

# Baloney



April 2000

Adequate First Issue



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***Baloney #1***, the fanzine that eats like a meal, is the tainted fruit of the labors of The Tumbler Twins, Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur Blvd., PMB 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107) and Tom Springer (15515 NE First Circle, Vancouver, WA 98684).

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***Baloney #1*** is available for contributions of written material, artwork or letters of comment or in trade (copies to both editors, please). Although this fanzine is as available as a Vegas hooker, you can't buy it for any amount of money. Much as we'd like to throw open the doors to the multitudes of fans who are, even now, beseeching their smofs for copies, but we don't trust ourselves with hard cash.

We love to hear from you electronically. Send all email, including letters of comment, to: [Tomsprung@aol.com](mailto:Tomsprung@aol.com). Arnie can be reached at: [Crossfire@aol.com](mailto:Crossfire@aol.com).



# Katzenjammer

a column by Arnie Katz

## Je ne regret rien

Joyce says that Greg Pickersgill, in a Memory Hole post, wondered why Las Vegas fans start fanzines so enthusiastically and fold them so hastily. If he actually wrote this, Greg has a point. (If Greg didn't say it, he's pointless.)

Lenny Bailes and I started with *Cursed*, but we switched to *Excalibur* after four issues. We did six of those, laid low for six months and then published the first of 13 issues of *Quip*. Rich brown and I co-edited the second incarnation of *Focal Point* for 25 issues or so and then I continued it as a genzine for another six or seven. *Swoon*, co-edited with Joyce, had about the same number of issues. We also collaborated on one issue of *Tandem* and about six of a newszine called *FLAWOL* I produced a weekly humorzine called *Wooden Nickel* for 21

weeks. Joyce, Charlene Komar Kunkel Storey, Bill Kunkel and I collaborated on the last genzine of my first sojourn in fandom, *Four Star Extra*.

I returned to fanzines in '89 with 19 issues of *Folly*. *Wild Heirs* and *Heirlooms* were the genzines I did with Las Vegrants in the early and mid '90s. More recently, Ken Forman and I co-edited a dozen issues of the newszine *crifanac*. I've done a lot of apazines, including over 60 issues of *Implosion* for Apa V. Oh, and *Xtreme* has seen seven or eight issues and is not definitely dead. I guess I was editor of *Vegas All-Stars*, the monthly oneshot for about 60 issues, too.

That's a lot of titles, I suppose, especially since there are a dozen or so more I haven't bothered to mention. One of the things I enjoy about fanzines is the opportunity to indulge my editorial whims. Each

new experiment generally gets a unique name that, hopefully, fits its format. Unless, of course, I swipe the title from a dead guy.

And now here I come, co-editing yet another fanzine with Tom Springer, erstwhile editor of *Brophy*. I guess we should dedicate this issue to Greg, because he nailed our frivolous attitude. We'd do it, too, except that it should be dedicated to Robert Lichtman, if we dedicate it to anyone. Well, to Robert Lichtman or our wives (in case either of the co-editors ever hopes to enjoy connubial bliss again).

Not that we don't have Big Plans for Greg Pickersgill. We even had a meeting about it.

Tom was there. So was I.

We didn't just meet. *We deliberated.*

We decided to have Big Plans for Greg Pickersgill. That decision is etched in stone. When we decide on an actual Big Plan, we'll tell you. Suggestions are welcome. No prizes, duplicate or otherwise, will be awarded.

There's something to Greg's observation, though he under-estimates the trauma of forsaking one fanzine for another. Folding *crifanac* was the hardest thing I've had to do since resuming activity a decade ago. Our short run hadn't yet ennobled the "crifanac" title, but I had no choice. My time-gulping new job as editor-in-chief of CollectingChannel.com made *crifanac* impossible.

After my February fall, I didn't have the energy for work, much less fanac. A heavy tumble on my office's parquet floor left me an invalid for six weeks. You should have seen me on a rolling desk chair, dragging myself to my desk with handholds. Those were grim months. Not publishing at that time probably spared you my excessive ruminations on the accident.

Truth to tell, I didn't like the symbolism underlying my pratfall. As I hurried back to work, I tripped over a box of fanzines. (I carelessly left the carton in my own path.)

I recovered just in time to lurch into a string of 16-20-hour workdays. Fanac was far from my mind as I tried to be alert and creative at 4 AM.

Ever the loyal co-editor, Ken Forman offered to shoulder the grunt work. I couldn't have done justice to even a diminished role, so his kind offer went begging. Besides, I've never been any good at sitting on the sidelines. If we were doing *crifanac*, I'd want to be right in the thick of things..

I've got some time for fanzines again, but not enough to do *cf* right. This fanzine will be less structured and less frequent. There's a part of me that yearns to continue *crifanac*, but it's not practical.

And despite the enthusiasm and support of many fans, *crifanac* had a dispiriting side. We got great letters and also some embarrassingly stupid ones.

I normally avoid disagreeable folks, but *cf* made that tough. A fan newszine should be widely available, so *crifanac* put me in contact with fans I'd rather not know.

*Baloney* brings new ground-rules. It's available for "the usual," but not if we discover we don't like you. People who act like they don't want our fanzine won't be receiving it.

Of course, since *you're* reading this, at least one of us likes you a lot. Let me chop you off a nice big hunk of *Baloney*.

### **What is *Baloney***

Greg and rich are known for tenacity, so they probably think the preceding section begs the question. I haven't explained those alleged differences.

I won't. A good editor, like a magician, shouldn't expose his tricks as he attempts to do them. It's more of a kick if you see my design than if I laboriously explain it. Sometimes this leaves me feeling like I've failed, that I haven't communicated well, but I'd rather go for the win than the tie.

Doubtless, Paul Kincaid will jump into the breach and explain in too many words the sinister motives that must underlie any new fanzine that doesn't aspire to becoming a prozine or winning a Hugo or all the rest of that baloney. A Kincaid screed has become a badge of honor for US fanzines, a tangible vindication of talent and achievement.

*Baloney* is what relics of a bygone age call a "fanzine." I called it a few other things while relearning the skills needed to produce it, but that's pretty much what it is. For those of you who have, perhaps, forgotten this once-venerated artform, it is an amateur publication produced for the joys of creative expression and entertaining response.

It differs from a listserv in several important ways. For instance, you don't have to shut it off when your plane is landing and you can take it to the bathroom with you.

*Baloney* is your best entertainment value in the john. Warning: some male fans may experience side effects, including erratic aim, when attempting to read *Baloney* while peeing in the standing position. (You could balance a laptop gingerly on your knees as you attempt to perform important bodily functions. We say, "Why bother?")

Another difference is that every witty or intelligent comment is not automatically followed by seventeen messages from Gary Farber and Ned Brooks. We won't let any individual fan write more than five letters of comment on each *Baloney*.

Finally, reading *Baloney* requires at least a rudimentary sense of humor. You'd better be ready to take a little kidding, too. Empirical observation suggests that neither is required to participate in listservs. Fandom needs to loosen up and unscrew that broom handle from its ass.

Tom and I both try to see the lighter, funnier side of life, including fandom, and we hope you find that entertaining. Fandom is supposed to be fun. I just don't attach cosmic significance to who licks stamps for TAFF.

### **Blame Lichtman**

"He seems so *nice*," a well known fan said to me when the subject turned to Robert Lichtman at a recent Vegants meeting. Mention of Glen Ellen's reigning BNF might've elicited that comment from just about any fan at almost any club or convention of the last two decades.

That's pretty much fanzine fandom's consensus. As one of his best friends, it's painful to have to puncture this image. It is my sad duty, as a fanzine editor, to report that Robert Lichtman is not the easy-going, reasonable, trufannish person he may appear to be.

It's all a facade. Behind that pleasantly craggy *yidische punin* seethes an implacable Insurgent. That laid-back demeanor has deceived many, lulled them into thinking that Lichtman is just another amiable northern Californian, a sidebar cowboy with a fancy lighter.

You may well wonder why the name "Robert Lichtman" isn't synonymous with those of Insurgentism's other immortals like "White," "Burbee," "West," "Rotsler," "Pickersgill" and "Laney." The crafty Lichtman laughs -- ha! ha! -- at the brutish

bombast of these flamboyant Insurgents of past and present.

Lichtman plays a craftier game. As an abnormally perceptive individual, Robert has found the Second Great Hidden Truth of Insurgentism. His fine mind has based his entire Insurgent strategy on this discovery.

"What is the Second Great Truth of Insurgentism?" I can almost hear you chorus, just barely drowning out those "oh, no, not again!" groans.

Well, except for rich brown, who says, "What's the *First* Great Hidden Truth of Insurgentism? I never heard of it and I've been at all the meetings." (A tip o' the beanie to rich for facilitating the structure of this essay.)

The First Great Hidden Truth of Insurgentism is: No matter what they say, no matter how they carry on to the contrary, Insurgents love fandom. Even when they style themselves as ex-fans, like Francis Towner Laney in the postwar '40s, they continue to lavish gobs of time, money and energy on the very thing they excoriate.

Some Insurgents invent whole philosophies to justify participation in something so riddled with flaws. All such Insurgent rationalizations have the same pupose: to explain that, though it looks like fanac and it smells like fanac and it tastes like fanac it isn't *really* fanac.

Don't be fooled by the incendiary rhetoric. If Insurgents didn't care about fandom, they'd simply gairiate (parting sermon optional).

The Second Great Hidden Truth of Insurgentism, heretofore revealed only at certain late-night Corflu parties, is that Insurgents are generally not well-loved by their fannish contemporaries. They have their friends and followers, but the mainstream of fandom is indifferent or even hostile to them. Some-

times, like Tucker and Burbee, they survive to achieve Elder Ghod status, but Insurgents pile up enemies as they laugh at fannish foibles.

Like all Insurgents, Robert Lichtman loves fandom. He has demonstrated this so often, and in so many ways, that his affection has long since passed beyond debate.

His discovery of the Second Great Hidden Truth of Insurgentism changed his whole approach. Robert abandoned orthodox Insurgentism for a subtler brand of his own devising. Like Terry Carr and Bill Rotzler before him, Robert has found a way to be both Insurgent and Beloved.

Robert works his Insurgent schemes from deep cover. His invisible hand shapes our fannish destinies. He's the Professor Moriarity of Insurgentism, the shadowy author of a thousand plans and stratagems.

*Baloney* is a telling example of his subterranean activities. He seems to be merely a reader, like a hundred others, but he's the true instigator of this fanzine.

It started so innocently. I was wending my increasingly nonfannish way through life, oblivious to the hobby's events and crises. Then word came that Robert wished I would write to him more often.

Robert and I knew each other slightly in the '60s, but his activity peak cocincided with my neohood - and he was virtually inactive by the time I became an established fan.

When I returned to fandom in '89, I discovered that Robert had returned some years earlier. We began to develop the friendship circumstances had prevent and started to correspond.

I was never much of a letter-writer. As I started to publish more in the '90s, I lapsed into old letter-writing habits. Although Robert and I grew to be very good friends,

phone calls and occasional visits became the primary media of communication.

Robert's message filled me with guilt and remorse. I felt bad about the slackening of our correspondence and felt the urge to rectify things by reviving it. I sent an email and we were soon exchanging letters almost every day.

Robert's letters are so friendly, insightful and enjoyable that it took me several exchanges to realize that he was pushing my buttons. By subtly invoking all my well-known hobby horses, the Microcosm's Machiavelli got me talking, and even occasionally thinking, about fandom. He knows that, like the oyster, a little irritation is necessary to bring forth the best pearls.

Before the correspondence, fandom had slid onto my mental back burner. I was still a fan, but other activities monopolized my attention. A few Lichtman letters had my fannish thoughts back at high boil.

Robert didn't even bother to deny my accusation. "I look upon these letters as the first draft of your first editorial," he explained. This made me a little nervous, because I hadn't even decided to publish a fanzine.

That came during an evening spent with Tom and Tammy Springer. "I'm ready," Tom announced after we'd put away the remains of the dinner (after putting away the dinner itself).

"You're ready?" I asked. Did this mean he was ready to trade Albert Belle to me in the baseball simulation league?

"I'm ready to publish that fanzine," he elaborated. "Now that I'm doing all this writing for CollectingChannel, another article or two is nothing." (This narrative assumes that Tom, as a loyal employee of CollectingChannel would observe management's firm "no capitals" edict. In the pri-

vacy of his home, Tom may flagrantly capitalize the company's name. Tammy's the only possible witness and she hasn't ratted him out yet,)

We'd discussed doing a fanzine some months earlier, when it became obvious that I wasn't going to be able to continue anything as demanding as *crifaac*. Nothing had come of it. I'd put it out of my mind altogether when the group did *En Vegrante #1*.

With the Springers expecting to move to far-off Oregon this winter, a fanzine project sounded like a good way to assure contact outside of work. So I fell in with Tom's plan and soon we were happily enmeshed in the search for a name that culminated in (Tom, insert whatever name you want here)) as the name of this fanine. (That's a joke, by the way. I know the name of this fanzine is *Baloney*. Unless it's *Ba-Da-Bing*. Weel, anyway, I know it. How else do you think I did the logo?)

When I told Robert Lichtman, he was pleased. not surprised, for I had apparently continued to operate by some secret Lichtman timetable.

Well, actually, I told him that the name of was going to be "FYA" and that all fandom could waste time trying to unravel the enigma of the those initials. I described it as "the most fun this side of Joseph Nicholas," so that he knew I was serious.

I would tell you what he said in response, but it was "DNQ." Come to think of it, a lot of his letters are DNQ. Robert Lichtman is a cautious fan.

So Robert has wound me up and released me upon fandom. All that I will do and say in this fanzine is not my fault. I am just an innocent pawn in his grand game of mental chess. My will is not truly my own but a plaything of the Secret Master of American Insurgentism, Robert Lichtman.

Meanwhile, content that his inscrutable aims are being carried out, he sits discreetly to one side, basking in the love of his fellow fans.

### Remembering Bill Rotsler

I recently read some amazingly uninformed opinions, in a post to the Trufen listserv, that made my blood boil. Critiques of his artistic merit, like DWest's article a year or two back, are legitimate fodder for a debate to which I have very little constructive to add beyond the fact that I thought he was a funny guy whose drawing had a charming and lyrical simplicity.

The opinions that riled, though, were about Rotsler the person rather than a disdain for his fanac. They only served to remind me how much I miss Bill and what a really terrific guy he was.

The Internet has widened the fannish circle in the last couple of years, so there may be people who may only know Rotsler as the pen that drew those nebbishy critturs for all the fanzines. With that in mind, I thought I might share the part of my response that talked about the great WR.

I met Rotsler as a teenager and he and I became rather close over the final decade of his life. He welcomed me into his home with bountiful hospitality when he didn't even know my name and he was often a guest in my home out here in Las Vegas. I don't claim to know him better than many other fans, because Rotsler had an enormously wide circle of friends, but he meant a lot to me.

Rotsler was one of the most generous, openhearted people I've ever met. I have seen him sincerely chagrined when someone he would have helped because they mistakenly thought he was "too big a BNF

to ask." I doubt Bill would have ever conceived such an idea.

Surely no fan artist has ever distributed his cartoons and illustration more widely than Rotsler. Sure, he objected to bad repro (and during the mimeo age, to bad stenciling), but that hardly distinguishes him from every other fan artist I've ever known.

Did Rotsler appreciate a good-looking woman? You bet! He was a photographer, a sculptor, a cinematographer and a man. How could he fail to respond to beauty? But I never saw him be bad to anyone, man or woman, because they weren't young or pretty.

Frankly, he was much *less* of a hound than many supposedly politically correct male fans. Rotsler had enjoyed sex in all its exuberant variety and had no need to stalk everything in skirts. He enjoyed the company of women, but his friendships with men were numerous and strong.

More than many fans of his stature, Rotsler made himself accessible to newcomers. He came to Silvercon in the 1990s citadel of neofannishness, Las Vegas. He had such a good time, enjoyed their youth and enthusiasm so much, that he broke his drawing block and became the prolific Rotsler of old.

Rotsler provided art for all those fledgling fanzines like *Brody* and *Glamour* and did several projects with the Vegrants. He visited Vegas, he hung out with us, he swapped stories in the wee hours and he became a valued member of our group (albeit from afar).

What Rotsler *didn't* like was stupidity, venality, ugliness of spirit, narrow-mindedness, self-righteousness and pomposity. He relished the chance to puncture over-inflated egos by holding them up to his satiric mirror. Rotsler tried to keep his dis-



tance from those who displayed those qualities and I can well imagine that it might make him seem unapproachable to someone like that.

William Rotsler was a delightful person and one of the greatest fans of all time. For a half-century, he entertained us as extravagantly as few others have.

Few of us are universally loved and the piece that inspired these memories proves that Rotsler is no exception. Those who harbor petty grievances, real or imagined, can continue to nurse them. The rest of us will never forget him.

Shortly before his death, Bill sent me a stack of material that he wanted run as a column in a Las Vegas fanzine. I think he would have approved of *Baloney* as a proper setting for it. Tom and I hope you enjoy the first of many installment of *Bent Lance*.

### **The Properly Set Up Fanzine**

As we all know, a new fanzine must be set up properly. Without an editorial policy, a catchy name and the right mailing list, the battle is lost before it begins..

Robert Lichtman has many talents, but coining fanzine titles isn't among them. I don't mean to knock *Trap Door* and *Doorway*, but I have a portal (CollectingChannel) in my life. One's enough.

Tom and I spent a couple of hours at a Vegrants get-together bellowing names at each other. *Gnostic Frypan* got a little run, as did the suggestion that we loot fanhistory for another good title. Neither proposal took hold.

I liked *Double Take*. Joyce, speaking *ex cathedra* as Las Vegas' ranking BNF, killed it. "It's too close to *Double;Bill*," she

judged. All other titles with the word "double" quickly fell under the ban.

Joyce shot down *Plop!* with a terse "too close to *Plokta*." I hadn't considered guilt by association as a factor until then, but I submitted to the edict. I figured that put *Self-Important Blather* out of bounds for the same reason, so I didn't even bother to suggest it.

For a minute I thought we had something when I suggested that we take a little from each of our names to symbolize this fusion of fannish talents. So, briefly, we named it *Tom Arnold*. "We could have lots of pictures and stories about celebrity and gravy-trainer Tom Arnold," I offered gamely.

Tom reminded me that neither of us likes Tom Arnold much. Even if we didn't actually publish the moral equivalent of *Spockanalia*, the title might bring us into contact with people who *do* idolize him.

*Baloney* eventually won the day. I had the editorial version of "seller's remorse" when I came up with *Jackpot*, but we decided to stick with our original decision, no matter how arbitrary. I'll probably use that as a replacement name for *Xtreme*.

I may not be in the majority on this, but I've always felt that a good sub-title adds a lot to a fanzine. *Quip*, for example, started life as "The Vulgar and Ostentatious Fanzine," a reference to its multi-page cartoon covers and the editors' tendency toward high page counts. The last half-dozen issues are blurbed "Trufan's Home Companion," which shares initials with Tetra Hydo Canabanol.

*Crifanac* boasted the slogan "The Fanzine of Newtonian Insurgentism." I never did get around to explaining that one. Now it's a literary safety net. If you read about it

*Continued on page 12*



# Sercon Navigation

a column by Tom Springer

## THE FUSE IS LIT

So what is it that finally brings a fan back from gafia? Why did I suddenly turn to Arnie and say, "You know what? I'm ready to do a fanzine. I've got an urge Arnie."

Arnie doesn't waste any time. "We need to think of a title," he pronounced. I was still getting over the revelation that I had something to say. Niggling though it is, there's something tugging at my back-brain, telling me it's time. Arnie, apparently, knew all about it already and was primed for someone like me to come along.

"Ve-gasm," he supplied languidly.

I'm sure you know what I'm speaking about; we've all had those indefinable urges, urges you don't talk about but in the back of dark smoky rooms with fans who've "been there." It didn't take me long to figure out

the urge I'm feeling has to do with fanzines.

"All Over Fandom," he suggested

All though I haven't participated in fandom my inaction hasn't prevented fanzine fandom from participating with me. During my time away fandom visited my mailbox on an almost regular basis. Amazingly, despite my inactivity, missing two Corflus, no letters of comment, no return fanzines, not even a postcard, I kept getting fanzines; fanzine fandom doesn't let go its grip easy.

"I know," he said "Desperate Attention."

Faneds like Robert Lichtman, Andy Hooper, Victor Gonzalez, Mark Plummer, Claire Brialey, Janice Murray, John Hertz, Tommy Ferguson, Dick and Leah Zeldes Smith, Joyce Katz, Ken Forman, Arnie Katz, Steve Swartz, John D. Berry, Dave Langford, Christina Lake and even (why I say "even," I don't know) Ulrika O'Brien kept sending me fanzines. Now, most of

them have stopped arriving, like Never Quite Arriving, of which I never saw her Aboriginal issue.

A puff of smoke, "Fanclubber," he tried.

Just the other day I got Vanamonde from John Hertz. On the back of the envelope John scrawled, "Where's Crifanac? What happened to Arnie Katz?" Such a cry can't go unanswered. Subconsciously, perhaps that's what made me turn to Arnie and talk about a fanzine. I knew that something's been missing. What it really comes down to is that I'm trying to look out for my good buddy. I'm kind of protective that way.

It doesn't have anything to do with the guilt I've been feeling. I'm concerned about Arnie. When John Hertz doesn't know what's happened to him, something's happened. "You know," I told Arnie, "I'm doing this for you."

He looked at me owlishly over the pipe. I took his quiet for acceptance. "See Arnie, things are quiet out there. So quiet, even I can hear the lonely sob 'Where's Crifanac?' 'What happened to Arnie Katz?' And I've been Gafia since '97. My God Arnie, they're crying for you!"

"Are you sure that crying you hear isn't the wind blowing through your ears?" He replied.

"See what kind of devastating wit you're keeping from fandom, Arnie? Why, it's like you're holding it hostage!" Somewhere I had gone horribly wrong. I had him thinking of titles one second, and next thing you know, he's zinging me; I could only play it out to the end.

"Fans need to hear you Arnie. They need you'r unmistakably original take on fandom. Besides, when's the last time you actually stirred things up in fandom?" I asked him, angling my head and hoping I'd catch a glint in my eye so I could eye him

with a glint in my eye through the self-manufactured cloud that accompanies our every get-together.

"Ted White knows." Joyce supplied primly from her seat next to Arnie.

"Besides," I continued, "Now's the perfect time. Fanzine fandom is primed with plenty of target-topics, everyone's just waiting for that first snowball to be thrown." I tried not to sound like I was trying to persuade him and knew I was failing badly.

Hey, I wasn't going to be the guy who hands him the snowball with a rock in it. I've got my own snowballs to throw. I fell back into the clutches of their couch and gave him the fish-eye over the bowl.

"I like Fanlubber," Joyce said; filling in the quiet, bless her heart. I knew, at that moment, the first one to speak would lose, so I said nothing. And I knew Arnie would say something because he'd done Folly when he came back from his 15-year Gafia.

"Joyce," he archly informed her, "you know I've already done a fanzine that starts with the letter 'F'."

I knew I had him. "What about Blab?" I quipped.

"Nah, too much like Blat!" he dismissed.

From there the dialogue about what to name "our" fanzine waged long into the garish glow of the Las Vegas night which continued to shine through my transparency and provide a cheery glow to our conversations. Don't get me wrong; I'm not just doing Baloney for Arnie, or even myself. I'm doing it for fandom.

After a couple bites of fandom (this is before Corflu 2000, mind you) I could tell it was missing something. Like jalapenos on your nachos, fandom needs a bite. Something that stings a little and makes you go,

"Hey, what the fuck?" I figure Arnie for the missing ingredient.

The beauty of doing a fanzine with Arnie is that you can automatically count on one of the best fan writers in fandom to write an editorial or article for your fanzine. I'm referring to Arnie's better half, Joyce Worley Katz. Talk about under-rated. When you do a fanzine with Arnie and you're lucky, you get Joyce too. Instead of Batman and Robin it's like getting Batman and Spiderman; Joyce is her own kind of wonderkin.

So, in my ultimate arrogance, if I'm wrong about Arnie (not likely), we have Joyce. The problem with only taking a couple of bites is that you don't know if fandom is ready for some jalapenos. Fandom's swallowed a lot worse though, what's a little baloney. So we add to fandom's middle a little, big deal. Sooner or later, someone with incisory wit, like Andy Hooper, will come along and trim the fat of fandom. So don't worry, try a bite.

It's like we say at Chicago Science Fiction League meetings, "Can you pass the mustard?"

— Tom Springer

## **Katzenjammer**

*Continued from page 9*

here, you'll know I had two pages left to fill.

I picked a sub-title for *Baloney*, but Tom raised one meaty hand in irrevocable protest, I argued, but he wouldn't budge. So, unless there's a groundswell of reader sentiment, *Baloney* won't be the "homicidal, suicidal, fanicidal gafia-defying fanzine." Sheer poetry, but this is Tom's fanzine, too.

I wonder if he'll go for "Feud if you

must. Win if you can. Survive if we let you." Time, and the colophon, will tell.

The mailing list must be considered, too.

"Have you considered the mailing list?" Tom asked me.

"Yes, I have," I responded. "It must be considered, you know."

"What's the big deal?" he asked. "You just pick the names of your hundred closed friends and ---"

"No!" I cut him off. Sure, it wasn't polite, but such interruptions make these scenarios more exciting, don't you think? "It's the obvious way, all right, but not the best one."

"Tell me your plan," he said, ever eager to acquire fannish knowledge no matter how suspect the source.

"We'll send *Baloney* to friends, of course," I began, "but we'll also add the names of five special fans to the list."

"What makes them so special?" Tom demanded. "Our friends are special."

"Indeed, they are," I agreed. "These five are special in well, a different way. They're insensitive, ill-bred, ignorant, benighted, egotistical and big-mouthed," I explained.

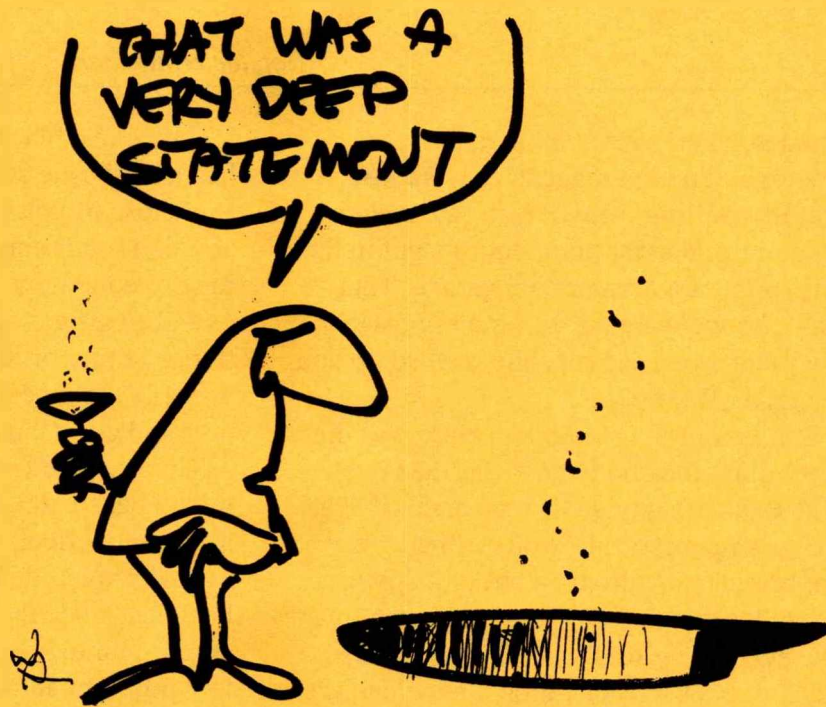
"We're sending *Baloney* to fuggheads?" He seemed shocked.

"The rest of the mailing list is golden," I reminded him. "We're including five pompous idiots for entertainment value only. Somewhere out there is our Martin Morse Wooster, our Harry Andrushak."

"Maybe we can get up a fannish 'Where's Waldo?'," Tom proposed. "We could give prizes to readers who spot them in the letter column."

So look for our Big Prize Contest elsewhere in this issue.

-- Arnie Katz



## **Bent Lance**

**a column by William Rotsler**

### *Lessons I learned in art school*

I was 20 when I went off to the Los Angeles County Art Institute. It had been known as Otis Art School before, and several years after, it reverted. A few years ago it made an alliance with a NYC school and is now known as Otis-Parsons

While I was technically not a virgin, I was, for all intents and purposes. Those were different times.

One of the first lessons was in life class. Life class, by the way, is important to all artists, but most don't seem to think so. People who draw funny animals, or cartoons as I do, they don't think so. Mostly because they never had a life class and no one ever explained the discipline and "eye" it gives you. You go to life class for the same reason musicians run scales and dancers go to the barre.

The first few models we had were also photographer figure models and most of our drawings came out looking like pin-ups. I remember one voluptuous redhead who evidently had nightlife. She'd undress, lie on her face and go to sleep.

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**He's a self-made man  
who took the lowest bid.**

---

After several of these well-built ladies one day we go to class and standing over to the side wearing a robe was a short dumpy woman with black hair chopped off unappealing, a nothing face and a figure like a fireplug. By then we had a "gang" and we looked at each other and shrugged, silently saying, "We'll do a few drawings not to hurt her feelings then skip."

Now you must understand the late 1940s. You just didn't see nudes or pictures

of nudes. There were no magazines, no movies, and nudist magazines were just carefully starting. Maybe you saw a nude photo on a calendar hung out of sight in the parts room of a commercial garage. That was it. So we were all set for a big disappointment when she placidly walked up and shrugged off the robe.

I think our jaws dropped. Here was the most voluptuous body any of us had ever seen! Even the gay guys were amazed. The robe, going out to full, well-defined, very firm breasts, just dropped straight down, giving her that fireplug look. Stomach, rear, legs; everything was remarkably well defined, with a perfect skin on a sex-maniac's dream body. She still had the whacked hair and the near expressionless face, but JESUS H. CHRIST ON A STICK!

For several months, driving around we'd look at plump girls and go, "Do you think?"

She modeled a couple of more times and disappeared. Probably in a glass case somewhere. You can see the impression she made because about 45 years later, after interviewing 8,000+ nude women, plus photographing hundreds more I can still see her vividly.

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**When they were handing out  
brains and sex,  
she skipped the brain line  
and stood twice in line for sex.**

---

As I said earlier, I was young, about 20, and had virtually no sexual experience. Those early days in art school had 100% of my nude women viewing experience.

One day we got a black model with a really gorgeous, well defined, voluptuous body, a very pretty face, very classic looking. The trouble was she had skin that was matte black. Virtually no shine to it. She

looked like a black paper cutout. You just had a hard time seeing features.

Those of you who draw understand that you don't start and complete one area, moving on to the next. You kind of work all over, bringing it all into focus, keeping things in proportion. Self-taught artists always do the face perfectly, then the shoulders and chest, and so on.

In any case I was drawing how her leg joined her torso, and I was peering intently at what, in effect, was her crotch. Crotches were discovered in the late 1940s, having been lost since the Renaissance. Then I skipped up to her shoulder – and saw her looking right at me with this slight but very knowing smile. I must have blushed. I was – and still am, I guess – very embarrassed. I became flustered, wanting to say, "No, you don't understand, your skin...I... trying to see...uh..."

Well, this amused her. It must be boring to take poses that run 10 to 40 minutes. (The longer ones have breaks.) I became that day's plaything. If I moved to the right her next pose was right to me, legs akimbo, vulva on parade. I'd move to the other side, her next pose was "aimed" at me. It was one of the few times I have been really flustered.

I was so embarrassed that several years later, driving on Normandie Avenue, coming home from Burbee's probably, I saw her leaning against a grocery store wall. And she saw me. Recognized me. I saw it in her beautiful face; saw it in the way she pushed off from the wall. A few years later I would have stopped, taken my silver tongue out of the trunk, and taken her to bed.

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**Her body language is all verbs.**

---

Did I do that? No. I stared fiercely

ahead and zipped on by. Probably blushing.

There was a guy in art school named John Altoon. I described him as looking like the other side of a buffalo nickel. Lean, dark, Indian-esque, not at all "handsome" in the mode of the day, which was the chiseled Robert Taylor pretty-boy looks. None of us guys thought he was handsome or attractive. None of us checked with the women.

I remember two or three times, walking along the sidewalk with him talking and cars full of women yelled and whistled. Again, remember this is the late 40s. Women didn't do that then.

The first time it happened I thought it was me they were whistling at. It couldn't after all, be *John*. But I was soon disencumbered of my illusion. It was obvious I was invisible. I looked at John. John? So it wasn't surprising to me when people like Charles Bronson became heartthrobs. I had learned something about women.

John later became famous for several reasons. Maybe it is only locally famous. As a painter he achieved considerable fame with his abstracts and there are some in the big art museum here. He had an affair with actress Fay Spain (a minor actress) and when that turned bad he put his head on a railroad track and let a train run over him.

Who else did I go to school with? Bob Irwin was there for a semester, maybe a year. We all thought he was a real nice guy, but out of it with his *Field & Stream* type paintings. Yet a work of his has had the greatest effect on me of any work of art ever, and *the* major source of hallucination.

But then I was peaking on LSD at the time.

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**Intelligence is status.**

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Oh, and I went to art school with Nor-

man Rockwell. No, I'm not that old, but in the very late 1940s, possibly 1950, he came and spent a semester "loosening up" there. His idea of loosening up was to paint Norman Rockwell type paintings (well, heads) on canvas as hairy as a yak. We thought he, too, was a nice guy but the Past. We, of course, were the Future. Thus I never talked to him really, just passed a few comments now and again.

As far as I know no one else I went to school with became famous. There was Carl Gorman, who we called "Chief" because he was the most impressive Indian we had ever seen; he *did* look like the other side of a buffalo nickel. He was a very pleasant guy who had been one of the Navaho "talkers" in the Marines, the guy that no line-tapping Japanese could decipher. His son is R.C. Gorman, who has become very famous. Trouble is, I think his work, while very popular, is very superficial. (Sorry about that, Carl.)

Then there was the Chinese guy who we said was on "Earthquake scholarship." We worked on trestle tables, three-quarter inch plywood on sawhorses. It wasn't hard to bump one of these and make them quiver. This fellow would leap to his feet, eyes, bulging, body stiff and shaking, blurting, "Urfquake! Urfquake!"

I guess the other things I learned in art school were social and sexual. You don't want to hear about those.

I quit art school after 3.5 years. I saw no reason in me having a certificate. I was never going to teach art. And I had a sculpture business going.

And I stopped being a near virgin, and became a...hmmm...far virgin.

— William Rotsler



# The Quest

a narrative by Ken Forman

All I wanted to do was get an interesting Christmas gift for a friend. That was it... nothing else. Who would've guessed my actions would potentially cause an international incident involving the FBI, the CIA, the DEA, KFC and Interpol? But perhaps it would be best to start at the beginning.

There I was, window-shopping on my favorite internet auction site, browsing through the miscellaneous category -- not really looking for anything in particular when I was struck with the idea for the perfect gift idea for my friend Tom Springer.

Before I continue, I must first explain that Tom enjoys a smoke now and then. He also enjoys rolling his own. I've seen his fingers flying fast and furiously rolling small cylinders of smokable substances.

Sometimes, when his fingers are tired or he's going for quantity, he uses a machine. He's got one of those clear acrylic and plastic rolling machines made by the Zig-zag cigarette rolling paper company.

His fingers are frequently tired; consequently he quickly wears these gadgets out. So Tom, that's the third, no -- fourth one you've had?

So, what could this possibly have to do with me surfing the internet auctions? Well, lo and behold, staring me right in the face, the perfect answer: an old, stainless steel cigarette-rolling machine from the World War II era. The kind that fit into a solder's pack, lightweight and efficient. The kind that opens like a clamshell, with interior working mechanisms. The kind where you open the machine, lay the paper inside on one part of a canvas conveyor belt, and the smokable substances on another part. The kind where you close the machine and the finished product drops out of a slot in the bottom. Viola!

*"This is it! This is exactly the sort of thing he'd enjoy,"* I thought to myself. *"It's mechanical; he likes toys. It's old; he appreciates those kinds of thing. It's functional; he can use it, and then brag about it, too."* The price was good (less than \$20) and the timing was right (a few weeks before Christmas), so I clicked my mouse and bid.

But somehow that wasn't enough.

Once I knew I'd won the auction, I sought a second part of his gift. I shopped around at a variety of smoke shops seeking



interesting or exotic rolling papers. I remembered seeing in an African art store located in the local upscale yuppie mall, a selection of unusual pipes. Perhaps they would stock unusual papers, too.

I wandered into the store, ambling casually past the Afro-kitsch hanging from the walls and inspecting the glass counters displaying knickknacks from another continent. *"Sheesh, what a bunch of cra..."*

"May I help you?" a beautiful, well-built sales girl in a low-cut dress interrupted my thoughts.

"Yea, I'm looking for a selection of rolling papers," I said to her chest, since that was where I was looking.

She pointed to a display tacked to the wall behind her. I dragged my attention to the indicated area and beheld a selection of over thirty options. I leaned over the counter for a better look at her cleavage the display, but the salesgirl stopped me.

"Why don't you come over here?" She indicated an opening allowing access behind the counter. "That doesn't really show our entire selection." She pulled out a large drawer filled with hundreds of packets of rolling papers. "Check in here."

"Wow," was my witty response.

"There's more in the drawers below," she replied. "Call me if you need any help."

Three large drawers, crammed to bursting, and layered three deep offered me more alternatives than I could have imagined. The plethora of choices overwhelmed me. Frankly, I'd expected to find a dozen options to choose from, and perhaps I'd select three or four, but this store offered me (literally) hundreds of alternatives.

I found a number of unusual brands -- ones that I didn't think Tom had ever seen before (like Skunk "Smells like the real thing") -- as well as one or two "classics"

not the least of which was a pack of Big Bambú (made famous by Cheech and Chong). There was even one pack about seven inches long, in the national colors of Jamaica. They'd be too long to fit in the device, but he would see them as a challenge.

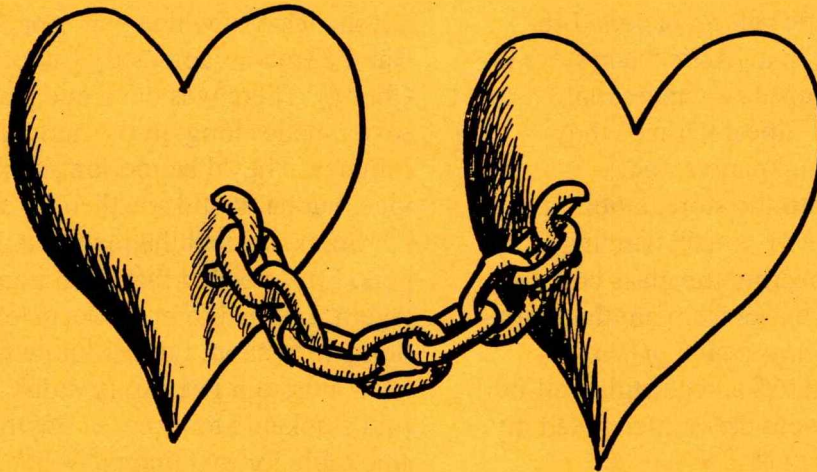
So, now I had the machine, I had the papers, I just needed that third ingredient. Again, I turned to my favorite online auction site to shop. I didn't know what to expect, although I certainly didn't expect to find smokable tobacco, or anything else smokable for that matter. What I *did* find, however, was a burlap sack, silk screened to look like some sort of agricultural product. In bold red letters the sack proclaimed itself to contain "Product of Jamaica, 100%

Pure Cannabis, 50 kg." In the center of the words, a pretty Jamaican girl smiled her promise that the product was indeed pure. Of course the bag was empty, never having held anything, much less what its labeling suggested. Again, the price (less than \$10) and the timing was right so I made my bid.

This particular online auction site emails the winners when the auction concludes, which -- for this particular auction -- occurred while I was at work the next day. More importantly, the auction concluded while Aileen sat at the computer. When it chimed it's announcement that we had mail, she clicked over to see who it was from. And was met by the subject line: "You've won the auction for 50KG JAMAICAN CANNABIS." She noted that it was addressed to my email account so she immediately called me at work. I was out and about, so I didn't get the message for about an hour. Walking back into the break room I found a note tacked to the board.

"Ken, Call you wife at home. Immediately!" So I did. The conversation went

*Continued on page 19*



ONE VERSION OF LOVE

ROZLER

## **A Family Affair**

**musings on fandom by Joyce Katz**

The thing about Fandom (notice the capitol F) is that it's an awfully lot like your own family. As with your own kin, you can ignore them, curse them, make fun of them. Like your own family, you can put them down and swear off them. Like your own family, they are always there when you come back.

Carol Carr once said to me that, "Being Family means that, if you have to go back, they have to take you in."

That's the bottom end of family loyalty, and sort of the final word. If all else fails, you've always got your Family.

But I prefer to scamper about on the loftier branches of the family tree, the Holiday Season, lump-in-your-throat affectionate joy of family. The place that, when you're there, you feel you should never be anywhere else.

The Family that is Fandom is all the

more desirable because we're all adopted kin. We weren't forced to associate with one another by accident of birth; we picked each other.

A pleasant myth, but a high illusion.

Fandom has a peculiar thing about family. We choose up sides, and call each other by familial terms. Tucker is your grandfather (unless he's your father.) And someone else may be your Brother, and someone else your Sister. (Did you know Suzanne Vick and I are twin sisters? Yep...I'm surprised you can tell us apart.) There are uncles and aunts, and lots of cousins. Pleasant little relationships that don't strain the seams of the fantasy too much.

Sometimes these relationships are completely logical. Other times, it seems a bit strange until you learn how the kinship revealed itself.

Let's take good ol' Cousin Deindorfer,

for example. As best I remember, I've never actually met Gary Deindorfer. But he's a sort of distant cousin of Arnie's. Arnie would have to explain how exactly that came to be; I wouldn't know, since I'm only married-in kin.

But Gary has always maintained contact with Arnie over the years. He hardly ever fails to write when Arnie sends something to him. And he's almost unfailingly happy to reestablish contact with us, no matter how long the gap between communications.

You could say that since the local fanzine fans are my siblings in the Las Vegas fandom family, that he's a sort of distant cousin of theirs, too.

And since Gary recently passed some fanzines to Brother Robert Lichtman, and Robert passed some of them on to Vegas fans, that sort of ties the family binds a little more. In fact, thumbing through zines that

he first eye-tracked seems almost like a visit with the Cuz.

(As fanzines pass from hand to hand, and we breathe the air trapped between the pages, are we taking that other fan's exhaled breath into our own lungs? If enough fanzines pass through enough hands, does dna get traded too, along with the ink and crumbling paper? Could be. LeeH gave a stack of fanzines to TerryC who passed some to Arnie and me...so I believe we're tied in a link of dust and microbes.)

This linking fantasy does fall a bit flat when I cast through the fanzine collection and find a zine sent to me by Ira Donowitz.

And the sibling shibboleth slides when I contemplate some of the fans I shared New York and St. Louis fandoms with.

It's possible to carry an analogy too far, I guess.

— Joyce Katz

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## **The Quest**

*Continued from page 17*

something like this...

"Hello, this is Aileen."

"Hi honey, what's up...?"

"ARE YOU INSANE?" She screamed loud enough that others in the room could hear her. I had no idea what she was talking about, so I asked.

"What are..."

"ARE YOU CRAZY?" Well, that didn't clear up anything so I tried again.

"I don't underst..."

"HAVE YOU COMPLETELY LOST YOUR MIND?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Tell me you *didn't* bid on," and then she carefully articulated each word, "fifty...

kilograms...of...Jamaican...cannabis!"

I laughed so hard I dropped the phone.

It took a lot of explaining for her to understand that the sack I bought was *empty*. Apparently she had spent the last hour waiting for the local, national and international authorities to come looking for the dolt stupid enough to bid in an internet auction for a big bag of cannabis.

"Honey," I asked after I set her straight, "didn't it seem odd to you that I could buy 50 kilos -- over a hundred pounds -- of *Jamaican* marijuana for ten buck?"

"Well, I just thought you might have bid on it as a lark, expecting to be outbid."

I wished her a good day, hung up, and went about my day whistling *What Kind of Fool Am I?*

— Ken Forman



## Why You Got This Issue

- We trade fanzines or we want to trade fanzines. (Copies to both of u please).
- We love a letter, artwork or article.
- Your name is similar to someone we like and we made a mistake.
- This fanzine is dedicated to you, and only you, so we hope you'll respond in a special, positive way.
- We had this checklisyt left over from 1967

# End Piece

**We want your  
Letters of Comment  
sooooo much**

**craven pleased by Ar-  
nie and Tom**

Back in the day, it was far easier for fanzine editors to work out their anxieties and insecurities about response. All you had to do was find a small empty spot, preferably on the back cover, and insert a checklist called "Why You're Getting This Issue."

Before the tenaciously humorless created the interminable lists that soured the concept, all you had to do was check a couple of boxes. If you wrote "please" or double-checked something, you felt like you'd really Done Something.

Without such checklists, all fanzine editors have is self-abasement. Since Toner Hall, like most Las Vegas homes, doesn't have a basement, *Baloney* has put Tom Springer (now of Vancouver, WA) in charge of Letter of Comment Editor and, chief.

The best way to contact us is email:

Tom: [Tomsprung@aol.com](mailto:Tomsprung@aol.com)

Arnie: [akatz@aol.com](mailto:akatz@aol.com).

Written contributions and electronically submitted artwork can be sent the same way. JPEG is our I preferred image format.

You can also write to us at the addresses listed in the colophon on page 2. We love snailmail, too.

We hope you will.

— Tom and Arnie