

MEANWHILE

in Sin City...



ALAN WATSON



I remember those years before pandemia was cool, and since we've seen unsettling events previously reserved for dystopian science fiction and horror stories. I thought I'd take some time to ruminate over the past year, both ridiculous and sublime just to put things in perspective upon the arrival of 2022. All of this is my personal space-time continuum full of whimsy and broken dreams and may be different from yours.

2021 - THINGS HAPPENED!

By March of 2021 DeDee and I had completed our Moderna shots.

My backstory of medicinal stabber and pokery began with my brother dying of Cerebral Palsy back in '54 after spending a brief and shitty life in a room otherwise full of kids confined to iron lungs. Most had polio and existed solely by virtue of a steam-punkish device powered by a bellows making a wet and endless sound: chheeeeeeeee... khoooooooooo.

Following that, my mother became an overly proactive sort wagging me to the sawbones for the latest shot to stave off anything scary peeking over the horizon. I remember getting a polio shot at age five; mumps, measles, rubella, diphtheria, smallpox, various fevers, voodoo curses and god knows how many tetanus shots I endured for every mishap attempting to discover my true super-power. And then there was that Thalidomide kid next door, but we won't go there.



Hollywood during the 80s, I sat by more AIDS bedsides than I'd care to count. Yeah, I may be a little hypochondriacal but have no problem being a guinea pig for every shot comin' down the pike. I've been donating blood every eight weeks since 1974 because somebody somewhere is having a shitty day.

DeDee on the other hand came from a village of paranoid skeptics certain the government found every word they spoke of intense scrutiny, every conspiracy an absolute fact; the earth is flatter'n a pancake and Bob's yer uncle.

What's past is prologue and the present is Covid. DeDee and I have no problem masking up and taking the jab - which is more than I can say for the rest of her clan. During the first wave, DeDee lost her sister and brother-in-law to Covid and that old gal down the street.

She was the one who said it was all a hoax. Now *that's* irony. But all is not well of course. The second wave, like the pendulum returning in this direction toppled many of the young ones sentenced to days if not weeks in bed staring at their phones.



Sounds more like wish-fulfillment than a disease. Many of the leaves on DeDee's family tree took ill. The big irony here is DeDee's daughter works in the Covid ward of Loma Linda Hospital dealing with daily death and tragedy and can only shake her head at friends and family who are certain the rest of us have been bamboozled by a secret cabal. *She's* the one with a raft of stories of anti-vaxxers whose last words were: "It's a hoax, right?"

DeDee set up shop making four dozen N95 masks for her daughter's Covid wing when supplies ran low, then ran off a few "Walking Dead" masks for ourselves and friends.

Meanwhile, Mother Nature is cleaning house while we cower behind our broken battlements like our own personal Prospero and at my age, that's all I need is to croak over something stupid before finishing this zine! The thought of leaving half finished zines and millions of pixels floating through the numinous like Dandelo the cat is appalling.

We've had few visitors; and rightfully so; only the brave or foolish and our regular haunts have closed.

I remember when going to the movies meant dressing as if heading for church; but now all you need is a mask. Here is an ironic tad of info: "It's against the law to wear a mask on a casino floor", but sometimes rules need to be bent.

I've seen too many movies; every time I mask-up before getting out of the car, I feel ready to knock over a liquor store. Our "Senior Matinees" played to nearly empty houses and then was no more.

The once thriving Vegas Strip lay bare but for renegade skateboarders taking advantage of a dystopian world of concrete.

Some may remember a brief eye of the hurricane where Covid numbers dwindled and the casinos flung wide their doors.



Now I must tell you, for decades DeDee was Hair Stylist to the MGM Grand Hotel/Casino and has run her fingers through the locks of everyone from Prince to the Princess of Brunei. She kept in contact with the salon all these years and was horrified to hear a mighty wave of Californians blew through one weekend and three days later, everyone in the place including the owner was down with Covid and the salon was boarded up for months.

The future is anybody's guess, but we'll be easy to find, we'll have on the matching masks.

WesterCon 74

Haven't been to a convention in years. If half the stuff I read in File 770 is true, no doubt I'd be first getting the Benford Rush merely for making some astute observation that would be a gimme in any other time and space.

Having said that, the thought of a con in [Tonopah](#) is either a stroke of genius i.e. ghost town serving as metaphor for fandom, or just another bad idea by fans who *just want* a living room full of tired old people chatting about how great they were 60 years ago; you know, like [Corflu](#).

Previous acquaintances with Tonopah remain solely where you gas up on the way to Burning Man.

And yes, the location of the infamous "[Clown Motel](#)" haunting the dreams of tired motorists, and if there's ever been a place where you *want* to wear a mask, this is it.

Having said that, in a fit of nostalgia I bought WesterCon tickets a year ago just for the novelty. After-all, my first WesterCon was in '65 and this could easily be my swan song, eh? Somewhere on the edge of nowhere and running out of steam, much like myself. And hey, they promise a ghost.

I've always liked the idea of outposts and remote events so there is a fascination with that.

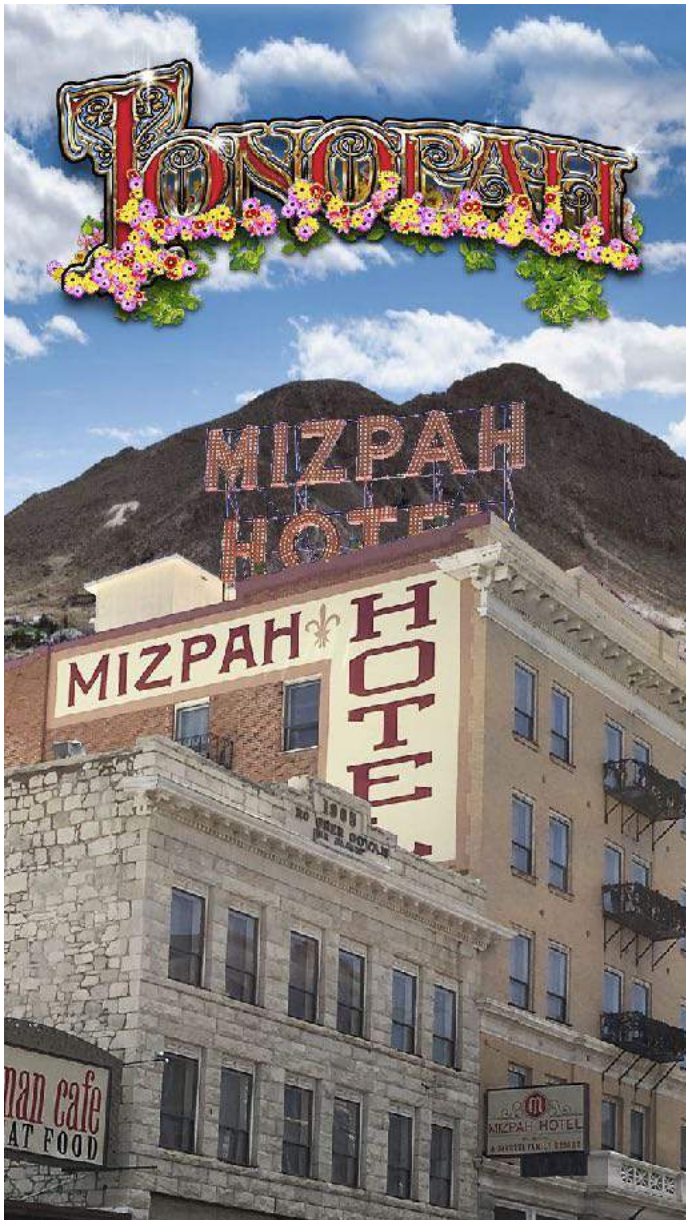
The hotel has been renovated and looks terrific. A great place to strut your steamiest punkery.

I sent them art, they said nothing; I inquired about their vague comments regarding a dealers room and art show, they said nothing; I offered movies, they said nothing.

Seems this lull in the world would be a great time to prepare something spectacular or just *interesting* instead of remaining mute.

The [website](#) is a drab affair but at least they finally mentioned their [guests of honor](#). Any proof of life is a welcome thing.

If nothing else, at least we'll be getting out of town for a few days, and don't forget, Mizpah is an anagram for "ZAP HIM!"



Happy Happy Unbirthday!

Damn the Coids - Full Speed Ahead! After a long hiatus, the Vegrants took a blood oath that none of us had Covid and we met again to celebrate all the birthdays we have missed. DeDee made a cake and attendance ran: Arnie, Kathy, Don Miller, Teresa Cochran, Brenda Dupont, John and Jacq, Ross Chamberlain and us. Not like the old days.



Clever thing, that **Jacq Monahan**, who gave lessons On making flowers from tissue paper and pipe cleaners. Roses? Cut this way then that and fold thusly, Chrysanthemum? Fold this thataway, cut that thang, and presto. **DeDee, Brenda Dupont** and **Kathy Mathews** had the table awash in posies. Crafty stuff is great therapy for old timers... they say.

NIC AND JEN'S SIZZLIN' SATURDAY ON FRIDAY NIGHT'S BARBECUE BUSTOUT!

The call: "Fifth Saturday on Friday Night"™ echoes throughout the valley summoning fans to the Rungsted Rez of **Nic** and **Jennifer Farey** promising fine eatin' hot music, cold drinks and the joyous company of free range fandom!



DeDee plays hostess
with the mostess



John Hardin



Jennifer



Lorie Forbes



Deb Deckert



Christopher Clay



Nic tickles the ivories

Ken Vaden rocks the house.





The Joy Luck Fans. Who said they can't master Mah Jongg? The fact they *still* haven't has nothing to do with it. Little by little the pieces fall into place and maybe one day they'll be ready for the big time.



Seven Magic Mountains. When anyone who isn't Carlos Castaneda says, "Let's go see some weird shit in the desert," I'm there! The odd thing about the layout of these stones - from most angles you can't see all seven pillars at one time.

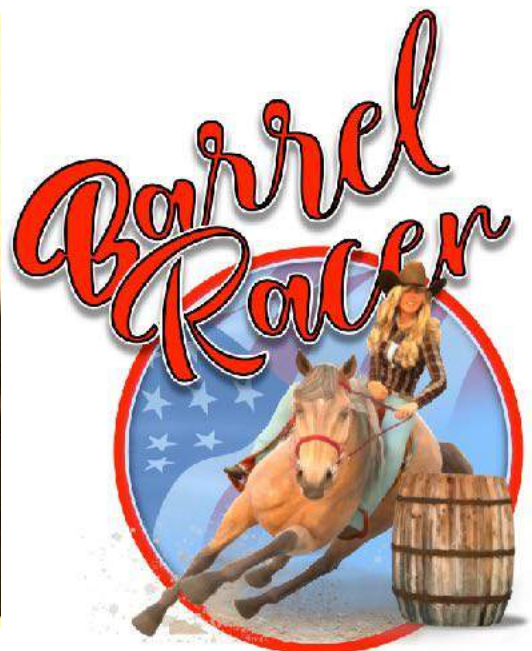


Found some of my old paintings in the garage from decades past. A Boy and His Car and a portrait of Janis Joplin done with acrylics and an airbrush. Gave them to the grandkids.



One of our favorite dives is the [Pioneer Saloon](#) out in [Goodsprings](#). Lots of cool stuff, good food, live music, bullet holes and booze. Built in 1913 the Pioneer boasts a 19th-century bar worn to a soft glow. If you look beside the stove, you'll see a few old bullet holes, the result of a long-ago fight over cheating at cards. Last time we went with Scott and Cindy Anderson and yep them be whiskey kegs but we're puttin' down the soft stuff.

This is the saloon Clark Gable stewed in waiting for a search party to find Carole Lombard's body after her [plane went down](#) on Double-Up Mountain.



T-Shirt design for some horsey friends. Available at [Redbubble](#).



The Double Funeral Time had come for DeDee's sister Debbie and brother-in-law Howard to be laid to rest at Veteran's Cemetery in Riverside, CA. Both taken by Covid within two weeks of each other. Debbie had already had a Celebration of Life in Beaumont, CA. [Website](#)



Hitting the Rails DeDee and Cindy take on the [Rail Explorers](#) for an eight mile, self-propelled ride outside Vegas. From the old Train Station and [Museum](#) to a wide spot in the road eight miles down the track - then picked up and returned to the station on a groovy old locomotive.



Arnie Katz celebrated another birthday. He's getting into the nose-bleed numbers now, and can no longer see the cake DeDee is presenting.

Fortunately, spirits were high and ice cream was everywhere... Attendees were **Don Miller, Ross Chamberlain, Teresa Cochran, John Hardin, Jacq Monahan, Sammy Whammy, Brenda Dupont** and probably me too. The back room boys spent the night cranking out music like drunken teenagers, and telling stories even I couldn't understand.



Since 1911 - [The Mesquite Club](#) Women's Charitable Organization has been shaking down anyone with two nickels to rub together. It's one charitable event after another and DeDee is no slouch hitting the costume box at the very mention of "Daisy Fay".

Toot Toot! What old timer can't forget the sound of the Helm's truck rounding the corner of their neighborhood, tooting their whistle and like Pavlov's mom, housewives would tear themselves from their soaps and run into the street like wild dogs in a house-a-fire for a bag of fresh warm donuts delivered damn near to their doors packed with all that sugary goodness!

And ohhhhhh the smell of the donut drawers exploding from the back of that truck: Heaven on earth.

Maybe it's the Covid, or my taste buds have gone flat. I seemed to go for those simple glazed things ooooooh so soft or



maybe those doughy holes with the orange shavings in them... scrumptious, *and* must be good for you too! However, I've recently discovered I don't like donuts! I look at them and think "Oh my god that looks good."

On those occasions I might spring for it but instantly regret the move. The smell of the sugar sets me off completely. I take a bite and am devastated. The sugar just petrifies me and I am immediately filled with shame and self loathing.

5 million calories shot to hell. I didn't need it and didn't want it yet fell into its sugary web; damn my hide.



Art . . . is Where You Smoke It

THE ANNUAL VEGAS CANNABIS COLORING CONTEST...Our local [pot-magazine](#) put up a dozen coloring pages for partakers of that "damnable wog hemp" and dared them to stay within the lines (or not). I did two of the things and won some stuff: a T-shirt, buttload of gummies for those who appreciate a gummy butt, Hemp coffee, skin creams, key chains, mags and other goodies. Willing to share what's left, better hurry.





an anniversary . . .

June 19th was our 31st anniversary. Who'd a thunk it? We were the first people married at the [Excalibur Hotel on opening day](#) 1990; a festive day indeed. We didn't live in Vegas at the time but a year later, it seemed like the best thing to do - and it was.

Covid had taken a breather and for a moment it seemed as if the good old days had returned. Good thing about Vegas, 15 minutes away you're in France, Egypt, Africa, Italy or back in Medieval days fighting dragons.

Wouldn't be much of an anniversary if we couldn't check into the Excalibur once more. It had been a long time - back when casinos had themes. Now, the only theme is MONEY!

In the old days, there were games of chance. Today's younger folks don't have a clue how to play cards and slots are for old-timers. Now there are sports - it's *all about* sports and night life (Bread and Circuses!). Fortunately all entertainment gravitates here sooner or later. Screw touring - get a residency and everyone comes to *you*! Makes sense.

So we stayed a couple nights, hit the pool, had some great food and live music. Getting away without going *anywhere*, and no dishes or beds to make, now that's the ticket!

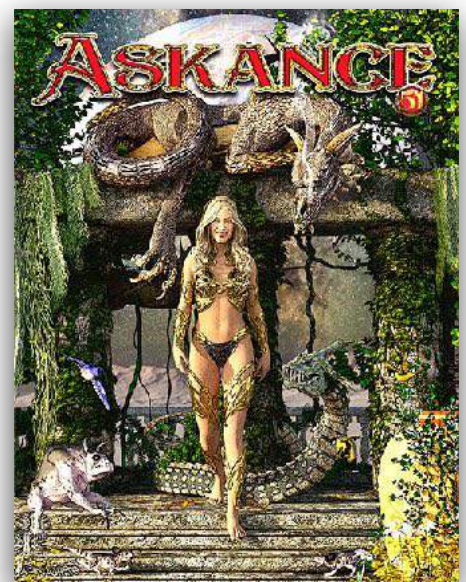
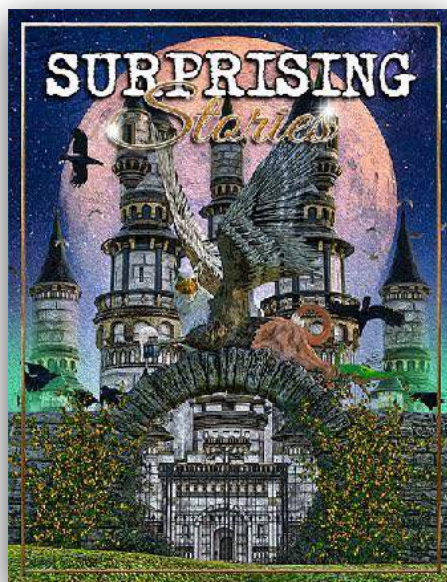
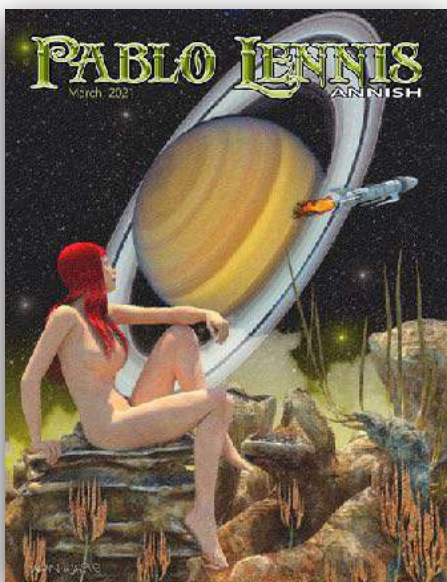


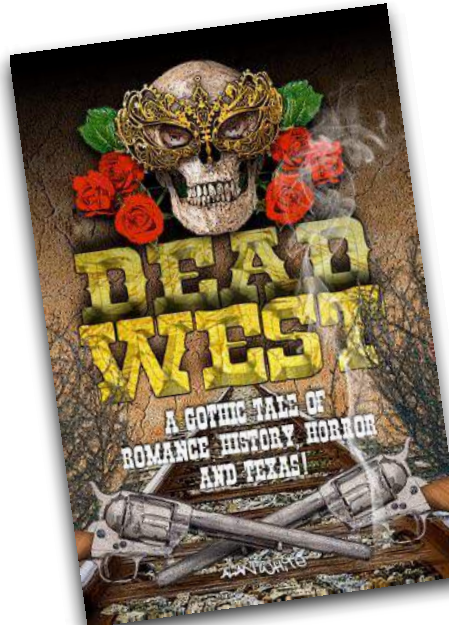
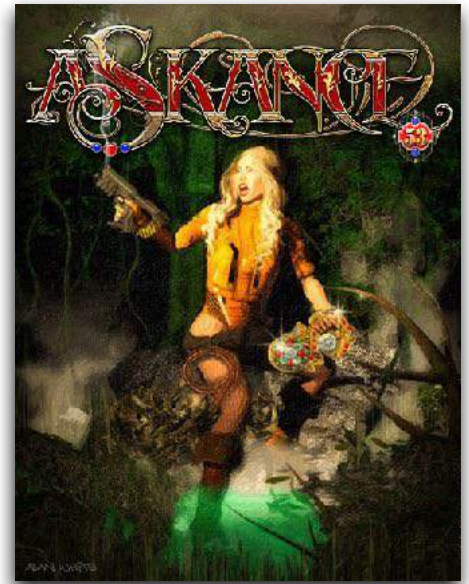
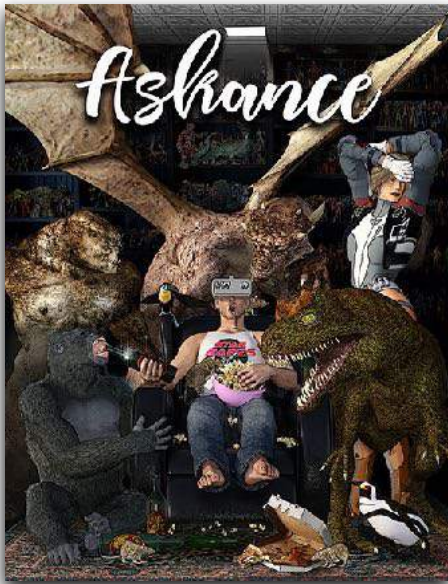
**WHAT HAPPENS HERE
ONLY HAPPENS HERE!**



IT'S BEEN A BUSY PANDEMIC

Between funerals, the pandemic has allowed an inordinate amount of time to work on this and that. Here are a few things pushed out the door. Another five covers await publishing, but I can't let the cat out of the bag just yet. . .





HISTORY OF FANDOM THROUGH SEX AND VIOLENCE!

or: This ain't your Grampa's Fandom. Oh wait, *YOU'RE* Grampa!

Some of us grew up with pulp magazines, most run across them at one time or another. Sci-Fi, Romance, Westerns, Mystery; exciting tales told in Flesh and Flash! Certainly there were some who loved them or those offended by those saucy vixens, violence and outlandish circumstances. Just wondering if our sensibilities have changed or remain the same. **By the way, all this tawdry business was produced by women!**



GLORIA STOLL KARN



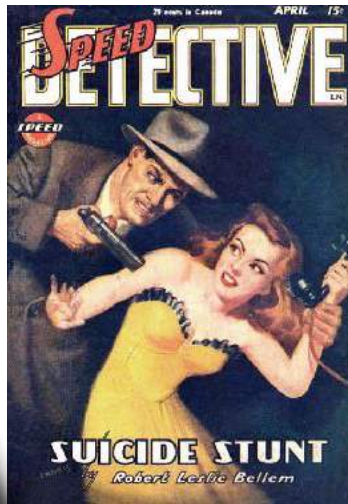
DOROTHY FLACK



ZOE MOZERT



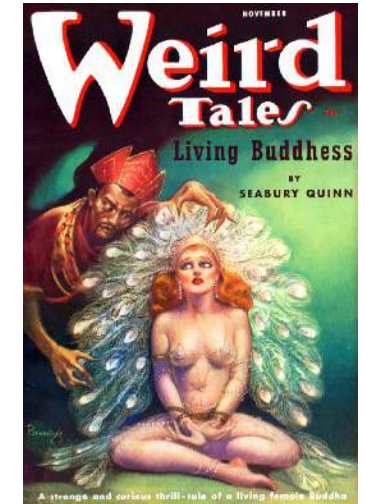
IRENE ZIMMERMANN



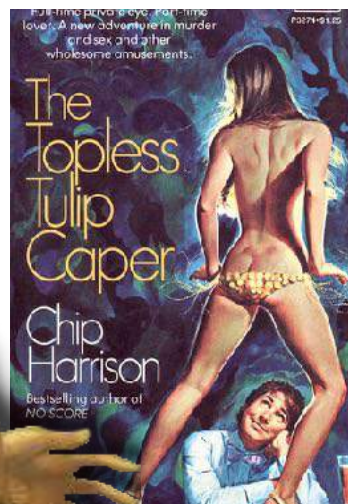
IRENE ENDRIS



MARGERY STOCKING



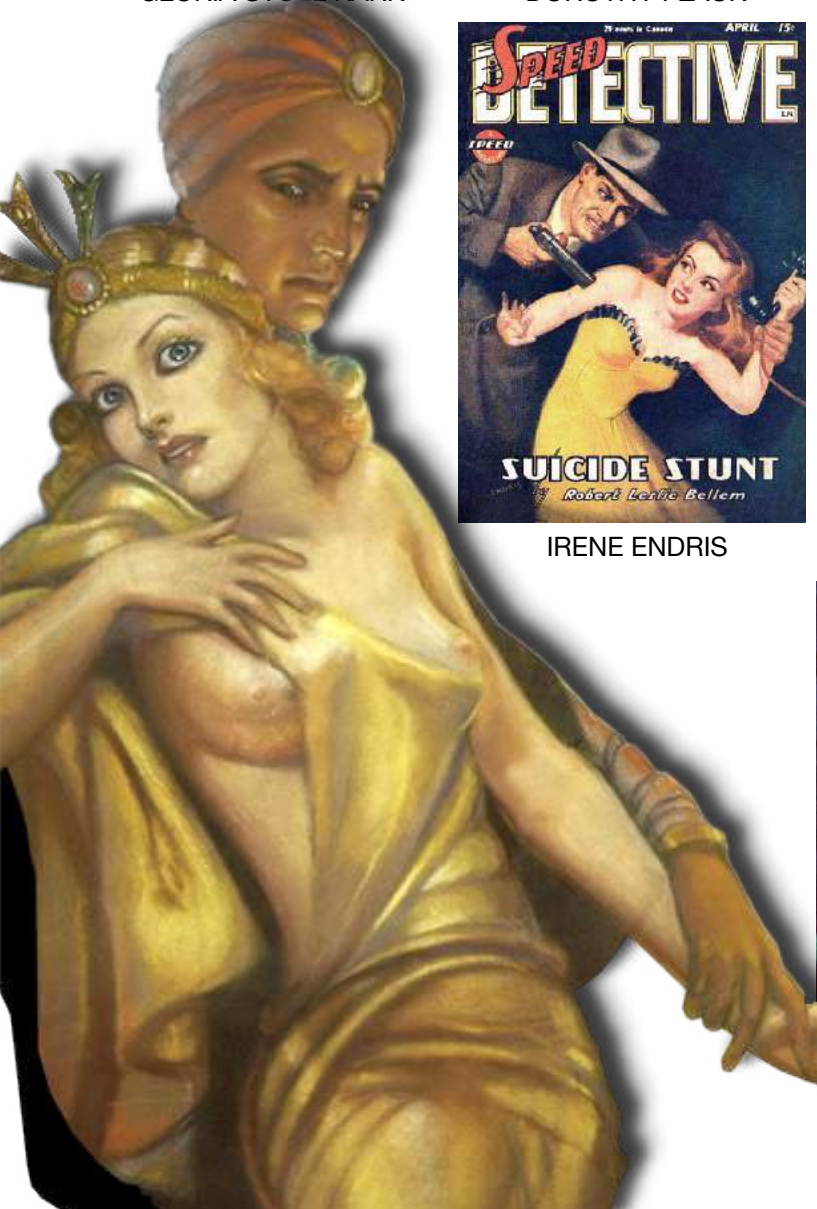
MARGARET BRUNDAGE

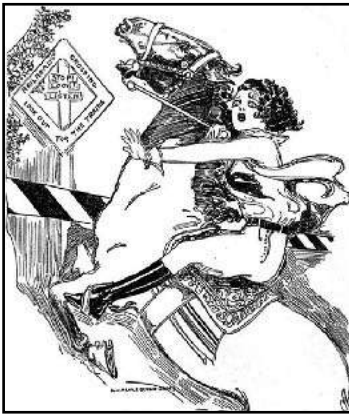


ELAINE DULLO



DORIS STANLEY





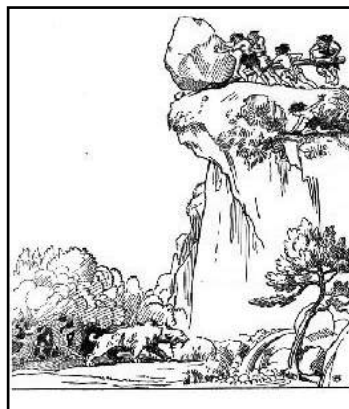
CONSTANCE BAILEY



ALICE KIRKPATRICK



MARCIA SNYDER



CONSTANCE BAILEY

Arry Ackerman told this tale of an adventure to the dime-store at the impressionable age of twelve and found a copy of "Amazing Stories" pulp magazine. On this occasion, the magazine spoke to him thusly: "Take me home little boy and I'll change your life forever" and the rest is history. I suppose there are few fans around who remember buying these "off the rack".

My puritanical parents looked down on such things when I was a mere tot and suspected they were radical conservatives protecting me from sins of the world (And anything else I might find pleasurable). After all, my first year in Junior High, a posse of self-described conservatives came to my school. I remember well dressed women said to be from the PTA walking four abreast across the concourse. [These were the women](#) I was told who would be removing our heroes and anything smacking of Science Fiction, Horror, *Tarzan* or *Tom Sawyer* from the library. "We must limit the imaginations of our children" said one clay-faced old fart on television.

Upon it's discovery, a Social Studies teacher threw my copy of Andre Norton's *Plague Ship* from the classroom window in distaste. Possession of such material immediately branded you a "Commie Faggot" through most of the school which made my daily walks home dreadfully tactical and anyone wearing a Letterman jacket or Ducktail haircut was considered the enemy.

At 18 I was out the door, free from the brassbound life of Long Beach, CA, a fresh-faced rube and current resident in the Belly of the Beast itself: HOLLYWOOOOD... Hollywood City!

No one cared about such things there. Every day I walked past the strip-shows and magazine racks bristling with temptations for every taste! Now, as I approach the clubhouse-turn of life, I regret not paying more attention.

In 2016, the UN declared Wonder Woman an "Honorary Ambassador for the Empowerment of Women and Girls."

[A few months](#) later a petition declared Wonder Woman "a large breasted, white woman of impossible proportions, scantily clad in a shimmering, thigh-baring body suit with an American flag motif and knee high boots—the epitome of a pin-up girl" and was booted from her ambassadorship. Sounds like racist, unpatriotic body-shaming to me. But to be honest, the UN already had two such ambassadors.



MARGARET BRUNDAGE



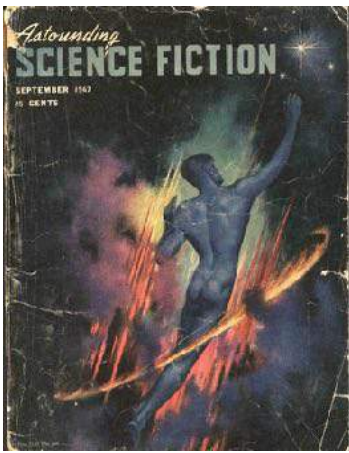
KATHLEEN ELGIN



ZOE MOZERT



THELMA GOOCH

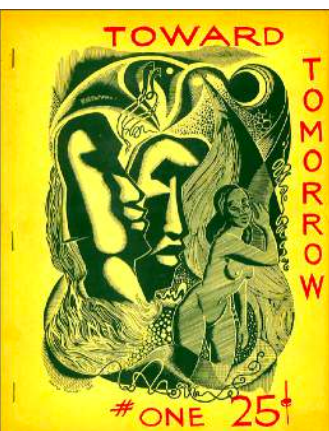
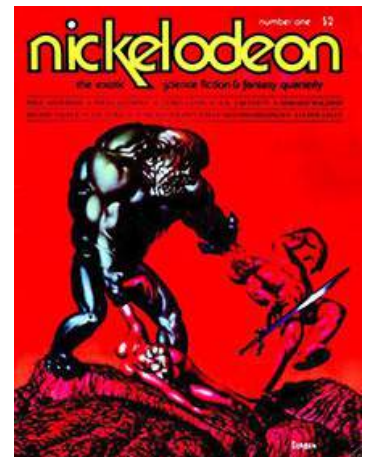
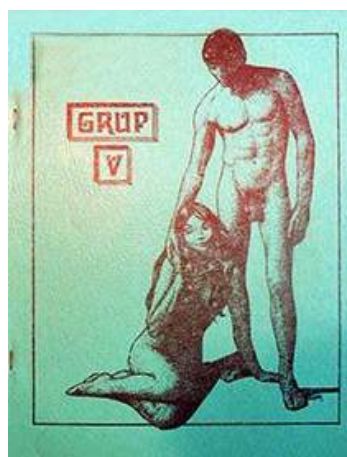
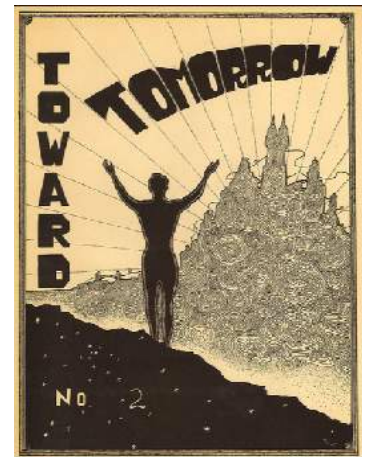
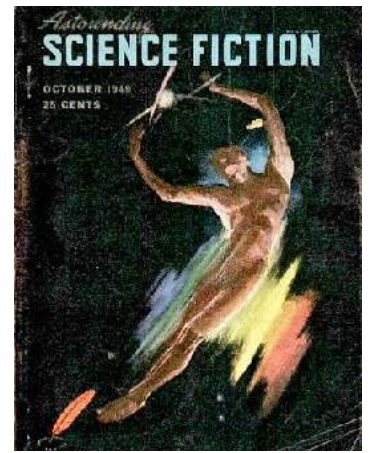


One was Tinkerbell: ambassador for the environment and the other was "Red," from Angry Birds. Now *that's* evolution.

Pulps may have faded away, but fans can still have it *their* way!

Zines gave fans license to go where their whims took them which oddly, wasn't a far stretch from the pulps. Each issue of Tom Reamy's Nickelodeon boasted a fannish nude centerfold; who can argue with that? Only issue #2 of my zine Delineator in '85 was quite so brazen with a Bob Lee cover. But those were days of experimentation and exploration. There was positively *something* for every taste.

But freedom of the press ain't what it used to be.



AND
ALL
OF
THIS
HAS
LEAD
US
TO...

CENSORED!!!

Greetings Garth. Got a flag on my post, info please. Hope all is well and cool.

Greetings;

I notice my post on your "Horror, Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers and Artists Group" page has been flagged as "Might be Sensitive Content". Details appreciated. Thank you for your time. Regards, Alan White

Horror, Science Fiction, and Fantasy Writers and Artists Group



Some of your content has been flagged because it might go against our Community Standards.

FANZINES: The Definitive Facebook Group

The admin has temporarily turned off your ability to post or comment in the group.

Auto-Flagged by Facebook

It looks like these posts, comments or stories might go against our Community Standards, so they're not visible in the group. If the admin approves your content, it'll appear in the group. If the admin doesn't do anything, it will be permanently deleted in 30 days. You can also delete it.

PABLO LENNIS
March 2021
ANNISH

Press 250
Easy Press

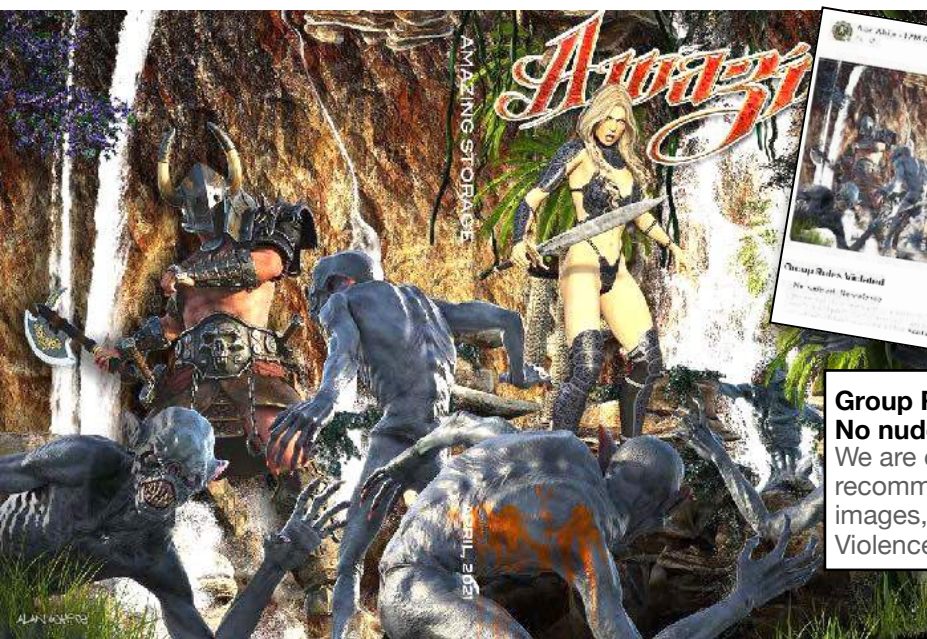
400th Issue

Maybe it's just me, but *my* covers seem pretty tame in light of what's gone before. Of course any Facebook visitor can flag a photo; and an administrator can deny any submission to their page. I just wonder about the all-around lack of backbone for admins to remove, contact or reply to my inquiries. Are we really taking the edge off *everything*?

I purposely declined adding blood to this Portable Storage cover and less flesh than found on a beach to keep the snowflakes at bay, yet there is always *someone* with a dirtier mind than I and it looks like somebody got to old Pablo before those things went in the mail.

I only fear in the future fan artists will find fewer outlets for their work and fanneds would just as soon steal something off the web.

Just *what* is a fan artist to do?



Group Rules Violated No nude art. No violence.

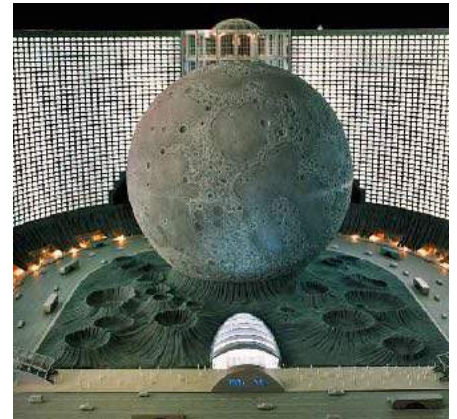
We are open to all ages & strictly adhere to Facebook's recommendations on nudity. Don't post sexualized images, sexual acts, nipples, genitals, buttocks etc. Violence / self-harm is also prohibited.

BACKWARD IN TIME AND SPACE!

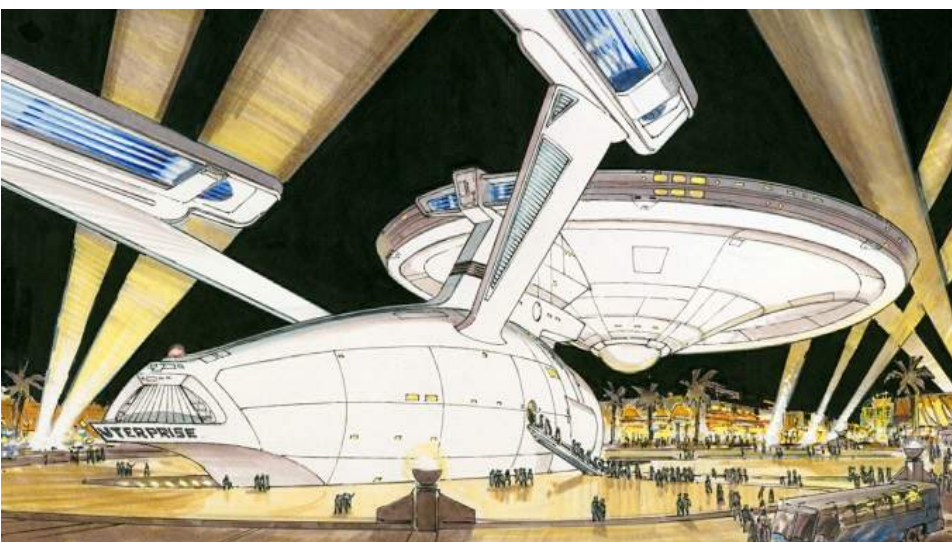
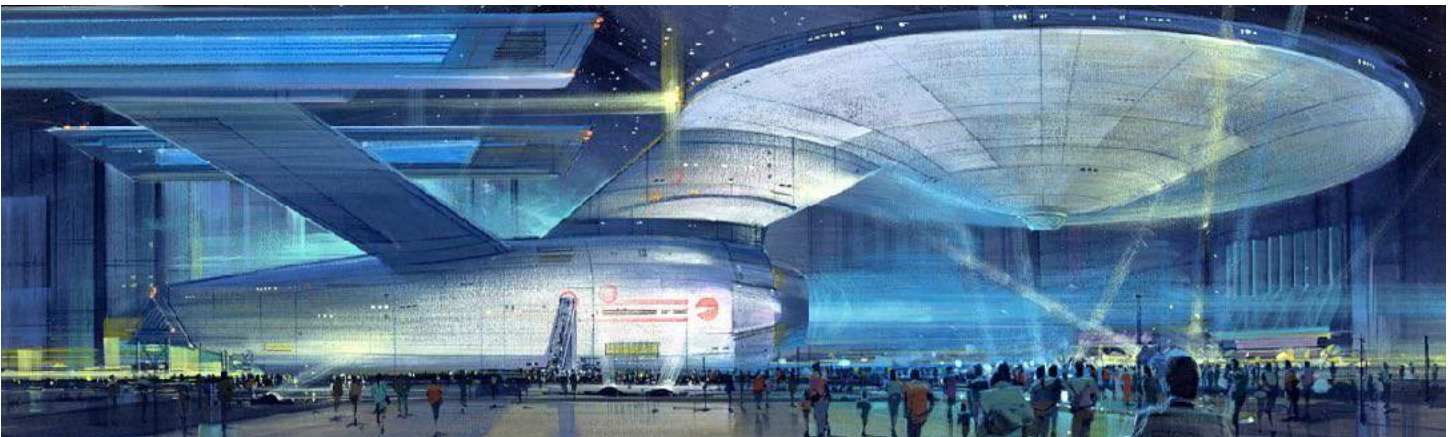


Plans are now in the works from a Canadian concern: Moon World Resorts to harness the [MOON](#) and bring it to the Vegas Strip! [Facebook](#).

Will it happen? Time will tell.



While we're on the Subject: There have been *other* Vegas Outer Space adventures that never got off the ground. The most spectacular was the [full size Enterprise](#) that crashed on the drawing board.

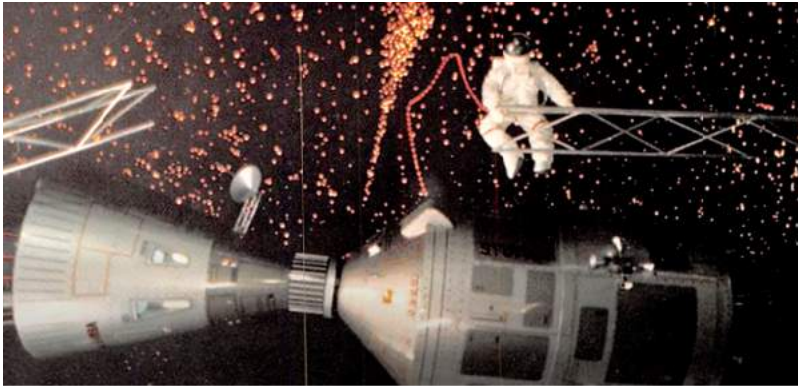
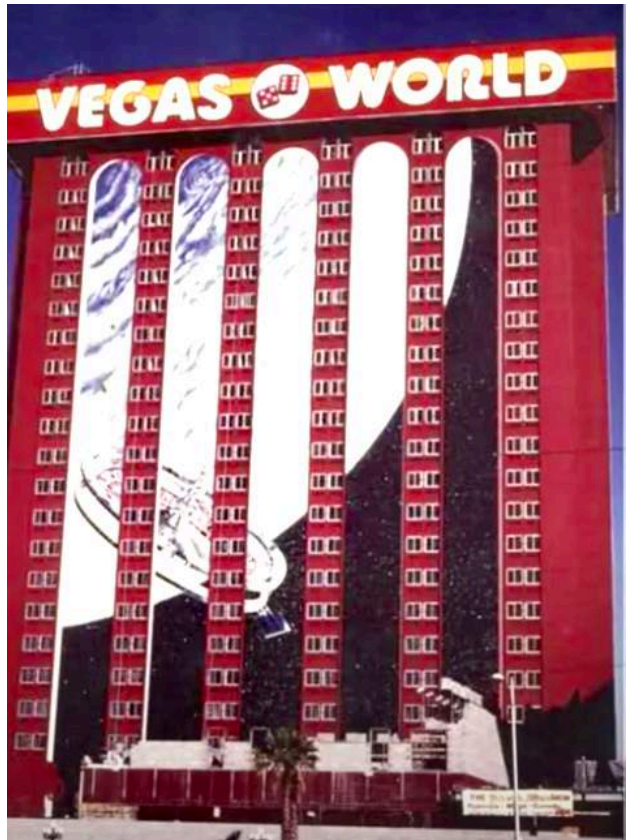


The Starship Orion Hotel set to open in 1996 never got any further than tearing down the El Rancho hotel.



I recall **Bob Stupak's Vegas World** being the casino built with an outer space theme in 1979. The exterior boasted a twenty story Space Station mural while the interior had capsules and astronauts festooned about the place. Bob was one of the great Vegas characters; he even named his son Nevada.

He wanted his own "Space Needle" and leveled the place down to build The Stratosphere Hotel, which opened in 1996 and is still standing though abbreviated it's moniker to simply **The Strat**! He once toyed with the idea of a giant mechanical King Kong elevator climbing up and down the side of the building but it was money killed the beast.



SPACE QUEST CASINO was actually a casino inside the Hilton Hotel during their operation of the **Star Trek Experience**. Here you could play the slots by merely waving your hand, and get your chips from a floating change machine. Also inside was Quark's Bar, a row of Trek venders and entrance to The Star Trek Experience itself!



[HERE](#) is a pretty spectacular documentary on the entire story of The Experience from first breath to last gasp.

I made a short film of the closing ceremony of the Experience. It's [HERE](#).

If you want to know where all the cool stuff went, click [HERE](#).

Imagining you were on your way into space was easy in the 50s. Flash Gordon, Rocky Jones all made the trip seem easy, a lot quicker and cheaper than today. With apologies to William Shatner, I made my first *real* trip into space on the Rocket Ride at the NuPike in Long Beach, California sometime in the early 50s. In fact, your own personal rocket was available in front of almost every supermarket in town with a ride to anywhere your imagination could take you for a nickel and a promise to mom you would take out the trash. Seemed so much easier back then.

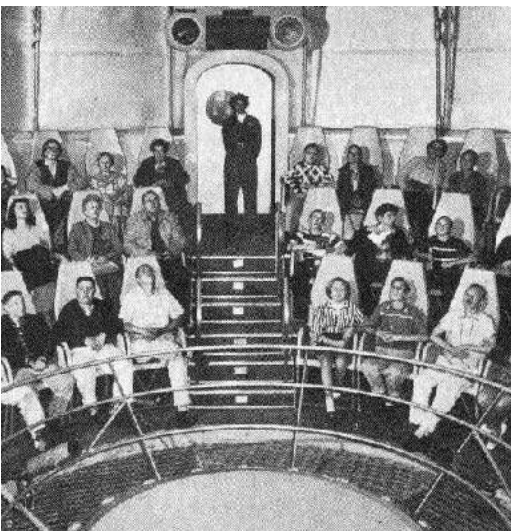




If I may digress, The NuPike was big on exploration, as they also had the coolest thing on earth: a *Diving Bell*. < This was a sure bet on any visit to the "Pike"! Yeah, there were fish abounding in there, and you could actually breath under water. This was the closest thing to a spaceship ever, like [The Underwater Kingdom](#) But perhaps my memory fades, as the last time I took a dive the only thing floating in the water were popcorn boxes, shoes, condoms and a few dead fish (or maybe Schrödinger's damn cat). It hardly matters now.

At the time, my mother was working for an insurance company that carried papers on many of these rides and

as the place started to fade, most of the policies were gone with the wind, so if anything went askew, you were on your own!



Remembering simpler times, my first trip to the moon was via < Disneyland's [Flight to the Moon](#) (and back). Pretty cool stuff in the 50s. But when [Pacific Ocean Park](#) opened its doors, they had side-by-side diving bells. They also outdid the space mouse with a [Trip to Mars](#) and once there you left the ship for a tour of a typical underground Martian household inhabited by the Party Martians living within and other homespun artifacts as well. At this point, everyone was herded into a teleportation device and shot back to earth amid an explosion of lights

and twirly things. Please leave through the gift shop.





< The Resident Martians: Angry Red Party Animals. Funny thing, after POP went under, Disneyland turned their own "Flight to the Moon" into "Mission to Mars", but you were stuck inside the ship for the Duration of the ride.

My first trip to Disneyland was during the month it opened in 1955. Over the years it's been a great place for date-night, and a great place to hang out. Now you have to mortgage the house to get through the gates.

I figured the next time I go will probably be my last. It's already too expensive and a hassle, just like Comic-Con. A couple more years in this old frame and I wouldn't make it through the day anyway.

We had planned on going during this past summer but for Covid it wasn't to be.

< Anyone remember this?

I may have visited Pacific Ocean Park four times; before it got shabby and burned to the ground. But on my first two visits they had the underwater entrance open and this I've never forgotten.

Your ticket was 90¢ and you walked down a platform to an elevator; the kind Captain Nemo would insist upon. In the center was a large glass tube from floor to ceiling in which a giant screw resided. The doors close, the floor vibrated, the screw turned and the tube filled with water as you submerge beneath the sea.

Reaching the sea floor the doors opened to a cavern in an underwater kingdom and returned you to the surface.



Visiter From Another World

Through dust and roadkill KatyBug1 traversed the desolate wastelands between SoCal and Sin City. Coyotes and Covidites were no match for her trusty craft. After all, Hunter S. Thompson so aptly put it: "We can't stop here, this is *bat* country."

At last, SpaceChickKatyBug entered the tractor beams of Vegas Fanbase 1 and the engines rumbled to a halt, a door opened and a dainty foot touched Terra Fana.

It's great to get a visit from the officially designated most Granddaughter and for a few days I can pretend to be the age I'd rather be - just in case I missed something the first time around.

Thank the gods she has a healthy dose of geekery going on there. Where she got it I haven't a clue but it's terrific chatting with someone with a broader pervue than the rest of that Covid ridden clan.

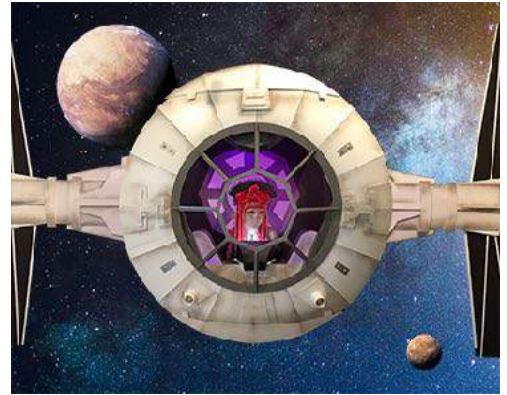
It was Día de Muertos and the [Millennium Fan Bar](#) was getting funereally festive which spells "Party" my friend. "Quick! To the costume boxes under 'M' for Muerto!" There was partying to do and faces to paint!

Thanks to Covid and mundane calamities, it'd been a long time since passing through these hallowed doors of the Fan Bar, but once inside, it was Home Sweet Home and a pleasure seeing old friends and new booze.

Owner Alex Pusineri caught us up to date with local fannish newsy bits, gave us a tour of new additions to the fan-walls and the next door gallery where artists were painting-up the partiers.

At last we had to cut it short - tomorrow would be a long day of Vegas Adventures.

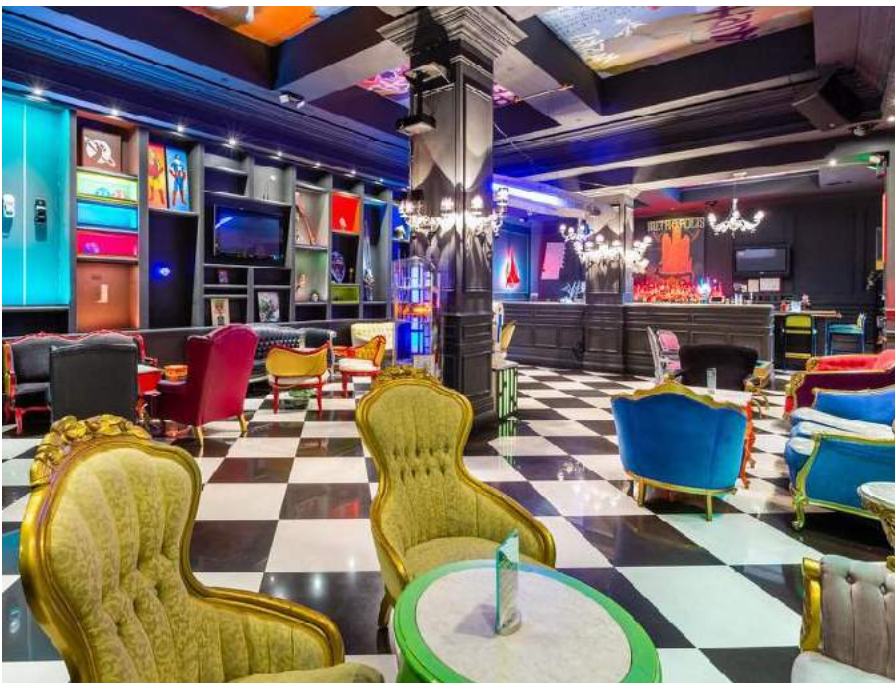
Check the Fan Bar calendar on their website - when taking your next Vegas Vakay.



Alex chats up the Bugster!



The Casual Dead





WHERE FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE!





On the Town...

No better way to greet the day than with a couple of DeDee's hen fruit over easy, hash browns, sourdough; maybe a screwdriver and we're ready for adventure!

Today's first stop: the [Nuwu Dispensary](#). Always an eye opener, always a crowd pleaser.

Off with Kaitlyn to our digital Disneyland: [Area 15](#) to get a gander of the [Van Gogh Experience](#). The new [Klimt Experience](#) follows Van Gogh and there's a discount if you buy tickets for both.

However, it appears if you just *don't leave* you can sit through both experiences for the price of one.

Yes I'm a Klimt fan and IMHO it's the better of the two shows, if you're in a hurry.

After the shows we blew another hour or so puttering about the place. There's a lot to see and do and things to buy without-thinking if you bring a fat wallet.

Fleeing the scene we headed for [Cineloggia](#), our fledgling movie prop museum over at The Commercial Center on Sahara. Here you can see several panoramas and displays of costumes and props and gadgetry from contemporary genre movies!

It's a terrific location, being next door to [The Sci-Fi Center](#), long time comic shop and evening entertainment emporium, providing stacks of comics to peruse and late-night screenings of Rocky Horror, assorted B-Classics and now featuring B-Movie Burlesque to raise your fannish hackles!

It's an odd place, always looking like it's just been shaken, not stirred.

For those of more grim proclivities, just downstairs is [Macabre Mercantile](#), providers of more gothic knickknackery. The place used to be a steam punk emporium, but I guess they ran out of steam.

This commercial center is also home to the infamous '[Green Door](#)' adults club. Who knows what horror show you might pick up *there*?



Kaitlyn takes the Secret Passage at A15





Our last stop of the day was [Nightmare Toys](#), WalMart for the Psycho-Set. Here was a little of everything and a lot of everything else. Getting ready for the Halloween season can be so deadly on the wallet!

And there you have it! Next morning following a hearty breakfast, KatyBug1 was fired up and vanished into a cloud of Dust! Until Next Time!!!!!!



Nothing says "Good Morning" like DeDee's Marguerita party with Brenda!



Kyrsta dropped by to show off her new Princess Mononoke tattoo.



You never know who your neighbors are until they invite you over. Just a jolly canter across the road in a slightly more upscale neighborhood where you can keep horses and big flames and stuff where the [Gladius](#) team rehearses for their cross-country tour. The shows are free - it's a casual affair, bring your own chair and everyone gets to play with the barbarians! There was a good turnout and everyone had a great time!





I win an award. Thanks to the N3F membership for blessing me with an award for Best Fan Artist. The older I get the more I need constant feedback to remind me I'm still alive and the chances of my getting another one decrease by the day.

There was a time when egoboo came more frequently for doing less but this is a different time and space and getting a "Tip of the Hatlo Hat" for doing *anything* is appreciated.

This isn't the actual award I received though. The legit sheepskin was a homely thing, bland, off-center and without a date, so if I'm going to give wall-space to something it better be a groovy thang just short of a moose head.

Halloween City

LONNIE HAMMARGREN is one of Nevada's true characters.

He was a neurosurgeon and spent several years as a NASA Flight Surgeon and Lieutenant Governor of Nevada from 1995–1999. He was also known for appearing at government meetings wearing a Darth Vader helmet.

But what he is most famous for is his huge collection of [Las Vegas memorabilia](#). Over the years he attached three homes and filled them with STUFF! Mementos from the yesteryears of Las Vegas and lavish stage shows, movie props, and knicky-knackery from everywhere.

An odd fact about Nevada becoming the 36th state on October 31, yep Halloween. And every year on that day Lonnie opens his home(s) to the public.



The Time Machine and a Dragon from the MGM stage play "EFX" and DeDee enters the Squid Game.



Getting the Bird...

Oh what shall we do for Thanksgiving? Don't look at me, I haven't any family, I just go with the flow. DeDee on the other-hand has a tribe, but they're at *that* age for heading off on their own celebrations without old timers asking them "If you're with your friends, why are you all staring at your phones?" But we don't need to know why, it doesn't look much fun anyway. But then, I remember my mother coaxing me to "Put down that comic book and go outside you little bastard!" Most fans we know have galloped off to San Diego for the [Comic-Con Special Edition](#) and hopefully a glance at the new [Comic Museum](#)! Right now the fannish side of Vegas has become a ghost town.

At last DeDee took it upon herself to celebrate on her own terms and prepared a turkey dinner for just a few friends. That bird was a little bigger than anyone could have expected - the stuff nightmares are made of, so we'll be looking for things that go with turkey leftovers through Valentine's Day.



There has been no Las Vegrants meeting over a year and be it known for the month Arnie Katz had been in the hospital for some long overdue maintenance leaving Kathy to weather the holiday with just that fucking cat. So it became just the three of us for dinner. You bet there was cranberry sauce and candied yams.

Frozen champagne with all the trimmin's. Now yer talkin'. All went well, and finally the day came to a close - and we hit the sack with visions of cranberries dancing in our heads.

No, we didn't watch Macy's Parade. I guess that's *one* family tradition that faded away; not for any particular reason mind you. Last time I watched the parade it was on a television in a small hotel room in Tijuana after partying all night with DeDee some years back. Now *that's* a tradition.

Don Glut Stops by Casablanca

We always give thanks for a visit from [Don Glut](#) who gave us a pre-turkey day gander at a few of his latest publications.

I met Don in L.A. back in 1963 and at this point he is the last, still breathing friend I have from the dark ages! He has a much better memory than I for past shenanigans: Dr. Don, "The Claudius", Bongo Wolf and all the others - a rare breed indeed with an admirable list of accomplishments on [IMDB](#) alone.

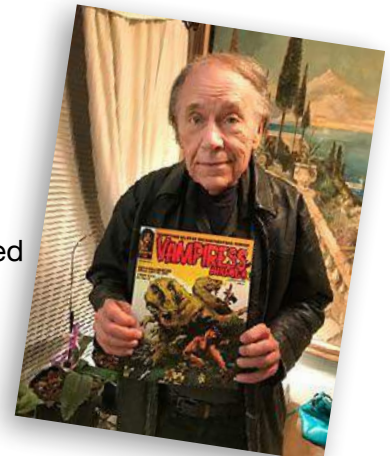
I have no doubt Don is the busiest guy in fandom, and we blew a wonderful evening over pecan pie and nostalgia.



MAC ME UP!

Buying my first Mac in 1986 was the discovery of fire. One day a lowly graphic guy, the next a contender. 35 years later I've run a half dozen machines into the ground doing everything from lowly business cards to entire motion picture advertising campaigns. It's been a hoot and now it's time to upgrade, no doubt for the last time, all things considered.

Just visited the Mac Store and early 2022 the next big ass Mac will hit Vegas. What mischief will that provide?



BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY!



DeDee was living in [Paradise, CA](#) in 1976 and taking a Photography class at Butte College in Oroville. The assignment was to be turned loose with the communal Hasselblad and by end of the day she had taken this picture: an ancient covered bridge in Paradise known as the [Honey Run Bridge](#).

The pic was a hit of which she made a 4x6' mural that hung in the school library for years. The last time she saw the mural it was hanging in a long-forgotten saloon somewhere in [Chico](#); such is fame.

On a whim in July of 2021 DeDee's daughter Luchia and gal pal Cassie

stopped off at an antique store. Here on the wall was the picture! Well, not *exactly*. Someone had taken a photograph of the original during the 40 odd years and mounted it on a 2x3' canvas and here it was, priced at \$100. Each chipped in 50 bucks and today the picture is hanging in our living room. 🌲

Guess I ain't gettin' any younger (sigh).

Humanity's common hue and cry, I suppose, and certainly not a surprise. Daily I become more aware of my inevitable flushability.

Next year I hit 76, a number I generally acquaint with trombones - a ghastly thought.

Hi-Yo Silver, already my hair is hitting the floor like silver rain and my big-ass noggin looks like a melting Halloween pumpkin! I'm not saying I didn't have a good run, oh no. I had a great time and never got caught! I thwarted responsibility at ever turn and with any luck, I can still squeeze a few more years out of this sorry husk of a human.

Was lucky enough to dodge a few bullets along the way and have nothing to complain about.

Regarding impending death, Ruth Gordon in "Harold and Maude said "I mean, 75 is too early, but at 85 you're just marking time." Ruth died at 89 so she should know.

Just a momentary introspection... carry on.

BOOST ME. . .

So I finally got my Covid Booster shot... with a Flu chaser nine months after the initial jabs. We'll see if the micro-transmitters crank up at the same time causing feedback to shoot from my eyeballs as promised on all those underground podcasts. Should be quite a sight. As yet I remain un-magnetized; Dang, I wanted to see if the same thing happens to me playing the slots as Mickey Rooney in "[The Atomic Kid](#)". So far no Jackpots.

For Art Lovers Only. . .

Also available from Pixel Motel is The Fan Artists 2021. A fun look at fan art both backwards and forwards starring a few artists you know well and a few you would like to know. Free of course, just click [ME](#).

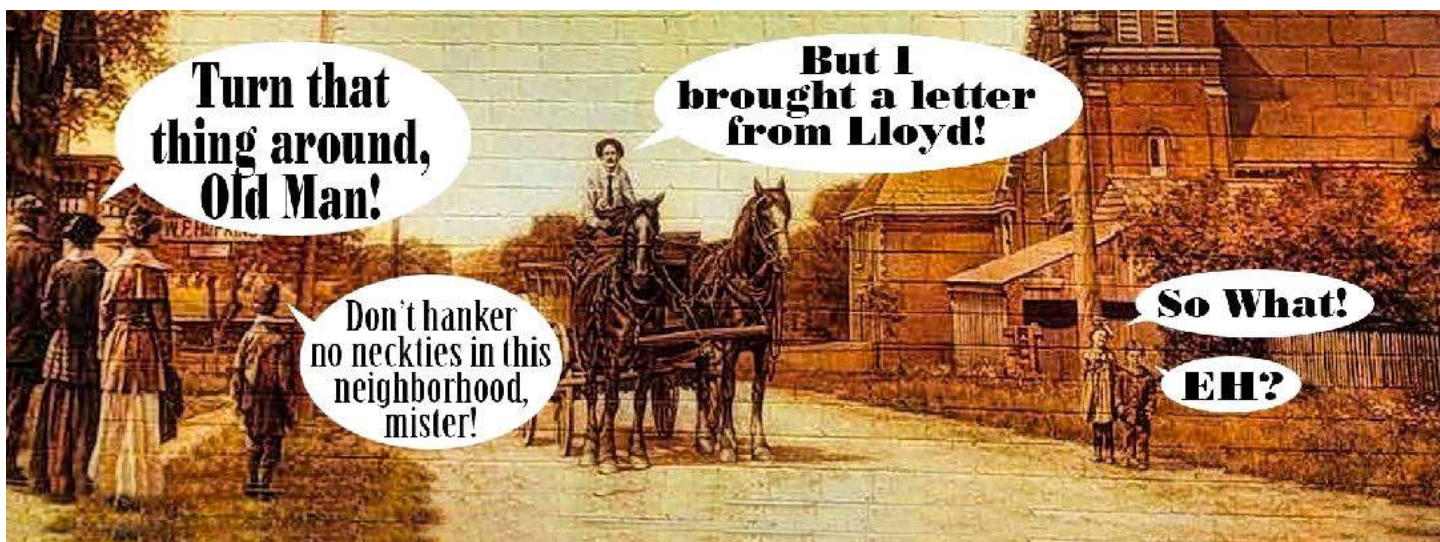




Blood is the Life

Back in the 70s I did a stint with Kaiser Hospital and a great way to get out of daily drudgery was to donate blood and this I did till I went weak and pasty.

It's something you can give away that's beneficial to somebody having a bad patch, but you still get to keep it! And who knows, buy back some of my soiled karma. Considering some of the things I've done, I can't believe it doesn't get tossed directly into the incinerator, but this I've been doing for dang near 40 years. A- CMV-.



THE LETTER FROM LLOYD PENNEY

Greetings from the Great Hot North! Getting close to a hundred degrees here, making global warming quite apparent, especially here.

Only a hundred degrees? Ha! I spit at your paved sidewalks! I bet it's getting cooler there by now and starting to do whatever the weather does up there!

I have here Skyliner 9, and it is up and ready to be locced. We are at home, enjoying the AC and relishing our first haircut in six months. The pandemic hair is gone!

Remember, "Pandemic" is just an anagram for "Dance, Imp!" and we've been dancing for 2 years now.

It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine... Everyone wants things to get back to normal after this pandemic, but I'd rather have better than normal, thank you. I want Black Lives to Matter, everyone get the money they work for regardless of gender, and I want the police to go back to Serving and Protecting. Don't want much, but those are my demands.

Going to shut down the zine?

And about time too! I have no idea how many people actually read the thing. On Facebook, maybe I'll get 80 views, but only 6 likes. And as we all know, but for YOU there would be no letter column. Not a sign of rousing success. On the other hand, I enjoy doing this stuff so maybe once a year should do it. The funny

thing is, by this time next year there may not be an efanzines. I mean, it's tough finding reason to do this stuff anymore.

It is a lot of work, and I think this zine has been under-appreciated by fandom at large. A friends who seems to be digging out from a near-lifetime of migraines has arrived on Facebook with a lot of new work, and she has made FB her gallery. Maybe do the same. Given how COVID-19 is affecting the economy, maybe rent a small shop for a month or two downtown to show off your works. Maybe you just need a more appreciative audience.

I have never been to a Westercon, even when I lived out west in British Columbia. I like the photo with Bob Madle in it. This is what fandom was all about a long time ago...let's hit the highway to meet with our friends. I am pleased to say that I share a birthday with Bob Madle...his was 100, mine a mere 61.

Plague Summer it is! Some people just can't wear a mask and self-isolate! "You can't tell ME what to do!", they say as they fall over dead. And, everything is cancelled. They all should be, but 2020 has been wholesale rescheduled until 2021...they hope. We are in better shape with far fewer cases of COVID-19, and a lot of aid from our federal government. What are we doing while the pandemic rages? Yvonne's been making masks and fannish and SF themes, and will shortly be whipping up a shitload of Hawaiian-style shirts to sell at shows in 2021...we hope.

I've been thinking of Arnie every time there is mention of fandom from LV, so I hope he's doing well. I miss the steady stream of Katzines that came my way.

Alas, Arnie has been unwell for a bit not to mention fallen completely blind, so fanac from Vegas on a group scale, is a thing of the past. We had a good run in the early 90s, no doubt about that, but like everywhere else, fans have either died, lost the will, or wandered off to a shady spot to die. Maybe tomorrow I'll jump into the same boat, but we'll see.

As for me, I am busy with editorial work (hoping to reinvent myself as a book editor, and got some books and magazines to do just that, plus pages from World Vision, just wrapping up now), and even a little voicework. I am hoping to get some work via Mandy.com.

Ambitious, hope by the time you read this comment, you can edit it for me and I'll use it again. And voice work too? Keep us up to date!

We stagger into our favourite grocery once a week, and it is interesting to see what is in short supply this time. Hoarding TP is old hat now, but flour is still scarce; so many are relearning how to bake. And, the local distilleries are all converting to hand sanitizer, and I still can't find any of it. Wonder what sanitizer mixes with.

And the letter column, where the chairs are warm and the drinks are cold. I really do want to research my own genealogy, and perhaps find more pictures of my grandparents than the ones I have in my mind. And where is this loc going to if not in a Skyliner 10? To you, and that's all. Every good fanzine deserves some response. I am happy to have provided at least some feedback. And if, there is a future issue, somewhere in that future, good. I guess we will see you then. Hugs to DeDee, and I guess we will see you when our fannish careers coincide again. Don't stay away too long.

Hey Lloyd, thanks for the patronage all these years. If there was an award for Persistence, I demand you get it. Good luck on your projects and if it works out, love to give it a nod in the next issue - if any.

happy new year!



MEANWHILE! December, 2021. By [Alan White](#). This being a proposed annual fanzine celebrating everything that happens between now and this time next year (if anything); see you then.