

# IMPLOSION

**Implosion #10** is the local monthly fanzine of Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Some day, you'll tell your children that you read it, unless they change the laws to prevent people like you breeding. It is produced for the 10th Distribution of Apa V, the Las Vegas apa, which has as this month's theme "Amusement Parks." Today is August 1994, **Implosion: The Fanzine** that proves anyone can publish a fanzine. Member, fwa.

Perhaps I should begin by saying that this month's subject, "Amusement Paks," makes me uncomfortable. No, not just because it's too specific and limited, but because amusement parks are perpetually out of my reach.

Like all young kids, I loved amusement parks -- and visited quite a few from Coney Island in my native Brooklyn to Glen Echo (which burned to the ground) in Maryland.

My detached retina changed everything. It was the result of taking a line drive as I streaked well, lumbered... ) from second to third. My eye doctor insisted that I stay out of a wide range of situations likely to endanger the retina of my remaining sighted eye.

I didn't mind skipping gym class. My vision was pretty terrible even before the accident and subsequent cataract, so I wasn't much good at any sport with a ball smaller than a pumpkin.

Dr. Meyer's injunction to avoid thrill rides may've seemed like a less severe stricture, but it chafed more. I occasionally derived a minute measure of satisfaction from watching some hated neighborhood kid puke out his guts after seventeen trips on the Tilt-a-Whirl, but that was small consolation.

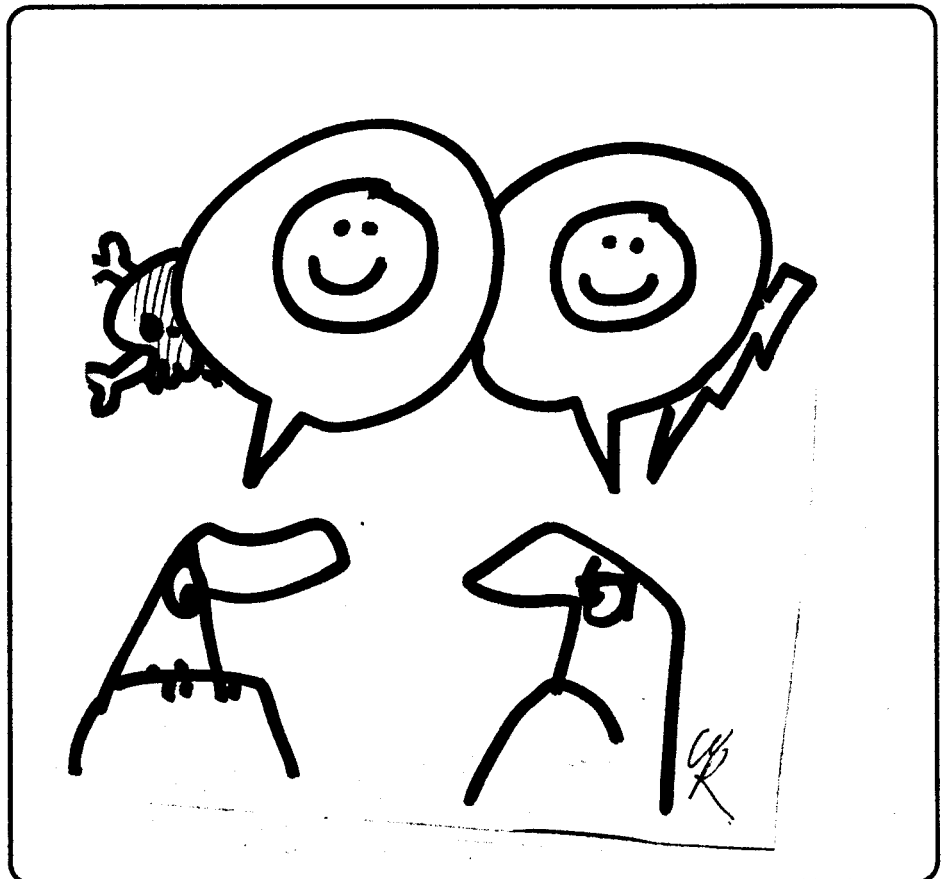
My banishment from the coasters and rotojets wasn't quite of the same magnitude as Lucifer's fall from Heaven in

"Paradise Lost," but it seemed so to me.

Who know, though. It may have set my life on its current path.

How? While all my friends were enjoying the rides, I often found myself hunched over the pinball machines most amusement parks offer for those inclined to more sedentary pursuits.

Did he say pinball machines? No video games until 1970, by which point Joyce and I were already newlyweds. No, back then, it was the flipper tables by Bally, Williams, Stern, and



Gottlieb that held my attention.

Ironically, in view of the reason behind my exile to the arcade, I also loved the shooting games.

There was one, **Sky Gunner** is may've been called, that toop copious quantities of my allowance nickels. The player looked into a binocular eyepiece and gripped the handles on either side. BBy moving the handles, the player could osition the crosshairs over the drawings of the planes that scrolled past on a painted backdrop.

Each plane had a black dot somewhere on its fuselage. Successfully targeting the dot earned points, though I don't remember any visual feedback for that achievement.

But those were younger, more innocent days, and computerized explosions, not to mention splintering spines and gouts of blood, hadn't yet become practical.

With that faculty that seemed inbred in all humans, I made a virtue of necessary and really came to love those coin-op machines. Oh, I'd watch the cyclone and listen to the roar of its wheels on the wooden track, but I came to prefer **Eight Ball** and **Twenty Grand**.

Besides, roller coasters didn't give free games.

Bill Kunkel and I have speculated several times as the possibility of a Fandom Theme Park. He wants it to be a virtual convention in which one can experience all the highs and lows of cons without leaving the living room couch.

I was thinking more along the lines of the fannish version of one of those Frontier Towns. You know the ones I mean. The saloon sells burgers, the general store has souvenirs at steep prices, and the desperadoes rob the bank every half hour on the quarter-hour.

Instead of all that hokey Wild West stuff my fannish theme park, to be known as The Slan Camp of the Ozarks (though it will be just outside Henderson, Nevada) will have rides, attractions, and events drawn from the colorful and varied annals of fandom.

Wait till you see the animatronics. You'll not only be able to shake hands with (a very drunk) Issac Asimov, but an animatronic replica of a certified fan homosexual will make a sloppy pass at you while F. Tower

Laney's derisive laugh vibrates in your ears

No one will want to miss the Hall of Fuggheads. All the grats (Pickering, GM Carr, Seth Johnson, Georgee Wetzel) as well as the sword buyffons and 24-hour RPGers we can scrape up. A film, "TThe Life of Degler," plays continuously in the Full Motion Theatre..

I don't want you to think that Slan Center of the Ozarks will be all downbeat. You'll be able to see the denizens of the original Slan Shack in their native habitat, collate an apa L mailing (allow a couple of hours, it'll be a big one), kill an entire fifth of Jim Beam with Tucker (smo-o-o-th!).

And remember to have a nuclar fizz at the Convention Bar, some crottled greeps in Vjo's Kitchen, and maybe an automgraphed beanie (one size fits all) from the Howard Devore huckster room.

Fan wampum and N3F script accepted.

I think I will leave you with that thought, since I'm just about out of room. See you in September for the Vegrents meeting and Apa V #11.

Next  
Vegrents  
Meeting  
Saturday  
Sept. 3  
2:30 pm