



There's  
No  
Fool  
Like a  
Fan Fool!

# Katzen Jammer

## There's New Hope for the (Fannishly) Dead!

This issue's editorial, as distinguished from my articles and fillers that pad the spaces between the artwork and columns, brings a message of Hope and Redemption to a beleaguered fandom.

I've been getting letters; lots of fannish letters, letters full of good wishes and gracious "welcome backs"s. The fulsomeness of these greetings really means a lot to me. I know I'm a cipher to fans whose activity doesn't stretch back beyond the late 1970s, but it's warming to feel so fondly remembered by the fans I knew before I retired.

The letters have more than friendliness in common. The similarity that is germane to this essay is that almost every one of them has a paragraph which reads more or less as follows:

"I don't know if I'm the right one to welcome you back to fandom, because I'm almost totally gafia. Except for a couple of apes, a few conventions, and a weekly local club, I'm virtually out of fandom. Nonetheless, it's good to see you back in fandom."

Now, that's a lot of gafia in one fandom -- and a lot of activity for a

bunch of alleged gafiates. In the Olden Days, "Gafia" meant... well, "Gafia". When we Gafiated, we got away from it *all*. That's why couples generally gafiated together. If one stayed in fandom, the spouse would have had to break off all contact.

Many of you, I sense, are reluctant to admit to fan-hood. It was no coincidence that the other common thread was reference to the Bergeron Wars as a cause for the slack times in fannish fanzine fandom and/or your own gafia.

As a recent genuine gafiater, all this loose talk worries me. It could

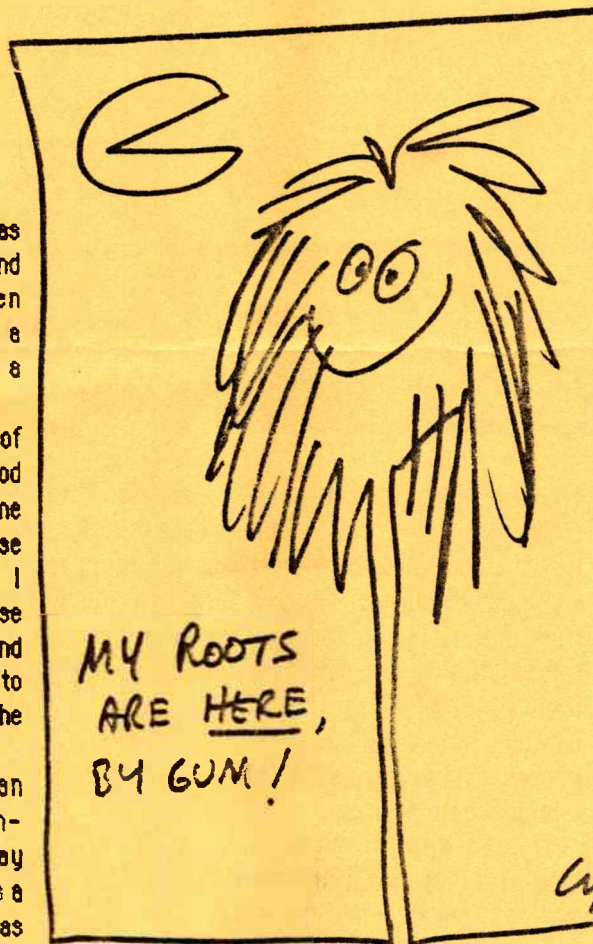
set a down beat tone for *Folly*, and we can't have *that*, can we?

I like to think of the editor of a fanzine as the captain of a ship out on the ocean. At least, I like to think of them that way for the purposes of this editorial. Next issue, I may think a fanzine editor is like a carnival side show barker. For now, let's stick with Sea Captain.

By the authority vested in me as editor of *Folly*, I am pleased to announce the promotion of all you self-professed gafiates to the lofty rank of "Fringefan". All Elder Ghods and Living Legends retain their present lofty status, of course. (I haven't forgotten you modern-day BNFs, either. Joyce is out pricing a run of SMOF membership cards right now.)

This is heady stuff, I admit, but I wanted to do something special to repay the generous way you've all helped me reacclimate to fandom. Knowing the high intelligence of the *Folly* readership, I am certain the giddiness caused by your sudden elevation to Fringefan rank won't last forever. It won't be long before you stop celebrating your rise in fannish status and begin wondering just what it entails.

You don't have to do anything you aren't doing now. Any additional fanec is strictly optional. As a fringefan,



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*Folly* is available for letter of comment, contribution of artwork or writing, or (arranged) all-for-all trade. Contributions of art or written material are greatly desired.

I'd also like to buy collections, runs of leading 1980s fanzines, and special publications. This is a Vegas Resurgent Publication.

you are permitted an occasional burst of activity without any obligation to maintain it. You will have to find something else besides your gafia to write about in letters of comment and so forth, but I never noticed any of you being tongue-tied in the past.

So, the duties are negligible. How about the rewards? As Resurgents, it is life's pleasures that should principally concern us. The benefits of being a Fringefan are so numerous that even an entire issue of *Folly* would not be sufficient to enumerate more than the most important plusses.

For example, when a Fringefan finally squeezes out that once-a-decade fanzine, everyone else is

obliged to send you egoboo-packed letters bemoaning the infrequency of your fine fanac.

A Fringefan also has the right,



but not the duty, to welcome any returning gafiates to fandom. Should the newly revived fan actually ask you to write or draw something for a fanzine, however, it is perfectly permissible to plead the press of deadlines, a generally heavy schedule, or personal pressures as excuses for not contributing.

Unlike the gafiote, who must plead ignorance, the Fringefan is fully entitled to express opinions on any fannish subject, including worldcon bids, TAFF races, and Hugo nominations. Again, actually participation in these matters is strictly voluntary. It says right in the *Fancyclopedia*, I think, that no one can ask a Fringefan to collate, staple, or lick labels for any reason.

Last and most important, the Fringefan can walk the halls of a convention or the streets of one of the world's fan capitals with head held high, secure in the knowledge that they are observing all the sacred forms and traditions of fandom. No more skulking in alleyways or feigning disdain upon the arrival of the occasional interesting fanzine.

Please, don't thank me. You deserve this. I am doing this for the good of fankind. I don't even get a kickback. So it is with full and appropriate reverence, not to mention boundless joy in my heart, that I welcome you back to fandom. You have been missed. □

## Is It Time for... **Fancyclopedia III?**

Conspicuous by its absense in the last *Folly* was any mention of a *Fancyclopedia III*. Has there been any attempt to compile one?

Speer did the first *Fancyclopedia* (financed by the N3F) in the early 1940s. Richard Eney did the second in the late 1950s. Unless there's been another updated edition while I was gafia, it has been a looong time.

I've heard several fans suggest that fandom is losing touch with its own proud history. A *Fancyclopoedia* wouldn't solve the whole problem by itself, but it might build at least one bridge between today's fandom and its past.

There's no one right way to do such a project, but computer data basing is one promising option. I'd suggest an ad hoc committee that includes a group of highly experienced and knowledgeable fans

(like Warner, White, Brown, and Lichtman, to name four possibilities) to select and edit entries, and a group of more active fans to fine tune and collate the words, enter information in the data base, and so forth. My fanac time is limited, but I'd help complete a new *Fancyclopedia*, if my talents would be of use.

I don't think money would be a problem. Both previous editions made some money, and my guess is that a *Fancy III*, perhaps in paperback or even hardcover, would earn thousands of dollars for fannish charities.

Is this just the idealism of a newly rejuvenated fan talking or a reasonably good idea? I guess I'll know when you send your opinions. □



# Cheap Eats

There No Such Thing as a Free Lunch, but...

The hunt for the ultimate cheap meal obsesses Las Vegans. More than 5,000 people a month move to Clark County, mostly from southern California and New York, and they're not here a week before they're leading middle-of-the-night expeditions to esoteric buffets.

Vegas has always had a reputation for cheap food. It started when the first modern hotel/casino, the Fabulous Flamingo, opened in the late 1940s. Bugsy Segal and friends expected to make their money from gambling, so they orchestrated everything to make the Flamingo more attractive to big spenders. This included free drinks in the casino, inexpensive rooms, and low-priced restaurants that served the full menu around the clock.

The philosophy changed in the late 1950s. A new generation of managers decided to make every phase of an operation profitable. Room rates and menu prices went up, but the cheap food ethic was too engrained to ignore. Casino restaurants make money, but they don't cut nearly the same percentage of profit per meal as an eatery in New York or San Francisco.

I passed through Vegas enroute to the 1965

Westercon with Ted White, rich brown, and the other Fanoclasts. We walked around the already impressively garish downtown area, with its walk-in gambling halls and teenage tarts in high-cut hot pants, and then went for a late-night dinner before tackling the ride across the desert. I couldn't believe they could serve a decent steak dinner with trimmings for about the same price



## A FEW WORDS OF PRAISE FROM

*Folly*

As usual, many people deserve thanks for helping with *Folly*, including Las Vegas Resurgents Joyce Katz, Bill Kunkel, and Becky Shayne. Among many others who have provided aid and support are Robert Lichtman, Geri Sullivan, Vince Clarke, Walt Willis, rich brown, Ted White, Gary Farber, Miri Straw, Brian Youmans, and Steve Stiles.

as a slab of beef-impregnated cardboard strips at Tad's back in New York.

The city grew tenfold in the intervening 25 years, but the tradition of inexpensive eating has remained strong. Shortly after we moved here, Bill, Joyce, our agent Barry Friedman, and I took a walk around downtown. Barry pledged us to eat nothing that was not on special, so we dined on a stomach-churning assortment of goodies including 50¢ half-pound hot dogs, 99¢ shrimp cocktails, and similarly cutrate sodas and ice cream cones. And then, having proved his food frugality, Barry proceeded to empty his pockets into an obliging slot machine.

Many casinos have buffets, and there is a spirited contest among the hotels for the title of the best in town. The reigning champion is Circus Circus, but the Mirage, Palace Station, and Sam's Town also pitch bulk cuisine to the masses. One buffet has a novel enhancement for its weekend Champagne Buffet: Showgirls from the Lido de Paris chat with the customers, sign autographs and pose for pictures.

Las Vegas may be the only town in America where supposedly sane people go to casino restaurants at 3 am for the super-special breakfast. Arizona Charlie's offers a choice of biscuits and gravy; bacon, ham, or sausage and two eggs; or pancakes for 50¢. I know, because Joyce made me get up at 2:30 so we could get to Arizona Charlie's in time to take advantage of this special.

I noticed a lot of early-rising construction workers on line for the restaurant, all chattering about those 50¢ specials. "How can these 300-lb. muscle dudes make it on one of these 50¢ breakfasts?" I wondered, though not aloud. Some construction guys are mean before they get their wittles.

I found out. Each of the construction workers at the table next to ours ordered at least six 50¢ breakfasts. □

# Under the Spell of the SPELLCHECKER

## An Arnie Katz Unbaked Article

I may look like Detroit Tiger's pitcher Jack Morris, but I feel more like Jesse James. The home computer has been very very good to me, but I have lately begun to wonder if all fandom's troubles could be laid at its digital door. They may brand me the Benedict Arnie of

Silicon Valley, but I was a fanzine fan long before I became Mr. Computer Entertainment, so you know that my first loyalty is to the Tribe of Tucker, not the Band of Bushnell.

Lying comatose in a closet for 15 years while the rest of you

fanned has given me something besides ignorance of modern fandom. It has endowed me with Perspective. I've always heard it's something terrific to have, and now that I've latched onto it, I am delighted to share its benefits.

A recent issue of Bob Lichtman's excellent *Trap Door* had a chart which convincingly proves that U.S.

## A Hoax Exposed

By Brian Youmans

Several days ago, there arrived in my mailbox a fanzine calling itself *Folly*. Smothering it under a blanket eventually persuaded it to stop calling, and I started to read: "Folly #1" and, below that, "Katzenjammer: A Greeting -- and a Plea -- from Arnie Katz".

I immediately smelled a rat.

After finding and removing the rodent's body, I pondered what I knew and, perhaps more importantly, what I did *not* know, about Arnie Katz. Arnie Katz -- guitar hero, major league gangster, inventor of the jello squirt gun? I faced the cold, hard facts. I had nothing but ice in my glass, and I knew nothing about Arnie Katz.

After reading my copy of *Folly* with eagle eyes and returning them to my pet bird, I considered my new knowledge. Arnie Katz -- one-time BNF turned video game journalism junkie and games weenie. Now he was back to zines again, writing for an exclusive list of 100. From the *Fortune* 100 to the *Folly* 100.

But did it all add up? I added, carried over, took the mean, and came up a few sandwiches short

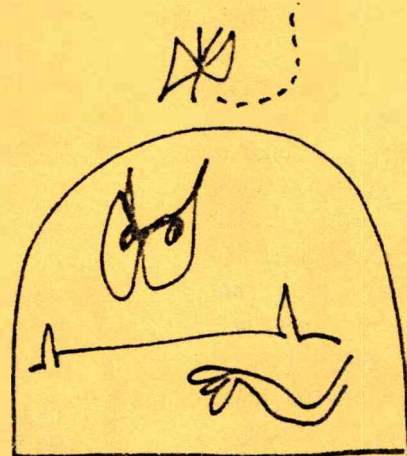
of a picnic. After sending out for some more, I contemplated my result: "Arnie Katz" was a Hoax!

Oh sure, maybe there had been an Arnie Katz of Ninth Fandom, but how likely was it that he would de-gafiate? And how easy would it be to convince fans that he had returned, particularly if you only sent your bogus Arnie Katz fanzines to a select 100 fans who *had no idea who "Arnie Katz" was?*

As easy as falling off a log.

Dusting myself off, I told the lions to beat it (pride goeth after the fall) and reviewed my options. Public exposure was necessary, and it was best done before the weather got too cold. Poster campaigns? National T.Y.? No, something more specific -- an article perhaps, maybe even in "Arnie Katz"'s own zine! A hoax of such magnitude called for strong measures!

My head spinning, I remarked the whiskey bottle and resolved once more to lay off such strong measures. Answering the doorbell, I paid the delivery boy and reflected that now no one could call me a few sandwiches short of a picnic. And I'd write that article tomorrow, sure as...



fandom produces fewer genzines every year. The most telling fact is that the Top Twenty fanzines of 30 years ago represented almost as many issues, combined, as the entire American genzine field today.

His research didn't include a page count comparison. The 50 or so fanzines I've seen in the months since my return suggest that the decline in page count is even more severe than the drop in the number of issues. *Lan's Lantern* is anomalously huge compared to today's average fanzine size, but the 50- and 60- page genzines of yesterday have become today's 25-40 pagers.

Fandom's age-old enemy, the United States Post Office, is not without guilt. High mailing cost divides the fanzine hobby into two camps: those who want to build a circulation large enough to take advantage of bulk rate, and those who prefer the lighter workload of a small circulation. I'm judging by a limited sample, but it looks like the average fanish fanzine has shrunk

more than sercon or club fanzines.

The postage schedule strikes hardest at those who follow the traditions of fannish fanzine fandom. It charges more per fanzine for small runs than for large ones. Since fanzine fans historically prefer letters of comment, trade fanzines, and contributions to subscriptions, a huge circulation fanzine may be a contradiction in terms. The fanzine fan would have to publish lots of extra copies, with no balancing increase in sub revenues.

But the computer may be the prime villain. When most fanzines were mimeographed or spirit duplicated, the editor generally published on his own or a friend's machine. Computerized, desktop published fanzines are frequently produced at the nearest quickie offset and copy shop.

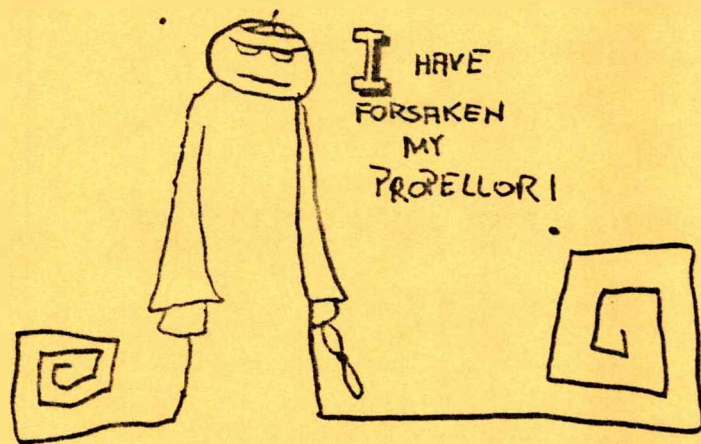
I pay 3.5¢ a side for *Folly*. I hope to find a better price through comparison shopping, but I doubt I'll do any better than 2¢ per side in Las Vegas. Studies of duplication

time to cut the cash outlay. This option evaporates when the computer delivers the editor into the clutches of the copy shop.

Not only are hefty fanzine fanzines on the endangered species list, but the computer has begun to restrict the actual content. "Strikeover" humor has gone the way of Ackese, and inspired typographical errors may soon be a thing of the past. If you had come up with "poetsarc", your spellchecker would have corrected it. It would have corrected *Quandry* to *Quandary* and *The Terrean* to *The Terran*.

A fan friend recently commented that he had received a letter from newly computerized fan Riick Sneary. Without the usual orthographic flights of fancy, he lamented, he couldn't tell it was really the squire of Southgate.

And what about the typos the spellchecker doesn't catch? Last issue, I typed the final line of a short essay on the "fake Orgasm" contest shown on the Playboy



methods peg mimeography at 0.5¢ a side. This includes a *pro rata* share of the operator's salary, utilities, rent, and other factors that apply to a corporation.

The difference is that the editor gets a turn-key job from the copy center, but adds "sweat equity" to the mimeographing job. Do-it-yourself publishers contribute

Channel. If I had depended on my own eyesight, slender reed as that is on which to lean, I would have caught the mistake in the closer, which should have read: "I ask you, what would we do for culture in this country without cable television?" [Italics show change to proper text.] Unfannish reliance on the spellchecker may have caused me

## CREDITS

### ART

Bill Rotsler: 1 2 4 5 7 9

13 14 19

ATom: 18

Dan Steffan: 10 17

Lee Hoffman: 16 18

Bill Kunkel: 5 9 11 15

19

Jonh Ingam: 2

Shull/Fletcher: 3

T. Foster/Fletcher: 12

Jim Shull: 14

### Writing

Youmans/page 4

Bill Kunkel/15

Joyce Katz/16

All else by Arnie

some Knowing Smiles, perhaps a couple of smirks.

As anyone who reads *Folly* knows, that's where I draw the line in the dust and say, "No more!" We cannot allow fankind to become the slaves of rampant high technology. By all means, utilize the work-saving power of the computer, but do not let this soulless machine rob fandom of its sacred traditions!

I know that you, hardened fans one and all, will agree with me about this. Accordingly, I am forming the Anti Spellchecker Society (ASS). This is the first organized effort to protect fandom from techno-overkill.

Many activities are already planned. Trained ASSes will maintain a Spellchecker Deactivation Room at future worldcons. It will only take two volunteers to run it 24 hours a day around the clock, if they are donkeys for the work. This room, with free soft drinks and piped in music to create a relaxed ambience, will be lined with powerful magnets that painlessly expunge the spellchecker program

*Continued on p 26*

# A Capital Idea!

## A Rusty Fanwriter Finds Some Help (?)

It started so innocently. I made a few comments, both in *Folly* and in private correspondence, about the difficulty of resuming the specialized craft of fanwriting after a long layoff. The detailed descriptions of my struggle to wring fannish humor from a brain stuffed with millions of electronic gaming facts was pitiable.

The condition of my Shield of Umor was likewise deplorable. Unsightly rust spots pocked its once-gleaming surface, and there was a crease across its front, where someone had stacked old video game components on it in the garage.

My ignorance of 1990 fandom was nearly as boundless as my enthusiasm. I assumed fans would be patient about my lack of knowledge of current fandom, but I knew with a sick certainty that they would be less eager to forgive the huge stretches of the past which I had also forgotten.

It's sad, but true. The same person who was once accounted the poor man's Harry Warner -- well, maybe the homeless person's Harry Warner would be more accurate -- had lost his former mastery of fanhistory. Like the drunk who wakes up, hung over, in bed with three girls from the Flamingo chorus line, I knew I had had a good time, but I couldn't remember *how*.

Time had dissolved my once-comprehensive understanding of fandom into a purple haze of indistinct, though happy, memories. I couldn't recall how many elephants make a FAPA or if the Heicon came before or after the Noreascon. In short, my fannish knowledge now resided in a mental pocket previously reserved for the rules of French grammar.

Somewhere among the vast *Folly* readership is a man or woman of rare compassion. She (or he) saw my plight, heard my interminable

By Arnie Katz

## Do You Know Cartoon?



If you said "a Cartoonist"  
YOU may have  
the wit it takes to become  
a fabulous fannish  
Fanwriter!

Fanwriters are made,  
not born!

It's true!

Bob Shaw once needed help to spell "cat"  
Walt Willis didn't know a ghoddminton bat  
from a cardboard shirt stiffener.

They learned...  
Why NOT You?

whining. That person, who modestly made the gesture anonymously, sent me the two-page ad (of which a facsimile appears below) clipped out of a magazine. It ran on page 78-79 in the September 1990 issue of *Elongated Brown Nipples*. From the

photos on the reverse of each of the sheets, I would guess it to be some sort of photography magazine, or perhaps a guide for practitioners of an unusual medical specialty.

When I saw this ad, I knew the Famous Fanwriters School was for

me. After I Passed the Test with flying colors -- two out of three! -- I knew I still had what it takes.

I sent off for the introductory lesson on Capital Letters. It plopped into my mailbox with Commendable Speed. I still couldn't tell Robert Lichtman how many issues of *Fanwri* Joyce and I co-edited in the early 1970s, but at least I was doing something to confront my problem.

None of the names on the masthead of the Famous Fanwriters School were familiar, but that just showed how much I needed their help. I resolved to Work Hard and Make Them Proud.

The Famous Writers School favored a mixed media approach to teaching the subject. Besides two books, Lesson #1, "Capital Letters" included an audio tape and an 8 x 10 glossy color photograph of Elvira marked "for inspiration".

The workbook, spirit duplicated in vivid purple on yellow paper, presented numerous passages in which Famous Fanwriters actually employed Capitalization in Their Work. It was not only Inspiring, but provided Fine Examples to explain Points Raised by the Study Guide.

This Fat Book leads the Student through the Labyrinth of Capitalization. Step-by-Step Instructions Show the neo-Fanwriter how to Add Capitalization Power to Fabulous Fannish Articles of All Kinds.

While Studying these Books, I Played the Special Cassette. It was a little hard to figure out, IF You Want to Know the Truth. It Sounded Like Judas Priest, and I Thought I Heard Some Nutter Shouting, "DO IT!" Over and Over in the Background.

The Guide's Final Paragraph said to ALWAYS PLAY the Tape while FanWriting. That's What I'm DOING, and I Have Begun to Notice QUITE A DIFFERENCE IN My WRITING.

OH GHOD, I Think I'M Out of CONTROL. I Am MESMERIZED by MAD-CAPITLIZATION!

Please, STOP Me BeFORe I SHIFT AGAIN!

# Who Drew This

## Take the First Step...

Answer this stupid test  
to see if you qualify

1. He mouthed his cigar like...
  - a. Linda Lovelace
  - b. Godzilla eating a subway
  - c. a long-lost friend
2. 27 Pianos, that's...
  - a. amoré
  - b. the Liberace Museum
  - c. Not too many
3. "You \_\_\_\_\_," said Al Ashley
  - a. Deal
  - b. Tarzan
  - c. Bastard

If you said "c" to all three  
The Famous Fanwriters School  
can turn you into a fabulous fannish

# Fanwriter

Fill out the coupon today...  
and you'll be fanwriting tomorrow!

Yes! I want to be a Fanwriter. Please Rush  
Lesson #1: "Capital Letters!"

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# Playing Around

## Game Designs of My Youth

Electronic gaming is a relatively new phenomenon. Ralph Baer created the first video games in 1970. So it isn't an interest which contemporary adults ingested with their mother's milk.

I've always loved games. Lenny Bailes, who grew up just down the street, and I spent untold childhood hours poring over boardgames. We both owned quite a few, including some esoteric titles like "Pirate and Traveler" and "Rich Uncle". The former was a mad point-to-point dash around the world, while the latter was a simple, yet exciting stock market investment game.

It seemed a small step from playing boardgames to tinkering with my own designs. My first impulse was to "improve" existing games. The 12-year-old Arnie Katz just *knew* he could do better than Parker Brothers. I drew a lot of new "Monopoly" boards for awhile, but I couldn't come up with much beyond including a lot more of the same.

I had more luck with "Park and Shop". This sedate Parker Brothers title challenged participants to complete a shopping list. Each player moved a token around a board which represented a downtown shopping area. I liked the option to change direction at the start of each turn, because I'd grown tired of the "around the edge of the board" format. I altered the board to make the streets less of a grid and added shops more relevant to suburbia than the Feed and Grain outlet.

I felt this leisurely stroll through marketing day lacked a certain tension that made other games such exciting to play. I conceived one of the most outrageously paranoid game-elements this side of the smartbomb; I revised the game into "Park, Shop, and Cop". The police car patrolled the streets of the mythical town in a routine manner until a player landed

within a couple of spaces of the car. In my new rules, this indicated that the shopper had committed some Nameless Infraction. The cop now became a tabletop Javert, relentlessly chasing the shopper up and

down streets! Capture by the law ended the game immediately.

My first original design, though not a landmark in itself, suggested that I had a future. Because it capitalized on what I would later come to know was a licensed property. It was called "Rocky and

*continued next page*

## My First Time

Every hardcore gamer has a moment when the hobby totally hooked them. It may not have been the literal first time, but it was when something threw a mental switch and made you a believer.

The one that captured my heart was Atari's 2600 cartridge, *Air-Sea Battle*. It showed me that electronic gaming had potential.

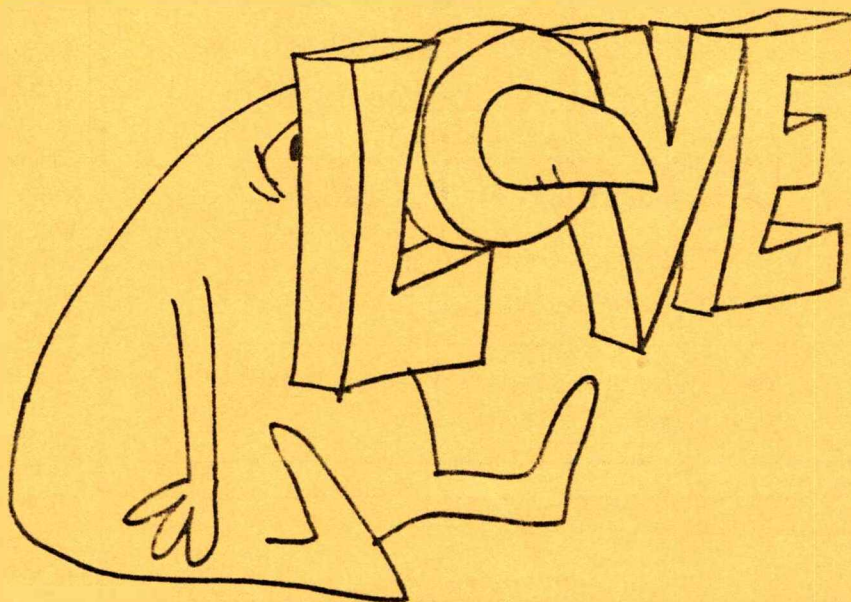
Those who know Nintendo Entertainment System (NES) would think *Air-Sea* is primitive. The joystick moves a submarine left and right across the bottom of the screen, while the action button fired at several tiers of aircraft crossing the screen like a carnival shooting gallery. Like many early Atari titles, it offered dozens of

variations, including one in which the player dropped bombs from a plane, but it was impossibly crude by current standards.

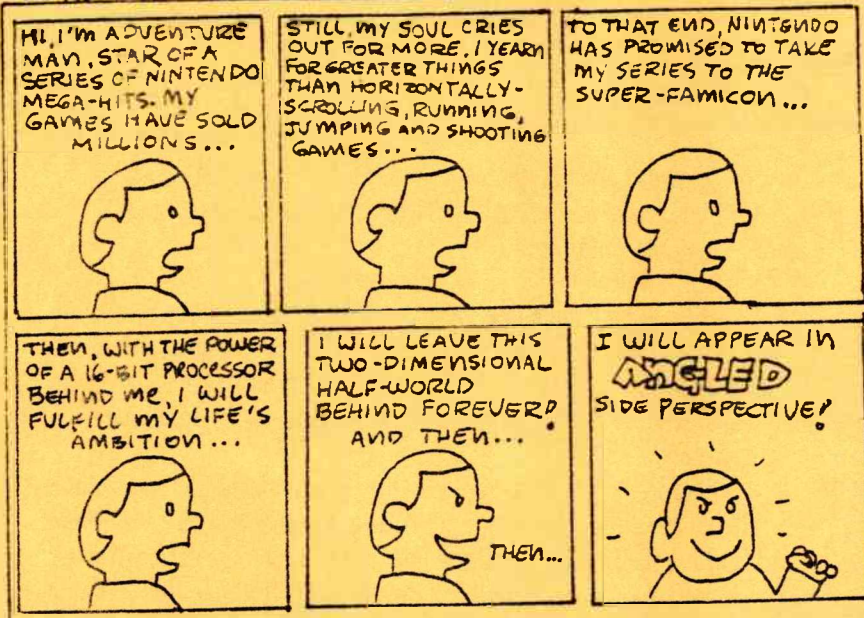
Yet those side-perspective, non-scrolling shoot-outs became an obsession. And not just for me. Bill Kunkel, Joyce Worley, and Charlene Komar were also enslaved. We played every night for the entirely mythical World Air Sea Battle Championship. Bill usually won.

Me? I fought for the U.S. Championship, a prestigious prize symbolic of second-best out of four people. Sometimes, I even won it. But that didn't matter. Nothing mattered except shooting those copters and planes out of the multi-colored digital sky.

I've played many better games since those days, and many worse. But I don't think any game meant more to me than that primitive cartridge of *Air-Sea Battle*.



# THE ADVENTURES OF ADVENTURE MAN BY P O T S H O T



Bullwinkle's Race to the Moon". attempts to get moose and squirrel Naturally Boris and Natasha dwere from Frostbite Falls to Luna in this on hand to thwart the player's finish-first exercise.

In my mid-teens, I developed a fascination for the military simulations pioneered by the Avalon Hill Game Company. I fell into correspondence with Tom Shaw, a vice president, who eventually offered me part-time work designing and tweaking the Maryland-based company's products. I worked on "Stalingrad", "Bismarck", and "Blitzkrieg". It was fun, and they paid me in merchandise.

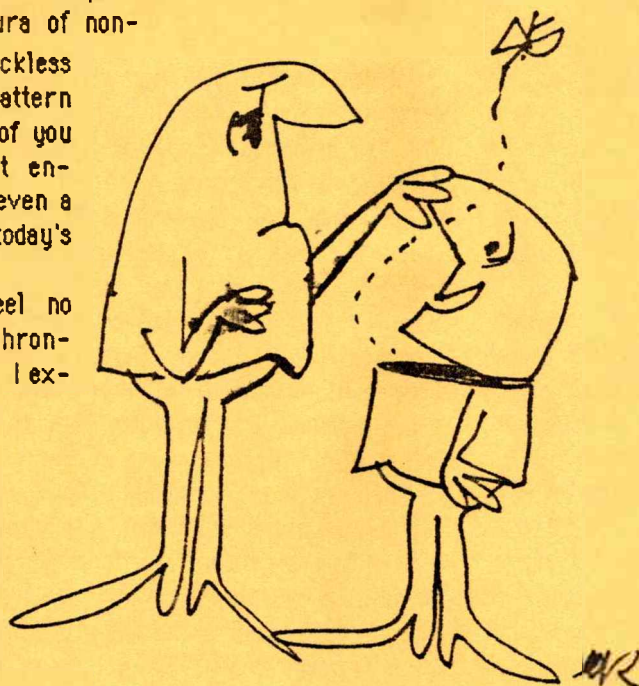
Thee Avalon Hill Game Company went through a major reorganization and virtually ceased work on new games for awhile. I developed a heavy interest in science fiction fandom about this time, and focused my energies on becoming a more proficient writer.

My game design career went onto the shelf, where it stayed for nearly 20 years. □

## That Hideous Strength Caught in the Grip of Fanpublishing Frenzy

Three months, three issues of *Folly*. Though the fanzine's colophon strives to create an aura of non-challance, an air of feckless diffidence, there's a pattern developing here. Some of you may feel this rampant enthusiasm is Unseemly, even a little over-the-top, in today's fandom.

And I confess, I feel no remorse about this anachronistic display of crifanac. I expect to perpetrate *Folly* fairly frequently for the foreseeable future, unless KKW's agent, Fabulous Barry Friedman, schedules me into an early fafia. I mean "frequent" as it used to be reckoned rather than in the current fannish meaning of the term ("maybe annual,



mayne \*not\* is the closest standard English translation).

This is a plea for your indulgence and under-

standing. I am a pawn of my fan-nish upbringing, a helpless tool of fannish conditioning. Even Avoidism can't mend or modify this compulsion to publish regularly.

When I was a neofan, attentive to my elders and oh-so-anxious to Do Good, I studied at the feet of the masters and read the old fanzines incessantly to learn the lessons they could teach. All my instructors, both flesh and twiltone, agreed on one point: the epitome of fanpublishing is the monthly fanzine. Anything less was the province of elder ghods and dilettantes. The former were permitted to produce their mimeographed gems at a more leisurely pace, due to their high reputation and extreme age Dilettantes are always with us, the BNFs explained. They provide the icing on the cake, but these now-and-then publishers remain dilettantes

and cannot be relied upon to pump the blood through fandom's body. To judge by comments I've read in  
*continued on page 26*

# Let 'er Ride!

Some momentous  
messages from *Folly's*  
Raucous Readers

image. Perhaps now that fans have stopped winding all those Gestetner (and Rex Rotary) handles, they'll be less cranky.

Over here, there are very few fans able to afford a Mac, so we're still producing with a bizarre mixture of employer's copiers and outside printers, with few fans having their own Gestetners. Our Jenny Glover has revived (on apazines) the hekto.

Maybe if I win the Pools... Oh, I understand you don't have that fine old British institution in the States? Started before the war, it involves you making a choice as to whether a football (soccer) team is going to win or lose on its home ground, or accumulate the identical number of goals (a score draw). You pick seven games from about 54 on the coupon, and if you pick the right games -- with every game resulting in a "score draw" -- then the riches of the Earth are all yours. Providing that in all the fifty-four games there are only the "score draws" you pick. There have been prizes of a million pounds (\$1,900,000) before now; that'd pay for a Mac or two. Too bad I just can't get up the enthusiasm to fill in a coupon.

Arnie: Football (football) pools are the biggest thing to hit Las Vegas since sequined pasties. I'll try to do a piece about this facet of my adopted home soon.

It'd be interesting to read some day what differences you perceive between the fandom you knew and the fandom now. I think that apart from the mythologising that '50s fans revelled in, the biggest surprise to me was the number of female fans. At the first British post-war convention, there was one (yes 1) unattached female fan, and she later married a fan. By the time I left in 1961, they were quite a sizable minority, married and unmarried -- Ethel Lindsay, who's still in touch, Ella Parker, Bobbie Gray, Ida Shorrocks, Madeleine Willis, etc. etc. and more in the U.S. -- Lee Hoffman, Bjo Trimble, Jean Young etc. etc., but still a minor minority.

When I returned in the early '80s, I was at a Con where the females decided to start an APA, and there were more of them sitting in a circle on the floor than even *existed* here in Britain in the late '50s. And now they are the most active fans on both sides of the Atlantic -- Geri Sullivan, Jeanne Gomoll, Spike Hughes, Jenny Glover, Abigail Frost, Bridget Wilkinson, Avedon Carol, Judith Hanna, Hazel Ashworth, etc. etc.

Arnie: I'm sure you've noticed that "individualisms", as you so charitably put it, are still very much a part of the *Folly*



**Vine Clarke**, 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent,  
DA16 2BN United Kingdom

*Folly* dropped on the mat 18 days after it was air mailed -- Albatrosses are all very well, but I wish they'd go back to eagles -- and was in some ways a disappointment. All this perfect typeface, excellent headings in various fonts, justification... where have all the cut stencils and fans winding Gestetner handles gone? Gone with the winder, that's where, and I must say I'm a wee bit sorry. Smooths out the charming individualisms, does the Mac, and I'm sure must take more time than grabbing a lettering guide and a shading plate. And I'm sure those grapes are sour, anyway.

Arnie: Gender balancing was well under way when I gaffiated in the mid-1970s, and it's a trend that has

my wholehearted approval. I've never enjoyed boys clubs. During the period you were out of fandom, there were a number of very prominent female publishers, including my wife Joyce Katz, Linda Bushyager, and Lesleigh Luttrell, who may have helped pave the way for today's prominent fan women.

**Gary Farber**, 10 Fairview Ave., #4F, New York, NY 10040

Without a doubt, we now are all only in sub-fandoms of the one Giant Fandom of which no one can know all of, let alone be active in. Mind, even speaking absolutely strictly of written fandom only, fanzine fandom, this is true, with many sub fandoms, regional and local fandoms, etc, and only amorphous and intermittent contacts among them. I lost track of how many apas were in existence a few years ago, but it was well over 200 at that time.

As I said, though, the hard core do hold out, bastions of the Old Knowledge do totter along senilely, dispensing crumbs of information about how it was in The Old Days, and a few youngsters occasionally reach for a baton.

I very much enjoyed *Folly #1*, incidently, if you haven't figured that out by now. You are, by the way,



totally unknown to today's fanzine fan who has come along since you were last with us, except for a few who have heard you mentioned in oral history, or the few who have collected old fanzines.

I've occasionally used you (and the Brooklyn Insurgent circle and attachments) as the single example of a fanhistory piece that I would most like to write if I ever get up the enthusiasm for doing that kind-of-thing-again, when talking to younger fans. "Why, it's a shame that Arnie Katz, and Joyce, and Bill, and Charlene, and Chris, and Ross, and so forth, are

forgotten now. Why, when I was young, they were publishing a zine a week! There was a bi-weekly newszine, and every week a monthly genzine was published, and there was *Tandem* and *Fangle* and *Follatch* and *Cipher* and *Rats!* and all the other affiliated zines of the day, not to mention *Fisamol* or later zines, and they helped beget *Mota*, which beget... Yaw, that's how it was done in the old days when fans were fan! Why, we had to hand-crank our mimeos to reproduce them, and walk hundreds of picas to justify, and vacuum out the Twillone dust, and *suffer*. None of this effete modern use of modems, and computers' BBS'. Why, when was the last time you saw a monthly fanzine? Or even a quarterly? Or 3 times a year...? Snort, growl. Decadent whippersnappers... what's fandom coming to? Is it time to argue about the Hugos, again?"

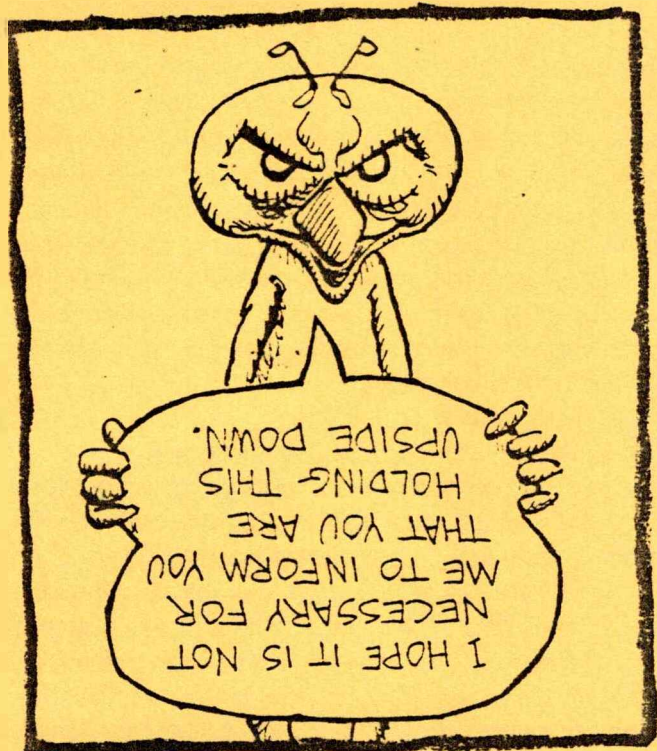
And so forth. Honest.

Really, though, I don't believe that any group of people, before or since, ever were as active as you guys were for a time. And so much good material was produced! (Wow, that cat layout with Chamberlain illos in *Tandem*, for one. And I say that *Focal Point* was the second-best newszine ever done, after *Fanac*, and a superb genzine later; *Follatch* a classic, and so on.). An overview history of those zines would be a highly worthwhile subject for review, as well as a good example for these days.. However, I've only repetitively talked up my theoretical enthusiasm for this, and since almost all of my zines are in hard-to-access storage, I don't advise you to hold your breath waiting for this to come about. Nope, you'll just have to earn your spurs all over again.

Arnie: This issue may run on pink paper just to mask my blushes, Gary. If I can offer two small amendments to your memory, *Focal Point* as a newszine predated the era of *Follatch*, *Rats!*, and *Cipher* by over a year, and Terry Hughes was more colleague than disciple when he beget *Mota*. I am sure rich brown, the estimable co-editor of *FP*, would be as pleased as I to have it mentioned in the same sentence as *Fanac*, definitely my choice for all-time best newszine.

**Ted White**, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046

I had an apartment in Manhattan in 1980 and got cable because off-the-air reception was so bad. While I don't recall the total number of channels available (not all that many), I do recall that the programming on some of those channels was unique in my experience, both then and now. Chris Stein (of Blondie) had a public-access-channel show that was essentially a regular jam session, and I watched that when I was home at that hour (early evening), but what fascinated me was the after-midnight shows on Channel J: "The Ugly George Show," and a nude talk show (with live call-ins: "Hey, could the lady stand



up and turn around so I can get a good view of her body?" "Sure thing.") sponsored by a local orgy club, both stand out in my memory; there were others, too.

There's nothing like *that* on my local cable in Falls Church, though 120 channels are offered. (Our local cable system is supposed to be among the best in the country, although it's not interactive.) Despite the number of channels available, I find I watch mostly network (ABC, CBS, NBC, Fox), with maybe a little Lifetime and MTV. (I watched MTV mostly for shows like "The Young Ones," which I first saw in Australia in 1985 where it was uncensored; MTV censored bits.) But then, I time-shift everything via VCR; I cannot watch "live" TV any more without the urge to zip through the commercials. (Recently, I saw "Total Recall" in a movie theatre and had to suppress the urge to freeze-frame and slo-mo, and/or back up for a reviewing of a sequence, which may indicate how seldom I go to the movies any more.)

Arnie: So far as I know, Manhattan Cable's Channel J is unique. The Lindsay administration insisted that any company granted a license to wire NYC must provide such public access channels. Some of Ugly George's antics are viewable on a series of VHS tapes which can be found at large video rental places that stock x-rated tapes.

Fannish Masterpieces: Terry's "Cacher of the Rye" was published in the early eighties, with his annotations, by Jeanne Gomoll, who is maybe the Lee Hoffman of the eighties. And I've heard vague rumors of an "Incomplete Ted White," though I don't think its contents have been selected (there's so much!). As for the *Fanzine Index*, you may recall that Harold Palmer Piser had republished the original and was working on its update when he died in the late sixties. He had all his research on thousands of 3x5 cards, most of which were lost or destroyed after his death. (I have, or had, the cards on my fanzines, and I was appalled by the extent of the errors he'd made.) I imagine the task is too daunting for anyone to try now, not just because it would require a huge database, but because it would be impossible to track down even a sizable number of the fanzines published in the last 30 years. Harold insisted on *seeing* a fanzine before he'd do an entry, and still got so much wrong. With the proliferation of apazines and the like after 1960, I don't know how you could even find out about many.

Arnie: Meaning no disrespect to Jeanne Gomoll (the Hoffman of the eighties), Joyce Katz (the Hoffman of the seventies), and Geri Sullivan (the Hoffman of the nineties), there is only one Hoffman for All Seasons -- and I understand *Science Fiction Five Yearly* is still on schedule.

Finally, Numbered Fandoms. I think you're flogging a dead horse here, so I won't quibble with most of your choices in latter-day "fandoms". Personally, I think the concept of numbered fandoms lost its usefulness and appropriateness when fandom grew too large to support just a single historical line. Some people think this occurred as early as 1950, and I think it had surely occurred by 1970. Your description of Ninth Fandom and Transition, for instance, hardly described what the mainstream of fandom was experiencing then. You've omitted *Energumen* and all that it stood for, which included, inferentially, the Torcon, the 1973 Worldcon. You're describing what you and your friends were doing, but none of us were then dominant in fanzine fandom. And further, by 1970, the U.S. was no longer the center of fanzine fandom, or of fannishness, but only a center. The mantle was passed to Britain in the seventies, and is still there.

Arnie: But-but that was exactly my point in the article about numbered fandoms which accompanied the description of the theory (offered only for reference). I agree completely with your analysis. If the concept had validity, it died with *SFR* and, as you say, may have perished even earlier. And I didn't forget *Energumen*, one

of the great fanzines of the 1970s, but numbered fandom historians often claim that a focal point must be monthly or more frequent, so I didn't consider it in that light. It ranks 'way up my list of favorites.

**Geri Sullivan**, 3444 Blaisdell Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55408-3558

*Folly* was great fun to read, what with your comments about fandom's masterworks, and my involvement with what I believe to be fandom's newest masterwork: Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator to the Enchanted Convention. You're right, it is a wonderful time to return to fandom! One of the charms of fandom is that people can return after absences of many years. Just look at Walter Himself, not to mention Ying Clarke.

Other famous masterworks on my list include Chuck Harris' *Through Darkest Ireland with Knife, Fork, and Spoon*, the *ATom Anthology*, and the recently released *ATom Memorial Zine*. *Through Darkest Ireland* was recently reprinted in *CHASM*, *The Chuck Harris Appreciation Society Magazine*, published for Corflu 6. Early 1989 would also have been a good time to return to fandom, for then you would have had the opportunity to meet Chuck at Corflu. He's amazing, and outrageously funny.

**Arnie:** About my only disappointment since returning to fandom is the discovery that I just missed U.S. visits by two of my favorite fans, Walt Willis and Chuck Harris. *Through Darkest Ireland* sits on my shelf of truly special fan publications, and I am glad current fans can now read it in its beautiful new edition. I only got the *ATom Memorial* recently, and it certainly belongs on any list of masterworks, as does the *ATom Anthology*. Fans can get ordering information about the *TED* sequel from you, and this has to be the most eagerly awaited fan

publishing project in many years.

I particularly liked the last paragraph of "rKatzenjammer", with its images of sitting by the fire, making friends, renewing friendships, and having a good time. They remind me of hours spent near the fire at Strathcycle (21 Warren Road) last November. The very first thing your esteemed Post-Gafia Counsellor [WAW] did when I visited last fall was to escort me on a tour of Oblique House. It was on the market, you see, so we posed as friends of a potential buyer (So forward, these Irish fans). I took bunches of photos, especially in the fanatic I also brought back several old photos for Jeff to copy, including one taken after the great tea-drinking contest. If I remember right, John Berry downed 22 or 26 cups.

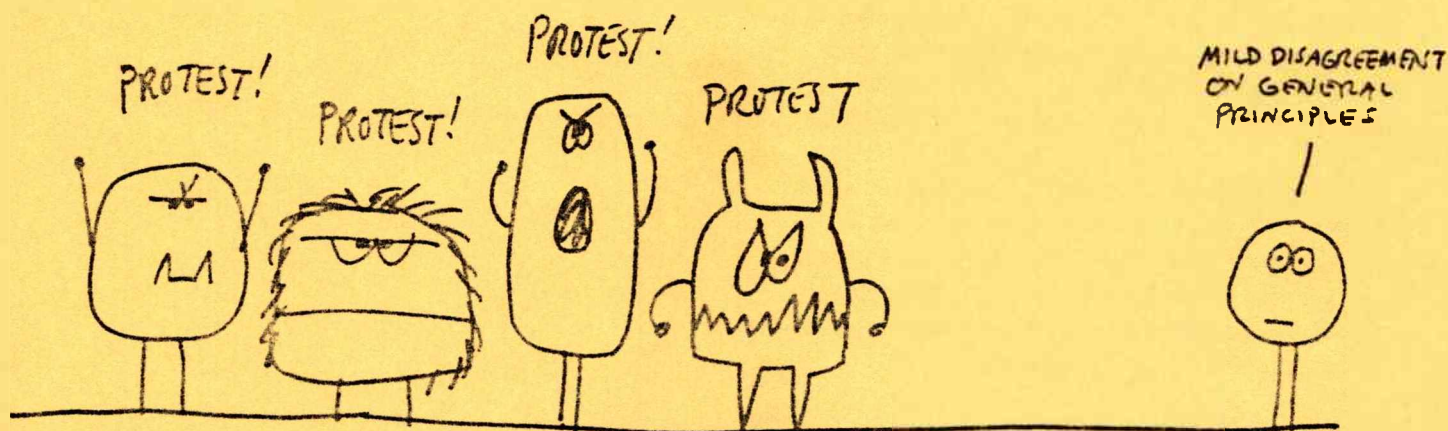
**Arnie:** Some day, Oblique House may be recognized as a fannish shrine, with hourly tours full of fascinating facts and amusing anecdotes. Until that glorious day, I eagerly await your trip report. As to John Berry's tea-drinking record, perhaps the Man Himself will write to enlighten us.

**Redd Boggs**, P.O. Box 1111, Berkeley, CA 94701

If you can do as well as you did in *Folly* #1 "with a writer's block the size of the Washington Monument", I shudder to think what you will do when disencumbered. (Isn't a writer's block more like the Great Wall of China? -- or do you imply a sexual hangup with such a penile reference?)

And *barnacles*? Where did you submerge your Shield of Umor? Honey, I sunk the Shield?

**Arnie:** No, I definitely meant the Washington Monument, astride the narrow path to trufandom. The continued appearance of *Folly* suggests that I am slowly getting the hang of this fanzine stuff, but it's up to you to decide whether that is worth a shudder or





a cheer. My Shield of Umor languished at the bottom of the Sea of Ennui, but I am scraping the barnacles from its once-gleaming face with a sharp wit. Got it half-cleaned, too.

**Sam Moskowitz**, 361 Rosedale Ave., Newark, N.J. 07107

Literally a few days before I received your first issue of *Folly*, I happened to be wondering how Arnie Katz was doing, not having been updated for a number of years and was glad to learn -- though a little surprised -- that you were presumably doing well in Las Vegas. I feel rather paternal toward you and the rest of the science fiction fans I gave jobs on the frozen food magazines, since all of you continued in the same or related professions, so I figured my magazines were sort of a training ground.

Arnie: More than "sort of" a training ground for me! SaM taught me how to write an accurate, well-organized article. Four years at QFF proved of greater value in my writing and editing career than the six years of college and graduate school that preceded it.

**Richard Brandt**, 4740 N. Mesa #111, El Paso, TX 79912

Hey! Thanks for sending *Folly* #2 -- boy here's a

voice from the mythic past. for a lad such as myself who was only getting his fannish feet wet at the outset of the '70s. In fact, although it may try to hide behind those computer headings and dot matrix and end photocopying, it retains something of the look of those informal mimeo'd fanzines of yore; it may have something to do with some of those great illos from some of the great artists of that bygone era. (Jim Shull... now there's someone we haven't seen for awhile... even though he briefly resurfaced in the '80s.

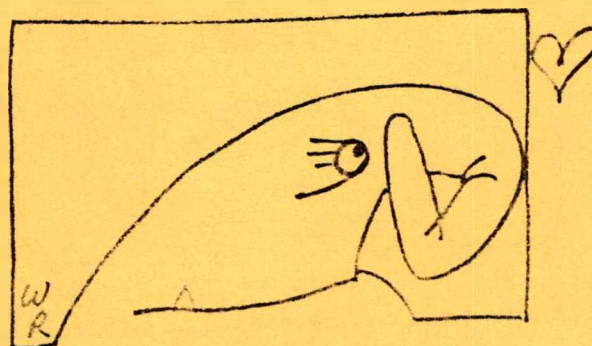
Arnie: Some of the art is reprint, but many are unused pieces from my files. Jim's on the mailing list; perhaps *Folly* will incite him to commit fanart..

The Insurgents are dead; long live the Resurgents.

Bill Kunkel's article really hit home; here in desert El Paso, a whole sub-division is given to names like Seabreezem Schooner, and Outrigger, harking to that evident yearning for the sea that characterizes landlubber developers. (As one transplanted Californian once told me, "If you guys just had an ocean instead of Juarez, you'd have something.") In fact, one gang of would-be beach bums established the El Paso Surf Club, whose motto is: "Real men don't need water."

Arnie: Resurgents? I think you've got something there, Richard! I guess a lot of folks will be seeing El Paso in person next May 3-5 for Corflu 8.

WAHF: Letters as entertaining and friendly as the ones printed, but of a somewhat more personal nature, were received from: Steve Stiles, Walt Willis, Don C. Thompson, Pete Roberts, Eric Mayer, F.M. Busby, Jay Kinney, Dave Langford, Stu Shiffman, and Leah Smith Apologies to those whose letters didn't arrive soon enough for this issue. You can expect your deferred justice in *Folly* #4.



# DEAD FLOWERS

A hand holding a gun, pointing it at a flower. The word "BLAM!" is written next to the gun, and "FLOWERS" is written next to the flower.

## An Occasional Column by Bill Kunkel-

"I presume you've heard of... Apartment House Wrestling?"

This question launched one of the weirdest phenomena in wrestling magazine history. It was the mid-70s, a low point in professional wrestling in general. Bill Apter, honcho of the Victory Sports Series, the number one publisher in the field, knew he had to do something -- *anything* -- to keep readers from giving up his VSS magazines in favor of Marvel Comics, *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, girls or pot.

So, he invented Apartment House Wrestling and, for at least a year, it was the dominant trend in the grappling press. Special publications, entire issues of VSS flagships *Inside Wrestling* and *The Wrestler* -- and, inevitably, a flood of second rate imitators -- over-flowed news-stands.

In my ongoing quest to reveal to the world at large every aspect of historical sleaze, I will tell you about Apartment House Wrestling. The core idea that drove this phenomenal, if entirely bogus, concept was Apter's notion of a wealthy band of male chauvanist swine, depicted as worldly conny-sewers of female pulchritude, who enjoyed nothing quite so well as watching two well-endowed women undress one another in classic catfight fashion. Examples speak louder than theory, so let me relate my personal favorite AHW story (related from memory, so the quotes may not be exact):

The leader of the aforementioned group of cigar-smoking MCPs we shall call "M". M is in-

terviewing for the position of secretary to his World Famous Business and after an arduous selection process, the candidates have been winnowed down to two statuesque beauties, one a gorgeous blonde and the other a fiery brunette. Try though he might, M is unable to find so much as a genital hair's difference between the skills of these two women. Caught in a Solomon-like bind, he suddenly has an inspiration.

"Ladies," he tells them, near to exhaustion as a result of the intensive interviews, "I can not find any way to choose between you. But I *do* have an idea." He lifts a huge cigar to his full lips and lights it, inhales deeply, then expels the smoke high over the candidates' heads. "I presume," he begins, "that you've heard of... Apartment House Wrestling?"

Being Women of the World, they are intimately familiar with the non-existent sport. Both nod. "Good," M continues. "I would like to see you both at my luxury penthouse apartment tonight. The winner will get the job."

M's penthouse is located on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, overlooking the twinkling lights of the ultimate metropolis. By the time the contestants arrive, some dozen men have gathered, puffing on Cuban stogies and sipping fine brandy. They chat amiably, these sophisticated gentlemen, all regular members of M's inner circle with one exception - Bill Apter, who has been granted extraordinary permission to not only *attend* this event, but to photograph

it, for posterity. After all, what's the good of having beautiful women cat-fighting in your penthouse living room if the rest of the world can't be jealous about it?

The attendees are quite familiar with M's "special entertainments" and anticipate the evening's festivities with a quiet excitement. When the women arrive, they are greeted by M, looking mature and elegant in his silk smoking jacket and mauve ascot. He toasts the contestants with century old Port, then leads them to a bedroom where they can change into their grappling duds. The women do not speak but glare stonily at one another.

By the time the lovely combatants emerge, the members of M's exclusive circle have all seated themselves. The only sounds are the subtle squeakings of silk suits against expensive leather. The women are clad in revealing bikinis and their eyes are set, grimly determined to win the vaunted secretarial position by force.

M steps to the center of the room and formally welcomes his audience. The rules of the contest are somewhat vague; the object is either to pin your opponent or remove her clothing and you can imagine which outcome the gentlemen would prefer. However, this is not the type of crowd that sits around chanting: "Take it off, baby!" They would like to, of course, but their upbringing prohibits that sort of demonstrative behavior. Instead, they signify approval with a genteel clap or a

*continued on page 19*

## Joyce Worley Katz Blue Jaunt

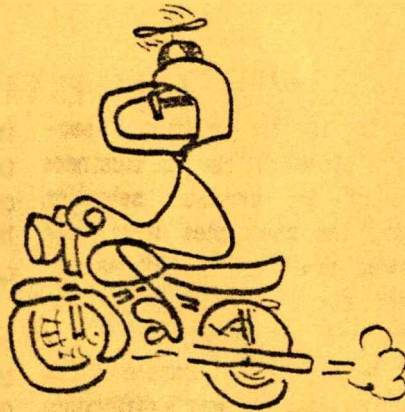
### Going into the West: Part 2

When Arnie and I moved to 59 Livingston St, Brooklyn Heights, on October 1, 1970, we put down roots. I had just survived a painful upheaval in my life that transplanted me from Missouri to New York; I desperately needed solidity; I craved permanence.

It didn't take long to figure a way to feel immovable: I started collecting glass. On the day Arnie and I moved in, we walked to downtown Brooklyn and bought our first set of dishes (plain white with a classic silver band). Arnie lugged the heavy box home on his back, and we set up housekeeping. Soon came the Initial K crystal; at the rate of one a month, we bought 13 place settings including fragile wine, water, sherbert, ice tea, large and small high-ball glasses. About the time we finished with the stemware, Bohack's Grocery started a plate-a-week promotion. We ended with 13 settings of brownware, then bought all the nifty side dishes to match.

Depression glass was next. It's a passion I doubt I'll ever outgrow. First I bought odds and ends at street fairs, then started trying to match up sets. Charlene Komar-Kunkel gifted me with a service for eight of black octagon; I laboriously put together a service for six of blue bubble. When Indiana Glass Company repoured some old molds in celebration of the Bicentennial in 1976, I got a service for four of clear pattern glass, with every side dish. A year or two later, the company sanded the date off the designs, and repoured in pink. My heart turned over at the sight, and I bought enough pink dishes for eight placesettings.

To summarize, I have a lot of glass.



#### Move It or Lose It

Unfortunately, glass wasn't the only stuff we collected in the last 20 years. The Livingston Street apartment was stuffed. Every closet was solid-packed like tuna without the water, and every wall was lined with shelves, bureaus, file drawers, and other storage devices. I started as soon as we knew we would move. Each week, I'd have groceries delivered in boxes, then scouted the basement for what I could find. I began in the kitchen closet with the holiday pieces. Every week I'd wash, then newspaper-wrap and pack as many items as I could box. I discarded a few; some pieces I gave to friends as remembrances and the rest went to a friend setting up a new household.

I fussed at Arnie, and to a lesser degree, Bill, to make them start. I knew the job was formidable. It was almost the end of summer before Arnie finally made a stab at our bedroom closet. Lined with storage shelves high above my reach, it was stuffed to the ceiling with enveloped FAPA mailings. Lee gave them to Terry when she went south; Terry gave them to Arnie when he went west. Arnie tried to sort the zines that filled most of the space. The ones

he kept were packed into cartons, and we started discard boxes for those we weren't going to move.

The hall closet was another space that hadn't been cleaned for years. I pulled out several square feet of woolen hats, gloves, scarfs and other cold-weather gear I wouldn't be needing again, and put them in a pass-along box. We trashed the slotcar racing set; a lot of the pieces were missing or bent, anyhow. I decided to move the table-top hockey set. Although it was bulky, it didn't weigh much. As I looked at it, I could still envision Arnie and Bruce Telzer in stormy battles.

The closets were filled with the past. The photo enlarger reminded me of sweltering nights, kitchen window blocked with reynolds wrap, developing pictures. No one wanted the darkroom stuff we used when we published Main Event wrestling magazine, but it disappeared in minutes after I put it in the hall. In one bag were toy soldiers Arnie and I, Bill and Charlene had collected in skee-ball contests in Coney Island; in another the lead D&D figures I had abandoned unpainted when my eyes began to go back. Lettering guides, stencils, presstype and zip-a-tone reminded me of other days; there were even uncollated pages of a fanzine that never went to more than a handful of friends. One closet yielded up two dozen realms of twilltone paper; The Very Paper that caused the trouble between Moish and Arnie over a decade earlier, but neither of us could remember just what that trouble had been.

One closet held pain; a box of special mementos brought with me from St. Louis so many years ago. A tiny pair of shoes; a photo of a baby's coffin. Missing friends; lost loves; torn dreams. Pictures of my father, who died over a quarter of a century ago. A fresher wound: the pictures of my mother who passed two years ago. I averted my eyes as I repackaged the stuff without examining it.

I sealed up the run of ODD Duggie gave me; it starts with the back-from-gafia issue in 1967, and runs through the last, undistributed ODD 21. Probably the only collection that includes the issues he did from 1947-52 is the one he left to his son, Jason, after his death in Texas. As I packed, I thought a lot about Jason, and wondered if he would eventually be a fan.

I packed the stuffed animals: Ferocious Lion from the first Christmas Arnie and I were together; Buffalo-who-cannot-stand that marked his family's move to Arizona; the panda named Burbee given to me by Barry Smotroff before he was murdered.

Packing can make one feel very very old, you know.

### Partings Not All That Much Sorrow

"Once a person makes up his mind to go, it's like part of him is gone already; his attention slips further and further toward the new place, until there's only a shell left behind." I remember telling a friend that once, talking about some lost love or other. The same holds true of cross-country movers.

Once Bill, Arnie and I decided to leave, we could hardly stand the place. New York, the city once called a Summer Festival, was steamy, crime infested, and overcrowded. The charming tree-lined streets that framed Brooklyn Heights were filled with homeless; the storekeepers who once took pride in friendliness now shuttered their windows with steel bars. Our view of the harbor was denied; our landlord no longer gives his tenants roof access, and the 4th of July parties, gazing at Miss Liberty cloaked in fireworks, were just memories.

Each Tuesday and Friday were meeting days; Bill would take the two hour subway ride to our place. We'd lunch on tuna sandwiches, go through the mail, take care of our business, then pour over the computer printouts and real estate

mags Cathy sent us almost weekly. The pictures of the Vegas landscapes, the blue skies and blazing sunlight, warmed our hearts. As we gazed over the Brooklyn rooftops at the grey skies of New York, our souls had already started the westward journey.

Through the summer, Arnie and I made a real effort to make "one last visit" to places we loved. But it was a muggy year, filled with rain, soot and pollen. Good sense kept me and my sinuses out of Brooklyn's Botanical Gardens, though I was sorry not to see it again. We never quite got around to one last tour of the Metropolitan Museum; and, we didn't go down to Luna Park (that's Coney Island to you out-of-towners).

We did go to the Stage Deli, and Carnegie, and (over and over again) to Brooklyn's own Juniors, that palace of pleasure, home of the finest cheesecake, fluffiest blintzes, leanest corned beef in all the USA.

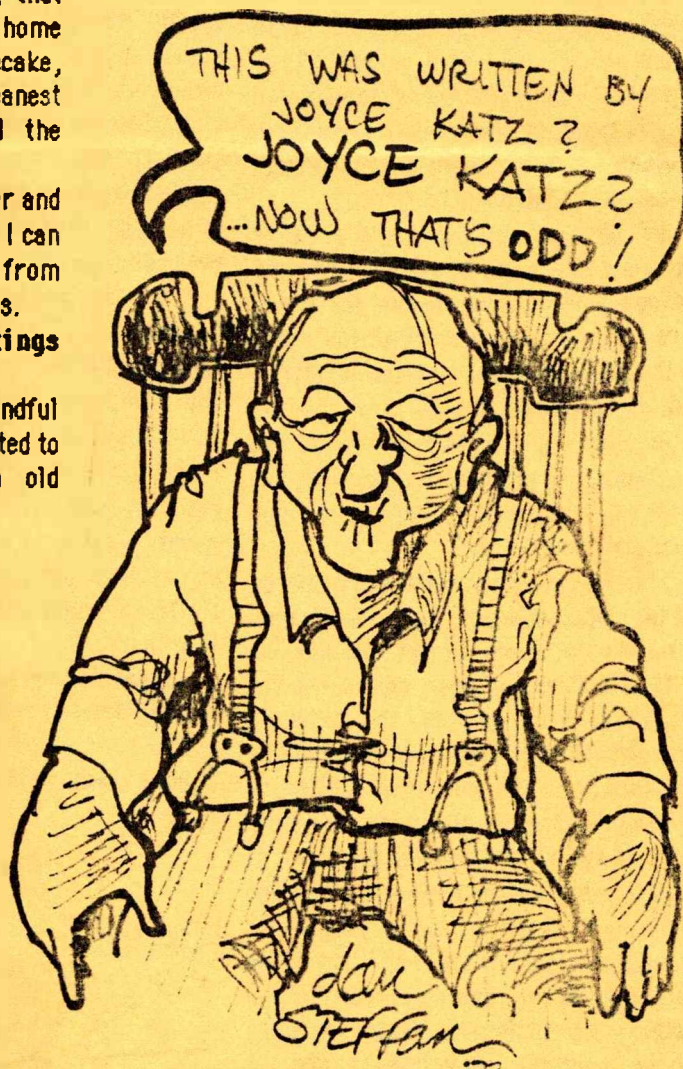
Now that it's over and done, the only thing I can really say I miss from New York is Juniors.

### But Some Partings Were

There were a handful of people I really hated to tell goodbye. An old employer I had really loved; my building super's wife who had such charm it transcended the language barrier between us. I hated to leave my professional advisors. I had grown to trust and depend on dear Bob Halfon, our accountant; for months I tried to convince myself I'd continue to be his client via

phone and modem and the occasional trip east to take care of business. And my doctor; no one had cared for me for years except Dr. Peltz; I dreaded the notion of finding a new physician.

Then there was Arnie and Bill's weekly computer baseball league. Every Tuesday night, six other stat freaks joined them to play MicroLeague Baseball. We had enough computers to keep eight managers playing through their season's schedules. (Actually, we could have kept several more pairs going.) While the teams battled for leadership in the two divisions, building up to our annual world's series, we-who-waited created our own diversions. After a weekly supper of burgers (I refused to try

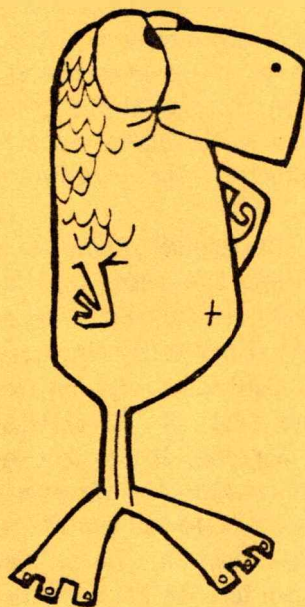


to be creative on such a regular schedule), the wives, girl friends, and friends-of-the-league socialized, played games, and occasionally ragged the eight managers. These things...these people...really mattered to me.

Sharon got pretty creative while she waited for Jeff Schwartz. I guess it came from hanging out with Arnie and me for so long. She and I were co-workers at my last insurance agency job; we glommed right onto each other from the time we met. In no time, Jeff and she were involved in our doings. Both are great cooks; they invited us over for long evenings of gourmet dining at their apartment. Game lovers, they were enthusiastic participants in the mystery dinner parties that became our favorite method of entertaining. The Jamie Sweis mysteries called for eight players; we'd assume the characters we were assigned (even costuming for the parts), have gorgeous formal dinners, then match wits to find whodunit. They even survived bitter Diplomacy games; greater loyalty has no friend!

Jeff and Sharon were enthusiastic supporters when electronic gaming started dominating our lives; there was really no question about the friendship surviving my retirement from secretarial work. They played the games, followed the magazines, attended the parties, and were unflagging listeners to our hopes and dreams.

This must be the reason Sharon started evidencing such a fannish turn. The league wasn't half through its first season when she named the living room setters the Widow's Web. Then, surprising even herself with the effort, she began publishing an irregular newsletter for the Web. At first it was fairly sercon. It discussed baseball strategy and the league standings, with a mix of innocent charm and half-knowledge (sort of a baseball version of Bester's Scientific People in Stars My Destination). Eventually she quit the baseball talk, and wrote

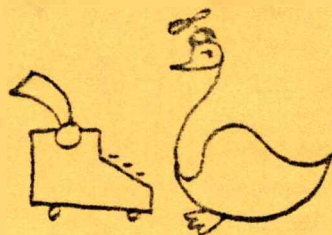


appealingly of things just for the nonplaying group.

Her literary efforts bore fruit...grapes, in fact. The insurance agency started a house monthly with standings, sales reports, and the mundania of underwriting. In no time, Sharon was in the thick of it, writing the paper's only really interesting material, a column about wine and gourmet foods. I was prouder than if I did it myself!

It was hardest to tell Ross Chamberlain. After his return to New York from Cleveland, he joined the Web, and Tuesday's crowd was incomplete without him. Having Ross back again was like having a lost relative restored; it was as if he had never been gone. The leather recliner was renamed Ross' Chair, and the living room looked empty without him there.

These were the years of our closest friendship. Not a correspondent, I never wrote to him (or anyone else) while he was away. On



his occasional visits to New York I often chided him that we were growing further apart as the years passed. Passing out of youth, his mellow voice became even quieter and lower. In a room full of noisy chatter, hearing him became harder for me. I always feared that eventually we'd be unable to communicate at all. The fine long evenings of quiet conversation while they played ball were a reprieve; they recemented our friendship.

Ross cat-sat for us during a couple of our CES trips, and then did the same when we went to England. So he was on the spot when we got back, our heads filled with the notion of moving. His first reaction was shocked disbelief; he knew what a New York Chauvinist Arnie had always been. At first he thought we were joking. But, when we started explaining our train of thought, he was quick to see we were serious, and then to recognize the advantages Vegas offered.

I couldn't leave it at that, of course. Before the summer was over, I had Ross, Jeff and Sharon all thinking about Vegas. One of these days, if I have my way about it, they'll make the same move.

### Goodbye to N.Y. Fandom

The discard box of fanzines filled, and another and another. We actually considered trashing them, but couldn't do it. I reminded Arnie of how Bob Tucker once sold his collection for nickles and dimes. I made him think of Lee's, then Terry's, pass-ons of unwanted treasures. I forced him to admit it would be wrong to junk them. We were long out of N.Y. fandom, but Tim Marion had never given us up; once or twice a year he'd call. I convinced Arnie that Tim should at least be offered the zines.

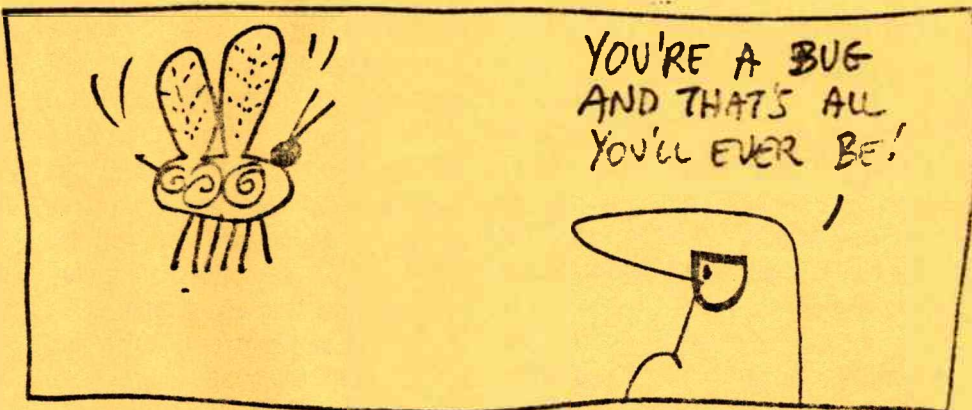
Actually, it ended as a very pleasant visit. Tim came over one Sunday afternoon with Gary Tesser, and we loaded Gary's car with as much fannish gear as we could gather.

The two were charming; we

enjoyed their visit and were glad we had called. It was our first real contact with anyone in local fandom for many years. It wasn't exactly a glorious reunion, but it was nice. And it helped us realize that some of our mistakes had been forgotten, and that we should forget some of the mistakes made by others, too.

In the end, I called Andy Porter. A chance encounter a year or so previous at a Simon & Schuster press event had been pleasant; then I had spoken with him when Duggie died. Andy had stayed in contact with him longer than almost any other fan, and Duggie always cared a lot about him.

Perhaps the disagreements of a decade before were as vague in Andy's mind as mine; at any rate, after all was said and done, I just didn't feel



right about leaving without telling him. Again, I was glad I did. He responded with interest, and we even made tentative plans to visit during the bookshow he wanted to attend in Vegas.

#### And Then Just Goodbye

Finally, although it seemed the time would never pass, the month,

the week, the day arrived, along with the huge moving van. When the house was empty, we went to Jeff and Sharon's place to spend our last night in New York enjoying their fine hospitality.

And when the morning came, we picked up our cat, crawled into the taxi, and rode away.□

## Dead Flowers...

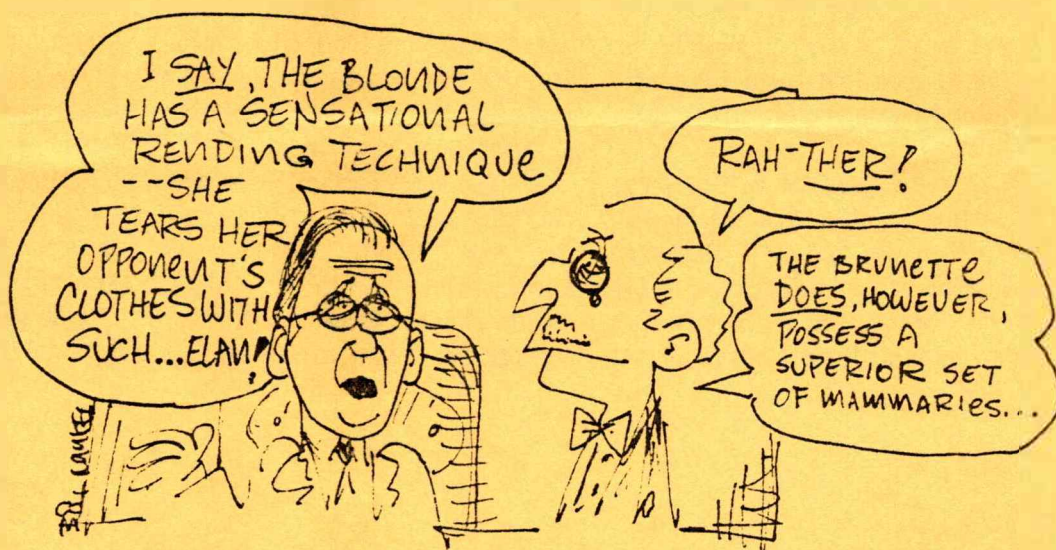
*Continued from page 15*

soft-spoken: "Well done! Splendid technique!"

The quality of the wrestling, I fear, must be left to our fevered imaginations for the only evidence of the actual matches are a series of obviously-staged photos in which the two participants progressively remove one another's paltry coverings. I am ashamed to admit that I do not even recall who won this battle of titans, but I believe it

was the brunette.

The rest is history, as the cliché goes, and AHW kept the wrestling mags on life support through one of the leanest periods in their history. There were other great matches, of course -- the face-off between the haughty heiress and her hot-tempered Latin maid, for example, remains nearly as vivid in memory as my wedding day. There were also, if you'll excuse the expression, the inevitable "rip offs." A low-rent Canadian publisher was especially



guilty of polluting newsstands with pathetic imitations of Apter's more high toned sleaze, complete with scaggy-looking models and even, when the thrill began to wane, the introduction of "juice" (ie, blood)!

Perhaps the strangest footnote to all of this is the fact that Mr. Apter's invention later evolved into reality as Apartment House Wrestling has since become an entertainment staple in dwellings (some not even apartments!) from coast to coast. Swingers' tabloids bristle with

invitations to participate in all manner of catfight and man vs woman kinkiness. Truth, once again, maintains its edge in strangeness over even the lunatic fringe of fiction.

I hope this has been instructive. At the very least, when you, dear reader, find yourself in amongst society's elite, and someone asks the inevitable question -- "I presume you've heard of... Apartment House Wrestling?" -- you will not embarrass yourself.□

## Under the Spell....

*Continued from page 5*

from any such disk brought into the room. To ease the pain, each visitor will have the opportunity to copy the public domain version of "The Enchanted Duplicator" onto the now-empty disk.

Another activity will be the campaign to get a "Best Typo" Hugo added to the fan awards at the earliest possible worldcon. We must give fans the incentive to create great typographical errors to redress the shortfall in this area caused by runaway computerization.

We're going to have buttons and teeshirts, too, though they cost extra. Just think of the instant

recognition the cause will receive when you walk into the banquet hall wearing your "I'm an ASS" lapel pin!

Then there's ASS' bimonthly official organ. It will carry all the latest news of the fight to restore humanity to fandom as well as outstanding examples of idiosyncratic spelling and grammar. It won't even be proofread, much less spellchecked, so count on *Uranus* to display a luxuriant crop of typos.

Join the Anti-Spellchecker Society to preserve orthographic freedom. Toss away those spell-checkers and breathe free!

And always remember the deathless ASS slogan we brag: "The right to make typos is the right to be dreel!" Δ

## That Hideous Strength

*Continued from page 9*

letters and fanzines, yesterday's Brave Heart is today's Gallstone; an annoying pain that keeps the placid body of Fandom from getting a good decade's sleep.

After 15 years of Getting Away from It All, I feel like the fannish version of the "old coot" character now appearing on "Saturday Night Live"... When I was a young fan, we didn't have all these computers that

are so easy to use with those pretty type fonts and spellcheckers. We cut stencils on broken manual typewriters that put callouses on your hands and covered the keys with colored wax that we had to dig out with a needle that stuck in your finger and got infected. And we liked it!

We didn't have one of those nice, clean copy centers on every corner with the helpful clerks who reproduces every page perfectly in minutes. We had to sweat over noisy mimeograph machines in airless

rooms until the sweat ran down our foreheads and into our eyes. And it made our eyes burn, until we couldn't see anything, but we didn't care, because we were Publishing Giants and we liked it!

And the smelly mimeo ink plopped on the floor and left big black stains on the woodwork, and the cat ate the twiltone dust and threw up on the couch and we chased it through the ink puddles, and we liked it!

We didn't have these mailing list programs that spit out perfect self-adhesive labels and those newfangled bulk rate permits where all you have to do is write a check. We had to type every label and lick every single label and stamp until our tongues were coated with industrial glue and stuck to our teeth and made our breath smell like a dog after dinner and we threw up lunch in the elevator on the way to the mail box in the middle of the night in the dead of winter, and we liked it!

We must've liked it. Otherwise, why would we have published so often? There were a few Saturdays on which the Brooklyn Insurgents duplicated, collated, and mailed as many as three genzines. No little personalzines, either.

Who says there's no positive side to mental illness? □

*Folly*

330 S. Decatur  
Suite 152  
Las Vegas, NV  
89107



First Class

Lee Hoffman  
401 Sunrise Trail NW  
Port Charlotte, FL 33952