

KatzenJammer

A Song in My Heart

I've always thought references like "this fanzine has been typed to 'Inna Gadda Da Vida'" irrelevant. That was a hasty conclusion. It's important for you to know that I'm writing this article to the strains of my wife, the illustrious Joyce Worley Katz, warbling some unguessable tune. She strums an electronic instrument as she wails, flailing at the strings with

arrhythmic gusto.

She is giving a noteworthy performance. It makes me glad that she's stayed with me for a little more than 20 years -- and glad that I had briefed all of our neighbors about the qualities of Joyce's vocal assault on music.

What sent Joyce to the clutch of her muse? It had begun so innocently only

a half-hour earlier...

"We ought to do something for them," Joyce said to me as we listened to a recently issued compilation of previously unreleased Dylan. Considering the content of the songs, I had absolutely no idea which bankrupt and/or besmirched group she had in mind. Fortunately, she elaborated.

"Next Saturday, you and I should do a song for the filk singers," she said. I recoiled in surprise.

The event to which Joyce referred is our first "SNAFFU Social". The local club's meetings are divided between casual gaming sessions and sf-oriented formal meetings, but there's little opportunity for relaxed conversation. We'd stepped into this void by proclaiming a party for October 19th and circularizing local fandom. So many people enjoyed the Las Vegas NonCon '91 that we thought a once-a-month gathering might be fun.

At this writing, the party is still almost a week in the future. I'll tell you about it next month unless the truth proves too shameful, but the important thing is that this date then loomed large on our social calendar.

Our flyer made specific overtures to two segments of the club that sometimes feel a little alienated from the SFans: role playing gamers and filk singers. We'd offered each bunch a room to practice their special rites Joyce obviously wanted us to go further than toleration and actually strut our non-existent musical stuff.

This proposal made me recoil in fright, because no one had ever encouraged me to Break into Song.



The way I see it, some people sing, and others buy records. I have one huge record, tape, and CD collection, you betcha.

Having acknowledged my own total lack of musical proficiency, I was

able to contemplate being the weaker half of a folk duo in which Joyce carried the vocal and instrumental load. Team me with Michael Jackson, and I think the resulting duo might avoid giving the music publisher a red

Blame It On RIO

Bill, Joyce, and I were standing in the Rio Hotel & Casino, waiting for an electronic gaming colleague in front of the All-American Bar & Grill when the Eternal Insurgent saw Her.

His eyes lit up.

He smiled.

"It's Rio Rita!" he exclaimed. "She lives!" Yes, it was none other than the living embodiment of the Rio Hotel, a Carmen Miranda-esque Latina in a rainbow dress and extravagant headdress.

His eyes glowed as they followed the senorita's undulating walk through the casino. All too soon, as far as Bill was concerned, Rio Rita melted into the crowd, turned a corner, and was out of sight.

"I'm going to lose a few quarters," he said in the fatalistic tones adopted by most non-gamblers. He headed in the general direction of some promising video poker machines.

He'd barely left us when, from another direct we saw them... *Two* Rio Ritas! They barely deigned to notice each other as they walked along, perhaps six feet apart, in the same direction. One was nearly 6 feet tall, while the other was a voluptuous woman of no more than 5'2". Evidently, the physical requirements for becoming Rio Rita are no more strict than those for other, comparable jobs, like the New York City police department.

"We have something awful to tell you," Joyce said when he came back, \$10 bucks richer from his tryst with Lady Luck. Bill looked back and forth, undoubtedly running scenarios in his mind. Had we had a fight with our anticipated dinner companion in his absence? Was there some dire news on one of KKW's pending deals? The possibilities must have seemed endless to Bill as he stood there, waiting for the ax to fall.

"W-what is it?" he finally managed.

"I'll give it to you straight, I said. "We saw two Rio Ritas." He recoiled as though I'd slapped his face.

"Two?"

"Walking practically side by side."

"Two?"

"Yes, two."

He hung his head. I couldn't see if there was a tear of regret trickling down his face, but I'm sure there was.

The conversation trailed off after that, and soon our companion arrived for dinner.

Everything seems back to normal now, but I don't know. When I sneak a look at Bill, when he thinks no one is watching, his face is a portrait in misery. He saw the goddess, and then he had seen through her. The dream was dead. The icon had been clasted.

I imagine there are a few sunny days left in Bill Kunkel's life, but Rio Rita has now become nothing but a bittersweet memory.

Don't play those castanets.



ink bath. Thirty million Jackson fans is a crowd of loyal customers to unsell. Joyce's voice does not have fans, only those who cower in terror before its potentially lethal power.

I love to hear the hubbub-with-chords that is Joyce's most usual form of musical expression. It means she's happy and has Broken into Song. What could please a loving husband more than this idyllic picture?

That said, my wife's voice should be registered as a deadly weapon. Scientists have proved that sound of a certain frequency can kill. I have discovered that sounds in specific combinations can drive men mad.

But don't take my word for it. Joyce told me that, when she was eight, a girl passing her on the street became so enraged at Joyce's singing that the stranger ran over and beat her to a pulp. Connoisseurs can only speculate upon what decades of hedonistic-to-the-hilt living have done to the purity of this unique instrument.

"I don't sing or play any instruments," I countered.

"You could play the Jew's Harp," she declared. The Jew's Harp is a small device of limited musicality and antique origin. It is a musical instrument only by the music world's grudging consent. I theorize that it sprang from the mind of some antediluvian dentist, who endured its harsh twanging for the sheer joy of

watching the striker pound the enamel from the harpist's front teeth.

"No, that wouldn't be a good idea," I said quickly. It's bad to let dangerous ideas get a foothold. My pitiful Jew's Harp stylings would not make me the life of the filking circle.

"Then you could stop your feet," she pressed. "Footstomping is good. There should be a lot of stomping in the song we do." I saw the two of us seizing the attention of a room full of filksong fanatics. In this fantasy, we were standing on a small stage I never remember seeing in the guest bedroom before.

A baby spot illuminated us. We looked like a fannish permutation of Homer and Jethro. I once saw the New Homer and Jethro live at a supermarket business convention when I was still with *Chain Store Age*. They were the "new" Homer and Jethro, because one member of the original tandem had died, so the survivor hired another guy to keep the act going. The New Homer and Jethro had so scarred my psyche that, in times of stress, they rise from memory to serenade me with their allegedly humorous country ditties.

I imagined Joyce pumping away at her keyboard, pounding the keyboard at a lively dirge tempo while she caterwauled verse 42 of her never-to-be-forgotten "Missouri Blues".

I visualized myself, stomping and howling right along with her. I saw the room emptying.

"If we stomp loud enough," I said, "maybe we could drown out the rest of it."

As I sit writing this, Joyce is belting out something in the other room. Her pleasure is unfettered, untainted by crass notions of aesthetic quality.

She is happy. There's a song in her heart. If I'm lucky, she'll keep it there.

FOR OUR BUSY Readers . . .

Once more *Folly* breaks fresh ground in fanzine publishing! The fanzine that upheld the integrity of the typo, the fanzine that gave EgoScan to a praise-starved fandom, has achieved another first.

From this day forward, there is *Folly Lite*. Now you don't have to bog down in my windier meanderings! wasting precious minutes during which you could be enriching your mind or writing that letter of comment to *Folly*. The *Folly Lite* data box contains everything you need to know about "Katzenjammer" this month.

Incredible, but true!

You could pass a test on my column with this stuff.

"Tell us, Arnie, why your fannish prose has become more discursive and easy-flowing than during your previous heyday in the early 1970s?"

Who said that? Must've been some earnest student of fanzine theory in the back of the room. No matter, it's an apt and timely question. Damn, I wish I'd thought to ask it myself. Well,

no time for envy, I've got a one-staple fanzine to put out.

I pride myself on my ability to adapt to different writing challenges. The cross-country move made me face a mammoth one. I think I have conquered this obstacle, and *Folly Lite* is the result of that triumph.

Relocating to Las Vegas exchanged a city of 20 million for one of roughly 750,000. Instead of a dozen fan clubs with hundreds of fans, the Sodom of the Southwest has SNAFFU, the university group Neon Galaxy and aggregations of "Beauty and the Beast" and "Star Trek" partisans.

Many of my articles in that bygone age recounted fannish conversations and situations to humorous effect. I haven't done many articles like that lately, and for a good reason. Until recently, Joyce and I didn't know any other fans in Las Vegas, so there weren't many fannish conversations on which I could report.

I thought the material drought

Folly #12, Early Winter, is edited and published by Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107) on a frequent schedule for the diversion of the *Folly* mailing list. All uncredited material is by Arnie. Proofreading by Joyce.

December 30, 1991.

Folly is available for letter of comment, contribution of artwork or writing, or (arranged) all-for-all trade. **Consider this a special plea to fan artists for cartoons.**

was over when we met SNAFFU, but that was reckless optimism. I'll match SNAFFU's core group of 12-20 fans against any comparable bunch for wit and intelligence, but I quickly discovered that the supply of raw material still wasn't plentiful.

And since virtually all of them are neofans, their banter lacks the historical allusions and casual character assassination of major fan figures of those 1960s and 1970s pieces.

It's simple mathematics -- and that's definitely the way I like my math. A smaller population yields, on average, fewer fans. That produces a lower QPM (Quips-per-meeting, the measure of verbal fannish input.) Less fannish input translates into reduced output of articles. There's a formula for this, but since I didn't have a blackboard, I had to chalk it up to experience. And then I forgot the experience. So I don't have the formula, but take it from someone who once *saw* that formula, it would work if we still had it.

I did what I had to do.

I adjusted. This issue's "Katzenjammer" tries a more informal, relaxed approach that makes maximum use of a minimum number of *bon mots*.

This solves my problem, but creates a potential new one for some of you. Apart from those who claim they almost wrote or drew something for *Folly*, but sent it to *Science Fiction Five-Yearly* instead, the most frequent excuse offered for failure to Do Something for *Folly* is lack of time.

I understand and sympathize, I really do. I think "Katzenjammer" points the way to a fundamentally warmer, more cuddly Arnie Katz, but the change should not come at the expense of *Folly* semi-devoted readers. The extra wordage of these rambling recitations could strain tight schedules.

That's why *Folly Lite* boxes will accompany my more verbose flights of lunacy.

The format will be Rigorously Maintained. I've allocated a modern microprocessing marvel -- well, a reconditioned Tandy Color Computer -- to compiling these facts.

Each *Folly Lite* box is divided into three sections: The digest, the Topic Guide, and the Key Word Summary. The Digest is simply the substance of the regular *Folly* article in a nutshell.

Everyone knows the best LoCs are free-associative reactions to subjects raised in the fanzine to which the letter is sent. The Suggested Subject Guide

presents the topics which might occur to the diligent reader of the complete article. The busy *Filly Lite* user can simply write up anecdotes or observations based on one or more of the suggested topics to create a viable letter of comment without spending the time to read the unabridged article.

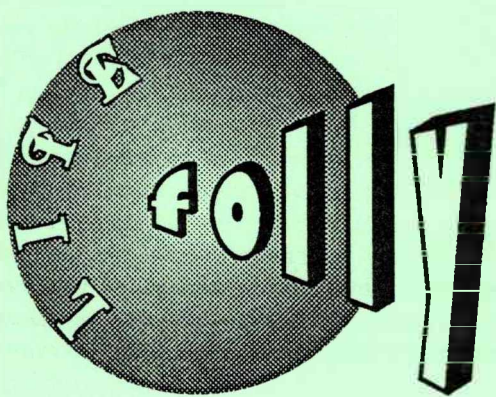
Finally, the Key Phrase List attacks the problem of finding the time to write that letter of comment. No more groping for that perfect word!

So that's how *Folly Lite* works. Enjoy!

Some of you may feel that *Folly Lite* has not yet fulfilled its pledge to save readers' time. You might even point out that you've now read twice as much Arnie Katz foolishness as you expected, rather than cutting the text by half.

This is true. *Folly Lite*, like many other epochal breakthroughs has not sprung into fullblown operation. These instructions, lengthy though they may appear, are strictly necessary so that you use *Folly Lite* in a responsible and ethical manner. And remember, young fans, don't try this on the family computer without your mom and dad's okay.

And now for the first time -- *Folly Lite*!



"We ought to do something for them," Joyce said. "Next Saturday, you and I should do a song for the folk singers."

"I don't sing or play any instruments," I countered.

"You could play the Jew's Harp," she declared.

"No, that wouldn't be a good idea," I said quickly.

"Then you could stomp your feet," she pressed.

"Footstomping is good. There should be a lot of stomping in the song we do."

"If we stomp loud enough," I said, "maybe we could drown out the rest of it."

Suggested subjects: Studying music as a child; pseudo instruments (kazoos, paper-and-comb, etc.); filking; formal vs. informal fan clubs; vocal ability; unstinting praise for the editor..

Key Phrases: Jew's Harp; random bursts of jangly noise; Gracie Allen of Fandom; nearly as funny as Willis on a bad day.

Vinnœ Recollections

A "First Contact" Memoir by A. Vinnœ Clarke

It's too late now, but I wonder what would've happened if I hadn't been so shy?

Before the war I started reading the British prozine *Tales of Wonder*, saw in there an advert for Science Fiction Service and sent for their list. I didn't know that it was a spare-time business being run by three fans, but I knew it was unique. Science fiction magazines! But the prices! Two shillings and sixpence each, some of them! One sixteenth of an adult's weekly wage!

So I kept mostly to the market stalls, where remainder 'zines, publisher's left-overs, were being offered at threepence and fourpence each. But there were some items in the SFS list I could afford -- I sent off for the strangely named "fanzines".

They were like nothing I'd seen before. Some of them hardly mentioned science fiction; these fans were erudite, discussing politics and philosophy and other affairs beyond my ken. One of them, Sam Youd, whom I thought was an especially good writer, I imagined as a University professor in his forties. To an ignorant adolescent that was terribly adult. I felt as shy as hell, and depressingly uneducated.

So I kept on the fringe. I had a little correspondence with Mike Rosenblum, about book collecting, but otherwise all I did was to send a couple of old-book reviews to a tiny four-page 'zine.

Came the War. To my amazement,

some of the fans professed conscientious objections. Of course, I hated the idea of war, but Hitler had to be stopped. I felt more alienated than ever. With that, and working a 70-hour week, I drifted away from the fringes of fandom. Being eventually called up increased the feeling of isolation.

But I carefully stored the fanzines.

Came 1947, and back in "civvy-street", I returned to lone wolfing, searching for the elusive sf books and 'zines. A favorite hunting ground was Foyles, in London's Charing Cross Road, which at that time boasted it was the world's largest second-hand book store. I had by now built up a list of authors to look for -- Burroughs, Neil Bell, through to Stapledon, S. Fowler Wright, Wells, etc. One eventful day, I'd looked for these and others in Foyles, and was standing in one of the aisles, wondering where to search next, when I heard a voice behind me say, "You look for Burroughs and Bell, we'll search for Stapledon and Fowler Writer..."

I turned and saw a small group, three or four. Shyness had vanished during the war. I marched up to them and said: "Are you science fiction fans? I've already had a look for those authors."

One of them shook hands. "This is Mr. Williams," he said, "and this is Mr. Arnold..."

"Oh!" I interrupted. "Eric Williams? Frank Arnold?", remembering the names from carefully preserved

fanzines, and explained. They told me, in turn, about weekly meetings being held every Thursday at the White Horse in Fetter Lane. I went there the next Thursday and continued to go.

I met Sam Youd, too. He turned out to be four days *younger* than myself and was then employed at a jeweler's merchant. Nice chap, too.

And I met the editor of the fanzine who'd published my maiden effort. Last year, in fact -- 50 years later.

Marvelous place, fandom.

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Art Credits

Harry Bell: 6
Ross Chamberlain: 18
Greg Dees: 10
David Haugh: 2
Lee Hoffman: 1
Jonh Ingham: 19
Bill Kunkel: 10, 14
Bill Rotsler: 7, 9, 11
Shelby Vick: 15

A FAR AWAY SHORE 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

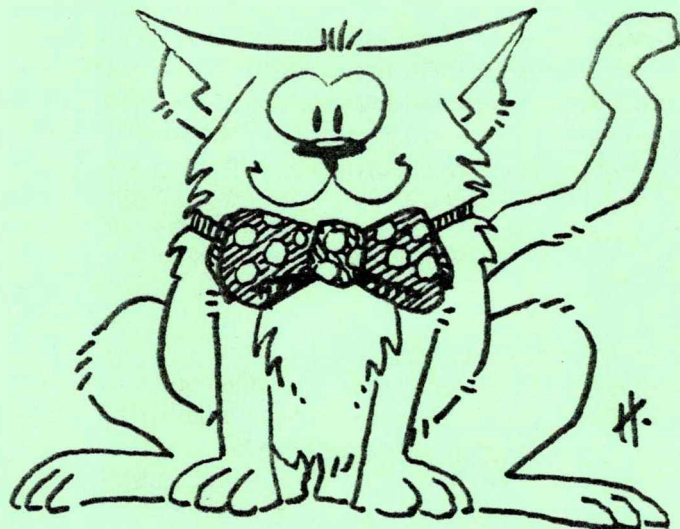
thought that the result would make a nice little program.

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



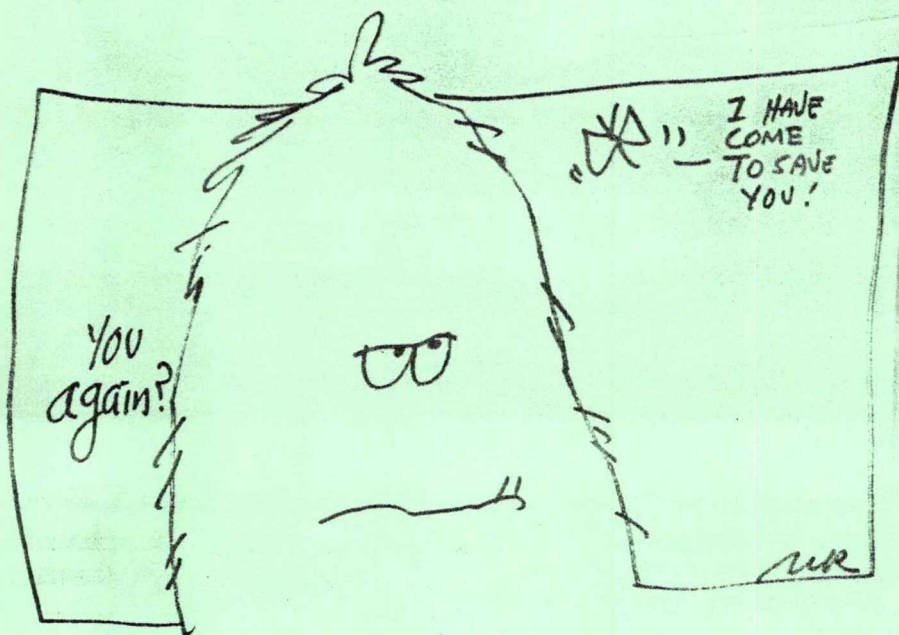
my 12 days in intensive care, but when Madeleine came to visit me that evening, it seemed to have affected my writing, too, everything I tried to write becoming smaller.

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.

So 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 car, 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
Silvercon I

**Las Vegas, Nevada
May 1-3, 1992**

**Meet The Vegas All-Stars
at a fantastic Relaxicon**

We Will Party!

C.HARRISMA

a column by Chuch Harris

Gracious! Me, a columnist at last! All I need do now is loc *Folly*, marvel at the way my letters are transformed into columns, and dust off the little space on the mantelpiece that, for damn near 40 years now, has been reserved for my Hugo.

(There's a couple of big ceramic spaceships there that Teresa gave me, there's Geri's magic and infallible eight-ball that always predicts my return stateside real soon now, a Brian Earl Brown-shaped effigy with a saucer of spare pins, a model glass lighthouse that everything thinks is the Tower of Trufandom but ain't, the original handle from the Enchanted Duplicator, an Eskimo soapstone sculpture of a seal that I bought from an Eskimo in Pike's Place market in Seattle, and a pint glass half-full of brain-lubricant.

But the spotlight is immovably focused on the blank space dead centre. Patience is a virtue, and the time passes quickly and pleasantly whilst I sit here perforating the pin cushion.

And so help me, "C.Harrisma" is a very fine title for a column. So why didn't I think of it myself? However, I will steal it for my very next fanzine and forget to acknowledge the source. In - and *Pulp*, I used "Random" for the column title, because I couldn't think of anything better.

CHASM -- the Chuch Harris Appreciation Society Magazine -- that Spike Parsons and other good friends astounded me with at Corflu was the very best fanzine title ever. -- pfui to *Slant* -- but, well.... I'm not about to

Thoughts on TAFF in the Modern Fan World

write fanzine-length columns just now, and besides, it seems.... uh, a trifle immodest to be president and founder of one's own Appreciation Society. Honorary Treasurer is okay, though -- and members should note that subscription renewals are due at year end. Thank you.

And I see you've finally discovered our best-kept secret and blazoned it all over page 9 of *Folly* #98 in the advert for *Willis Plays Vegas*.

It's true. We can't deny it any longer.

Exposed at last.

Willis plays with wordts, and worse still, it's not just his own wordts either. -- He'll okay with any wordts he can manage to get his depraved hands on

I tell you, we've tried everything to stop him; we've tried tranquilizers, bromides, doctored copies of *Playboy* with Brian Earl Brown's photo superimposed on all the young ladies on exhibition. We've even tried tying his hands to the bedhead, but it doesn't seem to help very much at all.

He says he can't help it. He says with his hand on his heart or somewhere that it's an involuntary reflex. I only wish I could find out how he manages it. If only I could play with my wordts like that, maybe in time I could write something half as good as *BEDEC*.

And talking of *BEDEC*, I thought

Arnie's review was the most perceptive I have seen yet. That was perceptive about Jophan leaving the cloistered confines of Trufandom to return to a "real world" Mundane... It's a perilous gambit, because it endangers the empathy that we (prehistoric trufandom, wedded to Twiltone and Gestetner,) shared with Jophan I.

At first reading, Jophan II seems more of a stranger than the prototype, who was my old buddy and mentor. It was Sue who pointed out that we have

The advert that inspired
the Harris-ment.

Consider the Fan Career of...

Walter A Willis

- Willis Plays the Harp
- Willis Plays Ghoodminton
- Willis Plays with **Worlts**

Now he's gonna Play
In a Whole New Way
You'll say It's Outrageous
when...

Willis Plays Vegas

Last in a series of teaser
adverts.

Watch your mailbox)

all moved on down the same path as Jophan.

My mimeo is dry and dusty, too. I go to conventions occasionally now, and sometimes I even enjoy them, too. We're saving up, and instead of buying a Canon photocopier or a rainforestful of Twiltone with the loot, we are going to try to get to Magicon instead...

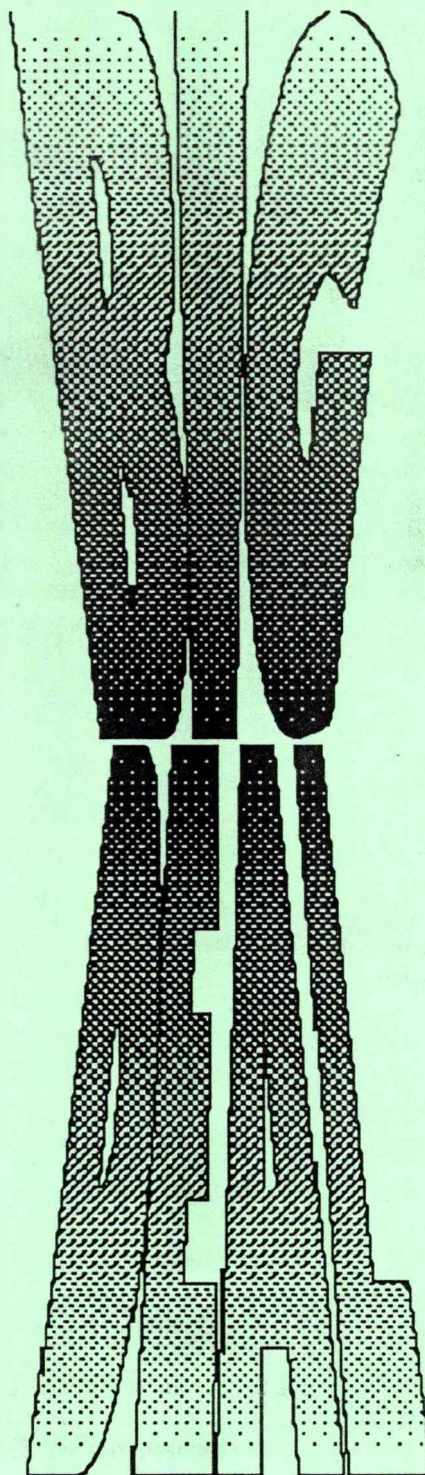
To me, the most intriguing thing about *TED/BEDEC* is..... what happens next???

Will there be a third episode? And if there is, where will the storyline take us? Will Jophan finally discover girls and live happily ever after? Or dive headfirst into the Jim Beam bottle? Take up golf or wargaming? Find



religion and proclaim himself as the resurrected L. Ron Hubbard? Convert the Tower of Trufandom into a memorial for Brian Earl Brown? Buy a sword and a jewel-studded jockstrap and try costume fandom? Or -- maybe best of all -- will he return to his roots and join the immortals in FAPA? Or, -- and, sadly, I feel this is the most likely outcome -- will he prostitute his talent, do it for money and become just another vile pro.)

I suppose we could ask James or Himself. No harm in asking... but you might have to wait some time for the answer.



Pssst! Hey! Hey, you! Come over here...

I've bet you wonder what I do for a livin'. I'm a dealer. I work nights, you know, and I make my money off rubes' weaknesses.

Well, ok... So I'm a blackjack dealer, and I work at one of the best "houses" (hotels) in Vegas. This may not really be a seedy, sordid story I'm about to

Part One of a Series by Aileen Forman

tell you, but it may provide an insight for some and, I hope, entertain most.

Many people who visit Las Vegas are curious about what goes on behind the scenes. It's both more interesting and less mysterious than it appears.

Let's start by dispelling some myths:

Myth #1: "All those games are rigged." Yeah, and my brother's a rum-runner! Back in Bugsy Siegel's time, when they were never sure if the joint would be closed down the next day, the games *were* "fixed" using Marked poker cards, weighted dice, magnetic roulette wheels...

Today's games are run "straight." The odds in every game in every legitimate casino favor the house. Percentages will out. The average house percentage is about 5%. If the total amount of money that goes back and forth between dealer and player is \$100 over a one-hour period, that's a profit of \$5 for the house. Add six more players around the table, and you've increased that to \$35.

Those were hypothetical numbers, not realistic ones. The average table plays around \$3,000 per player per hour, and the house collects its share on every hand. You can see how they can afford all of those lights!

Some games have a greater house advantage than others. The Wheel of Fortune, aka "Big Six" has odds in the house's favor of around 25%. People who like to play it are known as "suckers".

Examples of games with the best player odds are Baccarat and Pai Gow Poker. Now it's difficult to find either game, since casinos tend to hide them in the back. You also have to understand the rules of the game for the odds to work in your favor, but they can be fun and, possibly, profitable. Of course, on both games, the house takes back 5% of your bet. Glow, little glow worm!

Myth #2: "All those joints are run by the Mob." My mother still believes

this. In fact, none of the legitimate casino owners have Mob connections. Nevada has a Gaming Commission that regulates all aspects of casino gambling.

Before an individual or corporation can operate a casino, their backgrounds are checked meticulously. Any sign of Mafia connections, bad credit, loan defaults, cat kicking, or baby pinching means an automatic denial of a gaming license. (Too bad politicians don't need a license!) One soul had his license revoked for gambling in his own establishment! Everyone knows you can't trust a gambler. (And talk about a win-win situation!)

If you have Mafia connections, you can't even gamble in most hotels. Each hotel has its own "blacklist" of folks they don't want on their tables. The Gaming Commission has an Official Blacklist -- mostly of mobsters and cheaters. The list only has about six people on it, as far as I know. The attribution rate among such people is high.

A casino's personal blacklist may include such folks as those who don't pay their markers and possible card-counters. For an example of a card-counter, see the movie *RainMan*.

Those forbidding-looking men and women who stand in the pit, the area cordoned off behind the tables (and no, I don't know where the term came from unless you view bosses as snakes), are in charge of keeping an eye out for "undesirables". They do other things I'll go into in future installments of this series.



A Gaming Glossary

Blackjack -- also known as "21". Object is to get highest hand while staying under 21. If Dealer has a lower hand or goes over 21, you win even money.

House -- casinos. Also known as hotels. I guess they assume that all hotels have casinos in them, though that isn't true.

Tables -- the set-ups for blackjack, roulette, craps, etc. All games run by a living attendant are played on tables.

Markers -- short term, high-interest loans from the casino to a player. Players set up an account and draw from it. They usually pay it back on a monthly basis.

Baccarat -- high class, high-cost game with reasonable odds.

Pai Gow Poker -- Player makes two hands (a five-card and a two-card) out of seven cards. Each gambler plays against the dealer's hand of the same size. If you win both hands, you win even money (less 5%). If you lose both hands, you lose the bet. If you win one and lose one, you push.

Craps -- dice game. It's too complex to explain briefly, but it's really fun because you get to scream a lot!

I'll add more terms in later segments of this series as I think of them.

Willis Plays VEGAS

THE UNTOLD
STORY

The truth Revealed! A Previously Hidden Report on What Rob Hansen and Avedon Carol Did Before Impersonating the Willises at the VegCon in 1992!

I remember the conversation with Avedon as if it were yesterday.

"What do you mean, my nose is too big?" she demanded.

"Actually, I didn't say your *nose* was too big, the word I used was 'schnozz'," I replied, "and it is."

"You're just saying that 'cos I once said your nose was 'Nixonian'."

"Not true. You said it more than once. And what a terrible thing to say about anyone, particularly your sweetie. All I was getting at, my love, is that your, ah, nose is substantially larger than Madeleine's. If we're going to pull this thing off and turn the tables on Arnie like Walt asked us to, then we're going to have to look as much like the Willises as possible. Arnie may never have met Walt and Madeleine, but he's sure to have seen old photos."

"Yeah, but people often look different in real life from the way they do in photos. The nose I think I can get away with, but what are you going to do about your height? Everyone knows that Walt is well over six feet tall."

"Hey, I'm only a shade under six foot myself. I figure that lifts in my shoes will give me just enough extra to pass muster."

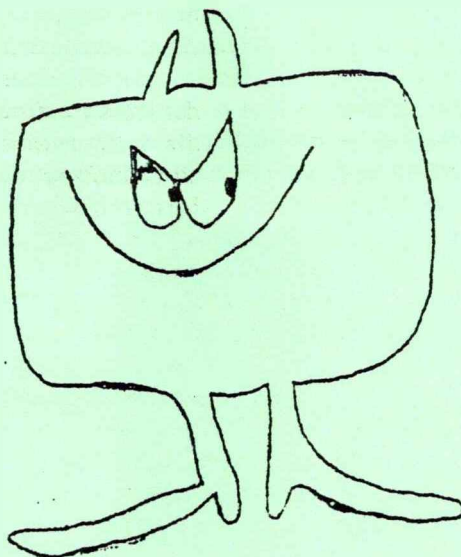
"I'm more worried about the accent. I mean, I mean, your Belfast brogue is a grotesque travesty of the real thing, though I'm sure it'll fool

By
Rob Hansen

Arnie, but no American is gonna be fooled by mine."

"Then we'll have to start you on a crash course and have you keep on practising and practising until you can do a bad Belfast accent as well."

"I suppose so. Are you still worried they might ask you to give a



speech? If you are, you shouldn't be. Arnie knows how much Walt hates giving speeches. He'd never ask him – you – to give one."

"Maybe, but I've whipped something up just in case. Tell me what you think of this as an opening: 'I dream of a kinder, gentler fandom, a fandom with a thousand points of fanac...'"

"Wait a minute. I'm sure someone used that line recently. Was it D West?"

"Don't like it, eh? OK, how about this: 'Ask not what fandom can do for you, ask rather what you can do for fandom...'"

"You're doing it again. Harlan Ellison said that. Or was it Norman Spinrad?"

"OK, OK. So maybe the speech wasn't such a good idea after all. What's important is that we fool Arnie into thinking we're Walt and Madeleine Willis."

"How do you think he'll act when we finally reveal who we really are?"

"I think he'll be so shocked that he'll spell my name wrong again."

And he did, too.

Willis Plays Vegas

a fan novel by Arnie Katz,
is available for \$10
at the usual address.

Pot Shots

By **Bill Kunkel**

THE VON ERICH STORY

My Message to All Concerned Men

You hear a lot of things when a wrestler dies, especially when it's suicide and especially when it's a Von Erich suicide. Von Erich deaths have become like Kennedy tragedies; after a while, they lose even their ability to shock us. We become numb to the never-ending horror stories, the public fascination and free-floating pop psych explanations.

When I got the phone call from Ric Carter on the afternoon of our "Las Vegas WrestleTalk" show on WLAV-AM, he played an interview, without preamble, that he'd taped earlier with a Texas law officer regarding the suicide of the youngest Von Erich scion. My first reaction was: "Ric, c'mon, this is in poor taste, dude, even to me —" but the sound of the lawman's voice; flat, emotionless, a voice heard on a thousand news broadcasts quickly changed my mind. This was the real deal. Now the saddest, most tragic of the Von Erichs was dead.

The grim tally simply boggles the mind: Jack Jr. electrocuted at 7; David going out on Placidyl (the drug of choice for the marginally brain defective throughout the 70s) while touring Japan; Mike talking a walk into the woods with *his* bag of plaz

(traditions are big in families like this and I'm rather surprised that Chris chose to violate the established pattern, but then again, I'm told plaz is tough to come by these days), laying down and getting some goddamned rest from the burdens of being a "Von Erich."

And now Chris, performing fellatio with a 9mm pistol because he was going to have to go back on the asthma medication that originally stunted his growth and would now further reduce his hope of obtaining anything remotely resembling muscle tone.

The irony of it all; the fucking incredible irony. "Von Erich," a bogus Nazi heel moniker for an all-American hero. But Jack Adkisson was always "Fritz," and his sons all used the Von Erich name and the dreaded "iron claw," another trademark gestapo gimmick, all the while becoming the great American Family of Pro Wrestling. The King and his unstable stable full of princeling studs built their own Southfork, with the sons living in their own mini-palaces, a short gallop from Fritz and Doris' big house.

The boys ran wild. I have never

met a Von Erich, but I've talked to a hell of a lot of people who were close to them and the Sportatorium during the glory days of the mid-80s, as well as people in the business who knew the score. Imagine the number of times they must have been rounded up by local heat then cut loose because they had the last name of a one-time nazi heel? Remember Gino Hernandez, a good partying buddy who doesn't wrestle these days because he's dead from having too good a time? How does cocaine make you feel, Gino? It makes you feel like having some more cocaine!

There was a quote from Fritz in the original AP report on Chris' death that hit me like a flatiron across the face. He said how he guessed Chris figured he'd never make it as a wrestler, so he "took the only way out he knew." Stuff like this creates an image of Fritz as one of those monstrous fathers, like "Big Daddy" from Tennessee (Tuxedo) Williams' "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," bullying his sons with his money, his power and his expectations; holding onto his family through brute force and

Continued on Page 14

The Story Behind 'The Von Erich Story'

The Von Erich Story doesn't depend on wrestling knowledge, but background might help. Here it is.

Collegiate football hero Jack Adkisson became professional wrestler Fritz Von Erich in the early 1950s. The goose-stepping Nazi villain drew boos in major arenas around the world, but Texans never forgot his gridiron feats. When he returned to the Dallas area, the fans cheered him in the ring.

Fritz became Dallas mat promoter, got into local and then syndicated TV, and grew into a local legend. "Fritz" kept his ring name even after he retired from grappling, and that's a fair indication of the importance the father would later place on ring success for his sons.

Mrs. Von Erich kept a lower profile. Perhaps she was too busy raising six sons to assume a public role..

Jack Jr. died during childhood, but the others grew up healthy, wealthy and unwise. Money and connections made the Von Erich family a power in the metroplex.

David entered wrestling first, and his good looks and athleticism made him a star for the National Wrestling Alliance (NWA), a confederation of independent promoters. Control of NWA plotlines moved from Sam Munchnik in St. Louis, who masterminded the lengthy championship reign of Lou Thesz in the 1940s and 1950s, toward Jim Crockett of Tennessee and Fritz Von Erich in Dallas. Crockett's lead heel Ric Flair held the championship belt, but fan favorite David was one of his best-drawing contenders.

The NWA promoters decided that David would become champion, at least for awhile, to drum up business in the Southwest, as Dusty Rhodes' capture of the title improved business in the Southeast. Fritz wanted to build David into a national star, and the NWA belt would do it.

He didn't live long enough to take the title.. While touring Japan, he accidentally overdosed on Placidyls David had rampaged through Japan with the same abandon as he roamed the Metroplex. He went to the hospital when he rode his cycle into a parked police car.

This threw the spotlight on the next Von Erichs in line, Kerry and Kevin. Billed as the Modern Day Warrior, Kerry simply stepped into his late brother's boots. Amid teary-eyed tributes to the fallen David, Kerry took on the mantle of superstardom.

Kerry is a muscular, good-looking young guy with a lot of appeal for female wrestling fans. Despite his squeaky clean image, he apparently enjoys the fruits of his bobbysoxer appeal to the full. Even losing part of his foot in a motorcycle accident couldn't slow his march to wrestling's pinnacle; he wrestles with a special boot that hides his infirmity from the audience (or "marks" as the wrestlers refer to the less knowledgeable patrons).

Unfortunately for the long-haired blond, daddy Fritz fell out with Jim Crockett, and the Von Erich territory

severed its connection with the NWA and became Texas Wrestling and then the United States Wrestling Association (USWA). Cut off from the flow of NWA stars, the Dallas promotion stagnated and then declined in popularity. Kerry and brother Kevin remained the focus of the plotlines.

Mike, yet another son, made his debut. Unlike adonis Kerry and blocky Kevin, Mike was a skinny kid without athletic background. He became a wrestler, because there was nothing else for a Von Erich do. Fritz required it. Even if he hadn't, the chance for Mike to be something else as notable as a pro wrestling Von Erich were negligible. He'd been raised to privilege and status, and the way to keep them was to partake of the Von Erich Legend.

The promotion showcased the Von Erichs. Forces of Evil loomed on all sides, but this single pristine family battled it on every hand. Scrapes, drinking, fights, and other inconvenient happenings got little attention from the press, and none from the wrestling world outside a few fanzines. Fritz even participated in a few plotlines, though he had to stop when the excitement induced a mild heart attack. They sold Von Erich pictures, and Von Erich tee shirts and a record of "David, We Miss You" the Dead Von Erich Anthem. New babyface (heroic) wrestlers were introduced as "friends of the Von Erichs", which led to bizarre stories in which supposed childhood friends turned on Kerry, Kevin, or Mike for the most trivial reasons.

The fanciest flight of Von Erich-mania was Fritz's introduction of Lance Von Erich., the first bogus relative. Things quickly got strange, since Fritz had a falling out with his Dallas partners, who formed a rival promotion. One of the wrestlers lured to work for the upstarts was Lance Von Erich. Fritz went on TV and disowned all previous statements and with them Lance Von Erich. He admitted that Lance had never been any kin of his.

The hype made Mike's lack of talent obvious to everyone, especially himself. He committed suicide by taking an overdose of Placidyls.

Fritz eventually sold his promotion to Jerry Jarrett of Tennessee. Kerry joined Vince McMahon's troupe, the World Wrestling Federation. Kerry is a star in the Hulk Hogan universe, but he hasn't succeeded in fostering the idolatry on a nationwide scale that was his in Texas. The Texas Tornado is middle-of-the-card stuff; a star but not one to headline Wrestlemania.

Despite everything that has happened to the Von Erichs, Fritz pushed his last son, Chris, into the ring in 1990. Chris was even less suited for the mat life than Mike. His drug suicide inspired the "Hard Copy" profile of the Von Erichs. A few days after the story, Kerry reportedly tried to kill himself with a drug overdose.

If wrestling is low comedy with a dash of melodrama, then the story of the Von Erichs is Greek tragedy. Move over Agamemnon, here comes Fritz!

squeezing his boys into wrestling superstardom the way the wicked stepmother tried to fit her daughter's huge feet into Cinderella's silver slipper, cutting off toes when required.

Yup, that's sure the way it looked.

But as far as I can tell, the real story, as is so often the case, was very different. Source after source has told me stories of people going up to Fritz and dropping a dime on his wild-eyed southern boys. And Fritz would never believe a word of it. If the story came from an otherwise unimpeachable source (on the level of a U.S. Senator, or family member, perhaps), Fritz would dutifully face his sons and ask them if the terrible things he'd heard were true.

"No, daddy," they'd swear up and down.

And that was good enough for Fritz. His boys would never lie to him.

I've heard some stories from informed sources that were zany even by my standards (and hell knows I do not speak about these boys like from a golden pulpit; I know where they were at only too well) that I'd love to tell, but Arnie would probably be crucified. Maybe the Texas Scorpion should write a piece about the wildest boys in Texas someday, retelling the yarns about the glory days of WCCW. I was told more than once, for example, that there were/are no real dressing rooms in the Sportatorium, so the only decent place to change was up in Fritz' office suite, access to which could only be gained by plying the Princelings with whatever you were holding.

Rather than Fritz's "Iron Claw" compelling his less capable sons into the ring, I think there's another explanation: if you were a Von Erich, and you grew up as a Prince, and the only way to hold onto that status would be to become a wrestler, what would you do? How could a Von Erich be a referee, or even a manager? A Von Erich stooge?! I don't think so. How much less likely that they might become accountants or librarians or even run taverns, in the tradition of retired sports stars. They'd lose their status. They'd become "Kerry's brother" or "Fritz's boy" but would never lay true claim to that bogus

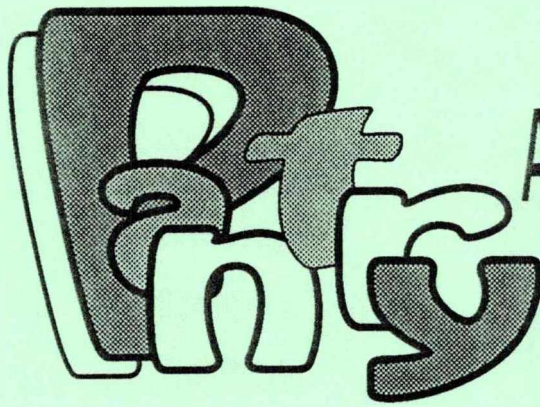
family name: "Von Erich". The concept was simply unthinkable. So they took a gorilla dose of plaz or blew a hole in their head. Clearly, the more viable alternative.

And what about the boys who did make it? Kerry was a stiff musclehead who loved to get ripped and then go driving or boating at high speeds. How many people do you know who: a) go motorcycle riding barefoot after dark then; b) crash that motorcycle into a parked police car, causing part of a foot to be amputated? Fewer still would continue to wrestle, continue to blow up their body to inhuman dimensions, continue to live life on the edge. Is it heroism? Or is it desperation?

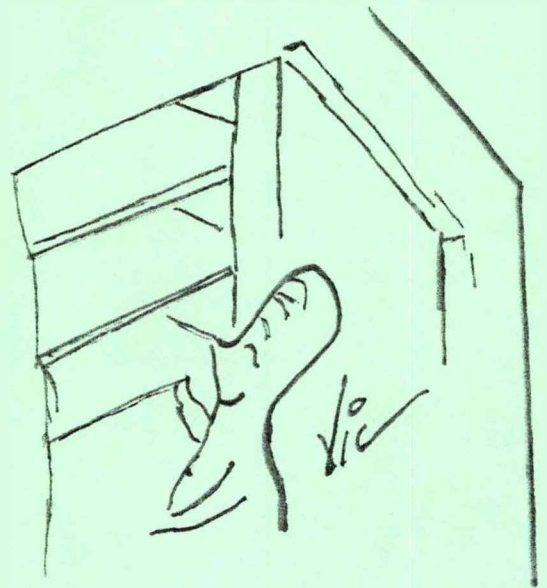
And how about that Kevin? Although nominally a face, he comes across as a surly, arrogant punk. He is, at best, a mediocre worker with the physical stature of a born jobber, has no clue on interviews and a record of no-shows that makes Budrow Landel look like Lou Gehrig.

While we relayed the story over the air that night, with the invaluable assistance and insight of guest Steve Beverly to help put things in perspective, a song kept running through my head. It was Queen and they were singing about the Von Erich Family.: "And another one bites the dust," Freddie Mercury sang. "Another one bites the dust... Another one bites the dust..."





A Column by Shelby Vick



A Brand New Column! A Favorite Fan Returns to the Microcosm

Yeah, I know there's something inherently weak about a title that needs to be explained, but here goes, anyway! Y'see, a "pantry" is usually something that's ShelVy... Ouch! Okay, okay; never again!

So it's not a great title. I played around with several. The idea was to reflect the fact that I've been dormant for many years. "De-Hibernated" was too clumsy. "Out of the Crypt" has been done to death. I played around with "Rip Van Vick" for a bit, I don't want to be called "Rip". (I'm just not cut out for it.) And I don't even *own* a van; the only one I've ever even been in is Tim Riley's, so that just didn't apply.

Some of you know me, some of you have heard of me, and some of you are saying: "Why the hell should I care?" Care or not, here comes a brief synopsis:

Been reading sf since the mid-1930s, going straight from "John Carter of Mars" and "Flash Gordon" to *Astounding* (now known as *Analog*). Somewhere in the late '40s, I started writing locs to pulps and soon heard from Joseph Green, who lived within 50 miles of me. (Joseph L. Green, who works for NASA and has sold science articles and sf stories and books.)

In fact, about my main claim to fame, other than the Willis Campaign, is that I've known several celebrities before they became celebrities. I met Lin Carter while he was just a teenager. I met Robert Bloch who wrote *Psycho* before he wrote *Psycho*, back when he was just Robert Bloch. I

met Harlan Ellison before he was published. (He always was, and always will be, Harlan Ellison.) I met Lee Hoffman when she was a teenaged boy. I met Bob Tucker before he knew that Lee Hoffman was really a girl... Just seconds before he knew that, admittedly, but those were really fantastic seconds...

I met rich brown and Norm Metcalf when they were teenaged airmen at Tyndall AFB, just East of my hometown of Panama City, FL.

I attended a worldcon back when an attendance of several hundred was quite a crowd.

I'm really ancient!

In the mid-'50s, I kinda drifted away from fandom. Ten years ago, I started -- just as slowly -- drifting back into it when we found out there was a local "Star Trek" fan club and went to a meeting, where we met Tim Riley. The Trekker group became a true fan club, complete with feuds and everything, and even threw a convention which attracted a couple of dozen people from out-of-state.

But I still just sat on the sidelines.

Somewhere in the mid-'80s, Tim Riley interviewed me for an article for his fanzine, so word surfaced, in a limited nature, that I Still Existed. I got a few fanzines and even responded to one or two.

Then I was invited to the Tropicon to meet, once again, Walt Willis. Next to the "WAW-with-the-Crew" Chicon, that was the greatest moment in my fan life, underscored by actually seeing the shuttle liftoff on the way down.

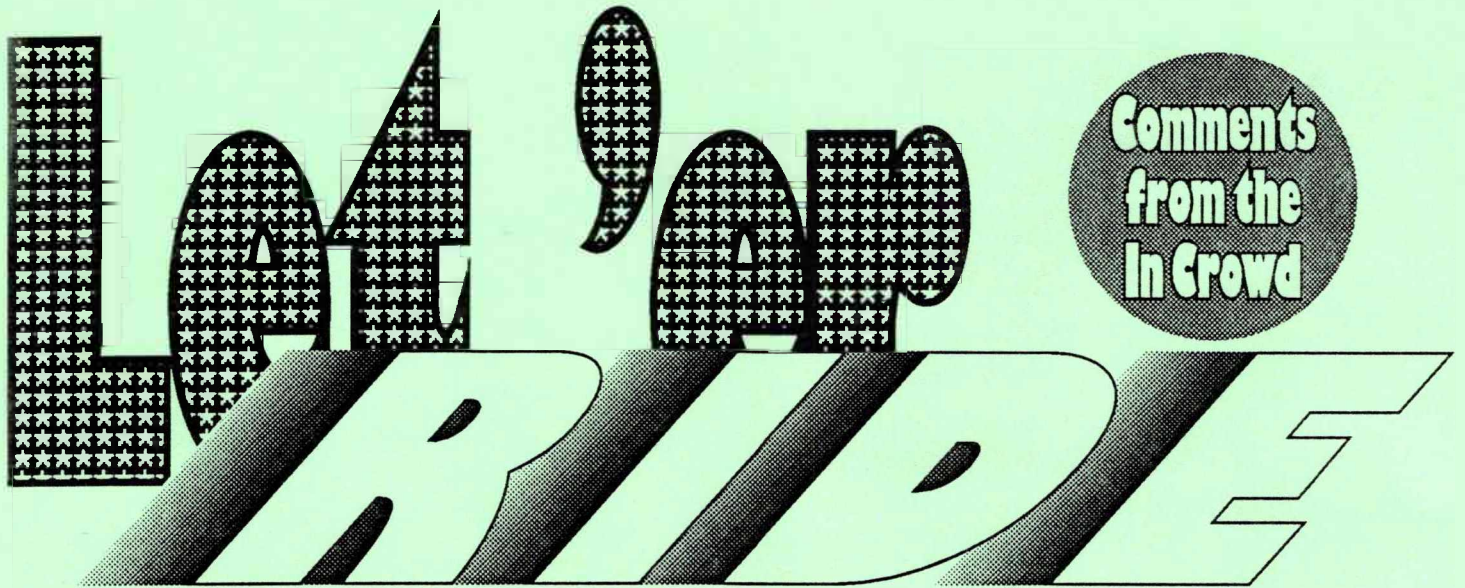
But the return of the shuttle to outer space did not signal the return of Shelby Vick to fandom. I gloried in my moment of renewal, had a great time, then withdrew again.

... well, maybe the withdrawal wasn't *quite* complete. I did start receiving more fanzines and -- via the postal services -- renewed some old contacts. I even fantasized about doing another fanzine. But even though I'm now retired from over 20 years with Met Life, I've been busier than ever.

To begin with, I can't just sit around the house (Suzanne's orders!) so I've held down a lot of other jobs: Midnight clerk at a convenience store, telemarketing, one man of a two-man insurance team, field work at the local Property Appraiser's office... and, all the time, trying to get back into the writing business. My original plans, 'way back when I went to work for Met, were to retire early and get back to writing. (In the past, I've sold five children's short stories and four action-type paperback novels, none of it sf. And I might add, in the *distant* past. My last sale was about 20 years ago.)

Then about two years ago -- when I was really giving serious thought to fanac -- came the most time-consuming activity of all. Grandchildren. One of my daughters moved back, separating from her husband, with a baby and a three year old. Both girls. My daughter started

Continued on page 20



We won't give up Lloyd Penney

412-4 Lisa St., Brampton, ON, Canada L6T 4B7

Losing a penny or two out of the Willis-Carr-Shaw cups need not diminish your own standing; in fact, each penny could be your highest award of egoboo to someone you like, as you've done with Geri Sullivan. You could start quite a unique group, with each member bearing a small medal of coined copper, the Katz Legion of Merit.

Arnie: The two cups of coins are my shrine to Fandom Past. I'd like to keep those fairly full, though I'm willing to stick my two cents into any fannish debate

I'll take Trufannishness over Insurgency any day. I go back to Mike Glicksohn's IF3: If Fandom Isn't Fun, It's Futile. Fandom's always been like that for me, and if Trufannishness wasn't the way of most fans today, Insurgency would probably drive me back to full-time fun with local fans, most of whom are around just for a good time with friends. Local Insurgents have either gaffed, or just figured that they've been overrun by media fans, and couldn't be bothered. That's fine with me; the Insurgents were a thorn in my side when I first entered fandom, and their absence troubles me not a bit. Perhaps a more subdued insurgency is due these days, Arnie, just enough to shift a few backsides without having fandom at large wondering what your problem is.

Arnie: I hope my article didn't paint Insurgency in too-dark colors. I think Fandom needs Insurgency and Trufannishness. Both contribute to the hobby.

Insurgency may've gotten out of hand during the 1980s, but its principles can serve as a positive force in fandom. And who said Insurgents don't like a good time? Burbee, Laney, and Rotsler invented Fun in the

mid-1940s.

Mike Glicksohn pours out his thoughts

I read the piece, of course (not first, but fairly soon after ego-scanning the issue and chuckling over my own loc), and it sent shivers down my back. I cured those by pouring Chivas down my front (happily, that's where my throat is located and, as Trufen all over North America must have done today, I dug out my copy of *Folly* #6. (Bleeding off the inert atmosphere and removing the security bolts from the storage case, all after having removed the puff adders, of course, was a minor nuisance, but one I was more than happy to endure under the circumstances.)

Imagine my horror, my bewilderment, when I found that *my copy* of #6 was completely lacking the word "contests" or "contested" on page 7!!!! I read the page again, and then I re-read it even more carefully. It struck me that as the scientific world closes in on broadcast power, perhaps the amazing mental powers of the gestalt fannish mind might inadvertently have stumbled across the ability to broadcast, through the pages of fanzines and the whole fanhistorical ambience that pervades the atmosphere as those pages are read, the traits of the fans who produced those pages.

Thus I was strongly concerned that I might have been struck almost legally blind by the mere act of perusing a Katzian editorial. If right now you are finding the room spinning and fighting the urge to hiccup, we might be on to something really big here!) But no, the accursed words simply were not there!

Arnie: I think you've made a mind-boggling discovery. There may be a knighthood in it for you. Yet how sad that even in this most comradely of all fandoms, complaints still outnumber compliments. While I

sincerely sympathize with your receipt of my near-blindness through broadcast *Folly* power, I am chagrined that your (justified) criticism was not balanced by six or seven grateful letters from other readers who are now Better Hung.

I find myself having a credibility problem with some parts of *Folly* these days. I'm never sure if what you write about is fact or fiction.

Take this piece on the Comedy Network.
(Thank you.)

I have enough confidence in the poor taste of the American public that this could have, in fact, been a real network. (I know for a fact that a science fiction network is still being planned, and if it ever comes on line, I am expected results similar to those you describe for Ha!, be it mythical or not.)

On the other hand, I've never heard of it, so perhaps it's just another whimsical piece of Katzian invention? (Who, for example, is Rick Wright? Is he Steven Wright's unfunny brother, a real comedian, or a piece of whole cloth woven by that master puller of legs, Arnie the Fate? Not to be confused with Vinnie De Fate, Arnie's enforcer.) And if it was a real network, why is there no mention of them broadcasting the Ernie Kovacs Show, one of the few examples of real comic genius ever to come from the country that thought Soupy Sales was the epitome of wit?

No, Arnie, I'm afraid it's not going to work any more. Future issues of *Folly* should come with small packages of salt stapled into each copy so readers can enjoy the material as it was intended to be enjoyed.

Arnie It's a relief to know I'm not the only fan who questions the credibility of *Folly*. Maybe I should celebrate April Fool's Day with 20 absolutely accurate and factual pages.

Ha! did exist and its successor, Comedy Central, seems to be fairly healthy at the moment. I question the propriety of canards levelled at *American* wit by a resident of the country that gave us Alan Thicke.

Robert Bloch does some needed detective work

2111 Sunset Crest Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90046

How gratifying to see *Folly* #7!

After editing over your editorial comments, I tend to think that both the *Fancyclopia* and the *Oral History* would constitute the two largest cans of worms ever opened -- both because of the necessity to make informed choices. If the *Fancy III* is to be of lasting interest, it is necessary to distinguish between noisy fanac and significant phenomena: lots of former BNFs are completely (and, alas, deservedly) forgotten. Which brings us to *Oral History* -- how does one check on the veracity of the material? Gossip, innuendo, self-promotion, and sheer fantasy need detection if it's a serious project.

Arnie: Gossip and innuendo were good enough for you and Tucker in the glory days of fandom, and they're good enough for me. Aren't memoirs

generally given a bit more latitude due to the acknowledged subjectivity of such recollections?

Eric Bentcliffe suspects Greg Benford

17 Riverside Cresc., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, CW4 7NR United Kingdom

Your thoughts on limiting *Fancy III* toward a more fanzine-orientated slice of fannish culture seem sensible, and possibly workable, but the trouble is that the division between convention fans and fnz fans, etc., didn't exist until about page Umpty-three of the *Fancyclopedia*...

I know I never thought of myself as other than just a fan back then, and whilst I gradually became more and more fnz oriented; for the first decade or so I was involved in all types of fanac, even (shudder!!) putting on conventions and such. The same applies to most of the fans of this period, I think. Of course, this was all a loooong time ago... back in the Carboniferous Period, in fact -- y'know, when fans duplicated their fanzines using carbon paper!

Arnie: Your point may be more applicable to a history of fandom than to the *Fancyclopedia*. Studying fandom's culture, personalities, and history, we should be able to distinguish those people, things, and events that are relevant to a participant in current fanzine fandom.

Suspect Greg Benford has the wrong idea about the Knights of St. Fantony. It never worshipped anything other than the 150-proof Water from St. Fantony's Well (actually an illegally imported Polish vodka discovered by Norman Shorrock and used for initiation ceremonies). It was really just a fun thing.

It started from the Liverpool Group honouring certain fans as *ex-chairmen* of the club; it being deemed to be honour indeed to be such without having to undergo the trauma of first being chairman. Several of the then Cheltenham Group were so honoured and shortly afterward cooked up the Knights of St. Fantony to return the compliment. They did dress up the ceremonies for the hell of it with suitable costumes, but the ceremonies were always the preamble to a con-party or other such. Like many such fun things, its memory did get corrupted into a smof role which it never carried out... except for a few drunken mutterings towards the end of parties about the shortage of St. F's water!

Arnie: SNAFFU, the formal science fiction club in Las Vegas, elects anyone to whatever office comes to mind if they make the mistake of leaving the room. Presumably, would-be powermongers come to meetings armed with excuses to take them to the kitchen, library, or wc during the business session.

Steve Stiles, the Fan without Pity

8631 Lucerne Rd., Randallstown, MD 21133

I thought you'd come up with a new package technique when *Folly* arrived in a plastic bag, all wadded up in a tangled ball and torn in several prominent places..

However, there was a little generic note from the Postal Oriface accompanying your fnz, a rather tepid note of apology that explained that in even super-efficient organizations such as theirs, Accidents Do Happen; besides, it wasn't Really Their Fault, and they are, after all, horribly overworked and underpaid. One more reason why I've come to rely on Federal Express and UPS. Fortunately, a few minutes with a hot iron and scotch tape rendered it readable.

Try as I might, if I had the inclination, I really can't bring myself to feel sorry for Sony after they undeniably got the shaft from Nintendo. Sony has rather a bad reputation in Baltimore, and Baltimore County, since last summer when they took a local businesswoman to court and finally, after a lengthy and expensive legal battle, forced her to change the name of her restaurant and two mall outlets. Her eateries were called "Sony's" after a nickname she has had since 1948, 'way before the corporation came into existence.

The Disney machine had a similar legal battle that year with a local daycare center which had a Donald Duck mural on one of its walls. It's amazing to me how these giant corporations are willing to generate so much negative publicity over essentially trivial matters, but I suppose their vast legal departments have to do *something* to earn their overblown legal salaries.

"Our" Sony tried to explain that there were very few people wandering into her restaurant in search of electronic products. After losing the case, she added that, as a former Phillipino national, this was the *second* time the Japanese had screwed her. (No, no -- the first time they stole her piano.)

Arnie: Questions about the ownership of names lead to unusual, and perhaps unfair, situations. For example, if Hulk Hogan left the World Wrestling Federation, he would have to adopt another moniker. (Actually, the Hogan case is even more complex, because the WWF licenses the name "Hulk" from Marvel Comics.)

Folly intends to do its part to keep the legal circus going by seeing the makers of Bicycle playing cards to stop them from using the obviously stolen image of The Fool on their jokers.

Suzy Vick's shoes are made for walkin'
As told to **Shelby Vick**, scribe to the stars

627 Barton Ave., Panama City, FL 32404

Here we go again, Arnie --

Folly #11 just arrived.

Now, we are making some headway at getting Suzanne on the computer. She's going to dictate this to me... That's gotta be some headway. At least she's in the same room as the computer. She read F11 first and comments as follows:

I would like to reply to the palindromic one's question on why do women...? Shoes: Women do not wear the shoes you describe; some females may, but "women" don't. I, for instance, own four pair of footwear: one pair (formerly) white cloth tennis shoes; one pair black mid-heel all-purpose pumps suitable for all occasions for which tennis

shoes will not do (no pointed toes) and two identical pair of extremely comfortable bedroom slippers.

Years back I had a pair of shoes that were pretty, decorative *and* comfortable. I once had a pair of wonderful shoes in which in which I could work all day and dance all night and walk up to five miles -- on concrete -- *comfortably..* They had heels; leg-flattering heels. These were obviously designed by women. Shortly thereafter, the pointed toe (designed by men) for the sole purpose of incapacitating women (a la the bound feel of the Chinese.)

(May I request a more skilled stenographer?)

(*Whaddya expect for nothing? Archie Goodwin?*)

(Do I look like Nero Wolfe? Do you *really* like eating at MacDonald's?)

Now as I was saying, Jello: Of *course* women invented it. They had to do something with the leftover feet of that mangy fatter calf the *men* brought home.

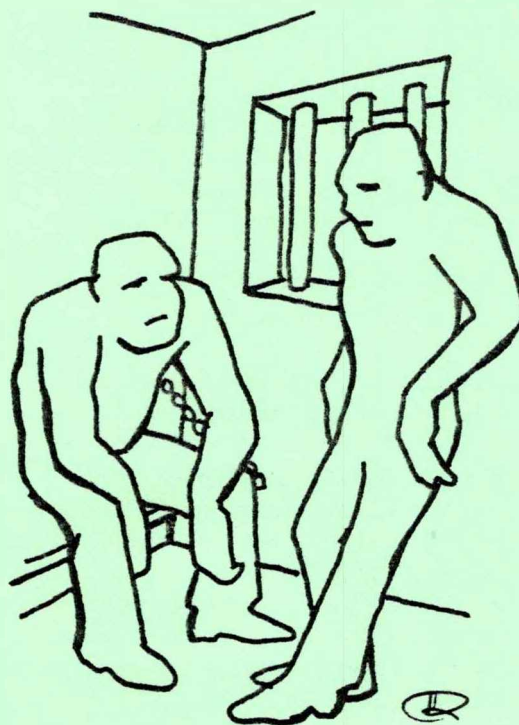
Surely, your girlfriend can't be the only on who "looks at your weird."

Decorative towels and soap: I have not bought nor have I ever given either of these. I see no reason why men should not use them if they like and don't mind looking silly.

Oak cylinders that hold paper towels and scented toilet paper: I do know of one house with such fixtures. They were bought by the husband, because they looked masculine to him. Scented toilet paper is an abomination. I also wonder why all the insipid pastels.

Why do women go the the restrooms in pairs? You don't

**Y'KNOW, FUN SURE PASSES
WHEN YOU'RE DOIN' TIME**





mean to say you don't know? Ask a real man, like Arnie. But he'll laugh at you if you do.

"Why are women, anyway?" you ask. We're your mothers, you idiot. Now eat your cauliflower.

Arnie: But Suzy, I promised to guard the secret of tandem trips to the toilet to the death, and a gentleman never tells. I think you are just a bit hasty about the perfumed john paper, though: the right to buy scented toilet paper is the right to be free.

Linda Bushgyager's habit is worse

24 Leopard Rd., Paoli, PA 19301

Every time an issue of *Folly* has bounced into my in-basket (at a rate almost too fast for me to keep up with, what with my slow mail-reading habits), I've thought to myself, "I simply must write a LoC." My loccing habit was never very good to begin with, and it has gotten progressively worse over the years, culminating in at least a five-year lapse between LoCs. Still, your persistent pubbing has finally pushed my lazy body to the computer. I simply *had* to say hello and thank you profusely for the *Follies*, which I have been immensely enjoying.

Actually, the first ish and each new one to arrive has sent me into a half-melancholy tizzy -- here was a fanzine just like ones from the good old days of my fannish youth (the 70s). Each ish has hit home with a nostalgic impact as well as their intrinsic fannish power. They almost make me want to pub again. (Ever since Leslie Smith headed to Michigan, our *Duppress* has been mired down due to my lethargy. Most of it has been typed into the computer, but I just can't seem to face the agony of actually pubbing it on

several half-dead Gestetners. Taking it to the print shop might be a more viable alternative, but my fannish get-up-and-go has left.)

Arnie: Though a postcard from Mark Blackman was the catalyst for my re-entry, the cross country move planted the seeds. Crating the fanzine collection was a mechanical chore, but replacing the fanzines in the file cabinet punctured my gafia. Sorting four boxes of 1970s fanzines should've taken me hours not days, but I couldn't resist turning those only-slightly-faded pages.

Your protestations of sloth have deflected my plea for a *Karass* revival, but there's certainly a void in the fannish newszine field. Some energetic young fan could earn a mountain of goodwill with a biweekly or monthly.

Berni Phillips passes out a plum piece of egoboo

1161 Huntingdon Dr., San Jose, CA 95129-3124

So, Arnie, happy anniversary! There's no fool like a fan fool, indeed.

Re your Important Announcement... what a great idea! I giggled all the way through it. Er, it is a joke, isn't it? Either way, Mr. Harris conducted himself with Great Aplomb.

Arnie: You may judge the seriousness of the Fan Draft from the fact that the inimitable Chuchy has appeared in three straight issues.

Shelby Vick takes it seriously, too. A couple of weeks after that issue went into the mail, I received a letter from Shelby, patriotically volunteering to write a column for *Folly* to avoid the embarrassment of having to be drafted. And now that I've mentioned his trufannish act in print, I'll be expecting a contribution with a Panama City, Florida, postmark Very Soon, if not earlier.

I enjoyed Geri Sullivan's trip report a great deal. See if you can get her to write an article on Vegetology for *Folly*. She initiated me into its delights at Corflu 5. (My vegetable is the eggplant, a plant of wondrous color and a shape much like my own. It is much too attractive to eat.)

Arnie: OK, Geri, the gauntlet has been thrown. What is this Secret Wisdom? Foolish Minds want to know!

The title of Marc Cram's article was the most amusing thing about it. His prescriptions were utterly useless. Doesn't he know that a woman complaining about being fat wants to be told she either is not fat or given assurance of her many fine qualities? (If she doesn't have many fine qualities, why are you with her?)

Don't tell her she's fat. If she really is fat, she knows it.

Don't complain that you're fat, too. She's looking for an emotional response, not one upmanship.

Don't tell her what to do to lose weight. She knows what to do. She's most likely having a spell of low self-esteem. Logic doesn't cure that.

Arnie: A strategy neither you nor Marc mentioned is telling her to gain a few more pounds, because of your weakness for big beautiful women.

Richard Brandt wants me to spread bugs

4740 N. Mesa, #111, El Paso, TX 79912

Thanks for *Folly* #11. It's great to see you spreading the bug of fanzine fanac, sort of like a Johnny Appleseed, or a kind of Wandering Jew.

Arnie: Or maybe like Typhoid Mary?

I also liked to see Chuch Harris' defense of TAFFism -- especially since I've found myself standing for the Fund this year. (No lie, I always seem to find myself doing these things...) You've got your ballot, right? sure you have.

Mike Legg reassures me that Tor Johnson is not forgotten. A horror film, "Strange Behavior", filmed in New Zealand, has a killer wandering around in a Tor Johnson mask. *Kondo Komix*, produced by the kids in the Children's Programming area at ConStellation had an ad for "Plan Nine from Outer Space: The Video Game". (Famous movie star Tor Johnson says: "Tor like!") And, of course, the Comedy Channel had a promo featuring an unexpectedly animated Tor. (The guy's even into book publishing now, I gather.)

Arnie: One-time New York fan Mike McNerney belonged to a club at the University of Connecticut that chartered busses to drive students to every showing of "Plan Nine" in New England. I wouldn't say Mike was affected by prolonged exposure to Tor Johnson (not to mention Vampira), but he did subsequently co-invent the idea of a *weekly* apa.

Vince's discovery of *Fillostrated* is not entirely without precedent. Joe Siclari, while browsing through the New

Orleans bookshops while at Nolacon, came across a couple of issues of *Slant*. Joe also says that, while in Seattle, he wandered into a backstreet and found a guy selling odds and ends in a corrugated metal shack, among which he found a sketchbook filled with drawings by Hannes Bok. We suspect that Joe has made a deal with The Infernal One at some point in his life. So if you want to chance across the *Fillostrated* or some other equally unlikely relic, I suggest tailing Mr. Siclari across town. (If I make it to Britain, I think I'll follow Vine around the thrift shops.)

Arnie I believe Georgina Ellis Clarke, one-time Duchess of Canadian Fandom, entered the microcosm by finding a fanzine on a bus. (I seem to remember another female fan who discovered the microcosm by meeting Robert Lichtman in a men's room, but this may be outside the realm of legitimate digressive replies.)

WAHF: John Berry, Linda Blanchard, Avedon Carol, Brad Foster, Teddy Harvia, Jerry Kaufman, Phil Tortoric

Pantry *Continued from page 15*

working two different jobs just to make ends meet. That left Grandma and Grandpa to take care of the kids.

It has been an enjoyable, but hectic, time, and fanac has not grown one iota. In fact, even what little correspondence I had been doing has suffered.

But --

One of the new contacts I made was Arnie Katz. We had the great pleasure of having him for a house guest 20-odd years ago, and here I find he's returned to fandom not too long ago. And Suzanne and I love *Folly*. And I kinda let it be known I wasn't entirely adverse to doing an occasional column... so here I am. If Arnie doesn't get lynched for printing this, I might even be back again some day...

Folly #12

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First Class