

SERCON-NAVIGATION 16.6

.....{{Sercon-navigation is captained by Tom Springer at 2255 E. Sunset #2030, Las Vegas, NV 89119 and is made available for this mailing of Apa-V on the 2nd of December of '95 despite several sever intuitive mental exercises that tried to convince me that the Army vs. Navy football game was more important. Whether I came to my senses or not is up for you to decide}}.....

THE FOLLOWING IS A BRIEF INTRODUCTORY EXCERPT OF THE RIGORS AND TRIALS OF THE CHICAGO SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE, THE VIOLENT VEGATABLE LOBBY, VEGAS FANDOM, MANURECON, ANDY HOOPER AND VICTOR GONZALEZ, THE INTERGALACTIC BROTHERHOOD OF SHELLFISH GOBBLERS, OUT OF TOWN FEMALE FEN, SHRIMP, HOTDOGS, TUCKER, WH EDITORS, AND THE REMOTE CONTROLLED KEN. NEEDLESS TO SAY IT'S NOT FOR THE THIN-SKINNED NOR FAINT OF HEART. COURAGOUS READER, PLEASE, READ ON!

For those readers who's memories are as sieve-like my own, a quick review before the final tulmultuous ending should serve to refresh (like a fine onion-laden Coney Dog after a long day of collating). It all began with Arnie and me, a brass pipe, and our inability to move it betwixt ourselves. This quickly escalated to questions about dinner then a smooth smarmy act by JoHn Hardin by way of introducing the first clues of betrayal. Zap guns and plonkers were drawn and sizzling bolts of zap juice splashed across our fandom, and even now shade my dreams and cause me to break out into a most unwelcome sweat as I relive that deadly battle in the recesses of my nighttime slumber. The Loyalists won out in the end, squashing the Seperatist's Revolt with a resounding victory as the remenants of the Vegetable Lobby made their cowardly escape. Shortly thereafter the Loyalists convened a meeting at their clubhouse, Chicago Hotdogs, and discussed the evening's action. What weighed most heavily on our fine fannish minds was the fact that Ken not only had possession of a zap gun (the only armed fan in the Vegetable Lobby, in fact) but wasn't afraid to use it. This led to no small amount of thinking about Ken, zap guns, and his reknown pacifistic attitudes (not to mention the fact that it was previously unimaginable that he would indiscriminately lay waste to the environment with lethally toxic zap fuel). It just wasn't like Ken, none of it added up, and while we dodged another bullet in the form of bad service and a crispy fried gyro, we also came up with the most probable hypothesis possible. Ken must have been remotely controlled. With this fact I hurried home after dropping Arnie and Joyce off, and commenced my research, determined to find the cause of Ken's deviant behavior.

My research began tentatively, as did all my activities following the violent rift that cracked the very foundations of the Chicago Science Fiction League and in turn established a subsidiary group vainly calling itself the Vegetable Lobby, which now roamed Vegas Fandom with evil intent. The Loyalists were left to watch each other's backs and keep a wary eye on all who claim to munch the dog, for after the Squash Seperatist's Revolt it was revealed that even the closest and most true seeming fen might possess the green envy of vegetarian violence and at any time might pull a zap gun and aim for the eyes. Sunglasses became all the rage.

A tense and uncomfortable time followed. As Vegas Fandom geared up for SilverCon 4 so did I gear up for my second meeting with Andy Hooper, Shrimp Brother and co-founder of the Brotherhood of Intergalactic Shellfish Gobblers, his faithful sidekick, Victor Gonzalez, another clash with the Vegatable Lobby and its smooth talking representative, JoHn Hardin, not to mention Ken, zap guns, and the mystery fan (most likely an out of town female fan) suspected of remotely controlling Ken. My plate was full and I had no room for hotdogs or shrimp, only answers. Thank Ghu Tucker was coming.

Safely at home and in bed with Tammy I replayed our conversation in my mind that we had at the clubhouse concerning Ken. The more I thought about it the more sense it made. He did just get a new computer and begin mastering e-mail, the Internet, and the World Wide Web. He does know plenty of out of town fans. And he just didn't act like the Ken we all know and love. That it's an out of town female fan is more like Ken. It's not hard to imagine him corresponding over the Internet on his Powerbook, where ever he might be, unknowingly establishing a sick and twisted relationship that would warp his very soul and force him to commit faanticide.

"It's gotta be a woman," Belle stated.

"How do you figure?" Eric asked.

"Well, we are talking about Ken here. He's a sucker for a pretty face or a husky voice. We all know what Ken's like. He wouldn't spend time everyday talking to a guy," she explained "when he could be putting the make on a girl. He's just not like that."

We all nodded agreement.

"She's right," Arnie confirmed. "Can any of you imagine Ken letting a man get that close to him."

We all stared at him.

He tried again. "Well, can you imagine Ken ever saying no to a pretty face?"

We shook our heads. Mine had a Corndog sticking out of it and I shook it too. Belle's statement and Arnie's irrefutable logic convinced me, and apparently everyone else, bringing us one step closer to those responsible for so violently dividing the Chicago Science Fiction League.

"So it's a female out of town fan," Joyce said.

"It's gotta be a fanzine fan," I added. "cause he's always on his computer. E-mail, the Internet, that's where it's happening."

"Your right," Arnie said "he's talking to an out of town female fan over the Internet. Now, who could it be?"

"It could be anyone; Vijay Bowen, Jeanne Mealy, Janice Eisen..." Joyce ticked them off on her fingers "...Michelle Lyons, Jeanne Bowman, Lucy Huntzinger, Avedon Carol, Lynn Steffan, and the list goes on. Shall I continue?"

I gradually fell into a troubled and sweaty slumber as I replayed the conversation over and over in my mind, listing the possible out of town female fans, and uncontrollably reliving that terrible day when Ken pulled a zap gun on me and tried to end my fannish career. To speak nothing of my life.

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