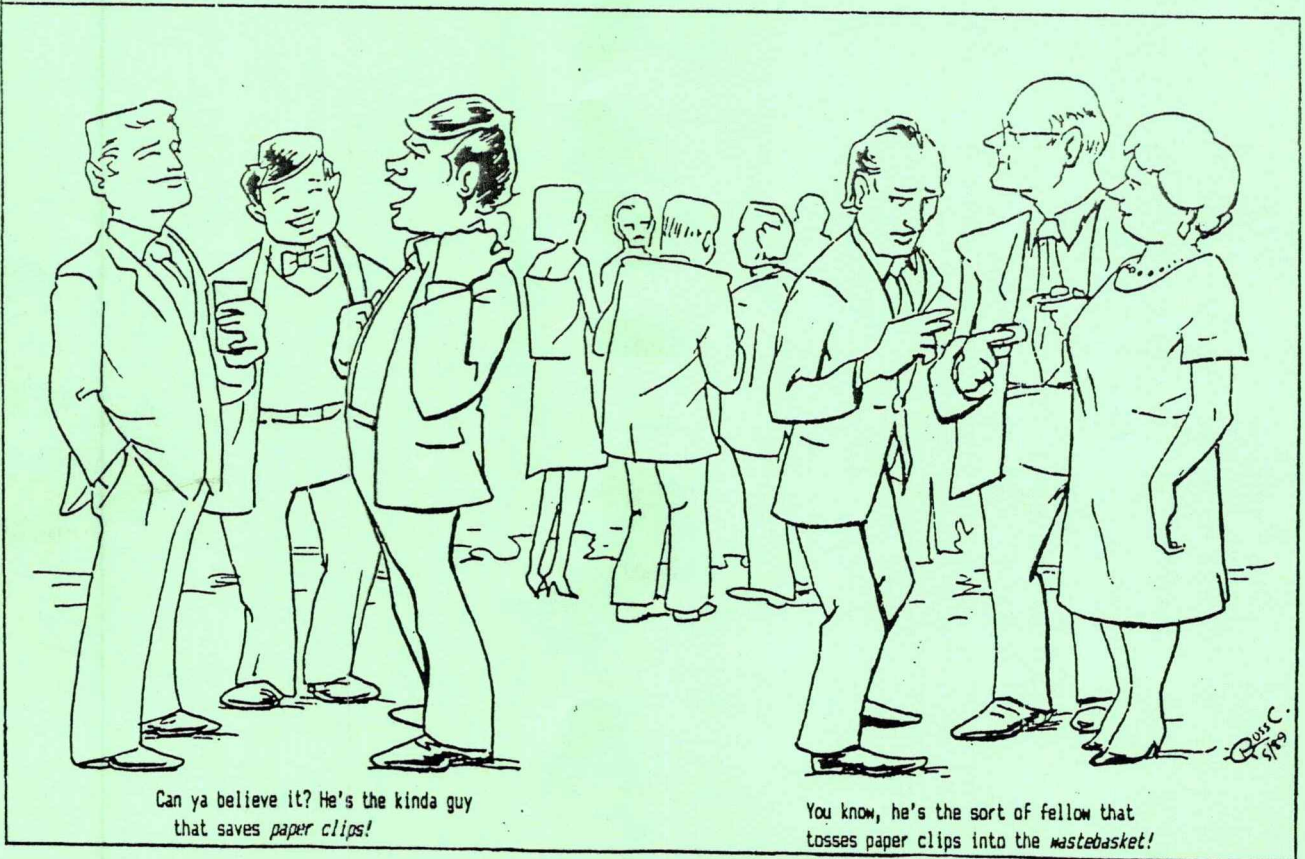


ISSUE #4

# GLITZ

FAPA  
February 1992

INCOMPATIBLES



## About Batman and Bartman

The main excuse for my recent poor performance as a correspondent is work and more work. Not that I'm complaining. I'd rather be busy and solvent than indolent and broke. We finished a long-term project with NEC in September, and the process of snagging new clients and getting familiar with their activities has transferred many hours from the leisure time column to the workday for me (and Joyce and Bill, too).

Our most exciting recent assignment is the design of the computer game tied to next fall's movie, "Batman Returns". Konami has hooked us up with a truly outstanding implementation house, Park Place Software. It's a treat to write design specs for a group that has the skill to fully realize it as a game.

This isn't always the case. Some programmers simply don't have the skill, others find it difficult to concentrate on the project at hand, and still others lack that spark of imagination to go with the technical skill. I can't count how many times we've been told that something "can't be done" only to have to point out that other titles already incorporate similar elements.

There's none of that with Park Place. *Batman Returns* is getting the full treatment. It is likely to become our best (and best-selling) game. Konami demonstrated the work in progress at the winter Consumer Electronics Show here in Las Vegas, January 8-11. The critical reaction caused all of us to switch to larger hats to hold our newly inflated egos.

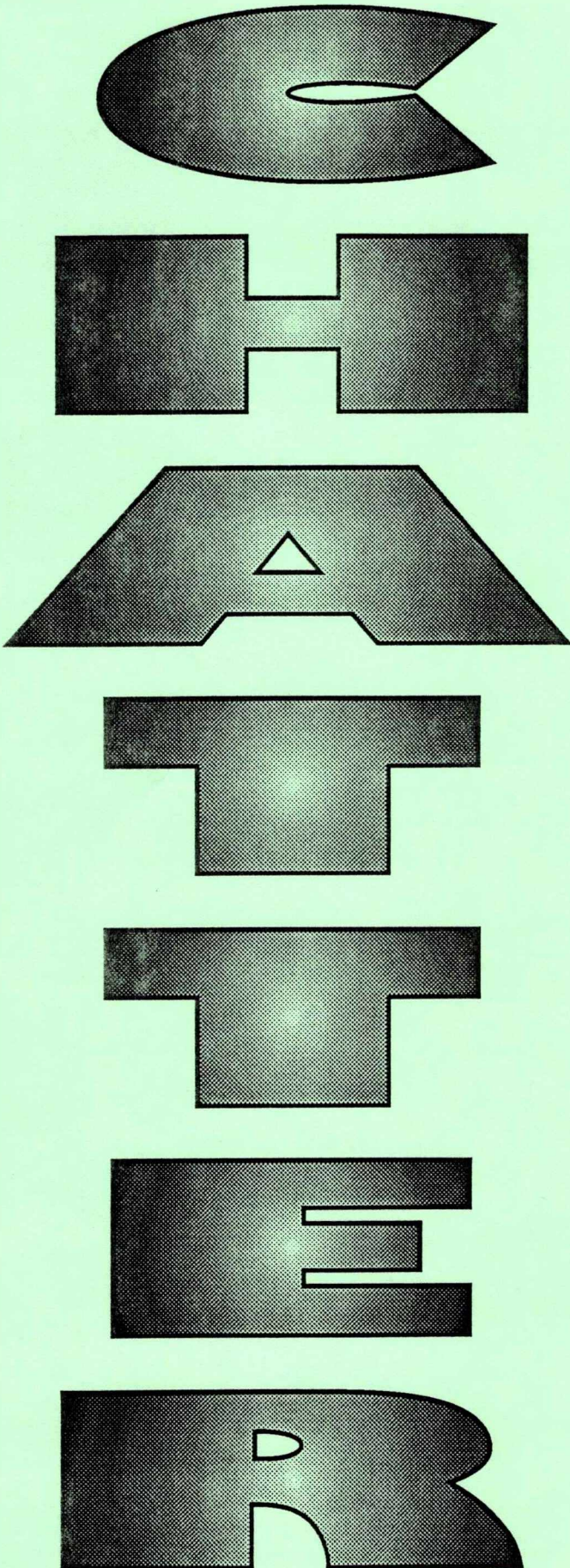
Most of the *Batman Returns* work has fallen on Bill Kunkel's shoulders, though Joyce and I have contributed. We'll get more involved when it's time to fine-tune the product, but right now it's primarily Bill who must work at twice normal speed to make sure this 15-month project is done in 10.

I hear muttering.

Someone is saying that citing Bill's heavy workload violates the International Alibi Convention.

Not true.

We've had to redistribute the work so that Bill can



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give nearly full time to *Batman*. Most of it overflows onto my desk.

### Just Following the Script

Basing a game on a license is both the hardest and easiest type of design. I'm sure it looks like a snap. After all, the premise, plot, and characters are already there at the start of the project.

Reality is seldom that simple.

Whether through policy or indifference, some licensors give publishers a free hand, but most want to insure that the game upholds the sanctity of the property. Generally, some aspects of each license are inviolate, because the owner blue pencils any deviation.

Unfortunately, no one hands the designer a list of taboos. It's a guessing game, and some licensors take special joy in springing illogical prohibitions at the last minute. Jackie Gleason's widow, who controlled "The Honeymooners" license, wouldn't allow Ralph Kramden to blow his top in a game based on the sitcom, because she wanted to remember her late husband as a mild-mannered soul. Arguments that the big mouthed busdriver from Brooklyn was only a *character* played by this saintly man gained no concessions.

The existing plot is sometimes an obstacle when turning a movie into a game. We try to make the interactive experience fresh even for those who've seen the film, but it's hard to do that when the licensor insists that the game exactly mirrors the movie's



main elements.

There's more to it than maintaining surprise. Sometimes, plots work only because the author pulls the strings for all the characters. Players are much rowdier and harder to control. Things that happen smoothly in a novel or T.V. episode can be hard to orchestrate without imposing too much linearity on the gamer.

Besides *Batman Returns*, we're also lending a hand on a new Simpsons game for the Super NES and Sega Genesis. The developer liked our analysis of the game enough to hire us to write one of the sections.

It presents Bart Simpson as Bartman, a Real Cool super

hero. So far creator Matt Groening has only used Bartman in posters and such, so there's nothing really established about the character. This gives us a lot of latitude in designing a game about Bartman, except that Groening has definite ideas about his character.

We don't work directly with the inventor of "The Simpsons". It's not considered a good idea to allow Matt Groening to meet creative people working with his licenses. He's noted for turning to some poor writer and saying something like: "You're an asshole with no talent." All Groening-related projects have buffers between the cartoonist and anyone he might offend.

# B E D A Z Z L E D B E B Y E C

## Some Thoughts on Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator to the Enchanted Convention

A good definition of fannish frustration is receiving a copy of *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator* in the mail and being incapable of reading it. The Special Collector's Edition (\$15) popped into the mailbox during my post-op recovery period, and I couldn't make out the autographs on the frontispiece, much less the text of this sequel to *The Enchanted Duplicator*.

I promised myself, as a reward for good behavior while a patient, that the first thing I'd read with my new glasses would be *BTED*. Self-bribery worked as magically as Jophan's dandy duper. Drs. Westfield and Parker marveled at my dedication to their instructions, ignorant of the magnificent treat awaiting me at the end of this extended period of prohibited behavior and circumscribed life.

When I got reading glasses and the time was finally at hand, I found myself approaching the beautifully produced volume with a certain amount of trepidation. Would it, in some unguessable way, spoil the perfection of the earlier work? Would it be a New Testament or merely a Book of Mormon?

I must admit that *The Enchanted Duplicator* has always been close to my heart. At my first worldcon, the 1963 Discon, I read two masterworks that made an indelible impression on the young fan I was at that time. I started with the second edition of *The Enchanted Duplicator*, followed by *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* as a chaser. This fannish boilermaker was fire and ice in printed form. My mind reeled as I went from the idealism of Willis and Shaw to

the naturalism of Francis Towner Laney. Both *The Enchanted Duplicator* and *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* have done much to shape my ensuing fan career.

So despite great anticipation, my mental jury was definitely out when I turned the page of this beautifully produced volume. Publisher Geri Sullivan and artist Stu Shiffman deserve much praise for creating a package which is visually interesting and a pleasure to read.

I see the illustrations differently in my mind's eye, but Stu's interpretation of the manuscript is valid and quite attractive. I'd have preferred a somewhat less literal evocation of *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator*, which I think would befit the story's allegorical nature, but Shiffman's art offers echoes of the familiar that make the characters feel more individual and personal.

Geri's professional touch makes this first of what will no doubt be many editions of *BTED* a tough act to beat for

reviewed by **Arnie Katz**

future republishers. One can only hope the excellence of the volume doesn't prove too daunting, because this primo piece of faan fiction should remain constantly in print.

James White's role as co-author is hard to assess. I would love to read an article about the creation of the two stories which described the contributions of the three fannish ghods who are credited with authorship. In lieu of that, it is impossible not to focus on Walter. The writing in the original and its sequel is not identical, but each is a nearly seamless production. This puts Walter, as the obvious constant factor, on the hotseat.

*BTED* is less a true sequel

than a response to the philosophy embodied in the classic allegory. One of the most interesting aspects of the relationship between the two stories is that the same person, Walter Willis, is responsible for both. *TED* is the worldview of an enthusiastic *young fan*, while *BTED* may be the more sophisticated restatement of a person who has lived 35 additional years of a well-rounded and satisfying life.

*TED* presents an idealization of Fandom in which the hero takes a journey from the real world to the utopian sub-society of Trufandom. Success for Jophan means climbing the mountain,

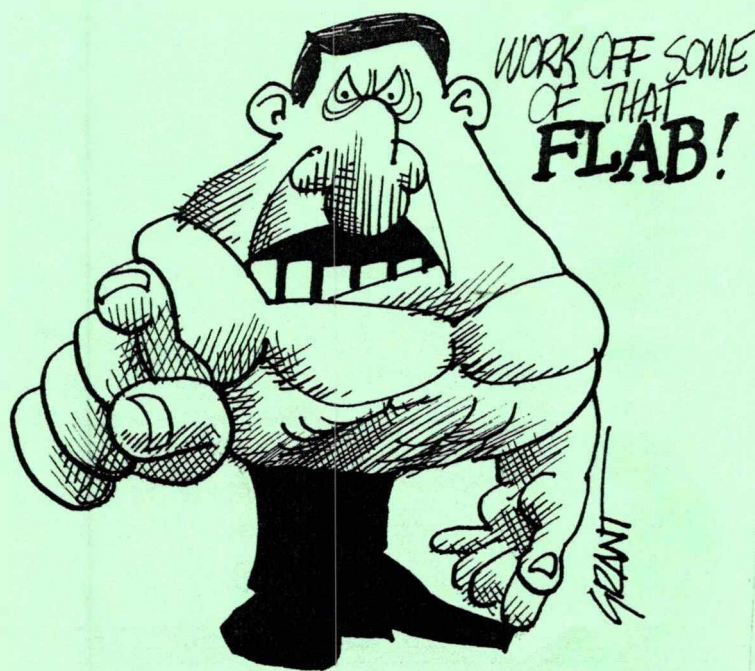
grasping the handle of the magic mimeo, and spending the rest of his days turning out perfect fanzines. In short, it is the concept of FIAWOL (Fandom Is a Way of Life) as seen through the eyes of a tremendously perceptive and talent pair of fans.

*BTED* uses many characters from the earlier story, often to good purpose. Willis and White do a capital job with personalities like Letteraxe, who really comes alive in the newer work. These bits of familiarity, which frequently serve as the lynchpins for wry commentary about the changing face of fandom, may obscure the fact that the context in which the characters reappear is entirely new.

*Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator* keeps the Trufan Ideal that powers *TED*, but discards the FIAWOL sub-theme. The hero of *BTED* finds fulfillment by leaving the cloistered confines of Trufandom and returning to Mundane, where he blends fanac with "real-world" activities like building a career.

If *TED* is, as I believe, the most eloquent statement of Classic Fanzine Fandom, then *BTED* may well hold the same meaning for today's varied and disparate mega-Fandom. The original emphasizes the creative and artistic aspect of fandom, while the sequel dwells on interpersonal associations and the fellowship of fans.

*The Enchanted Duplicator* bore the burden of the elitist notion that fanzine fans are the special, the true bearers of the soul of fandom. *Beyond the*



*Enchanted Duplicator* is more truly egalitarian in spirit. Trufannishness can be found in all manner of fanac, if it is done with a generous heart.

The most disturbing thing about *BTED*, from the viewpoint of a fanzine fanatic like me, is that Jophan doesn't write or publish much in *BTED*. He directs his fanzining energy toward going to conventions, making friends, and living a contented life. These are all fine activities, but it seems a pity that Jophan achieves his goals at the expense of his soaring creativity and passion for personal expression.

Willis and White pave Jophan's road to happiness with creative sublimation of his fanning instincts. He jump-

starts his career by applying the principles of fanzine layout to the arrangement of goods on a supermarket shelf and starts to move up the ladder when he adapts the idea of interlineations to the needs of an employe newsletter.

This strikes me as a healthier concept than Jophan spending his entire life in fannish isolation sending his zines down from Mt. Olympus. The satisfaction that Jophan finds in *BTED* is less removed from reality than the happy ending in *TED*, but that same note of reality makes it somehow less majestic.

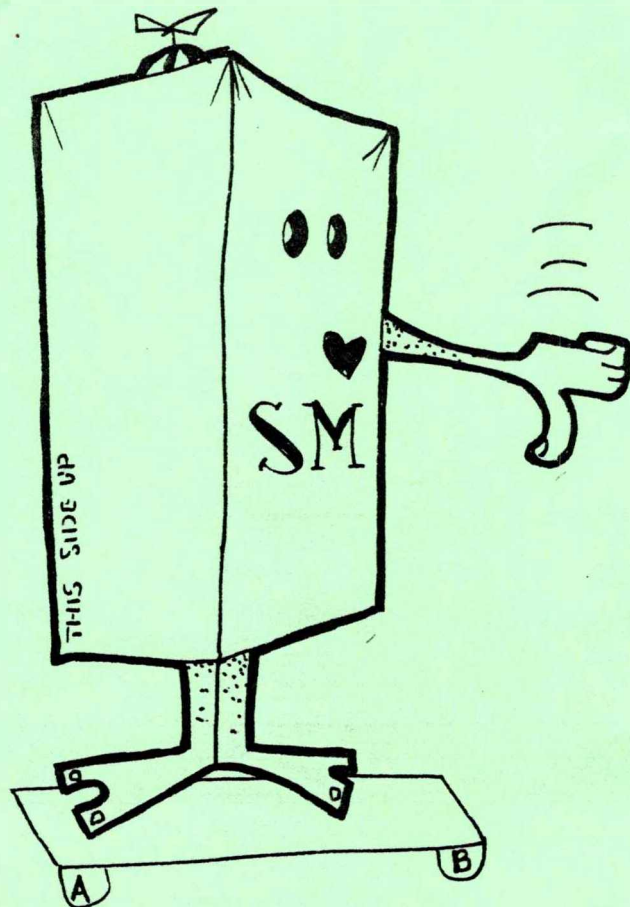
A sensible, mature person will gladly settle for the ideal fanlife as portrayed in *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator*. Assuredly, it is a more well-rounded

existence than the one which Jophan embraces when he finds the *Enchanted Duplicator*. But something vital and compelling is gone. Jophan is a driven artist in the first story; just an amiable fellow with an appealingly low-stress life in the second one. The latter may please the intellect, but the former is more apt to fire the blood.

One piece missing from Jophan's life puzzles me. How could they deny their literary creation the same solace that has brought joy to their own lives? Jophan has numberless friends, career success, the respect and admiration of his peers, but -- where is his Madeleine? His Joyce? His Elinor? Perhaps this was intentional, to keep the happy ending from being patly perfect. I know too many contrary examples to claim that no man can be happy without a Good Woman, but it did make Jophan seem isolated and lonely in the later years.

I've heard and read a lot about the current sad state of fanzine fandom since I returned to activity a year ago. "They" say that it's all over, and that we're into heavy duty afterglow. I say they're wrong, and I advance *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator* as but one piece of evidence among many. It is a fascinating story, engagingly told. I don't think it can ever share that special place in my heart with *The Enchanted Duplicator*, but it is an exemplary piece of faan fiction that belongs on everyone's special shelf of fannish treasures.

It almost made me want to go to a convention.



# The Changed Face of FANDOM

I hope no one feels that the fanhistory pieces clash with *Glitz's* lighthearted ambience. Fandom's past fascinates me, and I am not sure I could easily turn away from the topic.

Giving up Numbered Fandoms makes me feel a little like a steamship

passenger who is about to toss a life preserver overboard. Intellectually, the traveler knows that a life preserver won't do much good if the ship sinks in the middle of the ocean, but it *looks* so damned useful, and there's nothing else in sight.

The Theory of Numbered Fandoms, whatever the judgment of contemporary fanhistorians, once gave promise as an analytical tool. Though many have found Numbered Fandoms wanting as an explanation of fandom after 1970 and others disclaim its applicability even to the 40 years before that, Numbered Fandoms did fulfill a function at one time. As rich brown said in his *Folly* article a few months ago, it provided common reference points.

So I heave the preserver over the side and hope for something better. Reexamination of fanhistory has led me to a new theory. I don't know if it's valid, but I'm going to tell you about it anyway. Please hold the laughter until the end.

The test of any theory is how well it describes reality. Even Numbered Fandom partisans agree that its failure is its inability to truly mirror fannish events. Worse, the concept is increasingly out of synch with what's actually happening. Like Galileo, I want to scrap the old theories and erect a new scheme more attuned to today's fandom. Maybe this is it, maybe not. At least it starts a discussion.

Debunkers of Numbered Fandoms often point to current fandom's incredible diversity and size. My idea is that expansion changed Fandom in a fundamental way.

SF Fandom has expanded in two ways: population growth of existing sub-fandoms and absorption of additional special interest groups. Growth in the 1930-1965 period was mostly within the traditional sub-fandoms — fanzines, cons, and clubs. The majority of the growth since then

## Folie a Deux

Joyce loves to ask me questions. She looks upon me as a font of wisdom, her respect undiminished by my inability to answer most of them. Maybe it's part of a plan to keep me properly humble. It usually has that effect.

"What do they use to make Meersham pipes?" she asked me the other night as we cuddled on the couch.

This may strike some as a peculiar question. In truth, Joyce is more given to perfume than pipes. Her curiosity was aroused, not by an impending purchase, but rather was an outgrowth of her celebrated Theory of Fat Guys.

Years of observing grossly overweight men have gone into this theory. Joyce postulates that a certain type of male piles on the flab to become a Fat Guy. And the badges of the Fat Guy, as Joyce defines the species, are three: the Beard, the Tweed Jacket, and the Mersham pipe. You can see how this mind-bending concept would naturally lead to some curiosity about the genesis of this venerable form of smoking implement.

It's her theory, not mine. As a non-smoker, my interest in any form of pipe is limited. "I don't really know the answers," I said, "but I think it's some kind of wood or something."

"Gee, I thought they made them from hardened sea foam." I wondered whom my beloved meant by "they". Elves, probably.

"No, I don't think they do," I suggested.

"They make *some* thing out of hardened sea foam," she insisted.

"They do?" I am always willing to learn.

"I saw it on one of those PBS specials," she said. Her brow furrowed in concentration. "Or it could have been a mermaid movie."

"Yes, it could've been in a mermaid movie," I agreed. My mommy told me never to dispute with crazy people.

"It's a shame," she said.

"What's a shame?" I asked.

"That they don't make something out of hardened sea foam. It's a terrible waste. There's so much of it around."

has come through the development of Special Fandoms. In the past, SF Fandom accommodated special interests while retaining its essential nature. It welcomed newcomers – and socialized them into the existing framework. As the number and size of Special Fandoms increased, the socialization process stopped working as well.

Consider the hypothetical case of a fan of science fiction films. Let's call him Forry. If Forry contacted fandom in 1930, he'd have found some fans who shared his interest to an extent, but few who'd want to talk SF films round the clock. He'd have had two choices: keep his contact with fandom limited to situations in which his interest was shared or developing some other common ground with 1930-era fans. In other words, he could be a fringe fan, or he could move into actifandom by adapting to the needs and desires of the sub-society,

If Forry discovers Fandom at the ChiCon V, he faces a completely different situation. He could move right into the Fantastic Film sub-Fandom (or Monster Fandom or Special Effects Fandom, depending on his specific interests), where Forry would find hundreds of others willing to relate primarily through the shared interest. Fact is, there are as many movie-oriented fans now as participated in fandom as a whole in

1930 – and quite probably a lot more. There is no need to adapt to the subculture of Fandom, only to Movie Fandom. These people are still fans, but they are not conversant, due to personal choice or lack of exposure, with the history and traditions of our corner of the hobby.

I believe that the addition of so many special interest groups has altered the basic character of Fandom. If I've got this right, then Fandom has changed from an informal interest group network into a constellation of such groups. Maybe what we have now is Popular Culture Fandom – which includes but is not limited to science fiction and fantasy.

We are no longer science fiction fanzine fandom, but rather pop culture fanzine fandom. Our fanzine writers, artists, and editors have more in common with those who produce comics, wrestling, and gaming fanzines than with someone whose main interest is movie special effects or science fiction television shows.

My hypothesis is that Fannish Fanzine Fandom has become a division of Fanzine Fandom, itself one component of Pop Culture Fandom.

Where does all this lead me? To the possibility that we have to stop thinking of Fandom as a Big House tenanted by a Nuclear Family of sub-fandoms. Instead, let's look at it like an apartment complex or condo

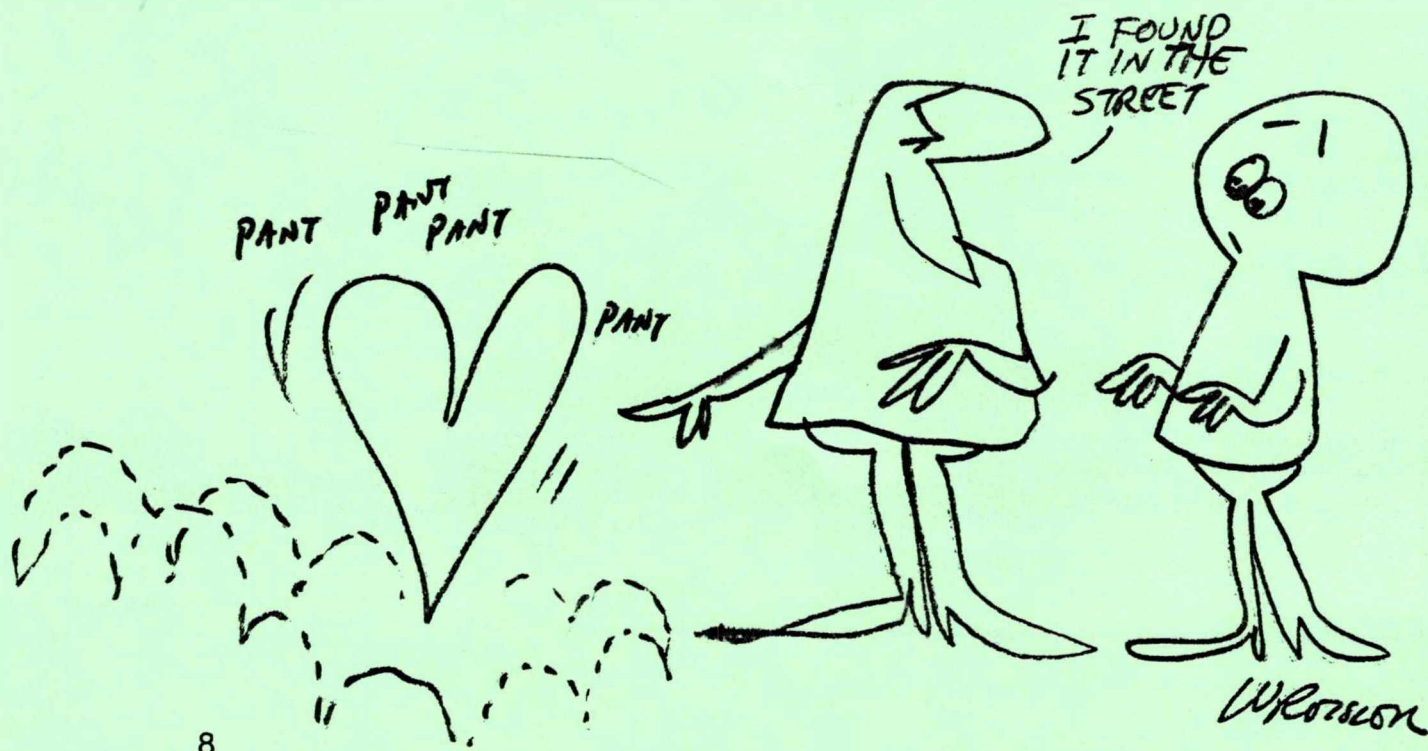
community. Fannish Fanzine Fans have their condo, and there are a other condos with publishers.

And down the block are people who are part of the community (Fandom) in the sense that they share the clubhouse and swimming pool. They're not really part of our family, but we'd invite them to the annual block party (worldcon). What those Convention Fans down the street do only affects us when we venture onto their turf where, as good guests, we play by their rules.

If this theory has any merit, then we have to look at fanhistory differently, too. Most fanhistorians have considered it a single time line.

Maybe fanhistory is a tree. At the root is Science Fiction Fandom as it was in 1935. The tree grows tall – and then branches and branches again. Fannish fanzine fandom is not "in charge" of the history and tradition of the whole tree, just of the branch we occupy. If folks on another branch are ignorant of our activities and accomplishments, it's because their history forked in another direction at some point, not because they are spiteful or seek to deny the validity of our branch.

Do you think I have something here? Could this be the mechanism to curtail the ridiculous sparring that disfigures fanzine fandom's relations with other portions of Fandom?





# A FAR AWAY SHORE

Everyone seems to want to know how I am, and I find this simple question curiously difficult to answer. Physically, I am about a stone (14 lbs.) lighter than I was, part of which is no doubt associated with the fact that my body gives the appearance of having been assaulted by a demented can opener, the same no doubt as the one I wrote about in *Nebula* many years ago, which coped with anything until it came up against a cardboard milk carton.

Actually, this analogy isn't so far out of place, because my recollection of recent events is quite different from everyone else's. Not for me is there a memory of the dramatic journey from Newtownards Hospital to the City Hospital, with RUC escort, nor of the operating room, nor of the long sojourn in intensive care. Instead I have quite a clear memory of finding myself among a group of fellow computer enthusiasts and sf fans. I had been here before, it seemed to me, at the invitation of a fan from New Zealand, looking for traces of Americo-European fandom in the Southern Seas. I had found evidence that Jackie, the missing twin of our cat Nickie, born 1953, had emigrated to New Zealand with the family he had adopted. I wrote an elegiac sort of piece about the possible influence of this lone Sixth Fandom Cat under the Southern Cross. I added some pictures and music I found on the file and

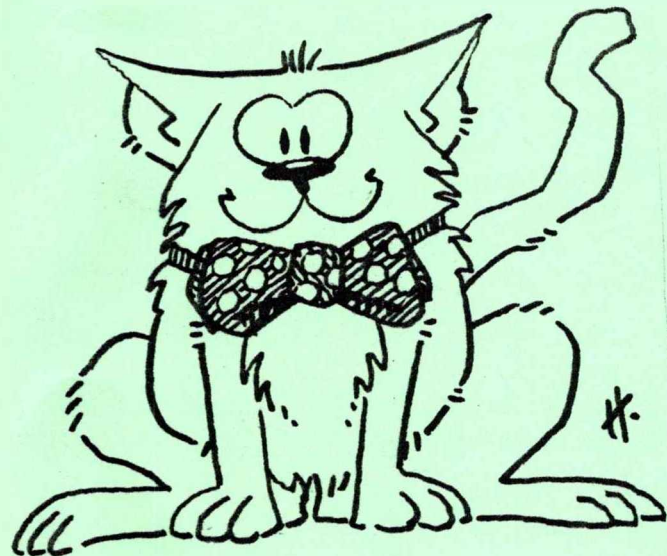
thought that the result would make a nice little program.

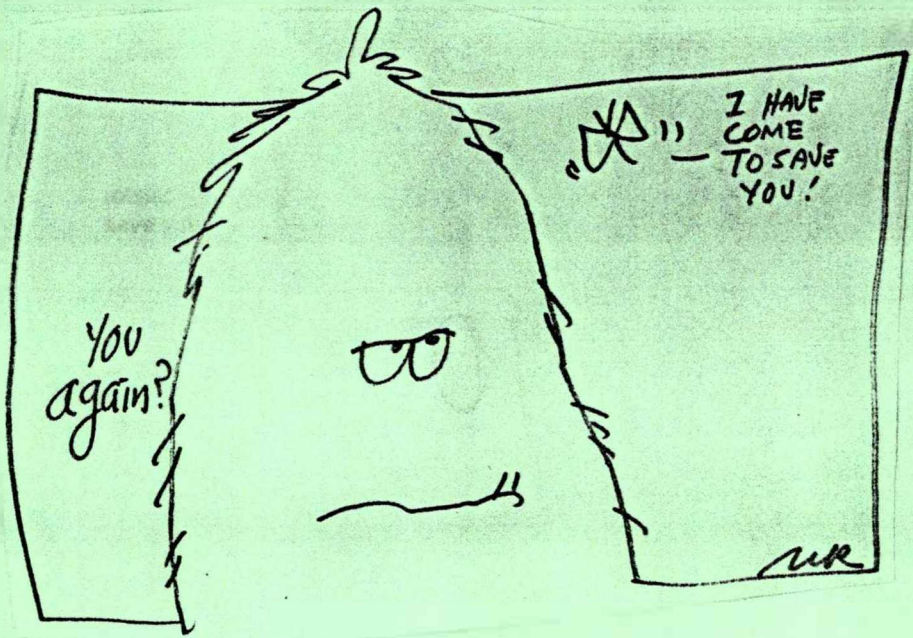
I had heard nothing further, but it was obvious what the new problem was on which my assistance was required. An input from another computer was indicating the presence of another lifeform in the region. I created the conditions necessary for its appearance, and there it was, a rather spectral fishy lifeform. As with most computer generated lifeforms, it did not have the energy surplus necessary for independent survival. being nothing more than an echo of some previous program.

Soon after I reported this, I found

myself removed from the computer room and installed in a small ward at the very top of the city hospital. I had never seen the building in question, but it seemed to rise and narrow like the prow of a ship. The most important inhabitant of this ward seemed to be a captain of industry type, whose empire of business machines, tv sets, video records etc. occupied far more space than could be justified by normal hospital rules.

However I wasn't able to find out more because I had almost completely lost my voice. James later advanced the theory it was something to do with the administration of oxygen during





my 12 days in intensive care, but when Madeleine came to visit me that evening, it seemed to have affected my writing, too, everything I tried to write becoming smaller.

However Madeleine and the doctors were able to explain to me that I had been undergoing an operation for an aneurism which involved the replacement of a length of artery. It was a very serious affair, and I wouldn't have stood much chance if it hadn't been for my remarkably strong constitution.

This was more flattering than reassuring, but seemed insignificant when compared with the importance of the fact that I had just composed a masterpiece among musical comedies. I had awakened that morning with the last magnificent bars ringing in my ears. The work was strongly influenced by the recent assassination of Rajiv Gandhi and described the events surrounding the annual opening of another part of the Amazon basin to exploitation. The story was told by the crew of a British ship, a Cunarder from Belfast, all parts played by the businessmen and sailors from my ward. So brilliantly that the only thing which prevented my congratulating them on their performance was one awkward question: how could I have written a musical without knowing how to write a note of music? This question gave me food for thoughts for the entire

morning.

As time went on, however, reality as other people understood it began to take over. I was still plagued by the feeling that parts of my body did not belong to me... In the middle of the night I would find myself pouring out two drinks, and I attributed the muscular weakness which made me feel so tired all the time to a similar conflict. The doctor of course said that muscular weakness was a usual concomitant of severe surgery and would last for months afterwards.

After awhile it became clear that I could no longer reasonably claim the full attention offered by an immediate post-surgical ward, and I was packed off to Newtownards Hospital for convalescence. This put Madeleine into direct contact with the

administration, with the inevitable result that everyone concerned soon realised that convalescence would most rapidly succeed if put in the hands of the organisation which had been specialising in looking after me for fifty years.

After two weeks the occupational therapy people, two handsome women in a smart dark green uniform of sweater and slacks, were asked to report on my ability to dress myself and on the suitability of my home and reported so favourably they were allowed to take me home the following day in their own car. At 32 Warren Road. they examined the bath and provided me with a temporary seat for it, which was replaced within two days by a custom-made equivalent. I was impressed by the Occupational Therapy people, and wonder what their equivalent would be in the United States. I have given up speculating how much the other treatment I got from the NHS would have cost me there. Whereas I understand both seats.

Now I'm home again, with every home comfort, including my favourite food (today gazpacho, poached salmon and new potatoes, strawberries and whipped cream), and fanzines to read. What worries me, apart from another bust artery, is the possibility I lost some brain cells during those 12 days I was in intensive care, or just before, the sort that takes care of fanac. This little piece has taken me five days. However my memory seems ok, except that I forgot how to work the new video.

Come to

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# THE TWO SCHOOLS OF FANNISHNESS

## Half-Baked Fannish Sociology -- remember Stephen Pickering? -- by Arnie Katz

Rich brown was the first person to call it to my attention. In a letter commenting on my article on the Numbered Fandoms theory in *Folly* #2, rich said:

"... I would quibble strongly with you, Arnie.... For another example: 'The Enchanted Duplicator' is a pure expression of the Seventh Fandom ethic."

Later that week, Walter Willis' LoC arrived. Amid was this typically gentle correction:

"Fandom by the numbers gave me a lot to think about, like how I managed to publish in 1954 a pure exressop of the Seventh Fandom ethic of the years 1958 to 1963. "

I have a confession. I forget most of my articles as soon as they are published. I imagine a lot of readers feel the same way. My initial examination of the essay forced the conclusion that I must have been out of my mind. But I've always been one of my favorite fanwriters, so I was reluctant to condemn this seemingly moronic statement too quickly. After all, am I not the temperate, mellow Arnie Katz of 1990?

As I pondered the passage, I divined a quasi-legitimate interpretation. It has a ring of familiarity, so maybe it was what I originally had in mind. At least, that's my story now. I plead guilty to over-compression in my explanation. (Actually, I glory in this newfound ability to occasionally say something

in too *few* words instead of too many. Thus are the lives of the majestic trees sometimes spared. We must find our triumphs where we can.)

What I should have written instead of that meaningless line is that "The Enchanted Duplicator", as the epitome of the spirit of the *Quandry* circle, in turn, became fannish fandom's Guiding Metaphor in the 1958-1962 period. Speaking from the limited knowledge of a non-participant, that Solacon to Chicon II era seems an amalgam of the idealism of the early 1950s and the iconoclasm of the Burbee-Laney philosophy.

This farfetched attempt at self-justification led to more general speculation about the Nature of Fannishness. Having jettisoned Numbered Fandoms as a tool for fanhistorical analysis, it is logical to look for other ways of understanding the history of our hobby.

My half-baked notion is that there are two types of fannishness: Insurgentism and Trufannishness. Understand, I am not talking about "warring factions" or fanpolitical parties. Not only do these philosophies co-exist harmoniously within fannish fandom, but both elements are frequently found in the make-up of individual fannish fans.

This is not altogether surprising. The same person, Bob Tucker, originated both schools of fannishness. I think he must therefore accept a certain amount of responsibility for this article. You don't agree with it? Write to Bob. I'm sure he'd want to be the first to know.

Hoy Ping Pong's satiric observations about fandom as in *Le Zombie* and *D'Journal* laid the

foundation for later Insurgents like Laney, Burbee, and Rapp. These, in turn, inspired more recent Insurgents, including Ted White, rich brown, and Bill Kunkel.

Then there's the Bob Tucker who wrote *The Neofan's Guide* and traded so many witty zingers with Robert Bloch and others. They might be called the Trufans. Tucker and Bloch were the Elder Ghods of the circle which featured those paragons of Trufannishness Walter A. Willis and Lee Hoffman. Contemporary Trufans include Geri Sullivan.

Terry Carr is a good example of a fan who combined both schools in almost equal measure. Me? Self-evaluation is always the hardest, but I think I was an Insurgent with some Trufan tendencies during my first stint in fandom.

Trufannishness is an idealistic philosophy that emphasizes the brotherhood of fans, friendly commication, myth-making, and mutual support. It is characterized by joint projects, extensive reprinting from old fanzines, and a strong bias against controversy and, especially, feuding. *Mimosa*, *Idea*, and *Folly* are current fanzines which generally embody this school of fannishness.

Insurgentism is an existential philosophy that stresses criticism, iconoclasm and the maintenance of standards of behavior, ethics, and literary worth in fandom. Typical Insurgent fan activities include in-depth fanzine critiques, fanhistorical analysis, and pursuit of a hedonistic lifestyle.

In fact, I'd subdivide Insurgentism into two sub-categories. "Hard line" Insurgents concentrate on fannish criticism and maintenance of standards. Francis Towner Laney and Ted White are Insurgents of this type. The "softcore" Insurgents derive from

Burbee. They couch their criticisms in humor and seek pleasure more avidly than fuggheads. This was the type of Insurgentism espoused by Terry Carr.

Captivated by this insight, I thought it would be interesting to apply it to the history of fannish fandom. In the hope that the subject appeals to others besides me, here's the way it looks to me:

I don't see evidence that either Trufannishness or Insurgentism dominated fannish fandom through the end of the 1940s. The rise of *Spaceways* in the early part of the decade may have tilted it slightly toward Trufannishness, but I have no proof. The mid-1940s saw a rise in Insurgentism. "Ah, Sweet Idiocy", still a pillar of Insurgentism despite widely acknowledged flaws, dates from this period.

The early 1950s saw fannish fandom embrace Trufannishness and virtually abandon Insurgentism. U.K. fans sometimes recounted episodes that displayed the foibles of one or more fans, but *Quandry* set the tone of good-natured fun. Burbee and Laney's reputations were in eclipse, while Bloch and Tucker reigned as elder ghods. "The Enchanted Duplicator" is the touchstone of Trufannishness in the same way as "Ah, Sweet Idiocy" has been the totem of Insurgentism.

Trufannishness remained the ruling spirit of fannish fanzine fandom through the 1950s, but Insurgentism began to make a comeback in 1957-1958. Reprinting allowed fans to read massive amounts of Burbee and Laney, the Fanoclasts rose to prominence within New York fandom, and fanzine criticism entered a golden age. Toward the end of this run, the arrival of "special fandom" people like the Burroughs Bibliophiles fueled many a withering Insurgent barrage.

Two fans of the 1960s and 1970s represented the balance between Insurgentism and Trufannishness: Ted White and Terry Carr. Their fanac often harked back to the Los Angeles insurgents of the 1940s rather than the Trufannish *Quandry* circle. In the quality and influence of their fanac, Carr and White are the Burbee and Laney of their time; closely associated,

yet brilliant individually. It could be argued that the "pupils" surpassed the "masters", because Terry and Ted probably exerted *more* influence over a *longer* period of time.

Ted White may be the most influential Insurgent fan of all time and Terry was the "Burbee of the Sixties", but both exhibited numerous signs of Trufannishness. They collected fanzines, venerated the fannish ghods, and reprinted many classics. They actively participated in myth-making in the Trufannish tradition, and both earned reputations as great spinners of fannish anecdotes.

Trufannishness remained strong through the late 1950s and into the next decade. Among expressions of Trufannishness were the special funds and *Fancylopedia II*.

The Boondoggle shattered many fans' faith in the verities of Trufannishnesses. Introspection became the order of the day as fans on both sides of the feud searched for meaning amid rampant personal animosity. The Breen and Donaho factions disagreed about almost everything, but I think all would agree that fandom failed to live up to its standards.

Young fans in the 1960s saw the BNFs hack and slash each other in the name of lofty principle. Many of them came to believe that there was glory and satisfaction in championing "right" causes. This led to some of the most hotly contested convention bids in fanhistory and intense wrangles over things like the "Pongs".

The rise of apas, including discussion-oriented "secret" ones, provided forums for would-be debaters. *Science Fiction Review* made similar hammer-and-tongs debates fashionable in genzines when that segment of fanzine fandom rebounded toward the end of the decade.

Insurgentism finally surpassed Trufannishness in influence among fannish fans in the early 1970s in the United States. As usual, Britain pursued a more balanced course. It took the arrival on the scene of D. West to give the U.K. its first taste of all-out Insurgentism.

The seventies burn-the-fools,

hedonistic-to-the-hilt Brooklyn Insurgents may have contributed to the allure of the philosophy, as did the Falls Church group that assumed leadership of U.S. fannish fanzine fandom in the late 1970s. These two circles didn't abandon the principles of Trufannishness, but it wasn't the main thrust.

Did galloping Insurgentism cause the Bergeron Wars? That's a mighty sweeping allegation, and I wasn't active during that period to personally gauge its veracity. It sounds like an exaggeration. I will concede that it is possible, however, that Insurgentism helped create the climate in which it was possible for so many people to feel free to air their opinions with such vehemence and tenacity.

One thing I noticed immediately when I returned to Fandom is that the tenor of fannishness is different now than it was back in 1975. Contemporary Insurgents such as Ted White, rich brown, and Avedon Carol continue to uphold the tradition, but a lot more folks have turned to Trufannishness.

Concrete manifestations of trufannishness in contemporary fandom include (but are not limited to): The Chuch Harris Fund, the impending publication of "Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator", SAPS' renaissance, and the ATom Memorial volume. More subtle expressions of the philosophy might be the low incidence of feuds in current U.S. fannish fanzine fandom and the substantial increase in the veneration of fannish fanzine fans of the early 1950s.

Fannishness wouldn't be the same without the contributions of both philosophies, but Trufannishness may speak more compellingly to fans who came to prominence in the 1980s. Participants in today's smaller fannish fanzine fandom understandably feel more inclined to join hands with like-minded people rather than cudgel each other over fine points of fannish ethics, etiquette, and fanpublishing prowess.

And after awhile, it'll be time for the Insurgents to kick fandom in the pants to banish complacency.

# Carnival of Comments

## Arnie comments on FAPA mailing 217

### The Fantasy Amateur #217

It isn't yet reflected in the page count, but I'm heartened by the recent upswing in FAPA. The mailings seem a bit peppier, and I think we may be ready to move out of this period of unfilled rosters.

That doesn't change my feeling that FAPA should allow the membership to shrink to 50 by gradual attrition. I'd like to add my "second" to the resolution presented by Seth Goldberg and endorsed by Robert Lichtman.

I understand the concern of those who fear that reducing the membership limit would be elitist. That wasn't the impulse that gave birth to the proposal. It never occurred to me that an apa which admits 50 (or 40) fans and has no qualitative or judgmental criteria for membership could be consider elitist.

I like the proposal because I believe that FAPA, like admittedly lesser organizations like the Catholic Church and the United States Government, should adapt to the changing needs and preferences. Based on observations during my admittedly brief resurgence in fandom, it looks like most fans now want smaller apas with more concentrated interchange of thoughts and opinions.

Thirty-five years ago, the typical apa had a roster of 40-50 with 5-10 on the waitlist. FAPA, then at the height of its prestige, had 65 members with a waitlist almost as long.

Today's group is more apt to have 20-30 members, and Quite a few have 25 or fewer participants. The only group I know with a long waitlist is SFGA, the Southern apa.

No diminution of interest in apas caused this trend, quite the opposite. Why? Well, it all starts with a fanspeak word not often encountered these days "omniapan". It meant someone who belonged to all the groups (perhaps minus only one or two invitational secret ones). Current fans might find it hard to imagine the existence of such miraculous creatures, but I swear they were real. I met most of them.

Of course, back then you could earn the distinction of being an omniapan by belonging to a whopping six groups:

FAPA, SAPS, OMPA, SFGA, N'APA, and the Cult. By the time TAPS and Apa 45, apa f, apa l, and Cappa Alpha, and others got rolling, no one seriously thought in terms of belonging to everything.

Robert Lichtman estimates that there are currently 200 apas. Instead of about 240 apa membership slots, 1992 fandom has at least 4000! That's counting 20 slots per apa. If the average size is higher -- and I think it probably still is -- then 5000 or even 6000 available apa memberships is not impossible.

I support a reduction because it doesn't seem that fandom wants a 65-member apa with so many other alternatives. If that's the case, then I'd like to see FAPA get the benefits of smaller size. Study of smaller apas suggests that communication would become more focused, individual FAPAazines would get larger, and there'd be a slightly livelier atmosphere. I think the gains are worth the time it takes to change the constitution.

One of the opponents of the cutback said something that triggered another thought. (I try to have thoughts at least four times a year for an annual total of eight pages, like any true FAPAN.) Let's throw the gates of FAPA wide open and have an unlimited membership!

I'm serious. There wouldn't be a mob of new recruits to upset our neat little paper house. Anyone who wants to join FAPA can do it right now with little trouble. Unrestricted membership would allow the group to truly reflect fans' changing needs.

Changes to the constitution would be minor. The copy requirement would be three over the membership as of the previous mailing. A new member could start with the very next mailing if the number of copies received allowed it. Otherwise, the new FAPAN would be listed on the roster in that mailing, with actual membership starting with the following bundle. It might be prudent to require renewal credentials in the *second* mailing following activation of membership (instead of in the third mailing as now). I wouldn't be adverse to charging a first-year dues surcharge

to defray the cost of processing members who end up joining and then dropping without contributing to the mailing.

I think *that* proposal kicks elitism in the butt.

Robert's mention of his annual Elmer Perdue reprint recalled the losses that fandom has suffered in the last year or two. There's a "rightness" about Elmer continuing to make his once-a-year bow that does his memory proud. Whatever happen to your "The Worst of Martin" section, Harry?

### Watcher from the Shadow/Jenny Glover

Your point that art should stand on its own intrinsic merits is well-taken. I automatically distrust any book, movie, or whatever that needs a lengthy explanation by the author to make it intelligible. Too often, the artist uses such a preamble to describe all the stuff that he/she should've woven into the work but didn't.

Background information can have a place, too. It doesn't make the art better, but it can offer an insight and some perspective about its creator that broadens my overall appreciation of the work.

Sometimes too much inside knowledge isn't such a good thing. I'm sure we've all had the experience of meeting a famous science fiction author whose personality repelled as much as his/her literary efforts attracted. Mostly, I can separate these two visions enough to enjoy the art while shunning the artist, but it isn't always easy. When you see one of your literary heroes molest a 12-year-old girl, it's hard to feel quite the same fever pitch of admiration when his next novel hits the "to be read" pile. That wouldn't be true in an aesthetically pure world, but there it is.

Your comments about convention reports have me blushing about mine elsewhere in the February mailing. I suspect you'll consider it one long irrelevancy, since it is exclusively concerned with things you characterized as pleasant crap.

Your assessment of what BSFAns want to learn from a con report is infinitely superior to mine, but others have different priorities. I don't care much about the formal portion of cons. Accordingly, my con report emphasizes the personal and social aspects. That doesn't make it a diary or journal, however. I simply don't share the same criteria.

Or are you merely decrying bad con report writing? Most *are* bland and superficial. My main gripe: So many say that people said funny things, but neglect to mention what they were.

A good con report might well be tougher to write than a book review. The subject matter is less focused and, because the writer is also a participant, subjectivity is more overt. (Yes, I know reviews are subjective, but good ones try to establish an objective basis for the judgments, even though they are born of subjective observation.)

Your concern about the size of the print in your fanzine touched me deeply. Small print is hard for me to read these days, but I use the assistance of a magnifying

glass on most text anyway, so your neatly printed pages weren't appreciably more bothersome than anyone else's FAPazine.

### Philosophical Gas/John Bangsund

Newsletters are part of Katz Kunkel Worley's business, too. Besides the allegedly biweekly *megagaming*, which covers electronic gaming, we've done several newsletters for individual companies. The main problem with *megagaming* is the work associated with running, collating, and mailing 1000 copies of the eight-pager, but company newsletters present special difficulties. The biggest is that some of our clients don't know what "news" means. Like to o many corporations, they think in terms of cosmetic perfection rather than fresh information. One client refused to let us print anything in its newsletter that hadn't already appeared in newsstand magazines or its commercials. You can imagine how sparkling *that* one was! One client even killed a story about one of its products setting sales records, because it didn't want readers to think it might be hard to find in the stores.

Our most lovable newsletter client is Access Software, a Salt Lake City, UT, game publisher that wants to give players of *Links*, its superb computer golf simulation, a free bimonthly newsletter. Not only is the product a pleasure to boost, but the Access folks are unfailingly cooperative and reasonable.

Sometimes, they're a little too modest. Bill Kunkel will call to ask for the company's news, and the reply is often self-deprecating. They say things like, "We haven't done much this month except double the size of our facilities, staged a national computer golf tournament, and won a few awards."

Bill Kunkel does most of *On the Links*, because he is an expert on electronic golf games. His mastery of this category is untainted by any actual golfing experience. He has never entered a golf course except to use it as a short cut to wherever he was really headed. That's not as rare as you might think; Joyce got an honorary membership from the United States Chess Federation in appreciation of her articles about compuchess, even though she barely knows a pawn from that pointy one with a notch in the top.

### Disinformation 38/Arthur Hlavaty

I'm still gnashing my teeth about recent changes in postal regulations. Not only is the rate to Canada now different than the domestic first class rate, but changes in overseas mailing rules now prohibit mailing a fanzine without an envelop. I always calculate issues of *Folly* close to the weight limit, and the unexpected necessity of putting them in wrappers bumps them into the next highest bracket.

I disagree with your assessment of the war on drugs. There's evidence that it has *not* had "virtually no effect on crack and heroin use". It may have had a very serious negative impact. The use of crack, crank, and heroin has apparently skyrocketed in the last couple of years, partially in reaction to short supply of relatively benign substances like marijuana.

The "war on drugs" has also eroded the last shred of credibility the government had on this subject. Our

government lies outrageously about drugs, even twisting supposedly scientific research to meet the demands of its policy. The trustworthiness of "official" drug information is so debatable that many automatically dismiss authentic warnings about real drug dangers. If the Bush Administration really wants to curb the use of deleterious drugs, acknowledging a spectrum of risk would be a logical first step, followed by legalization of pot.

I, too, noted Vijay's comment that most New York fans will submit to no physical activity except eating and/or sex. It sounds like little has changed since my Fanoclast and Insurgent days. That bunch knew how to clean their plates, you betcha. And if they could still move after consuming every edible in sight, sex was a popular option.

Las Vegas fandom isn't like that at all, of course. Out here we're more than willing to postpone a meal.

## Derogatory References/Arthur Hlavaty

Subway Software/KKK has designed several computer baseball simulations, and I've collected a nice little baseball library along the way. The recent *MicroLeague Baseball, the Managers Challenge* is our latest attempt to infuse computer baseball with sabremetric ideas. It includes park effects, turf vs. grass, flyball/groundball pitching and other mainstays of Jamesian analysis.

Electronic and non-electronic baseball simulations still need to embrace sabremetrics more fully than they do. The tabletop games probably can't do too much more without foundering in a whirlpool of over-complexity, but there's nothing to keep computer simulations from upgrading the mathematic model.

Nothing, that is, except the publishers' preconceptions about baseball. The original *MicroLeague Baseball*, though excellent in many ways, doesn't show more than a casual fan's understanding. This mindset holds sway even today. So far, no company has based a game entirely on sabremetric principles, though *Manager's Challenge*'s success may induce others to build on its innovations.

As a baseball analyst, I am definitely a disciple of Bill James. There are others who do a good job, but James brings an even-handed logic to the subject without losing that essential spark, the love of the game. Too many writers succumb to rooting interest or can't see beyond the last game's boxscore, but James loves baseball much more than he cares about the fortunes of the Kansas City Royals.

I had a fair knowledge of baseball before I began reading James, but his ability to both ask and answer the significant questions about baseball has immeasurably deepened my appreciation. Sabremetric analysis propelled my stat league team, the St. Louis Aliens, to three pennants, including two league championships, in the five seasons of the eight-man group.

## From Sunday to Saturday/Don Fitch

My definition of a fanzine is "an amateur publication distributed in exchange for response in the form of letters, contributions of art and writing, and other fanzines in trade." I would then add a qualifying adjective to signify to

which of the many fandoms the particular fanzine relates.

I call *Folly* a science fiction fanzine, despite the absence of literary discussion. It is aimed at the subculture of sf fandom, and besides, I can't think of a better term.

Does calling science fiction fanzines "fanzines" smack of the same hybris as using the terms "fandom" and "U.S. Fandom" interchangeably that so irks Rob Hansen? I still do it, because I'm as much a slave to habit as anyone else, but I have begun to Feel Bad about it.

This concept of "fanzine" makes your delving into non-sf fanzines particularly fascinating. As you know, I think fanzine editors, whatever the fandom to which they pay homage, have more in common with each other than with any non-publisher. In other words, I think a lot of the folks listed in *Factsheet Five* might have more common ground with the sf faned than the sf faned has with someone whose main interest is Japanimation.

I envision a future fanzine fandom in which publications drift away from pure sercon (whatever "sercon" means to that particular amateur publisher) to more general content. And I foresee those publications creating what amounts to a new subculture.

The history, traditions, jokes, and catchphrases of our fanzine fandom are precious to me. They enrich the fanzine experience by adding continuity and perspective. It's scary to think about hundreds of redhot amateur publishers who don't know about room 770 at the Nolacon or the games of ghoodminton at Oblique House.

I want fandom to continue to perpetuate the legends and honor its own history, but what I want is not the ultimate issue. When fanzine editors, writers, publishers, and artists come to recognize the ties that unite them, they will develop its own customs, argot, and BNFs. The chronicle of sf fandom will surely have a place in this new fandom's history, but it won't be the whole universe.

I'll send samples of *Folly* to the zines you've reviewed and see what happens.

## Horizons #207/Harry Warner

Joyce and I have been wondering which fanzine has had issues in the greatest number of decades. If my count is correct, you've published *Horizons* in seven decades. Disallowing *The Fantasy Amateur* and *TNFF/Bonfire* on the grounds that they've had numerous editors, I wonder which fanzine would come in second to your estimable title? My guess would be *Spacewarp*, with issues in six decades, but can you think of any others?

I am fairly sure that, at least for her first few books, Lee Hoffman's gender was not revealed to the general public. Western readers are not deemed by publishers to have an enlightened opinion about sexual equality, and so it was decided not to burden prospective book buyers with this irrelevant piece of information. The books did not have little vignettes of her face on the back cover. I think one of those early books even used the pronoun "he" in reference to LeeH.

Baseball's presence in the 1992 Summer Olympics in Barcelona as a medal sport is further evidence that it is gaining popularity outside the traditional bastions of the United States, Latin America, and Japan.

For awhile I received a magazine about amateur baseball around the world. Each issue featured stories about international hardball competition. One piece that bears directly on your feeling that Baseball may soon crack through in the Soviet Union was a story about the USSR's players playing a session of games against the Czechoslovakians, whom the magazine described as considerably more advanced than their Soviet counterparts.

Apparently, the Czechs spent a week or so beating the hell out of the USSR team. The report said that the USSR players loved every minute of it, because they were studying their opponents and learning lots of baseball nuances we Americans take for granted.

Descriptions of USSR baseball stress the athletic excellence of the athletes. These guys have size, speed, strength, and coordination. The same articles invariably point out that the USSR team is ignorant about the finer points. I would expect that they will lose a lot of games by lopsided scores in the next few years -- and then start turning out slavish Ruths and Koufaxes by the score.

As you will see in *The Fantasy Amateur*, Joyce is now part of a Katzian joint membership in FAPA (his third, her second). While I'm the kind of person who charges into everything full steam, Joyce generally takes a slower, safer route. Accordingly, she has imperceptibly edged into FAPA, and now will probably burst forth with a plethora of delightful writing.

### Some Comment.../Graham Stone

"Fugghead" is one of the juiciest words in the fannish lexicon. I think more than their prevalence in the hobby accounts for its popularity with fans. The *sound* of "fugghead" as it rolls off the tongue, perhaps accompanied by the curl of a lip and a mild shake of the head, is practically a sensual experience. *Fugghead*.

I vaguely recall reading something by Francis Towner Laney, the man credited with introducing the term to fandom, that fugghead was a common curse among machine shop workers of his acquaintance in southern California prior to its entry into the microcosm. I also recall another Angeleno telling me that as a kid, when he had innocently used the word "fugghead" at the dinner table, his father had backhanded him across the room for cursing. That, too, would indicate that the term had at least limited currency prior to blossoming forth as the chief fannish term of opprobrium.

### Dynatron #99/Roy Tackett

Sorry to hear that the cover of Tim Madden's first novel won your award for worst science fiction illustration of the year. Dr. Tim is, perhaps, the only science fiction pro residing in Las Vegas at the moment. I haven't read his story, so I don't know if the artistic punishment fit the literary crime, but lesser calamities have sidetracked more than one writing career. Tim Madden seems like a nice, shy, affable guy, so I grieve that he was saddled with a bad title.

Our first computer game, *Borrowed Time*, not only had a

poor title, but the package looked terrible, too. The artwork, graphic design and text combined to obscure the concept of the game.

### The Annex #11/A. Langley Searles

My fanzine collection is fairly good, but sparse before 1950. That's why I can't do as you advise Redd Boggs and "look it up" with reference to the censorship imbroglio between you and Laney. Could you give us junior fanhistorians a description of the situation as you recall it?

I greatly enjoyed your story of domestic travail and chain-reaction decisions really entertained me. I wish I'd had it for *Folly*, a genzine about as different from your *Fantasy Commentator* as two fanzines could be.

### Ben's Beat #23/Ben Indick

Another member of that chic (and growing) fraternity of fan cataract cases! If the trend keeps accelerating like this, we'll soon have enough fans to form our own Large Print Apa! Glad to hear that yours is progressing so well; it sounds like you got fairly good vision out of the deal. How is that other eye doing?

In my case I got splendid (for me) distance vision (20/80), but I lost a lot of my ability to see things close at hand. I now approach magazines, books, and fanzines with sizable magnifying glass in hand.

I'm still not used to the switch from nearsightedness to farsightedness. Suddenly, I have to push things away to see them properly instead of dragging them closer as I did for the first 40-plus years of my life.

### A Wisconsin Yankee/Tom Feller

Your description of New Orleans fan feuding is scary stuff, especially in an era in which a heartening spirit of cooperation dominates most precincts of fanzine-dom. After I creep out from under my bed, where your horrific story sent me hiding, I may distribute a few copies of this section among members of Las Vegas' sf club, SNAFFU as a kind of Object Lesson in how things can get out of hand.

Commercialism is not a new issue in fandom. I see no problem with fans providing goods and services to other fans at a profit, but a desire to earn money has never moved me to fanaticism. I produce fanzines mostly because I enjoy the readers' response, and I'd always rather get another fanzine, a letter, an article or an illustration.

### A Propos de Rien/Jim Caughran

I don't know if you remember me, but I passed quickly through FAPA a couple of times during your first stint. My return preceded yours by about a year, so I hope you'll forgive the temerity of my welcoming you back to the fold.

Joyce has said that one of the few sadnesses of degafiating after 15 years is that the graying of the microcosm is forcing us to say good-bye to old friends. By now, others have surely given you a list of those no longer here.



The word processor has liberated writers from linear methods of creation. I know authors who still use the computer as a glorified typewriter and simply pump the text into the machine in more or less the same order as the finished document, but they're a vanishing breed.

I've found my writing approach changing in recent years, especially on lengthy feature articles which contain lots of smaller bits. I generally write one or two survey features for *Video Games & Computer Entertainment* each month. The option of entering write-ups of individual games in any order, shuffling the arrangement, and then weaving it all together at the end takes *days* off the sometimes laborious process of transposing collected data into a readable, informative article.

### For FAPA/Eric Lindsay

The next "fanzine" convention in the United States is Corflu, planned for Los Angeles in February. Plans have a way of changing, but right now Joyce and I plan to attend. Newly minted FAPAn Laurie Yates is likely to be there, too, as is prospective member Ken Forman. All of us hope you'll make the trip, and we're looking forward to meeting you.

### Glitz #3/Arnie and Joyce Katz

I'm not sure whether to blame ocular or mental problems for the inclusion of two pieces in this issue which also appeared in the previous one.

### FAPAmmentary #30/Brian E. Brown

Bill Kunkel claims that a computerist's fanaticism is directly proportional to the obsolescence of the machine. The more limited the computer system, the more likely users are to cling to it fiercely. Generally such interest exists far outside the digital mainstream, sometimes entirely outside the bounds of commercial computing.

Diehard supporters of the Atari 800 family, the Coleco Adam, the TI 99/4A and the Apple II are probably the most committed, simply because there is less "professional" support for these machines than any other.

A particularly extreme case is the Commodore Plus 4. It is similar to, but incompatible with, the Commodore 64. Commodore made almost no software for this pathetic system. Among followers of this lost-cause banner is Calvin W. \*Biff\* Demmon. He's very active in Plus Four user group activities, including publishing.

I think every FAPAn should disable any Plus Four computer he or she encounters.

Spill a soda into it.

Knock it off a table.

Pound the spacebar sharply and disable the keyboard. It doesn't matter what you do, as long as you leave behind one dormant Plus Four. If we all cooperate, it won't be long before those Plus Four user groups are just a memory. Then we can work on getting Calvin back here in FAPA where he Belongs.

I wasn't aware of any big drop in computer hardware sales to the home market last year, but other factors may've

influenced Atari's marketing of the ST and its subsequent enhanced versions.

To understand today's Atari, you must understand Jack Tramiel. Formerly a bigshot at Commodore, he bought Atari a few years back. It is essentially run by Jack and his relatives, and the company isn't a terrific argument for nepotism.

At a secret board meeting held about a week after he took over, Jack reportedly made his opinion of Atari hardware clear to all. It is said that he strode into the room, looked at all the Atari gear on the conference table, and swept it onto the floor with one angry gesture.

Tramiel doesn't believe that a company should write off already manufactured computers. The policy worked for him at Commodore, and he has continued it at Atari. Most companies bury a computer the minute it goes over the hill to obsolescence. Jack's strategy is completely opposite; he steps up marketing and tries to create excitement. By capitalizing on the first burst of enthusiasm that greets almost every new computer product, Tramiel hopes to sell through his surplus at higher-than-landfill prices and empty his warehouse.

The new ST model and array of upgrades for older ones are probably not a sincere attempt to

I'm a great fan of Dr. Who, too. (efforts to get doc license bought here)

### Well Meaner #4/Vijay Bowen

Elliott Shorter is your cousin?? He and I were active in New York fandom during the same period, although his participation in the CCNY club predated my introduction to fandom. I spent many enjoyable evenings at Fanoclasts, FISTFA, and Lunarians in his company....

The temperature at the time I observed the two blonde dominatrixes in front of the hotel-casino was probably about 60 degrees. It happened in January, and that's a pretty standard temperature for that portion of the year. Incidentally, I wasn't *objecting* to the leather, merely admitting that I did myself an injury by looking at them instead of curbs and other important things.

### The Scorecard/Andy Hooper

The mention in the colophon of Wild Man Fischer shows that we share a keen appreciation of the finest in rock musical stylings. I also enjoy the work of a couple of similar *artistes*, though they had much shorter careers, Napoleon the 24th and the Legendary Stardust Cowboy. And having once heard his inimitable bleat, who can forget David Peel and the Lower East Side?

You may be right about my short tenure in fandom disqualifying my opinion about how FAPA might be improved. How long do you figure I ought to wait before I've earned the right to discuss these weighty issues? Of course, by this logic your short history with FAPA might render your discussion equally moot.

Another option offers advantages to both of us. You could discuss the pending proposal in a straightforward manner without impugning my knowledge of fandom, and

I could continue to respect you. That way, we both get to have our say, and I think FAPA gains by hearing both of these opinions.

By all means let's recruit some hot new blood for FAPA. I've already brought in Joyce and Laurie, and there's every possibility of at least one or two more. How are your efforts to recruit going?

### Beethoven's Last Movement #1/Steve Swarz

Your discussion of "born into fandom" – and have you read the classic faan fiction piece of that name b -- Marion Zimmer Bradley (?) -- recalled a similar one we had here on the subject.

So far, fannish lineage has not produced the bumper crop of BNFs your comments suggest. Second- and third-generation fans are commonplace, but I can't think of a single instance in which a big name fan is the offspring of a BNF.

I don't believe we've met before, Steve, but I really enjoyed your first FAPazine. Welcome!

#### Shameless Advertisement

### Willis Play Vegas

a fan novel by  
**Arnie Katz**  
\$10

### The Luck of the Fannish

a short fannovel by  
**Arnie Katz**  
\$5

all profits  
donated to  
TAFF



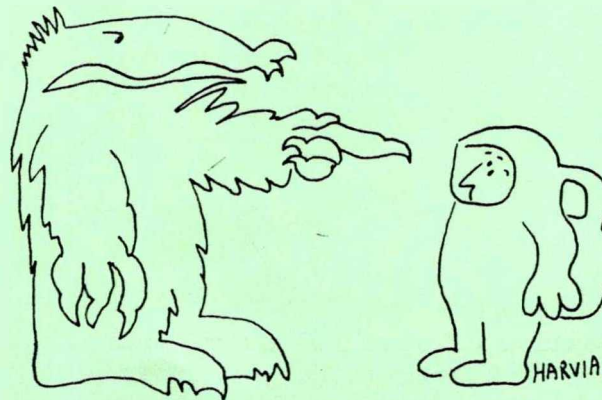
## A Tale of Two Kitties

Slugger has been a happy cat since his arrival in Vegas, but now he has something to complain about.

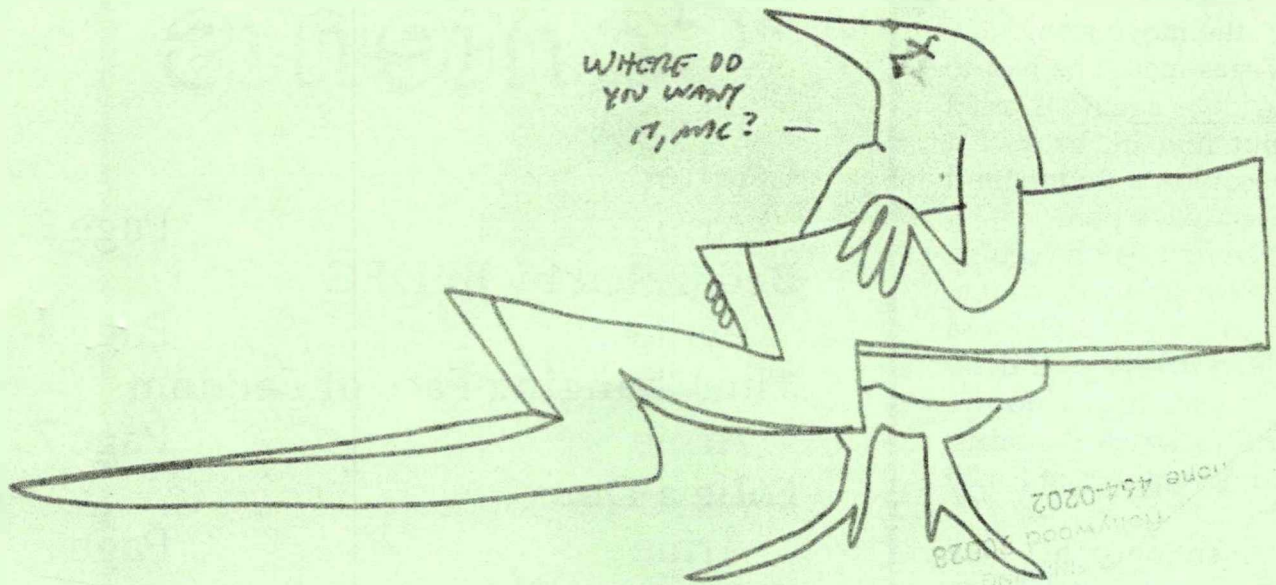
Actually, Slugger's tenure with the Katz family has been one of ever-increasing comfort and joy, and (prompted by the improvement in his feline fortunes) ever-so-gradually increasing tolerance for his

human companions.

Fans with long memories probably remember the Tales of Terror that issued from Brooklyn, back when Foo-ManChu ruled the premises. Born amidst the cullinary luxuries of a well-stocked kosher delicatessan, he never knew want. You'd imagine that this might have created a mild



You earth me, Irkling.



and mellow personality, a benevolent cat-soul that would bring joy and loud purring to his surroundings. Not true. Totally lacking in humility and stuffed to the ear tips with self-confidence, an imp invaded him at birth, and he never got over the need to establish dominance over everyone who came near. Fans still whisper about the "beware the cat" signs that warned them before they entered the apartment, titter about the night he ripped Andy Porter's trowsers, and shake their heads in wonder about blood spilled in his wake.

Slugger is no such poised proud purrmeister. His humble background keeps him wary, and no number of cat toys can erase that period of want. An occasional "hiss" of warning is about as much real antagonism as he can muster; he simply hasn't the real courage to be an attack kitty. Poor freaky little ball of yellow and white fur was found in the Bronx by a homeless person, totally

covered in motor oil, under the wheels of a car. He lived on the street through most of that year, sharing his new friend's hand to mouth existence.

Finally the homeless person gave him to The Crazy Cat Lady--not crazy at all, but a dear heart who loves animals better than herself, and lives with 50-75 of them (and a certain amount of stench) in her one room apartment. She put him in a cage, where he stayed for over six months. (I believe the steel floor is what crippled his paws; he walks stiff-legged, like a semi-paralyzed man.)

In December 1987 I knew I wanted another cat in the house for the holiday. It had been nearly a year since Foo passed, (at the age of 14 from kidney failure), and I felt ready to love again. But I certainly had no intentions of getting another yellow-and-white; a nice tuxedo cat was on my mind, or perhaps a white fluffy one with a ribbon.

The natural place to go was

to the local Cat Lady. The apartment was like an animated painting by Hannes Bok, with cats climbing, running, on top of, underneath, and everywhere you could see. I have no doubt that if I opened a kitchen cabinet, they'd have tumbled out like Tribbles from the grain storage units.

Some cats were in cages; mostly they sat calmly, contemplating their free cousins. But one paced back and forth constantly, crying and meowing for attention, rubbing his nose against the wire. (Bloody nose...and it took months to heal; still has scars.) There was no doubt in my mind which cat needed a new home.

He purred when we took him from the cat carrier, and showed him the apartment. He purred at the food; he practically shook himself to pieces in his efforts (ineffectual..he's been "enhanced") to mark the surroundings, the food, me and (especially) Arnie. Only one

trauma has marked his life since that date; the move from New York to Vegas meant he had to get in the cage again. I cried when I put him in, because I knew he couldn't understand that it was only temporary.

From the first day he settled into our house, he's been a king. His realm consists of a plethora of soft places to sleep, hidden crannies to hide in, windows from which to watch the birds, and unending supplies of Fancy Feast catfood.

But, I mentioned his new complaint -- a pale yellow tom has started visiting us; he sits outside the patio door and talks to Slugger. He permits me to pick him up and pet him; he permits me to feed him (what a surprise!)... I think he's my cat now. (Arnie accuses me of seducing a neighbor's cat away; I ask who seduced whom.) He's my outdoor kitty, as opposed to Slugger, our indoor cat.

I haven't formally named him yet, unless "My Other Cat" could be considered a name. Actually, it's more accurate to say that Arnie hasn't named him, since Arnie names everything bigger than a bug that hoves into view. (Remember the squirrel he named Tucker? For years, each time we'd see one skimming through the branches of the tree in Brooklyn, Arnie'd plaintively wonder aloud if that could be him.) In fact, so far it appears that Arnie hasn't totally accepted the logic that Pale Yellow is our cat. He mutters "one cat is enough" and ignores him when he comes to chat with Slugger every morning and night.

I'm not sure how this contest

# Contents

<b>Chatter</b>	
Arnie	Page 2
<b>Bedazzled by BEDEC</b>	
Arnie	Page 4
<b>The Changing Face of Fandom</b>	
Arnie	Page 7
<b>Folie a Deux</b>	
Arnie	Page 7
<b>A Faraway Shore</b>	
Walt Willis	Page 9
<b>The Two Schools of Fannishness</b>	
Arnie	Page 11
<b>Carnival of Comments</b>	
Arnie	Page 13
<b>Carrying On</b>	
Joyce	Page 18

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<b>Harry Bell:</b> 9
<b>Grant Canfield:</b> 5
<b>Teddy Harvia:</b> 18
<b>Bill Rotsler:</b> 3, 8, 10, 19

of cats will work out. Slugger really likes having My Other Cat come to the door to talk to him. I think it will probably be ok if My just stays outside, and never invades the in-house territory.

On the other hand, My has

been telling me how much he'd like a softer place to sit, and a few nooks and crannies to hide in....

Arnie sez no, no never. But, perhaps if Slugger was the one to open the door....