

Katzen

Jammer

Things are looking good for the head Fool

So, let me tell you about my operation...

In November, I dreaded the passage of each day that brought me closer to my inevitable date with Dr. Westfield. My desire to "get back to normal", as I termed it in my thoughts, triumphed over fear by mid-January. I couldn't wait to pierce the mists of my shrinking visual horizons

An active imagination isn't always a blessing.. Once or twice,



as February 26th approached, I screamed awake from ghastly nightmares about things that could go wrong.

The idea of being awake during the procedure obsessed

my nervously churning brain. In my imagination, I heard the voice in the blackness say, "Oops, we've got a problem."

Not all of my mental meanderings were so grimly realistic. One cast me as Blind Kiwi Washington, noted sightless blues belter. That taught me something important: a blind bluesman needs a sighted friend with enough taste to pick out the good-looking groupies. This might have seemed like a more momentous revelation if I had a strong singing voice, but I filed it away for later reference.

A cataract isn't much these days. It's an almost can't miss proposition for most folks. That's most folks, but not me. Dr.

Westfield set the odds overwhelmingly in my favor, better than 4 to 1. That was comforting, but it didn't banish thoughts about possible negative consequences. Blindness was the most likely disaster.

I spent too many idle hours thinking about how I would continue my career. Blindness meant farewell to game reviewing and a hard time keeping up with electronic gaming sufficiently to design and consult. Numerous conversations with all three partners strengthened my resolve to continue to write. It was one less worry.

I've always been independent. My grammar school pressured my parents to send me to a Lighthouse for the Blind school when I was in first grade.

My mother and father, who only wanted the best for me, are old world people with the traditional Jewish reverence for learning and teachers. They would automatically give great weight to any suggestion or request from The School. Pint-sized Arnie Katz, already adjusted to his pop-bottle-lensed



Steve Altiles

A Myth Grows In Vegas

"You stinker," said Becky up fanhistory. Shayne.

Her flashing eyes bored Shayne. Five of us sat in the bubbling jacuzzi, enjoying the warmly swirling waters on an unseasonably warm Saturday in mid-February. She reminded Joyce, Bill, and Dennis of the "Meet Becky Shayne" article I wrote for *Folly #4*. I had casually referred to her as "Legs".

Becky knows little of fanhistory and even less about Al Ashley and Francis Towner Laney. Had she been aware of her close approach to the mythic phrase, she would have delighted assembled Las Vegas Fandom and instead said, "You bastard." In such ways do Great Moments of Fanhistory squirt, quicksilver elusive, through the historian's clutching fingers.

Had she spoken that immortal fannish line, Becky would have forged a trans-temporal bond between today's Las Vegas Fandom and the great fan centers of yesteryear. Universal order would have reigned in the fan universe. Those two magic words might have unleashed megatons of pent-up fannish energy, enough to completely re-invigorate current fannish fanzine fandom. I might even have renamed my home "Obtuse House" and hung a Dolly Parton calendar as a boundary for Ghreatminton (Ghoodminton with paramutuel betting) tournaments. This single event might have profoundly altered the course of Fandom in the Nineties.

That was not to be. In her innocence of the grand and glorious roots of science fiction fandom, Becky did not say, "You bastard". A faithful scribe cannot report otherwise. I will not mutilate her meaning to tidy

"You stinker," said Becky

At this point I learned that I could not have attained Stinkerhood without the help of Andy Hooper. The Minneasotan had sent Becky her first fanzine (apart from *Folly* and other Katzines) — and addressed it to "Legs Shayne".

One impossibly long, slim leg broke free of the water. Beads of moisture slid down the symmetrical contours, making it glisten slightly in the bright sunlight.

"Look at those horrible scars!" she moaned. Close examination revealed a few very small purplish lines in the general of the right knee. They appeared to be the reason for her consternation. I'd say these disfigurements lowered the limb to a 9.5. There was every reason to believe that the left one was still an incontrovertible

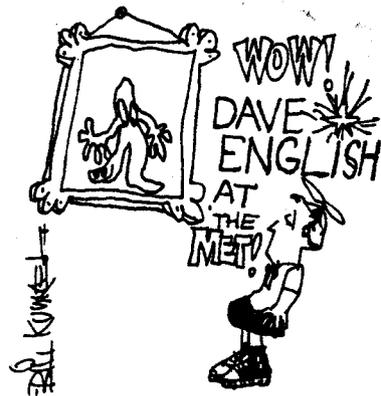
"I look like I should've been born a mutant!" she wailed.

"Now, *that's* a quote for *Folly!*" I said triumphantly. A chrous of agreement ratified my statement.

"You stinker," said Becky

Shayne.

Shayne.



glasses, spoke with precocious eloquence on that pivotal day. With the spectre of that detour into cloistered dependence always in the back of my mind, I spent the rest of my school days creeping up to copy from the blackboard.

Perhaps that's why I so often thought about whether I was doing something unaided for the last time. Preparing *Folly #4* proved an especially poignant experience. I ended up collating, addressing, and mailing every single copy myself. I could have had help, but it was important to do those primal fan things under my own power. I'd confided to several friends that even going blind wouldn't keep me from fanning, but it would never be quite the same.

Joyce and I drove to the medical center just before sunrise on the appointed day. Bill and Becky had both insisted on being there for support, but they drove separately. Three other patients besides me assembled in the waiting room at 7:00. Nurses conducted us into the surgery center at 15-minute intervals.

The mood in the surgery was relentlessly cheerful, more from natural inclination than policy. Everyone had either just returned

from vacation or was about to visit someplace exciting.

The actual operation took eight minutes. The local anesthetic kept me oblivious to Dr. Westfield's ministrations, though he did ask me to stop chattering during the tricky part.

I remember every second of the operation, but they turned up the juice right at the end. The next hour was a complete blank.

I awoke in bandaged

darkness. Becky and Bill walked me to the car, and Joyce drove home. Everyone had drummed cautions into my head for at least a week before the operation, so I spent the day staying still and calm. Becky and Joyce hovered over my protectively.

Some actors and actresses artificially handicap themselves for a day or two to gain insight into a role. I admire the zeal, but it's like running a 100-yard dash to

understand the agonies of a marathoner. Robert Deniro could find out about blindness by donning opaque goggles for a day, but the genuinely blind person lives with the knowledge that the condition is permanent.

As I lay on the king-sized bed, I wondered whether I was a daytripper or a new resident of the country of the blind. Dr. Westfield had seemed pleased, but that was no guarantee. The doctor was happy after reattaching the retina of my left eye, and I never saw with it again.

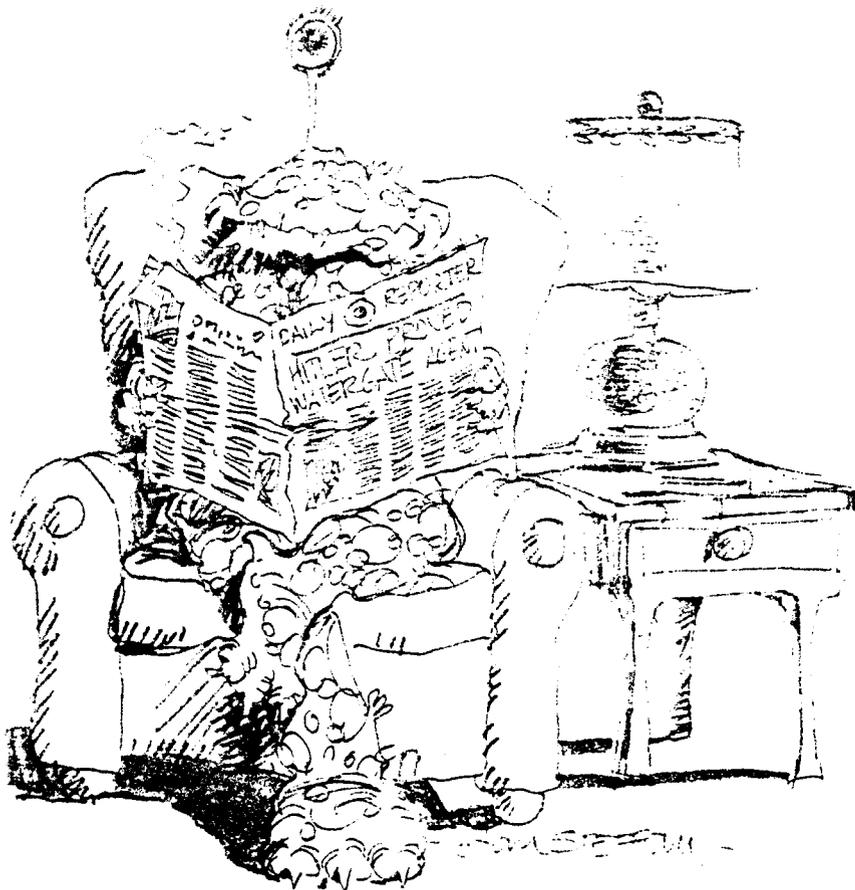
My dark reflections evaporated with the click of a switch. When someone turned on the lamp beside the bed, I saw a light pattern through the bandages. It probably doesn't sound like much, but this tiny sign spoke volumes. I spent the rest of that day and the next morning flicking light switches.

I returned to Dr. Westfield's office the next day so he could remove the bandages. Joyce and Becky, each holding an arm, walked me from the parking lot to the examination room.

Long minutes passed as I sat in the special chair. Though outwardly calm, my mind raced. Finally, Dr. Westfield and his assistant began removing the tape and pads. They stepped back.

I saw two women, a mature blonde and a leggy brunette, peering at me anxiously. "Nice striped shirt, Becky," I said.

I could see. They measured it at 20/300. Dr. Westfield gave me a little kit with antibiotic drops, gauze pads, and other necessities for the recuperating patient. Just before we left, someone handed me a pair of very dark, black plastic



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Folly a Deaux

An illuminating conversation with Joyce

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

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

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

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

implement.

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

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

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

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

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

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

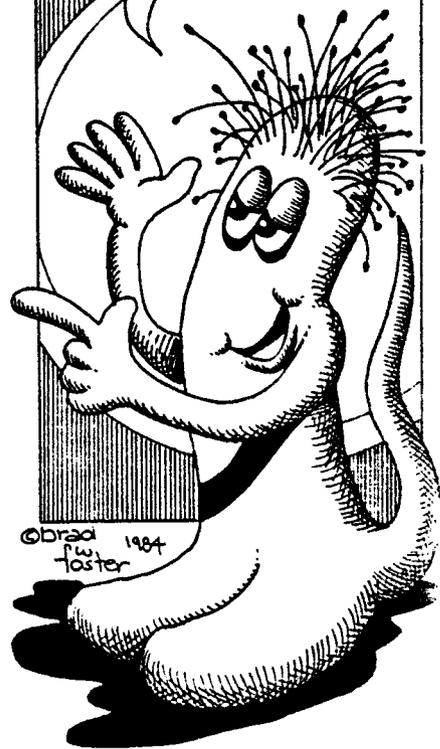
"Yes, it could've been in a mermaid movie," I agreed. My mommy told me never to dispute with crazy people.

"It's a shame," she said.

"What's a shame?" I asked.

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

NOW THIS IS SOMETHING THAT I FIND PARTICULARLY STRANGE...



conducted us to a booth. I realized I had a lot of ogling to catch up on.

My vision improved to 20/200 the second week and 20/100 the third. Since my best corrected vision, prior to the cataract, was 20/100, my delight is boundless.

I got temporary glasses in mid-March and will have permanent ones by the time *Folly* reaches you. Meanwhile, my reading ability is very limited, but it's sufficient to return to work and some fanning.

Thank you, everyone, for the good wishes and support during a difficult period. It means a lot to me. Maybe "It's a proud and lonely thing to be a fan" needs updating. I'm proud to be among so many caring people, but I don't think I could describe myself as "lonely". □

wraparound sunglasses.

The mirror displays an interesting new look. The sunglasses covered more of my face, and that *had* to be an improvement.

Becky, Joyce, and I celebrated by stopping for lunch at Blueberry Hill. A woman in skintight jeans and plunging neckline, with multi-colored blonde hair flowing to her waist, passed us as the waitress



THE TOKEN AND THE TALISMAN

Superstition doesn't count much with me. I have never worn a holy metal, carried a rabbit's foot, fretted about the 13th, or any of that other claptrap. Yet it came to pass that the only thing I carried with me into the operating room was a talisman of extraordinary fan-mystical significance.

The trufannish talisman came to me in a letter from the woman other fans call the Geri Sullivan of the 1990s. Walt Willis introduced us shortly after I resumed fanac, and she's become one of my regular correspondents.

Geri's gift betrayed none of its specialness to the casual observer. It was a smooth, irregular white pebble. Like Tolkien's One Ring, ordinary appearance masked the

tremendous forces locked within its heart.

Geri found the rock during her trip to Britain and Northern Ireland, the details of which will shortly begin appearing in *Folly*. It comes from the hill on which the magic mimeo stood in *The Enchanted Duplicator*.

An unabashed admirer of *TED* like me could not fail to be highly impressed. I carefully swathed the stone in bits of cardboard, taped the whole thing together, and slid it into a pocket in my wallet.

A hunt through my fannish momentoes yielded the perfect reciprocal gift. My next letter to Geri included a penny.

As I explained to her, this penny had a convoluted fannish history. It began life as an ordinary copper coin of no rare mintage. It entered fandom as a contribution to the 1962 Willis Fund. The Fanoclasts decided Walter and Madeleine could use extra spending money, so they passed the cup — or rather, two cups — at a meeting.

Terry Carr took charge of the proceeds. To make things easier for the Willises, he counting the

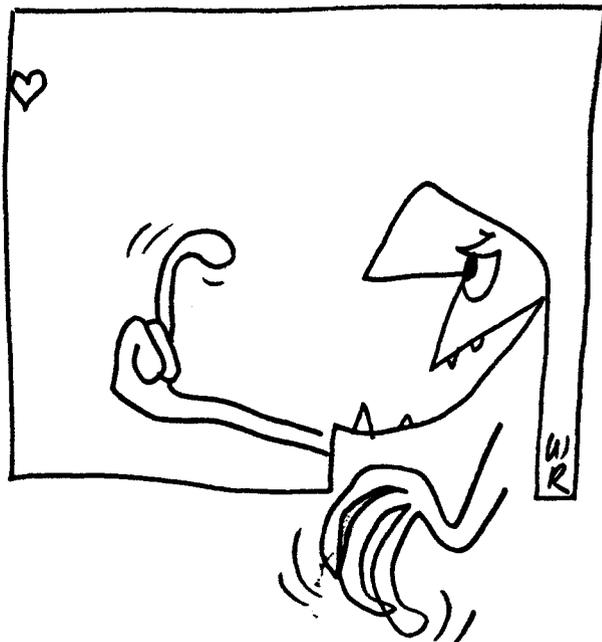
change and put the dollar amount into the Willis Fund.

The coins, in the matching pair of green cups, sat on a shelf in the Carrs' apartment for about a decade. Terry donated the pile of pennies to me for the Bob Shaw Fund (which brought BoSh to the Noreascon).

I put the cash value into the kitty, and the cups sat on a living room bookcase in Brooklyn Heights for another decade. Now the twin green cofferes reside on a shelf in the room that serves as Becky Shayne's office.

I sent Geri one of the pennies. Her next letter agreed to my proposal that she serialize her trip report in *Folly*.

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THE TWO SCHOOLS OF FANNISHNESS

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

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

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

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

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

As I pondered the passage, I divined a quasi-legitimate interpretation. It has a ring of

familiarity, so maybe it was what I originally had in mind. At least, that's my story now. I plead guilty to over-compression in my explanation. (Actually, I glory in this newfound ability to occasionally say something in too few words instead of too many. Thus are the lives of the majestic trees sometimes spared. We must find our triumphs where we can.)

What I should have written instead of that meaningless line is that "The Enchanted Duplicator",

speculation about the Nature of Fannishness. Having jettisoned Numbered Fandoms as a tool for fanhistorical analysis, it is logical to look for other ways of understanding the history of our hobby.

My half-baked notion is that there are two types of fannishness: Insurgents and Trufannishness. Understand, I am not talking about "warring factions" or fanpolitical parties. Not only do these philosophies co-exist harmoniously within

fannish fandom, but both elements are frequently found in the make-up of individual fannish fans.

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

Hoy Ping Pong's satiric observations about fandom as in *Le Zombie* and *D'Journal* laid the foundation for later Insurgents like Laney, Burbee, and Rapp. These, in turn, inspired more recent Insurgents, including Ted White, rich brown, and Bill Kunkel.

Then there's the Bob Tucker who wrote *The Neofan's Guide* and traded so many witty zingers with Robert Bloch and others. They might be called the Trufans. Tucker and Bloch were the Elder



as the epitome of the spirit of the *Quandy* circle, in turn, became fannish fandom's Guiding Metaphor in the 1958-1962 period. Speaking from the limited knowledge of a non-participant, that Solacon to Chicon II era seems an amalgam of the idealism of the early 1950s and the iconoclasm of the Burbee-Laney philosophy.

This farfetched attempt at self-justification led to more general

Ghosts of the circle which featured those paragons of Trufannishness Walter A. Willis and Lee Hoffman. Contemporary Trufans include Geri Sullivan.

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

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

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

In fact, I'd subdivide Insurgentism into two sub-categories. "Hard line" Insurgents concentrate on fannish criticism and maintenance of standards. Francis Towner Laney and Ted White are Insurgents of this type. The "softcore" Insurgents derive from Burbee. They couch their criticisms in humor and seek pleasure more avidly than fuggheads. This was the type of Insurgentism espoused by Terry Carr.

Momentsarily captivated by this insight, I thought it would be

interesting to apply it to the history of fannish fanzine fandom. In the hope that the subject appeals to others besides me, here's the way it looks to me:

I don't see evidence that either Trufannishness or Insurgentism dominated fannish fandom through the end of the 1940s. The rise of *Spaceways* in the

early part of the decade may have tilted it slightly toward Trufannishness, but I have no proof. The mid-1940s saw a rise in Insurgentism. "Ah, Sweet Idiocy", still a pillar of Insurgentism despite widely acknowledged flaws, dates from this period.

The early 1950s saw fannish

An A-Peel from a Second Banana

Channel 5 was showing the final minutes of a Lou Gehrig biography when Joyce and I tuned in for "Star Trek: The Next Generation". He stood heroically at home plate on Lou Gehrig Day at Yankee Stadium.

The Iron Horse, dying of the disease that bears his name, intoned the final words, laden with the trademark multiple echoes.

"Today (today... today)

"I am the luckiest (luckiest... luckiest...)

Man (man... man...)

"On the face of the earth!" (earth... earth...)

Readers who know nothing about the Hall of Fame baseball player need feel no embarrassment; you're even with Joyce. So although baseball nostalgia overwhelmed me as I watched this touching moment, I didn't jump into analysis of Gehrig's claims as the greatest first baseman. There was something I wanted to mention.

"It's funny about Gehrig," I said. "He was one of the greatest, but he was seldom his team's main star. Babe Ruth dominated the first half of his career, and Joe Dimaggio took the limelight during his later years. He was one of the 10 best players of all time, but someone else was always a little bit better."

"I can identify with him," Joyce replied. "I've always been in someone's shadow. As a fan, first it was Duggie and then you. I'm not even the most famous writer from Poplar Bluff, MO., thanks to Linda Bloodworth," she wailed. The creator of "Designing Women" is a thorn in Joyce's ego.

"Aw, don't feel bad," I comforted. "You're not among the top ten fans anyway." It's important for husbands to support their wives with sensitive comments.

"I think I can climb one notch closer," she said, hugging my throat with both hands until a few spots swam before my eyes and the room grew distant.

When I regained consciousness, Joyce was bending over me with a tender "There's more where that came from, smartass" look.

"You're a fine fan," I said with difficulty. Oh, the content of the speech came easily, but my partially crushed larynx couldn't put much force behind the words.

"But no one writes about mmmme!" she moaned. "I'll always be just a second banana." She looked at me searchingly. "Why don't you write about me?" she challenged.

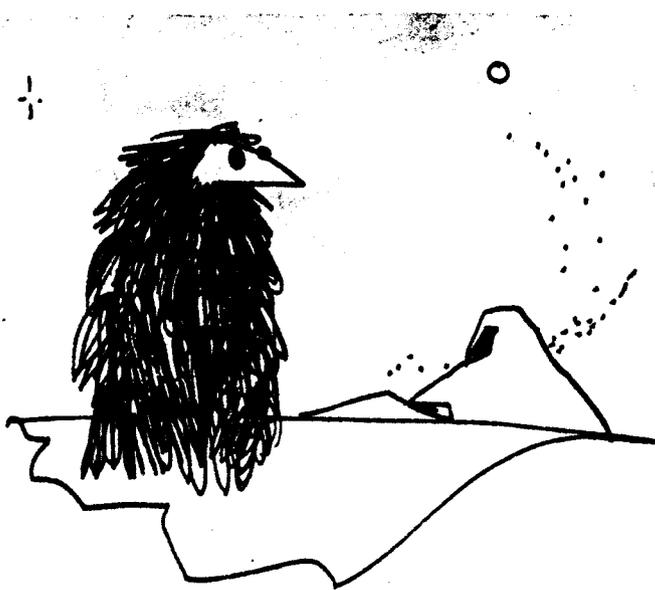
"But I just wrote a piece about your Theory of Pipes for *Folly* #5," I replied. "And you're a major character in my fan novel."

"Yes, but what have you written about me today?" she demanded. She had me. I couldn't think of any way to mention her in my article about corporate mergers,

"Well, I guess I could write this up," I ventured.

The spirit of compromise that has shepherded us through 20 years of marriage came to the fore. Joyce graciously accepted my peace gesture and, in return, generously promised not to kill me until she saw it in print.

Who says the honeymoon has to end? □



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

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

barrage.

Two fans of the 1960s and 1970s represented the balance between Insurgentism and Trufannishness: Ted White and Terry Carr. Their fanac often harked back to the Los Angeles Insurgents of the 1940s rather than the Trufannish *Quandy* circle. In the quality and influence of their fanac, Carr and White are the Burbee and Laney of their time; closely associated, yet brilliant individually. It could be argued that the "pupils" surpassed the "masters", because Terry and Ted probably exerted *more* influence over a *longer* period of time.

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

earned reputations as great spinners of fannish anecdotes.

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

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

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

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

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

The seventies burn-the-fools,

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

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

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

Concrete manifestations of trufannishness in contemporary fandom include (but are not limited to): The Chuch Harris

Fund, the impending publication of "Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator", SAPS' renaissance, and the ATom Memorial volume. More subtle expressions of the philosophy might be the low incidence of feuds in current U.S. fannish fanzine fandom and the

substantial increase in the veneration of fannish fanzine fans of the early 1950s.

Fannishness wouldn't be the same without the contributions of both philosophies, but

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HEART OF DARKNESS

Does anyone remember the Avengers finding Captain America in the ice? When Marvel Comics' super team thawed out the red-white-and-blue hero, the last thing he recalled was his final battle with Baron Zemo in World War II. He was a human time capsule who made the journey from the past to the present in a subjective instant. All his knowledge, perceptions, and attitudes were unaffected by the intervening years.

I've contemplated that comic book story many times in the last year. My experiences since my resumption of fan activity endow it with a relevance it previously lacked.

My gafia was almost as complete as if I, too, had been frozen in ice. I faded out in the mid-1970s and, a metaphorical instant later, revived in 1990.

A lot changed while I was away. Unlike Captain America, my views about life didn't fossilize. In the early 1970s, I preached the Insurgent gospel, but I evolved into a somewhat different person while I was out of fandom. When I came back, I found to my delight that many fans had also grown...

To someone who has encountered contemporary fannish fandom full-blown, the philosophical shift is remarkable.

Current faanishness is about making myths, not clasting icons. The fiery Insurgentism of 20 years ago has mellowed into the warm glow of Trufannishness.

I've stated my fannish goals so often that I hope another repetition won't irritate regular readers. Boiling it down: I want to have fun, enjoy fan friendships, and pub my ish.

Since my return to fandom, I've worked hard to shed any vestige of that Insurgent image. Today's Arnie Katz is a friendly and easy-going fellow, more apt to deliver a boost than a knock. It's no coincidence that *Folly* has gotten its most positive response from followers of the Trufan Ideal, Both holdovers from earlier eras such as Clarke and Willis, and more recent converts to the philosophy like Geri Sullivan and David Haugh.

Yes, today I'm a peaceful Trufan. I don't feud, attack fuggheads, crusade for fannish moral causes, or any of the other things I did as an Insurgent. Why, I don't even write fanzine critiques any more!

I don't miss those old days — and old ways. Mostly. Alas. those who foreswear the combative aspects of Insurgentism, like sufferers from alcohol, gambling, or hard drug



addiction, are doomed to perpetual fear of a Relapse. We recovering Insurgents must maintain vigilant lest forbidden thoughts rise up and recapture our personalities.

My disenchantment with the Laneyistic, "let it all hang out" approach came several years before my gaffiation. I tried to live clean, to follow the tenets for a happy fanlife I'd gleaned from *Hyphen*, *Retribution*, *Quandry*, *Triode* and other Trufan journals.

The result was a B-movie western rewritten by Carl Brandon. You know the plot. The kindly old gunfighter hangs up his shootin' irons and becomes a rancher, but everyone presses him to strap on his gunbelt and face the villain in a Main Street showdown.

My mid-1970s fanwriting consisted of heartwarming faan fiction and accounts of my experiences, but feisty young feuders kept issuing challenges. Arrant fuggheads fairly threw

themselves on my lance.

The late Terry Carr did most to ease my path from Insurgent to Trufan. In the early 1970s, I admired his mellow demeanor. Terry rarely got intofan fights.

As I got to know him better, while we both lived in Brooklyn Heights, I discovered that Terry's insights were as acute as the mouthiest Insurgent. His active mind effortlessly concocted savage lampoons of the aspects of fandom that he thought shoddy, inhuman, or dishonest. Sometimes he and Carol worked out baroque playlets, like "Saturday Night Live" skits, in which fannish foibles got no mercy.

I was taken aback at first, but eventually I understood. It was Terry's way to release Insurgent steam. His mind roamed unfettered as he *sprized* enough one-liners, anecdotes, and "what if's for a dozen Fabulous Fannish Fanzines. Then he'd put it all aside and never mention it again.

I'd be the first to admit that

Terry Carr was a more lovable fellow than Arnie Katz. He was naturally friendly, cooperative and flexible. And that is both my nightmare and my salvation.

If Terry couldn't stop his fine fannish brain from spewing anarchic Insurgent thoughts. What chance do I have?

None. That liberating thought bannished the secret guilt which plagued me for almost a year.

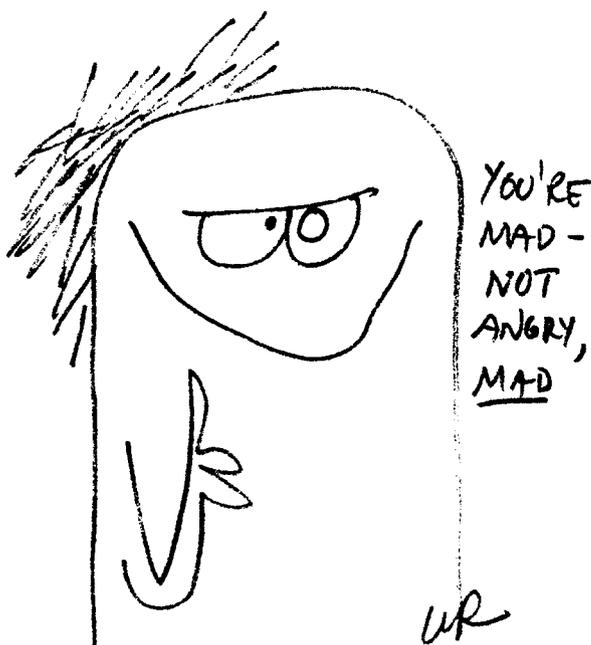
There's no such thing as a Cured Insurgent, though some of them are pretty hammy. That's what fans say at Insurgents Anonymous. It is not possible to obliterate Insurgent impulses, but they can be filtereded through a person's rational mind.

IA has helped tremendously. The first meeting was hard. One by one, IA members recounted shocking case histories. Some told of triumph over Insurgentism, while other confessed recidivism. The night a member described his Insurgent freak out at an ESFA meeting, I locked myself in the bathroom with "The Enchanted Duplicator" and endlessly reread its soothing Trufan homilies until I had to start work the next day.

These men and women have lost friends, family, and fanzines due to uncontrolled Insurgent episodes.

After listening to the others for the first session, I had to cross the line and become an Insurgents Anonymous participant. I was terrified when my turn came. Every eye was upon me as I said, in a shaky voice so unlike my normal one, "I am Arnie Katz, and I am an Insurgent."

I've attended weekly meetings for the last year, and it is helping. When the dreaded Insurgent



impulses become insistent, I call an IA buddy – another recovering Insurgent like myself – for support. Once or twice, that fan was all that stood between me and a descent into sardonic quips and savage feuds. Who knows what might've happened if I'd actually written that article which guessed the current status of fans whom I last encountered in the mid-1970s with no additional data.

Sometimes late at night, when Joyce floats into dreamland, I lie awake and wrestle with this dark side of my nature. Unbidden, unwanted thoughts careen through my head. Sly innuendos and trenchant squelches rise up out of my unconscious and dare me to pick up a pen and skewer someone with it.

Insurgents Anonymous has helped many besides me. The organization is going so well, in fact, that we're thinking of putting on a small regional, maybe bidding for a worldcon. And I guess we'll want to start a national fan organization to back up the bid.

And that national fan organization will need an official organ. Hmm, I wonder if they'd like to have someone write nice long fanzine reviews. □

Germane Observations

By John Berry

Folly's Ace Detective Meets a Mysterious Man on the Train

In 1987, my office colleague Martin and I visited East Berlin to lecture on fingerprints to scientists at the Humboldt University. We were the first Western fingerprint experts to do so in over 50 years.

Martin is a composer of

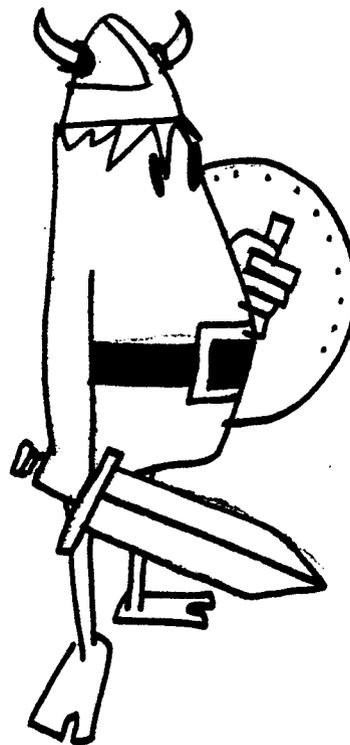
serious music, and he wanted to visit Leipzig to go to the birthplace of J.S. Bach, and visit St. Thomas Church where Bach played the organ, and to see the font in the church where Richard Wagner was christened. This could be arranged.

An East German "establishment" person, Hans, took the train from Leipzig to East Berlin, met us, and accompanied us back to Leipzig. We saw the sights; he sat with us in the compartment on the return train, and after handing us over to our Berlin contact, Horst, immediately returned by train to Leipzig. In other words, we were not left alone on the train during the two long journeys.

Two years later, in May 1989, Martin and I were invited back to Humboldt University to lecture on new techniques for revealing latent fingerprints at crime scenes. We were permitted to bring our wives... Diane, and Martin's wife Ivy.

Hans telephoned to say that he would be delighted to entertain the four of us in Leipzig. He met us in East Berlin and escorted us to Leipzig. When he took us back to the railway station two days later, he announced that four seats had been booked for us in a first class carriage, and we would be unaccompanied. Two other people were in the compartment, a man aged about 40 years and a nondescript woman.

My next observation could cause me to be described as being highly imaginative, prone to exaggeration, perhaps even bordering on the psychotic, but



WHO controls worldwide fan humor?
WHERE is the Tucker Hotel?
WHAT is the YegCon I?
WHY am I asking these questions?

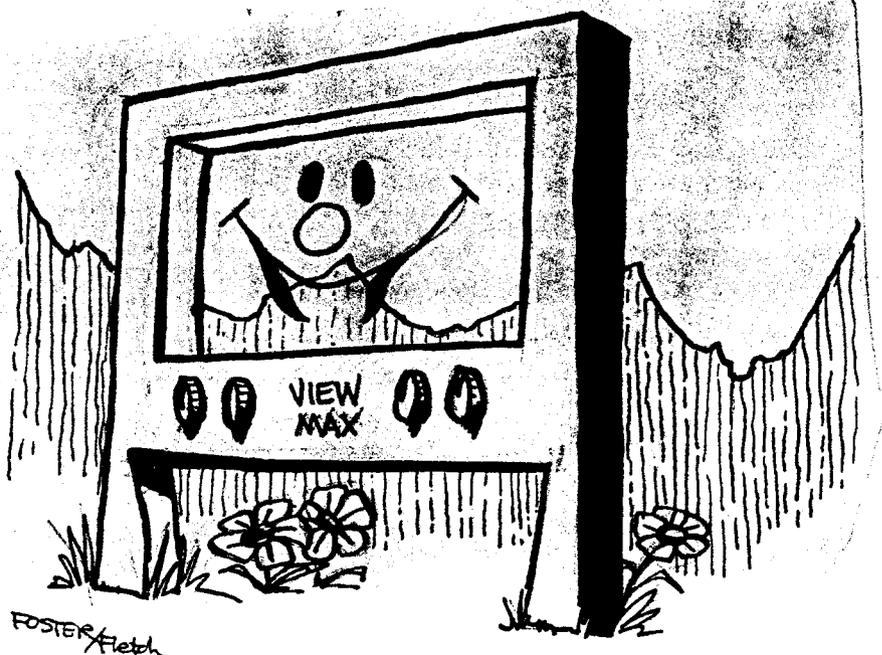
You'll find out
WHEN...
"Willis Plays Vegas"!

((Teaser advert. Wonder at your own risk))

when I looked at the well-built man sitting next to Martin, almost opposite me, I felt a rapid pulse of excitement shoot through my body. I felt I had seen that man before. He ignored my gaze, but I pondered... I do have a most excellent memory. In fact, my success at my mundane employment depends upon it, albeit, computerization of fingerprints in the search mode will cause my memorising ability to be obsolete.

Suddenly, as the train gathered speed, the *deja vu* connection fizzed through my mind. One night in 1987, when Martin and I searched for a restaurant late at night serving coffee in East Berlin, we found one, and whilst we were sipping the beverage, a large man came in and sat down close to us,, looking everywhere but in our direction. At that time I observed to Martin that the man was routinely watching us... we were from the West, employed by a police force. Really, it should have been an accepted security chore. It would perchance have been an error not to have observed us. The fact that it was performed in such an obvious manner appeared to confirm that it was a necessary security chore.

I looked at him again, he gave me the raised eyebrows of disdain and looked at the woman opposite him. At this juncture, I suddenly had an idea... I knew it would not provide the slightest proof, but I was merely looking for a pointer. The man was dressed in shirt and trousers. He looked like an unintelligent rugby player, a common breed. I knew that Ivy was appreciative of, or rather susceptible to, my strain of



humour. I could make her laugh without much effort, so I recounted to her an incident which had happened to me 16 or 17 years previously, when Diane and I were living in Belfast. I was most interested in space research, especially the Apollo flights. So accordingly, took leave of absence from my office, obtained black and white 35mm film, and set up my camera exactly 34 inches from the television screen, so that I could permanently record the blast-off of the rocket,, as I had previously done for other Apollo flights.

I took some pre-count down shots with minutes to go, and still counting. I thumbed the lever to move the film to the next shot, and it stuck. The camera would not function. I was livid with rage. But I have always been noted for my enthusiasm and initiative, even if sometimes wrongly utilised. One and a half minutes to go before blast-off, a bright sunny afternoon in Belfast and no dark room available to open the camera and reset the film.

Ah! Brilliant! I rushed upstairs, opened the large

wardrobe door and scuttled inside. Feverishly, but with control, I opened the camera, lifted the spool lever so as to take the film from the roll-on spool.

The camera snapped back in my hand. I felt carefully along the edge of the film to the tapered end, which I smoothed straight. I felt for the roll-on spool, fingered for the slit on the side, inserted the end, flicked the lever. And again. Good. I closed the camera and levered five more times. Excellent. The camera was now functioning perfectly, and I figured I hadn't wasted any film. I burst out of the wardrobe.

An electrician was standing in the middle of the bedroom. He wore blue overalls. I'd never seen him before. I'll never forget the expression on his face as I shot past him.

"Good afternoon," I shouted. "Sorry I cannot stop."

I leapt down the stairs like a kangaroo,, placed the camera on its designated spot and commenced to film the last stage of the rocket dropping off, as viewed by a high-powered telescope.

Whilst I was crooning happily to myself, someone knocked on the lounge door.

"Come in," Diane shouted.

"I'd rather you come out here," a strained male voice whispered.

The man asked Diane, quite frankly, if I was certifiably insane... he said that in his many years of doing house repairs, he'd never seen anything like my rapid ejection from the wardrobe. Diane was slightly worried, too, because she didn't know that was where I had been temporarily incarcerated.

At the conclusion of my narrative, Ivy was laughing uncontrollably, because while describing the perhaps strange but perfectly reasonable behaviour in the circumstances, I had maintained my air of naivety and bewilderment. Diane was also laughing... "Perfectly true!" she stuttered. Martin had heard the story before but laughed at Ivy's response.

I shot a quick glance at the German. His face was purple, tears were running down his cheeks; somehow, even though his heaving diaphragm ordered him to laugh, he controlled the spasms superbly... but when I looked at him, he suddenly got up, pulled the corridor door open and ran to the left.

I heard this tremendous laugh echoing down the corridor, completely and utterly uninhibited, but of course, it could have been someone else. He came back in five minutes, teeth gritted, as unconcerned as before.

When we reached Berlin and he'd left the carriage, I spoke triumphantly to Martin.

"He understood every word I

Arabian Nights

By Eric Bantcliffe

Witnessing the early stages of the Gulf conflict on T.V. inspires me to wonder what fictional odysseys it will later also inspire. Obviously, Rambo will be an early entrant if Hollywood has anything to say about it, but since I'm more concerned with literary characters and their adventures, and as Rambo can't quite manage joined-up-writing even when he takes his gloves off, he doesn't really fall within the scope of my ruminations.

Bond will be there, I'm sure, or more probably, will have been there. His role in the conflict that of desperate endeavor *prior* to the Allied attack. Quite probably, he would be given the task of finding and pinpointing Saddam Hussein's most secret nuclear and chemical weaponry installations.

Sadly, this will not allow for certain of the usual hazards he normally faces to be worked into the plot (there's dearth of piranhas and crocodiles in Iraq). However, I am sure he will be

said! His English must have been superb, because I spoke rapidly and used uncommon words... I bet he was in the compartment to observe us."

"Nonsense," replied Martin, a peculiar glint in his eyes. "He was laughing at Ivy's infectious laugh. It always happens."

buried up to the neck in the sand by nasty Beduin at least once, and there are quite a lot of horrid spiders around. And I am quite sure it will not be difficult for him (or anyone...) to get at cross purposes with the Mossad – and probably get across one of their more feminine agents in the process.

I'm also excluding comic strip writers from the scope of this piece, even though I am sure they will have entirely valid contributions to make, such as:

"He has dark hair, ja?"

"Ja."

"He has a moustache, hein?"

"Ja... ja...you mean he ist the von vich ve haf all feared?"

"Ja, Saddam Hussein ist Hitler's son!! The evidence is overwhelming!"

What? They've already used it? I'm not surprised. Now, on to more literary thoughts and writers...

Jack Higgins, I'm sure, will be one of the first to the publishers. His exciting "Exocet" was one of

During the journey, the man and woman had ignored each other... no conversation. They left the compartment separately. I told the other three to wait whilst I followed the man. At the station exit, he met the woman. They laughed together and walked away. □

the first novels to appear featuring the Falklands hiatus and its ramifications. I suspect that his S.A.S. characters from that book could appear in an early behind-the-lines adventure set in Iraq or Kuwait.

Alexander Fullerton could have more problems. His background is naval, and his Falklands adventure featured men of the S.B.S. (the Royal Navy equivalent of the S.A.S.) operating in Argentina on sabotage missions.

There are not, as you may have noted, many fjords, inlets, or rivers (or even puddles) in the deep deserts for them to use for penetration. Fullerton is an excellent writer with a fine vaulting imagination, and I have faith in him; perhaps a new super schnorkel? Or if all else fails, the S.B.S. frogmen could always be flown into the target area in large tanks of water on board Hercules aircraft.

Clive Cussler is another author who favors the maritime approach who could have problems in this context. I wouldn't be surprised to see the entire cast of "Return to the Titanic" go on a mission to the bottom of a very deep aquifer to retrieve Suleiman's Lost Sigil before Hussein does. This could well be filmed at a later date as an Indiana Jones adventure.

Since this is an entirely fanciful

fannish article, mayhap we could include a few fictional characters of the past whom some cunning author may revive for fun and profit. W.E. John's *Biggles* was rudely disinterred by Hollywood not too long ago, and I suppose that it's not too remote a possibility that his squadron of Sopwith "Pups" could play an important role in the bombing of Bhagdad, *since they would fly too slowly* for the enemy to shoot down. G-8 and His Battle Aces could join in on this one, too.

Tarzan is *out*. The trees are too far apart!

Holmes and Watson are possibles, though, and could wander a few oases in search of the Lost Document from the Second Crusade which proves quite conclusively the Old King's right to the throne. No doubt, an encounter or two with an enburnoosed Moriarty could be arranged.

Or, possibly...hmm, Hercule Poirot knows this area well.

Mayhap he could "assist" in Holmes' "The Final Gambit". Certainly, their differing methods of deduction could cause some interesting friction.

I don't think any of our science-fiction writers will jump on the bandwagon at an early stage, though there could be a possibility inherent in the situation for some time-travel shenanigans to eliminate Saddam Hussein's father (I assume he did have one for the sake of this piece...). And I suppose, with some reluctance, that Conan could accidentally be awoken by an Allied patrol stumbling on his tomb... and that upon being awakened, he helps them wipe out an Iraqi regiment or two with only the aid of his rusty trusty sword and a few coptic curses. A variant on this could be a soldier in extremis stubbing his toe on a grotty brass lamp, rubbing it (the lamp, Fool...), and being rewarded by a giant Djinn and three handy wishes.

Oh, but the possibilities are endless! I'm sure you'll think of many others. And no doubt I'll start to read several of them - all unawares - in times to come, but can I ask a favor? If anyone comes across that old plotline involving two seeding-alien whose names are eventually revealed as Saddam and Eve... don't tell me!

P.S.: Yes, obviously, I am aware what a serious and nasty business the Gulf War is - I lived through World War II - and its possible dire consequences. Right now, however, it's the only slightly less dire consequences we brave s-f fans may suffer that I address. □



Ad from an alternate universe... (?) etc-

Let 'er Ride!

Some momentous
messages from *Fan's*
Raucous Readers

Harry Warner returns... and a LoCcol Bloom!
423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21748

There are at least two *Follys* (*Follies*?) to be located, and I'm not even sure if there are other issues I should cover in this letter. The pile of unlocated fanzines is too tall, and my headache is too nasty for me to make a proper search tonight. If I come across another neglected issue, I'll try to send a supplementary loc later.

Joyce's description of moving preparation just strengthened my conviction that I'll never do such a thing again. I don't have the strength of character required to give away or throw away anything I've saved. The house is too big for it to be moved bodily with its contents remaining in place, and I'm too old to endure the strain of packing up all those records, books, fanzines, musical stuff and furnishings. When the end comes, I hope it takes the form of dropping dead rather than a lingering illness that will force me to enter a rest home and need to have stuff disposed of while I'm still alive.

Wisdom is supposed to accompany old age, but it hasn't enabled me to comprehend the usual numbered fandoms theory yet. I still feel there have been only three or four fandoms to date. You might count pre-1930 fanac as the First, although it was sparse and ill-chronicled.

The second I'd put from the first fanzines around 1930 to the late 1940s when fandom was small, fanzine-centered, and closely linked to prodrom. Third Fandom by this reckoning would run from the start of the 1950s until perhaps the early 1970s, the years in which conventions became a major part of fandom, fandom lost most of its links with prodrom, and it was still comparatively united.

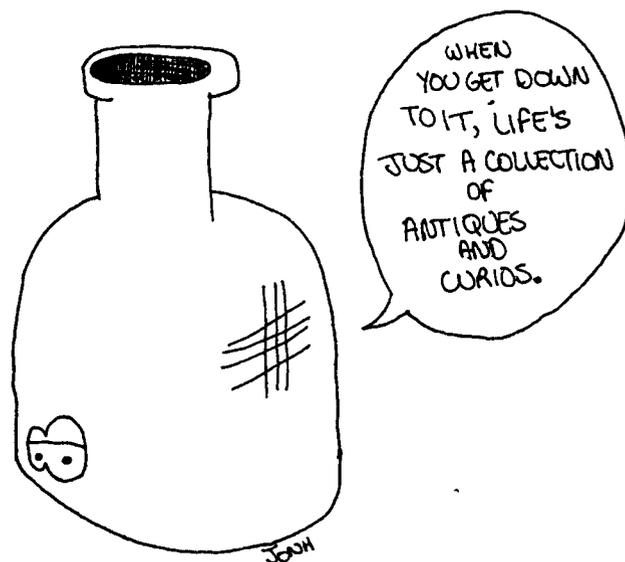
Fourth fandom would still be in effect: giant growth in fandom, much emphasis on subfandoms, serious decline of fanzines, more emphasis on visual than literary forms of fantasy and science fiction.

Arnie: Your outline is entirely plausible, and I

am fully prepared to accept it. It's superior to the previous theory, but it doesn't address the desire for insight into the social and cultural tides of fandom. Maybe the systematic approach isn't valid when applied to small groups of people for such short time periods as the old Numbered Fandom theory attempted to do.

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

Your story of Barry's encounter with the Royal Mounted stirs similar memories on this front... only in part because the recent acquisition of a Sam's Club card has spurred me to similar purchasing frenzies... because I live on an international frontier myself and have crossed the border enough times to have acquired an anecdote or two. For example, there's the time my mom and dad visited and drove into Juarez in their rental car with me in the back seat. Coming back, dad must've decided that the customs agent wasn't interested in us, so he just



started driving through the checkpoint without waiting for him.

Not amused.

We had to open the trunk and let the guard examine all of our purchases (such as the liter

bottles of cheap vanilla, guaranteed not to contain rat poison).

Another time I drove down into Juarez with a date, and we agreed to go in her car, not taking into consideration that she was in the process of changing apartments and had the back of her car jammed with essentially all her worldly goods. (This may have been due to the fact that, at that time, the bars in Juarez were still open when the bars in El Paso were closing down.) Coming back across the border at about 3 a.m., we were asked by the customs person if we were bringing anything back with us. "Of course not," we replied, in response to which we were asked about the incriminating heap of goods in the back of the car, and directed to pull into a stall to have the car searched.

Gaby, my date, sat jittering behind the wheel for a minute or so, nervously dragging on a cigarette. "I'll give them five minutes to get around to us," she said, and finally screeched out of the



lot and into the downtown night, darting apprehensive glances behind her all the way.

Not to worry

Arnie: I've only been through customs twice -- going to England and coming back in February 1989. Our encounter with American officials proved too banal to recount, and their English

Harry Warner: A Third Fancyclopedia?

In the third issue, the comments on a third Fancyclopedia were particularly interesting to me. I agree that such a thing is needed, but I'm not sure how it can be done, for several reasons.

Both the first and second Fancypedias were one-man efforts, and I think it is always the best way to accomplish anything in fandom; a committee like that one that has been working so many years on a third edition loses so much time in discussions and weak links and uncertainties.

If one individual could be persuaded to invest the huge amount of time and work into production of a third Fancyclopedia, there remains the question of finances. I don't think a really comprehensive third edition could be produced for less than perhaps \$30 to \$50 per copy net cost to the publisher, depending on how it's reproduced and how big the edition is. So someone would need a five-figure investment to produce 300 or 400 copies.

How many copies would sell? I'd guess that about 100 would be snapped up almost at once, another 100 within a year, and after that just a trickle of sales over coming years, so it would take a long while to get back that investment. (Of course, if reproduction were done by office copier, start-up costs could be reduced by turning out just a very small edition to start with, and running off more as needed.)

One way to do it would consist of making the new project a supplement, not a complete Fancyclopedia. This would require getting a new printing of the second edition back into print, and including everything in the supplement that has come up since in fandom in addition to updating some topics listed in the second. It would mean a new volume of more manageable size and price, and it would avoid duplication for fans who already have the Eney volume.

Of course, 10 years from now it would probably be possible to avoid the production problem altogether. By then, the technique of putting millions of words on a single CD for playback on home computers should be widespread enough and inexpensive enough to permit creation of a huge Fancyclopedia that way. But I don't think the price of turning out such CDs is low enough today, nor the number of fans with the right kind of computer equipment is large enough to make it a current alternative.

Excerpted from a LoC to *FoLy*

counterparts did even less to inspire an anecdote. When we landed at Heathrow in the midnight hour, we found the customs post abandoned!

Breathless prose from Frank Denton
14654 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166

I don't even have time to catch my breath and

already four issues of *Folly* have fallen into my mailbox. I'd better do something... soon.

What can I say? It's great to have you back. Everyone else has said so already, but indeed, it is. I certainly don't want to miss any of the craziness that is going on in the hearts and minds of you and the rest of the crew. Spellcheckers that come up with "Oopela!"... Mine won't. I tried. It's neither in the dictionary nor the thesaurus

Arnie It's a blessing to be among a group of people who say wonderful, whacky things faster than I can publish them.

A brief, cautionary note from **Dick Geis**
P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211
Beware Arnie,

You are dealing with matters not meant for mortal fan.

Mark Manning has Sgt. Saturn on his mind
1400 E. Mercer, #19, Seattle, WA 98112

Wowie zowie, Sgt. Saturn! Our saucer's zooming in on another great fanmag, this one named *Folly #4*, the product of a young fellow named Arnie Katz!

And so on like that there. Toskey says he's got a complete run of the proz that contained the LoCcol edited by Sgt. Saturn, Leading Light of Fourth Fandom. Says Getsu and I can come on down and go through them. We plan to.

Toskey describes the Sgt. as writing in a kind of Spaceman Jive. This makes Wally Wastebasket Weber smile with the memory, but opine that *Startling Stories* had the best LoCcol, though.

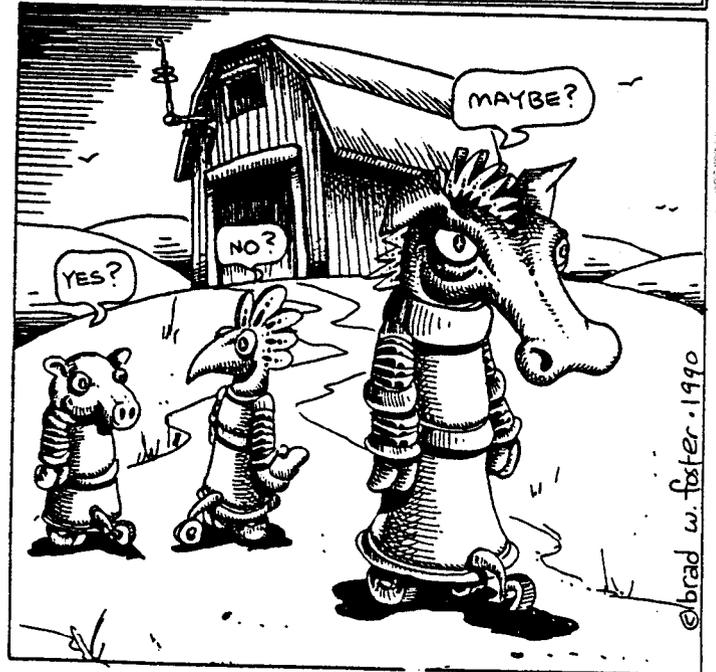
Arnie: I'm not old enough to have read those pulps. My letterhacking occurred in the early 1960s in *Amazing* and *Fantastic*. Cele Goldsmith Lalli didn't have the editorial *elan* of Sgt. Saturn, but she did print a plug for my first fanzine, co-edited with Lenny Bailes.

Walt Willis ponders postal globetrotting
32 Warren Rd. Donaghadee, Northern Ireland
BT21 OPD

Folly #4 has just struggled in by some unusually circuitous route. I had come to regard it as quite normal to receive mail re-directed from Iceland... they have a rubber stamp for this in Reykjavik... and we tend to think of Iceland as a

THE ELECTRIC BARNYARD VOL. 6

...A TALE OF CYBERNETIC CONFUSION...



fannish sort of place ever since a tourist from there asked us for directions on Irish Fandom's first visit to London, and we found that Vince Clarke had been stationed there with the RAF during the war and was able to communicate with him. But last year I got a letter from Patrick Nielsen-Hayden which came by way of Puerto Rico, and that seemed to indicate that the U.S. Post Office had decided to boldly crash through new frontiers of ineptitude.

Arnie: The U.S. Postal Service offers succor in a world dominated by privation, austerity, and lowered lifestyle expectations. It comforts me to know that, even though I can't afford to travel to exotic places, my mail passes through them on its way to you.

However, despite not knowing where it has been, in the classic phrase of maternal admonition, one was relieved to find the contents of this *Folly* as bright and shining as ever. Most dazzling of all was your reference to Joyce's punctuation. I really admired that. It was reminiscent of, but better than, the sort of thing I used to do in the IF Christmas Cards.

It's nice to make your acquaintance, Becky, , and your writing reminds me a little of a famous fanwriter, John Berry. I have to warn you, though, that you would not be the first promising fanwriter to turn out to be a hoax. If some morning you find yourself getting fuzzy round the edges, I advise you to write something else immediately before you fade away like Tinkerbell.

Arnie: S'funny, I thought I detected a bit of John's inspired zaniness in her debut piece, too. I'm glad to say she's working on another article now, rendering your unfounded suspicions moot. Of course, anyone can say hello to Vegas' brightest neofan by calling KKW during business hours.

Rob Hansen recalls Christmas past
144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London E6 1AB UK

Another fine issue of *Folly*, even if you did spell my name wrong, but I'm surprised by the date in the colophon, December 25th? You mean you spent Xmas/Chanukah/Solstice working on a fanzine instead of succumbing to the festive blitzkrieg like the rest of us – and spending the day eating and drinking too much while watching the maudlingly sentimental TV programming?

Shades of Willis! (I still remember my awe at reading an old piece by Walt which he wrote on a December 25th and in which he discussed *mail*



delivered that very morning! Now, that's real sensawunder stuff.)

Arnie: I religiously avoid seasonal programming. And that issue of *Folly* like our checks when clients don't pay on time, was post-dated.

Well-couched comments by **Ross Chamberlain**
1 Cabrini Blvd., #1E, New York, NY 10033

Last Tuesday evening, I sat in my rented room bereft of T.V. and stereo – temporarily, thank ghod! – because Wednesday they ripped out my window and replaced it with a new one. The stereo stuff and the boob tube would have been in the way.

You know, it's weird – it look me all this time to figure out the derivation of the potato in "couch potato". Book *tuber*? Sheesh! I had much else I *could* be doing, I suppose, but having just re-read *Folly* #3, I felt that you were due some response from me.

Now it's Sunday afternoon, and I'm still working on it. With stereo accompaniment.

Joyce, your "Blue Jaunt" struck home in many ways. It was not just that you gave me some very special egoboo, though of course that was a large part of it. In that period after I returned to New York and before you left, you became the newarest thing to family I had here; I looked forward always to those baseball league nights.

The column evoked the wrench of leaving things behind; for me this is usually worst in anticipation. I've always been a packrat and accumulator – we moved so often in my earlier years that this was my psychological response to the inevitable losses of small treasures and *things*, but I think it dulled my sensitivity to larger ties – so that moving has signalled a major disruption of routine, more than loss of home and relationships. But while I may miss one *thing* or another that is the victim of passage, this has more of the quality of hankering I retain for smoking, even after all these years.

It is not the devastation of losing a friend or a loved one, and of course there are now more and more people whom I miss on that level. But when it comes to people like yourselves, and members of my family, whom I at least have the chance to see once again, and with whom I may at least stay in contact via correspondence, over these last four years or so some of this has either been blunted (or sometimes exacerbated) by the overriding emotion



Inner Tube

America's Real Most Wanted

So-called "reality" television programming has come a long way from early inept efforts like "Real People" and "That's Incredible". Smarmy as the hosts of shows like "Inside Report" and "Inside Edition" are, they are still easier to endure than the grinning airheads who filled the stages of those trailblazing shows.

Tabloid news shows, as they are currently called, have become a major staple of both network and syndication schedules. They give stations the chance to show civic mindedness by finding lost children, reuniting families, and catching criminals. All very uplifting. And these shows are *cheap*. Only quizzes cost less.

There's one guy I've expected to see on "America's Most Wanted", the Cadillac of reenactment fests. His name is Ben Randall — though that could be an alias. His mode of employment is unknown, pending research by "AMW", but he usually prowls the country trying to entice people to "read the book".

I've been watching the commercials for the Time-Life series on unexplained phenomena, and this bird looks like a troublemaker to me. In his first appearance, Ben comes on to a stewardess under the guise of stimulating her interest in the occult, and by the end of the 60-second spot, they're going to "have coffee" in an otherwise deserted row of the plane. Hey, I've flown often enough to know what *that* means!

The next ad finds Ben rambling through ancient Indian burial grounds in the Southwest. He is full of teasing facts for a pretty girl, but the commercial loses steam when her husband chimes into the conversation.

The third spot, and this was a real shocker, shows him in bed with a woman who turns out to be his wife. He tries to analyze her dreams, but the viewer gets the sense that Mrs. Randall has caught onto her husband's little make-out scam.

I don't know if I like the idea of Ben Randall running around loose. If he isn't spreading the most arrant nonsense, he's chasing anything in a skirt. I've said my piece, now it's up to "America's Most Wanted" to track him down.

of missing Joy-Lynd. Seeing her a couple of weeks a year is not enough to quite assuage it.

It helped a great deal to visit with you and the rest of the "Widow's Web" group — even if I was not exactly a computer baseball widower.

Arnie: My family clung to the New York City area until I was married and on my own, so I never endured geographic dislocation. I miss little about New York, except for friends, but the weekly baseball sessions are a definite exception. I still have plans to start a similar group here, but circumstances have so far prevented it. Wait till next year!

WAHF: Afain, my apologies for my temporary inability to copy in as many letters as merit space in *Folly*. There'll be a more generous selection of LoCs starting next issue. Meanwhile, special thanks to: Mike Deckinger, Teddy Harvia, John Henri-Holmberg, and Taral.

The Token and the Talisman

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I had no idea that a WCS (Will-Carr-Shaw) penny could work such wonders. If I had, I might've squandered them all during my first stint in fandom.

The fan editor's lust for contributions is insatiable. The temptation to convert each cent into an article, column, or series could prove irresistible. Doesn't that sound like the premise of a fan fiction tale? Perhaps a Nathaniel Hawthorne *pastiche* in which the fanzine editor sinks lower into fake fandom with each magic penny "spent" on a contribution. I ignored the whispers which promised undying fannish fame, perhaps even a Hugo or seventeen, and put the coins back in their honored spot.

Now I have the Talisman, and Geri has the Token. I loll in the warm Vegas sun while she shivers in the perpetual winter of Minneapolis. The symmetry is obvious — and necessary. With

such selfless, herculean efforts is the precarious Balance of Fandom maintained. □



The Two Schools

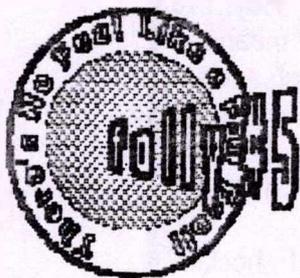
Continued from page 9

Trufannishness may speak more compellingly to fans who came to prominence in the 1980s. Participants in today's smaller fannish fanzine fandom understandably feel more inclined to join hands with like-minded people rather than cudgel each other over fine points of fannish ethics, etiquette, and fanpublishing prowess.

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

Medical Update

My recovery goes very well. I don't have permanent glasses, but temporary ones and a magnifying glass let me use the Macintosh. Transcription still requires Other Hands. At this rate, *Folly #7* will be back on its normal abnormal track.



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