

Implosion

Implosion #20 is the local monthly fanzine of Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). It is produced for the 20th Distribution of Apa V, the Las Vegas apa, which has as this month's theme "Corfluvium" Today is June 4, 1995.

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

Tom Springer's Plan

"And a little neo shall lead them."
-- ancient fannish saying

The days are forever passed when any intelligent fan can harbor the suspicion that Las Vegas Fandom is in some way a figment of my imagination. I won't soon forget Shelby and Suzanne Vick calling one evening so that Ms Vick could announce: "I caught you! 'Marc Cram' is a pallendrome! He's a pallendrome! I caught you!" (Marc Cram is, indeed a pallendromic name, but it belongs to a very real fringe fan who sometimes comes to fan events and even less frequently writes for one of the local fanzines.)

I suppose I added fuel to the speculation with articles and outright fan fiction pieces on this subject. I've written about local fandom being a cargo cult, and I also wrote a yarn in which a bunch of local fans invented Joyce, Bill, Ross and I. There were others in a similarly light vein, attempts to josh fans out of such embarrassing misconceptions.

A combination of Silvercon III and Corflu Vegas has buried all such allegations. It's hard to think of JoHn as a hoax after you've seen him cavort through the convention wearing a cap-and-bells jester's hat -

- or investigated the matching pipe. Who could forget Don Miller after his Adult Video Hour at Corflu Vegas? It's colorful behavior like that which indelibly impresses a new fan's image on the rest of us. In one way or another, such Vegrants as Tom Springer, Ken and Aileen Forman, Ben and Cathi Wilson, Raven, Laurie Yates, Woody Bernardi, Belle Churchill, Peggy Kurilla and Su Williams have stepped forward and taken their places within the fan community.

Although fans generally no longer ascribe the actions of other Vegrants to Joyce and me, the shadow of this illusion still falls across our path. People say they found a typo in a con flyer, or a miscollated page in a fanzine, and then expect me to know all about the circumstances -- and correct the problem.

Most of the time, it's news to me. Las Vegrants, like any livewire fan group, is composed of individuals. Each Vegrant has his or her own talents, limitations and point of view. And when it comes to fanzines, most of them have pretty clear ideas about what they want and how to realize that goal.

It is true that, 'way back three years ago, I provided the local neos with a lot of nuts-and-bolts help. Nowadays, about themost I do is answer a few questions and, sometimes, run off their fanzines on the mighty Gestetner. Frankly, the flaws of my own publications are numerous enough to occupy all the time I can devote

to such things without shouldering responsibility for everything that goes wrong fannishly in Clark County, Nevada.

One of our leading individualists is Tom Springer, co-editor of **Nine Lines Each**, co-editor of **Wild Heirs** and editor-in-chief of **Brodie**, the third issue of which was selected by Andy Hooper as the best fanzine he received circa Corflu Vegas.

Despite praise from his idol, Mr. Gooper, Tom was far from satisfied with the job Kinko's did on his beloved publication. Even with two tries, the shop couldn't seem to produce it without extra blank pages and other disfiguring glitches. They also shredded the master for the cover, fandom's first Springer-Rotsler collaboration.

Tom's appetite for fannish knowledge is voracious, and it's rare when he doesn't demonstrate some fresh insight into the hobby during every visit. Even in the few days which elapsed between the completion of **Brodie III** and its distribution at Corflu Vegas, he had picked numerous nits with his own performance. (In fairness to Tom, it must be noted that **Brodie III** was produced without benefit of DTP software.)

When I saw his dejected expression at Corflu, I immediately offered to fix Kinko's screw-ups. So instead of going right back to press, Tom started to tinker with the issue. Armed with a desktop program, he fixed the columns, caught some typos, re-did the headings and generally classed up the zine in about every way. Tom rewrote pieces, clipped out one of his articles that no longer met his soaring standards and even spruced up the

contentspage.

I ran off the revamped **Brodie III** on a rather eye-catching goldenrod stock during the first week of May. Tom beamed as he beheld his finished fanzine. There was no doubt that he had a right to feel proud; it was considerably closer to his goal than the original incarnation.

He beamed, and yet there was... something. A weird light shone in his eyes as he thumbed the first finished copy. I left him to his silence as he contemplated **Brodie III**. Yet it wasn't quite silence, because I could hear him muttering about all the things he wanted to do to improve his fanzine.

How commendable, I thought. Even as he savors success, he's already figuring out how to make the next issue better.

My thoughts must have been readable on my face, because Tom broke his communion with the copy of **Brodie III** and said, "I want to make it better!"

"Every issue better!" I said, reciting the venerable motto, coined in a fan fiction story of long ago. "I'll bet **Brodie IV** will be another big leap forward."

"No, I mean **Brodie III**," he contradicted. "It could be so much better."

I intoned a few platitudes about how every fanzine can stand improvement. **Brodie III** was a laudable and creditable effort, I assured him over and over.

"I'm going to redo it again," he vowed. "**Brodie III #3** will rise from the ashes of this **Brodie III**!"

"The same issue?" I was croggled, simply croggled.

"Not exactly the same," he said, more to himself than to me. "I'll put in some

more letters, and I'll be funnier answering them. I'll catch *all* the typos. I'll..."

"Tom, you've got to calm down and collate," I soothed. "Don't you see where this will lead?"

"So in your opinion, where will it lead?"

"It'll be the year 2005, and you'll be doing **Brodie III #Thirty-something** with lasers and little movies where the illos are and an original musical score in surround stereo."

"That sounds good, Arnie," he said. "Do you think we'll have workable virtual reality by then? '**Brodie III**, live the dream,'."

"But think about the work!" I challenged. "Days and nights of staging the latest and greatest **Brodie III** in the fan universe. Endless hours of typing and correcting and collating. The ceaseless striving to top yourself. It'll be a full-time obsession." I almost cried at the thought of that haffard, downtrodden Tom Springer of the future, wearily trudging through yet another revision of **Brodie III**.

"That's a factor I hadn't previously considered," Tom acknowledged. "But it will be worth it if I can show fandom that their faith in me is justified." He stared at the far horizon, a look of determination in his eyes.

"What about having to prepare my article, 'The Art of Burbee,' for publication, again and again and again," I tried. "Laying it out, over and over and over and ..."

"I get the idea," he said, stopping my flood of pleading words. "You know, it's really a fine article, and I'm positively honored to present it in **Brodie III**. Possibly, in a future **Brodie III**, you could revise or even expand 'The Art of

Burbee'."

Damn! I hadn't counted on such loyalty. I had to play the ultimate trump card or risk losing Las Vegas Fandom's Great Hope to a hellish fanpublishing treadmill. "Tom, what about egoboo?"

"What about egoboo?" he replied. "I hope that as I learn to do **Brodie III** better and better that they will express their appreciation by sending letters, cartoons and articles."

"And when you get those locs and contribs and illos, where will you print them?"

"In **Brodie**, of course," he said. "Unless there's something you think really belongs in **Wild Heirs**." No one had ever accused Tom of not being a Team Player.

"In **Brodie**, Tom?" I challenged. "You'll still be repubbing **Brodie III**."

"I can just put the new stuff right in the next **Brodie III**," he said.

"Sio you're going to do a revised **Brodie III**, the third in an interminable series, and you're going to add stuff."

"Right,"

"You'll going to have new letters in the letter column."

"If fans are generous and send them I will."

"And new articles and columns from fans responding to the **Brodie III** you just finished?"

"It wouldn't be right to keep excellent fanwriting from **Brodie's** readers," he said.

"And you're going to put artwork in those new articles, and maybe substitute fresh drawings for some of those in this **Brodie III**?"

"That is definite my plan," Tom agreed.

"Sounds good to me," I commented, "but since everything will be new, why

don't you demonstrate your growing facility with roman numerals and call it **Brodie IV.**"

"That is an eminently sensible idea," said Tom Springer. "After due consideration, I believe I will make it my new plan."

Thus was the numeric integrity of **Brodie** saved.

Wild Heirs Chatter

How did you folks like **WH #6**? I confess tl'm tremendously pleased about the continued improvement in our club's unofficial official fanzine.

I thought #6 was the best one so far, though I wish we'd been able to feature more Vegrants. I don't mean to sound corny, but I think **Wild Heirs** is going to be at its best -- and be the most fun -- when everyone gets involved with it.

We've got some good stuff lined up for #7, and I'm expecting this month's APA V distribution to generate a lot more material we can use. Don't be afraid to write something expressly for **WH** if you feel more comfortable doing that.

JoHn's ging to start his fanzine review column in #7. I mention this so that everyone he meets for the next week will ask him if he's managed to

write it yet. Call Me Mr. Helpful.

Letters. The group approach seems to be working pretty well under Tom's direction. We're gonna give everyone a week this time. You might look for the letter column for #7 sometime toward mid-June.

Joyce suggested that we put my time travel fan story and Tom's stirring narrative of the Great Shrimp conspiracy into a separate half-issue of **Wild Heirs**. I thught we might add a classic fannish reprint in a similar vein and call it **Wild Heirs 7.5**. We'd send it out with the next issue.

That's what I think I'll do, if no one has any objections Let me know quick if you do.

This will teach me to write a story that just inches onto a fourth page. I just couldn't stand to see all that blank space. Rereading the page, however, makes me wonder if I made the right decision.

Eiher way, I'll probable do the same thing next month. See you in the "Coming of Age" mailing.