

# IMPLOSION

**Implosion #12** is the local monthly fanzine of Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Everything is exacty as it was, except that You Are There. It is produced for the 12th Distribution of Apa V, the Las Vegas apa, which has as this month's theme "Scary Stuff." Today is October 8, 1994.

**Implosion:** The Fanzine that proves anyone can publish a fanzine.  
Member, fwa.

One definition of Fear is the way I felt when I realized that this month's topic is "Scary Stuff." I always write on the topic, not because I have to, but because it's an interesting challenge. It's good mental exercise, always preferable to the physical sort, and I think the monthly subject is part of what makes Apa-V special.

My trepidation arose, of course, from the fact that I squandered the anecdote on my worst neightmare, on the "Education, School and Learning Experiences" because of its scholastic setting-- and the fact that I didn't heed its warning.

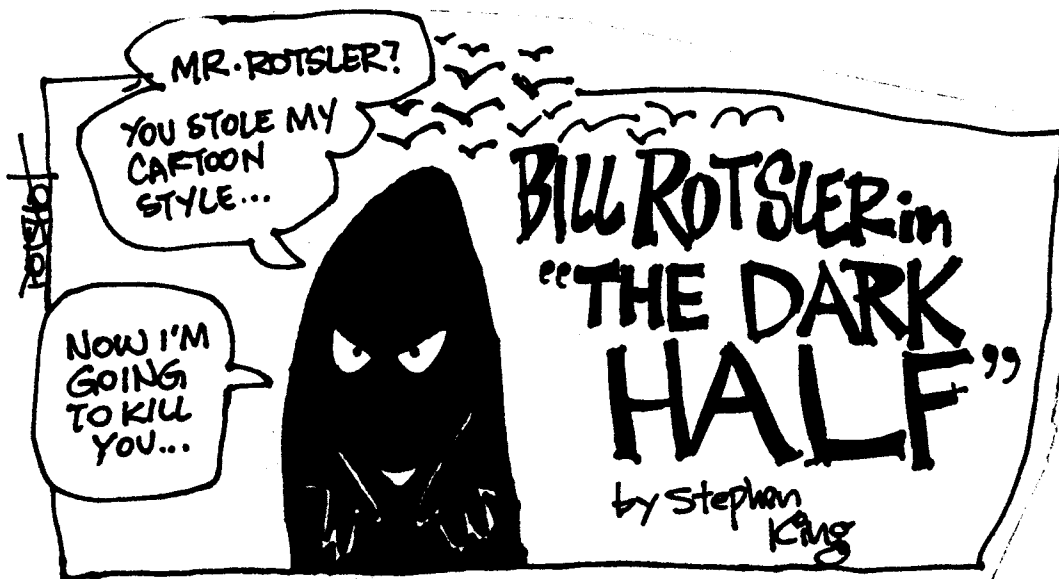
I'm proud to say that I have met my Fear and beaten it. At least to the extent of writing about another aspect of Scary Stuff. It wasn't easy, either, because my selection strikes to the core of primal human terror.

I've

always felt that every-day things are the scariest. A master of cinematic horror, by manipulating my visceral feelings with all the little tricks of the genre, can make me jump in my seat a dozen times during a movie. The emotion involved, most times, is surprise rather than actual dread.

Dracula is far less frightening to me than an early release from the state mental facility who has a knife and a grudge against All of Them, (Pause while vampire groupies in the audience recalibrate their receptor to tune in the real world for the duration of this fanzine.) To me, terror is what you feel hiding under your desk while a coworker runs amok in the office with an AK-47.

In a way, that's why I moved to Las Vegas. Now I know some of my friends believe I came her



for the Good Life and Warm Winter. Others believe I was a feckless pawn in a mission from Ghu to discover the local fandom of the 1990s in Las Vegas.

Both reasons are valid, but the main reason I agreed to leave my beloved Big Apple is that Las Vegas has no basements. Well, some buildings *do* have basements in Las Vegas, but that's just Glitter City eccentricity. Actually finding a place with a basement takes some doing out here, because they're so rare. For example, our home has nothing even remotely similar to a basement, though the crawlspace that runs the entire length of the house from the garage to my office might give a more timid fan pause.

My anti-basement prejudice isn't a bizarre phobia. It's the culmination of years of serious study and infallible analysis. You may have an innocent's benign view of the basement as the place where your dad kept the Big Breast magazines and you tried smoking cigarettes.

Perhaps I should leave you with this comfortable delusion. Abigail Frost would probably want to maintain your blissful ignorance of the Basement Threat. She would laugh -- ha! ha! --as basements claimed their inevitable victims one by one.

We are all in Apa-V together. Well, except for maybe Raven and Ron, who have not yet come out to play with us at this paper party. Staples are thicker than water, even the water at the bottom of the sad remains of the Crimea River.

Therefore, I will enlighten you: In all the books and movies and comics and TV shows, a trip to the basement guarantees dire consequences.

Merely refusing to go to the basement is not enough. In all too many instances, the basement doesn't just sit there, a den of terror and damnation waiting to ensnare the unwary. That would be bad enough, but it is not that simple. Some basements, according to the always reputable mass media, reach out tendrils of pure evil to clutch the lives of previously tranquil surface dwellers.

There can be no truce with basement. If there's a Sinister Force in the neighborhood, it will be hanging out in the basement.

My solution, as always, is simplicity

itself. I have left an area where every edifice has a basement lurking beneath it to one where basements are rarer than alien contact stories. No basement equals no Basement Threat.

Another horror averted.

Having defined Fear and Terror in less than two fanzine pages, what's left except to tackle the final member of the unholy trio of terms: Horror.

I regret putting "tackle" in the previous sentence. That seemingly ordinary word flashed me right back to the horror that gripped me just yesterday afternoon.

I experienced a moment of raw, undiluted horror even while seated amid the comforting surroundings of my office.

It burst upon me during a conversation with the producer of **Electronic Blood Bowl**. I thought I'd finished the whole design, but a subsequent decision created more work. When MLSA Interactive decided to change the rules to conform to the just-published new non-electronic edition, it necessitated new Artificial Intelligence for the Robot Coach in solitaire mode.

This is no small task. The original design specs for the AI run more than 80 pages, and every single line requires considerable thought.

Rewriting the AI from scratch didn't thrill me, but it goes with the job. MLSA said they had gotten Games Workshop, the board game publisher, to send a special package to me with all the new rules info I'd need to do the work.

The package arrived with a complete game and a half-dozen copies of the rulebook, and I set to work. I put in five straight 12-hour days on the project.

As I moved into the home stretch on Friday afternoon, the producer finally returned a Monday phonecall in which I'd asked a question about the re-write. About five minutes into the call, he announced that Games Workshop had obviously sent me the wrong package. The rulebooks, though slightly revised from the first edition, were a long way from the new ones.

Next Monday, I start from scratch again, writing Artificial Intelligence for the Robot Coach in solitaire mode. That's horror, baby.