



# KATZENJAMMER

## A Greeting -- and a Plea -- from Arnie Katz

Andy Main, who had it first, donated this column title to me when I was just a young fan, and it endured through *Quip*, *Focal Point*, *Tandem*, and *Swoon*. Now as I gingerly step clear of the protective underbrush of the Glades of Gafia on unsteady fannish legs, I want to clutch the comforting familiarity of "Katzenjammer" close to my bosom.

I'm apprehensive. The same person who reeled off roughly 20 million professional words in the last two decades is sitting at his Macintosh SE keyboard in a semi-paralyzed condition. The same person who entertained millions of readers at a clip is staring at a writer's block the size of the Washington Monument, because he's unsure of his ability to please 100.

Ever meet a childhood friend or schoolmate you haven't seen in 20 years? That's how I feel now as I start my first genzine in more than a decade. I have so much to learn about you, and you know so little about me. Please, be gentle, I haven't been with a fanzine reader for a long time.

There are bound to be preconceptions about anyone who was as visible as I was in fandom. My ignorance about today's fandom is encyclopedic. I intend to go very slowly and get acquainted -- and re-acquainted -- with all of you. I hope you'll allow me the same leeway.

I briefly considered re-entering fandom under a *nom de fanac*. It would have been so much easier to slip back into the hobby as an anonymous, if erudite, neofan. No long-winded histories to recount. No juvenile soreheads with 20-year-old grudges. Just 100 per cent pure unadulterated crlfanac.

I thought about it, but I couldn't do it. For one thing, I'm enough of an egotist to want any egoboo that may be lingering in the atmosphere for my past writing and publishing feats. More importantly, it seemed

somehow dishonest to play such games. Besides, Calvin Demmon would have figured it out before he finished reading the first page.

I've decided to settle for a unilateral non-aggression pact. Life is too sweet to waste any of it on feuding. If you and I Had Words a decade or two ago, I've forgotten them. If I made you sore, I'm sorry. If you made me sore, I don't care any more. If you can't stand me, leave me alone.

I don't want to pull off the faanish hoax of the century. I have no ambition to be a Secret Master of Fandom or edit a focal point fanzine. I've been away a long time, and I simply want to sit near the fire, make (and re-make) some friends, and have a good time. And once I remember how to write fan stuff again, I hope to repay your kindness with some entertaining, possibly even humorous, reading. □

**Folly #1**, Summer 1990, is written, edited, and published by -- gasp! -- Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107) on a determinedly irregular schedule for the diversion of the 100-person mailing list. August 20, 1990.

*Folly* is available for letter of comment, contribution of artwork or writing, or (arranged) all-for-all trade for your fanzine. Please be gentle, I've been away a lo-o-ong time, and there are barnacles on my Shield of Umor.

Typography by Macintosh SE computer; spelling by caprice.

the  
**ARNIE  
KATZ**  
COMEDY  
NANOSECOND

# BACK FROM GAFIA

## A Former Fan's 15-Year Odyssey from Trufandom to Mundania -- and Back Again

The road to hell is paved with good intentions, but my road back to fandom is lined with pleasant memories. The passage of time has brought increased perspective, and I look upon those fanning days as a (mostly) happy period in a generally happy life.

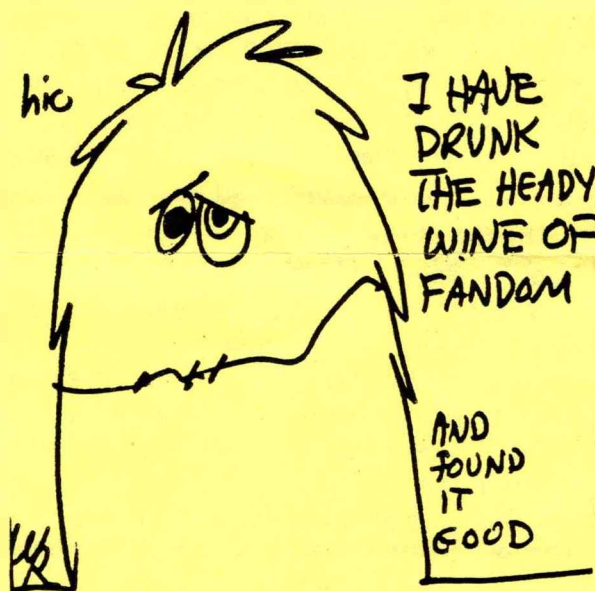
If you'd asked me, at the height of Ninth Fandom in 1972, when the Brooklyn Insurgents were in full flower, I would've sworn that I would never gafiate. Maybe take a year off, but not the Big Exit.

But I eventually came to discover the truth in something a fannish elder ghod once told me: The more a fan achieves, the bigger target he or she becomes to certain segments of fandom. One night, a local New York fan whom I had never met, came up to me cold on the street and delivered a tirade about the Ultimate Evil of Fannish Insurgentism. I had reached the point of diminishing returns. My fanac began to dwindle.

Then my writing and editing career went into overdrive. I channelled my time, money, and energy into rising through the ranks at Harcourt Brace, starting a professional wrestling magazine with Bill Kunkel, Joyce Worley, and Charlene Komar, hosting a weekly radio show as an outgrowth

of the mat magazine, and finally, pioneering computer and video game journalism with a monthly column in *Video* magazine co-authored with Bill. Then we convinced the publisher of *Video* to let us try a whole magazine devoted to the subject.

From the summer of 1981 to Christmas 1984, *Electronic Games* was all my fanzines rolled into one.



After that, Bill, Joyce, and I formed Katz Kunkel Worley to provide editorial, design, evaluation, and consultation services to the home computer field. It hardly troubled us that there was no such niche at the time.

Five years and a lot of terrific breaks later, there is. We generate about half the content of *Video Games & Computer Entertainment*, write and edit magazines for Sega of America and MicroLeague Sports

Association, and publish a budding newsletter called **megagaming**. Many software publishers use our consulting and software evaluation expertise, and we have designed about 20 games in the last three years.

At one time, writing accounted for virtually all KKW revenue, but the design/fine-tuning/evaluation side has boomed in the last few years. I've got a writing jones built up over years of high-volume freelancing, but time and an exclusive newsstand deal with *VACE* restricts my opportunity to sate it.

So I was ripe for fandom when Mark Blackman wrote to tell me that TAPS (Terrean Amateur Press

Society), the apa I co-founded with Lenny Bailes, was about to celebrate its 300th monthly mailing.

"You'll contribute to the 300th," I told myself, "and then you'll fade quietly back into the woodwork." So I started writing bits and pieces on the word processor. It was great fun and all, but then I had to assemble it into a submission to *The Terrean*. That's where I began to get into deep waters.

"You can't just do

one of those drab 'Dear TAPS' contributions that's set up like a business letter with the address in the upper right corner," I said. "That would be Unworthy of Der Founder." So I put a little colophon at the top of the page with square, one-em quads to set it off from the text. It still didn't look right.

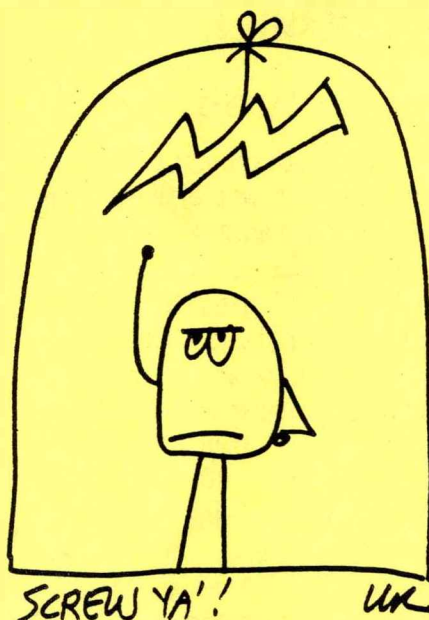
"You gotta put a name on it, Katz," I scolded. I knew I had a point. But what name? I'd used *Le Merde* in my first TAPS stint, but I



didn't like it any more. Besides, I wasn't planning on doing another one, and it seemed silly to revive an old title only to kill it after one mailing. Another point against *Le Merde* is that I was none too sure of my ability to write acceptable fan stuff after all these years. I didn't want the title to put any descriptive adjectives in readers' heads. I could see the sneering comment: "*Le Merde* is."

I use two handles in my BBS and computer network activities, so I thought I'd just borrow one for this special occasion. Somehow, "A Katz" didn't sound right as a fanzine title, which left "Crossfire". It's an allusion to the comic book costumed hero who saves Hollywood starlets from octopus-armed producers.

So I typed "Crossfire" at the top of the page. Then I centered it. Then I replaced the 12-pt. Geneva with 24-pt. Commando outline bold italic. If you've got a Mac, flaunt it. Seeing it blazoned across the top of the page made something click in my brain. I added "#1" -- and my fannish destiny was sealed. □



## CALLING ALL ARTISTS

Don't try to hide behind that drawing table.... I see ya! As the alert may notice, this issue of *Folly* introduces a new concept: Illo Reruns. After all, it's the traditional time for showing old favorites again. The next issue will be this fall, and I'd sure like to have a few **new** cartoons to decorate it. You'll be glad you did...

## PLAYING AROUND

From May 30th to June 5th, I exchanged the balmy breezes of the Sodom of the Southwest for chilly 60-mile-an-hour Chicago winds. No, I haven't suddenly joined Bad Weather fandom; it was the week of the annual summer Consumer Electronics Show. This mammoth event fills all the space at the various McCormick Place halls with a treasure trove of consumer electronics gear. For techno-freaks, it's like getting an advance peek at Christmas. Nearly 90,000 buyers, distributors, publishers and other members of the electronics industry converge on Chicago in June to see -- and buy -- the latest and greatest.

My particular interest is, of course, video and computer games. Even with partners Joyce and Bill working all-out, 20-hours a day, too, it was grueling. We estimate that publishers showed more than 300 video games and at least 100 computer games on the floor and in hotel suites scattered throughout the city.

The problem is that we wear too many hats. We have to cover the convention from a journalistic standpoint, make deals to keep our game design and consulting businesses afloat, and act like industry pundits for the benefit of company presidents and media microphones. Maintaining a highly enthusiastic, extroverted persona for that long really takes a toll on a shy and sensitive artist -- stop laughing. I hear you laughing -- and I always end CES totally drained.

And then I get to rush back home to the office and start all the new projects and attempt to make up for the week I've just lost on the on-going ones. During CES, my adrenaline pumps so ferociously that I am practically invulnerable to pain or discomfort. One evening, I went out in 45-degree weather in shirt sleeves and did not even feel the chill.

Of course, once I get home and the pressure abates, that adrenaline

*Continued on page 8*

# Talk Radio

## The Air Heads of the Airwaves

Even a life-long liberal like me can get a bellyful of one's fellow Americans by listening to talk radio. "Midnight Caller" doesn't scratch the surface. "Caller" focuses on Significant Stories, not the day-to-day idiocy that is the backbone of the call-in format.

Despite my collection of 10,000 rock albums, I have always enjoyed non-music radio. As a teenager, I listened to Jean Shepherd and Long John Nebel, turning the volume to a whisper to avert parental wrath.

I idolized Jean Shepherd, king of the night people. His beautifully told stories had a huge effect on my writing style. His book, "In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash", and the 1988 movie "A Christmas Story" rework yarns I first heard by the light of a Zenith portable.

Long John's all-night show was a festival of the way-out and weird. If it wasn't someone with a new healing method, it was a guy who'd just had a joyride on a flying saucer. Nebel, a former carnival pitchman, knew exactly how to make these people hang themselves.

Five hours with LJ could be an eternity for a schlub who claimed contact with the gas men of Jupiter. His panelists included such SF folks as Del Rey, Pohl, and Ellison.

I started listening to talk radio again a few years ago, when I got my first home office. I found talk more conducive to work than rock. Strange, but that's me.

New York City call-in shows had some bad moments, but I usually picked financial or sports shows as less likely to attract nuts. Here in Vegas, talk means the Sun Radio Network. It offers a parade of some of the sickest minds in America, presided over by a pack of mealy-mouthed ciphers who'd fawn on Adolf Hitler if Der Fuhrer dialed their number.

Some ideas recently presented through this forum include:

- The way to end the drug problem is to get a lot of marijuana and poison it. That way, when people start to die, the smokers will turn on each other.
- Convicted murders should be executed by the same means they used on their victims.

• Anyone who burns a flag should be tortured to death on television

And no matter what a caller says, the host responds, "That's a very interesting point. I'm sure there are many people who share your views." Let's Hope Not. □



## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO?

The roster in the last *Terrean* made me jump for joy. For the first time I saw a name familiar from the Olden Days: Jeff Schalles.

"Jeff Schalles?" asked Joyce Katz, Brooklyn's former High Priestess. "Isn't he the nice boy who did those horrible side-perspective cartoons?"

"Yes, that was him," I admitted.

"But, Joyce, time has passed."

"A lot of time," she agreed.

"And changes," I continued.

"Yes, a lot of changes." She tossed her blonde hair, so different from the straight light brown mane that once hung down below her ass.

"For all we know," I said, "Jeff may be hanging in the Louvre!"

"Oh, gee, Arnie, I don't think his cartoons were *that* bad!"

I guess some things *don't* change. She's still Gracie after all these years. □





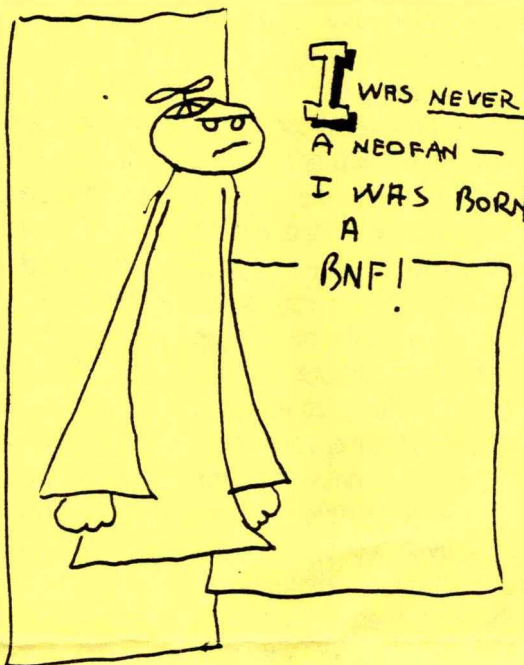
# FANDOM'S MASTERWORKS

Among the joys of de-gafiating is renewing acquaintance with fandom's masterworks. When I decided to resume activity, I began to excavate the treasures in my fanzine collection to recapture memories dulled by time.

As a former investigative journalist, it's my habit to resort to research to fill in knowledge gaps. My fanzine collection is first-rate and is mostly filed in alphabetical folders. I started reading for information, but pure pleasure kept me absorbed night after night. The sophisticated fannishness of *Innuendo*, the pure wit of *Hyphen*, and the irresistible panache of *Void* thrilled me as much as they did 20 years ago.

So far, I've concentrated on fandom's major productions. In the

process, I've compiled a list of my favorites. Here, in no particularly



order, are my nominations for a hypothetical "essential library of fandom":

"The Immortal Storm". The style is florid, and SaM spends many chapters justifying some of New Fandom's more controversial actions, but the narrative is riveting. Despite the concentration on hobby politics, he paints a vivid picture of fanning in the 1930s.

"All Our Yesterdays" and "A Wealth of Fable". I like to read these a chapter at a time rather than cover to cover. Harry Warner's objectivity and eye for the significant detail have never been equalled.

"The Harp Stateside". The undiluted brilliance of Willis shines throughout his account of his trip to America in 1952. Bring him back. I'd be delighted to see John Berry come with him, especially if it yields a 90s version of "The Goon Goes West". No one magnifies the mundane into the marvelous like the Goon.

"The Incomplete Burbee" and "The Incomplete Terry Carr" show that the pupil is worthy of the master -- and that is praise, indeed. Let's throw in "The Willis Papers", Bloch's "The Eighth Stage of Fandom" and "Warhoon 28" (the Willis issue) to complete this set of single-author anthologies.

"The Enchanted Duplicator" and "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!" represent the opposite poles of idealism and naturalism. "TED" is the bible of trufandom, pure and simple. Laney's memories have grave flaws, including the gay bashing and runaway rationalizations, but his ear for dialogue and trenchant observations redeem his excesses.

I could easily add another 10, including "Fancyclopedia II", but the preceding are my favorites. I'd be interested to hear about yours.

## Fanac-Proof!

Though you wouldn't know it to look at me now, I used to be a Publishing Giant. During the heyday of 9th Fandom (1971-1973) we sometimes ran off as many as three genzines, average circ 200, average size 30 pages in a single day. Mental health services weren't as good in those days.

When I gafiated, I took steps to prevent premature relapses. I sold my Rex Rotary 1000, gave away my lettering guides, donated my microelite typewriter to a Worthy Cause, and shipped my Selectric to a needy friend.

It seemed fool proof, but technology breached my defenses. The Macintosh SE replaces both typewriter and lettering guides. It's even better, since it does things like justification without any

effort. My Imagewriter and a photocopier are a reasonable substitute for the mimeograph, except that I don't have to hunch over the machine and no ink stains mar the parquet floor in my office. Now only good sense stands between me and hyperfanac. Tremble.

### ART & WRITING CREDITS

#### ART

Bill Rotsler: 1,2,3,6

ATom: 3

Dan Steffan: 4

Lee Hoffman: 4

Bill Kunkel: 4

All written material by Annie

# Under the influence

## An Arnie Katz Full-Length Article

"I've got a great idea for a fanzine article," I announced to Joyce as we cuddled on the couch, watching "Star Trek: The Next Generation".

"You do?" Joyce turned her attention from the latest threat to the *Enterprise*. Her chameleon eyes bored into my soul, trying to fathom my meaning. I couldn't figure out why, she was looking at me like I just told her I'd taken a joyride on a flying saucer. She'd heard me say those exact words a hundred times. Of course, I hadn't spoken that magic phrase for 15 years.

"Yes, a fan article," I repeated. It would be a wonderful, I knew. It would re-establish my fannish reputation overnight. I could almost see the faces of fans too young to remember *Quip* or *Swan* or *Wooden Nickel*, delight and awe mingled in a sublime transport of ecstasy.

I could hear the wise old men of the microcosm, shaking their heads in wonder, nodding their agreement to each other. "The kid's still got it," Jay Kinney would tell Lenny Bailes. "Better than ever," the Sage of San Francisco would say to Burbee.

"What's the title?" she asked.

I wiped a tear of joy from my eye at the thought of bringing so much joy to the Katz-starved fandom of 1990. "'Under the Influence,'" I announced triumphantly. Even the title said "instant classic".

"That's very good, Arnie" Her voice had the same approving warmth usually reserved for our cat when Slugger hit the sandbox instead of the wall. "So you'll describe the influences of your

fanwriting," she continued. "You'll tell them how each new influence massively affected your style and write each section in the style of the fan you're describing."

Bullseye! She had described it perfectly. My only comfort was the sure knowledge that she was so gripped by gafia that there was no chance that she would write it first.

My fragile confidence evaporated like a puddle on a Vegas summer day. If a gafiote, even a former High Priestess, could guess it so quickly, perhaps anyone could conceive it. There might be six fans writing that very article. One of them might even be putting the finishing touches on their version, and I hadn't even typed the introduction. Then a horrible thought struck me: What if someone had already done it while I was Away?

I smiled at my foolishness. My fear was ridiculous. It was one thing for Joyce Katz to guess the premise after I primed her with the title. Could a ordinary fan have conceived this mighty design unaided? I thought of the fans of my youth. I sighed with relief. Not a chance. Besides, in the unlikely event that someone had stumbled on this surefire idea, Bob Lichtman would have mentioned the momentous event in his first letters. No, this one was mine, all mine.

"I'll bet you're going to tell them the story of your first worldcon, the Discon in 1963, when you read 'The Enchanted Duplicator' and 'Ah, Sweet Idiocy!' back to back," Joyce said, Capt Picards's impending doom momentarily forgotten as she warmed to the topic.

"The Enchanted Duplicator"! At the mention of that delightful allegory, the livingroom seemed to fade. Arphan had left the Mountains of Mundane. After many trials, he stood at last at the foot of the Hill of Trufandom. He could see the top, but he was too distant to make out clearly.

"Thinking about the magic mimeo?" said a gray little man, whose nametag iproclaimed him Mr. Mac. "It's a very old-fashioned piece of hardware, you know."

"Perhaps it was perfect for Trufans at one time, but it's not state-of-the-art at all!" He pointed to a padded leather bag at his feet. "You need a computer to reach Trufandom!"

"Then let's travel together," Arphan said, as he looked longingly up the hill.

"Oh, no, my computer is too heavy to carry up that steep slope! Its expensive mechanism would never survive the journey," the little man said. "I'll just contact it by modem!"

Arphan looked at his new friend, who was already unpacking the mammoth machine. "I shall go there myself. Perhaps we will talk again!"

"On the modem," Mr. Mac called after him as Arphan begun to trudge up the twisted pathway that led to Trufandom.

"The Enchanted Duplicator" converted me heart and soul. I was an irredeemable fan, as mired in the morass as Willis or Shaw. But when I read "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!" my easily influenced psyche rebelled against the naive idealism. "Why don't *you* quit fandom?" I asked myself.

The next day, Bailes and I went to the banquet. Through Laney's eyes I beheld the fruitiest fruit I had ever seen prance up to me. "Oh," he trilled, "what a delightful



young f-a-a-an!" My life had been sheltered, but even innocent young Arnie Katz knew what this person's long blond hair and full pouty lips meant.

"Do you want to go to a party," he asked, "pressing one effeminate hand to mine in a suspiciously limp handshake.. "No, I'd rather join the N3F," I replied as I edged away. I didn't feel comfortable until I saw him leave the hall with his wife a few minutes later.

The Midwescon in Cincinnati in June 1965 saw the unfolding of momentous happenings that soon reverberated through fandom. Wilson Arthur Tucker, who had become better known as Bob Tucker for his barbs in fanzines such as *Le Zombie* which he began in December 1938 as a mimeographed publication, appeared before the young Arnie Katz. In his diffident manner, he asked whether the husky New Yorker wanted back-date fanzines. At this time, many collectors prized fan magazines even more than professional periodicals and would pay fabulous sums of more than a dollar for numbers needed to complete a run of a desirable title.

When Katz told Tucker of his inclination to enlarge his already impressive collection, the former

*Astounding* letterhack, whom that magazine's editor had banned from its letter column due to excessive humor when it was owned by Clayton, conducted Katz to his van where he had cartons of many of the leading fan journals.

Tucker also took this golden opportunity to sell Katz "The Immortal Sotrm" in the original hardback edition. Despite the miniscule type in which it was set, the chronicle of fandom's early years instilled in the then-inexperienced fan a love of fanhistory which did much to counteract the impressions created in his mind by the previously mentioned Laney work.

"Aren't you going to tell them about John Berry?" I fingered my luxuriant moustache as I tried to remember which of the many John Berrys she might mean. I went to the closet where I keep all my files since moving to Las Vegas. Unfortunately, the file marked "Berry, John" was at the bottom of a vertical stack that towered to the ceiling and swayed alarmingly when I flung open the door.

I began to pull foldered off the top of the shimmering pile, delicately balanced on one foot atop a pressed cardboard lamp table. I worked my way down to the oldest

files, ripping aside cobwebs and scrapping crushed termites from between the dusty pages in the cramped closet.

Dust motes swirled around me as I worked my way down the mountain of mimeographed matter. All at once, a dread feeling came over me. My hand flew to my nose, always much admired by fans and pelicans, but it was too late. "Ah-choo!" The walls shook. My moustache whipped forward and back from the force of my nasal exhalation. I clutched the door jamb as the tornado roared in my ears. Then I saw the stack leaning toward me, growing closer. Then all was black.

When I awoke, I had an old ghoddminton bat on my chest and my wife was calling me to tea.

"And what about Calvin W. \*Biff\* Demmon?" Joyce said to me. "He is a Fine Fan and a Definite Influence."

"This is true." Calvin Demmon published a lot of *Flying Frags* with Andy Main. They were Very Funny Fanzines. They did not Cause Warts. That made me love them, even though the local druggist complained I never came to see him any more. Or \*Something\*.

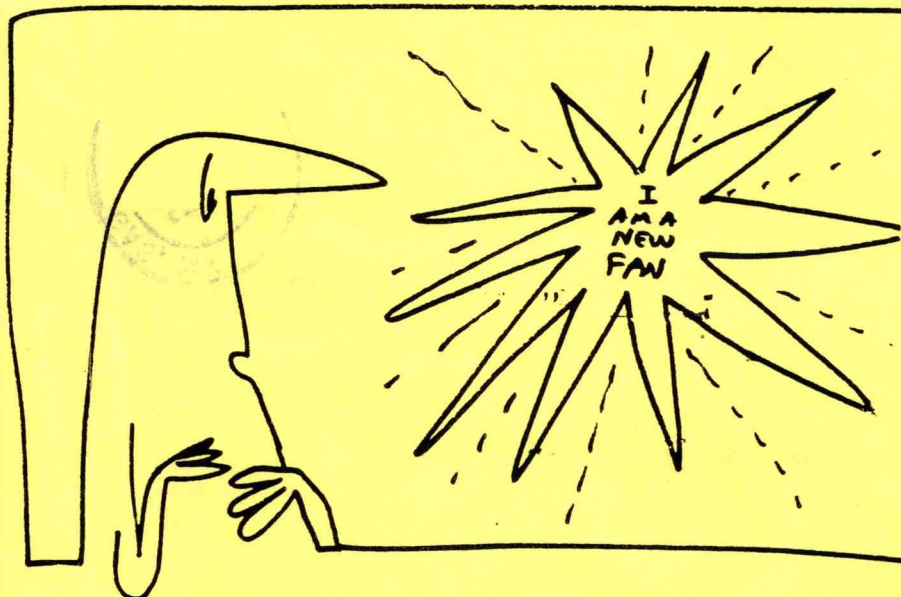
Calvin W. \*Biff\* Demmon showed me Something New about fanwriting. He chose his words carefully and taught me the Joy of Artistic Minimalism and Rampant Capitalization.

And now I want to talk about Ted White and the way he showed me how to be fabulous and fannish. I learned from Ted that it was important to be analytical as well as frothy. He taught me that fanwriting needs substance as well as form.

I believe he taught me well.

"After that, it was pretty much a case of synthesizing these

*Continued on Page 8*



Continued from page 3

Video game publishers are trying to guess which way the market will jump now that better machines are crowding the Nintendo for new business. Computer companies are hoping for better days, but everyone is putting the heavy bread on CD-based entertainment. Everything is being done on speculation, and most companies don't predict a significant cash return on investment until 1992 or 1993. That isn't stopping outfits like Sierra and Access from betting the works on this new medium.

The Turbo Grafx 16 video game system has a CD drive available, and there are a few games of Japanese manufacture for it. The first generation of titles stresses the sound, which is nice, but does little to improve game play or graphics. NEC showed a couple of American-made CD games at the show which show the potential a lot better: *It Came from the Dessert* and *Sherlock Holmes*. The former is a spiffed-up version of the existing computer game, while the

Access Software actually had a CD product ready to ship, just waiting for the drives to get into the market. It's a \$99 anthology of the company's hottest computer game titles, including *Crime Wave* and *Mean Streets*. It works with the MS-DOS-compatible drive which Microsoft plans to introduce soon.

The most incredible CD game, and the one about which I want to tell you, is *Mixed Up Mother Goose* from Sierra. It would be an understatement that this adventure for kids is about the last contest I would ever want to play, but it is so spectacular that I went back to see it in private showings twice.

Like the computer program from which it derives, *Mixed Up Mother Goose* is a hunt for objects which, when taken to their rightful owners, trigger a nursery rhyme. For example, if the character finds the six pence coin, he can take it to the character who will then do "Sing a Song of Six Pence".

The graphics are as good as anything in a Golden Book or coffee table volume of fairy tales, with animations that is not inferior to Disney's "Sleeping Beauty".

There are no word balloons, because every character speaks his

or her lines. And we're not talking about robbie-the-robot mechanical voices. The dialogue is as clear and human as it would be in any movie.. The conversations can be in English, French, Spanish, German, and Japanese. IncredWe're shortly going to get our crack at CD, courtesy of NEC, and I can hardly wait to work with this Buck Rogers technology. □

## Continued from page 6

"But Arnie, why are you telling me all this?" Joyce asked. "I'm not even a fan any more".

"Well, I have a problem," I admitted, because I had realized somewhere between Moskowitz and Berry that I had a problem.

"Problem?" I read concern in her semi-sensitive ex-fannish face.

"This article could run into trouble if no one realizes I'm doing all those pastishes," I explained. "I can't put a special note in a box so fans will be alerted to my accomplishment. Valuable egoboo might be lost if people aren't alerted to the High Concept." It was a definite worry. "What can I do?"

"You've already done it," she said, returning to the crisis in outer space.

And, indeed, I had. □

330 S. Decatur  
Suite 152  
Las Vegas, NV  
89107

## First Class

Lee Hoffman  
401 Sunrise Trail NW  
Port Charlotte, FL 33952

hi!

