

PLASMA

I begin this page on the last day of February. While you reel from the impact of this statement, I must tell you about my idea. An amazing revelation, if you will.

It was a brilliant Saturday morning after weeks of incessant *el nino* minor rainstorms. Joyce and I were sitting there on a bright Saturday morning. Joyce and I listened to an eclectic mix of CDs while we discussed the **Xtreme/QUANT Suff** mailing list. Jimmy Rogers was yodeling his way through *Pistol-Packin' Papa* when the answer to a nagging question came to me in a thunderclap of sudden perception.

I'd been thinking for awhile about a little FAPA-related problem of mine. Until the burst of inspiration, I had pondered without a solution.

My worry started when I noticed that all three previous issues of **Plasma** are among the last zines listed in all three mailings' *Fantasy Amateur*.

My first and natural inclination was, of course, to blame Ken Forman. As FAPA's Official Editor and publisher of *The Fantasy Amateur*, he would have to be involved in any conspiracy to bury **Plasma** at the tail-end of the mailing.

Surely, nothing was

Plasma #4, is the FAPA fanzine of Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). It's prepared in high spirits for mailing 243, May, 1998..

The Fanzine That Remembers Wendy O. Williams is a member of the fwa and an admirer of the AFAL. Every issue numbered!

beyond the mental horizon of the Man Who Built the Collator! (I never built a collator, but I did marry one.)

At first, Ken's muleheaded assertion that the next FAPA election is in November seemed to add fuel to my suspicions. If he is enmeshed in a clandestine plan to denigrate **Plasma**, I had to allow the possibility that misinforming me was aimed at preventing me from assuming a position of power that would bring **Plasma** to the attention of well-intentioned (but weak-willed) FAPAnS who don't reach the end of the mailing before the end of their zines.

When I realized that Ken was not prevaricating, but was merely befuddled, He honestly believed the election was in November.

This forced me to drop the glittering cause-and-effect chain I had constructed. Clearly, Ken was no madcap Machiavelli.

The debunking of the potential conspiracy left me with no recourse except to

confront the problem itself. Whatever the malevolent forces at work to push **Plasma** to the bottom, I had to get it out of there. Never mind the reasons; that's the reality I had to confront.

"This state of affairs will never do," I scolded myself. "The fanzines one-third of the way from the top get a disproportionate share of the egoboo."

This reflects my FAPA Theory of Good Intentions. Deep in my heart, I do believe that every good and true FAPAn starts with the intention of writing complete and detailed mailing comments.

If all the good intentions came to fruition, FAPA would be a thing of beauty and an inspiration for Fandom. Well, at least for the portion of it in which literacy is still celebrated.

Every FAPAn would have a FAPazine in every mailing. Every FAPazine would have thoughtful, thorough and complete mailing comments that responded to every contribution in the previous bundle.

This utopia never arrives because many obstacles stand in the way. If not for such barriers, it would be a snap to translate those good intentions into a FAPA contribution.

Illness, mental infirmity, work/school, death in the family and putting on a con-

vention are among the reasons FAPAns have given for missing the mailing entirely.

More common, but not as easily detected, are the lesser pitfalls that deflect the good intentions without negating them.

These minor problems are what cause the many well-intentioned FAPAazines that don't comment on every zine in the mailing. Such fanzines, including **Plasma** itself, frequently end without even a mention of the last half-dozen zines.

Like all great ideas, my brainstorm was enchantingly simple. All I have to do is move **Plasma** up in the mailing, out of the bottom-of-the-list ghetto. Once it finds a new niche higher on the contents page, this fanzine will blossom.

I did some research, asked around a little. I discovered the diabolical Forman's method. He has forced this sweet and unassuming fanzine to the foot of the last by arranging the bundle in a cabalistic numerical system which he calls "date order." I didn't believe it at first, but the results of my investigation are irrefutable: FAPAazines are listed on the contents page in the order in which they arrive!

Once I recovered my composure over this revelation, I pinpointed the true nub of my problem. As a lifelong procrastinator, I have taught myself to delay producing a FAPAazine to the last possible minute. With the Official Editor right here in Las Vegas, the "last minute" is just before the staples close

the padded envelope.

I think I've got a plan, though. I'm going to pretend that the mailing deadline is the second Saturday in April. It'll be easy to do, because none of the local FAPAns has even the haziest idea of when the real deadline falls. There's no to contradict me and spoil the illusion.

Once I've brainwashed myself into believing that the deadline is in April, I can put my *manana* mania to good use. Sometime around april 1, I'll go into a panic and begin batting out pages for **Plasma** with eve-of-the-deadline fanaticism.

If I run it off before coming to my senses, I can deliver the contribution to Ken weeks before the final bell sounds. Instead of languishing at the bottom of the contents list, **Plasma** will rise like a great winged bird to nest in the upper reaches of the bundle.

Mailing comments and egoboo will be mine!

The Fantasy Amateur 243 Ken Forman

Although the membership roster continues to stay just under the officially sanctioned complement of 65 members, FAPA doesn't seem to be suffering much. The mailings are fat, the quality has inched up, and I think most of the members are having a pretty good time. This is where a persistent fan would mention that, since FAPA is de facto operating with a roster of less than 65, there doesn't seem much of a barrier to changing the constitution to reflect this, but I won't.

The Best-Laid Plans

Since tomorrow is April 30th, I think it is fair to say that my brilliant plan has not worked out entirely satisfactorily. I still believe that the theory is impeccable, but I can't honestly say as much for the implementation.

It doesn't take a seer to realize that I'll be banging out this (and hopefully **Xtreme #7**) right up to the last possible second. No doubt you've discovered one or more Katzines at or near the bottom of the mailing, just like last time and the time before that.

Some may feel this casts doubt on my riproaring campaign to become the Vice President of FAPA. Not so. Isn't the fact that I came up with the plan reason enough to vote me into office? I should think it would be.

Anyone who worries about this stuff like I do should be the FAPA officer charged with interpreting the constitution. Wouldn't it be much better to offer a relatively harmless outlet for my power-mad designs than to put me into a job like Secretary-Treasurer or Official Editor, where I might actually have a real effect on this organization?

My Vice Presidential platform boils down to one shining promise: If elected, and if a constitutional crisis eventuates, I absolutely swear that I will actually read the FAPA constitution before tendering my ruling. I don't see how anything could be fairer than that.

After all, I'm getting that "smaller, more intimate" apa, and without an amendment.

TAFF Mail Auction

I'd hoped to do some buying, but most of the items I'd want are already in my collection. There's some fantastic stuff here, though, redolent of fannish memories.

One particular favorite of mine is **Q#23**, Chuch Harris' outstanding report of his trip to the Minneapolis Corflu. It was one of the first major publications -- Walt Willis' "The Enchantment" was the other -- I saw upon de-gafiation circa 1990. Its unquenchable fannish spirit was one of the things that pulled me back into fandom so quickly.

Walker's Wails

Keith Walker

Despite the repro problems, about which much commiseration from a DIY fanzine publisher, I really enjoyed your description of the transition to a new stage of life, retirement. (Time changes everyone, When I first joined FAPA, Rotsler's naughty naked lady stories held comparable fascination.).

Retirement is not a concept I readily embrace. I am still comfortably short of age 65, though not quite as comfortably as a decade ago, but I don't expect to abruptly cease writing on that birthday. I may not continue to write about video and computer games, but I'll write *something* as long as my health remains reasonably good.

It probably indicates a defect in the well-roundedness of my personality, but I really enjoy being a writer. (Oh, you guessed?)

I like the process of writing, the great struggle to say something interesting in an entertaining way. My prolific fanwriting is one obvious consequence of this enchanted with putting words together.

I also get a kick out of *being* a writer. I won't risk accidentally recapitulating the ad copy copy for Famous Writers School, but let's say that I enjoy the varied experienced associated with the profession.

Stupefying Stories

Dick Eney

Does someone actually say "bought a real estate deal"

Picking a Personal Future

This talk of retirement has stirred musings that perhaps I, too, am on the verge of a new era. Having passed the 50 mark, my image may need some age-appropriate revision,

It won't be the first time. I couldn't have stayed the Naive and Cocky Youth, the Sophisticated Playboy, the Over-Age Hippy, the Affluent Young Bohemian or (my current) Mature and Suave Man of Letters. I don't have to make the choice any time soon, I don't think, but it's time for me to consider how I might want to present myself in my Golden Years.

I'm not sure I'm up to being a Spry Imp like Jack Speer or an Old Roue like father Tucker. I couldn't do one of Jack's cartwheels even when I was that N&CY. And deflating to the ego, among other places, as it is, I have not previously demonstrated the ability to command the female gender as consummately as Hoy Ping Pong. Heck, the most I can aspire to in that line is to rise to the heights of being a poor fan's Chuch Harris.

I might be suited to Crusty Old Guy, but fandom is rather over-supplied with them at the present time. How could I rationally aspire to perfect a persona Harry Warner Jr. has honed and perfected for the last half-century? With apologies to Buck Coulson, who has also achieved mightily in the Crusty Old Guy genre, once he graduated from Middle-Aged Curmudgeon. I can't compete with those giants, crust-wise, and their ability to be Crusty and Lovable simultaneously is simply beyond my capabilities.

Even if I could aspire to Crusty Old Man-hood, despite the daunting presence of Warner and Coulson, the future looks dim for up-and-coming Crusty Old Guys. There are a half-dozen guys, most of them just a few years older than me, who are already staking their claims to this image. By the time I'm ready to step into the role, they'll all be established. They'll resend me as an upstart, and being Crusty Old Guys, they'll have both the incentive and the right to tell me about their dissatisfaction.

As a card-carrying lowbrow, I don't have the intellectual chops to be a Venerable Intellectual, either. We can't all be Art Widner, you know

I guess this is going to take more thought.

with the same meaning as "bought the farm." I'm not disputing, just wondering whether this is something you've heard frequently. It sounds like something that an overheated sitcom or hardboiled detective writer might event in an ill-starred quest for variety.

Ben's Beat #49

Ben Indick

"Even Michael Jackson is making that kind of money, and all he does is throw a basketball," you wrote in your piece agonizing over Stephen King's financial future. I'll bet you get really tired of people making non-sensical statements about Broadway. I bet you do.

The main yardstick for income is profit potential, Number 23 earns his employers (including but not limited to the Chicago Bulls), more money than King does.

Let's leave that aside, and talk purely aesthetically. Stephen King is a somewhat talented, if derivative writer. You could name a hundred as good. If there is an injustice, on a philosophical plane, it's that King has made so much more than many of his literary betters.

On the other hand, Michael Jackson is the best basketball player of all time. If there is an injustice, it is that he hasn't earned as much as some other basketball players, whose more mercenary attitudes gain richer contrasts than Jackson's incredible athletic artistry.

And if you understood how hard it was for me, a life-long New York Knicks fan to

write this entry, you would never disrespect MJ again.

From Artifact to Z

Catherine Mintz

I'm a less rigorous FAPA reader than you, but I think I am also safely out of the group which Harry Warner identified as the folks who only have eyes for their own name. (By the way, putting mine is bold as you do is always appreciated...)

Seriously, I read most of every mailing. I scan contributions from members whose interests seldom coincide with mine get a scan for interest points. If none catch my notice, I'm likely to skip to the next title in the pile.

FAPA must be getting more interesting, because I don't skip as many FAPazines now as I did a year ago. Or maybe you're all mentioning my name more frequently.

What the Doormouse Said 15

Marc Ortlieb

Welcome back to FAPA, Marc. I know mail delays can make it hard to participate in FAPA, but I hope you'll persist.

I believe this is yet another instance in which my long gafiation (1976-1989) has resulted in us having had no actual fannish contact. Your return contribution makes it obvious that it's my loss. I'm looking forward to more interchange in the future.

Visions of Paradise #74

Robert Sabella

In the technology sphere, I'm your opposite number, a

more-or-less early adapter.

These things are relative. I'm not truly one of the breed, compared to an all-out gotta-be-firster.

The real early adopter scorn my lack of thin HDTV, jukebox-style CD player and the paltry 266 MHz speed of my current computer. I like to have some assurance that the technology works and will remain viable before I open the wallet.

The degenerate early adopter cares not at all for such practicalities. It is not the quality of the applications, but the existence of the technology, that drives the purchases.

For instance, thousands of trend-jumpers have bought DVD players already, despite the fact that there is still no universal agreement on a standardized format. Early adopters are buying now, at sucker prices, even though there isn't much software. They are in love with the *concept* of DVD, and so they most possess it.

I can wait another year or two to buy a 10 times better unit at one-third the price.

Voice of the Habu #1

Roger Wells

Welcome to FAPA, fandom's longest running reparatory company. This is a promising start for your FAPA tenure. Let's hope it's a long and fruitful association. Was this your first published fanzine as well as your first FAPazine?

Horizons #232

Harry Warner

I've heard a lot of discussion of Jack Speer's exploits as a grammarian and free-

lance English teacher among the younger Las Vegas fans. The prevailing opinion seems to be that it's Jack's way of saying, "I Love You."

Nice puncture of the "I don't inhale" fantasy that helps some smokers avoid confronting the addictive and harmful effects of nicotine.

We've heard a lot of "I never inhaled"s in another connection in recent years. Several politicians, including President Clinton, have fobbed off their marijuana experiences with claims that they never actually inhaled.

In Clinton's case, it's basically an evasion of the truth, that he used pot regularly at one point in his life. He reacts badly to any form of smoke, so he preferred to imbibe THC in the form of brownies and fudge.

The "I never inhaled" excuse always makes me wonder whether the claimant is stupid or thinks I am. Anyone who would sit there like a dork, not inhaling yet going through the motions, is pathetic. Anyone who believes such a farfetched and illogical tale would have to be extremely naive and none too bright.

I can't agree that televised Presidential debates are a bad thing. I believe your objects could be viewed as a modern day twist on "shoot the messenger."

I understand your feeling that TV seems to emphasize the wrong elements. You're neither the first, nor the only, person to express such misgivings.

To me, that objection seems less a function of television than a reflection of the difficulty which many people experience in their attempting to extract information from the TV environment.

This phenomenon is observable with all of the newer media, especially among those whose experience did not begin until

adulthood.

The attitude of many older people to rock music is a typical example. "I can't understand the words!" they say. At one time, I assumed this was a somewhat underhanded criticism of the genre, but I've come to realize that it reflects a real situation.

Nor is the inability to penetrate rock music's words

The Value of Fanhistory

Roger Wells' expression of interest in fanhistory always gets my attention -- and encouragement. Modern fandom is such a loose-knit and diverse Interest Group. I'm always on the look-out for others who see fandom as a subculture rather than just an alternative to the club scene or hanging around a college campus.

In one of my impressively lengthy fanhistory articles, I described seven philosophies which I believe, in combination and contention, shape Fandom. Only two of those philosophies, Trufannishness and Insurgentism (the others are Commercialism, Professionalism, Communicationism and Serconism) put any premium on the idea of Fandom as a subculture.

No fan's personality is a pure expression of any of these aesthetic systems, of course. People aren't that simple.

Joining FAPA, for example, is an obvious example of Communicationism. My stint as an editor for *Ultimate Publications* in the '60's is clearly an expression of Professionalism, as were my early attempts at amateur science fiction and fantasy. On a more contemporary note, my desire to start a small publishing company to put major fan works into permanent editions could be considered, in part, commercialism.

Yet most who know my fanac would describe me as an enchanting blend of Trufannishness and Insurgentism. (Okay, I lied about "enchanting.")

These views of Fandom, so diametrically opposite on many points, make common cause in valuing the history of Fandom, along with its traditions, language and literature. These subcultural elements are what separate Fandom from the mainstream culture that surrounds it.

An interest in Fanhistory is a tacit recognition of Fandom's special-ness. Reading *All Our Yesterdays*, *A Wealth of Fable* and *The Immortal Storm*, as Roger did, is a great way to get some background and overview.

In the long run, Fandom's past lives most vibrantly in its literature. *AOY* tells you about Fandom, but *The Enchanted Duplicator* makes you feel what it means to be a fan. They're both part of the picture, but one without the other is half the story.

purely a function of failing hearing. I am 51 as I write, and I know I "hear" rock lyrics much better than my mom and dad did when they were 40. I've learned to penetrate the interwoven wall of noise to extract the lyric

content.

Extracting information from a given medium is a learned response, not an instinct. I "get" TV better than my mom. Approximately 30-year-old Ben Wilson "gets" Animé better

Coffee, Mr. Robinson and Me

"It'll stunt your growth," my mother said about coffee. She usually said it between sips of coffee. This now strikes me as quite a contradiction. At the time I just assumed that coffee was like the issue of *Confidential* I found in an obscure kitchen cabinet, a right I would grow up to enjoy.

I read the *Confidential*, of course. To do otherwise would have been counter to the Code of Kid-dom. I had found it, therefore it was mine to read -- and ponder, I may've hoped for a few off-color jokes to tell my cute cousin Barbara. She had told me the first dirty jokes I'd ever heard, and I yearned gain status in her eyes by returning the favor.

As a Brooklyn Dodgers fan, the cover headline about my hero Jackie Robinson drew my immediate attention. According to *Confidential*, Jackie had a fondness for busty blonde women that had led him to a strip poker party with a voluptuous siren and another, less intriguing couple.

As you might imagine, this was quite a revelation to a young Filbert whose interest in Figures, until then, had centered on Batting Averages and Home Run totals. I looked at the woman in the picture and decided that Jackie had a point. I vowed to find one of those blonde girls as soon as I got old enough to do so.

I guess I could've sneaked a cup of coffee the same way I stole a look at the magazine, but I didn't. Making coffee in a home without instant is more work than skimming the picture-laden *Confidential*, and the pay-off didn't seem likely to be as high.

My desire to exceed my father in height led me to maintain the prohibition against coffee long after my mother ceased to care about enforcing it. I have always thought this was a Bad Thing, because I now dislike anything with the flavor of coffee, from beverages to ice cream.

Now that you've made me think about it, though, I'm not so sure she wasn't right. Almost all of those you mentioned whose parents *shtup* coffee into them as kids are relatively short people today. Well, a lot shorter than me, anyway.

If I had guzzled that dark beverage, maybe I wouldn't have surpassed my dad's 6'2-1/2!

than me.

I think televising presidential debates is wonderful. Anything that disseminates that kind of first-hand experience gets my approval. Televised debates lets voters see and hear the candidates.

This is so much better than when most vote only knew the candidates indirectly, through excerpted speeches and interpretive reports.

Magazine publishers believe the mass market for fiction died with the pulps, superceded by TV. You would think this would still leave room for an up-scale magazine, but it appears that the demographics for magazine fiction readers is not compatible with high-end advertising.

If I were going to start a fiction magazine, it would probably feature slightly lurid, fantasy tinged romance stories. There would be a handsome guy on the cover, and gothic illustrations inside.

In other words, I would go for the audience that reads those bodice rippers with "Savage" in the title. It's a large enough market to support a magazine, assuming a substantial effort could be made to court the appropriate female-oriented advertising.

Actually, I'm a little surprised one of the more enterprising publishers hasn't attempted to put out a science fiction and fantasy magazine. The market seems small, but I think under-financing explains the puny success of such

publications.

A Zine for FAPA

Boyd Raeburn "It'll stunt your growth," my mother said about coffee. She usually said it between sips of coffee. This now strikes me as quite a contradiction. At the time I just assumed that coffee was like the issue of *Confidential* I accidentally found in an obscure kitchen cabinet, a right I would grow up to enjoy. (I read the *Confidential*, of course. To do otherwise would have been counter to the Code of Kid-dom

Somewhere in the benighted land of my birth, someone is undoubtedly bemoaning the indecency of Tarzan, though there was a marriage ceremony of sorts. I think it is safe to assume that, whether that clergyman is bewailing Tarzan's immorality, MTV is not available.

I imagine that it's difficult for the type of person who actually cares about such nonsense to stay at an aggressive froth over Tarzan in a world in which half-nude Women rub up against Men (and Other Women) round the clock on television.

A Propos de Rien 242

Jim Caughran

I disagree about the desirability of boring FAPA elections. I wouldn't want to see the over-the-top pseudo-political bloodbaths that apparently characterized FAPA's early years, but I've never seen an advantage to promoting an increase in boredom.

The problem is that this this organization, despite its

size, seldom has more people who want to hold an offices than their are titles to be won.

Joyce and I ran against each other for President several years ago. I thought we both ran reprehensibly unfair and low-minded campaigns, but the FAPate didn't take us as seriously as we'd hoped.

We maligned each other for three consecutive mailings, but if it affected the total vote, I'm not aware of it. Of course, last year, when I coaxed most of the Vegas members into voting, the teller lost the ballots and didn't count them anyway.

Sweet Jane 19

Gordon Eklund

Ken Forman expressed substantially the same sentiments about the apparent FAPA mini-revival in the last few mailings. I think you're both right -- and I, too, credit the upswing in mailing comments.

When I rejoined, which like you was in one of those years with back-to-back "9"s in it, there weren't nearly as many sets of mailing comments as in any of the last few mailings.

Meaning no disrespect to those who were doing good MCs during that period, I feel there was a shortage of examples for newer FAPAns to follow. Fans join FAPA with, on the average, much less apa experience than was the case in the '50-'70 span.

Well, there are some very enjoyable sets in the mailing now, definitely including yours, and I detect fresh

enthusiasm for the form from some of our newer members like Catherine Mintz. Now if we can get Dale Speirs and a few others to give it a try, the mini-revival might perhaps become a mini-boomlet.

I started reading magazine science fiction only a year or so after you, but the scene had changed completely in that short interval. The start of the magazine market crash you experienced had claimed all but *Galaxy*, *Amazing*, *Fantastic*, *If*, *Astounding-Analog* and *F&SF*.

As I mentioned in my memoir chapters in *Xtreme* #6, I was a pretty dedicated prozine letter hack for a couple of years. I wonder if I was the last of that breed to then go on to become an actifan. (Guy Lillian III, who currently publishes **Challenger** and should be in FAPA, was a letterhack, too. But in his case he dominated comic book letter columns.)

The difference between written and spoken dialog is fairly significant, as you say. This is particularly true, I've found, when one is trying to be humorous.

Many phrasing that look right on paper don't come across funny when spoken, and the reverse is also true. Las Vegas fandom does a lot of reading-aloud (generally short pieces, though), and I have heard lines that read well flop on the floor and die.

Perhaps my stuff would hit my ear more pleasantly if I did my own readings. My

strange vision problems make it tough to read as fluently as in former years, so I let others declaim my works. I guess I should practice reading some large-print selections to see if I can do *that with* my former smooth delivery.

The Road Warrior

Tom Feller

Don't be too self-deprecating about your ability (and willingness) to make adjustments in your routine as a result of your recent marriage. You and Anita are obviously making a strong effort to adapt to each other, but not all couples do. It's a fact I believe has some connection to the high divorce rate, especially those which occur in the first year.

Detours 64

Russ Chauvenet

I liked the reading list for the SF Institute blurb on your final two pages. Considering its modest length, it certainly hits a lot of the high spots.

Those more familiar with contemporary SF might complain that the most recent book on the list is *Neuro-mancer*, and that there isn't another book less than 15 years old in the bunch.

Creature of Habit #27

Richard Brandt

Your comment about Redd Boggs' "avowed enthusiasm for the female form" brings up a subject I'd been meaning to broach. Fandom is caught in a crisis, and it's going to take cooperation and dedication to fix it.

The deaths of Boggs,

Crack of Idols

The reason role models have only limited effect on youngsters is that everyone has feet of clay. Over-scrutinize even the most admirable paragon, and the knowing eye discerns flaws. They may be trivial, but they are always there to find.

Everyone knows that. "Nobody's perfect," we tell each other. Yet we are still surprised, perhaps outraged, when one of our idols reveals feet of clay. And though such disillusionments are more common in youth, I experienced a deeply painful one today. As the lay-out savvy can tell from the sudden appearance of this box-frame, I've got to tell you about it.

I've always admired Louis R. Chauvenet. His good-humored erudition, well-balanced personality and undeniable intellectual gifts make him a natural hero for any dedicated member of FAPA. His impeccable fannish pedigree completes the inspiring picture.

Of all the honors one can win in FAPA, one stands out as the prize of prizes. Forget being elected President or topping the Laureate Poll. The focus of my ambition is to land quotes on the inside front cover of **Detours**. Only a few of the most artfully turned phrases make it past his judicious eye to blaze across that hallowed page.

If FAPA were the universe, then the inside cover of **Detours** is the sun. I turn to it before I even scan the rest of the mailing for my name!

Strange -- but true!

What a shock and disappointment when I reverently opened **Detours 64**! My contributions were near the bottom of the bundle, so I assumed any quotes of mine would be toward the bottom of the quote page.

I read each of the quotes as my eye traveled down the page. I savored them, nodding at the rightness of their selection. Filled with hope, I continued down the page in search of a quote with my name attached.

My mind was in turmoil as I devoured quote after quote without seeing one of mine. Had I failed The Master? I could see by the arrangement of text that there were only two quotes to examine.

What if neither were mine? I could bear the shame, and had done so many times, but I wasn't sure how I would handle the sheer crushing disappointment.

Then I saw it -- and my heart sank! I feel the pain even now. Oh, wayward insouciance! Fickle mistress thou ever wert!

He'd picked a quote all right: "Be Alert! The world needs more Lerts!" My name wasn't attached, but I dimly recalled tossing this too-often-repeated catchphrase into an otherwise inoffensive paragraph.

Louis R. Chauvenet, Fan of Letters, had picked it among his top quotes. Fallible! Fallible! Worse, he found it again and made the attribution later in the issue.

I have heard the crack of idols.

Burbee and Rotsler have seriously depleted the ranks of lechers, oglers and Knowledgeable Appreciators.

What would happen if, at the next Corflu, one of the women whips off her shirt to exhibit herself and no one looks up from reading *The Fanthology*? The repercussions in the microcosm could be incalculable.

The **Postal** has come to a sad end. The publisher got scared and pulled almost all support and some chains stopped selling it. Sales were still good, overall, but they didn't reach the level needed to trigger all those ancillary projects I described.

As you say, the irony is that **Postal** isn't the first, only or most extreme example of edgy violence in interactive entertainment software.

Publishers defuse potential criticism of some games by substituting robots for flesh-and-blood targets.

Apparently, there is no limit to the number of robots you can destroy in a game, or how thoroughly you can reduce them to scrapmetal. I guess the would-be censors are as unfamiliar with Adam Link, Asimov's robot novels and Data from *Star Trek: The Next Generation* as they are with the video and computer game field.

Green Stuff

Murray Moore

The SAPS have a word for it: BDYDCOMZ! That said, it's good to see you in the mailings.

Glad you mentioned that collection of pulp magazine

art. I'll have to watch for it in local bookstores or, failing that, order it from someone on the Internet. It's collateral with my intense interest in large-breasted women in skin-tight skimpy outfits. We have two huge framed posters, covers of vintage *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, that have been with us for at least 20 years.

I got a posthumous envelope full of art from Bill Rotsler about two weeks ago. The big white envelope with a hand-lettered Vegants logo nearly knocked me over when I saw it lying on the mail table.

There's some evidence that the contents are among the last work he did before his death, stuff he was collecting to ship to me. We'll probably do a little folio of some kind for some of it, though I've also parceled out a few pieces to some of the other locals.

Regular monthly get-togethers are generally a good sign for any local fandom. This isn't too germane to Las Vegas Fandom still young, active and vigorous, but it has worked well in several other cities.

Las Vegants, the invitation fanzine fan club, is now twice-monthly. We get together informally on the first and third Saturdays at 7:30. Meeting average about a 12 fans, though a strong turnout is about twice that number.

So You Say

Ken Forman

Are you aware of the tan-

genial stfnal connection of your title? The letter column in *Amazing* was "Or So You Say." I'll bet you had something entirely different in mind.

You managed to misspell the names of both female TAFF candidates in your short bit. That's not altogether surprising, since both are just names to most fanzine fans.

That doesn't mean they shouldn't run for TAFF however. Since TAFF is a democratic institution, it is whatever the majority says it is.

At one time, fanzine fans constituted a majority. Now, due to steadily expanding voter eligibility, they don't. This is especially true in the US.

When TAFF elects a "Nice Person" with no notable fanzine fan achievements and little fame in the host country, it's just expressing the will of the majority. The fact that such winners are largely irrelevant to your fanac and mine just means that we don't care much and accidentally typo their names.

Wendy O. Williams, former stripper, alleged singer and master-player of the electric chainsaw committed suicide recently.

She had a very hard life, filled with insults and humiliations. I can only hope that this fanzine will perpetuate her memory in some more positive way.

The Rambling Rap #114 Gregg Calkins

So far as I know, my adopted hometown of Las

A Crises of Confidence

If this issue seems a trifle less organized than usual, I think I have a pretty decent excuse. I'm under-going a major crisis at the moment, and it has me so shook up that it's a miracle I linked the text boxes in the right order (I think). (Well, I hope.)

I got a call about a month ago from Joe Birnbaum, the genial fellow who owns the copier company that services the mighty Toner Hall Gestetner 2355.

"I don't quite know how to tell you this," Joe began. "I hope you'll be happy for me when I tell you."

"What is it, Joe?" I often played sidewalk superintendent when he was working on the machine, and we'd established a very pleasant business-based association.

"I'm selling the business," he finally managed. "They offered twice what it's worth."

I managed to wish him well and encouraged him to stay in contact, but I lapsed into a funk as soon as I hung up the phone. The man who had healed my beloved copier, who had pulled it through the potentially deadly Duplexing Malfunction and a hundred lesser maladies had made his last housecall to Toner Hall.

The copy company's new owner is Laser World, the local leader in the sale of toner cartridge refills for computer printers. We already deal with LW in that sphere, but refill cartridges is not exactly on a par with the skills needed to keep this mammoth, complex machine working properly.

On Thursday, just as I was about to run off several Las Vegas contributions to the mailing, the copier suddenly began exhibiting a wide range of horrifying symptoms. A call to the shop, the first since the change in ownership, met with professional iciness instead of the comforting concern I'd come to expect.

It also took 24 hours to get a mechanic here to look at the ailing machine. If I'd told Joe I had a looming FAPA deadline, he'd have driven right over to save the day.

The new repairman, Todd, seems experienced and very knowledgeable, but I don't know... He got it running, but also left with a list of parts he hopes to pull together by sometime next week to get the copier up to full strength.

I hope my baby is in safe hands.

vegas is built mostly on land a gopher couldn't love. The fact that it translates as "The Meadows" means that there was probably some arable land hereabouts, but there's an awful lot of stinkin' desert. (Pause for Ken Forman's passionate pleas on behalf of our nation's turtles.)

Naturally, I wish you every sort of good fortune and limitless bounty in your new home in Costa Rica. I don't think I could make that kind of move. The only language I've ever been able to speak with any facility is English -- down Hooper! --so I don't think I would ever truly be at home in a coun-

try where it wasn't the dominant language.

Before you depart these shores, have you considered a stop in lovely Las Vegas? There are a lot of fanzine fans here who would like to meet you -- and I wouldn't mind seeing you again after all these years, either.

Plasma #3

Moi

Get out your magic markets, please. Turn to page 3, "Hubris and the Cows." Now go to the last line -- the punchline if you will -- and change the final line to: "Now I can barely lift the jar, much less open nit."

And a heartfelt apology to anyone of Nipponese ancestry or inclination who thought I'd invoked a slur. (And a huge dose of reality to those who wondered why I was suddenly talking about hoisting up a Japanese person.)

I'm trying to make a decision about one aspect of **Xtreme**. I'm hoping you'll offer some opinions to help me make up my mind.

Right now, I don't include **Plasma** with the non-FAPA copies of **Xtreme** Joyce does in her **QS**. I'm just not sure they'd be interested in my mailing comments.

So, whaddaya think?.

The end of the page, not to mention the deadline, approaches at breakneck speed.

The usual apologies to those whose FAPAZines got no comments this time.

Bye 'till next mailing!