



KatzenJammer

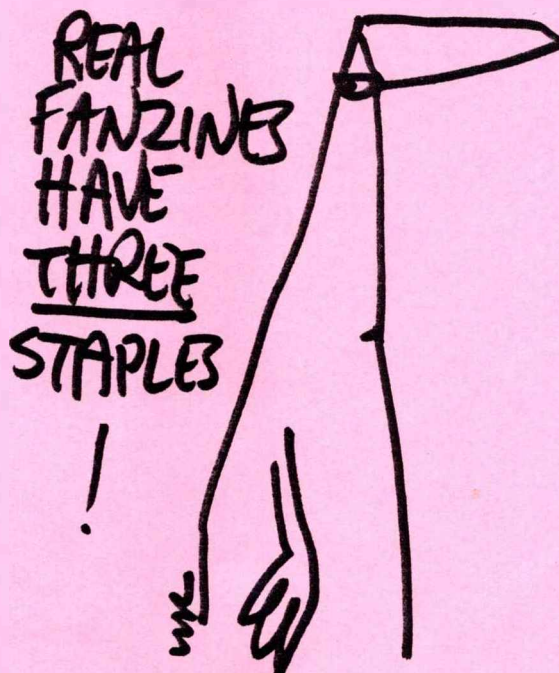
Beyond Vegetology: Introducing... Vegetometry

The Geri Sullivan of the 90s introduced me to the exalted and exact science of Vegetology over dinner at Canter's Restaurant in Los Angeles on the first night of Corflu 9. A blueribbon table of trufans witnessed by instant conversion to this doctrine, and some others may want to record it for posterity.

I was in a particularly receptive mood for her revelations. I had just consumed Mass Quantities of exemplary corned beef and adequate pastrami, after proving unable to resist the menu's come on for a sandwich called "The Brooklyn". My addiction to kosher-style deli sandwiches temporarily under control due to my gourmandizing, my entire being

was open to her good news about this revolutionary science of the mind.

I did not ask Geri to



elaborate or explain when she rhapsodized about the miracles to be expected from a comprehensive knowledge of Vegetology. I needed none. It was as though the whole panoply of Vegetological knowledge rushed into my brain at once! Eureka! One minute I was unenlightened and the next I stood at the summit of Vegetological understanding.

Was this clairvoyance or perhaps wisdom from a past life breaking through the barriers of my unconscious? I still cannot say, but it could be as simple as a direct telepathic communion with friends of author Whitley Strieber.

Whatever the reason, once Geri stated the tenets of Vegetology, I became an adherent of this discipline, body and soul. Yet I did not stop there.

If Vegetology so totally captured my allegiance, I hear some muttering, why was I not content to bask in the golden glow of revealed truth? Who can say what makes a man continue the quest even after he has achieved victory. I liken myself to a latter-day James Watt, a savant who went beyond perfecting the tea kettle to plumb the mysteries of steam itself!

Why did I go on? Better to ask why Sigmund Freud ceased his labors after giving birth to Psychiatry instead of persevering to discover Dianetics!

Better to ask why Nicola Tesla, after fathoming the still misunderstood complexities of Earth energy, did not go on to create the Dean Drive!

Some call it caution; I call it failure of vision. So I grabbed the philosophical bit between my teeth and carried Vegetology to the next plateau. No longer need we be content with vague knowledge about our vegetable, season, and seed. Now we can mastery those awesome botanicals and harness their power for our own selfish ends!

Enter... Vegetometry. My new philosophy is to garden variety Vegetology as organically grown healing crystals are to the outmoded practices of homeopathic medicine. Vegetometry says: Don't just know about your ruling vegetable, season, and seed, but manipulate the cosmic forces they represent.

One article is insufficient to fully detail the workings of Vegetometry, but I am sure one

documented instance can elucidate the advantage of my discovery.

Everyone knows that allergic reactions are the bane of modern man. The sun may be shining and love and business affairs may be going superlatively, but if certain trees are budding, this malady's sufferers are guaranteed a miserable time.

Our so-called doctors, with their fancy diplomas from schools with campuses, libraries, and other showy establishment trappings, spin an improbable fairytale about little irritating invaders swimming through the bloodstream. Vegetometry knows better.

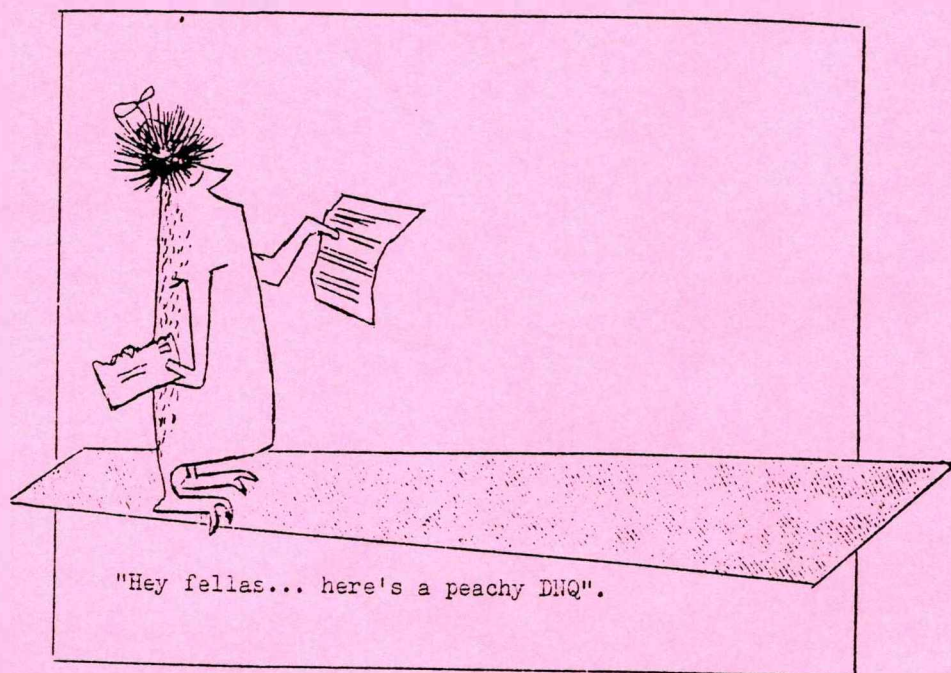
The symptoms which the self-styled medicos call allergies are merely the results of an individual's encounter with powerful vegetable, season, and seed forces. Most people feel little or no effect from these substances, but Vegetometry has detected, measured, and recorded divergences from this normal profile.

Vegetables affect our total physiology the way light affects our eyes. The majority see normally, but a sizable portion of the population is nearsighted or farsighted. In the parlance of Vegetometricians, a person can become susceptible, positively or negatively, to the undetectable radiations from the vegetables, seasons, and seeds which the Vegetologists have convincingly proved are associated with each human.

If one is Vegetometrically "nearsighted", one has an unnatural craving for the substance. If one is the equivalent of farsighted, it manifests as an aversion, an allergic reaction if you will.

Now that I have gotten this far, the brighter members of the readership are undoubtedly thundering pell mell ahead of me. Vegetometry's contribution to human health makes the only possible treatment for these supposed "allergies" obvious: wrap copper bands of different thicknesses around the patient's temples. Experiments prove that if the bands are etched with certain designs, the patient will immediately forget all those allergy symptoms. It is a telling point that the dreaded sneezing, throat tickle and ear itch are immediately noticed again when the Vegetometrician loosens the bands and the patient stops screaming.

If Vegetometry can banish a supposedly incurable disease like allergies, imagine what it can do for ordinary colds, flus, viruses, gafia, and heartburn! Look out cancer of the colon, Vegetomtry is on the job!



Vegetarianism

Bad Taste Meets Bad Ethics

Arnie Offers an Amazing New Theory -- and then Ducks

My involvement with the Science of Vegetometry has illuminated a serious ethical question which had previously escaped my notice. I daresay it has escaped the notice of just about everyone: the wanton slaughter of the co-inheritors of this planet, the vegetables.

I think the time has come to throw off the blinders and confront this question. Fifty years ago, virtually every American ate a diet that included meat. Only a handful of so-called "health nuts" questioned the propriety of killing animals for their flesh.

One reason Vegetarianism won few converts a half-century ago was that most people felt that we *needed* meat as a food source. Yet times do change, and many Americans came to believe that we can do nicely on

a diet that doesn't include animal protein.

As a result, there are now many people who avoid meat on ethical grounds rather than because of the alleged health benefits of such a regime. There is now room to take a lofty position, since those articulating it know there is no physical harm associated with such a stance.

That is all very well, but why should our morality stop with animals? Why should we motile ones feast on the helpless bodies of plants?

It is a measure of our immaturity as a species that we ignore the vegetables simply because they do not cry their anguish to the heavens. Shall the welfare of a mute be less important than that of someone who can speak of his suffering?

Of course not! Yet the same people who wring their hands and say "it's not sporting" to shoot a sleeping deer think nothing about killing and uprooting a hapless head of lettuce from the only home it has ever known. Truly, this is selective sensitivity!

What difference is there between someone crushing cow skulls with a stone mallet in a blood-spattered charnel house and a cheerily ignorant homemaker slicing and dicing lettuce, carrots and even that friend from fruit-land, the tomato?

All right, I grant there's blood in the slaughterhouse, and blood is at the very least.. icky. But isn't so-called "juice" the blood of this persecuted segment of the ecosystem?

So as we have seen, the

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alleged moral superiority of vegetarians is mere semantic quibbling. Armed with this Great Truth, I began to exhort my friends to a next level of consciousness.

Abandon the barbaric practice of butchering beans and torturing tomatoes, I implored them. They didn't listen. In fact, not listening was the nicest thing any of them did. Mostly, they just continued to eat their salads in smug self-righteousness.

"I'll tell you what the problem is," said Joyce between mouthfuls of her veggie burger. "People have to figure that if they don't eat meat, and they don't eat vegetables, they're going to starve." She nibbled a French fry thoughtfully, waiting for my reply.

I couldn't think of anything

to say at first, but I came up with a response about a week later. People will only give up the heinous "harvesting" of plants if there is alternate sustenance.

What's left to eat, you ask?

I'll tell you in two words: Dead Bodies.

This will end all reliance on vegicide. In addition, some vegetarians will be able to gourmandize on the steaks and chops that haunt their meat-deprived dreams. If ethics are all that's keeping you from munching on mammals, this new practice is certain to be ethically satisfying as well as highly palatable.

"They're already Dead!" is the marketing slogan/rallying cry contributed by Bill Kunkel to get this new product category off to a flying start. It perfectly expresses the concept in a form

which ethical people of every gastronomic persuasion will instantly understand: Eating something that is already dead is the ultimate statement against the taking of life for food, animal or vegetable.

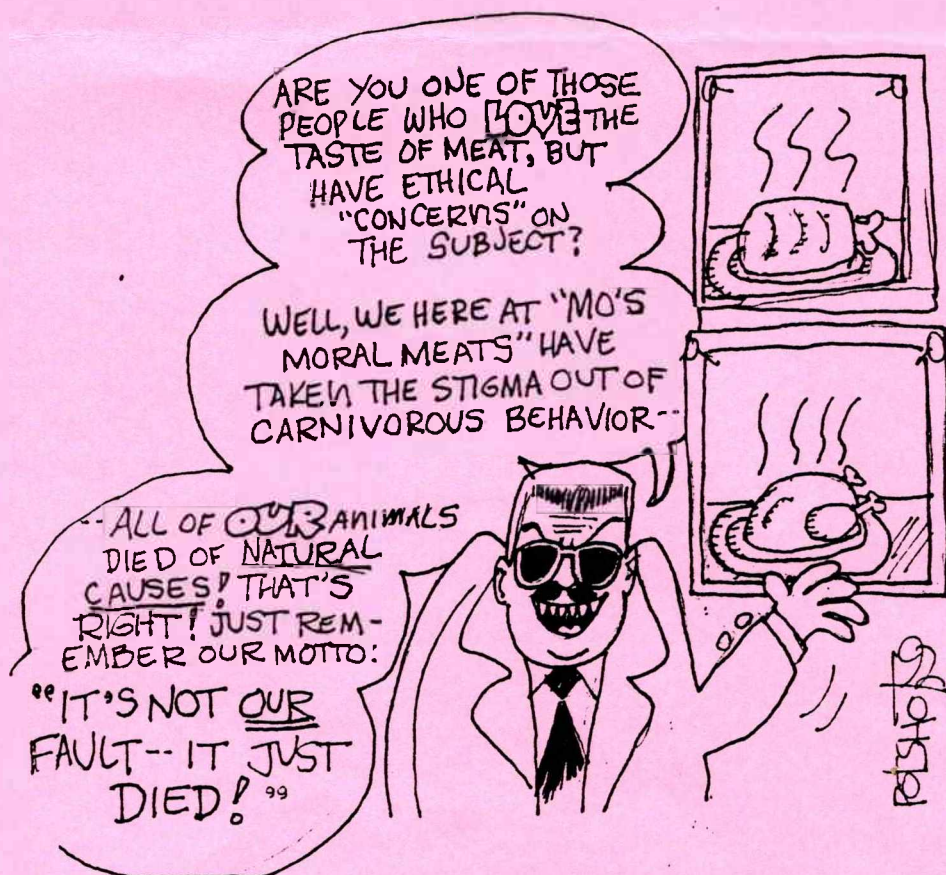
Evidence to the contrary, I am not stupid. "Dead Bodies" is a tough sell. People can be so hidebound about taboos like cannibalism, can't they?

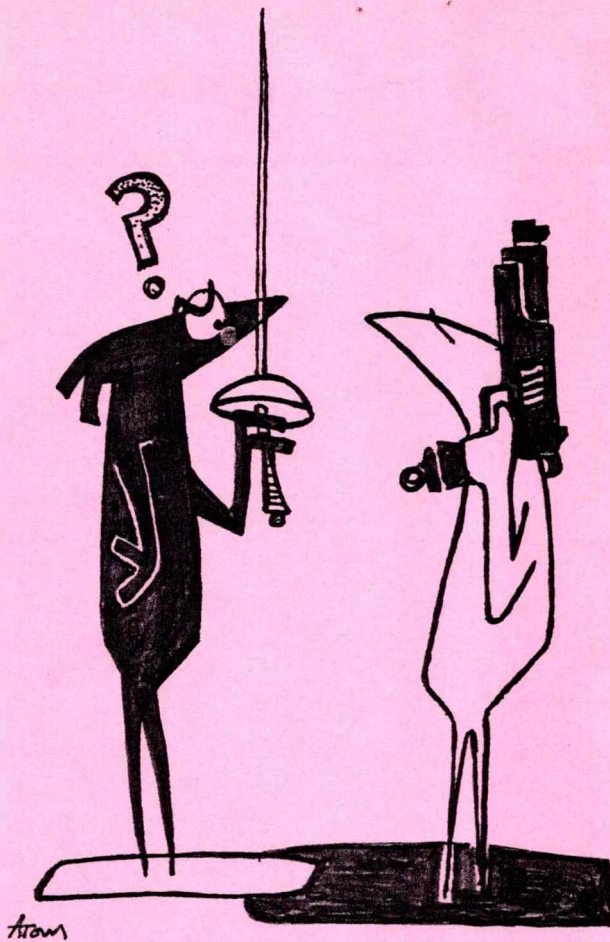
If it were to succeed, I knew "Dead Bodies" needed a more cosmetic name. Bill Kunkel won Fabulous Prizes, including the right to illustrate this article, with "The Other White Meat", but even this euphonious phrase drew what I can only describe as ambiguous reactions from my focus group. That means it was impossible to decipher any of their comments, amid all the gagging and retching in the room.

I'm an editor. So I edited the idea, tightened it up. Smoothed it out. Made it firm. Solid. I'm ready to relaunch.

I'm so confident this time, that I've jettisoned the focus group. I'm going straight to the people. The Food of the 90s has arrived! Roll this around on your tongue: "Dead Animal Bodies".

Steers that swooned in rolling meadows and pigs that passed into the Great Beyond in the comfort of their wallow make the DAB (Dead Animal Bodies) menu the ethical eater's only sane alternative to murdering living animals and plants





just to swell our oversized bellies.

Plans to market DAB Meat are already far advanced. I've anticipated the Federal Government's desire to regulate DAB food with a suggested two-tier marketing system.

At the top, replacing the current "choice" and "prime" grades, will be "Natural Causes Meat". This is the choice for families who want to enjoy the finest meats in ethical purity and personal safety.

Patient (and Kindly) Food Monitors will wait unobtrusively until Bossie or Ferdinand has a brain embolism or gets hit by a passing bread truck. Then and only then will the carcass be shipped to ultramodern facilities for cutting, dressing, and packaging for your local

supermarkets DAB Meat refrigerated case.

I'm enough of a realist to know that some people are more price-conscious. They want maximum value for their food dollar. For them, available at all Food 4 Less, Heap o' Groceries, and Slither Dither Marts, is UCM (Unknown Causes Meat).

Unknown Causes Meat is collected by rehabilitating alcoholics and drug addicts, who flag dead animal carcasses for our express helicopters. These are cleaned, trimmed, and wrapped in recycled brown paper. The best part: You get the savings! And isn't all life a bit of a risk?

So put down those salad forks! The time for truly ethical eating has arrived.

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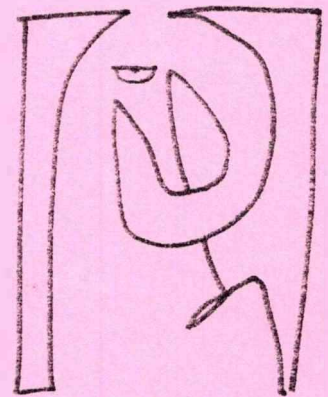
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A Column by Chuch Harris

C. Harris-ma

I didn't really fancy Novacon this year -- no money, no time, no Vincent, and not much enthusiasm -- but I'd promised Pam Wells some stuff for the auction, and I had a card from Rob Hansen at the last minute saying that he was going with Avedon after all.

So I went up on Saturday morning for a couple of hours in the bar.

As it turned out, I had hardly anything for the auction -- Ghod damn John Harvey for taking all of Vincent's surplus pbs before I could get to them -- but I did manage to find some pbs and an old Asimov... enough to fill a carrier bag, anyway. Although it got a bit embarrassing when Pam hoists out a Stephen King, feigns shock/horror, and waves it at the congregation, saying, "And he *reads this sort of thing!*" as if it were "Have Sex Fun with Your Pet Gerbil Every Night".

(No, I haven't finished with it yet. I have to buy a more robust gerbil. The last one died of nocturnal headaches and lack of sleep. It's a bit of a problem: If you flush away too many corpses, the drain tends to get bunged up, too.)

The Airport Hotel is now a

All aboard
the Novacon Express!

Forte Trusthouse, but not much else had changed. The same people were in the same places... Rob, DaveL, and Bosh contemplating pints at the far end of the bar, Harry Bond skulking, and John Brunner with yet another young, attractive Oriental girl.

Dave, incensed because I had promised to be in Kent instead of Novacon (we came back early), had mailed my *Ansible*, (at the moment, I am his entire mail subscription list), but

he relented and gave me another copy. Bosh was nice and pleasant and, I thought, fractionally thinner, although his waistline still exceeds mine despite my recent burgeoning.

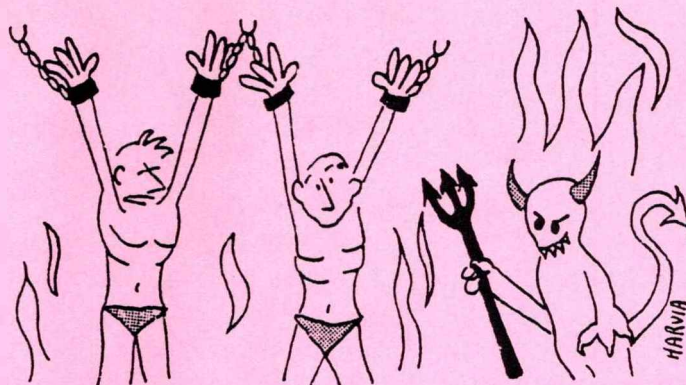
I had a small lager. I'd seen three police patrol cars on the way over from Daventry, and take no chances with my licence. After finding and hugging Avedon on the stairs (if she stands two stairs higher than me, we sort of meet on equal terms I am thinking of buying her a little soapbox to leap on from time to time so that she can rise to the occasion when needed), and Pam (who could borrow the soapbox or get



her friends to put her up to it), we found a table.

Pam had her trip photos with her. She had been to all the same places and met all the same people as we did. Andy Hooper still wears the same agonised smile at the base of the human pyramid and dreams of the day when he's on top and someone else bears the burden, and Spike Parsons looking lovely but *completely* unrecognizable in her wedding dress, but metamorphosed into the old saucy-smiling and recognisable Spike in later photos. Elise was in the photos and lot of other people I know but not my good friend Fred or the lovely Susan Levy-Haskell. But Bill Bodden was. Pam sez, "O, O, O, he's just a friend." But he's coming over in March, and he's staying at Bowes Park, and I learnt long away never to believe any woman who sez, "O,O,O, he's just a friend."

Our Ethel {Lindsay} was there, with Ina Shorrocks, too. I got a quick hug and a kiss and a promised chat-up later, but they vanished somehow, and I never got to see them again before it was time to leave. I must write to Ethel, assure her of my eternal devotion, and promise to do better at the next Con. (Ethel -- I always think of her still as 'Little Sister Ethel Lindsay' and would loved to have seen her all stern and authoritative in her nurse's uniform -- has been a Great Influence on my life. I'm, sure she believes that anyone can do anything. At a long-gone Loncon, she dragged me out of my reclusive shell onto the dance floor and ignored all my protests about not being able to



I'm not saying I'd like to see all Hell break loose, but I wouldn't mind escaping myself for a few days.

hear the music, or remember the steps, , or dance with foreign ladies whose head was only inches above by bellybutton. She issued brief instructions: "In the Mood. Quickstep. One, two, three, four," and much to my incredulous astonishment , away we went, chasse, lockstep, spin turn, reverse, and away down the yellow brick road, again.

And again, and again. Waltz, Foxtrot, and the Cow-Cow Boogie -- and I didn't tread on her feet once. Evidently, Terpsichorean skills, like swimming or screwing, become reflex actions once they are learnt. You don't even need the music. , although no doubt it would help. If you stay near the million-decibel amplifier, you pick up the beat from the way the floor vibrates.

And two weeks later, I was back at my old stamping ground (and I use the term advisedly) at the Streatham Locarno getting my whack of genteel frottage as Carlos -- no spik English -- because I hated telling people I

was deaf.

Then I met Sue, and Carlos vanished into limbo, and we were away to the Locarno every Saturday night until they ripped up the floor and turned it into a bowling alley. The unromantic sods.

And it's all Ethel's fault.

Even more about dancing.
1. Did you know that Famous Author James P White and Peggy were damn near Belfast Champions and have medals for ballroom dancing? No joke. Serious. Everyone is good at something or other. (I always suspected that Peggy mounted him on castors and steered him around the floor.) 2. Dave Langford, bless him, photocopied "The Dancing Cabman" from the 1st Edition *Beachcomber*. (I have always lusted after the Langford library, too.) For more than 50 years, *Beachcomber* -- J.B. Morton -- was the best-ever columnist of *The Daily Express*. He lived in an alternate universe full of memorable eccentric people, who would

undoubtedly be trufaans if they were still with us.... Captain Foulough, Mr. Justice Cocklecarrot, Dr. Strabismus, (Whom God Preserve) of Utrecht, and the Filthistan Trio - the Persian seesaw artistes Kazbulah, Rizamughan, and Ashura, who performed seesaw before all the crowned heads of Europe.

And the List of the Huntingdonshire Cabman (Vol III) ... "The following excerpt will give a taste of the quality of this monumental work: 'Chance, B. Harris Arthur. Kermode S.S. Vale P... the juxtaposition of two Robinsons is a masterpiece of style, as daring as it is unexpected. But it must be said that this volume contains nothing as memorable as the amazing 'Baines, H. Baines L.T.' of Volume II."

And now, back again to the Novacon bar just in time for White, J.P. to appear. Today he is incognito. He creeps in, hand shielding his face, and whispers, "I'll find time for you in a moment after I've greeted the more important people... like Pam Wells."

His new Hibernia book was on Ken Slater's stall in the bookroom. I read most of the first two chapters before Ken snatched it back, and I hope to finish it at Blackpool next year. I expect I will buy it eventually... as soon as it hits the remaindered basket.

It is, according to James, very different from his usual stuff. It is daringly innovative. It has, he said, "Gender." Bloody Hell! He means You Know. There are no fewer than three purple pages full of lubricity, a bit of the

other, and a bit of the same, too. The publishers are already considering a sticker for the front cover to warn off those of us at risk on betablockers, pace-makers, or sex-maddened gerbils.

Lord save us! To think that our pure pristine Jas, who used to be very pure linocuts of rocket ships for the / cover, should have fallen this low. When I am in the bookshop next Saturday, I'll get the relevant page numbers so that you can all see for yourselves before I expel him from our ranks with no one to speak to except fellow pariah Harry Bond.

John Brunner's new wife said, in Chinese script on a little bit of paper, that she felt very much out of things. John translated the script.. or so he said. (It was probably, "Who is this deaf bugger with his flies undone?") I offered to lipread in French, but sadly, she doesn't speak French. (I forbore to tell her that I didn't, either.)

Joseph was there, but very quiet and subdued. I was hoping to see Judith, who argues like hell but always makes me laugh, but she didn't come. Dave Wood said, "Hi, Chuck, see you later," but I was away before we managed it.

Best thing was talking to Rob and Avedon. It was inconsequential chat, but they are easy to talk to, and I get on well with them. Avedon is still working on her book and helping with somebody else's, too. We talked about D West's idea of abolishing the write-in category for TAFF votes, and all agreed that it was a good idea.

I would have liked to have

stayed on at Novacon, but we are having the kitchen refitted, and I had a lot of jobs to do before the men came back on Monday

They gut the whole room right back to the bare walls.... All those lovely tiles that took me days to put up are ripped off and thrown away. The cooker is sold (£179, but it cost me £720 three years ago, and the fridge and the microwave should sell shortly. Samantha annexed the dishwasher, and the niece of Georgenextdoor who - shock! horror! Had To Get Married! Gasp! -- took away all the cabinets and worktops to use in the council house they have just been allocated. They left with a trailer full behind, and the top of their old Cortina festooned with the stainless steel sink and cupboards so that it looked like one of those jalopies in "The Grapes of Wrath".

The workmen are very good. Prodigious tea-drinkers, but skilled and fast at their job. They do *nothing* but fit kitchens for Magnet and other sales outlets. Ours is a French Kitchen (because it was better and no dearer than Magnet -- who wanted to charge me £2000 just for the fitting -- They offer a discount on the actual cabinets, and a free bottle of wine, but £2000 for a week's work? Blimey!

Naturally, being French, we've chosen a frog motif for the wall tiles, so that Geri Sullivan can prise them off and carry them home with her.

The twins disapprove: "The marble floor tiles are the same

Continued on next page

THROUGH THE BRIGHTEST FANDOM with knife, fork, and spoon*

Chapter 2: SensaWondaLand

by
Geri Sullivan

Monday, November 6, 1989 — my alarm clock went off at 5:45 am, just 5 1/2 hours after I'd fallen asleep. The airport representative said to check in 1 1/2 hours ahead of my 9 am flight to Northern Ireland, where I would spend a few days with Walter and Madeleine Willis.

Chuck and Sue Harris and I arrived at the Birmingham airport promptly at 7:30, only to

discover the luggage security checkpoint didn't open until 8 am. We settled for coffee and a Danish to pass the time.

A bold sign above check-in asked:

"Is this your bag?"

Are you sure you packed it yourself?

Are you sure no one has put anything in it since you packed it?

Does it have any electric or electronic components in it?

If your answer is no to any of these questions, please consult with security."

The bag was on loan from

Mitchell Pockrandt, but I didn't let that triviality slow me down. I was a bit more concerned about the electronic flash, even though that wasn't a problem if you read the sign literally. And I figured they'd want to peer inside the lead-lined film bag. Both were buried between Q's and my nightie, rather than being some handy place right on top.

No doubt we'd run across the spackling compound and putty knife while searching for these items... I could just imagine the guard's eyebrows rising higher and higher.

So, I told her about the flash and film bag. Whoosh, the bag went through the X-ray, and I was directed to "Lounge C" — no questions, no searches. Chuck said it was because I was travelling with my bag and wouldn't blow myself up, which made a certain amount of sense. Chuck, Sue, and I exchanged our goodbyes, then it was through the passenger checkpoint for me. Rather than create a fuss, I let one roll of film pass through the scanner. They alerted the inspector of a camera coming through, but there were no other signs of tighter security than in American airports.

C.harris-ma

Continued from previous page

as MacDonalds... fancy spending all that money... never seen worktops like that before... fancy spending all that money," but Sue and I love it, every bit of it, right down from the newly artexed ceiling with its halogen lights right down to the built-in wine racks.

Jill on the othersidenextdoor approves of it, too. The firm did a small kitchen for her some time ago. We've never seen it, but we told the bloke she

recommended him and -- Lo! -- two days later she got a bloody great hamper from him for helping to clinch the sale. He seems very pleased with my custom... I'm beginning to wonder how much I'm being overcharged, even though I knocked him down £1000 on his original asking price.

With the kitchen full of carpenters, tilers, foremen, and whatever, , we have been exiled to the living room and upstairs. We hope they will finish next week... but at least it gives me time for long column.

Walter was waiting for me directly outside the Belfast City Airport terminal. We exchanged a quick greeting — the car wasn't parked in an approved area. Walter took a moment to introduce me to Max, his and Madeleine's Golden Retriever, then we were off.

There was lots of barbed wire on the fencetops, similar to that in Washington Heights, NY. The only reality check came at a police checkpoint we passed — a policeman, or army officer, held up his hand for us to stop as another stood off to the side, holding a dull black, high-tech automatic weapon.

Walter slowed, preparing to stop. I don't know the usual procedure, but the guard visibly relaxed, as though he had unexpectedly seen the face of someone he innately knew he could trust — like seeing the face of Ghod and knowing all was well with the world, or at least with this particular car. He waved us on.

Now Entering SensaWonda Zone

About this time, Walter casually asked if I would like to see Oblique House; it would take but a short detour from our route to Donaghadee. Grinning from ear to ear and beyond, I allowed as how I might be able to tolerate such a stop. "Well, gosh, yes, that would be rough...."

A few minutes later, perhaps after he had decoded my American accent and not-quite-loud-enough-yet voice, Walter went on to explain how, when

he made the pre-flight inspection of the airport to ensure it was ready for my arrival, he'd made a few other arrangements as well. Oblique House, you see, was currently on the market....

Just as I was swooning over the prospect of seeing the outside of Oblique House, the centerpoint of Irish Fandom of the '50s and early '60s, Walter continued on, ever so casually, "Since it's on the market, I rang up and made an appointment to see it."

SensaWonda Hyperdrive.

Realio, trulio. Not only was I to drive by Oblique House, in just a moment or two, Walter and I would be seeing it top to bottom, inside and out!

After a quick picture of Walter on the sidewalk leading to the house, we were met at the door of 170 Upper Newtownards Road. The current owner greeted the two of us there, as Walter put it, 'Looking at the house for a friend who is considering it for a guesthouse, what with the tourist trade and all.' The owner was a bit surprised by my camera, but graciously consented when I asked her permission to photograph the house.

Walter had little time for the tour through 172 (the kitchen of 170 itself has had a wall knocked out, opening it into 172, so the two houses are connected), but then it was back and we toured Oblique House at a more leisurely pace. Walter took mental note of the structural and decorative changes while I tried to imagine James & Peggy White, George Charters, Bob

Shaw, and John Berry, gathered in the parlors; Madeleine brewing pot after pot of tea; Ian McAuley crashing his motorbike into the toolshed; and other scenes from Walter's lengthy fanwritings. Through the downstairs rooms, spacious, high ceilings, through the narrow hall and upstairs to find more bedrooms and the upstairs front sitting room, then up still more stairs until we were at last at the fan attic door. The ghosts were quiet in the sunny room, but I somehow imagine they would have cried with horror and joy had the word "Ghoodminton" been whispered. The window pane would have shaken loose its glazing and would perhaps have tumbled to the ground so far below, thinking John Berry would soon follow the fannish footsteps so long absent from those stairs.

After leaving Oblique House, we drove to Crawfordsburn Country Park and took ourselves and Max for a walk along the sea. Then on to a supermarket and home to Strathclyde: 32 Warren Road.

Lemon chicken, rice, sauce, and peas for lunch — no, that was after Walter first poured me a glass of sherry, then escorted me to my room. "I really must do something about my jaw," I thought, "it keeps dropping to the floor at unexpected moments." Walter had sent a photo showing the view from my room, not one showing the grandness of the room itself. 11' ceilings? OK, perhaps only 10', but high nonetheless. A bay window, overlooking the bay,

of course, and enough room to hold a ball with full orchestra, and a lovely double bed sure to make me miss Jeff all the more. Then it was time to unpack. (I should have been used to Walter's considerations, but it's such a delight to be told: "You'll need some time to unpack, we'll see you downstairs in a bit" or "I'm going into these stores, but if you want a look about town, if you just keep to the right, you'll make your way back to the car with ease.")

Dinner that night was steak and kidney pie, boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage, and the most amazing sight — a plate of lettuce, with radishes, tomatoes, and cucumber, but mostly lettuce, sitting fewer than two inches from Walter's plate. I was so astonished, I abandoned all pretense of manners and quickly grabbed my camera for a shot or two for proof. I can see the headlines in File 770 now: Lettuce Hoax Unveiled; Willis Was Pulling Our Leg! Then it was on to discover that Madeleine's fame is well-earned — everything was delicious, even the boiled cabbage, which I couldn't have imagined caring for.

I also met Carol, "the daughter of the house" at dinner. She was quietly attractive, with her mother's and father's good looks.

Dessert was Eve's Pudding (Apple Sponge), with sliced apples and a cake topping, and my severe case of happy mouth once again hit SensaWonda hyperdrive.

Madeleine pulled out her well-worn copy of Mrs. Beeton's Household Management to

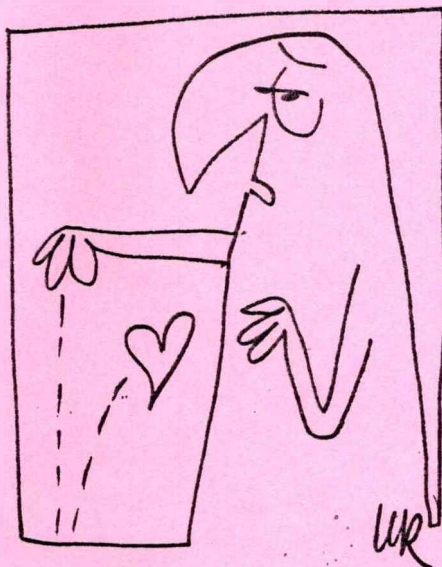
show me the recipe. Mrs. Beeton's is "A Complete Cookery Book" with sections on household work, servant's duties, laundry work, etiquette, marketing, carving and trussing, the art of "using-up," table decoration, the home doctor, the nursery, the home lawyer, et cetera. Madeleine's copy is the "new edition" published sometime after WWI, most likely in the 1920s.

After a bit of a sit by the fire, we adjourned to the front sitting room — yet another of those rooms behind a door that opens to reveal another inviting space — cosy, if ever a room with 11' or 12' ceilings can be called cosy.

There, Walter and Madeleine pulled out another invaluable reference: the Home Lover's Encyclopedia. It is a single volume, with the most diverse entries conceivable, beginning with Aberdeen Terrier ("good for ratting"), Acetylene Gas for Lighting, Adder Bites and How to Treat, Arches as a Feature of the Garden, and so on.

Complete instructions for playing backgammon are included. Although the year is not indicated (you can begin to guess from listings such as amplifiers and alternating current), one needs to take modern day knowledge into account before adopting its every suggestion. Take the suggested use of asbestos as an insulating agent, for example.

Just before midnight, I was snug in bed beneath an electric blanket, a bowl of apples and oranges nearby, with a knife for cutting and small plate for seeds, peels, and cores. Two fluffy pillows and a bedside light. The Enchanted Duplicator on the bedside table, Oblique House Christmas Cards downstairs, unsorted fanzines in one of the upstairs attics, fannish classics outside another — if ever there was a doubt about the Ghodlihood of Walter A. Willis, let it now be forever put to rest, for I was certainly in a fan's Heaven, and Walter Himself admits to favoring the



immersion technique. "Will the golden glow fade as I leave this wondrous place," I wondered, "or is it permanent, as the ink stain on my finger seems to be?"

Tuesday I enjoyed a quiet morning of breakfast, reading from Walter's box of current fanzines, lunch à la Madeleine, who was home from a golf match. We had "country soup" (beef and vegetables), cheese tart (quiche), sausage rolls, and a cherry scone. Oh, yes, and a Diet Coke. Walter and Madeleine had stocked up on Diet Coke, plus a couple of Diet Pepsi's, just in case they'd remembered the wrong brand of my preferred source of caffeine. Then Walter, Max, and I were off in search of Scrabo Tower, the famed Tower of Trufandom, with a stop at Grey Abbey along the way.

Rising high about the horizon, overlooking Newtownards and Belfast, the Tower sits with a quiet dignity, appearing, disappearing, and reappearing to treat the eyes as you make your way towards its steps.

The Tower itself is far more architecturally elegant than I thought it would be. Grey granite blocks, windows, turrets of varying heights and diameters, surrounded by velvety, rich green grass and outcroppings of rock rumoured to be what geologists sometimes refer to as Minneapolis Gneiss, according to Walter Himself.

The Tower had an odd effect on me. While there, I was filled with a sense of peace and comfort, plus amazement at the fact I was there at all — Who'da

thunk it? But as we turned to walk back down the path, my heart felt pulled toward my backbone, as though the Tower had staked a claim and was now exerting its powers of attraction, rather like a strong magnet. I couldn't leave...couldn't. The attraction didn't lessen or strengthen with distance — it just was, and quite real, too. It's as though I now have an internal compass; I'll always know in what direction the Tower stands by the direction of the tugging feeling on my heart.

After picking up a few stones from the steep path (the way is arduous!) so as to share the fannishness of it all with those more likely to continue along the metaphysical path to Trufandom rather than the actual dirt and stone walkway, we made our way into Newtownards to run a few errands. We were home in time for tea and a bit of a rest as I geared up for another of Madeleine's feasts.

Wednesday, Walter fulfilled a promise made in his first letter to escort me: "to visit various picturesque ruins, like James White." We drove to Portstewart, where I met James and Peggy. We visited for a bit, then adjourned to the Edgewater Inn for lunch. I had cream of mushroom soup, with fresh cream on top, bread, cider, roast stuffed chicken with boiled potatoes, chips, peas, and broccoli — plus afters! I chose fruit in a meringue shell. There was so much food, I forgot what we talked about, but James didn't, and, according to him, Beyond the Enchanted

Duplicator...To the Enchanted Convention was conceived at that lunch.

Quite stuffed, we returned to The White House, where Peggy waited with tea. She was not feeling well, and hadn't joined us for lunch.

Over tea, James pulled out a photo album and we poured over pictures of IF gatherings from the '50s. I showed pictures of Chuck's and Sue's trip to America. Madeleine urged James to loan me several of his photos, explaining how Jeff could make new negatives and duplicate prints. One picture astonished me by being immediately recognizable. "Why, that's from Chuck's first visit to Ireland!" It was taken at a picnic he wrote about in *Through Darkest Ireland with Knife, Fork, and Spoon*. I borrowed that one, and several others as well, carefully carrying them home to await the building of the darkroom.

We drove back to Strathclyde through the dusk and the dark of night.

SensaWondaLand — The Music, It Ain't Ever Gonna End

Once home, Madeleine pulled out old photos and fannish memorabilia. I chose photos for Jeff to copy, and several others just to show Jeff and/or Chuck.

James phoned to make sure we'd arrived home safely. A hail storm hit Portstewart after we left. Utterly charming, unfailingly polite, warmly human, that's our James.

We talked for hours. Around 11:30 pm, Madeleine made

sandwiches. We were well aware it was the Last Night of our visit — time for midnight snacks rather than turning in like sensible folks after a long day on the road. Madeleine got out the peach schnapps and offered me a taste, soon leaving me with a glass of it.

The night was one of warm, joy-filled companionship — sharing memories, laughter, sheer outrageousness, reading Madeleine's "How Not to Write a Column for le Zombie." Then finally, well after midnight, it was off to bed, armed with Oblique House Christmas Cards to read, plus Shipyard Blues — I didn't want to sleep at all. I wanted to savor every possible minute — time with Walter & Madeleine, time alone, soaking in the spirit and joy of it all.

Thursday morning it was time to pack, write a quick thank-you note, then head downstairs to help myself to breakfast. "That's a breakfast we haven't seen before," Madeleine commented. "Christmas cards and apples. Usually it's fanzines and marmalade."

Walter and I were soon off to Bangor, in search of a map and a ring. "Sounds like something out of Tolkien, a map and a ring," Walter commented. We found the map I wanted at the tourist info office. Madeleine asked at her re-fur-bishing class (they take old furs and sew clothes of modern styling), and found a source of Claddagh rings, in affordable silver. On the way to the airport, no less. So it appeared I'd go home carrying fewer pounds.

Then again, after a few

weeks of Sue's and Madeleine's cooking, I was sure to go home carrying extra pounds, without the benefit of a convenient bank exchange.

Madeleine served fish fillets grilled with breadcrumbs and parsley, parsley sauce, boiled and mashed potatoes, peas, wheat bread, Mateus, and Chocolate Angel Delight for afters — and that was for lunch!

My last half hour at Strathclyde was spent drinking tea by the fire, peering over Madeleine's shoulder at old transparencies, Walter handing me the ATom Anthology — trying to do...everything.

The previous December, as Walter, Madeleine, and I waited for the taxi that would take me from Tropicon to the airport, saying our heartfelt good-byes and fare-thee-wells, little did I imagine that just 11 months later, Walter Himself would be driving me to the Belfast airport.

It was hard to leave — thank goodness I was returning to Chuck and Sue's and two more weeks in England. I couldn't bear to be going home again, yet.

Among my favorite moments were the quiet ones. It was the companionship without words — in the car, around the table, along the beach as we walked the dog — that most touched my heart.

Yes, the conversations were warm, funny, and interesting; the food surpassed all promises implied by Madeleine's reputation; and the ambiance was, as David Emerson would say, "Fannish as Hell." But it was the quiet moments, and the simple comforts of sharing a

home for a few special days, that entwined our lives and

Fansmanship Tips:

How to pick up the tab around Walter A. Willis

1) Show your audacity and disregard for good manners by pinching the bill from beneath his fingertips. Wait for the split second when he removes a bit of pressure from the pen while pausing to remember his hotel room number, or risk the embarrassment of ripping the bill to shreds in the process.

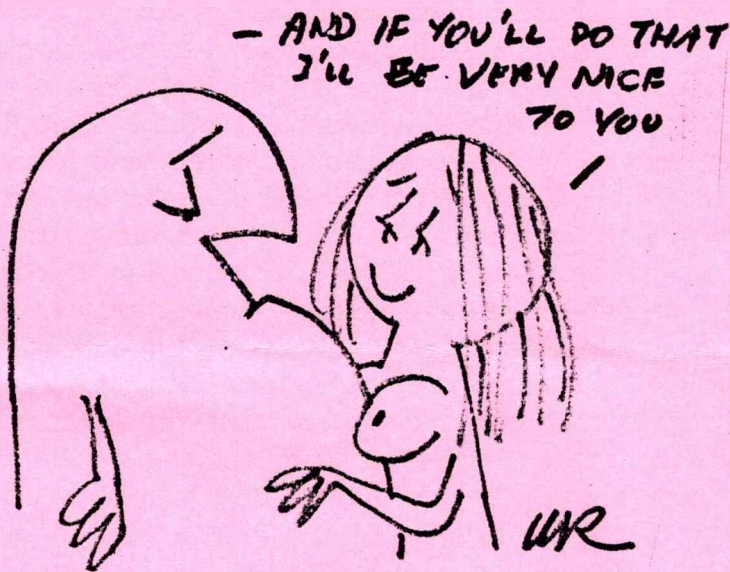
2) After several months have passed, get out of the car at the gas station, walk over to him, and, in your most polite voice, the one that tells him you will graciously accept any answer he gives, say: "Mr. Willis, sir, it would bring me great pleasure to buy this tank of petrol. May I do so?"

These techniques have been tested and proven effective. Research indicates the order of these two steps must be maintained to achieve the desired results.

The Lonesome Birdbath

The Fannish Reflections of Ted White

The Corflu Tradition



Folly #14 arrived in yesterday's mail, along with a letter from Barnaby Rapoport, and just a few days earlier I received a pactsarcd from Redd Boggs. Why, it feels like *fanac*.

Much as I enjoyed Arnie's Corflu report, I have several minor corrections to offer, along with one major correction.

Folly's editor is bound to hear it from everyone, but let me be the first: I did *not* "start" Corflu. It is true that I am one of the very few who have attended

all the Corflus to date, and it is true that I was one-third of the triumvirate which put on the *third* Corflu (rich brown and Dan Steffan were the other two-thirds) back in 1986. But I didn't "start" Corflu even as a behind-the-scenes nudge. That honor goes to a San Francisco triumvirate headed by Allyn Cadogan. (Lucy Huntzinger was also part of that group; the third – also female – went by a variety of names, all of which now escape me, but my

impression is that she bankrolled the first con.) It was Lucy who convinced me to attend the first Corflu at the Claremont (site of the 1968 Worldcon; you may recall it) in early 1984.

The same group put on the second Corflu in Napa in early 1985. Linda Blanchard (who was then living with rich brown) suggested to me at the first Corflu that we think about doing one when Cadogan & Co. had had enough. That evolved into the "bid" for the third Corflu, which we held in northern Virginia.

Following our Corflu, Bill Bowers put on the fourth in Cincinnati (actually, across the river in Covington, KY). He moved the date back some, but there was a blizzard in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Ohio that weekend, and Lynda and I found ourselves spending 20 hours to make a drive that normally takes 11, and driving through the worst of the blizzard Friday night and Saturday morning. Many cars and semis didn't make it – the

This column is exerpted from a recent letter

roadside along Interstate 70 was still littered with them on our return trip, Sunday afternoon -- but our trusty Honda Civic Wagon made it safely, at an average speed of 35 mph.

Subsequent Corflus: 1988 in Seattle, 1989 in Minneapolis, 1990 in NYC, and 1991 in El Paso. So far we've avoided any serious bidding wars, the bids usually coming in uncontested (or with the understanding that the loser is first in line for the following Corflu), the result of old-fashioned smokey back room deals, you betcha. (Bill Bowers to me, at Corflu 2: "Do you think anyone would mind if I bid for the Corflu after yours, Ted?" At that time the aftermath of the 1984 unpleasantness had congealed, with some Cincinnati fans -- but not Bill -- taking up Bergeron's cause, in which I had by then somehow become the Master Villain, and I think this worried Bill. "Go for it, Bill," I encouraged him. And so he did. Corflu 4 is on videotape, an "issue" of *Outworlds*.)

Arnie's confusion is understandable, since to date no one has published a history of the Corflus, and since they are intertwined with something I *did* start, the fwa. The Fanwriters of America was formed in 1984, at the LA Worldcon, in my very own smokey room. I had parties there nearly every night, and one of the several peculiarities of the con hotel was that the rooms were unventilated. They had sealed windows, and an air conditioning unit built into the bathroom ceiling that *cooled* air, but only recirculated it. Over

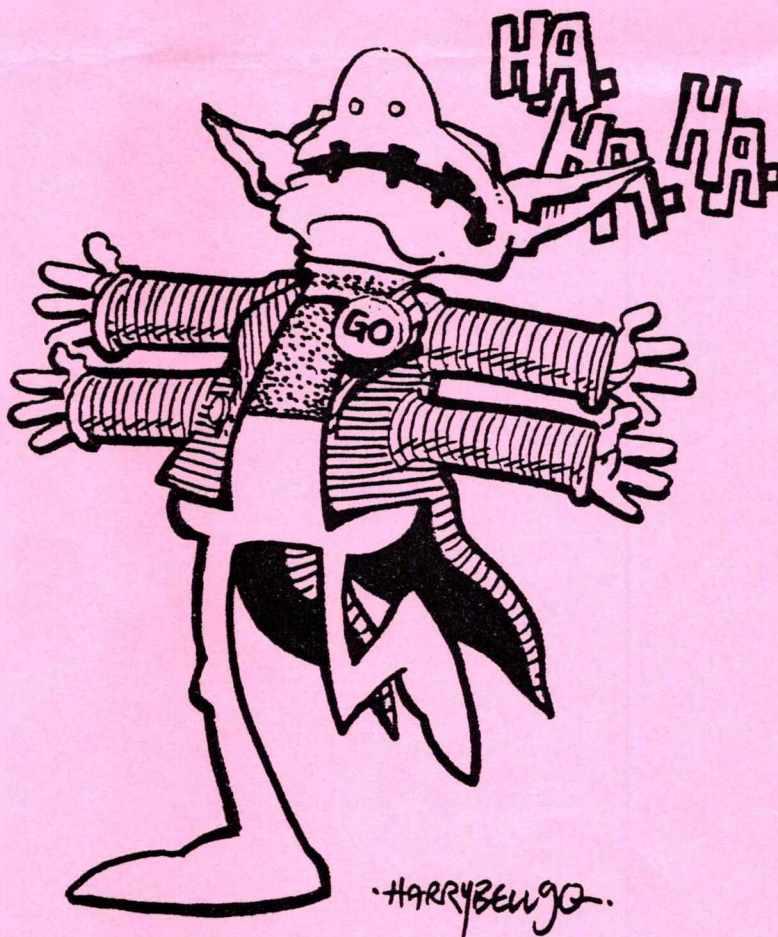
the several days of the convention, my room got smokier and smokier -- enough so that when I might return to it in the early evening after being out all day, the stench of smoke (mostly cigarette smoke) left over from the night before would hit me anew. The air was truly foul.

At any rate, on a night late in the convention, probably Sunday, the room was crammed with fans -- more than two-dozen standing and sitting everywhere. We had the cream of current fandom (we phoned Lucy, woke her, and got her to join us), including Brits like Rob Hansen and Malcolm Edwards. (Why, Dave Hulvey, of all people, showed up!) It started as a conversation between Rob and me, I think, and snowballed

as people began contributing ideas in rapid-fire bursts. We decided that, by autocratic fiat, "American" was defined to include all fans, anywhere in the world, and *if you think you are a member, you are*. "Member, fwa" began appearing in fanzine colophons soon thereafter.

We also decided to elect only *past* officers, there never being any *current* officer. For awhile, we elected two past presidents each year, one for the year just past, and the others for the years prior to our first (1983) past president. But this became unwieldy, as we began forgetting who we'd elected, and I think we paused at about 1980.

The election is now a regular feature of each Corflu, and I've been proud to conduct it each year.



RtS

A Column by Shelby Vick

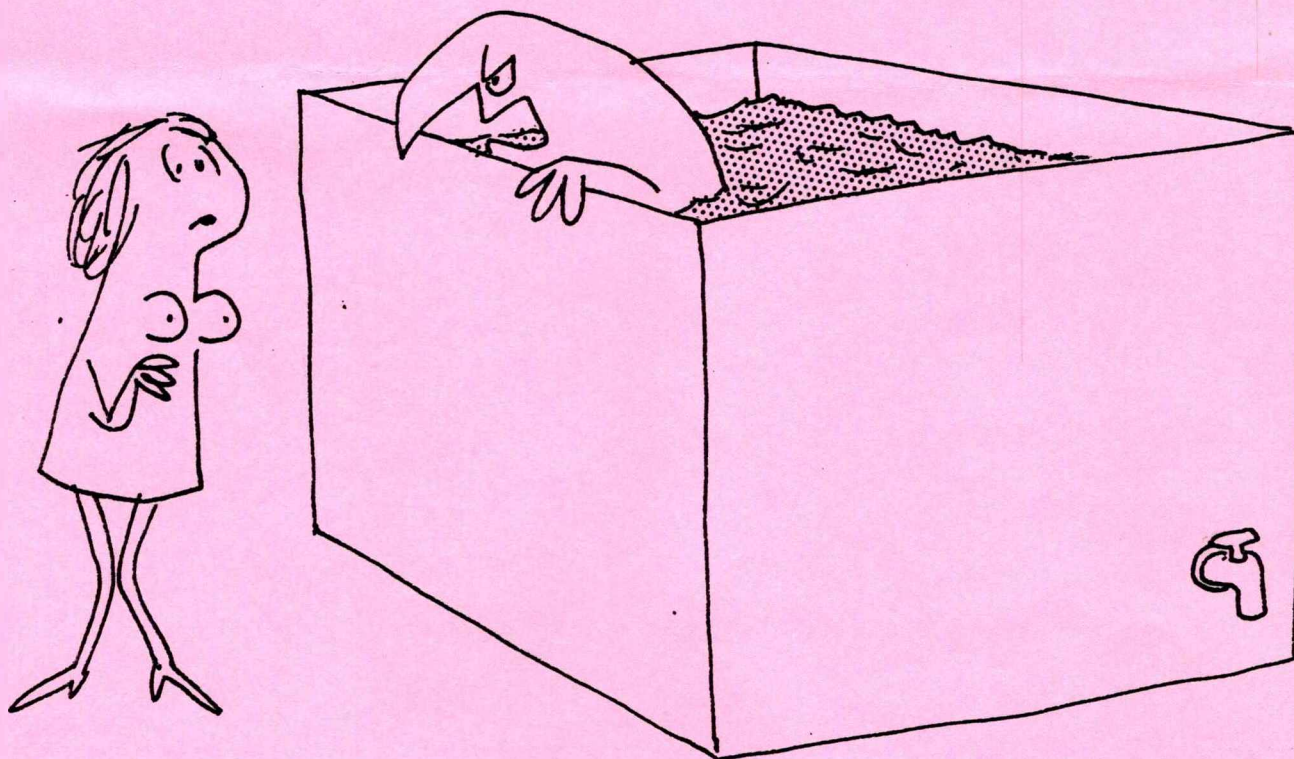
What do I see different in fandom after all these years? Well, there's sure a lot more of it. And with the popularization of sf, it has weakened.

Way Back When, we were not only a minority group, but an oppressed minority. People looked askance at fans, shunned them and we gloried in our isolation. Gloried in it out of self-defense. We looked down on those Unenlightened Others -- the protective mechanism of so many minorities. *We* weren't different, *They* were.

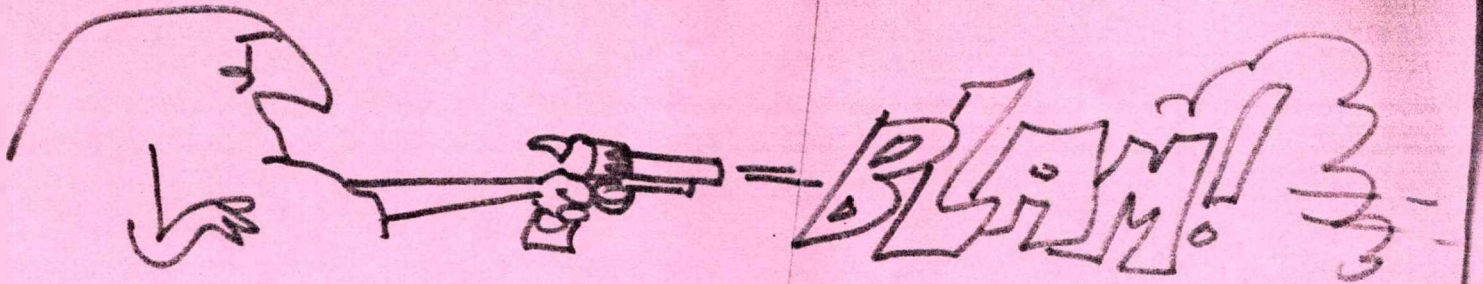
fans, and the like). But the group just isn't as tightly knit as it used to be when we were different.

Another difference, not in fandom but in the field that we worship: Pulp is gone. *Magazines* are all but gone. Today, sf is well-represented in hardcover and paperback, movies and TV, but the pulp letter columns that had been the heartbeat of fandom and the fanzine reviews and all that... I miss them.

I remember a science fiction story from Way Back Then (maybe someone will remember the



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU DIDN'T BRING
A BIKINI?



name and the author; I don't have Norm Metcalf's memory) in which a fellow goes into the future and sees what he thinks are lots of sf mags on the newsstand. Turns out they are simply adventure stories of the present; no one knows what sf is... Looks like we're about halfway to that.

Otherwise, I can't give too much of an opinion. I'm still just standing at the edge of fandom, not much more than an outsider looking in. Maybe, after a few more issues of *Folly*, I'll see things differently.

There's no way I could ever put out another fanzine. My time is taken up by working two days, plus lots of time spent babysitting two granddaughters -- they'll be ages two and five by the time you read this -- plus endless hours trying to get back into the writing game.

(A brief bit about my writing: I have, in the past, sold five short stories and four paperback novels. Now, I'm taking a lot of time writing, hoping to get to the point where some of the stuff I turn out is submittable.

I'm mainly working on books. Yeah, "books", plural. I write like I read; several books at a time. One of these days I'll turn out something I'm pleased with, and then find out what publishers think.)

Anyhoo, my time is taken up with that, reading a few fanzines -- which calls for a few lox -- and a tad of personal correspondences. Just not enough hours to try a fanzine of my own. I'm going to give away an idea that has amused me.

You know how, at the end of a letter column, there will sometimes be "We Also Heard From"?

Well, here's my answer to that:

We Almost Heard From

Ray Bradbury, F. Towner Laney (1), Hulk Hogan, Arthur C. Clarke, Harlan Ellison, Gene Roddenberry, Dan Quayle (2), Forry Ackerman, Gini Saari (3), Henry Burwell (4), Bob Shaw, Walt Willis, Stephen King, Leonard Nimoy, Pete Perew (5), Theodore Sturgeon, Shell Scott (6), Diana Muldaur (7), and -- my personal favorite - Will Eisner (8).

(1) Fans from the '40s will understand.

(2) Our Vice President -- remember??

(3) A sexy dish from the early '50s, probably at the '52 Chicon II.

(4) Prominent at Chicon II as well, but since disappeared.

(5) Now known as Felice Rolfe; She's responsible for Suzanne and I reestablishing contact, long ago.

(6) A ridiculous private eye of fiction whose antics I still enjoy.

(7) Mainly because I liked her in *Star Trek* and TNG.

(8) As comics fans would know, originator of one of the most original comic strips ever, "The Spirit". A sense of humor I can't resist.

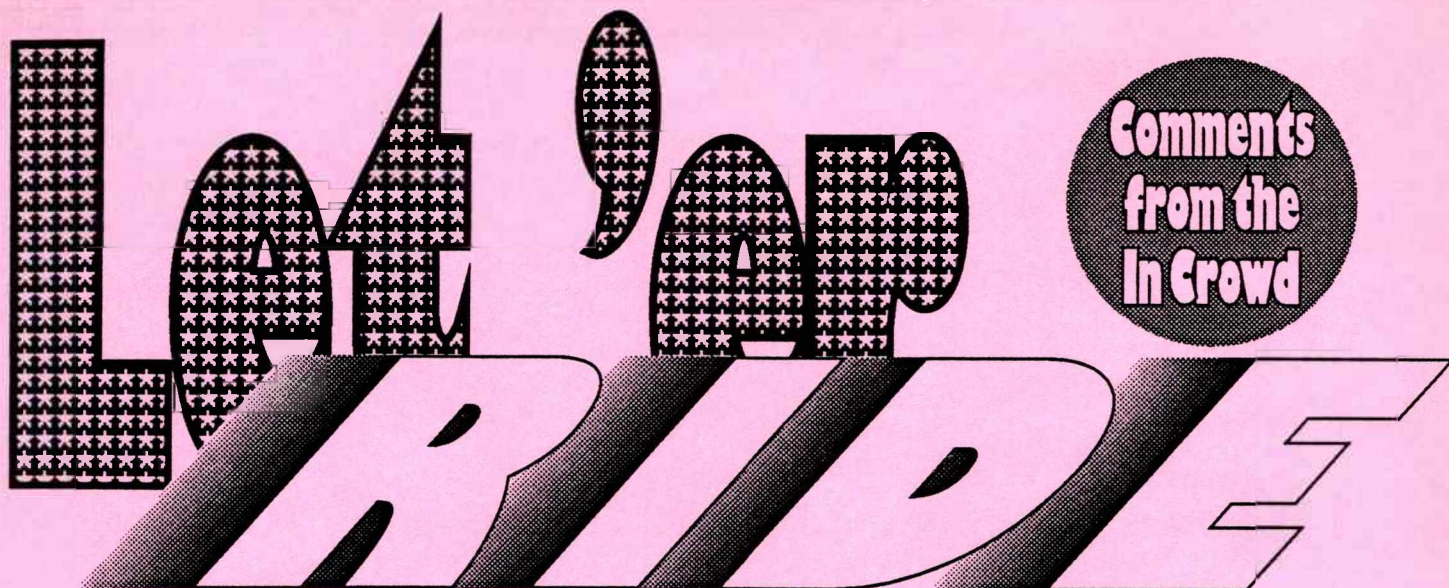
I didn't bother identifying Hulk Hogan. I figure *every* body has to know this rasslin' superstar.

The list, natch, could go on and on -- and would have, if I had ever started a fanzine.

But I haven't.

And I won't.

(*Them's the last words of this episode, and I hope that won't end up going down as Famous Last Words...*)



Vinç Clarke remembers

16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent, DA16 2BN United Kingdom

Interesting, that first encounter of hard-bitten fanzine fans with Other Fans in their own fair city, and your apostolic endeavors to show them enlightenment through publishing. A couple of London fans, Jonathan Cowle and Tony Chester -- Jonathan edited a university fanzine and Tony did his own zine some years back -- set up meetings in a small pub some 6 miles away, and I went there several times in the hope of finding recruits. No luck -- or no luck so far. They managed to get 7 or 8 sf readers to attend, with occasional incursion from a local flourishing Trekkie club and every now and then got a "feature" printed in the local freebie press, but otherwise -- nothing. I scattered fanzines amongst the beer glasses -- nothing. I helped in producing a short-lived news-sheet -- and it was usually occupied in discussing the latest Stephen King books/films.

But that essential fannish spark was missing, and I felt too old and tired to run a one-man mission. Pity. I could do with some local neofan input to help sort out 5,000-odd fanzines littering 16WWW.

Arnie: A major difference is that Las Vegas had a thriving new club full of sf readers before Joyce and I came on the scene. Passing out fanzines made little impact here, either, possibly because non-publishers seldom appreciate them much. On the other hand, the monthly oneshot sessions have seduced more than one local into fanzine publishing. I don't know how many

will stick with fanzines over the long haul, but I believe we've netted at least a few worthies. Now if we could repeat the Vegas Phenomenon in about six other cities, we'd really have something.

Rob's thoughts on *Fancy III* take me back to Dick Eney's endeavors to edit entries for *Fancy II*. He just sent around a small (spirit duplicated) fanzine to numerous fans in the States and over here, asking simply that they tell him all they knew about -- and there followed a list of headings. I'd quote direct, but I can't find the energy to go searching for the stuff. I suppose he did the correlation himself. I don't know if the addition of another 30-odd year's lore could be handled by one fan, but that's a good suggestion about splitting up the burden among countries.

And as for Chuch's TAFF bit (*Folly*, the Thinking Fan's Fanzine, is what they're calling you), I noticed in passing a certain lack of enthusiasm for delegates attending Worldcons, and I fully sympathise. It would be far better if the winning delegate could pick his/her own con. There'd be a far more congenial gathering at Corflu or MexiCon than at the hurly-burly of the WorldCon.

Arnie: Your TAFF destination comment strikes a chord, but Joyce pointed out a flaw in the idea. TAFF is supported by more than just fanzine fans, and all contributors deserve a chance to meet the emissary from afar. Non fanzine fans might feel as out of place at Corflu or Ditto as we introverts do at WorldCons.

Maybe it's time to augment DUFF and TAFF with TOFFE (Trans-Oceanic Fanzine Fan Exchange) to orchestrate exactly the sort of delegate swap you describe.

Your squib in the letter column answering Lloyd Penny, that "a few extra crudzines is a small price to pay for an influx of enthusiastic new fans" reminds me of Walt Willis moaning when a mention of *Slant* in a prozine brought in an avalanche of *Amazing Stories* as exchange. But entry to fanzine fandom has been restricted for many years to those lucky enough to have come across an advert in a semi-prozine or stumbled upon specimens at a con. We need something resembling *Fandom Access* on an international scale, and I, too, would like to hear more about it.

Arnie: If we want the pitter-patter of neofannish feet around the old slanshack, we'll have to accept some pseudo-parental grief. Neofen say and do some strange things.. We don't use The "C" Word much around here, but the reputations of *Hyphen*, *Void*, and *Innuendo* are still safe for now.

Wally Weber is a First Class *Folly* reader

24127 S.E. 103rd St., Issaquah, WA 98027

October 23, 1990, when I received *Folly* #3, I wrote to you explaining that I would very soon send you a letter of comment. It is now March 21, 1992, 10:49 pm. Pacific Standard Time, as a matter of fact, and about six hours ago a copy of *Folly* #14 landed in our tastefully decorated mailbox. In the last year-and-a-half, several other-numbered issues of *Folly* have been showing up in that mailbox, one after another. It is becoming evident to me that despite my clear explanation to you that a letter of comment was forthcoming in a short period of time, you have gone on publishing without the timely guidance I was preparing to bestow upon you. You have blundered on in your -- how shall I put this delicately? -- ah, unique, yes unique, manner.

Well, Arnie, you don't have to feel bad any more, because I forgive you. I accept your groveling apology with the ghodd grace for which I am internationally famous. You can even take heart in the fact that, all things considered, you really haven't done all that badly on your own. Honest! Of course, your own progress can't compare with the fannish comebacks

of those who have heeded my advice (Walter Breen and Claude Degler are two examples), or even a personable neo whose career I am shaping. (The neo's name is Ted Bundy, in case you are wondering. When I have his CoA, I will send it to you for your mailinglist.)

Arnie: Are you sure you don't mean *Kelly* Bundy? I don't think the Post Office current serves your Mr. Bundy's present residence. Something about the heat melting the mailboxes into slag.

Let's look at *Folly* #14 for a moment and see if there is anything of merit there. The return address is just a rerun of what you've been printing the last several issues, and you must admit that the letter column was a little thin this time, but the rest was amazingly superb. The Rotsler illos were perfect (okay, so that was a redundant statement -- don't get so uppity, Katz!), and the Corflu report was... was... words fail. Ghod, but I love conreports, and this was a goody! I could really get down and wallow in it. I see you didn't get to meet Breen, Degler or Bundy, but then you aren't in their class, so that wasn't surprising.

You did leave out any mention of car trouble on the way to and from the convention, and that was a mistake. Any fan of note will *always* have massive car problems on convention trips. You covered pretty well by revealing the characteristics of travelers by their conversation and actions. Except for the lack of car trouble, it was just like being there. Woody became my favorite character during the trip, although I might have been biased a bit because his name starts with a "W".

The names of the fans at the con were a wonder to me. So many I have never heard of, yet they seem to be well-known and definitely not neos. And the names I did remember -- Burbee sick? Bergeron had a war named after him?

I am suspicious of one name that appeared four lines up from the bottom of the left column on page 7. Art Rapp might have been present in the alternate universe room 109, but you can't convince me he was at the con in *this* universe. Surely you meant Art Widner, who is everywhere in all universes.

Arnie: It sounds like you're disappointed by the

performance of fandom's "B"s. As a "K", I'm neutral on the alphabet issue, but I've always venerated fandom's wondrous "W"s -- including White, Warner, Willis, and Widner. Oh, and a certain Wally Wastebasket Weber. Yet we shouldn't hastily dismiss the fannish contributions of the "B"s .. What would fandom be without Burbee, brown, Bailes, Benford, Boggs, Bentcliffe, Bangsund, Bell, Busby and the two John Berrys.

Holy Follies, Arnie, it is now one o'clock Sunday morning here. At least there isn't any mail delivery today, so I will be able to put this letter in the mail before *Folly* #15 shows up.

Just one more comment about my very most favorite part of every issue. It's that little sticker with my name and address on it that you paste on the outside, just under the words "First Class" Thanks for the compliment.

A 'Thank You' from **Robert Lichtman**
P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442

The first thing to say (about *Folly* #14) is that it's really a surprise these days to see a long convention report in print during the same month as the con itself. Thanks for reestablishing old traditions. Other than that, the usual thing

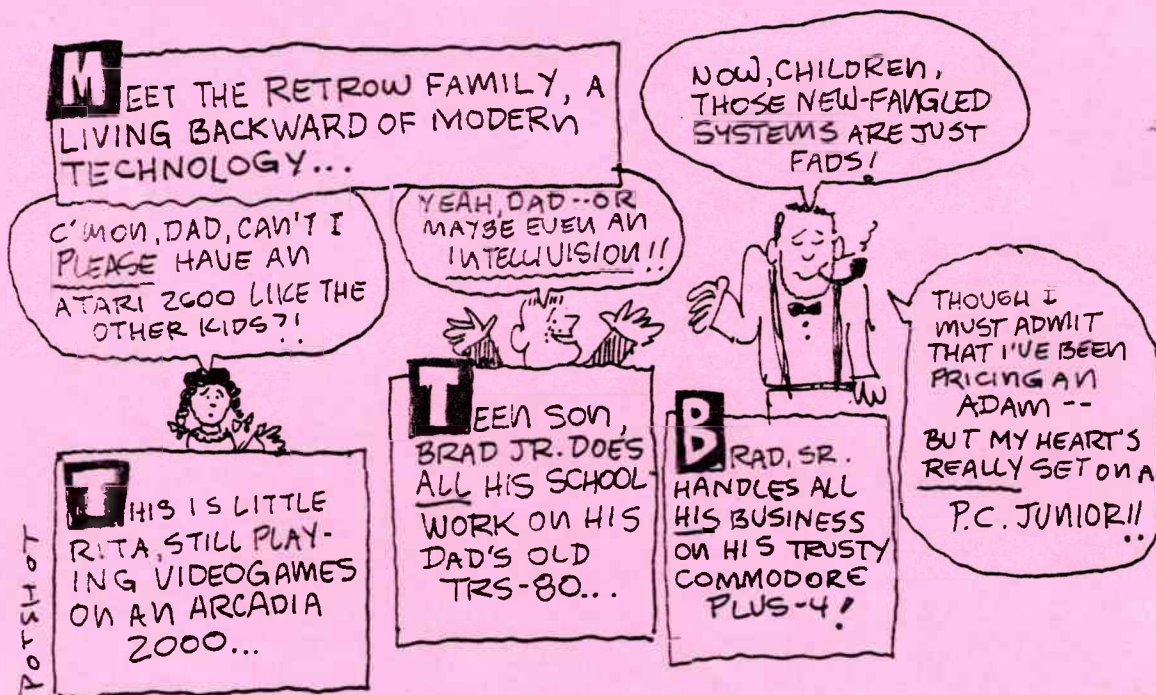
one says in response to con reports is along the lines of "Well, it certainly was a wonderful thing", end of comment.

I've got a little more than that. Count me as one of those fen who, in years past, has been described in family terms by other fans. I used to be Miriam and Jerry Knight's "little boy" when we all shared an apartment on University Avenue back in 1961. Later, Calvin Demmon took my place in both apartment and family.

Arnie: I've part of ad hoc fan families on at least two occasions. I was Felice Rolfe's adopted grandson in the late 1960s. In an entirely different context, at least one fan has referred to me as a "son of a bitch".

Wow! Looking forward to the first issue of *Spindizzy*. Please ask Joyce to take a proactive approach to CoAs -- solicit fans to send them in before they happen. It would be to the benefit of faneds everywhere

Arnie: As you know the fanworld is still waiting for the first issue of *Spindizzy*. I hate to say this, but I think your letter may've had something to do with the delay. When Joyce read your suggestion about CoAs, she immediately vowed to follow your suggestion. That



was Ghood, but the editor of fandom's leading unpublished newszine decided to go further. "I want to print CoAs before the fans involved have even thought of moving," she told me yesterday, as she looked up from her ouija board.

A Quotable Quibble from Robert Bloch

2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles, CA 90074

There's a lot I like about *Folly* #12, and just one quibble -- that gossip and innuendo were good enough for me and Tucker in the glory days. Now, I can't speak for Tucker, but my work speaks for me. If you were to go through the two published volumes of my fanzine material -- *The Eighth Stage of Fandom* and *Out of My Head* -- I don't think you'd end up with any "gossip" and no "innuendoes" except obvious untruths intended as humor.

And in my own memoirs (*One More Story to Tell*), which I've just sent off to Tor, I've avoided "latitude" and "subjectivity" as self-serving. History and autobiography should strive for truth, not deception, or else it's just gossip and innuendo, right?

The Vegas "inside" material" is fabulous.

Hoping you are the same.

Arnie: My comment about "gossip and innuendo" is one of those "obvious untruths intended as humor". If I can't make them funnier, perhaps such statements should appear in a different color so that the ladies and gentlemen who depend on *Folly* for their knowledge of the world will be able to separate the exaggerations from the lies, half-truths, and falsehoods-by-omission. And I can't wait to read that bio you mention. And *that*, Robert, is no "untruth intended as humor".

Lloyd Penny walks on the Lite Side

412-4 Lisa St., Brampton, ON CANADA L6T 4B6

I'm very inexperienced at filking... I know all the local filkers, but don't partake of it myself. However, there's now an annual filking in the Toronto area, and while I won't sing, I will help out so that the filkers can filk with the convention intact. Yvonne and I will be managing the con suite for FILKONtario 2 in April. Working in support services is more my style, anyway.

Folly Lite? It's thinner and less filling for the envelope. It reads great, quicker than the rest of *Folly*! Less filling! Reads great! LESS FILLING!! READS GREAT!! (sigh...)

No matter what the after-effects may be after

the stay in the hospital, it's good to hear that Walt Willis is back up and moving. Best to you, and stay well.

Chuch Harris may want to play with wordts, but there's probably a Surgeon-General's warning about that. Besides, most people have their wordts removed in childhood. Mine were infected, and I had to be rushed to hospital to have them excised. Couldn't speak for a week, and all I could eat was Jello and ice cream. Maybe that's why Walter had to visit sick bay... he had to have his wordts removed. Chuch, what are you still doing with yours intact? Must be good genetics.

Arnie: Walter continues his recovery, despite periodic deliveries of this fanzine to his door. He's been playing golf and getting good exercise, presumably to prepare for his Fan GoH stint at MagiCon. I utterly discount rumors that he plans to swim to Florida so he can spend the air fare on hamburgers and ice cream sodas.

From my loc... I don't want to paint Insurgency as dark, either. Too many fans embrace it for it to be dark and destructive. However, the examples of Insurgents found in the Toronto area have proven to be more negative than positive. I hope the more positive aspects can be brought to the forefront in future. Perhaps an article outlining the difference between Trufannishness and Insurgency could be whipped up by the editor of this fine zine...

Arnie: Insurgentism has many good points, including its desire to maintain literary and social standards, an uncompromising respect for the truth, and a trenchantly satiric view of life and fandom. Like any philosophy, though, it can be harmful if pushed to extremes.

A WAWning from Walter A. Willis (Himself)

32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 0PD

Allow me to congratulate you on an outstanding advance in the field of fanzine publishing, your introduction of the first fanzine draft. This idea could revolutionize fanzine publishing. But I should warn you against arbitrary use of your vast powers. Your moral authority derives from the democratic acceptance by the readers of your position as editor. It only needs a few popular decisions to precipitate a

revolt which would result in control of the enterprise being wrested from your grasp.

I can see it now. Columns of outraged readers marching up and down the letter section. Then an ominous silence, and then, lo, a rival *Folly* appears in the mails, featuring free fan writers.

Fortunately, your first drafted columnist seems a popular choice, even with himself. I quote from the latest communique from Daventry...

"... I am in a particularly good mood today. I got the new *Folly* and mighod! they've done an Avedon and made a column of my letters. And found a **superb** title for it. 'C.Harrisma'. So how come you or Himself never thought of it? I've been stuck with RANDOM ever since I was a tad and never really liked it, but C.HARRISMA... Wow! You should check the OED. 'A special personal quality or power... inspires great enthusiasm and devotion... divinely bestowed power or talent.'

Vinny, how did they know all those things about me?

Arnie: Bold words, indeed, from someone who is classified "I-Y (temporarily unsuitable for fanac due to illness, injury, or gafia) rather than 4-F (permanently exempted from fanzine service). In fact, your letter reminds me that it's high time the Draft Board met to review your present status. This fine letter and your recent article in *Folly* suggest that you are clinging to a

now-invalid deferment.

My advice: Be like Shelby Vick and volunteer before the call up. He got choice of title and full credit for previous fanzine service. See your *Folly* recruiter...**Today!**

The piece about the lady wrestlers was unexpectedly poignant, bearing in mind that I never saw these girls in their heyday. It takes good writing to make the reader nostalgic for something he doesn't remember. Much the same applies to Geri's trip report, which makes one feel the warmth of being a house guest of Sue and Chuch.

About Chuch's claim on my behalf against the city of Las Vegas authorities for \$14,098,764 (less 15¢), I don't want to seem grasping, but why this 15-cent deduction for brokerage fee? Does he think I'm made of money, that I can afford to throw away 15¢, just like that? 15¢ here, 15¢ there, and soon it will all be gone, and I'll be back where I was, in the Golden Nugget in 1952, a ruined man.

Arnie: I don't think it's entirely a coincidence that the owner of the Golden Nugget, Mr. Steve Wynn, has within the last few years built the *billion-dollar* Mirage Hotel and Casino. It could be that the money unjustly diverted from your wallet has financed this neon-bedecked edifice. If I were you, I'd get right on a plane for Las Vegas and put in a claim. For all you know, you may have legal claim to the volcano.

We Also Heard From: Many Fine Fans, a lot of whom will see large sections of their fascinating letters printed in the next issue of *Folly*.

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First
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