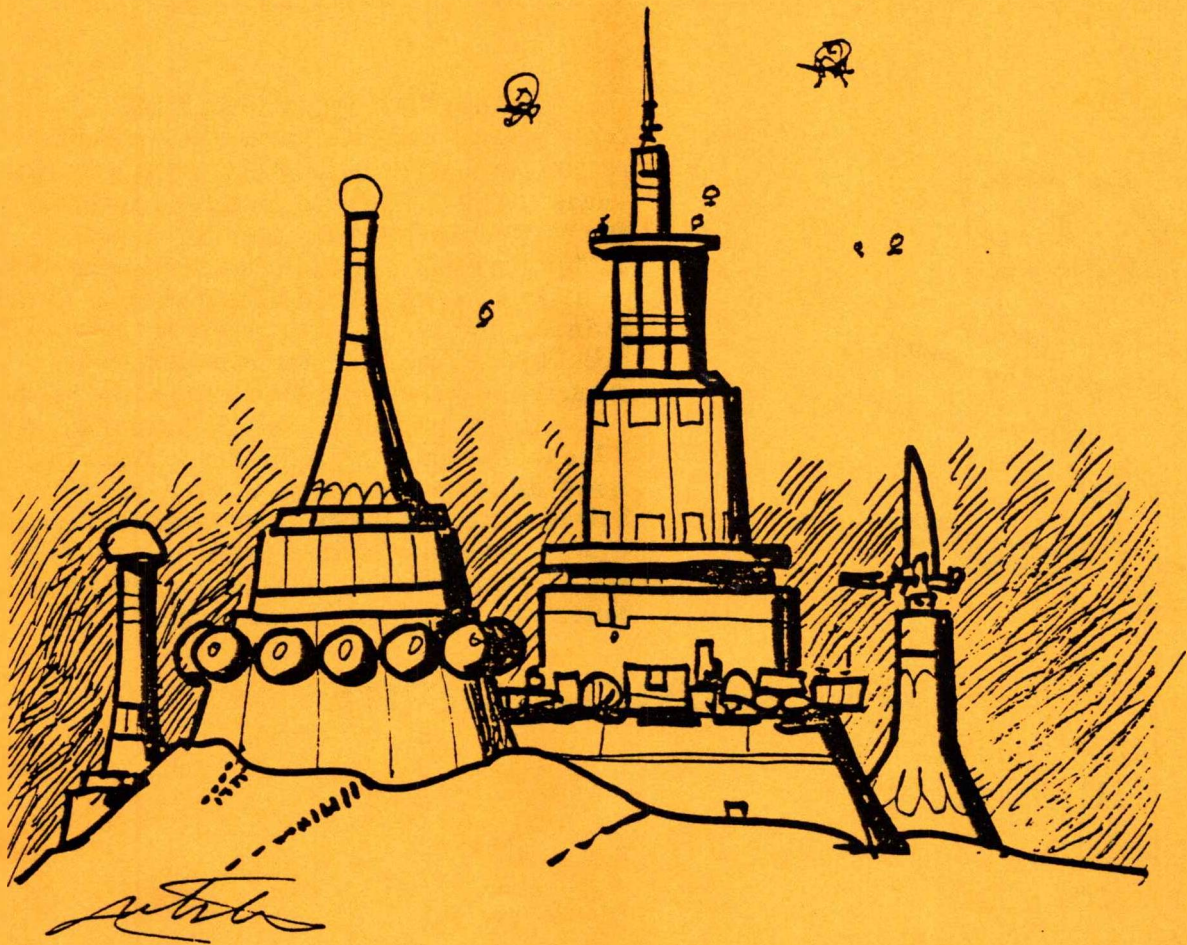


# Brodie III



# BRODIE #3

...and my first Corflu too.

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**Brodie #3** is available for trade, contributions, art, LoCs, and the usual. Please respond to Tom Springer 3073 Conquista Ct., Las Vegas, NV, 89121. I'm into the second day of Corflu, Saturday, and behind schedule in regards to pubbing this ish. Corflu Update: Having paid off Cathi Copeland, the beautiful score keeper for the Fannish Feud, the NLE Boys barely squeezed by the Falls Church Team and now face the New York Team in the finals. rich brown was at the races.

This is actually my second draft of **Brodie #3**, having fallen prey to Kinkos one time too many, and with Arnie taking pity on me, he's helped me tremendously in my layout this issue. Those of you who received issues at Corflu Vegas will find this version much cleaner, and I hope better looking to boot. Thanks Arnie.

## Art Contributions

Brad Foster: 9, 13  
Alexis Gilliland: 1  
Bill Rotsler: 7, 15, 22, 25, 27, 29  
Cover: Rotsler  
Backcover: Bill Kunkel  
inside cover: Rotsler

# Just a Quicky

an editorial

" Corflu is here! It's 3:15 pm on Friday, and I'm roughing out this quick editorial as my letter column prints out. This is going to be a quicky because I don't have time to write, it's disappearing at this very moment. I'm supposed to be at the hotel for Ben and Cathi's wedding (they'll be the Wilsons soon) at 7:15pm, which means I have to leave now and come back when I can.

It's now 3:25am, Friday night is officially over, some of the last fans to pass by the con-suites were myself, Arnie Katz, Lenny Bailless (I know I'm spelling his name wrong), JoHn Hardin, and Ted White. I think there might have been somebody else but it's late and everything is looking fuzzy. I have to keep one eye closed to read my screen. I can't wait to drive back to the Plaza. Quite a night, and impossible to capture here, but I will mention that Joyce's table at the Katz's party Thursday night was, well, a challenge really. One the fans present met with great gusto. She baked three turkeys, and they were all eaten, which proves there's nothing like a hungry fan. The weather was perfect, allowing party overflow to seep into the swimming pool and backyard area without discomforting anyone. I think it was the best party the Katz's have had here in Las Vegas.

My jaw is sore from talking, or laughing, regardless, Friday night has been a most splendid time. The wedding, after ceremony dinner runs, then a gathering of

fans in all the con-suites and more than several rooms. Sure, we've had set backs, bad stapling, absent Vegrants, other small things that can be criticized, and fortunately not anything (I think) that has ruined anyone's con. All and all things have gone nicely.

Which brings me to this fanzine. It's bigger than my last two. Arnie has a great piece on Burbee, and I have a longish piece on a friend/criminal who made off with almost two million dollars. I also introduce my girl friend Tammy, and try to chart Vegas fandom for those who may still wonder who's who. This fanzine just seemed to get bigger, and bigger, which has forced me to rush things having not taken into account the job that has developed here.

It's almost 4:00am and I have to get back for a couple hours sleep before the morning activities begin. I'm going to have to find time Saturday to get this done, then I can begin passing it out. Those of you on my mailing list might get this ish twice, if you do, give the other copy to anyone else. Arnie's piece is good, enjoy!

I'LL PUT YOU  
DOWN FOR \$5K?  
NO... 10K!



# The Art of Burbee

by Arnie Katz

If Ernest Hemingway had had a sense of humor, he would have been Charles Burbee. No other fanwriter communicates trenchant insights in such an economical prose style.

It is interesting to speculate how *The Sun Also Rises* might've turned out if Burbee had written it. And perhaps it is yet in his plans to attempt *The (Dirty) Old Fan* and the LoC (pronounced ell-oh-see by civilized fans everywhere).

No speculation is required to read the huge body of work that Burbee has bestowed on fandom during over a half-century of activity. Although the two Incomplete Burbee anthologies still leave many gems buried in moldering old fanzines, they present ample evidence that Burbee truly is the Hemingway of Fandom.

This is no disparagement of Walt Willis, whose fannish efforts have inspired me for so long. He is equally a master, but he weaves his tapestry in a different frame of reference. The quintessential Willis article is a cunning latticework of crystalline words, ingeniously fitted together to maximize their sound, meaning and laugh-provoking potential. To praise Burbee no more dims the Willis lustre than praising Hemingway denigrates William Faulkner.

(Is Walt William Faulkner with an Irish accent and puns? Watch for another article, coming soon...)

The seeming simplicity of Burbee's magic makes it even more remarkable. He writes the kind of natural prose which comes only with repeated revision. Without esoteric vocabulary and highly detailed descriptions, his artist's eye paints whole scenes, entire universes, with a few brilliant strokes.

He's a literary impressionist-realist. (That's a term intended to copywrite, like that guy did with "threepeat." That way, every time you turn to each other in herbally induced stupor and burble, "You're an impressionist-realist!" and laugh uncontrollably, I'll have the consolation of knowing you owe me another 2.3 cents. And I intend to collect that 0.3 cents, too.)

What I mean by "impressionist-realist" (© A. Katz, 1994) is the Burbee's laconic lyricism is nearly transparent to readers. He crafts images that transcend words. Though every line is painstakingly molded, and many will be repeated until we've all fanned our last ac, it's the total effect that stays with the reader.

I hope this treatise will be forgiven a few extensive Burbee quotes. There's no better

way to get the flavor of his writing. This description of a 1944 fan visit, from "Their Sensitive Fannish Faces" showcases Burbee's descriptive power.

I went down and could see through the door window a couple of sensitive fannish faces. How did I know what sensitive fannish faces looked like? I had never seen any. Neither had Isabelle, but she had seen a funny wild look there. I opened the door and the boldest of the trio introduced the bunch, none of whom I had seen before. I saw those faces often after that, but this was the first time. I gazed with awe on these genuine fan faces on genuine fan heads. I invited them in, opened the door wide, and up the stairs trooped, in shambling unison, James Kepner, Andy Anderson, and F. Towner Laney.

James Kepner, later known as Dirty Old Kepner. Andy Anderson, described in a later article in Shangri-L'Affaires (the Defunct Fanzine) as "horse-faced," F. Towner Laney, known also as Francis T. Laney, whose letterhead proclaimed him a connoisseur of "unusual books, hot jazz." They all trooped up my stairs, gay smiles on their sensitive fannish faces.

We spent a reasonable time getting acquainted, sealing the bonds of our friendship by the use, eventually, of the four-letter word made famous wherever our troops were stationed. I loaded them with beer, whiskey and milk. 'They got high on all three.

They went through my fanzines, spoke in gentlemanly uncomfortable tones. In general they were nice and polite and considerate, not the least like fans. Now and again, various expressions came and

went on their sensitive fannish faces.

Burbee is never more incisive than when he is describing other people. This selection from "Stibbard the Gay," hints at how Burbee creates his evocative character portraits. Note how he deftly plays the ostensive meaning of the description against the real, opposite meaning, all in a disarmingly conversational tone. This is artistry, indeed!

"Make me dashing, romantic and gay," said Stanley Stibbard

I said that this was beyond the power of a mortal such as I, and I am mortal even if I am a fan.

"I cannot work miracles," I said.

"But if you're going to write an article on me I insist that you make me dashing, handsome, and gay," said Stibbard.

Stibbard is a colleague of Rotsler, as you may know. They go to art school together. He is not a fan. He is crazy about Albert and Pogo, though, so I will talk to him even if he isn't a fan. Rotsler can sometimes induce Stibbard to draw fantastic pictures, and these Willie latches onto quickly, for Stibbard, being a true artistic soul, is wont to destroy his marvelous sketches as rapidly as he draws them. It is impossible to say how many sketches, each featuring his characteristic economy of line, he has channelled onto paper, only to liquidate a moment later.

But I must make him dashing and gay and romantic. I can't really do that, of course, but maybe I can cause you to carry away with you the impression that Stibbard is all these things. If merely saying it here on paper will do it, I will say it here on paper. Stibbard is a dashing lad, romantic,

handsome, and gay. As a matter of fact, he looks a hell of a lot like Steve Canyon. Especially when he wears that leather flying jacket. With his crew haircut and downward slanting eyes -- yup! -- he does cut a swashbuckling figure at that. One expect to see either the flash of a rapier or the ugly snout of a Colt .45 somewhere about him. He smells impressively of doublemint chewing gum and Cuban tobacco and damp wool (this last from the flier's jacket which he wears everywhere except to bed and breakfast).

By now I hope you have a firm grip on the illusion of Stibbard that I have striven so manfully to build up

Burbee builds his word-picture of the young art student with vocabulary intelligible to a seventh grader, according to the Flesch Index, a measure of prose density. That's another reason you'll find nuggets of Burbee buried in the compost of Katz. His precision atones for my occasional prolixity, my least favorite Sins of the Flesch. He reaches for the right word, not the flashy one.

Burbee is a master of the ordinary language of every day people. In his hands, the every day becomes something special. Check this brief snippet from a Shangri-L'Affaires editorial:

We are striking off a medal for Frank Robinson, who publishes that gem of fanewscards, which, strangely enough, is titled Fanewscard. We feel that suitable awards should be made to fans who have contributed something to the art and science of fandom, or who have performed some doughty deed. Fwankie has done a very courageous thing, and to be more

explicit, an unheard-of thing. It seems that some weeks ago we asked him for an article for this very issue. He promised one. He may have been coerced, but he promised. Eventually he rushed back to the comparative safety of Chicago 29, being only a visitor here in the first place. After a few notes telling of no progress, he finally admitted that he was unable to writs anything longer than a Fanewscard. Said if he wrote a hundred words, 75 of them would be padding.

We were bowled over, of course. He's the first fan we've ever heard of who's actually come right out and flatly stated an inability to do anything. So -- for him we are striking off a medal. The design has not yet been decided upon, but it will be something bizarre and shocking. Due to scarcity of noble metals, the thing will have to be made from something like yttrium. It will not be forthcoming in the near future, but it is being thought about seriously. Even if we don't strike it off this month, or this year, Fwankie can always turn toward L.A. with the warm, comfortable feeling that he's got a Medal coming from here sometime. (June '44, #15)

Burbee's ear for dialog is second to none. The lines have the authentic terseness of offhand conversation, but the cumulative effect is devastating. This excerpt from FAPA Forever, dialogue with minimal connecting narrative, could almost be a two-character play. Despite the fact that he doesn't tell us anything about either Betty or himself in straight exposition, both come through vibrantly, memorably.

She asked then if I liked poetry. I said no. So she said she would read me a poem I would like. I declined with thanks. So she

said, "Oh, but you'd like this one."

"No," I said, "I don't like poetry. Especially fan poetry, which practically always stinks."

"You'll like this one," she said.

"No, I'd rather not hear it. I don't like poetry."

"I'll read it to you."

She had a copy of one of Dale Hart's mags. When I saw that it was inevitable, I had to give in and enjoy it. I said I would read the poem myself, and took the mag and read this sonnet by Sidney Johnson. I said I didn't like it too well.

"What kind of fellow is Sidney Johnson?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I've never heard of him before."

"How old is he?" she asked.

"I don't know. I don't even know the man. Never heard of him in my life."

"Do you think he has a fine mind?"

"Well, that's hard to say, from reading one sonnet and that not a very good one."

"What kind of fellow is he?"

"Who? "

"Sidney Johnson."

"Oh," I said, "you mean Sidney Johnson!"

"Yes," she said. "What kind of fellow is he?"

"Oh," I said, "he's not a bad fellow -- now, I guess."

"How old is he?"

"Thirty-eight."

"How do you know?" asked Betty

"His brother told me."

"Who's his brother?"

"Why, Johan P. Johnson. Teaches English at LACC. Used to be a great friend of mine."

"Are you sure he's 38?"

"Well, that's just a guess, He might be 42."

"Oh, no! He's not more than 40!"

"Well," I said, casting a sidelong glance at my host, busily cutting stencils, a yard or so away. "I don't see why it matters."

"It matters a great deal," declared his bride. "I may want to marry him some day."

"Oh. Well, I guess he's around 42."

"You said 39."

"So I did."

"Come on, Burbee, give a girl a break. He's 38, isn't he?"

"Wellllllll, come to think of it he is."

"That isn't too old, is it?"

"I guess not."

"Tell me about him -- what is his philosophy?"

"He had a strange philosophy. I guess he was a black sheep. Of course all my information is seven years old, so he might have changed and be entirely different now."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, the family educated him. Brought him up to be a dentist. Paid some \$2000 to teach him the dental profession; After graduation he went into the business, and after three years of work, he'd paid them back and saved up quite a sum of money. So he thought he would take a little vacation. He went all over the world."

"Where did he go?"

"He wound up in India, where he ran out of money, and he got a job of some sort. Maybe it was in Tibet -- I never listened very well when Johan told me about it."

"Johan," murmured Betty, "who is that?" "That's his brother who teaches English at LACC."

"Oh, and how did he know all this?"

"Well, after all, even black sheep write letters home now and then."

"He wasn't completely estranged, you know."

"And how long did he stay away?"

"Eight years."

"But how old is he now.?"

"I'm not positive. Let me see, I will figure it out. He got out of college at the age of 22, was a dentist for three years, was gone for eight years and that was seven years ago -- that makes him 40."

"Oh no!"

"Well," I said, "I happen to know he is 38, so my figures are wrong. They were only approximate, anyhow. Ah, yes," I added reflectively, "he thought he would take a little vacation and so he went to Paris." I drank a little beer.

"And how long was he gone?"

"Eight years."

Betty laughed. He sounds like quite a guy. What does he look like?"

"Well, I never saw him."

"Yes, but was he tall, dark, blond, or what?"

"I don't know."

"He's tall, isn't he?"

"Well, yes, now that you mention it. I'd say he was about 73 inches tall, weighed about 170 pounds of lean, hard sinew."

"I thought so," said Betty.

"Had a lot of strange experiences in India. Once, while climbing up a rickety rope ladder while ascending Mount Kashima in southern India -- right near Tibet, you know -- he made the mistake of looking down. The lines of perspective pulled him down to the valley floor, three thousand feet straight down. He lost his head. He clung weakly to the rope and messed himself. Yes, he clung there, weaker than beer with ice in it and messed

himself. Said he almost died there."

"Why," said Betty, "none of that shows in his poetry."

"Yes, that I must admire him for," I said. "A man like that, who knows at least fifteen native dialects, refrains from putting one word in a poem. That shoves great restraint, which is the basis of artistry. Of course, there is a bit of Urdu philosophy in lines 8 and 9, but it is all to the good."

"I didn't notice that," said Betty, "I haven't read as much as you have."

"Burbee," said Betty, "how many children have you got?"

"He has five children," said my host.

"Is that right, Burbee?"

"Well," I said. "I guess that's right. Let's see, one each by two girls I should have married, and three by Isabelle."

"You're married to her, aren't you?"

"In the sight of God, yes."

"But what about those other girls? Why did you get them pregnant?"

"Oh, I don't know. I thought it would be a good joke, I guess."

"I can't understand a man who will do that."

"Well," I said, "women are pretty hard to understand, too. For example, when I brought home a girl I had got pregnant, Isabelle refused to take her in. I merely wanted to take care of the girl while she was that way, but Isabelle wouldn't hear of it. That seems like a very strange attitude for a woman to take against a member of her own sex."

"But why did you get bet that way?"

"Oh, I was thinking of something else at the time. You know how it is. But hell, Sidney Johnson had 15 children, so I'm a piker beside him."

"I thought you said he was single."



"Well, he was. He had five or six native wives. But you can't expect a native marriage to hold in the courts of this country."

"No," said Betty, "I suppose not."

Insurgents generally have two methods for making their criticisms know: satire and polemic. Ah, Sweet Idiocy! is the ultimate insurgent diatribe unflinching and reportorial. Burbee's satire is more oblique, but no less devastating, than one of FTL's frontal assaults. Try this acid-etched, yet still affectionate, send-up of Laney's well-known penchant for proclaiming his lack of involvement with fandom and science fiction.

WHO LET  
THIS NED  
IN HERE?



GREAT FOOD,  
HAVE YOU  
NO  
STANDARDS  
?

me

Next day at work I said to Francis T Laney, as I held out my hand, "Where is that article?"

"I haven't written anything," said Laney. "I'll write you that article one of these days, but I haven't any time now."

"But I'm going to press!" I shouted, and the fellow on the lathe in front of me

tuned his eye upon me. "I'm going to press!" I shouted again.

"Hell with it," said Laney, grinning, and walked away. I'd hollered the wrong thing. Those words would not bring the fanatic gleam I've so often seen in his eyes. I should have said: "Mint commemoratives! Plate blocks!" Then for sure his eyes would have lit up. Oh well. He is going to do me an article one of these days. I will publish it here, in this seldom type mag.

There is a fellow in the shop who reads Astounding religiously. He rightly regards Laney as an intelligent person. But he also thinks that Laney ought to read science-fiction.

"Oh, I've read a little of the stuff," said Laney. "Along with my general reading. It's OK to spice a general reading diet with a bit of science-fiction; some of it is quite interesting. But though I find it pleasant to read at times, I can't say I care a great deal for it. And I certainly can't see anyone going strongly for the stuff."

Thus spake F T Laney, science-fiction fandom's living legend.

Burbee loved Laney (not in the biblical sense, if their articles may be believed). This acid-etched character study is Burbee on the warpath.

"I can handle them," said Al Ashley. "I can take care of that situation." He was referring to the threat made by the Executive Committee of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and Dancing Academy (Walter J. Daugherty Pres.) that they would eject him bodily from the club if he ever dared show up again at a meeting. It seems they removed him from membership some time ago, and since then, he has showr

up for meetings more regularly than before.

Hints that he was not welcome bounced off him. When Russell T. Hodgkins, who prides himself on his dignity, so lost his dignity one night that he called Al in open meeting "You damned welsher." Al merely sat there and stared at Russ with the identical expression he uses for staring off into space. Every so often, too, EEEvans, that most patient of men (he says) loses his patience and addresses some sharp, impatient remark to Al, who doesn't seem to mind at all.

But the other night the executive committee decided that the next time their unwelcome visitor should up they would, by main force, throw him bodily and with malice aforethought, right out the clubroom door. Ashley, when informed of this decision, made the statement as recorded in the first line of this factual account. He said that if Gus Willmorth (who weighs 220 on the hoof and virtually the same sitting down) were omitted from the Ejection Committee (one wonders why there is no Welcoming Committee) he could handle Cox, Evans, Hodgkins, and Ackerman.

"Yes, Al," said a friend. "Perhaps there would be a mighty struggle with you swinging Evans around like a blunt instrument (which is no doubt the mental picture you carry of him), but don't you think that eventually you would end up in the street?"

"No," said Al calmly. He calmly picked up his coffee cup, placed it calmly to his lips and calmly drank the contents.

Trouble was, the cup was empty before he picked it up.

Burbee's ability to evoke characters and

situations often gives his fanwriting universality, and therefore accessibility. He's funny even to readers largely unfamiliar with the fans who populate his stories. "Big Name Fan" and "A Coinage for Fandom" are definitely funnier if you get all the fannish references, but you don't need to know Al Ashley to get a laugh out of this sliver from "You Bastard, Said Al Ashley."

You bastard, said Al Ashley. These words of his, so much at variance with his general genial attitude, ring in my head like a mad doorbell. At odd hours during the day I seem to hear his soft voice saying: You bastard. He says it with a smile, because he has a sense of humor (in spite of what people may say) and often knows what is going on even if it sometimes seems that his brain is four measures behind. He is forced by the propriety of self-esteem to vocalize himself in this dreadful epithet.

He always has a distinct and excellent reason for expressing himself thus. It is not to be thought that Al Ashley greets people at his door with this expression, or that he can be depended upon to repeat it at odd intervals in a normal conversation. I have merely stripped the phrase of its context. As such it cannot stand alone and have anything but an esoteric meaning. So in the following pages I will outline a few of the many situations and remarks that have caused Al Ashley to give rise to this epithet.

For a time it was a humorous thing from Al Ashley's point of view to bring out "falsies: and wear them around the house outside of his shirt while visitors were present. The falsies and Al's elfish smile would naturally, as he expected, rouse comment from the onlookers. My god, Al, someone would be sure to say, what the

hell are those? And Al would answer, smiling, say, can't you see? And someone would say: Yeah, but whose are they? And Al would eagerly say, oh, they belong to E----. This was his punch line, because E----'s homosexual tendencies as are well-known in the inner circle.

One evenings as Al Ashley was sporting these things around in view of a half dozen or more people, I said, Al. why are you wearing those crazy things -- are they yours? Hell no, he said, they belong to E-----. I said, I'm inclined to doubt that. You say they belong to him, but I've never seen him wearing them. On the other hand I've seen you with them on a dozen times. You wear them so much, Al, I think they're yours.

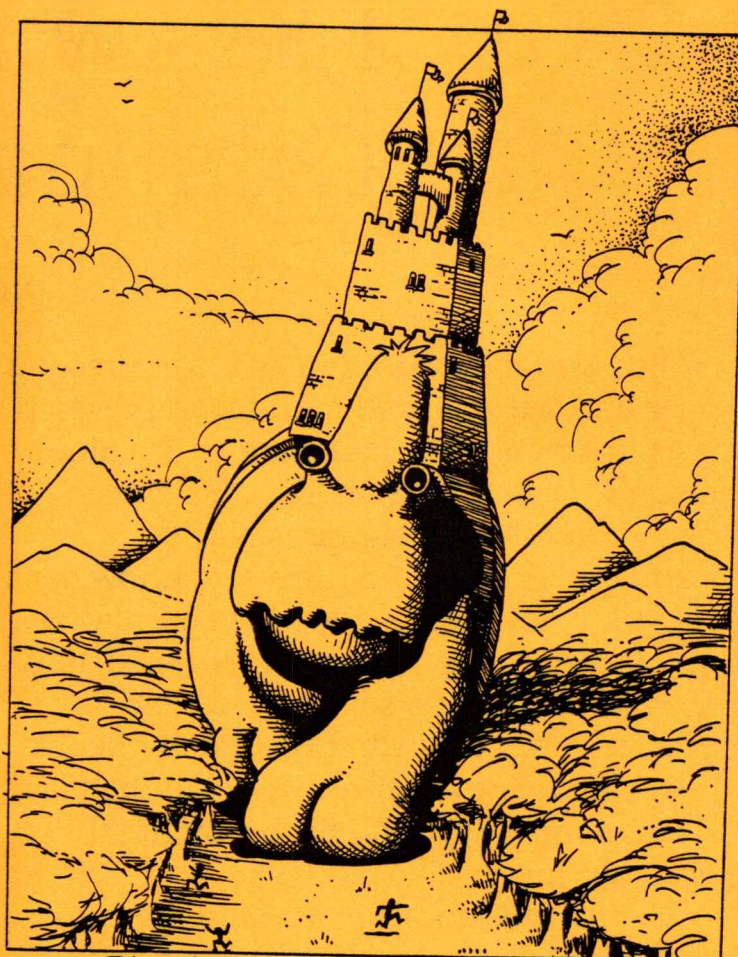
You bastard, said Al Ashley.

Al Ashley's researches into the sex lives of the various fans he knows is something amounting to a passion. Al has a long list (in his head) of all the homos in local fandom, and suspects at least 90% of the rest. With very little encouragement he can be brought out on the subject, declaiming this person and that person and declaring others under a cloud of suspicion. His theme is that nearly everybody is queer, and he's pretty disgusted with them all.

At one of these declamatory sessions somebody remarked that Al seemed pretty sure of his facts. They asked him how he could be so sure that nearly everybody was queer. I have definite proof, said Al. And then the redoubtable F. Towner Laney said, I think you say people are queer just out of spite. You're trying to get even with them, because you can't get into their pants.

You bastard, said Al Ashley.

Who cares whether or not Al Ashley really said, "You bastard"? Even fannish



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historians would barely recall that '40s fan today, if not for the many Burbee pieces in which he starred. Not knowing that he existed at all is no barrier to relishing the moment when the pompous windbag gets his come-uppence.

And speaking of pompous windbags, it is time to let go of this appreciation of the art of Charles Burbee. Like every supposed humorist, I would give my propeller beanie to be proclaimed the Burbee of the '90s, but if my shaky scholarship continues much longer, this article's honoree may recast me as the decade's reincarnation of Al Ashley

# I Knew a Gamer-Criminal Once...

by Tom Springer

I'd been living in Las Vegas for almost a year and half before I met Anthony Frisco (yes, that's his real last name). For nine months of that year and a half I'd been bed-ridden with a slipped disk, a herniation of the L5 S1 for you fellow back sufferers out there. The worst herniation my doctor had ever seen. He immediately wanted to operate, so I got a second opinion, then a third. I was finally healed (I was unable to walk and stuck in bed lying on my right side for six months) by my acupuncturist.

Cured and mobile I started to re-explore Las Vegas. I was new in town and had yet to make any friends. I was soon to discover that Vegas isn't an easy place to make friends, it's too urban to be neighborly, too busy and crowded to be sociable, and at times, just plain nasty. My wallet really couldn't handle the bar seen at that time (if I'd only found fandom then!) so I couldn't mine that potential area.

Not only had I yet to meet someone worthwhile, I was becoming bored. Crazy bored. Suicidally bored. Which I'm using as my excuse for when I entered the world of gamers once again. I'd been a gamer throughout middle school and highschool, it wasn't until college that I put my tombs of 'magic and imagination' away and took a look around the world. I liked what I saw

so they remained in storage forgotten and collecting dust. It had been almost five years but that didn't matter.

I started advertising in hobby stores for roleplayers for my world of dungeons and adventure. This was my pathetic solution at meeting people, but I thought I might have a chance of meeting someone worthwhile.

It goes to show that you never can tell.

Well, they answered my add in droves. I picked eight of the most easy going (I thought) guys, and we all seemed to get along pretty well. We played on and off for a year.

But this story isn't about my misspent youth or time wasted, it's about one of the gamers I met through my ad those few years ago. It's about a guy named Tony Frisco (were in Vegas after all) who I spent a year gaming with and befriending, then another exploring the sleazy bars of this electric hell, who's now languishing in prison somewhere in Coasta Rica. Now, let me tell you about Tony.

He was the first one to answer my ad, we met in a bar not far from one of the hobby stores I was advertising in (there's a bar near everything in Las Vegas) and we had a few beers while I briefly interviewed him. He seemed like a very nice guy, he drank

beer and knew the system I was using, so that was good enough for me. Leaving the bar I noticed he drove a Jeep (so he had at least enough money to own a car), one more indication he wasn't some repressed nerd and who might have a life. I happened to get along better with him than the other guys we gamed with, but then the rest of the guys were your typical immature, anal, repressed, neurotic gamers. (Of course the jury's still out on me.) Maybe it was because he didn't look like your typical gamer, and he certainly didn't act like one; and in those two things we found some common ground.

Tony Frisco is Italian with an olive complexion, brown eyes, with black hair combed in what could only be called a very small pompadour with short sideburns. He has a slash of a mouth with white teeth that combine to create a strikingly handsome smile. He stood a little under a wirery six feet. He was very languid, a times even still, which always drew my attentions to comparing him with a snake. Even his eyes could attain that stillness people describe as "dead-eye". Tony had it. He could also be very charming, and with his good looks, was something of a player in the woman department, but with a girlfriend his skirt-chasing was slowed considerably.

Tony also had the ability to ooze the violently predatory air that many people capable of great physical violence exude. He could turn it on and off like a light too, which made for some interesting situations.

Our group gamed every other Friday evening but Tony and I would meet at least twice a week to go out boozing. Some of the guys in the gaming group went out with us once in a while but it was mainly Tony and myself. Eventually our game dissolved,

like they all seemed to do, but this just gave Tony and I more time to screw around together.

We'd get together at least once a week, drinking and bar-hopping, and during that time we got to know each other even better. I learned he was previously in the Army for two years, based in Greece where he also went to college. After dropping out he ended up here in Vegas, much like me. His family, like my own, also lived here at that time, so we had more in common that we thought.

We got to know each other well enough for me to invite him over to my parent's house to watch those big boxing events on HBO with my dad and I. We all liked boxing. He became my friend as well as my fathers'. Tony's girlfriend worked nights at the Hardrock Cafe, giving him a lot of free time between 6:00pm and 2:00am. So we'd go drinking. Las Vegas has as many bars as gas-stations, so we did a lot of bar-hopping.

Tony and I had quite a few adventures together. There was something weird about us (which I always blamed on Tony, and which he always vehemently denied). Apart, we seemed to be two normal young men. Together, we had this odd synergy, an aura that seemed to attract the drunk, strange or just plain crazy. When we went out drinking together, that's when things would start happening.

One night we went to an old watering hole of ours called Madison Avenue for a few games of pool and some drinks, as usual. Madison Avenue is a low-class joint dressed up to look better than the drugs-sold-in-the-bathroom-cocktail-waitress-doing-speed-by-the-coffee maker bar that it really is. (It was there, at the beginning of

our friendship, Tony told me he used to sell drugs, right on the stool he was sitting on.) So, we had a couple drinks, played our pool (he won so I was buying that night) and settled down at the empty bar for some alcohol. It was around midnight and the place was empty but for one other person and the bartender. And this man was quietly playing a slot machine a few seats down from us, minding his own business.

Tony and I were discussing "great pool shots we've seen" when we hear footsteps and turn to see a man approach us. He was small, appeared to be in his mid-forties, unkempt, and slightly inebriated.

"Scuse me, you playin' this machine?" he asked, motioning at the unused machine in front of me with his cup full of coins. I looked around the empty bar area, allowing my gaze to finally rest on Tony who was poker-faced, and I think, waiting to see what I'd do.

I shrugged, and with drink in hand slid off the stool. Tony followed me farther down the bar where we settled ourselves again and briefly commented on the "interesting" people you can find in this town. The unkempt drunk little man started playing the machine I was sitting at and all was back to normal again. I bought us another round and our conversation turned to the old cars we each owned and had eventually wrecked.

It seemed like just a little while later when the little obnoxious guy approached us again, and this is when I found out how short Tony's fuse is actually cut.

"You playin' this machine? Mind if I play it?" the little man asked, edging a little closer in anticipation of acquiescence.

I looked at Tony, a drunken snort of laughter exploding from my nose when I

saw his face. First it was his unblinking, impassive snake-eye look which he moved from the rude little man to me, and when I saw his face melt to an instantaneously incredulous mask of disbelief, that's when I gave way with my drunken snort.

And that's when the fuse did the job every fuse loves to do.

"What?" Tony screamed at the obnoxious little drunk. "No, you can't play this machine! You wanna know why?" Tony screamed, literally spitting in the man's face, who stood transfixed by this unexpected display of violent temper, as was I.

Tony jammed his hand into his pocket and pulled out a fist full of cash, slammed it down on the machine, and screamed, "Because I'm playing it!" Then he turned around and leaned into the unmoving face of the drunk little man and turned it on, I could almost hear it click. Tony was pale, his hands were trembling and there were little white flecks of spit in the corners of his mouth, and he said, very quietly to the terrified drunk, "You got a problem with that?" as the bartender set a roll of quarters in front of him.

The little drunk unkempt man stood there silent and still, his eyes big and round. I thought Tony was going to kill him. Tony turned back to the machine, broke open the roll and started cramming quarters into it. I closed my mouth, put my drink down, and looked over at the victim of Tony's rage. The man's eyes flicked from Tony to me, we briefly locked gazes, and I thought he should leave before Tony killed him. I raised my brows as if to say, "Your move," and swiveled back to my drink.

About a sip and a half later I heard the door open, then close, and when I looked,

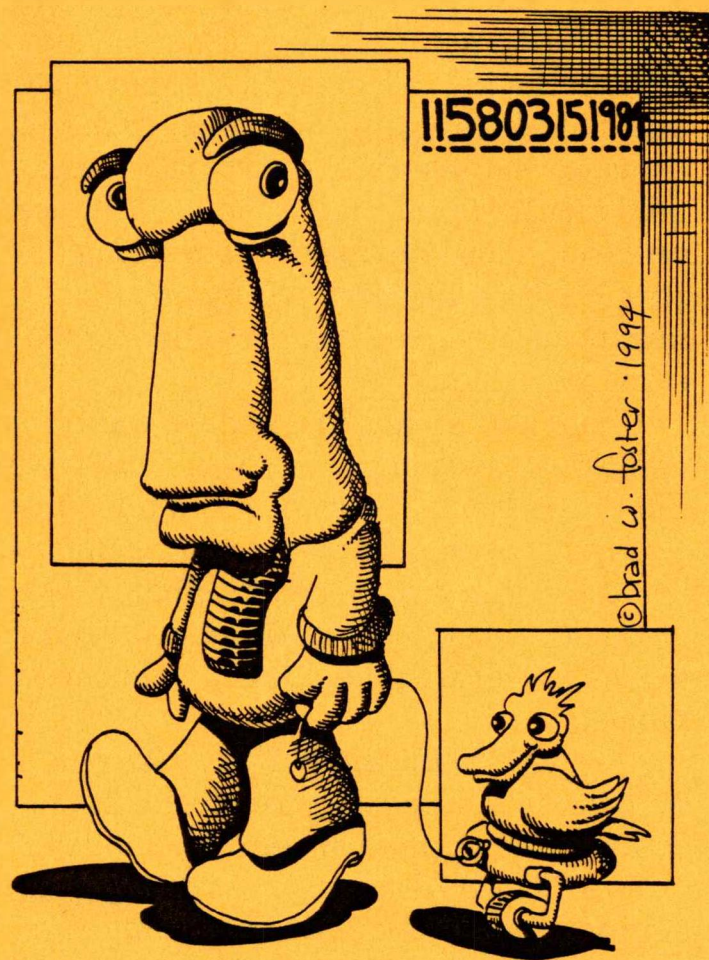
the obnoxious little drunk was gone. Tony had stopped with the quarters and seemed to be calming down, a little smile tugging at his lips. So quickly did his temper change we were howling with laughter about the whole thing just seconds later. That was a moment to remember, seeing that other side of Tony, and one I always would.

In retrospect the whole incident was very amusing, but only *after* that moment in time when I knew Tony wasn't going to get off his stool and kill the guy. I still feel a little sorry for that obnoxious little man, but not much. He should've known better than to act the way he did in a place like that. We could have beaten the crap out of him and the bartender wouldn't have lifted a finger to help him. I rather let the drunk guy have the whole bar but Tony felt differently and in doing so surprised me with how quietly, and quickly, that switch clicks on.

We're all wired differently, that night was a strong reminder, and this I knew even back then, but I wasn't to learn how different Tony was until later.

Another night found us playing blackjack (I don't remember where, we had gotten pretty drunk that night, and I'm only just remembering this), enjoying ourselves, but not doing very well. We got up from the table with our chips in one hand and our drinks in the other and ambled down the row of tables until we saw the first one with two open seats next to each other, in which we sat down immediately.

I ended up sitting next to an average looking man with parted black hair, nice clothes, slightly built, lots of chips, and who seemed to me a little nervous.



"Hi!" I said, drunk and probably being too friendly. He nodded, looked at his cards, and seemingly, I no longer existed in his universe. Fine with me. He played well, not even smiling when he won, while he quietly cursed the dealer under his breath when he lost.

I pretty much ignored him after the nod, but only so much as one can ignore a nervous-looking quietly cursing man who's busy gambling. Let's just say I kept my eye on him, but sitting next to Tony, talking, drinking, and gambling, his past discretion were soon forgotten, besides, I was having a good time.

Shortly, Tony and I began winning and my nervous neighbor next door started losing. Having lost around sixty bucks in one hand he abruptly stood up, grabbed his chips, gave Tony and I a dirty look we could only laugh off, and left. "Good riddance," we thought and resumed our winning streak, which disappeared by an unexpected turn of bad luck that forced us from the table.

Chips and drinks in hand we wandered aimlessly about until we spied a table with but one player. Plenty of room for Tony and I. As we approached from behind we could see this guy looked familiar, but nothing clicked. Not until we sat down did we realize it was the oddbird from the last table.

"Are you following be?" he asked immediately, almost aggressively, his hand protectively cupped around his money.

"No," I said hesitantly, gesturing at the empty table, "We just wanted to sit at an empty table," I explained.

"Cause if you're following me I'll talk to the management!" he exclaimed, "And they'll throw you out!"

Tony and I looked at the dealer who could only shrug and roll her eyes. Tony sat down, "Look man, we're not following you, we just wanna play blackjack."

"You better not be following me," he said lamely, avoiding our eyes while waiting for the next hand.

I joined Tony and my nervous neighbor, and for a while, we just sat and played blackjack, Tony and I occasionally sharing a quiet comment. We slowly started winning, then more so. Unfortunately our table companion began losing just as Tony and I started our streak. We began sharing high-fives or greedily cackling at our

winnings, generally being obnoxious, but no more than any other gambler on the floor.

Finally our buddy had had enough. After losing a particularly large wager, a sum doubled by his double down bet, he raked up his remaining chips with clawed fingers, turned a crazed eye on us, and screeched in a voice emotionally strained, "Don't follow me!" and stormed off into the smokey nether-regions of the casino.

We had a good laugh over this one, and though he was no doubt weird, Tony and I were becoming accustomed to weird. We joked, and confessed to the dealer how this sort of thing keeps happening to us, quickly recounting some of our past experiences. Though we left the table laughing, we left with our gambling money reduced by half, and so searched for another table we could invest our luck at.

We had just settled down, drinking, gambling and laughing, plainly enjoying ourselves, when who should show up? Why, my nervous neighbor!

He recognized us right in the middle of sitting down, and before he could say a word I screeched out as best I could, "Are you following me?" Tony cracked up, spilling his stack of chips and my neighbor stood instead of sat, again grabbing his dough, and off he went, ears turning red at hearing Tony and I screeching back and forth, "Are you following me?" "Are you following me?" and then laughing our asses off.

Another night at a violent little watering hole on the east side found a drunk young man (like ourselves) asking Tony and I if we knew where he could find his wife. (This had now become second nature for us.) We, of course, had no clue where this





man's wife could be, but we were eager to provide suggestions.

"Did you check the bathroom?" I asked, thumbing towards the restrooms. He lurched through the restroom door only to return momentarily.

"Not there," he said leaning against the bar a little crooked. He looked to Tony, "You know where my wife is?"

"No man," Tony replied, "You leave her in the car?"

"I dunno,"

"Better go check," I said around my beer to hide my smile. Our drunken friend looked over at Tony who nodded encouragingly.

"Okay," he said a little reluctantly, and out the front door he went. As the door hissed slowly closed Tony and I had our laugh, which was short-lived when he came clumping dejectedly back inside.

"You find her?" Tony asked.

"No man, I don't *have* a car. I rode my motorcycle."

"Hmm..." went Tony, casually covering his mouth to hide his grin. I was having trouble too but nothing our despairing drunk could see.

He slumped on the bar mumbling to himself, "Where's she, man, where's she?"

"Whoa!" our drunk friend turned to me. I looked over at Tony, stone serious, then said, "Do ya spose she fell off?"

Right then Tony almost lost it as I saw him suck his lower lip between his teeth, biting down hard, while his face turned beet red. Nothing our drunk noticed.

His eyes spun wild as he lurched from the bar and staggered hurriedly through the front door, a low moan building in his throat only to be cut off by the too-quick pneumatic hissing of the front door closing behind him.

It was about this time Tony said he'd be gone for around six months to work his father's gold mine in Idaho. Up to that point the only job he had since I knew him was as a bartender at a scummy little dive called Danny's Las Vegas Bar. A real hole where your life was in danger as soon as you stepped through the door. It was located by the Crazy Horse Strip Bar on the corner of Paradise and Flamingo next to several low-class titty-houses.

So he quietly disappeared out of my life for six or seven months. During this time I was making friends at the British Bulldog,

an English pub Tony had introduced me to. When Tony came back I was firmly ensconced with the Bulldog crowd while he was busy doing "other things". We always seemed to have other obligations.

We would meet once and a while for a beer and bullshit, but not with the consistency we practiced before. At one such meeting of the bheers he appeared with a large bandage on his foot. He had been attacked by his roommate's dog. His gun was nearby and after kicking the animal off him he let off a couple shots at the creature, but to no avail, the dog was too fast and Tony had yet to become a crack shot. So he put a couple holes in the brick wall between his place and his neighbor's.

At another meeting he told me how he broke up a domestic fight between a girl and her large boyfriend, who was at that time smashing her head into the hood of his car. Again with his gun. He actually fired a shot over the guy's head when he started to come at Tony. The boyfriend dropped to the ground at the sound of the gunshot, and Tony kept him there until the police arrived. The day after, the large boyfriend visited Tony, telling him that he should have killed him that night, because now he was going to come looking for him sometime. Tony moved the next day.

I recall meeting him one night for a few drinks and I asked him about his father's mining operation and how everything had gone, and he acted like he'd never been there. Instead he comes on to me about how he's been making fake I.D.s for \$1,500 a pop. I didn't really know what to say since I didn't need one (though I can imagine how it could come in handy), but wished him the best and later that night we went our separate ways. Tony was living

quite a life! Too action-filled and criminal for me but I figured I'd live vicariously through Tony for as long as he remained around.

Two weeks later we're supposed to meet at a Moroccan restaurant called the Marakesh. On the way home from work the very same day I'm supposed to meet Tony I t-bone a Cutlass Sierra. My Grand Wagoneer totally caved in the passenger side of the car while pushing both my right and left front-quarter panels and my hood back about eight inches, making it difficult for me to open my door. Both vehicles were wrecked good but neither me nor the errant driver were injured; attributing to the fact that seatbelts do save lives. And I was only going around 40mph.

I called Tony that evening to see if he was still up for dinner but no one answered the phone. I left a message but didn't hear from Tony until a year and a half later.

During those eighteen months things were happening to me. I bought a new (for me) used car, a Honda Accord, moved to a new land deal, and made some new friends. Some time late in '93 is when I began to see what fandom was about, and I slowly gathered myself for exploration.

Unfortunately I was spending considerable time with a woman who lived to be a feminist, without realizing I was wasting my time. I managed to piddle away nine months of my life on this woman, but I learned a great deal about feminism, the movement, women, and the whole feminist/gay subculture. An unusual experience for a young republican conservative who listened to Rush Limbaugh daily, but that's what a woman can do to a man.

I've never gone back to the republican view, but I can't say I'm a staunch supporter for all of what the Left stands for either. I guess you could say I'm socially liberal, independent, fiscally conservative, libertarian, and most of all, anti-government. I don't care for politics anymore so I can't say it really matters.

About the time my relationship with Nancy (the feminist) began to wind down both my mom and dad thought my mom would feel safer and more confident if she began to carry a gun in her purse. Our crime in this town is high. We have car-jackings, armed robbery, rape, and murder just like any other big city even though we're not a big city. So they went shopping. I recommended a gun store I saw on Tropicana, a few minutes away from my parent's house.

At the Gun Store (that's the name of the business), they purchased a little .38 that held five rounds. Seven days later (that's the waiting period when purchasing a handgun in Las Vegas) my mom visited the store to pick up her firearm and take her first lesson. She didn't recognize the young man behind the counter, but he recognized her, and so Tony Frisco had surfaced again.

He'd told her he'd been trying to get a hold of me, saying he'd left several messages, but that I'd never called him back. I don't remember getting any messages from Tony, ever, since my accident a year and a half ago. I can only surmise that he was lying, for whatever reasons he may have had (probably to appear that he maintains his social and personal obligations, but that's only conjecture.)

He was nice enough though. He gave her free bullets and carefully walked her

through her lessons. Finished, he told my mom to tell me to drop by, and she dutifully passed this message on to me.

Now, my life was pretty busy at this time making friends with Ken Forman, finding fandom (Silvercon 3), and Nancy the Feminist, but I managed to stop by and say hello.

Though he looked very much the same, but for a shorter haircut, he had changed a bit it seemed, and I noticed things were different. Too much time had passed without any contact and busy with our own lives we didn't really care about what the other guy was doing. But we went through the motions and when he got off work we met for drinks.

Tony and I still shared one thing, that was the dreaming (nay, yearning) of a comfortable lifestyle. During our drinking days we habitually talked up how much money we'd need to live out the rest of our lives happily and not wanting. I said I'd only need about a million. Tony quoted me eight million. He was right, if you're going to dream you might as well dream big. Sometimes we'd come up with ideas for fraud and larceny. We had even gone so far as to name our price. Mine was anything over a million. I'd risk my life and possible jail time for a good chance at getting away with a cool mil. Tony's price was two million, so in that we weren't so far apart. We speculated for fun, something fanciful to while away our beer.

I learned that Tony had broken up with his girlfriend, who had taken the Jeep he'd been driving (it was in her name), was studying engineering at UNLV, had bought a beat-up old brown colored Cadillac, and was now peddling guns at the Gun Store and "doing fine." I filled him in on what

was going on with me, we had a couple more beers and I promised him I'd stop by for a little target practice in a week or two.

It puzzled me that he had gotten a job at the Gun Store, though I soon shrugged it off. It's owned and operated by several retired metro cops ("metro" for Metropolitan Police Department) who *must've* ran a check on him. Even though his brother was in jail for selling drugs (Tony was indicted but never convicted), he'd been (supposedly) selling fake I.D.s, but he got the job without a hitch. What I found even more interesting was that he had moved in with one of the owners daughters (a Misty Smith), who also worked in the store.

I stopped by one evening to shoot a few rounds and Tony accompanied me on the range with a 9mm sub-machine gun (I don't remember the make). He let me shoot off two clips, a most exhilarating fourteen seconds. Then he pulled out a Browning 9mm he said he'd been doing some tinkering with and, "Here, why don't you give it a try?"

Imagine my surprise when I squeezed the trigger and 3 rounds crescendoed down range, the gun bucking uncontrollably. The last one nearly went into the roof. Tony had a good laugh there, having converted his handgun into a fifteen round automatic weapon that shot frighteningly fast and was easily concealable. I didn't ask why he did it.

After work we went out for a beer and he told me he was still selling fake I.D.s. Conversation then moved to some of his new acquaintances, gun-nuts and survivalists, people he said that owned machine guns, grenades, high-explosives, and cannons. He pronounced them crazy but wasn't above using them for his own

means. I didn't ask what he meant by that, though now I might wager a guess.

The last time I saw Tony was at the Gun Store. I just popped in to say hello and shoot the breeze for a while. When I stepped out the door it was the last time I ever saw Tony Frisco in person again.

It should be mentioned here that Tony wasn't the only person I had remained in contact with after our roleplaying game dissolved those few years ago. I stayed in touch with two other guys, but not with the same frequency that I did with Tony. One of those guys, Robert Constanopolis, was good friends with one of Tony's other buddies, a guy who went by the name of Buffalo Bill, and who now works in Vegas' own Virtual World. Robert's a substitute teacher. When I hadn't seen Tony around for a while Robert would inevitably give me a call with a recent news update.

So, through Buffalo Bill, Robert was able to keep track of Tony when he felt like it, which was all the time, because Robert likes talking about him. Through Robert, and subsequently, Buffalo Bill, I found out that Tony had gotten very "into" computers during his year and a half absence, no doubt thinking there was money to be made through them in some way. Robert and Bill confided that during Tony's absence he had been involved with certain people who needed their money cleaned. In other words, laundered.

I don't know whether or not to believe Robert and Bill, Tony could just as easily have lied to them, something I now suspect he did with frequency and no little talent. This money laundering thing was supposed to have taken place sometime in '94 on through to who knows when, and should

not be considered as important as what actually put him in that Costa Rican prison.

I recall one afternoon when I received an interesting phone call at work from Robert, and it went something like this...

"Brrring! (pause) Brrring!"

I pick up. "View Estates, Tom speaking..."

"Hi Tom, you, huh, busy?" Robert asked.

"No, why, what's goin' on?"

"Well, I wanted to know if you got anything," he said mysteriously.

"Whatya mean?" (I didn't know what the hell he was talking about.)

"Didn't you hear?" he asked.

"No, hear what?"

"Didn't you hear about Tony?"

"Hear what?" I asked patently. (This was a typical conversation with Robert, one of the reasons I don't like talking to him.)

"Tony gave all his stuff away."

"What?"

"He gave all his stuff away. He gave his computer to Rick and his stereo and big-screen tv to Bill," he said.

"Jesus, what for?" (That didn't sound like Tony.)

"I dunno," he answered.

"I wonder what's going on,"

"I dunno but I thought I'd call and let you know, maybe see if you got anything. Guess not."

"Nope."

"Well, I guess I'll let you go..."

"Okay Rob, thanks for the call..."

"Click," and I hung up.

Four days later I read on the front page of the Review Journal (it was August 10, 1994) that Anthony Frisco and his girlfriend Misty Leigh Ann Smith were under suspicion and wanted for

questioning about the Brinks armored car robbery for 1.8 million dollars.

Misty had been working for Brinks for several months when one day, after her pickups at the Outlet Mall on the southernmost city limits, she met Tony at a covered garage not far from the Mall, emptied the truck of everything but a few thousand dollars in coins and disappeared for places unknown. Needless to say, her father, a retired detective of twenty years, and her brother, a police officer for five, were a little out of sorts when they heard the news.

On August 28th in the San Jose Airport in Costa Rica Tony Frisco was apprehended. The story goes that he'd been flashing his money at the airport in Mexico (he was carrying near two million dollars in two suitcases and a carry-on and having trouble doing it) and that the authorities there radioed ahead to Airport Police in San Jose that they had a possible drug-dealer arriving at such and such a time. "You might want to detain him," they said. When Tony tried to get through customs they discovered the money, which he said was from an inheritance (he later changed his story but it was of no consequence), arrested him on the spot when his story didn't jell, and confiscated the money. Strangely enough, there was no sign of Misty Smith.

The mystery of her disappearance was solved eight days later when she was discovered dead in an apartment in Puerto Vallarta. Her family claims that she was murdered but the coroner's report shows that cause of death was from dehydration. Montezuma's Revenge strikes again!

Tony continues to reside behind bars in Coasta Rica even though the United States

has requested he be extradited immediately to face several charges (grand theft, possession of stolen money, etc). But if Costa Rica did that they'd have to give up the money as well, and I have a feeling they want to make a little more money on that interest. Or they've already spent it, in which case Tony's fucked. As if he wasn't already, now he has to do his time in Costa Rica, which has gotta be worse than any prison in the United States.

Police and officials declared Tony one of the stupidest thieves they'd ever caught. Apparently he was showing off that money to just about everyone and their sister. He certainly wasn't very smart about his travels. And if this guy was making fake I.D.s why was he arrested with his real passport and Nevada driver's license? They're right, Tony was pretty stupid. Obviously not thinking straight, and their split, apparently in Puerto Vallarta, didn't seem like a very good idea either. And why did he get all the money? There's definitely some strange shit that still has to be accounted for, and the only way we're going to find out what really happened is when (or maybe I should say if) he goes to trial. But it's been eight months now since his arrest and imprisonment in Costa Rica, so there's no telling how much longer they're going to keep him.

I think Tony saw a once in a life-time chance (for a criminal) to make a bundle of money with very little risk. He was fortunate that Misty Smith, his girl, felt the same way. Tony gave his stuff away, so he had at least a small amount of time to prepare. If he was really selling fake I.Ds why didn't he make one for himself. I think he lied about that. But that's not

what can be attributed to his arrest. That blame can only be laid on his idiot decision to travel through Mexico and Central America with a little under two million dollars stuffed in his suitcases. Maybe he thought he could bribe his way through, and maybe he did initially, but I think he seriously underestimated the Central American police in general, and perhaps the influence of the DEA in particular. For they did single him out because he had almost two million in cash. Central America, two million cash, what else could he be? Dumbass.

And did Misty Smith die rather than possibly be identified when she went for medical assistance because of her dehydration, which I believe was due to, euphemistically, Montezuma's Revenge. When they say, "Don't drink the water," they mean it. So she died in bed, in her apartment, diagnosed as a mortal victim of dehydration. Another dumbass.

Criminals are people who are caught committing crimes, and are usually made to pay for their indiscretions. What about those who get away with hauls like this one, something like two million (or more) in cash, and are never heard from again? Should we call them lucky? Or perhaps they're just a little more careful, careful enough to avoid capture. And in being careful I think they're being smarter. So in avoiding those mistakes that lead to capture and being careful enough not to make them engenders a criminal sophistication, a success, that my friend Tony didn't possess. I guess I can call my friend Tony a criminal, but what if he had gotten away?

What would I call him then?

-- Tom Speingwe

# A Quick Intro...

by the editor

This next contribution is written by a voluptuous redhead who I find rather striking with her wintery-blue eyes and saucy smile. It also helps that we're in love (listen, can you hear the cherubs sing?) Her name is Tammy Funk and we've been living together for almost a year now in a small one bedroom apartment.

I think she finds fandom a fascinating thing. She's enjoyed all the fanzines that I leave lying around (everywhere) in our little hovel, and when she can get away from her job (she's a highschool teacher, puts in 75 hour work weeks, and unhappily doesn't have time to write) she likes to join me at our monthly Vegrant get-togethers. She has yet to experience a con-suite, but Corflu Vegas is just around the corner, literally.

In the last month of the summer of '94 she contributed to our monthly Apa-V. Before this venture it didn't take much to find out she likes to write, and that she's even been published in San Diego Home and Garden Magazine, so a fun piece on amusement parks was happily done; amusement parks being our topic that month. Not very fannish, I know, but I defend myself with the argument that I wasn't there during the topic choosing. (I don't think Arnie can say the same.)

We'd only been together for a couple of months back then, long enough for Arnie to seriously question me, and jokingly doubt that I was indeed seeing a woman. A woman he'd yet

to see, not to mention meet. He'd taken to calling her my "sweater", accusing me of duplicity and having a good time doing it.

I had decided that Tammy's contribution would set things straight between my mentor and I. The time had come to prove that my "sweater" was not a figment of my sexually repressed imagination. And now that she had a weekend free it was time to show Arnie and the rest of Vegas Fandom that I did have a girl, and not some sort of imaginary friend I found myself romancing late into the wee hours of the morning.

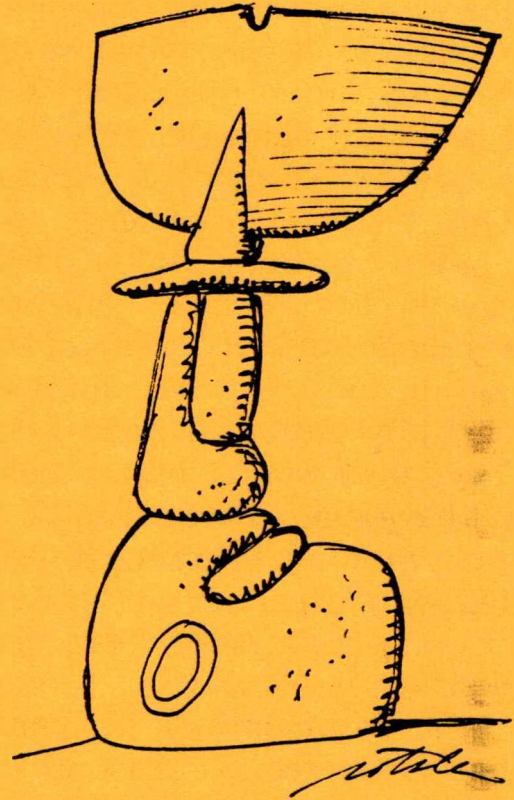
Tammy took to the Apa like the stereotypical writer does to the bottle. She finished before me, did a better job, and even had time to proof mine before we zoomed over to the Katz's. Everything went splendid that day, she was well received (like I knew she would be), and I was able to prove to Arnie that I did indeed have a woman in my life. Now I'm reprinting her first Apa-V contribution to commemorate the unveiling (so to speak) of my girlfriend to Vegas Fandom, and now, fandom in general.



# Sweater

by Tammy Funk

As my first topic for Apa V, I had no problem getting into the amusement park theme. After all, I was born within sight of Disneyland's Matterhorn in Anaheim, California. For the first ten years of my life I gave and attended a parade of birthday parties at either Disneyland or Knott's Berry Farm. In my travels, I collected a wide assortment of mouse ears, rock candy, and more than enough of the 101 Dalmatians figurines. I wish I owned stock in Disney; they really know how to market outrageously over-priced items to greedy little children. It was at Disneyland that I fell in love with my first ride, the Teacups. I would stand in line with my father, brother, and sister, all of us craning our necks to scope out the fastest spinning teacup. Straining at the bit, I angled and jockeyed my way forward so I would be the first to break through the gate when they opened it. We'd all cram into the same gaudy pink and periwinkle teacup, letting Dad and my brother turn the disc in the center as hard as they could to send us spinning in circles so fast everything around us became a blur. The best thing was to hang your head back and then try to lift it back up; the centrifugal force was so strong that it was nearly always impossible. Somehow Mom wasn't into this dizzy fun, and she'd watch us, surrounded by purses, bags of souvenirs, and my father's ever-present camera. This was only the beginning of my love of speed rides.



Once I entered my teens, I began to appreciate a park with more thrill rides. Enough of the sappy little theme characters; I wanted roller coasters and any other rides that spun me around, upside down, sideways, or best yet, all of these at once. The amusement park of choice for teens and adults in Southern California is Magic Mountain. It's an experience in heart-pounding, gorge-rising,



stomach-twisting fun. Nothing gets the blood flowing like a good roller coaster, and this park has one of the best collections in the world.

Magic Mountain has more than just rollercoasters, however; they have many ways to make people turn green. One ride, called the Spin-Out at Magic Mountain, sucked people up against the wall with the power of a herd of vacuums. The floor then dropped, and the room spun in circles until you almost couldn't stand it. In fact, my friend Treva barely made it off before she stuck her head in the trash and lost the day's consumption of candy and icees. Oh well, at least it didn't happen on the ride: vacuum suction could be especially nasty in this case. This brings up an important point in traveling to amusement parks; make sure that the person you go with shares your idea of a good ride. There are few things worse than going to a park, with a dozen of the best roller coasters staring you in the face beckoningly, and finding that your friend gets motion sick and can't stand them.

A boring date to a state fair also stands out in my memory. I was all excited about the Midway and the various rolling, spinning, spastic rides there, but the minute I went to get in line he told me he couldn't stomach those kinds of rides. Since I could hardly leave the guy standing there while I ran from one ride to the next, I forced myself to spend the evening wandering through the hokey haunted house and staring into the big brown eyes of someone's 4-H project.

While your average carnival or state fair doesn't boast the same caliber of rides as an amusement park, I still appreciate them for what they are: the bastard

cousins of the big parks. There is the added thrill of wondering how well the rides are put together, and whether you will live to ride another coaster. While these traveling shows don't have great coasters, they do have some wonderful spinning rides. One of my favorites involves cramming yourself into an open-ended barrel that rolls over and over, while the base spins in a circle. They generally have a version of the spin-out, and one like a giant human pin-wheel where you are strapped in a cage, spinning sideways in the sky.

My all time favorite though, is the Zipper. People are bolted in pairs into a cage suspended from an oblong sort of ferris wheel. Not only does the wheel spin at a good clip, but each cage whips over and over at the same time. If you stand below you are often pelted by flying change, lighters, and the occasional earring. If I bring my purse on board, I need to clutch it close lest gravity whacks me over the head with it. There I hang grabbing my valuables, rolling over and over, picturing the hinges letting go and my car pitching into space. And screaming, really hollering at fever pitch. Because it's a dire necessity to scream on a ride to truly enjoy yourself. On this same ride I've been known to yell so loud they stopped the ride because they thought I was dying. Now that is how you show the proper appreciation for a ride. When you add the brazen lights, semi-smarmy carnies barking away, and the plethora of greasy food booths from "around the world" to the rides, the carnival stands out as a good-time alternative to an amusement park. It's good, clean, tacky fun, and a lot easier to find in Nevada than a decent amusement park.

# Out of the Blue

**Bob Shaw**

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Thanks for BRODIE 1 & 2 - and welcome to fandom!

Don Fitch has given you some good advice. Personally I wouldn't be without my spellyng chekcor.

I enjoyed hearing about your work and your first convention experience - but here's a tip from somebody with over forty years of fan writing experience. You will build up a bigger stock of anecdotes and life experiences if you do not conform to society's or fandom's rules and restrictions. For a start, try wearing a sober business suit throughout a convention, and follow that up by always wearing your dress while at the office.

{{I think my dress wearing days are over, at conventions anyway. Instead, I'll do what many fans do, and look to my friends for those anecdotes in which a man in a dress is needed. Which leaves me in a business suit at Corflu '95. Naturally I'll wear white socks, that seems the fannish thing to do.}}

**Harry Warner Jr.**

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21740

I'm very sorry that I didn't respond promptly to the first issue of Brodie. It is dated June, it arrived in July, and now in late August I've just found it. It got buried in a paper sack crammed with fanzines awaiting comment and just emerged this evening.

I enjoyed it, particularly for the information on your landman profession. They say all truth can be found in fanzines, but I think this particular morsel of information has been an exception to the general rule up to now. You leave me wondering, however, where the term Brodie came from. The only one I can find in either the big dictionary or the Columbia Viking Desk Encyclopedia is a Dr. Brodie, an English physician who lived more than a century ago and was an authority on joints but not the kind of joints that fans sometimes use for their meetings. There was a fellow named Steve who did something unusual whose nature I forget, but I think his last name was spelled Brody.

You deserve congratulations for preserving the Las Vegas fanzine tradition of creating very legible typography. {{In the land business the term Brodie has always been used to describe an investigative phone call to the competition made in the guise of an interested buyer so you, the caller, actually remain unknown. As for Dr. Brodie, well, a joint specialist is better than no specialist, and I wonder what Steve Brody did?}}

**Harry Warner Jr., again...**

Once again I enjoyed reading Brodie, with equal credit going to the interesting material and the generous size of the typeface. It's nice to find an exception to the rule that the world is getting smaller all the time.

I assume the second paragraph of Mr. Enthusiasm refers to your weight. But surely you have seen enough fans by now

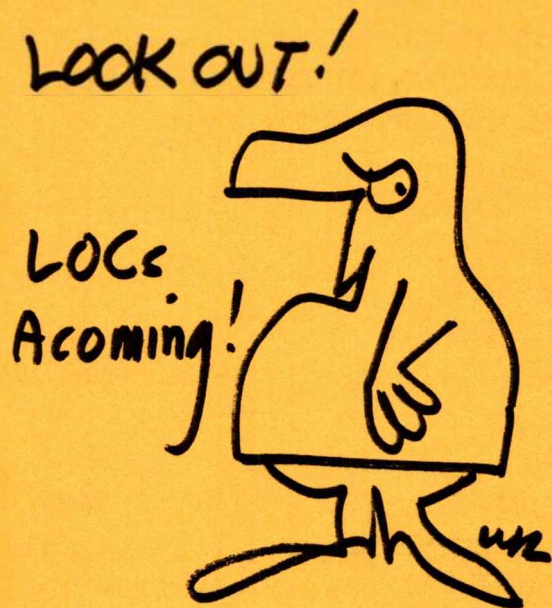
to realize that they generally come in three dimensions, one of which is much larger than the other two. In fact, I've been told that I must not gain any weight because I am the only thing that stands between the average fan's weight standing over 300 pounds.

As for a duplicate you, one thing you apparently overlook is the cost of attending a con, because of the need to buy a large quantity of registrations and then as many hotel room rentals as you need, depending on how many you could manage to co-exist in each room. {{Well, I expected each me that stepped from the mirror to carry a wallet, just like mine, with the money and credit cards that I keep in mine, which should cover the cost of the con.}}

Arnie's reminiscences were fun to read. In some instances, they mirrored my experiences, such as the frequent visit to the nearest public library. In others they didn't, because there were no sources of second-hand prozines in any quantity until I'd been reading them for several years in Hagerstown. But Arnie and I shared in boyhood a horror of the very thought of going to summer camp. I considered the outdoors a trial that kid must endure for the shortest possible lengths of time between the wonderful indoors pleasures like reading and listening to the radio and fiddling around with my stamp collection. When I thought I was in danger of being drafted during World War Two, I was grown out of boyhood but I felt terror about the prospect of soldiering, not because I might be killed by the enemy but because I didn't think I could possibly survive basic training with all the outdoor drilling, obstacle course running, and guard duty.

Maybe I would think differently if the thing were really possible, but just now I think I would choose not to become a disembodied head. It would be too much like dreaming, where the dreamer is normally unable to control anything that he is dreaming about. The closest I've ever come to a head only condition was a period of several weeks when I was in traction in a hospital room, unable to get out of bed for any reason, waited on hand and foot, dependent on others for every necessity. It wasn't pleasant and of course I had the use of my hands so I could at least pick up books and read them, something that a fellow with his head in a jar and the rest of him buried or cremated can't accomplish.

If salesmen in general have a bad



reputation with most of the public, it's because the public confuses isolated individuals salesmen with the group in general, just as most people think a dishonest politician means politicians are all crooks. I've had generally good experiences with salesmen. Used car salesmen are particularly apt to be considered dreadful fellow in the public mind, but I've bought four used cars in my life, relied on the salesman's advice in each case, and have had very good results in three of the four cases. (The one salesman whose advice was bad was my uncle, so maybe that doesn't count because he probably knew I wouldn't create a family feud by raising a commotion.) {{One bad apple can spoil the barrel, but it's been my experience that it's best not to give advice to your clients, just give them the information they need to make the decision whether to buy or not. Everything I tell my customers is fact, and everything else, I stress, is either opinion or speculation, which helps me avoid giving them "advice".}}

Brad Foster  
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Hey, thanks for sending me a copy of BRODIE #2.

This does, of course, mean that I immediately have two questions to ask - what is the origin of the title "Brodie", and what is an NLF (let alone why does he/she/it/they speak?) {{The origin of the title comes from looking for a connection between fandom and my business (it wasn't too hard to find something they shared in common). An NLF stands for Nameless Little Fan in contrast to the

acronym BNF. They speak for reasons known only to Ghu.}}

To keep up on my end of things with this fannish stuff, I'm enclosing two weird fillos I hope you can make use of in a future issue. If you like 'em and use 'em, I'll send you some more!

A thought on the multiple yous - you are assuming that you can get each one to do what you want, but each one of them would expect the others to do that. (Well, maybe you already covered that in your editorial. Whoops!)

Oh, and since it's another day, will you be telling us the story of Arnie bemoaning his current situation as Vegas Fandom's mentor? Actually, with such an explosion of fannish activity and zines, how about doing up some sort of flow-chart of everyone and how they are interrelated fannishly, for those of us outside the city limits?{{The flow-chart's done, but Arnie's story is going to be a while.}}

George Flynn  
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Thanks for *Brodie* #2. You know, it's a tad confusing to see these references to the next issue as "the November ish" when *this* issue showed up on November 15. Publishing monthly is a worthy goal, but when there's so little time for readers to comment, you might want to wait till you have a bit more material for them to comment on. Or maybe not.{{I'm thinking of making it a quarterly zine published bi-monthly}}

I started acquiring prozines a bit earlier than Arnie, in the mid- to late '50s. But for quite a while I got just the Big Three (at

that time *Astounding*, *F&SF*, and *Galaxy*), mostly because those were all that showed up at the newsstand where I usually bought them. This is no doubt part of the reason why it took another decade before I got around to discovering fandom...

About your response to Don Fitch: It's not so much that "feel[ing] a little defensive" is "wrong," as that it tends to be boring, as the flow of easy-going fannishness is interrupted by a large expository lump of clunking earnestness. But we all do it, of course, when the right (or wrong) buttons get pushed. The correct response is usually to be simultaneously earnest and amusing (take more lessons from Arnie) - which, come to think of it, is just what Don was trying to do in the paragraph that triggered you. Oh well. {"Oh well" pretty much sums it up for me too. Ahh, the clumsy stumbling steps of a neo...}}

**Teddy Harvia**  
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Burgeoning Las Vegas fanzine fandom has deleted my reserve of appropriate old postcards.

Your failure to mention the name of your girlfriend will anger the feminists. One once chided me for talking about "my wife". Doesn't she have a name the woman asked.

I had to reread your editorial multiple times to finally realize "mes" referred to "yous". Until I saw that I felt as if I was reading a nonsense story by Lewis Carroll. Las Vegas in Wonderland.

{Angry feminists I can handle. They're really just annoying, and like a mosquito you follow with your eye to remain aware of its position, so must you be aware of the

angry feminist. It also helps to have a rolled up magazine near by. Vegas in Wonderland, watch out for that Mojave snow!}}

**Gary Deindorfer**  
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When I opened your envelope and saw the sentence, "Who are the twenty-two?" I thought it was either a form letter or something about a conspiracy. But then it dawned on me what you were talking about. Well, then, thanx for putting me on your mailing list. I like your zine. And your cartoons are not much worse than the ones I used to do. Ask Arnie Katz. I will admit that sometimes my captions are funny, but my drawing skills are not very great. So you're in, as you say, a Great Group.

No, I'm not on the FAPA w/ any more. I'm a full fledged member of FAPA now, though I don't plan to publish for a while. The main reason for this is that because of a p.o foul-up too complicated to explain, I have not yet received the August mailing, late as it is by now. I hope I get the November

WHAT? HE  
CAN WRITE?



mailing, to be able to see those fabled hundred page Arnie Katz FAPA publications that we hear tell about. In fact, your cartoon about a three-volume Silvercon 3 Report from Arnie probably is not far from the truth. Katz writes the greatest con-reports since Willis, and you can tell him I said so. {{Well, it wasn't three volumes, just one good one, titled Silvercon Memories, The Adventures of Trufans in Glitter City.}}

You see, I am out of sorts about this letter. I used to publish a zine called SPUD aka SPUDNUT (when it felt like being called that). In SPUD #2 I published a satire entitled "The Arnie Katz Celebrity Roast." This consisted of the kind of jokes someone would be the recipient of if they were on a tv show or at the Friars' Club, with various "name" celebrities ribbing Arnie. Now, I swear this was not meant as a put-down, but some people took it as such. I wrote a letter to Arnie which he did not answer explaining that the "roast" was in good fun, but if he wanted to retaliate with a satire on me, that I would understand. Last week Robert Lichtman informed me that Arnie is having an article in the next issue of his superb zine TRAP DOOR. Maybe that is the retaliation I have been awaiting from Las Vegas for some time, with baited breath. {{I'm sure he'll come up with something sometime.}} If so, I shall try to take it with a thick skin. Ghod knows Arnie must have one.

Thanx for explaining what a landman is. I get a vague idea of what you mean, but only a vague idea. Sounds kind of adventurous. But when you explain that you landmen have your own history, your own BNF's, etc. -- that I can understand. Maybe more landmen should start putting

out fanzines and more fans should start trying to sell premium land properties, though I would have no talent for it whatsoever. My father Ralph was a dynamite salesman, but I don't have his or your gift in that area.

By the time I turn to the cover of BRODIE #2 I find that I'm getting used to your cartoons. {{I'm starting to think of them as unfortunate scribbles.}}

I can imagine a million you's, though I don't know what you look like. But you don't want to imagine a million mes, because these days I am overweight and a million GDs would cave in the planetary crust, as well as create a lot of fart gas. WELL done article, anyhow.

I like the "occasiol" column by the Master. I also like the Rotsler cartoons that go with it, but then Rotsler is not just a fanartist; he's a Force of Nature. I think he was born inimitable, as was Burbee.

Great memory-lane, summer in the City stuff from Arnie. I never realized that Lenny Bailes was Arnie's boyhood friend. And there are those who say there is no plan to existence. Hah! {{If you were at Corflu '95, which is happening right now as I type, you could chat them both up.}}

If I had to be a disembodied head under the circumstances mentioned by Marc Cram I would rather be dead. I mean, what the hell, I wouldn't be able to pick toejam from between my toes with my index finger (either one). What kind of a life would that be now, I ask you?

You are truly honored to get a loc from Charles Burbee, who is even more inimitable than Rotsler, believe it not. Merely that I regard Burb as the funniest writer I have ever read in my life, professional or fannish. Yes, he's even

funnier than Robert Benchley, and he's pretty funny. {{Check out Arnie's contribution this issue, it's a great piece.}}

Burb is even funnier than Don Fitch, but Don writes a gambled dood letter nonetheless. One of his four-paged, single-spaced masterpieces was the highpoint of one of the issues of my now defunct fanzine. It commented on whither fandom? For that matter, Don has owed me a personal letter for two months now, so I am moved to ask: WhiOther Don Fitch? Haw-haw! even if he does wear a fake nose. {{I don't know about the nose but I'll agree that he writes a damned good letter.}}

Now, I hope Don won't take offense at that. Just when I thought I had Arnie on my side, now I've made an enemy of Don. I'll bet your line of work is like that. {{Nope.}} Mine isn't. Doing data entry 9 to 5 for the State of New Jersey is dull, but it is a job, thankfully.

Yeh, Teddy Harvia sends the best postcards in fandom, and draws real good too. Cultivate this guy.



Eric Lindsey

7 Nicoll Ave.

Ryde NJW 2112, Australia

Many thanks for Brodie #1 and #2, and especially for all your help on my visit to Las Vegas. It is rare in my experience to find a group of new fans who are so enthusiastic, nor as well versed in the history of fandom past. {{That's just Arnie.}}

I like your maze of mirrors image. It reminds me of the days when i visited the barber, and viewed the receding image of us. I don't understand why only barbershops set up mirrors that way - maybe it was part of their course on how to set up barbershops.

For your next version of the infinite mes in the mirror, start thinking about the me of yesterday, who left things undone for the me of today, who will right now decide that the tomorrow me can take care of it all {{I'm waiting for the me of tomorrow to pop in with the answers for the me of yesterday so the me of today can get on with tomorrow.}}

Arnie's piece reminds me of the time I was shipped off for a helpful visit to a county town, along with a number of ther children. Like Arnie, I was a library fan, and in this county town. I managed to talk myself into a temporary library card, and go through the vast majority of their stock of Edgar Rice Burroughs. U have no idea what the rest of the happy campers may have been doing with their days and nights

I'm looking forward to seeing you again at Corflu/Silvercon, which Jean and I will be attending, all going well. {{Ah hah, I just saw you and Jean last night at Arnie's, hope you're having (or had, my tenses are getting screwed up) fun.}}

