fans whose company and productions we so much enjoy.

And being much more like mainstream American society than the subculture that Fandom has build up over 75 years, they instinctively ignore what they find here in Fandom and substitute some weak-kneed variation of Mundane society and its values and think they are cutting-edge rebels or something like that.

Meanwhile, they have little understanding of, or patience with, the One True Word as was revealed to our tribe in days of old when I fan could bid for a worldcon and put it on with two or three friends the next year.

They are many and we are few. They surround us with their Mundane mediocrity and they shoulder us out of the way like so many Native Americans removed from their lands to satisfy greedy settlers.

For many years, Core Fandom has practice the Way of the Fox. We have smiled when we wanted to cry, extended the hand of friendship when we wanted to cringe, welcomed these interlopers when we wanted nothing more than to simply bar the door and pull down the window shades until they went away.

We have ben agreeable and accommodating.

And though that may sound good, stripped of its context, it means we have compromised with exactly those forces that are antithetical to our own beloved subculture of Fandom. We have struck a fatal bargain with Mundania, a bargain that is inexorably leeching the color, spirit and culture out of Fandom and substituting the grubby coin of the fund-raiser and the power-politician.

Now is time for Core Fandom to change its strategy. Instead of being passive, we must be active. Instead of trying to be unobtrusive, we must become so visible that we are impossible to ignore.

I call upon you all to launch a fannish Jihad against these counter-Trufannish elements that threaten to swamp us in a grimy sea of pseudo-capitalism.

Yes, Core Fandom must go on a Ghusade to liberate Fandom from the fakefen who have profaned the One True Path.

"How can I get right with the fannish ghods and support The Cause?" I hear you muttering. That's a fair question, and "not much" is a pretty fair answer.

Fortunately, we don't need to engage in big, showy activities at this time. Blowing up potential worldcon hotels and convention centers will come eventually, but we must work diligently toward that lofty goal.

We need to begin more modestly. For example, the next time you go to a convention and find yourself in an elevator full of alleged fans wearing moose heads or the telltale chest full of badges and ribbons that denote the inveterate con-runner, draw your plonker and blast

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Richard Lupoff

Well, I read #2 with great pleasure and would love to comment extensively but it's late in the day and I am an Old Fan and Tired. (BTW, do you know the origin of that phrase? Beats me!)

I concur with the superior man, Robert Lichtman, in requesting art credits. Who did that knockout back cover?

Teresa: I'd also be interested in knowing the history of that phrase.

The first time I saw "old fan and tired" was in bob Tucker's signature in emails he sent to a listserv. I thought at the time that he'd just come up with it, but apparently I am mistaken?

Arnie: I think, but an far from sure, that Charles Burbee coined that phrase. I have a hunch a correction is even now wending its way to my email queue.

The vagaries of the Internet being what they are, more art and photos are un-credited on the net than have proper attribution. Where I can figure out who's responsible, I try to include it. For example, I have no idea who drew that very stylist back cover.

Bill Wright

As one-shots go, The Clitter City Gigolos March 2006 Issue #2 is up there with the best. Obviously, it was timed to coincide with the emotional aftermath of Valentine's Day on 14th February 2006. Therein lies more than just a bit of history.

Valentines began in ancient Rome when boys drew girls' names from a love urn on February 14th. The boy spent the next day with girl who's name he had drawn. That day was called Lupercalia and the Feast of Purification. Cupid, the arrow and the heart stem from this tradition and the custom endured for centuries. One unusual aspect of Lupercalia was that it was not associated with a temple of

a god. The focal point was a site on the Palatine hill: the Lupercal, the cave in which, according to legend, the wolf suckled Romulus and Remus,

joint founders of the Roman city state. Our ancient forebears viewed the Lupercalia as a purification and fertility rite. The ritual involved the sacrifice of goats and a dog in the Lupercal by priests called *Luperci* who smeared the foreheads of two

noble young men with the blood of the sacrificed animals and then wiped it off. At this point, the youths were required to laugh. Then the *Luperci*, clothed in loincloths, ran about the area, lashing everyone they met with strips of skin from the sacrificed goats. Young wives were particularly eager to receive these blows, because it was believed that the ritual promoted fertility and easy childbirth. These ceremonies were accompanied by much revelry and drinking.

Enter Saint Valentine.

Valentine was a bishop of Rome who was martyred on February 14th, 270 CE. Emperor Claudius II, blaming families and love for a shortage of re-

cruits for his army, had made getting married illegal. Bishop Valentine believed in love, so he married people anyway. Whereupon the Emperor ordered Valentine beheaded for breaking the law. In 494 CE, Pope Gelasius renamed Lupercalia the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary; and, two years later in 496, named February 14th (anniversary of the martyrdom of Bishop Valentine) Saint Valentine's Day. (Back then, the church was trying to get rid of pagan holidays, so it simply absorbed them into its own traditions). Paper Valentine's cards, along with their sentimental verses, began in the 1400's. The first commercial Valentine cards came out around 1850. Delicate lace paper was added to the verses by 1880. Since then valentines items are

Tourist Locs Talk



often bordered with red and white lace.

“In the Spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.” So wrote Alfred, Lord Tennyson in 1842. But for many of us Spring signals the onslaught of sneezing and sniffing, runny noses, and itching eyes. These are the most prominent symptoms of allergic rhinitis commonly referred to as hay fever. Such, one would think, is likely to banish any thought of love in even the most ardent breast but nothing could be further from the truth. In Cicero’s time sneezing to the right indicated luck in love or a promise of money, but sneezing to the left foretold early disappointment. And there is an old rhyme that says,

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, get a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, see your sweetheart tomorrow.

The sneeze ranks among the most exquisite of life’s pleasures - the unhindered sneeze, the full, unabashed, healthy and cleansing sneeze that is, occasionally, the greatest natural pleasure known to humankind. Its evanescent nature makes the pleasure of it all the more excruciating and yearned for. Let us treasure the sneeze, a metaphor for orgasm.

But sneezing is an essentially solitary pastime and the whole tenor of TGCG is in the context of a life partner being needed to make a person whole. Until the end of World War II that was always a boy-girl relationship, but in 1947 – only one year after the birth of Arnie Katz – an advertisement began to appear in newspapers and magazines heralding a revolutionary change. <display attached ad>

Yes, it is Ovaltine that is responsible for the explosion of Gay culture in the latter half of the twentieth century. Now there is a different way in which one’s life complement may be found, whereas prior to 1947, same sex relationships were unheard of.

Don’t try Ovaltine at bedtime tonight unless you are very sure of yourself.

Arnie: I thought it went:

*Sneeze on Monday, do some fanac
Sneeze on Tuesday, rent a SlanShack
Sneeze on Wednesday, start a fan fight
Sneeze on Thursday, drink at Pubnight,
Sneeze on Friday, get your fan wish
Sneeze on Saturday, pub your next ish!*

Teresa: Fascinating description of the history of Valentine's Day. I like it more and more. Even with those blossoms coming out and pollen spewing forth ... ah, ah, ah, ah-choo! Oh, excuse me.

Richard Brandt

You know, I’ve met Miss Cut-and-Shoot, Texas. (Babes and weird Texas place names, there’s a comment that should sum up this issue nicely.)

In the Miss El Paso pageant, contestants were often named for their sponsor, so we had for example Miss JC Penney, and thanks to the name of one business, Miss Top Drawer. I always thought it a shame that another business in town didn’t sponsor Miss Popular Mattress.





Teresa: Your comment on place names, etc. reminds me of a coffee house in Vancouver, BC that my friend used to frequent in the 60s. At that time, it was called the Advanced mattress. I have no idea if there's some sort of obscure cultural allusion, or if it's simply a matter of the name of the business the warehouse once contained.

Arnie: The selling of sponsorships by sports teams also has its perils. Used to be, you could settle in front of the television set during the holiday season and see the Cotton Bowl and the Sugar Bowl and the Gator Bowl. Now, they all have names like the Saniflush-Outback Steakhouse-Tampax Bowl.

Chris Garcia

An issue themed on Sex, Love and Romance? Sounds like an issue of *The Drink Tank!* Our Sex issue (69) was slightly over the top, but that's what I get for letting a horny pregnant bi-sexual take things over.

I do have to say that the idea of a marriage bureau as a part of LASFS is a good one. I could

imagine many people being interested in taking advantage of such a service. I mean who wouldn't want to have a one-stop shopping opportunity to pick up a fannish bride?

Teresa Cochran opens things with a bit of a bummer. There's a joke around my office that all the women that I date end up dead. While this has happened to me twice (once roughly a year after we broke up, and another about three years later) I wouldn't say that I'm bad luck. I can't understand why someone wouldn't share the subject of their illness with their significant other though. It's hard enough going it without someone helping you through and to actively hide it would seem like a lot of added heartbreak.

For the record, I love Valentine's Day. Even when I was super-single (as I have been for the last few months) there's just something about it that I've always enjoyed. Maybe it's the hearts and candy and that wicked smile from that girl in the corner office, but it just moves me.

A gratuitous George Zucco reference makes this an excellent fanzine.

The Kunkel's, the Katz's and oh-so-many others all met through fandom. I've never really dated anyone involved in fandom. I've dated people I've introduced to fandom, but I've never dated a full-bore femme fan. Where's my fangirl?

WWWHHHHEEEERRRREEEE?????

Sorry, but I've got dibs on the hopefully soon-to-be-ex-Mrs. Gretzky. She is a stunner, no?

Your first girlfriend was April Wallach? The spawn of Lockhart and Wallach? Eli Wallach is one of my heroes, and not just because he named names...though that didn't hurt. Julie Newmar would be in the top three or four sexiest women ever in the Big Book of Christopher J. Garcia lists. Right up there with Dolly Parton (oh, what effect 9 to 5 had on a young Chris) and Mary Walsh. Never a big Betty Page fan, but Tempest Storm, on the other hand. Really did it for me. My Pops used to hide a couple of her photo books. Not quite porn (she never got more naked than pasties and a g-string) they were certainly erotic.

Who did the back page? I love that style!

The next time I'm out, there must be an issue created!

Arnie: We intentionally kept our Valentine's Day issue a little light, the better to fit the day's

romantic ambience. When we do a sex issue, you'll know it. A number of Vegrants have experienced sex, some more than once, and I just know they are ready to wax eloquent about it.

Julia Parton, a cousin of Dolly's and, after the requisite surgery a physical rival, was a semi-regular attendee of the Monthly Socials Joyce and I threw in the early 1990's.

Lloyd Penney

From the goldmine of fanwriting that is eFanzines.com comes *The Glitter City Gigolos #2*, and from my flashing fingers of fury comes a loc of length. At least, I hope. Those offers of extensions you get in your e-mail do not apply to letters...

In my teens, I was quite convinced that no one was going to want me, that being short and chubby was going to ensure I lived a solitary life. But yet, any social awkwardnesses were either forgiven, or just blended in with the behavior of the rest of the misfits, and relationships were born. As a result, Yvonne and I will be married for 23 years near the end of May. Being strong by yourself is a good thing, but you do find yourself stronger when you have someone to support and be supported.

Around Valentine's Day, I figured out that the various holidays that include food and presents are all around five weeks apart, give or take a few days. I guess the food and present industries, not to mention the greeting card companies, require a boost of cash every five weeks or so, and have probably gotten used to it. If any of those holidays were ever to go away, somehow a new day would be created to replace it.

Hello, DeDee! And welcome to this maximum-insecurity facility called fandom. Alan's probably told you plenty of stories of when he was an active fan in Los Angeles, and rubbing shoulders with film's finest in Hollywood. There's lots of unique experiences to be had when you take part in activities few others know about, and lots of fun to be had, and amazing folks to know. That's when you learn that beneath the fame, these people are just people.

Your libido? Is that what I heard grunting in the hallway last night? As with most guys, what you couldn't see, you wanted to see most of all, so you wanted to catch a quick peek of something up the skirt or down the blouse for a quick thrill. Once you got to see what you wanted to see, you got to



see it fairly often, and the thrill was gone, and the challenge, too.

My loc...I have been completely wrong about Corflu Toronto, as they definitely have a hotel, and about 24 members, of which I am one. I expect that number will swell up to about 40 to 50 as others previously unannounced will show up at the door.

At the end of the page, and the end of the zine, too. Just saw the latest VFW, so good to see my article made it in. Not a real article, I guess, but more stream-of-unconsciousness writing taken from quickly scribbled notes. Take care, and see you once I can clean up my Zines to Loc file.

Arnie: I couldn't agree more with your comments about the socializing effect of Fandom. I learned a lot about dealing with people in general and women in particular in the cosy atmosphere on Fandom. Once I realized that any Core Fan woman whom I approached would already sort of know who I was, it made it a lot less intimidating.

Ross Chamberlain

Joyce Katz wrote: "Here is the second one-shot (the Valentines issue) *The Glitter City Gigolos*, for your pleasure!"

Cool. I was concerned that my entry in the primary sequence, written at the Vegrants, but interrupted by the irresistible siren call of a gathering in

Arnie's office, might have overtly displayed its incompleteness, but it seems okay from this perspective. Roxanne's, however, appears to have been truncated by the cruel exigency of layout. Tsk! The illustrations, on another appendage, exemplify acute surrealism in the aggregate. Apro-Popo, I suppose.

Arnie: Hey, aren't you supposed to be at this end of the editor-reader thing?

Ted White

"Paging" through GLITTER CITY GIGOLOS (#2) was a sobering lesson for me. I found a LoC in it from *me*. This means a) that I was mistaken about which of your many zines I'd LoCced, and b) my dire predictions (in my LoC to VFW, now published) were -- gasp! -- choke! -- *wrong*. Oh well.

Onwards.

You cut off Roxanne Mills in mid-sentence. I suppose the missing words or lines were few, and that's how you missed them in laying the zine out, but I have this "waiting for the other shoe to fall" sensation which is very disquieting. And no doubt Roxanne is less than totally happy about it as well.

Here in the Washington, D.C. area we have a free paper distributed at the Metro stations called the WASHINGTON EXPRESS. It's a breezy tabloid, published by the WASHINGTON POST, that runs to around 20 pages and is ideal for reading to and from work. But I've noticed every so often the same problem crops up there. Sometimes news articles don't *end* -- they just stop in mid-sentence. The EXPRESS uses no continuations. Stories must fit in the space allotted. So I guess when one runs over by a few words, those words are mercilessly cut.

You sucked me into your libidinous piece with that '50s FANTASTIC cover, but, frankly, I found the entire piece a bit of a tease. No soul-baring, nothing Dark or Devious exposed. Not even any kissing and telling. After reading the stories of Chris Garcia's female friends in his fanzines, I expected something more.

Y'know, growing up in the '40s and '50s was a very different experience. I recall in 5th grade -- that would've been in 1948 -- I began scouring old issues of LIFE and NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC for pictures of *partly* undressed women -- Afri-

can women with bare breasts, a stripper, even a woman who posed nude in a "fishbowl" -- via a projection device, while she laid naked a floor below. Pictures of nude or semi-nude women were so rare in the general media that a young libidinous boy had a difficult task satisfying his own curiosity. I found a book of posed nudes -- "photo studies" -- with their genital areas neatly air-brushed into blankness...and I spent a lot of time trying to use my imagination to fill in the missing details (which would have been mostly public hair, of course...).

It was a couple of years later that I saw my first "8-pager," a pornographic "comic book" which consisted of one or two panels per page. That was pretty exciting, but because it was *drawn* and obviously used cartoonish exaggeration, it didn't really provide the precise anatomical details I craved.

I bought PLAYBOY starting with its first issue. Betty Page was a Playmate that first year. I'd never heard of or seen her before, but she struck me as by far the best of them. She was cuter, prettier, and had That Look in her eyes. Sort of in the same vein, I was amused by Robert Lichtman's querying your description of Sandi as my "former mistress." He says he was "bemused." I wonder why. I mean, that's what she was.

Sandi and I "met" by correspondence when she was living in Minnesota, and in January, 1963, she moved to NYC to live with me. She brought with her three daughters, aged 4, 2, and half a year or less, Kim, Zan and Sabrina. They were my first taste of fatherhood. I changed diapers and fed Sabrina, taught her to walk and to talk. Good kids. I loved them (paternally) -- and maybe the hardest part of my breakup with Sandi a year and a half later was losing the kids.

Les Gerber had seen some of my correspondence with Sandi, and decided he was "in love" with her forthwith. He spent the entire year and a half that Sandi and I lived together in a ceaseless campaign to replace me in her affections -- during which time he was also one of my closest friends (and we were putting out MINAC together). That he ultimately succeeded in his campaign was a surprise to no one. But it did inevitably put a damper on our friendship.

Sandi was bipolar, a term we didn't have back in 1963. But I did come to realize that she was manic-depressive. She was on a high when I met her, and I thought that was who she was. Then she slid down off that high into the sloughs of depression, and became someone else.

I could deal with that -- I learned to. And I could deal with her heavy cigarette smoking. But what was harder to deal with was the fact that she ended up sleeping with half of NYC fandom -- we had an open relationship -- and I kinda wished my horny young friends would find girlfriends of their own. There was a downside to being the only one among my male peers who had a wife or live-in girlfriend.

Arnie: Actually, I intended to cut off the entire last line of Roxie's entry, because I thought it tied up the round-robin part nicely. Somehow, though, that fancy arrow helped me screw up the layout and only clip half of the sentence. Apologies to Roxanne.

John Purcell

You realize, of course, that if this is a one-shot it should really be numbered #1. The way I see it, even if the zine title follows a pattern, you still have individual titles, so therefore each issue should be labeled as #1. After all, The Glitter City Gangstas was the first one-shot; The Glitter City Gigolos is the second one; and so shall be the third one, I guess, which is going to be called The Glitter City Gun-Runners? Gormenghasts? Gonorrheas? It seems you've got a pattern going here, and you know how the Rule of Threes goes.

Ah, Valentine's Day. A day of amore', chocolates, exchanging statements of love handmade with care and affection. Sounds like a fanzine's under construction.

I am a real chocoholic, and so is my wife of 16 and a half years. She loves Valentine's Day. Last year she got a Dremel Kit - in a red case with a hand-made paper heart taped to it, stating "Happy Valentine's Day to my favorite wife." How well I remember Valerie looking at me and saying, "I'd better be, or I'll be using this to perform another vasectomy on you." Ain't love grand?

Having now met your libido, I wonder what the proper response is: "Good to meet you"? "How are you doing?"

"So, how's it hanging?" Nice illustrations to accompany your article. Those sf magazines of the forties and early fifties were choice examples of sucking in the teenaged male readership with their garish and scantily-clad females on their covers, as you mention. I think television of the 50s and 60s was ver much a proving ground for the latest sex kitten to capture the American viewing public. Face it, sex has always sold in any genre or medium.

My personal favorites of my teenaged years were Ann-Margret, Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot, and Julie Newmar. But they were all out-classed when Racquel Welch strode across the silver screen in "One Million Years B.C." PETA be damned, but she made a strong case for hunting animals for their fur. Of course, Catherine Bach had the same affect on me in that delightfully campy and fun movie she made with Ringo Starr, "Caveman." Whoof!

Yeah, my libido is fine and healthy too, thanks for asking.

A quick comment to Ross Chamberlain before I sign off: I did a little research, and that little town of Copy he mentions is now known as Wellborn. I live a mere two and a half miles up the road - FM 2154, also known as Wellborn Road - from there. The whole south side of College Station is exploding out in a big bang of housing subdivisions with no signs of slowing down. It may take another generation or two, but I would not be surprised if a megalopolis developed connecting the DFW metroplex area to Houston.

Thanks for this second one-shot, Arnie and cohorts. I am eagerly awaiting the next installment of your TGCG series.

Arnie: There's merit in what you say about numbering. If we were reasonable, your comment would've changed the future of Vegas Fandom or at least future oneshots. Alas, we have adopted a mob mentality.

But I reject your idea that there can't be a series of oneshots. There is a secondary meaning for "oneshot": a fanzine done in one session. TGCC

A Primitive Ritual can bring you joy

We hope you enjoyed our fanzine.
We'd like to enjoy your letter of comment,
so please send one.
It's the traditional Fannish Thing to Do.

