

# IMPLOSION

**Implosion #15** is the local monthly fanzine of Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). It is produced for the 15th Distribution of Apa V, the Las Vegas apa, which has as this month's theme "The Future." Today is December 31, 1994.

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

## Mea Culpa

This time, you can blame me for the Official Subject. As you all know, the last Las Vegrants meeting was a little... under-attended. With the big party that week and a Social coming up the following weekend, it was understandable that quite a few gave our once-a-month get-together a skip. (Actually, we had fun trimming the tree, but we missed ya.)

Unfortunately, it left me more or less in charge of Apa V. Ken and I had kicked around a completely different idea, one which we'll offer at the gala New Years Eve party/meeting. The Mainspring and I think it's a pretty good idea, actually, but I didn't want to just impose it on everybody without discussion. So I played it safe and picked "the Future" as the theme of distribution 15.

From the quizzical looks on the faces of other Vegrants when I mentioned the theme, I may've served a rocket when I meant to dish up a lob. The vastness of "The Future" may prove daunting to some. I know it hasn't inspired my usual flood of words -- yet.

## What about a 'Best of'?

Now that Apa V is solidly into its second year of operation, I was thinking it might be fun to produce a little anthology of the first year. I see it as divided according to distribution, with each section featuring various items relating to the Official Theme.

It'd be a great thing to distribute at Corflu. Since most of us probably have our contributions on disk, compiling the booklet wouldn't be all *that* hard.

I'm working on an anthology of the first year of **The Vegas All-Stars** and am also

responsible for **Fanthology 1991**, so I am hoping that the idea will appeal to one or more of the rest of you. I can help, but it really would need to be someone else primary responsibility.

So, anyone want to take up the challenge?

## Speaking of Corflu

That one future event which is rapidly approaching the present. I don't know what I've said about this to whom, so I hope you'll bear with me if I cover familiar ground.

Corflu Vegas is the 12th annual world convention for fanzine fandom. It was started when it became obvious that the World Science Fiction Conventions had become too large, too diverse and too non-fannish to be the kind of core, tribal experience fanzine fans enjoyed so much up through the early 1970s.

Fanzine fandom, as we all realize, represents a special subculture, an international network, of writers, editors and artists who love self-expression and communication so much that they pay for the privilege. Corflu is the purest expression of the fanzine fan ethos, an unpolitical, easy-going whirl of parties, interesting discussions, food and drink and the companionship of some of the most entertaining, delightful people in the world.

Fanzine fandom has been very, very good to Las Vegas. This is our chance, perhaps the only one older fans like Joyce and I will ever have, to repay all the kindness, hospitality and support. That's why we took on the responsibility of doing Corflu, even though we're not too interested in the rigamarole of putting on a convention.

Not that our motives are altogether altruistic. I can't think of many better ways to spend a weekend than surrounded by all those people who have come to mean so much to us. If you thought the conviviality and communion of room 1812 at Silvercon 3 was special (and I thought it was

special, too) then you already have the Corflu spirit.

Be sure to pick up **Pry #3** the new Corflu Vegas progress report, on the free table in Ross' office. We're entering the Serious Preparation phase, and I hope some of you will come forward with ideas you'd like to see us try and, especially, offers of help.

Testimony of KKW employees notwithstanding, I am not really a skilled nag. I've tried not to bother people unduly before it was necessary, but this is the time is here. If we all pull together, we can make Corflu Vegas as unforgettably enjoyable as we would all wish it to be.

Let's make it... fabulous!

### **The Crystal Ball Game**

The way people make predictions is as interesting as the prognostications themselves. The content of anything but near-future predictions is usually off the beam, anyway. As a panel at the 1991 Magicon observed, we don't have personal aircars. So the means by which the prediction is generated and presented may eclipse the fruits of the process.

As editor of **Electronic Games** and a certified bigmouth, I make a lot of predictions. Following in the footsteps of Nostradamus, I put the most startling ones so far into the 21st century that I'll be dead before anyone notices they haven't come true.

Near-future predictions, based on inside knowledge, are good, too. There's nothing like knowing that two companies have completed a secret agreement to put teeth into the prediction of a corporate merger.

When I write a predictive column or article, I try to give the reasons for my forecast. In other words, I employ the rational approach. For instance, I predict that Vegas Fandom will have several new babies on the way by this time next year. That's based on the fact that there are going to be a lot of new couples, and my guess that at least one of them will start a family during the indicated time-frame.

Some crystal ball gazers aren't content with that procedure. They want to speak about coming events with certainty. Such

would-be seers add a supernatural element as the authenticating authority. They don't logic out tomorrow; the future comes to them as revelation.

This is a nice gig if you can get it, because PT Barnum may have under-estimated the growth rate of the audience of the congenitally gullible. There is no telling how much money has been earned by forecasting the end of the world. In some cases, the faithful come back for another round the day after the world doesn't disappear on schedule. The meek may inherit the earth, but the marks will give it right back to the sharks.

Jeanne Dixon is the most pathetic charlatan of the modern era, with a bow toward Uri "the UFO taught me to bend spoons". Right from the first, it was clear that Mrs. Dixon, a charming and well-connected Washington, D.C. matron was not a terribly original mind. People don't gasp when she utters one of her oracular statements, and they seldom get a chance to marvel at them coming true.

Sparx, the British pop/rock duo of the late 1970s and 1980s, wrote a song that described the kind of predictions with which Jeanne Dixon has earned a fortune. One line goes: "Somebody's gonna die, but I can't reveal who!"

Impossible as it may seem, Dixon could probably make even more dough if she'd lay off predicting those rightwing Republican futures. It punctures her credibility even with the most muddle-minded.

The more official the sanction under which a prediction is delivered, the more the forecast appears sterile and devoid of human individuality. The literature of science fiction has many stories in which the world of the future mirrors the incredible diversity of our own, but "Worlds Fair" type worlds of tomorrow are so antiseptic you could eat off the moving walkway.

Of course, those pedestrian thoroughfares would never have anything as prosaic as garbage -- or floor pie. Those predictive panoramas displayed at the 1939 World's Fair could almost persuade that, in that promised someday, the person next to you on that pedestrian thoroughfare won't still need a bath.