

# Implosion

**Implosion #36** is the local monthly fanzine of Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). It is produced for the 36th Distribution of Apa V, the Las Vegas apa, which has as this month's theme "Sex, Again." Today is October 6 1996.

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

I love chocolate. My parents were chocoholics, like most Eastern European Jews. I've followed in their wrapper-littered footsteps. Give me a Hershey's kiss, and I may binge through an entire bag.

Chocolate cookies.

Chocolate candy.

Chocolate cake.

Chocolate pie.

Chocolate ice cream with hot fudge topping.

Chocolate-filled and chocolate-coated.

Chocolate has made me overweight.

Some day it may flat-out kill me.

Nonetheless, I love chocolate.

It didn't surprise me when a medical study reported that eating chocolate releases the same brain chemicals as sex. From that first *Three Musketeers* bar, I knew.. (It was only years later, with great outside assistance, that I learned that chocolate nougat is *not* the Ultimate Sensation.)

My dad's was a chocolate-covered cherries man. Occasionally, he searched out esoteric, gourmet brands, but the ones in the supermarket pleased him, too.

My chocolate fetish embodies this same egalitarian view. I try to find the good in all chocolate. I have happily eaten hollow bunnies, foil-covered gold coins and store-brand chocolate-covered doughnuts. I have asked for second on Magic Shell.

My favorites? It's a tough call. Solid chocolate replicas-on-a-stick of Dolly Parton have a certain charm, not to mention psychological significance, yet a Droste chocolate orange is a thing of beauty with a satisfyingly convoluted eating ritual.

On the other hand, I was shocked when

I heard the recent finding that chocolate is actual beneficial in the prevention of heart disease.

Eating chocolate regularly may inflate that spare tire, but it cuts the chance of heart attack in half.

According to the report, drinking red wine with the chocolate heightens the effect. Wouldn't that chill your momma's bones?

Red wine and chocolate promote cardiological health. They're good for you. I can't imagine my mom saying,, "Eat up all the nonpareils, Arnie. And if you don't wash them down with that bottle of burgundy, I'll tell your father when he comes home."

As I said, this latest claim for chocolate stunned me. Abi Frost would feel the same way if they discovered that chainsmoking cured emphysema. This is what every choco-lyte has craved since the dawn of Nestlé: there is an irrefutable excuse to just let go and wallow in the stuff.

I'm no mush-minded psychic psychiatrist. I am a Man of Science I did what the apostles of reason from Descartes to Benford would have me do: I became a total convert to this new science of heartcare.

Then one evening, while enjoying the buzz from a foot-long tootsie-roll, it came to me. Science had given me license to nosh, but what had I done for science?

Damn little, I reluctantly conceded. I resolved to fix this one-sided situation as soon as possible.

I buckled down to work, a bowl of M&Ms at my elbow for inspiration. I thought about my new mission for 30 man-days. I spent up to five, 10, 20, even 50 minutes a day. Well, almost every day. Most days. Almost more than half.

All right, sticklers for truth... I thought of it this morning, because I need to write this article today. But don't let the off-hand conception

prejudice you against the child. Many a Nobel Laureate has sprung from the backseat of a car (usually with some Swedish husband in irate pursuit).

I am ready to make that contribution to Science now. I call it HeLP, the **Hedonistic Life Plan**. The name on my soon-to-be-best-selling book is *The Chocolate, Red Wine, More Sex Diet*. It's going to pay for my mansion in Hershey, PA.

Some of you may be saying to yourself, "I understand the chocolate, and the red wine makes sense, but why 'more sex'?"

Why *not* more sex? It's healthy exercise, and it increases the appetite for red wine and chocolate.

HeLP is more than a fad, a trendy plan to fix you up overnight. It's a lifestyle, one you'll pursue until your chocolate-bloated, wine-sotted, sex-sated body spontaneously combusts.

The meetings are vital. Look out Jenny Craig and Weight Watchers, neither of which offers either chocolate or red wine, much less more sex.

You've got to go to the Hedonistic Holistic Health Center near you a minimum of three times a week. There, followers will draw inspiration from their peers' stories of how chocolate, red wine and sex made them healthier, happier human beings. With all those rousing testimonials, I imagine the post-meeting socializing will be really something. I'm reserving the Trojan concession.

Ghu, it feels good to be so useful.