

# WOOD PULP

Issue No. 3

SNAPS Distribution #3

Well here I am again putting this together at the last minute. I did start on this issue on Wednesday but wasn't able to work on it yesterday and actually arranged for another submission only last night. Rebecca Hardin and I are volunteering for the Cine Vegas Film Festival at the Palms Hotel/Casino, Brendan Theatres.

This is an annual Independent film festival which has been coming to Las Vegas for some years now. So, Rebecca and I went to the volunteer orientation last night. They had a volunteer screening of one of the films entered into the festival but Rebecca and I weren't interested in that one so we met Kent Hastings, Neil Schulman and his mother Betty for dinner at the Palms buffet.

After a nice dinner the four of us (minus Betty) went back to the theatre to see "The Interpreter" with Nicole Kidman and Sean Penn. Wow does Sean Penn ever look old, I asked if that was really his face or if he had been done up with makeup to look old and sun baked.

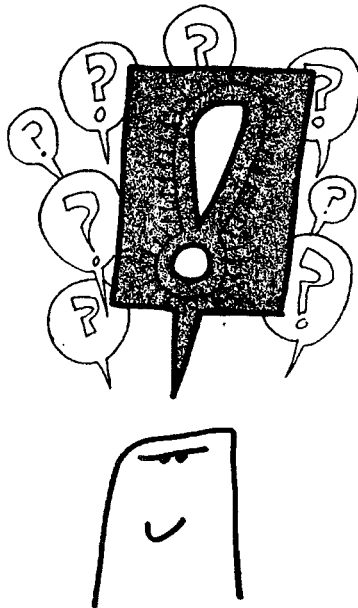
I was assured that he is just getting old, though Kent pointed out that he has had an active career working in various outdoor locations exposing his face to constant sun and various radiation, etc ...

So tonight Rebecca and I will be going to the Premiere Party at Skin--a nightclub at the Palms Hotel/Casino. We have really vacillated back and forth as to whether we should go to SNAFFU or a Premiere Party but in the end we felt we had an obligation to put in an appearance at the Palms so we will be missing tonight's SNAFFU meeting.

There are two vaguely genre related films being viewed at the film festival this year. "Radiant", which as been mentioned a few times on the VSFA Yahoo! Group by a new member visiting Las Vegas over the next week or so who is coming up expressly to see this film, the other one is entitled "Land of the Dead". "Radiant", according to the pocket film schedule printed for the festival is about a genetically-engineered virus, meant for good, but never before tested on humans, has found a host. This was directed by Steve Mahone.

"Land of the Dead", is about The living dead have taken

over the world, and the last humans live in a walled city to protect themselves as they come to grips with the situation. This was directed by George A. Romero and features; Dennis Hopper, John Leguizamo, Asia Argento, Simon Baker.



**HAVING EVERY CONFIDENCE  
IN THOSE WHO ACT FOR YOU**

**Wood Dulp No. 3, Edited and published by Woody Bernardi, from his Cosmic address at 6400 Cosmo Lane, Las Vegas, Nevada 89130 (dubbed "The Woodshed" by Arnie Katz in a recent issue of VFW), for the 3rd Distribution of SNAPS. Wood Dulp is intended for SNAPS and anyone else who might find it of interest. Copies are available for the usual (i.e., Letters of Comment (LoCs) or exchange). Copies are also available at my whim. Art Credits: appear in the editorial written by myself. You may contact Woody at: [WoodyBernardi@yahoo.com](mailto:WoodyBernardi@yahoo.com).**

I'm not sure what opportunities we will get to view any films at all much less either of these two. But if I do get a chance to see one or more, I'll write about them in my next SNAPSzine.

During dinner Rebecca had brought up an article which she had written, about an extremely bad day she had just a couple of days ago. Those of us who live in Las Vegas are probably all aware of a major accident with took out ALL lanes of traffic on both north and southbound of one of the few major freeways we have on Tuesday afternoon.

It seems a tractor trailer swerved to avoid an engine block in the middle of the left hand travel lane on the northbound side of Interstate 515 (the beltway along the eastside of Las Vegas) and took out several cars with him and a significant portion of the concrete slabs which serve as barricades between the north and southbound travel lanes. This is how the southbound lanes were taken out.

Scores of vehicles were stranded for hours on both sides of the freeway on Tuesday afternoon. Miraculously no one was killed and while they have been reporting some serious injuries apparently no one was even critically injured. So, Rebecca was stranded in all of this even though normally she would have been at her office and was only out and about doing a favor for a friend who had had a break-in at her home and Rebecca had offered to pickup the window which had had to be replaced, but I'll let Rebecca tell you about it in her article entitled *It Could be Worse*.

Also I have a piece written by Ayesha Ashley. Ayesha is a new member of Las Vegas Fandom who showed up on the scene a couple of months ago at a VSFA Sunday Social. She showed up in the last half hour of the event and has fast become a local favorite. Ayesha

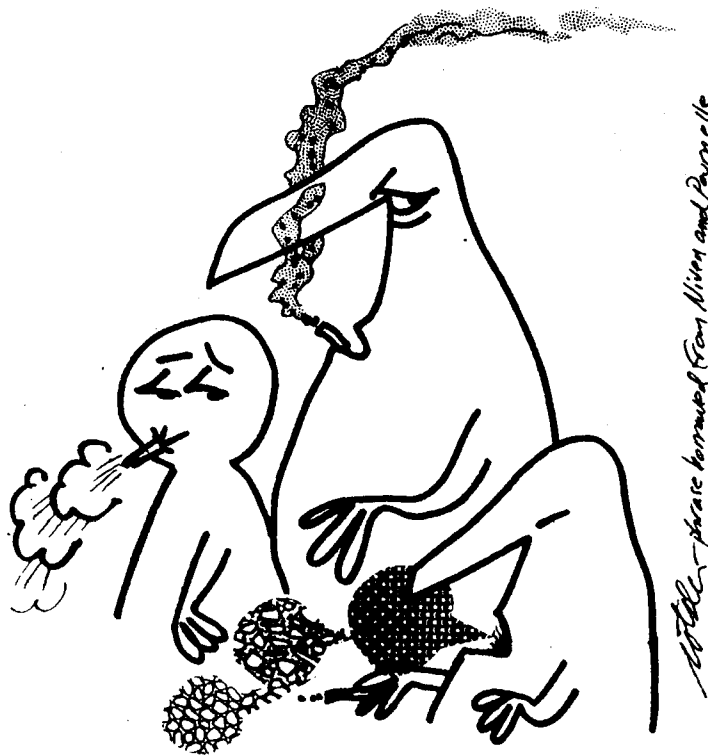
teaches at the Women's Prison out at Jean, Nevada and is also a musician. But again, I'll let her tell you a little bit about herself in this piece called *My Double Life*.

I'd like to also thank Mindy Hutchings for her editorial assistance. She is my coeditor in all by name, certainly in the literal sense has she was kind enough to look over both of my contributions and make a few editorial suggestions. Perhaps I'll get her to allow me to put her name on this as my official co-editor.

So as far as Mailing Comments are concerned, I'm going to have to put those off for this issue, but I will say that I of course read the second distribution of SNAPS and was once again very entertained as it was most enjoyable. I am extremely happy at the level of activity going on in Las Vegas thus far this year. 2005 is certainly shaping up to be a banner year for Las Vegas. It seems that Las Vegas is "evolving" into something good. Something that will benefit not only all of Las Vegas Fandom--as a whole as well as as individuals--but world Fandom at large. If we can only maintain our current momentum.

On page two is a Rotsler illo, on page three is a clip art piece complements of David Allred who included this along with many others when he gave me the computer which I am currently using and on both page five and the back cover, I have an Allan White illo. I love Bill Kunkle fanart but am trying to conserve what I have as I don't have all that much. But perhaps I can get him to provide me with a few more selections for use in future issues of my zines.

Well, that's all for now thank you for reading and please let me know what you think, LoCs (Letters of Comment) are always encouraged.



**EVOLUTION IN ACTION**

# My Double Life

**Ayesha Ashley**

At last! I auditioned and was accepted last week into a rock band—I was ecstatic and so were my friends, who emailed, phoned and faxed me their delight at my fortune. They knew how much I love to perform and how I've wanted to have a band ever since I left the one I had in England, lo these many years ago.

Music—almost any music (ahem, rap is not music in my world) is something that has remained a golden thread in my life; through ups and downs, the music I could make with my voice and guitar or autoharp would enliven or comfort me. It is my constant inner friend and there's usually something playing in my head, right now it's a gorgeous Irish song in Gaelic that I've been trying to learn in that unspeakable---literally---language with tepid results. But the melody is unearthly....

As soon as I learned I was 'in' last Sunday, I began to think of myself and my life in a new way—I was thrilled to have a venue for my theatrical urges, and I thought a lot about how I could fashion a persona I liked for the stage, what songs I could sing, how they might be arranged and all the minutiae associated with bringing a vision to form.

I found an outrageously 'un-me' outfit—a tight, sexy halter top and slacks combo in stretchy animal print and—yes indeed sequins to round out the quasi drag queen image—perfect!!

Then came the hard work, listening to the CDs of the songs and learning every nuance of timing, melody, and of course, the words...usually I'm learning something in Bulgarian, so learning a song in English is a snap—AND the ornamentations of the original are the challenge. After I learn the original, faithfully, I can improvise and play with the arrangement ..AND this all takes time, but I LOVE every phase of it, so it's been fun to do this week.

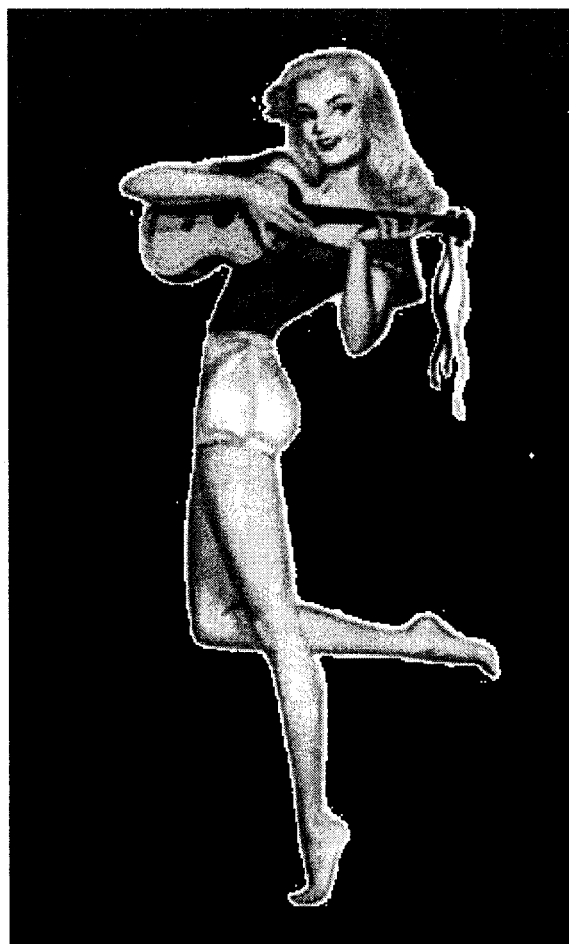
Hey, I always wanted to learn 'Hot Stuff', especially after seeing 'The Full Monty'. I saw the leader of the band on Thursday afternoon and he gave me the CDs to learn for today's (Sunday's) rehearsal. I called him around 2 as I didn't know when to show up. No answer. I called the bass player and he said 7:30 pm— Hmm, a little late for a teacher bee, but OK for a new Rock star wannabe. Then I got

a call from Our Leader around 3 p.m. and he said he didn't know if we still had a band---that the others had defected....

So now I don't know whether there will be anything happening with this group...he'll call me in a few days...this could be a world record for the dissolution of a band—before it ever meets!!

Sure, I'm disappointed, I loved the whole Double Life thing—mild-mannered teacher by day, golden voiced hottie by night...and I know that I definitely need to have some onstage time in my life—I've missed it! I'll be more aggressive in finding a band now.

Meanwhile, I guess I have to be philosophical about it all—sic transit Gloria Gaynor.



# It Could be Worse

B Y R E B E C C A H A R D I N

Did you ever have one of those days when you should have just rolled over and gone back to sleep? I had one of those last Tuesday. I had planned to go into work early, because I had an appointment with my doctor to discuss the results of a recent test. Unfortunately, what sounds good at 11:00 p.m. the previous night, doesn't feel too good at 5:00 a.m. the next morning. I overslept and had to call the office and tell them I would be late because I was going to the doctor before I came to work.

Let me backtrack a little. Someone broke into my best friend's house the previous week, ransacked the place, and stole a bunch of stuff: her laptop, some irreplaceable sentimental items, and all of her knives (she collects knives and had them displayed on her wall—honking big knives—I've got stories about those, but I digress). Anyway, the bastards broke her window and pushed in the window frame, so she had to take it to a glass company to get it repaired. The glass company, who shall remain nameless (Silver State), told her the window would be ready on Friday (June 3). They close at 5:00 p.m. so she wasn't able to get it Friday night. She was given the opportunity to work on Saturday to make up some of the time she had taken off to take care of the details of filling out insurance and police reports, plus everything else you have to do when you're burglarized. However, she opted to take care of her home. She went into the glass place to get her window, and they cheerfully pointed to the window frame, with the broken glass still in it, and said, "Oh, we screwed up. It won't be ready until Tuesday." My friend just said, "Fine." She left, all the while thinking about how she wanted to leap over the counter and throttle this woman. Anyway, she couldn't pick the window up on Tuesday, so I assured her that I would get it and she'd have it Tuesday night, when she was finished with work.

Now back to my bad day. I got to the doctor's office on time, where I had to wait for 45 minutes to see the doctor. He proceeded to tell me that my heart was in reasonably good shape, but I should probably start taking medication. He didn't, however, prescribe any medication at that time. He said he wanted to talk to my primary care doctor, and I should come back to see him in four months. I thought, if I can do without this vital medication for another four months, it really must not be serious and maybe I shouldn't bother to go back at all. I, of course, didn't say any of that. I just nodded and said "Ok."

He led me through a maze to the checkout section where they told me I couldn't have an appointment on a Monday (one of my days off), because the doctor wasn't there on Mondays. I thought this was strange, because the first time I saw him was on a Monday. I reluctantly agreed to another Tuesday appointment. At this point, I should add that the woman behind the desk was just short of surly. I took out my credit card to pay. (Do you remember when the office visit after an invasive procedure was considered a follow-up and they didn't charge any thing .... aaahh, the good old days). The semi-surly woman looked at me and said, "Oh, we're not taking those because our system is down. Would you like me to bill you?" I said, "Well, I guess you'll have to." I could have paid by check, but by this time, I was feeling somewhat surly too.

Now we can get back to the window. I left the doctor's office feeling rather depressed. When I got to the glass place, I had to wait while the lovely woman behind the counter waited on three other customers in the store and two on the phone. When my turn came, she did not immediately jump up to wait on me. She kind of looked around, sauntered around her desk area, and finally looked at me and said, "May I help you?" Keep in mind that I'm not feeling real good about the morning so far. My first thought was that it would be very helpful if I could just punch her in the head, but being a civilized, non-violent person, I just told her I had come to pick up my friend's window. She said, "Oh, they're working on it now." Great. I asked how long it would be and she said 5 or 10 minutes. Fine.

In the promised time, she and another woman brought out the window and the screen. As she put the window down, the glass started to tilt out of the frame. She mumbled a few words about there being no stops on one side and asked whether I'd like for them to silicone or tape the glass to keep it in the frame. When I hesitated for a moment, she impatiently asked for my friend's phone number and called her. While she was talking on the phone to determine what my friend wanted her to do, she kept making a face like all of this was just so taxing and the person she was talking to (my friend) was beyond stupid. When she hung up, she said, "She wants us to silicone the window in." I asked how long that would take and she said about 10 to 15 minutes. I said, "Fine," but not in a cheerful tone. Then she asked me whether my trunk was big enough for the window to lay flat. I said that it probably wasn't.

She proceeded to explain how the silicone would not be dry and if we didn't lay the window flat, the glass could slip and be crooked. She added that perhaps we could stand it on the floorboard. OK. I'm looking at this girl and thinking (and that's making my head hurt), that I can't believe that she'd even consider giving me the window without the glass actually being attached and then suggest that I transport it before it's really safe to do so. Of course, I didn't say any of that, but I was mentally broadcasting it to her, which is probably why she had no idea of how exasperated I was getting. I finally said, "I'll just come back for it. I'd hate to have it damaged by trying to move it before it's safe, because I don't want to wait for another week and a half while you people get your shit together."

I finally had her full attention. "Excuse me?" she said. I said, "Yes, excuse you." What I had meant to say was that I didn't think there was any excuse for her, but I'm not good at snappy comebacks. My standard snappy comeback is "OH YEAH, Well, F\*\*\* You!" I didn't use it this time. She replied, "I don't appreciate that kind of language." I apologized by saying, "I'm sorry. While you get your stuff together. While you get your act together. Whatever." She curtly told me that the window would be ready in an hour and a half and I left.

When I got back to work, I called my friend to apologize to her for pissing off the people who held her window hostage. Before I could say anything, my friend said, "So you were mean to the girl at the glass place." I couldn't believe the woman had actually called my friend at work to complain! She couldn't be bothered to call her last Friday to tell her that her window wasn't ready, but she had plenty of time to call her to go on about how I was mean and had cursed at her. She also told my friend she wasn't sure she was going to give me the window when I came back.

I'd like to clarify that using shit (which really hasn't been considered much of a curse word in my lifetime) in a sentence is not cursing at someone. If I

had called her a F\*\*\*ing B\*\*\*\* or used my standard snappy comeback, that would have been cursing at her. Moreover, if she thinks I was mean, she's led a very sheltered life. To make a long story short (ok, I know it's too late for that), I went back at 3:00 p.m. to get the window. There was no yelling, cursing or violence. I took the window to my house, because I didn't want it to ride around in my car and I didn't have the new key to my friend's house. It was about 3:30 when I got on 95 from East Charleston heading toward Henderson to go back to work.

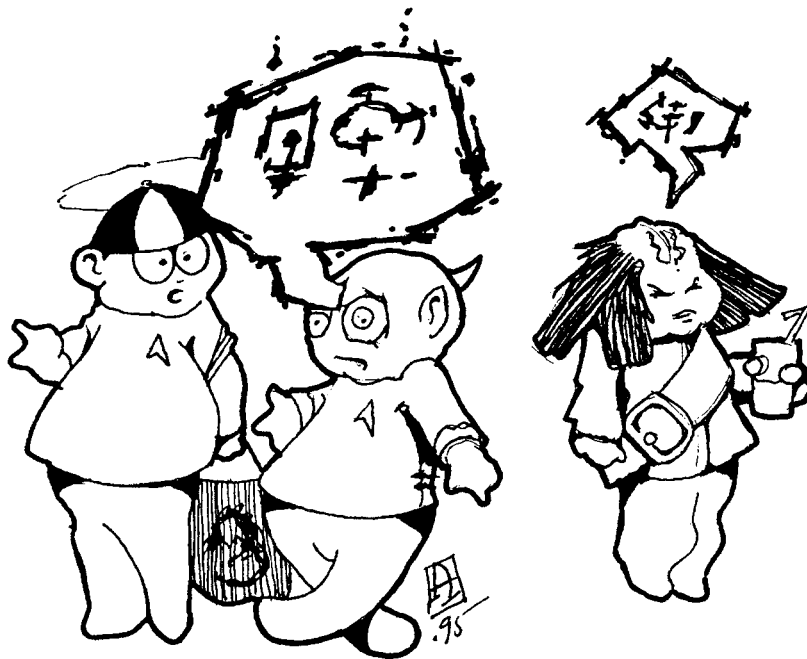
Anybody who watched the news on Tuesday night knows there was a big accident on 95 that afternoon, involving a dozen cars, including a big tractor-trailer (semi or whatever you want to call a really, really big vehicle.) As I passed Boulder Highway, I saw the traffic was starting to back up so

swung into the right lane to exit on Flamingo, mentally patting myself on the back for being so quick to change my route. However, I had commended myself too early, because the accident was between Boulder and Flamingo and I wasn't going anywhere.

After moving forward slowly for about five minutes, traffic came to a dead standstill and stayed that way for about two hours. People started getting out of their cars and milling around, talking to other motorists. We

could have had a party, if anyone had had the foresight to bring refreshments. I thought that this had to be one worst days of my life (maybe even my year). Anyway, it was a day from hell. Most of the southbound traffic was turned around and taken off 95 at Boulder Highway. I was lucky (not) enough to be close enough to the front of the pack to use the single lane they had cleared so I got a close-up look at the disaster.

It was ugly. Smashed cars and bits of concrete were everywhere. As I passed a car straddling a concrete barrier, which had been shoved into two lanes of traffic, I thought, "I guess my day hasn't been that bad, after all."



### Never argue with a Klingon

