

IMPLICATIONS

Las Vegas Fandom - Unleashed!

#1 July 2005



IMPLICATIONS



Welcome to the First Issue

We started **Implications** with a definite agenda, but circumstance intervened. We *need* to write about Ken & Aileen Formans' last Vegas visit before their move (with the Wilsons) to Flippin, AR. Vegas' New Generation will get to show its stuff next month; this time, it's say that the torch is being passed.

Certainly nothing symbolizes the passing of the torch better than NonCon II held in Las Vegas over the July 4th weekend. Eclipsing all four NonCon 2 events, though, Ken & Aileen Forman's final visit to the Fandom they did so much to build before they (and the Wilsons) move to Flippen, AR.

NonCon I, over Labor Day weekend in 1991, was the largest fan-run event ever held in the city up to that time and propelled Vegas Fandom into all sorts of new activities, including its first oneshot fanzine. Noncon II says "Farewell" to the Formans," who had so much to do with Vegas' success in the 1990s, with a fanzine done somewhat along the lines of a oneshot.

Contents

Welcome to the First Issue ::: 2
Farewell Formans ::: Las Vegrants ::: 3
Talking Out Loud ::: Arnie Katz ::: 6
Un-aimed Arrow ::: JoHn Hardin ::: 8
Fandom Is a Pyramid Scheme ::: Arnie Katz ::: 12
Blue Jaunt ::: Joyce Katz ::: 16
Farewell Poem ::: JoHn Hardin ::: 20

Art Credits

Ross Chamberlain ::: 6
David Haugh ::: 18
Bill Kunkel ::: Cover
Ray Nelson ::: 16
Bill Rotsler ::: 2,3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 17
Arthur (Atom) Thompson: 4, 15

Implications #1, July 2005, is published monthly by Joyce Katz (joyceworley1@cox.net), JoHn Hardin

(fractal_zero@yahoo.com

and Arnie Katz

(crossfire4@cox.net) . **Implications** receives hard

copy mail at: 330 S. Decatur Blvd., PMB 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107).

Fans visiting Vegas are heartily encouraged to get in touch. *Vegas Fandom Weekly*, available where you got this, has a full schedule of events.

Implications is available as a free download at efanzines.com and other quality sites.

You can obtain a hard copy version from Joyce and Arnie for a \$5 donation to Toner II. Rest assured, your money will be frittered away on frivolity and decadence.

Implications hopes to introduce current Fanzine Fandom to contemporary Vegas Fandom and its New Generation and gove Vegas fans another way to encounter Fandom beyond Glitter City.

This won't keep us from working Vegas Old Generation stalwarts like pack mules.

You can gladden the hearts of three deserving fans (us) by sending a letter of comment or a contribution of art or prose.

July 30, 2005.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Believer: United Fans of Vegas

Toner II in '06

This issue is lovingly dedicated to Ben, Cathi and Megan Wilson, who will be heading East all too soon. We miss you already.

Farewell Formans

Between a Roast & a Group Hug

everybody fan now!

Arnie Katz

“It’ll be somewhere between a roast and a group hug,” I said to my newly acquired co-editor JoHn Hardin. Actually, I said “between a eulogy and a group hug,” but I’m sure even Willis occasionally used a little post-production editing. Let’s face it; the right quip doesn’t always jump to the tongue tip at the proper time.

Sometimes it takes a good long while before that perfect riposte percolates through the brain to the speech centers and thence to the mouth. It once took me six years to realize that, when Greg Benford tried to twist my tail at lunch at a con by saying, “You know, Hitler had some really good ideas,” I should have looked at him innocently, smiled benignly and replied, “Yeah, they did some really cool experiments on twins.” My punishment is probably that Greg will zing me in some totally different way the next time we have lunch.

The Formans and the Katzes were evidently destined by the fannish fates to be friends. How else to explain our close association despite the presence of so many obstacles during the early going?

It started with our first contact. Using the number and the scanty information I pried out of Sean White, I called them at about 11 AM – and jolted them from sleep, because Sean neglected to mention that they worked nights.

The first time we invited Ken and Aileen to dinner, they arrived three hours late without even an apology for ruining Joyce’s preparations. When I pressed the point, Ken made a vague reference to not liking to plan.

When Joyce and I went to our first SNAFFU meeting, I did a special fanzine called *Glitter* to celebrate our first contact with the Vegas group. I filled it

with light, humorous essays with a lead piece about our heart-wrenching search for fans in Las Vegas. The second time we saw the Formans, *Aileen handed the fanzine back to me*. So there would be no misunderstanding, she stated quite emphatically that she didn’t like me much in the fanzine – and the implication lay there, unspoken but strongly hinted, that she wasn’t crazy about me in person, either.

My first SNAFFU meeting was exhilarating, our first in-person fanac in over a decade. The group’s potential was breathtaking to a Fandom-starved cou-



IN LOVE

ple, yet there were some.. unsettling... elements.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry when Ken described the lofty plans for a semi-prozine. This wasn't the first bunch that thought they could become pros simply by declaring their new status, but I was unprepared for SNAFFU's unique spin on the concept. Everyone had a fancy title that carried no duties or responsibilities and the group had agreed that no one would edit so much as a comma in anything submitted to the semi-prozine.

I know I pained Ken when he enrolled me as a SNAFFU member. I showed plenty of enthusiasm about joining, but the membership blank got a very cold reception. The two-page form consisted of an endless list of pointless questions with ready-made, unfunny answers. "I can fill this out or I can join the club," I told him, insurgent fire flashing in my good eye for the first time since 1975.

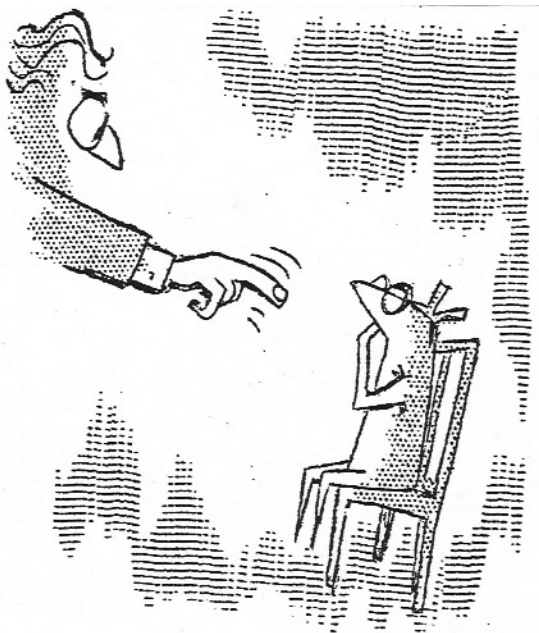
I told Ken I didn't need a speaking stick.

After our first SNAFFU meeting, he told me that there'd only be gaming sessions for the next four months, because fans would never want to do anything in the heat of summer. And when we decided to drop by the first such quasi-meeting, they told us that we were too distracting to the Serious Players of whatever it was. (At the time, Joyce and I each spent about 14 hours a day, seven days a week, testing games, designing games, consulting on games, lecturing about games, writing about games and editing a gaming magazine so the urge to play still more games wasn't strong.)

Ken snorted at the mere suggestion that there could be a regular meeting of SNAFFU – or, indeed, *any* form of fan activity – in the summer. My Trufanish heart was breaking at the thought of a local group, so recently met, out of reach until October. Thus was the first Las Vegas NonCon born out of the frustration of two newly de-gafiated fans.

Yet, through it all, our friendship ripened and deepened. There are more examples, chillingly callable to mind, but I would like to preserve that ripe and deep friendship, so let us avert our eyes.

And here we are, at another NonCon, toasting our wonderful Formans before they head East to start the



Claude Degler Memorial Free Love Camp in the Ozarks and risk acquiring an Arkie accent.

Joyce Katz

To tell the truth, I delight in the prospect of the Formans acquiring southern accents. The lack of same is the only flaw I see in them, and when they become Arkansians (Arkansasers? Flippiners? Flippenees?) they will seem even more like kin. Arkansas is, you know, only just across the border from God's Country (or Missouri, as you might call it.)

Arnie's litany of the Forman's ambivalence to us reminded me of those early days of our acquaintanceship. I had forgotten much of that, being more inclined to remember my own delight at meeting fans after such a long time. I recall watching Ken and Aileen (sort of the way a cat might watch a mouse scampering across the floor, just before she pounces) with total fascination. Ken was always in indefatigable good humor (he has a giant Shield of Umor, apparently built in to his psyche.) Aileen was bold, brassy and always the centerpiece of every room (as she still is.)

Ken was actually easy to seduce into fanzine fandom. Being forced to endure the slings and arrows that always strike a neo's first publication didn't daunt him. He just grinned and did it again. But Aileen was tough – she didn't see the point, couldn't understand our fascination with fans from distant places; didn't actually seem to feel any urge to put her own thoughts on paper.

If you came right down to it, Ken was a natural, so he gets no praise for becoming an excellent, top-class, completely unique Fan (note the Capitol F there.) It's Aileen who deserves the most credit because she *wasn't* a natural.

Talk about Stepping Up, Aileen really did. Now she's not only made her name immortal in fannish circles by mothering a giant fandom, but also made tracks as the greatest convention hospitality hostess in history. And that's saying nothing about her considerable abilities as an excellent writer, in and out of fandom. If she could cartoon, she'd be perfect!

I never dreamed, on the day we met, how important they'd become to me, nor how much I'd owe

them a dozen years later. Perhaps we were cosmically ordained to become friends; that's the only explanation I can offer for how well it's all worked between us.

JoHn Hardin

As I sat down to write, Arnie elbowed me in the side, sharply.

"Be funny" he said, with no sense of humor.

So the pressure is on for me to man the keyboard and be riotous, or at least humorous, if not actually droll.

But my heart's not in it. I don't want to be funny; I want to be pissed off.

I want to be mad because my oldest, best friends are moving away. Those right bastards.

Unfortunately, I moved away *first*, so I don't have any ground to stand on here.

I want to be pissed off, so I tried to think of things to roast them with, and all I can recall is how decently they've treated me the whole time I've known them.

But I know if I think for a while I can come up with something.

Nope. Nothing. So far as I can recall, the Formans were complete saints. Aileen cared for me once when I had the flu, and Ken suggested my 104 degree fever came from sitting too close to the fireplace.

You can't buy that kind of love.

Then there were those times, when our friendship was new, when I would go to Ken for advice and his sage response consisted of "Deal with it!" Some people would call this cavalier or unkind - but other people, namely Ken Forman, would call it Taoist wisdom.

The Taoism of Ken Forman also relies on a solid foundation of Devil's Advocacy. On any issue, Ken can be relied upon to see all sides, and argue against each one.

Of course, this kind of rigorous adherence to logic demands the confidence that can only come from knowing you're the smartest guy in the room, and Ken has this in spades.

As Ken will be the first to admit, this kind of confidence is incredibly sexy, and he has used this sexiness to his advantage with hordes of women, men, fuzzy animals, and inanimate objects far and wide.

You can't buy that kind of love, either.

Ross Chamberlain

Hm, yeah, happy *sniff* holidays, y'all. I'm working Monday - special dress code relaxation where we can wear a Hawaiian shirt that day; if I had one to wear. Or wear red, white & blue (no, full Uncle Sam outfit not acceptable). I got a cool RW&B tie, but then found a shirt that is sort of conservative Polyneesian blue and white and splashes of yellow...

Well, yeah, your Yukaipan interim from 'round here has not really been a fair practice for cross-country type yonders, I suppose. Not like your recent flurry of commutes. But fandom has, I suppose, prepared you for that. Hey, it's only appropriate that you'll be off in the direction the sunrise appears. And it looks like we'll all be keeping in touch by keyboarding one way or another, which is cool.

Your paths were far and wide from mine, but I kept getting unlikely glimpses that were probably not too distorted from reality. A little dangerous, from my sheltered view of humanity... But difficult not to envy now and then, from perspectives not too distinct from Mundania.

The textures of life are ever changing. Sometimes there's more warp than weave in the tapestry, but it's a kind of art, and perspectives are desirable afflictions. How's *that* for mashing a metaphor!

We thoughtfully left space for Ken and Aileen to respond to this section, but packing, moving and travel intervened.

Ken & Aukeen both plan to be in the next issue. Meanwhile... turn the page. >

Is this fanac? Huh? Is this fanac? Does it count? Is this fanac? Huh? Is this fanac? Does it count? Whaddya say? Is it really fanac? Real fanac, good fanac, huh? Huh?



TALKING OUT LOUD

The Monthly Madness Begins!

editorial by Arnie Katz

There's no sense trying to fool you. You all know me much too well

Even putting my editorial in the back — in the editing biz, it's called "lead with the best" — wouldn't deflect the suspicion that I am responsible for yet another fanzine. I can understand those suspicions, because I am responsible for **Implications**. It was my idea and it took all my silver-tongued persuasiveness to convince my wife and co-editor.

"I've been thinking..." I said to Joyce, casually, as though I'd just decided to tell her of a sudden inspiration. She tensed, immediately on guard against my latest screwball notion. I realized I'd have to call upon what's left of my mental agility to craft an ingenious plausible back-story to frame my plan.

"It all started when you gave me that good advice about remaining true to my fannish ideals," I said to her. It is always good to give the person whom you want to convince as much credit as possible. That way, they begin to identify with the idea, the one that *they* inspired, and that helps persuade them. Joyce is such a contrarian that I knew I'd need this edge if I wanted to successfully steer **Implications** through Joyce's numerous objections.

"That *was* good advice," she conceded. Joyce was wary, but I knew she'd exposed the weakness that would pave the way to my triumph.

"You were right," I seconded enthusiastically. "You said that I should do the things I like to do and that I do well and leave worry about inter-club politics and convention bids to those who actually care!"

"It's the way to be happy," she offered. I shook my head in assent as though she'd just said something profound.

"Then I had to write an email to a local fan about the listserv question," I continued. The question of



whether it would benefit Vegas Fandom to have the two current club-based listservs combine their efforts had produced a lot of commentary on the listservs and in *Vegas Fandom Weekly*.

"Part of my letter to this fan was to explain why I didn't just start a listserv and let the 'free market' determine things." I said. "I told him that I didn't want to be in charge of it and it sounded disloyal and unfair to Woody Bernardi, who does a great job on the VSFA listserv.

"Writing the letter forced me to think about the things I had done, and things I had not done, in local Fandom," I declared, warming to the issue. "I've never run for club office or asked to be a con chairman or anything of the kind — and I don't plan to start now."

"That's wise, very wise," she intoned, happy at the thought that I had taken her counsel so much to heart.

"And that made me think of an idea I've been pushing lately," I said. Inside, I was as full of glee as a

cat about to pounce on an unsuspecting mouse (or stray bit of hamburger), but I mastered all outward expressions with the iron self-control of a Zen mystic or No-Limit Texas Hold 'em player.

"You mean the one about how there should be a fanzine coming out of Las Vegas that showcases the area's fans, especially the New Generation?" she asked.

"That's the one!" I assured her. Positive feedback always makes the subject of machinations of this type more receptive. "I want to give fans in Vegas another way to reach out to Fandom beyond the city — and to give fans outside Las Vegas an opportunity to get to know our local Fandom.

"It ought to be fairly easy to do and it'll be cheap because it's electronic and we haven't done a fanzine together in a while," I blurted, just before the room began to spin due to lack of oxygen. (To clarify: the room actually had enough oxygen; after that long *spritz*, I wasn't so lucky.)

"Ohhhh... *that* fanzine," she said. "I thought we were already doing that!"

What a waste of scheming energy! Suddenly, I was sitting there, all ready to drive the point past annoying and sensible objections — and no need to do so. The Sweetheart of Fanac Falls (plug) had not only given a new local fanzine her blessing, but she had agreed that she and I should edit it!

The theory of conservation of energy holds for scheming energy, too. Once it is generated, it has to go somewhere. I had built up an extra-large "charge" of the stuff, sure I would need it to overcome Joyce's contrarian tendencies.

I was so wound up that I had to do something. Before I knew what was happening, I'd gone through the same song-and-dance with the otherwise blameless JoHn Hardin.

Now he's caught, too. JoHn has made the co-editorship a troika. It wouldn't surprise me if we snared an unwary fourth co-editor somewhere along the way.

So here we are, right in the middle of the first issue of **Implications** and it's not about Las Vegas' New Generation at all! Let's be brutally honest, there isn't a single New Generation Las Vegas fan anywhere to be seen in this fanzine.

Joyce, JoHn and I started in working on an issue to the exact specifications previously described. We'd barely taken it past the four-dimensional mental crifanac stage when we also started planning for a send-off party for the Formans and the Wilsons. That developed into the mammoth Vegrants Farewell Formans and Arnie Birthday Festival, the Vegas NonCon 2's major

Saturday evening event. As the two projects advanced, it became harder and harder for us to separate our desire to publish from our wish to mark the occasion.

Eventually, an indicated by the welcoming message on page 2, we decided that we needed to celebrate the end of one era before we could charge forward into the next.

Not that Ken and Aileen — or Ben and Cathi, who couldn't be with us for the NonCon 2 — are going to be out of contact. Fandom will see to that. I'll be doing my part by peppering them with nagging little reminders that the pieces they promised for the new issue are overdue.

Implications is intended to be a monthly. Fanzine Fandom sure hasn't had a lot of those lately. The economies of time and expense made possible by digital distribution make that frequency less unattainable, so we're going to do what we can. I wouldn't have thought I could do a weekly, 10-14-page fanzine, but *Vegas Fandom Weekly* has hit the self-imposed deadline about 36 times as you read this.

This fanzine is also for Las Vegas fans who might not be quite ready to plunge into fanwriting. This is a fanzine mostly full of names they'll know and references they'll understand — with enough of the unfamiliar to keep things fresh. I hope to see some of them represented, along with the rest of Fandom in the letter column next issue.

Meanwhile, the three editors hope you enjoy this special issue of our new fanzine ><



BIG QUESTIONS ONLY EVOKE OTHERS

Un-aimed Arrow

This Was My Weekend

editorial by John Hardin

Here's what I did on my summer vacation:
Nada. Zilch. Bupkis. Zero. Zip. Nil. Dev/Null.
Nuh-uh.

I know, it is a little early for summer vacation, what with summer having only begun a few days ago as I write this. Nonetheless, schools are mostly out and so am I.

I'm a subcontractor for the Clark County School District Computer Support Help Desk. I go from school to school, rescuing innocents from the slaving jaws of Dell and Microsoft. Novell, eh, not so much. If your dragons be networked, I will call in an air strike from Networking Support and evacuate the area.

I like the work. Teachers in the classroom are almost invariably grateful and happy to see me, unlike the real world where paying customers are generally (and often righteously) peeved that their computer is broken.

The bulk of schools in town are elementary schools, and my kids are elementary age, so it's a pleasure to go to the schools and see the innocent and earnest young students. It gives me hope, which is enough to sustain me until my next trip to a high school.

Really, high school students aren't bad either, but naturally they're far more self-conscious. The boys try to look tough and stoic, the girls try to look sexy and dangerous and I thank God I'm not in high school any more.

My friends and I liked to make noises about



how oppressed we were in high school, but wasn't everyone, everywhere? How oppressed could we have been? We had a smoking area for God's sake.

High schoolers in Las Vegas have it bad. Big signs advise students that they have no rights and any theoretical remaining rights were surrendered when they came begging for a public education.

There are certainly no smoking areas, long gone with the days when it wasn't illegal to be under 18. Of course I think smoking areas are a bad idea; a tacit endorsement of smoking, even. Schools are no place to be enabling tobacco companies. Still, smoking areas now seem like a marker of a more innocent time; a time when there were not video cameras in every corner and uni-

formed school district police roaming the hallways (we preferred our cops to be undercover narks, at least pretending to BE one of us instead of just another stiff authority figure).

So, I like the elementary schools better. A good thing too, as there are nearly five times as many of them as high schools. If the CCSD is any indicator, there's a tidal wave of kids coming our way. Or it could just be that high schools accommodate a lot more students. The answer will require a little research on your part. I'm content with not knowing.

So anyway, I (optimally) spend my days going from school to school, tracking down and killing the less obvious bugaboos. The more obvious bugaboos are supposed to be dispatched by the school's onsite tech and/or CCSD over-the-phone support.

This notwithstanding, I still get calls like "system has no sound" and go onsite to discover that the speakers are plugged into the wrong holes in the back of the computer, or the sound options have been configured to "no speakers," which setting helpfully turns off any external speakers connected to the computer. OK, maybe that one's not obvious, since you have to drill down four layers (start: control panel: sounds and audio: advanced: speaker setup) to get to the setting.

Though these kinds of calls may take five minutes, I'm not supposed to bill less than 15 minutes for any onsite visit. I feel guilty billing the School District for 15 minutes for this kind of call, so I usually bump it up to a half hour.

The real, time-consuming puzzles are your transient network failures, meaningless and arbitrary printer errors, and weird operating system bugs. The advantage of working in a huge district like CCSD is, there are a lot of similar computers at any one location, so a persistent software failure can be quashed by quickly formatting and re-imaging the hard drive. If the problem is still there after you've taken that step, you know it is hardware, and the Hand of Dell (or Apple, depending) steps in like a Deus Ex Machina to relieve you of your burden.

Sometimes I think it's strange that I like this kind of work, because it is so similar to puzzle solving, and I hate puzzles. Crossword puzzles give me headaches; jigsaw puzzles make me want

to puke (Really. Staring at one for too long makes me nauseous), but I can do this stuff eight hours a day and come home and play with my computer until bedtime. I'm just a hopeless nerd, really.

At any rate, I'm essentially unemployed until August. Technically I still have a job, I just never go to work and I don't get any money for it. Fortunately for us, Karla found steady employment just as the school year expired, so we'll be able to live indoors for the summer. In the meantime, if you need your lawn mowed, your computer worked on, or your orthodoxies are in need of heretical ranting, let me know.

So, it always comes down to being on deadline.

I'm writing my first editorial for our new fanzine and as usual my brain is saying, "So, uh, you want me to be creative now? As in, right now? You mean, 'now' now?"

And I'm stuck writing about writing, so I might as just tell you about my Fourth of July weekend, which was pretty harrowing. I'm glad July 4 only comes once a year.



I'll skip the story about the smoke bomb and the belligerent Mexican guy carrying a television, except to say it was a brief, unpleasant encounter that presaged the entire weekend.

That was Friday. On Saturday I went to the send off party for the Formans, which, while festive enough, was actually a bittersweet thing. It's

AH, THE INNOCENT
DAYS OF FIRST
FANDOM!



FEUDS!
FEAR!
DISSENT!
INTERGENE
WARFARE!

great
stuff!

not everyday your oldest friends move across the country (and they're not even that old).

A group of 20+ Vegas fans converged on the Launch Pad (AKA Arnie & Joyce's house) to con-vive and say goodbye to Ken and Aileen who have made their home in the Southwest lo these 25 years now. As you probably know, they moved from Las Vegas to Southern California about five years ago and have now decided to make the bold leap to America's new frontier; Flippin, Arkansas, where they will hack a fortress out of the wilder-ness while beating off the natives.

Jocularly aside, it was bittersweet, and veteran

Vegrants shed more than a few tears as long good-byes and solemn handshakes were made over the course of the evening.

For a long time, I considered the Formans my best friends. Even after Karla and I moved across the country and back over the course of years, I still felt this way, though it was obvious that our lives had diverged and we would never be as close as we once had been. It wasn't easy to say goodbye.

As Karla and I bid them farewell when it was our turn to go home, Aileen was seized by a Great Doubt. If you've ever made a precipitous move across the country, you're familiar with the Great Doubt, wherein you are seized with apprehension about everything and every decision you have made leading up to this moment, suddenly convinced that you have made a huge mistake and, more terrifying, it's Too Late to Do Anything about It. These apparitions are generally dispelled by work and time, and Aileen will have long since recovered from her bout of doubt by the time this sees print. It would still be good to wish them good luck tho, if you haven't already.

And that was Saturday.

Sunday was an off day. No official events, nothing scheduled and we didn't do much. I'll skip the story of how I ended up hiding from the police for a couple of hours, except to say at least I didn't get a gun pointed at me. That would happen on Monday, instead.

We spent the 4th of July with Karla's family, doing the usual BBQ and swim. As evening approached, we made plans to take the kids to go see the fireworks in downtown Henderson. We made it with time to spare and fun was had by all. Until it was time to go.

Colette is my ten year old daughter. She is what the Puritans would have called "willful" (more likely, the Puritans would have called her "possessed"). At any rate, when it was time to leave, Colette was not ready to go home and we got into an altercation. I started our car and got out to retrieve Colette, who was in her Aunt's car. I walked her back to our car, she started arguing and I ended up grabbing her by the arm and basically forced her into the back seat at maximum volume.

This whole exchange took place near a group of inebriated degenerates who had apparently

spent the day drinking beer, whooping like idiots and blowing shit up with fireworks. They saw me put Colette into the car and a couple of them started yelling at me about how I shouldn't be treating her that way. I came back with something snappy: "Whyn't you go fuck yourselves?"

Let me pause here to say, yes, I have an impulse control problem and no, it wasn't the smartest thing I could have said. Also, telling people to go fuck themselves is not one of the Buddhist virtues, being neither right action nor right speech. It would have been better to say nothing but, by the time my mouth flopped open, it was too late. No sooner had I said it than a squad of drunken reprobates began to swarm across the road.

Just as quickly, I realized that I had spoken too hastily. I jumped into the car and threw it into reverse as they fell upon us. I gunned the engine and backed up as people struck the car with their fists and feet. I blocked a punch aimed at my head and threw the car into gear as open beer cans and large rocks came flying into the car (strange behavior from people allegedly interested in the welfare of my children). I surged forward a few feet, then put the car into reverse again and floored it to dislodge the idiot standing on the trunk. This time, I didn't see the fist coming and I caught a bell-ringer just under my left ear. Again I put the car into gear and took off, unsure and uncaring if I had actually run over any humans as we sped away into the darkness. This all happened in less than seven seconds.

We got down the road a little ways and I confirmed that nobody was hurt, though everybody was upset and we were all covered in beer. I threw a can out the window (Busch Light; drunken reprobates with no taste) before we got onto Lake Mead Blvd. and stuck in traffic with the 10,000 other people leaving the fireworks show. I got into the far right lane and stopped at the light at Water Street and Lake Mead, from which vantage point I could see the freeway on-ramp a scant half mile away. But my clean getaway was not to be.

Before the light changed a motorcycle cop appeared behind me and as the light changed he pulled me over. A squad car pulled up behind him. I told the kids I was going to jail (it might

be relevant to mention here that I have a two-years-ago-expired drivers' license and wasn't covered on the insurance of the car I was driving. I was definitely fucked if I was ever pulled over, and boy was I ever pulled over now).

I turned on the emergency flashers and waited for the cop to approach the car, but that didn't happen. "Get out of the car" came the command.

I slowly opened the door and got out. The policeman was about 10 yards away, pointing his gun at me.

"Turn around and walk towards the sound of my voice." I decided to be -very- compliant: guns do that to me. I walked backwards until I was behind our car, then the cop told me to get down on my knees and put my hands behind my head. This I did. Then I was being tightly handcuffed.

"I'm not violent. Could you loosen the handcuffs a little, please?" I said. He stood me up, gently enough, and walked me to the curb. He told me to sit, and lean against him if I needed to keep my balance. Then he loosened the cuffs enough to take the pressure off my wrists. I was absurdly touched by how polite he was. Maybe I've seen too many episodes of Cops. At any rate, while Officer A was sitting me on the curb, Officer B went to talk to the kids in the car, who I could hear were upset and crying. As he spoke to the kids, the other cop explained to me that they had a report of a child abduction. The cops stopped me because they thought I was a kidnapper. Apparently I hadn't run over any one, but I didn't share my sense of relief with the cop.

I explained to the policeman what had happened, and why we all smelled like we had just come from a kegger. Apparently the kids corroborated my story, as the policemen conferred for a minute then came to ask me if I understood why they pulled me over. I admitted I did and that it made perfect sense. They unlocked the handcuffs, then proceeded to deliver a stern lecture to Colette about arguing with her dad (It feels good to have the cops on your side).

Finally they shook my hand, said goodnight and hurried off to manage the traffic gridlock still coming from the fireworks show. They never asked me for my driver's license or insurance.

Next Fourth of July weekend, I'm not leaving the house.><

Fandom Is a Pyramid Scheme

article by Arnie Katz



AN IDEA IS BORN

Let me tell you about Fanzine Fandom...

Some fans see Fandom as a footrace, a competition. They not only want as much fannish acclaim as possible – and they want more of it than anyone else. They begrudge others' achievements and, in extreme cases, may even find it hard to vote in Egoboo Polls. They worry that their points will put someone else above them in the rankings.

That's one way to see Fandom, I suppose, but it's not mine. I *love* to see my friends excel and get generous splashes of Egg O' Boo. When I hear fans call *Corflu Blackjack* "the greatest of all time" – it was for me – it makes me tremendously happy for Ken and Aileen Forman and Ben and Cathi Wilson. No one is rooting more enthusiastically for their promised fanzine *Corroded Marky-Mark* than me, either.

And though I am practically a Living Saint, it is not entirely altruism. Allow me to explain...

I was watching a *Jerry Springer* rerun when the phone rang. Two women were debating their relative merits as the wife of an as-yet-unseen man, disrobing and waving their titanic butts at the audience to demonstrate their superiority. "You a ho!" one shrieked at the other. "Well, at least I charge more than you!" came the bellowed reply. As you might guess, I wasn't sorry to have the phone pull me away from this spectacle, but I had no idea that this would be the phone call that would change my life.

"Is this Arnie? Arnie Katz?" The slightly southern inflections sounded familiar, but my memory groped for the solid connection to a name.

"I'm Arnie Katz," I admitted. "Who is this?" In this era of rampant phone solicitations, it doesn't pay to be too friendly until you know it's actually a friend and

not someone with a stock tip or an insurance plan.

"This is Ted White," he said.

As he paused for my reaction, I found that I could give him nothing more than stunned silence. Sixteen years is a long time and I was a continent away from where I'd last seen him.

My mind jumped back to a bygone era, the fabulous 1960s, when Ted White had lifted me out of the muck of the National Fantasy Fan Federation and shown me the egoboo-making potential of Fanzine Fandom.

For the NFFF, I'd hawked superfluous bureaus and sold Uncle Seth's Used Ice Cream in my spare time. I drifted from the Correspondence Bureau to the Welcommittee, but I couldn't get in synch with the program. It wasn't working for me the way Janie Lamb promised when the perennial N3F Secretary-Treasurer

signed me up right out of Prozine Letterhacking. I worked hard for dear old N3F, but the egoboo was sparse and of inconsistent quality. I knew I had to find a new direction, start a new fanlife, but I didn't know where to go or what to do.

That's when Mr. White, a certified Fanzine Fandom practitioner of many years' standing, introduced me to the amazing (and egoboosting) world of Fanzine Fandom. At his biweekly Friday night seminars, he showed me the marvelous workings of the patented Fanzine Fandom system. He demonstrated to my complete satisfaction that anyone can reap a million giga-hoopers of egoboo in his or her spare time at home without special diet or exercise. How well I recall my eyes widening in wonder at his stories of Fanzine Fandom reps who had gained such status that they continued to draw egoboo when they actually did absolutely nothing to earn it.

Ted, as he allowed me to call him, was partial to the Fanoclast brand of Fanzine Fandom and knew how to put it across like Bo Diddley roaring through an encore. He patiently taught me the ins and outs, the do's and don't's if you will, of Fanzine Fandom.

I accumulated Fanzine Fandom recruits of my own, though it wasn't as easy as it looked in the Fanthologies. Just as Ted White had explained, these newcomers soon began to proselytize on their own. In less time than it takes to tell, I had a pyramidal network of Fanzine Fans, each one kicking a small portion of his or her received egoboo back up the line to me. There were days when I got more egoboo before 6 AM than most fans do all day.

Everything was going great, maybe too great. If I hadn't been so busy sucking up the egoboo, I might've paid a little more attention when Ted White announced his move down to the exploding northern Virginia territory, Fanzine Fandom had put me in charge of a new outfit, the Brooklyn Insurgents that did pretty well through the mid-1970s.

People make decisions and have to live with them. I left Fanzine Fandom about then, tired and a bit disillusioned by the latest crop of new recruits in the New York region. Maybe it was not having either Mr. White or his associate Terry Carr, here to keep me focused and productive, but I lost a lot of my enthusiasm about then. So when the offers came, I went into another field and stayed there a long time.

"Arnie? Are you there?" a somewhat worried voice asked. Fortunately, what seemed like a long reverie had consumed not much over a minute of real time.

"Yes, Ted, I'm here," I finally managed. "I haven't heard from you in years. I'm delighted, but I'm sure you had a reason to call now."

"When I heard you'd moved to Las Vegas, I had to call you about an opportunity."

"I retired from all that a long time ago," I said.

"Once you have Fanzine Fandom in your blood, Arnie, you never forget," he admonished, reminding me of something that Bruce Pelz once told me about his firm, the LASFS. "Our people are so loyal that even Death will not release them," he had said in an interview that had led to me not relocating to the LA territory.

"So they say," I conceded.

"We've talked it over here at Fanzine Fandom headquarters and we think you are just the person to handle Fanzine Fandom in Las Vegas."

"You'd-you'd do that for me?" The enormity of



this offer floored me. I had left Fanzine Fandom and here they came, giving me a chance to return.

And not just come back to re-start at the bottom of the pyramid, either. Fanzine Fandom wanted me to step right in as a Regional Distributor in an untapped and potentially lucrative territory.

"We have a lot of faith in you here at Fanzine Fandom," he assured me. "Now go out and make it happen!"

"Don't worry, Mr. White, you can count on me!" I said, feeling a rush of the old enthusiasm for the first time in years.

I hit the bricks, hunting for live prospects. I made cold calls all over the Vegas Valley. I finally hit pay dirt with a cold call to a Mr. and Mrs. Forman. Not only did I sign them up for a lifetime supply of Fanzine Fandom, but they gave me referrals to all their friends and acquaintances.

Once I located some potential fan talent, I merely applied what Ted White had taught me. I applied the

time-tested principles, embodied in the Spirit of Trufandom's wands, Contact and Fanac and soon Fanzine Fandom had won a new major market!

Let the egoboo flow!

That never happened, but it could've (if the world had gone insane at that particular moment in that precise way). Yet the vignette is metaphorically true. For you see, Fanzine Fandom is a Pyramid Scheme.

I concede that I have told you that Fandom is other things in other Katz articles, but that's not relevant to this essay. I may have told you in the past that fanzine fandom is like a Literary Salon or a Party or whatever damn things I needed for an article, but Fanzine Fandom really, *really* is a Pyramid Scheme. I would never lie about a thing like this.

I realized that Fanzine Fandom is a Pyramid Scheme when I once again took up the search for the perfect metaphor for Fanzine Fandom. It's a quest as old as Fanzine Fandom itself, and none of us is getting any younger. This quest is as fruitful as Ponce de Leon's mission to find the Fountain of Youth.

I only became involved in recent years. Since time

immemorial, or as I can remember after all those fan parties, relatives, friends, potential lovers and inquisitive police officers have made the mistake of asking a fan to explain the microcosm. And if none of those people should happen to ask, Las Vegas' own James Taylor will pose the question at appropriate intervals.

I'm a proud man. I don't like to be embarrassed in public. When someone asks about the nature of Fanzine Fandom, I want to be ready with a concise and illuminating answer. I need – all fanzine fans need – a simple and elegant explanation that doesn't make us sound as lame as they'd think we were if they only knew the truth. The perfect metaphor for Fanzine Fandom must make its user sound intellectual, but not nerdy; unusual, but not frighteningly weird. And, of course, it must satisfy the inquirer's casual curiosity enough to forestall follow-up questions that would unmask us as the odd little tribe we are. It's not an "official" requirement, but my sights were set on a metaphor that would also call out to the potential Trufans who wander through the world, undiscovered and undiscovering.

Once upon a time, in the bygone era when fans could read and liked it, pondering the nature of fandom was considered time well spent. It was easier than actually writing something, cheaper than going to a convention and less messy than a mimeograph, powerful incentives for lazy fans.

Like me.

I can tell you from personal experience that Contemplating the Meaning of Fandom isn't as popular as it used to be. Every time I write an analysis of the psychology, sociology and philosophy of fandom, it's sure to draw one or two knee-jerk – emphasis on "jerk" – responses from fans who are horrified at the very idea of raising such questions.

I always feel like Clarence Darrow at the Scopes Monkey Trial when I get those letters. They seethe with insecurity and stalwart resistance to examining Fandom analytically instead of leaving it all one big mystery. I could never spend so much time on Fandom without trying to figure it out. And if I should happen to figure out something, anything, you can be damn well sure I'm not going to waste the chance to use it as grist for an article.

The day after Corflu Blackjack, I spent a considerable amount of time with two fans who share my desire to know "Why?" So as Ted White sat with Joyce and me through the afternoon and evening before his red-eye flight home, the wide-ranging conversation touched on fanalysis as well as many other topics.

Fueled by a sufficiency of herbal refreshment, the three of us fearlessly explored whatever subjects pre-



sented itself. At one point, Ted leaned forward and, a little sheepishly I thought, said that he had the impression that he had quite a favorable reputation among Las Vegrants.

“You’re a Ghod to them, a fannish Ghod” I blurted without a trace of sarcasm. “They see me as a BNF and they know that I look up to you as a fan.” In its own modest way, this, too, was a metaphor, since I am several inches taller than my fannish mentor.

That’s when the concept of Fanzine Fandom as a Pyramid Scheme burst like a miniature sun in my brain. (Or it could’ve been Ted’s overpowering primo smoke.) “Fanzine Fandom,” I announced grandly, “is a Pyramid Scheme!” I paused to allow my companions to digest this revelation. Its enormity even stunned me a little.

Let me explain it to you as I explained it to them, minus their irritating interrupts. Joyce did compare me to Jack Speer as a fanhistorian and Profound Thinker on the subject of Fandom. I will never forget her words. “Compared to Jack Speer as a fanhistorian,” she said, “you are Stephen Pickering.”

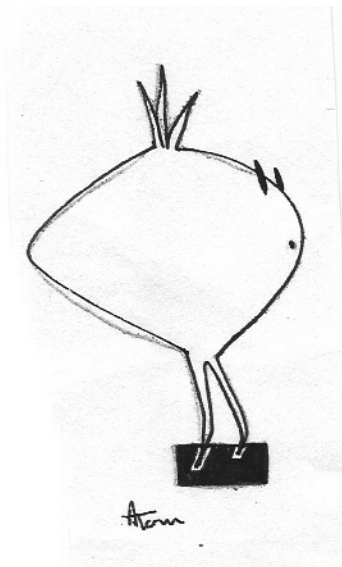
So as I say, let me explain it to you without such distractions:

In a Pyramid Scheme, a great number of people enter at the bottom of the Pyramid. With Amway and the like, selling the product becomes secondary to signing up others to sell for you. They sell the product and kick back a percentage of the revenue to the one who recruited them. At the same time, they also may recruit people who work under their direction and kick money up the line.

Fanzine Fandom works more or less the same way. You start as a neofan, just doing your own fanac and collecting whatever meager morsels of egoboo are available to the novice.

The promising neofans, the ones who keep finding out where Corflu is each year, often meet a much more established fan who becomes as a mentor. This fan answers questions and gives advice.

Fans see the experienced fan helping the neo, which establishes a link between the two in people’s minds. As the neofan begins to achieve in Fanzine Fandom, a packet of ego equal to a small percentage of what the neo earned goes to the mention, who is at the next higher level. If that neofan develops into a WKF or even a Big Name Fan, they soon acquire recruits of



their own. So advice and guidance flow *down* the Pyramid and egoboo flows *up* the Pyramid.

You could say it was a lot like the Mafia, but let’s stick with the Pyramid.

“But why do they think of me as a Ghod?” Ted still wanted to know after this windy explanation. “You’ve been on the same level as me for 15 or 20 years.” After I recovered from egoboo shock and loyally pointed out that I have far to go before I match Ted’s myriad of fannish triumphs, I turned to his

intriguing question.

“I know that you consider Bob Tucker a fannish mentor, right?” I began. Ted nodded. “In turn, I look to you as my fannish mentor. When I look upward, toward the peak of the Pyramid, I can see that Tucker is a bit farther up.

“Yet when those whom I’ve mentored look up, they see me one level above them, but you, Tucker and others above me, but it isn’t easy for them to see gradations in those higher levels. You and I see distinctions, because we are closer in status to what we observe, but those distinctions blur from lower on the Pyramid.”

If I needed additional confirmation, I got it during a phone conversation with Tom Springer a couple of days later. Before I could even bore him with this marvelous metaphor, he made a reference to Ted White, rich brown, Robert Lichtman and I all dating from the same fan era.

Tom seemed genuinely surprised when I pointed out that, though rich brown and Robert Lichtman are from roughly the same vintage, Ted White predates them by about five years and rich and Robert entered fandom about the same number of years before me.

It’s possible that this new metaphor has a practical side, too. This may be the answer to the always-vexing problem of finding eager new fanzine fans.

Pyramid Schemes are recruitment machines. And whereas most such set-ups are smoke and mirrors; we even have an appealing and valuable product to push.

If things go right, Fanzine Fandom representatives will be heading to the Worldcon this year. So don’t be surprised if someone lounging outside the Masquerade sidles up to you and says, “So, let me tell you about Fanzine Fandom!”><

B

BLUE JAUNT

An Alternate Vegas Fanhistory

editorial by Joyce Katz

Prologue:

Somewhere, sometime, someone stepped on a butterfly.....

Thirty Thousand Years Ago:

As Uruk dragged himself across Siberia with his tribe, his feet began to hurt from the stoney pathway. "Let's catch a few of those Big Dogs," he said to his buddy Woogoo. "If we take them with us, we can ride instead of walking all the way to South Carolina."

Else When:

Catches-Many-Fish peered at the yellow-heads from horseback, as he hid behind a tree. "They're packing up everything," he mused to himself, as he watched the hairy giants stow the gear in the boat.

After they rowed away, he went into the abandoned camp. Lying by the edge of the still-burning fire, he spotted a piece of the Hard Stone, glowing. He pulled it out of the fire, and remembered seeing the big blondes pound on hot heavy rocks with their hammers. Using a stone, he began to bang on it.

"Hmmm." He mused. "This looks sorta like a spearhead." He pounded on another piece of the glowing Hard Stone. "And this knife is much stronger than my flint blade."

Five Hundred Years Ago:

As the ships drew close to the shore, Columbus saw a mighty army waiting on the beach. Armed with metal knives, spears with metal tips, and long swords, each armored warrior was mounted on a stallion. They didn't look happy to see the three big boats or the men inside them.

Columbus turned around, and went back to Spain. There he got a job as a teacher's assistant in the village school, and was never heard from again.

Four Hundred and Ninety-Nine Years Ago:

Three more ships pulled into view. This time their captain didn't hesitate, and turned the cannon on the waiting warriors. After they'd blown the Indians away, soldiers carrying muskets ran ashore and finished off every redskin they found. (You didn't honestly think anything would save them, did you?)

1980-Something:

A blade of grass that might have been shaded by the wings of a flight of migrating butterflies was left standing in the desert sun. By noon it was shriveled. By night it was dead.

As Ken & Aileen moved north out of Phoenix, the shrubbery bordering the road vanished. Some Ancient Ruins left over from another time were unshaded by foliage, and the traveling fans were able to read the signs along the roadway. "Here's Something you've never seen-oh" and "This is the place you want to go-oh"

"There is something you need to know-oh" and "It's good luck to move to Reno."



Ken gunned the motor and headed north on I-95. A long day's ride, and they were in The Biggest Little City in the World. Later they formed a club.

1989 to the Present:

Alex Borders tacked up some notices around the UNLV campus, announcing the formation of a science fiction club. A couple of people showed up – Laurie Yates and Anthony Bernardi. The trio had a couple of meetings, even thought about publishing a fanzine. When summer came, they disbanded.

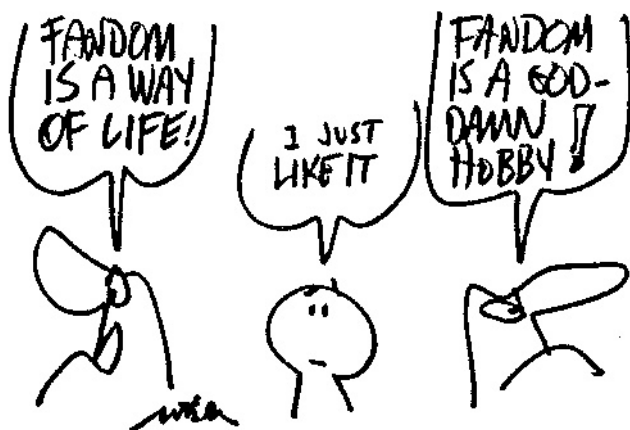
Laurie went to Arizona to teach Indian Studies on the Apache Reservation. Later she got caught up in an attempt to find the Lost Dutchman Mine, and was shot by renegades with high-powered rifles, as they tried to protect their hidden gold from the White Eyes

Alex was pretty disappointed about the club breaking up. "Las Vegas is just no damn good for fans," he decided, and moved to San Francisco where he founded a mighty club, chaired three worldcons, and was given an honorary membership in the Science Fiction Writers of America.

Anthony decided he wanted nothing else to do with science fiction fans. He joined a Monastery, took a vow of silence, and was never heard of again until he moved to Boston. There Anthony became a NES-FAN and was the driving force in producing a 24-volume set of Clarke Ashton Smith's lesser-known writing.

JoHn Hardin arrived in Las Vegas after the others had left. He became one of the Club Kids who hung out in discothèques around town. Soon he sickened and died from breathing too many noxious fumes.

Ben Wilson spent one summer in Vegas. One day he saw a pretty dark-eyed Island princess, stirring a pot of Yankee Bean Soup in a Strip hash house. He watched her while he spooned the broth, but she never glanced his way, so he paid for his meal and left. "It's

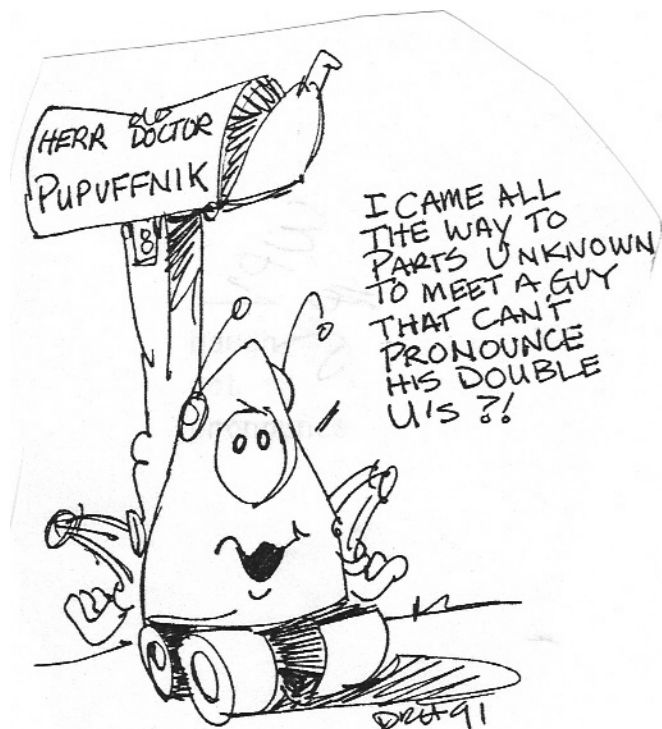


too damn hot," he said when he walked out onto Las Vegas Boulevard, so he moved back to Michigan.

Su Williams came to Nevada full of Dorsai Dreams and fannish hope. Finding no club, she thought she might build one by promoting science fiction books. Su stocked the Downtown Branch of the Public Library with as many sf novels as the budget allowed. When the City Fathers observed what she'd done, they threw her out, saying "We don't want no crazy Buck Rodgers Stuff around here." Su let her hair grow long, joined the Society of Creative Anachronisms, and eventually became the Southwest's Champion Spear Chucker.

Ray and Marcy Waldie saw a faded poster skittering across the lawn. It was the Borders' announcement of formation of the Vegas SciFi Club. But it was two years out of date, so they wadded up the bit of trash and threw it away. Later they joined the Marathon Runners of Las Vegas, and Marcy ran the Vegas Challenge in two minutes, 13 seconds. She went to Barcelona, Spain for the 1992 Olympics, and took the gold.

Tom Springer heard about a land deal in Boulder City. He took a look, then decided "No one would want to live in this God-Forsaken-Spot." So he didn't buy in,



and returned to his home in Northern California.

Teresa Cochran left the Bay Area. When she came to Vegas, she got a job as a guide in the Lehman Cave, in Great Basin National Park, so she moved to be closer to her work. While spelunking, she found a chamber full of a hundred thousand bats. She pitched a tent, and devoted five years to naming and taming the bats, and teaching them to do her bidding. Then she, followed by her army of trained killer bats, went back to the surface, and marched on Carson City, where she overthrew the government and established a free state for herself and her winged minions.

Michael Bernstein and Roxanne Gibbs couldn't locate fandom in Vegas, so they joined the local Rock Hounds of Nevada. Michael achieved a certain amount of fame for finding the elusive Golden Picture Agate in the Sheep Mountains. Unfortunately, the other members of the club were jealous of his accomplishment, so pushed him down a mineshaft. Roxanne jumped in after him. When they landed at the bottom and dusted themselves off, they were surrounded by Dero Warriors who captured them, then made them King and Queen of the underground empire.

Lori and April Forbes became accomplished quilters, and joined the Las Vegas Quilting Society. There they met Raven and Ron Pehr. The foursome formed a gang, and later robbed the Nevada Bank. But they only found ore specimens in the vault. They took the rocks with them, then pelted cars on I-95 from the Charleston Street overpass. When the police came, Ra-

ven and Ron said, "It wasn't us, honest, officer. They did it!" But he didn't believe them, and threw all four of them off the bridge in front of an East Texas Motor Freight pulling a trio of cattle cars.

Mindy Hutchings joined the Toastmasters Guild, where she served twenty years as the group's secretary treasurer. When she gave her resignation speech, she observed, "This is the best of all possible worlds. But I've always felt there was something missing."

Ruth Davidson stayed in the N3F for the rest of her life, but she never heard of Art Widner. When she died, the club published a special commemorative fanzine for her. But the new president lost the address list, so it never was mailed.

Joyce and Arnie Katz moved to town. They inquired about fandom at the Unicorn Book Store, but were told there was no such thing in town. Arnie published a few fanzines, but grew bored with having no local audience, so he gafiated. Joyce never returned to fandom. Later the pair joined the Anti-Defamation League and devoted their lives to coaxing Smiths Grocery Stores into carrying Kosher chocolate covered halvah.

Ross Chamberlain came to Vegas to work with Katz Kunkel Worley. He personally designed 34 video games, and was so successful that he was able to retire. Ross devoted his leisure time to running the Vegas Seniors Bowling League. He never saw another fanzine after Arnie quit publishing, and never drew another cover, but he did learn to like halvah.

Meanwhile, Ken and Aileen went to a worldcon. They strolled into the fan lounge and sat down to a tall lanky drink of water. "Hello," he said. "My name is Robert Lichtman. Welcome to Fandom." The rest is history.

Reno developed a mighty fan club, hosted a worldcon, gave two Corflus, and held a Westercon, all under the co-chairmanship of Ken & Aileen Forman. No one from Las Vegas attended, and no one from Las Vegas was ever heard from again.

All for the lack of a bit of shade from a butterfly wing.><

See You Next Month

That's "30" for the first issue of **Implications**. The Fantastic Four Minus One will return in August with our usual flummery — plus all-new, never-before-seen flummery from some of Las Vegas Fandom's New Generation and maybe even a few retreads.

What *you* can do is send us a letter of comment. The email address is: Crossfire4@cox.net.

and now it's come down to this Killing time
stretching out the minutes delaying the inevitable goodbye
it's not like you're dying
just moving away
stretching out the miles leaping a gulf:
goodbye

"i hope you like the weather" useless words
stretching out the silence wasting our time
wish i didn't want to say goodbye

— JOHN Hardin