



There's
No
Fool
Like a
Fan Fool!

Katzen Jammer

Occult Forces Have Possessed My Spellchecker

Now, I am really worried. I don't want to be an alarmist, but I think my Spellchecker may be haunted.

I remember 'way back in *Folly* #3, before the occult forces of the microcosm captured the soul of my Macintosh. I was so happy and frivolous as I wrote about the evils of computerized typography. The wit ran like molasses, you will recall, as I regaled the readership with details of my new organization, the Anti Spellchecker Society (A.S.S.), complete with its typo-ridden official organ, *Uranus*. Oh, how the unilluminated mock mysteries which lie beyond their understanding!

I was working on that very issue, doing a little pre-publication tidying on the mighty Macintosh SE. All right, I admit it. I was spell-checking. There you have it: I was using a forbidden computer program to do what, in years past, my one not-so-good eye attempted.

I was breezing along, removing extraneous "m"s and eliminating unnecessary double letters, when it happened.

I rushed from my office and down the the hall to where Joyce was

preening herself for the business day ahead. "Something very strange just happened." I announced.

"Strange?" she queried. Suddenly, there was a look of hope on her face. "Is it UFOs?" Joyce has had her heart set on seeing one and, as momentous as the event which had

just happened to me was, I hated to disapoint her.

"No, but I think the spellchecker is haunted." Actually, I said "Haunted" with a capital "H", but I have temporarily sworn off superfluous upper case.

'Like the 'Amityville Horror'?"

she asked. "Did it say something like, 'Why don't you quit fandom?'" I marveled at her ability to punctuate that sentence properly so early in the morning.

"No, but when I was checking words, it highlighted a word and it showed me one possible correction..." I allowed my voice to trail off dramatically.

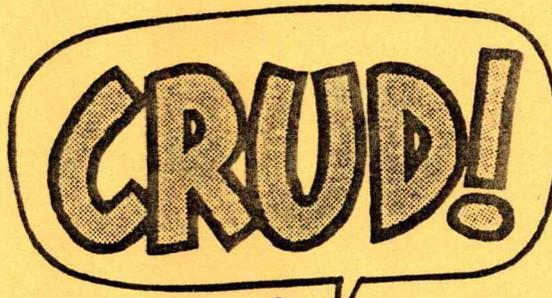
"and the word was?"

"It said 'Opsla,'" I finally said. "Right there, it offered me the choice of substituting the word Opsla for the one I typed. Now where would it get a word like that?"

Joyce pointed out that it ~~was~~ word, though she admitted that it wasn't an especially common one.

"It's much too esoteric for this spellchecker," I said. "There are no similar words or synonyms for it in the program's dictionary."

"Well, what word were you *trying* to type? Joyce wanted to know. I couldn't think of the



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I'd also like to buy collections, runs of leading 1980s fanzines, and special publications.

word. I'd just seen that "Oopsia" there and slammed the button to go on to the next word. It even had a capital "O" at the beginning of the word.

"Sounds like a genuine psychic experience to me," Joyce said once she had assimilated all this information. "Do you think we ought to call Whitley in on this?" I saw her idea in a flash: In the hands of Strieber, perhaps this wondrous occurrence could be made to pay. With a shrug, I realized he'd be too busy safeguarding the world from alien invasion to bother with a mere haunted spellchecker.

Joyce called in a hypnotist. This guy was an authority. He was a classmate of the mesmerist

who worked on that flying saucer contact book and also with Melinda Mistress of Magic. I had to respect credentials like that. (We will

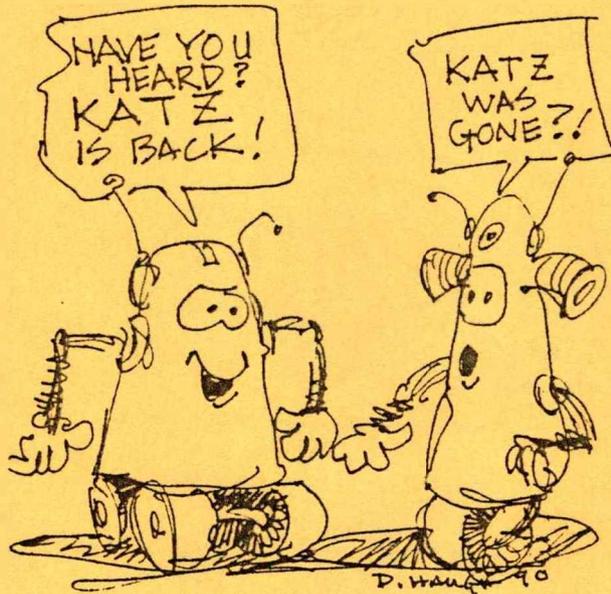
discuss Melinda's credentials at a more appropriate time. I come not to titillate but to terrify.)

I knew if he could regress me to the moment when 'Oopsia' appeared on my spellchecker, I knew we would have a valuable insight into the nature of this unexplained phenomenon.

Naturally, I don't remember being hypnotized. Joyce assures me that I recreated the mystical moment of the manifestation of "Oopsia" on the Macintosh SE's screen. She also said that I am a very convincing quacking duck but not outstanding at ballet.

In any case, I now remember every thrilling detail of this encounter with the unknown. The word I was trying for when the machine suggested the correction 'Oopsia'. It was....

"Psychotic". □



Playing Around

Mr. Arnie Goes to MagooWorld: The Cadillac Walk

Straight at the head of Arnie Katz the Cadillac engine came flying.

The hundreds of pounds of airborne metal sailed by an inch or two from my head. This would have paralyzed me with fright, except that I didn't know it was happening. Wrapped in the safe cocoon of ignorance, I continued on my innocent way. Our hosts, General Motors, thought we were touring the Hamtramck, Michigan, Cadillac Plant, but in fact, I was caught inside a live-action video game. I was Mario, or possibly Mr. Magoo. Only I didn't have the comfort of three lives to risk.

Bill and I, accompanied by two colleagues from Westwood Associates and our mutual representative Barry Friedman, all went to Detroit in mid-October. G.M. invited us to come down, see the facility, talk to supervisors and workers, and discuss a Special Project.

Exhausted from flying most of the night, we staggered to the facility in

time for the 7:45 am opening meeting. Soon thereafter, our guide Pat Kessler led us into the immaculate cacaphony of a plant that produces several thousand luxury cars a year. I mentioned that when we had visited Sony, they'd given us a



radio, but no one took the hint and offered us so much as a measly Eldorado or Seville.

I don't usually dwell on these points, but for those who don't know a lot about me, I have very poor vision. I am blind in one eye, as a result of a teenage baseball accident, and other is less than 20/100 with glasses. Lack of binocular vision eliminates depth perception and makes it much harder for me to maintain steady balance.

"Left, move left!" Bill Kunkel shouted as he flattened himself against the wall of the narrow passage. A 10-foot-tall truck was roaring down the narrow channel at 35 or 40 mph. I slammed against the side railing, molding myself to it. "Jump to the right! To the right!" Kunkel shrieked. Both of us bolted to the other side as a small fast cart zoomed past in the opposite direction, its heavy wheels obliterating our recent footprints.

Then they began to lead us across moving sub-assembly lines. This required jumping onto to a moving conveyor belt in a narrow space

between two hulking, half-built Caddies and then hopping off on the other side before the belt carried you too far up the line to where robots armed with spot welders were ready to blast anything in their path, including unwary visitors.

I was standing well behind the safety barrier, watching the massed mechanoid welding gauntlet which the plant workers call the RoboGate. Suddenly a robot turned. The welding gun on its single yellow arm whipped around. A geyser of white-hot sparks leapt from the device. The air around me crackled as the torrent of

sparks shot toward me like a solar flare. My life paraded through my brain as blinding sparks completely enveloped me. "So *that's* what I did in fandom the first time," came the realization as the world faded. I heard myself say, "Is this how it ends for Arnie Katz?" Then my friends were batting sparks off me. Pat Kessler stared into space, thinking momentous yuppie thoughts.

The next morning, as we re-entered the plant, Barry Friedman told me what enjoyment he had gotten from watching me navigate through the plant the previous day. "You

should have seen the stuff whizzing past your head," he said. "It was fantastic! Better than a video game!"

As Pat steered us back and forth across the bustling factory, I finally reached a rubicon I would not cross. Actually, Bill Kunkel saw it first and, probably to save my feelings, said that he would not cross it. When I got there, I knew that I wouldn't even consider it. There was a moving line. Down the middle of the belt was a longitudinal pipe, spinning at 300 revolutions per minute. On each side of the gap were three robots armed with welding guns. Sparks arced into the air to form a Canopy of Death. Periodically, giant pieces of machinery, held aloft by hooks riding cables strung high overhead, rumbled through the gap between the two sets of robots at eyebrow level. That was when Pat revealed the existence of overpasses which completely circumvent the thundering assembly lines.

Later that afternoon, we met with a conference room full of besuited executives at a meeting at which the Plant Supervisor presided. That title may be slightly misleading to those unfamiliar with the auto business. Larry Tibbets has absolute control over a facility which is worth more than many large corporations. We talked over the Top Secret Project, which he strongly favored. He did have one question. "Since there are no royalties connected with this project," he began, "how do we know that you will give it your best effort?"

"Well," explained Barry Friedman, "if we weren't enthusiastic about it, do you think we would have allowed our president to play live-action *Donkey Kong* in your plant?" Fears allayed, everyone shook hands, and we departed for home with tentative approval.

And it's going to be a whizbang of a Top Secret Project, too. Take my word for it. And you can take my word for something else: nothing on this earth is getting me back into that plant. □

Meet Becky Shayne

Folly's Newest Fanwriting Femme Fatale

Little did I know that when Katz Kunkel Worley hired its first full-time employee that we would also end up augmenting the fannish population. Rebecca Shayne (Schamanek) has been our assistant since early 1990 with duties that include proofreading, writing, and generally supporting our activities. As often happens in such a close-knit company, Becky's become quite a close friend of ours. Almost inevitably, in light of our entry into fandom, Becky has been exposed

to the concept of fandom.

She likes it. She especially liked *Folly #2*, because it mentioned Her Name. She may be a fakefan, but she catches on quickly. This issue presents her first fan article, and I think you will find considerable amusement in this tale of her adventures with frequent partner-in-mischief Rachael Bertrand.

Some fanzines live in the eternal "now" of endless reviews, while others submerge themselves in the

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Driving with Ms. Rachael

By Becky Shayne

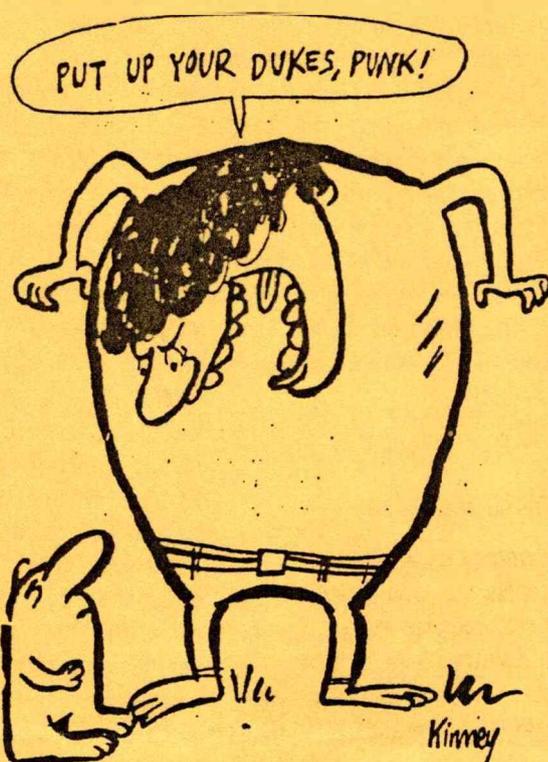
Arnie's "The Making of an Insurgent" (*Folly #3*) described my effort to share my knowledge of fandom with my friend Rachel Bertrand. It started me thinking back to another attempt to instruct her. This time the subject was the Art of Driving.

Our Rachael is a bright brunette, not a dumb blonde. And rest assured, her driving ability has improved tremendously since that fateful night.

However, this was not the case one August evening here in Las Vegas. I wish I could mention adverse weather conditions, bad roads, or the full moon to explain my good friend's innocence in the whole sordid ordeal, but unfortunately, all the physical conditions were satisfactory. It was a beautiful summer evening, the stars were shining, the wind was nowhere to be found. All was Peace. Everyone in Sin City was happy and content.

Everyone except for one, rather large ironworker from Cleveland. As the evening slipped away, along with several dozen Budweisers, this fellow we'll call (well hell, if the shoe fits wear it) 'Bud', began to drown his sorrows regarding a lost love, yours truly. After several shots of courage 'Bud' decided he would lasso this filly -- after all she was his property -- to make her realize just how lost she was without him, and steal her away from the man of her current fancy. I had something else on my mind.

Rachael and I had planned a simple evening. Visit a few friends, hit a few night clubs. And then go home and eat everything in sight. An



average Friday night. We made it to our friends' home, but that's where the story takes a twist. Bud was up on the art of snooping. He must have followed us some time in the past, because he knew right where we were.

Being the brave drunk he was, Bud decided to attempt his kidnapping. As he pulled into the driveway he parked right behind my rented Honda. The five of us had just gotten into the car with Rachael at the wheel. Rachael was at her glory, new blood in the car. As she turned onto the strip, visions of dessert danced in her head.

She was just about to demonstrate her great driving when we felt the crunch. Bud's car had hit my rental's not-so-sturdy bumper.

At this point everyone should have remained calm and exchanged places to let a more experienced driver take over.

But oh no, Rachael wouldn't have

it. She was going to get us out of this sticky situation. Everyone else was either in a state of shock or panic. After giving up on talking her out of the driver's seat, I yelled "Drive through the bushes!" In my mind was the thought that Rachael would speed up and drive right over the shrubs that separated our friends' property from the house next door.

It was either that or make a run for it. Flight didn't sound too inviting. Instead of trying to gain speed, Rachael crept up to the bushes and attempted to drive over them at the supersonic speed of about 2 mph. Needless to say, we didn't make it on the first or second try. It was more like the fifth time, but she did finally get us through the bushes and on to the street.

The chase was on! We swerved in and out of traffic and quickly zipped into alleys, but all to no avail. Bud and his cronies stayed right behind us. There was no shaking them.

At least not until Rachael skidded into a taxi. She still swears she didn't see that light change...

You'd think that was all the damage one little 18-year-old girl could do in one night, but think again. Now the officer was understanding when we told him the ugly details of the chase, he slapped her hand, told the cabbie to quit crying about such a tiny dent, and sent our group speeding into the night, thinking we had eluded our enemy and the battle was over.

More dangerous thinking. We did lose Bud, and after laying low for a few hours, felt it was safe to go home.

Call it insanity. We let the now-infamous stuntdriver Rachael drive home. I know it sounds crazy, but if you knew Rachael, you'd have let her too. By this time, she felt she was ready for the Gran Prix. I would have had to talk to her for hours before she would have given up the wheel. I didn't have the energy, so I let her "drive us home". We never got there, at least not in the little red Honda.

I innocently guided Rachael on to

the Freeway not aware that the girl had never driven on it before. A fact she was eager to keep to herself. As we exited to Sahara Blvd., that now-familiar feeling of Doom started creeping through my veins. Rachael wasn't slowing down. Driving 55 mph. on I-15 is acceptable, but 45 mph. is a bit hairy when you're making a 90° right turn.

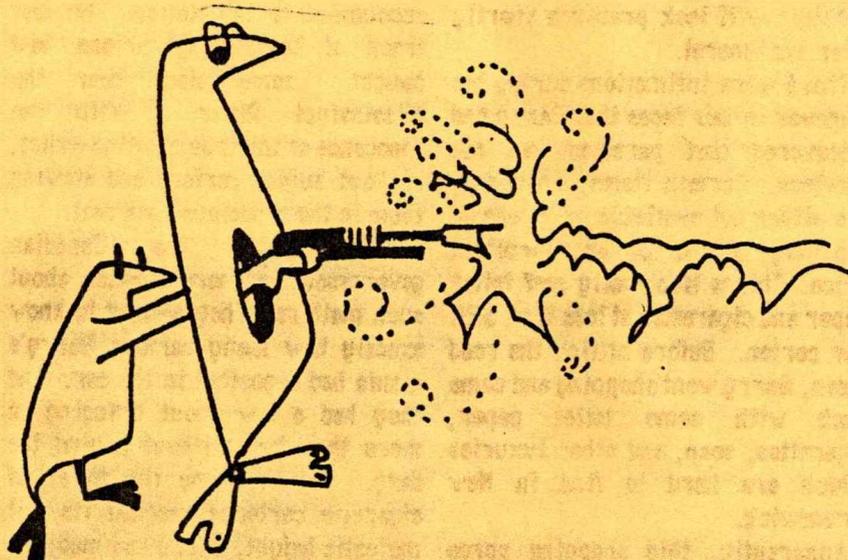
Somehow she negotiated the turn and even slowed down some. Too little too late. Our heads hit the roof of the abused little Honda as she entered the gas station. A quick turn of the wheel and -- *Bam!* I'm not sure what we hit first, the station wagon that was filling up or the pump itself. To make a bad evening worse, the friendly and understanding policeman of four hours earlier was parked across the street and saw the whole fiasco. He immediately turned on his lights and swooped down upon us with no mercy in his eyes.

Somehow Rachael had again managed to just barely clip the nice man's wagon. Spared a nameless dire fate, he was now kneeling, praying thanks to the heavens. He'd been

saw her hit the gas pump. The officer of the day was young and thank God had a roving eye. If anyone else had been driving, this story would end with all of us in the drunk tank. Rachael for her driving tactics, and us for simply staying in the vehicle.

Instead, the two of us pooled our feminine persuasiveness and sweet-talked that boy in blue into letting us all go home and start over the next day. All except for the car, which he had towed.

We started home in a taxi, though not the one we hit, and stopped to pick up Rachael at the precinct. Officer Mike -- we're all on first name basis now -- had thought up some reason that involved the so-called driver going to the station with him. We collected the newly ticketed and fingerprinted Rachael who was muttering things like "I'm sorry, Becky. I didn't mean to lose your car" and "I thought we were going to a night club". "Shut up," I whispered sweetly to my buddy. "And you're *not* driving when we get home." I quietly counted my blessings. As the taxi turned into the driveway of my



Tom

standing between the pump and his gas tank when "Wheels" Bertrand screeched the hot Honda to a halt.

Only those in our car actually

apartment I thought to myself, wouldn't it have been easier to break up with Bud next week?

Presently, Rachael is driving

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Blue Jaunt (Joyce Worley) and Dead Flowers (Bill Kunkel) are absent this issue, but the two wayward authors promise to return to these pages in *Folly #5*

Proofreading this issue by Joyce, Bill, and Becky.

Blame all else on the editor.

Artwork

ATom: 5, 6

Harry Bell: 13:

Ross Chamberlain: 10, 12, 16

Brad Foster 19

Dian Girard Crayne: 15

David Haugh: 2, 7, 9, 11, 16

Jay Kinney: 1, 4

Bill Kunkel: 17

Bill Rotsler: 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 14, 15, 18

acceptably, even on the highway., unless you count the collision she had the day I wrote this article. I have recovered and am currently contemplating teaching another close friend the art of driving.

"Glutton for punishment" you say? You be the judge: it's Bill Kunkel. □

In the Noze

Arnie Katz tells A True Tale of The Friedman Force!

Everyone follows a different star and dreams their special dream. This was brought home to me with some force when friend, partner, and agent Barry Friedman revealed his Grand Design.

The light of a True Believer danced in the eyes of this long-time resident of sunny southern California as he described the virgin land he owned by the big bend in the river in the frozen wastes of New Brunswick, Canada. Gingerly, because dreams are fragile, I raised the inevitable questions about isolation, frigid winters, and the availability of mass media. He fielded them with the practiced aplomb of a man who had heard it all before -- and who was sitting at poolside in his swim trunks in Las Vegas.

Nothing could blunt Barry's zeal to transfer family and business to his dominion in the Dominion. The Friedmans set July 1 as the official departure day. They'd summered in New Brunswick for several years, so it was logical to begin life under the Maple Leaf banner at the time of their annual Canadian retreat.

While wife Betty, their three kids, and secretary cum mother's helper Ellie crossed the country and the world's longest undefended border, Barry stayed behind to conduct business and finish packing computers, furniture, and countless collectibles for the movers' trailer.

Barry got as much as possible ready, but as might be expected, there were a few odds and ends that weren't quite suitable to entrust to the movers. He planned to drive to his new home, so he rented a giant Lincoln. At the last minute, he emptied the contents of their safety deposit boxes and a few mementoes which had previously escaped



packing into the cavernous truck..

Barry's first stop after leaving California was Las Vegas, where we were surprised to find he was still puffing away on cigarettes at a furious pace. "Surely this cannot be?" I said to Joyce. "For this is Iron Will Barry, the man who was going to quit cigarettes cold turkey on his 40th birthday."

"How can I possibly quit?" was Iron Will's inevitable response between heavy drags on a coffin nail. "I had too many boxes to pack, too much pressure." Barry's go-getter lifestyle will lack pressure shortly after his funeral.

There were intimations during his stopover in Las Vegas that Barry had discovered that paradise was not flawless. Certain items, amenities, are either not available in Canada or can only be had for an exorbitant price. Things like really soft toilet paper and cigarettes at less than \$20 per carton. Before hitting the road again, Barry went shopping and came back with some toilet paper, cigarettes, soap, and other luxuries which are hard to find in New Brunswick.

Apparently, this shopping spree continued as Barry traversed the country in his rented Lincoln. By the time he reached the checkpoint to cross into Canada, he had accumulated quite a bit of stuff.

"I think they noticed the hangers,"

Barry theorized when he told me this story. "Good hangers are hard to find in Canada." He had stuffed quite a few of them into the backseat of his car. He had more hangers than Joan Crawford. If Canada placed an embargo on fancy foreign hangers, Barry was prepared to ride out the crisis.

With July 4th so close, the thoughts of even a future turnout must inevitably turn to fireworks. Barry had passed several large emporiums along the many roads he traveled, and he had depleted the stock significantly at each stop. He proved particularly partial to large rockets, "like road flares", he said. By the time he reached the border, he had about 25 of these dangerous-looking constructions stacked among the hangers.

The checkpoint officer could also see that Barry frequently bought cigarettes by the carton. Irresistible thoughts of quitting constantly bedeviling his already agitated mind had turned him into the one-man salvation of the American Tobacco Industry. Fearing that every chance to buy cigarettes might be his last, Barry had repeatedly succumbed to temptation. He lost track of how many cartons he'd bought some place near the Mississippi River. With the innocence of the true nicotine addict, he kept buying cartons and stowing them in the capacious back seat.

Unfortunately, the Canadian government is more precise about such matters. They wanted to know exactly how many cartons Barry's mania had deposited in the car. And they had a law about bringing in more than two without paying the duty. By the time the tower of cigarette cartoons reached its full majestic height, Barry had made the agonizing journey in the guard's mind from tourist to suspect.

Things took a turn for the worse when the guard asked Barry to open his trunk. Barry's obvious reluctance to do so only whetted the

guard's appetite to know what mysteries lay beneath the Lincoln's bulbous back hood. This revealed a cache of jewelry of the type a Lincoln-driving desperado might carry. Atop this hoard of glitzy baubles was Barry's pride and joy, his Dick Nose.

"What is this?" the female guard inquires as she points at the strap-on Dick Nose sitting on the pile of rings, necklaces and bracelets,

"Oh, that's my Dick Nose," Barry explains helpfully. "I sometimes like to wear it when I'm driving at night."

She looks at the dick nose. And she looks at Barry.

Dick nose.

Barry.

Dick nose.

Barry.

Time to call out some more guards.

They look at Barry. They look at the Dick Nose

Nods of agreement. The female guards add a little distance between themselves and the owner of this pink plastic paraphernalia.

Heads shake. Tongues click. Private thoughts about eccentric Americans reverberate in the Canadian woods. The guard in charge sends for more forms. Lots more forms.

And then someone notices the heap of treasure lying beneath it.

"And where did you get all the jewelry?" the border official suddenly demands, coming to the point.

"They're my wife's. She likes

jewelry. I'm bringing them to her in Canada." A lot of freeform disbelief precedes a march to the Customs Shed so other female workers can examine the jewelry. People are saying things like, "Well, you must certainly love your wife to buy her all this jewelry" and looking at Barry like the star of a case history on "Canada's Most Wanted".

Barry fills out forms, signs

declarations, swears oaths of allegiance to Queen and Country, and does anything else the guards propose. A miniature troop now rings the cornucopia of contraband that is the Lincoln. At this moment, KKW's contract whiz will sign anything. And does. Where do prisoners go in Canada? Better not to know, he decides, abasing himself before the Canadian authorities.

The guards begin pulling rolls of toilet paper out of the car. If there's one thing Barry can't resist, it's a special on soft fluffy toilet paper. His travels have brought him into contact with many such specials, and his car is stuffed with pastel-colored rolls.

"And all this toilet paper?" the guard be-

gins. "Is that for your wife, too?"

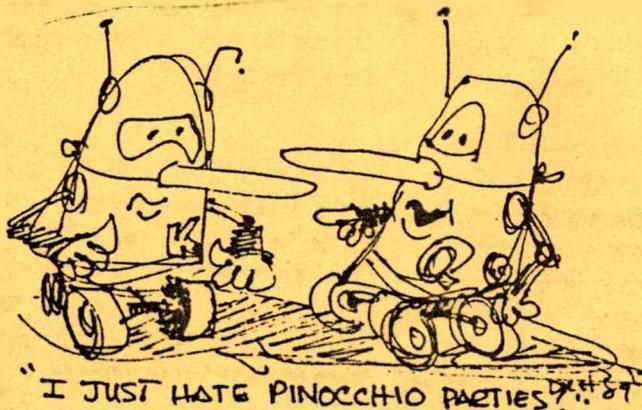
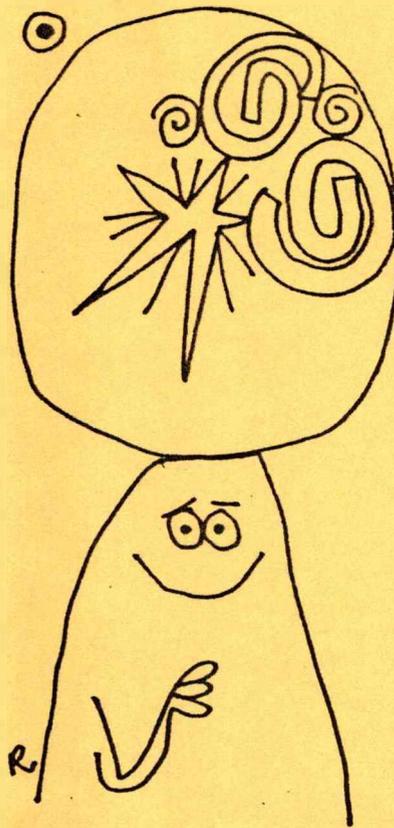
"No, we all like it," Barry replies. An unspoken comment about why a family would need so much toilet paper hangs in the air.

Barry attempts to ingratiate himself with the guards. He applies the full force of the Friedman charm. The world spins, the border sentries momentarily lose their normal positions in time and space. When the scene clears again, the guards are saluting Barry for his decision to immigrate to Canada.

Everyone joins hands, sings "O, Canada!" in English and French, and Barry rides off into the green vastness of New Brunswick. There will be hangers and toilet paper at home tonight.

He smiles in his triumph. His hand reaches out to the passenger seat. Time to put it on.

Now. □



Again, Numbered Fandoms

The Numbered Fandoms
Theory Re-evaluated

By rich brown

I still tend to think of the Numbered Fandoms theory as only a convenient, but ultimately flawed, shorthand method of referring to certain fanhistorical eras. I contend it is accurate only up to Fifth, and possibly Sixth, Fandom -- and no more.

If I speak to you of Fifth Fandom or First Fandom, without qualifying it beyond that description, you most likely have a fairly accurate understanding of my meaning.

But what if I say "Seventh Fandom"? Am I talking about Harlan Ellison and crew or the first incarnation of *Psychotic* or the Terry Carr/Ron Ellik *Fanac*? The mere fact that one has to stop and explain keeps it from being shorthand. And as I have already indicated, even Sixth Fandom has been fuzzed around the edges. Arnie Katz might have a fairly accurate understanding of what I would be talking about when I say "Sixth Fandom", since his absence from the microcosm ensures that he doesn't know that Ted White has opined that Sixth Fandom was passed down by *Quendry*, not to Calkins' *Cops!*, but to the first incarnation of *Psychotic*.

I couldn't see it, myself. Most of the people whom Silverberg listed as being at the heart of Sixth Fandom in his update of the original Speer article had defiated or were defiated by the time of that *Psychotic*, and few, if any, of those who were still active manifested activity there. Ted felt the spirit and ideals were the same, but hell, as far as that goes, I think the spirit and ideals of Sixth Fandom might well be practiced by

BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT -
I'M TALKING
TO A
NEDFAN



anyone who has read and understood *The Enchanted Duplicator*. So if that's going to be the criterion, it's possible to maintain that we're *still* in Sixth Fandom.

But there may be other reasoning involved. After all, Ted Yas Dere (during the first incarnation of *Psychotic*, if not *Quendry*), and I wasn't. And no one who was there during both has popped up to say that Ted's theory jars them as much as it did me.

I think part of the problem may be that the people who are writing about it, or who have written about it, have significantly different ideas of what a Numbered Fandom is supposed to be.

I note that Arnie, in his article in *Folly #2* bogged down on the reported fact that Fourth Fandom had no fanzine focal point. I must not

have been paying proper attention the first time I came across the numbered fandoms concept, because I came away with the notion that Joe Kennedy's *Vampire* was the focal point of Fourth Fandom. I'm not certain how I came by the notion; it just seemed reasonable to me that every numbered fandom had its focal point. It wasn't until I read Silverberg -- evidently the source for both Warner and Katz -- that I found myself sitting open-mouthed, wide-eyed and shaking my head in disbelief, for what at least *seemed* the first time, at the idea that perhaps the letter columns of *THS*, *Startling*, and *Planet* were the true loci of that era.

I noticed something curious: not once in his article did Silverberg use the term "focal point". Upon reflection, it seemed likely to me that Speer may not have, either. Probably, the term was used and found to be particularly apt in one of the subsequent discussions of *Just How Many Fandoms Have There Been Since Then, What Fandom Are We in Now, and How Many Fandoms Can Dance on the Head of a Pin?* Each Numbered Fandom is considered to have some Center Point of interest -- and *most* Fandoms seem to have had some fanzine which embodied that center point.

I've never actually seen an issue of *Vampire*, exclusive of the one edited by Stony Brook Barnes in the late 50s. It had a contribution by JoKe, but otherwise presumably bore no more than name resemblance. I am reluctant -- understandably I would hope -- to voice any "conclusion" as to why the real *Vampire* might not have been considered the focal point.

If Silverberg were in error, one assumes, someone who knew better would have said so by now. But one never knows, does one? It occurred to me, while trying to resolve this, despite obviously insufficient data, that possibly the Really Significant Happenings of Fourth Fandom took place in those letter columns -- and

while *Vampire* may have been the best fanzine of the period, it might not have reflected them.

The discussions in those pro-mag letter columns were pretty far-ranging, not limited to the contents of the magazines, and although the type it was set in was microscopic, it was at least as legible as all but the most experienced fanzine editors' fanzines and was certainly seen by more people -- so you can perhaps see the sense in it.

If the definition of "focal point" implies a position at the center of fandom that reflects all or most of the Significant Happenings of the period (which certainly fits *Fantasy Magazine*, *Quandry*, *Fanac*, et al, and may fit those old promag letter columns), where does this leave *Spaceways* and its "no feud" policy? Are Numbered Fandom theoreticians saying the policy prevented feuds fandom-wide? Or do they mean that, since the feuds couldn't take place in its pages, they were therefore non-events?

The definition of "focal point" also seems to imply frequency: Anything much less than monthly has generally been deemed to be inadequate to foster the necessary sense of continuity/involvement on the part of active fandom. (The *Fanzine Index* indicates that *vampire* doesn't qualify on that ground, either.)

The requirements for a true "focal point" of a true "Numbered Fandom" appear to go beyond frequency. Ellison and crew -- for all that they

were a "self-declared" numbered fandom (and we all know that they took Silverberg's idle speculation as Gospel and ran with it.) who may not have understood the "underlying concept" of Numbered Fandoms -- whatever that might have been in 1954 -- thought they had their own focal point in the near-monthly *Science Fantasy Bulletin*, as well as their own fannish symbols/mini-myths (the Birdbath, e.g.), centers of interest, and not entirely inconsiderable accomplishments.

Numbered fandoms theorists dismiss their claim and call them the "Phony Seventh" for several reasons -- and Harlan Ellison was, and remained for a long time, so ticked by missing it by That Much that he accused Seventh Fandom's detractors of being "mad dogs" who'd "kneed Seventh Fandom in the groin." The most forceful argument was their leaders were too new to the microcosm to realize where fandom had been, had no idea where they were going, and so failed, as Willis put it, "because, like the mule, they lacked both pride of ancestry and hope of posterity." And there are other arguments: Seven Fandom was just a "flash in the Pan". The Numbered Fandoms theory is basically a fanhistorical tool, which at least implies the need for historical perspective; Seventh Fandom was self-proclaimed, on the spot. And finally, Sixth Fandom hadn't died yet; so it has been argued that those who took the mantle of BNF on their shoulders during this Phony

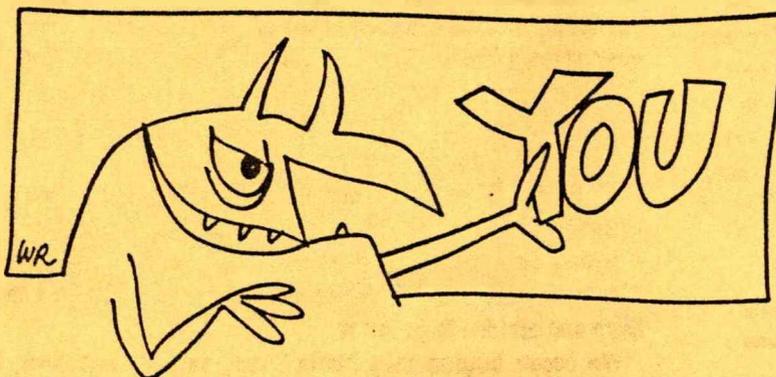


Seventh were not, in fact, fandom's leaders.

But the truth is that *Quandry* had already cut back on accepting subscriptions and was within a few issues of folding; the prominent Sixth Fandom fans who were not staggering into the glades of gasia, were stumbling around in search of a focal point; Seventh Fandom was willing to take on those Sixth Fandomites in the same capacity as Sixth Fandom had taken on Bloch, Tucker, Boggs, Speer and others who had "survived" through previous eras, so there was certainly no unwillingness to learn about the past, and Seventh Fandom lasted longer than Second Fandom.

Furthermore, Silverberg's "update" article which first to identify Sixth Fandom as Sixth Fandom, appeared during Sixth Fandom. Its accuracy has never been questioned -- so it would appear that "historical perspective" is only necessary when it's convenient for the numbered fandom theorist to say it is. So the real question is, would it have been given any different consideration, and might numbered fandoms theorists have put forth the notion that it really was "Seventh Fandom" had it started but six

Continued on page 15



Let 'er Ride!

Some momentous
messages from *Folly's*
Raucous Readers



Loren MacGregor, 1364 Grove St., No. 9, San Francisco, CA 94117 (CoA)

Oh, my, indeed. Gosh.

But -- um -- about that typeface.

(Yeah, yeah, I know; but it looks like it was done with the *Newsometer* program, which converts even a LaserJet to the ugliest of dot-matrix-like appearance.

But -- boy! -- couldn't I have used this when I was doing *Talking Stock!* or *Quota* in Ninth Fandom or whenever I was doing whatever it was I was doing. Now, of course, I am a Hotshot Project Planner for a Major Bank and I write skiffy novels on the side (one, anyway, with a second to be turned in to Ace any day now), and I write Technical Manuals and teach people Stuff About Computers, and I have entirely gotten the art of Being Snide With Capitals.

Arnie: I am pained that you would think I'd substitute a mere simulation for the genuine dot matrix experience.

I find it hard to sympathize with your related woes regarding your lack of cablecity. I ~~have~~ a cable -- at least I *think* that's the thing that's poking out of the wall by my bed; but since I don't have a television set, I'm not entirely certain what to do with the thing. I have tried gripping it in my teeth, hoping that the vibrations thereby set in motion would generate a picture of sorts. That failing, I ground my finger down to a point and attempted to screw it into the end of the cable connection. This, too, failed.

I have thought about actually buying a TV, but that seems an excessive and possibly lethal step. For example, I am able to keep my purchase of CDs under control only by forcibly reminding myself that I do not have a CD player.

In this fashion, I limit myself to a mere two or three CDs a month, or only those which are absolutely essential for a collection. So far, I've only purchased one videotape. If I had a TV, I'd start buying more videos, and that would lead inevitably, sooner or later -- certainly within the next 10 years or so, barring accidents -- to the purchase of a YCR. And then I would be lost.

Bill's "Dead Flowers" reminded me of the old joke about the little old lady who called the police to complain that the man in the apartment across the way was exposing himself. When the officer arrived, he discovered that the only window faced away from the suspect's apartment. "Why, you cannot even see the young man's place from here," he said. "Certainly, you can," the lady replied. "You climb on the refrigerator, and it's perfectly clear through the transom." You people work in virtual reality, Bill! *Surely* you can accept virtual legoons!

I had one once, but the wheels gave way to silicon and I digitized the bastard.

Geri Sullivan, 3444 Bleisdel Ave S., Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315

While I enjoyed the entire 'zine, you won't be surprised to know that my favorite piece was "Red Letter Day." Your adventures with Captain Video trinkets reminded me of my one foray into the crowded arena of "free" prizes. Have you ever eaten a Mallow Cup? It's like a Peanut Butter Cup, but filled with gooey marshmallow creme, with crunchy things that might be petrified coconut in the chocolate part. With each Mallow Cup comes a cardboard coin.

"Collect \$5 in coins and get 20 candy bars" was the promise made back in the days of my youth. Most coins were a penny or a nickel, but sometimes you even got a dime. Marnie Gordon and I marveled at the concept of 20 free candy bars and decided to go for it.

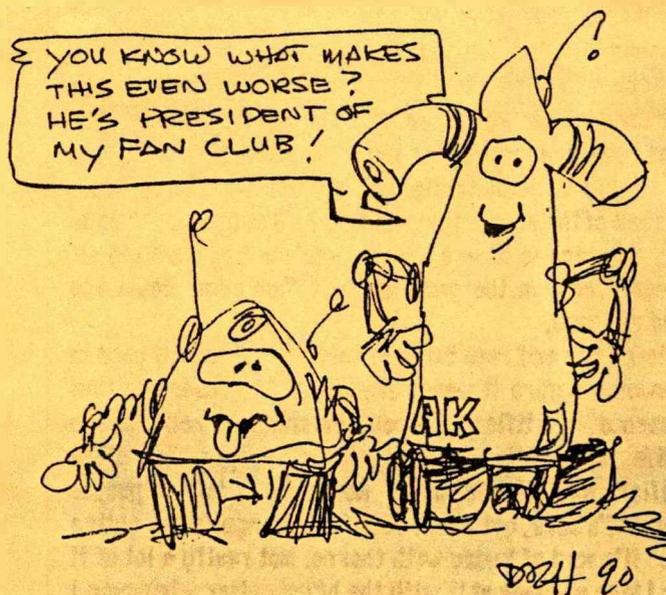
We began buying only Mallow Cups, saving each coin, and

counting them frequently. Imagine our glee the first time we got a 25¢ coin! When we reached \$2.85, we got the biggest boost of the summer - a \$1 coin!

We were close, so close. We went back to daydreaming about what kind of candy bars we would win. Would they be Powerhouse? Or Milk Shakes? Would they all be the same, or a variety? Perhaps they'd be a kind of candy bar we'd never heard of, rather like the odd candy bars sold at the bait shop near my grandmother's house.

The closer we got to \$5, the more 1¢ coins we got, of course. And the faster we bought Mallo Cups. We were a marketing department's wet dream. A nickel and a dime coins finally pushed us over the top. We gleefully mailed off the large envelope of cardboard coins. And vowed to never eat another Mallo Cup.

Then came the let down. The 20 free candy bars were, of course, Mallo Cups. The possibility never occurred to us, since we didn't think of Mallo Cups as candy bars. They were candy, sure, but not candy bars. Our faces turned green when we opened that box, so truly earned, so eagerly awaited. But they were our prize, and a perverse sense of righteousness demanded that we eat the cursed things. I guess I ought to thank the makers of Mallo Cups; they cured me of believing promises of free prizes in cereal boxes, candy wrappers, or late-night TV.



Robert Bloch, 2111 Sunset Crest Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90040

Good to see the zine, all Rotslerized and everything!

The idea of a *Fancylopedia III* is intriguing, but I think anyone who attempts it will find the task appalling. The tremendous growth of the field, both fan and pro -- to say nothing of pro and con -- makes a true encyclopedia a challenge, and the proliferation of

splinter fandoms adds to the complexity and confusion. I don't think even Harry Warner Sr could handle this job - or even Harry Warner Jr. It would be too great a mess.

Annie: Any group of fans who wanted to do a *Fancy III* might have to limit coverage. It wouldn't be perfect, but it might be a lot better than nothing.

Bob Tucker, 2516/H East Washington St., Bloomington, IL 61704

Folly #2 arrived some weeks ago, while *#3* arrived today. I thank you for both issues and also wish to thank for far more than that.

Several weeks ago Lee Hoffman asked me for something to go into the next *Science Fiction Five-Yearly* which is due real soon now. I cast about in early desperation, wanting to be in the issue but lacking a worthwhile topic.

And then you, fate, and *Folly #2* arrove and presto! there it was on page six. Your essay on the fun of numbered fandoms. Needing no more inspiration than that, I delivered a pungent biting story of my own to the editoress on Sunrise Trail.

I assume you were serious. I *hope* you were serious. I wasn't.

Annie: I nursed a small hope that the reanimation of my fannish corpse would provoke a *Le Zombie*, but this is flattering in it own way, too. And when you need your next idea, *Folly* is ready to inspire it.

Lee Hoffman, 401 Sunrise Trail N.W., Port Charlotte, FL 33952

Thanks for writing. I was hoping I'd responded to the first *Folly* you sent, but I see I didn't. I meant to but all too often my good intentions just pile up next to the computer until the Peripatetic Black Hole devours them.

Folly is a dandy zine. I have thoroughly enjoyed the three issues I've received so far. Among other things I appreciate that they are not unmanageably large. I do like a zine I can read through at a sitting. And it's a pleasure to see my stuff in circulation.

Annie: Aesthetic principles, and the two-ounce first class postage rate, guided the choice of page-count for *Folly*. Prior to selecting the current motto, "There's no fool like a fan fool", I considered: "*Folly: One Trip to the Bathroom.*"

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

Thanks for *Folly 1 and 2* (shouldn't that be: "Follies 1 and 2" -- seeing Vegas is the source?) and "Welcome back!" he says gleefully, though not quite sure if he could be termed an official greeter these days. My attitude towards fandom is much the same as it ever was -- if something comes along that inspires a response, it gets

one! Mind you, there have been fairly lengthy periods in the past years when nothing has -- aies.

Bill's correct in that *most* English names-of-places have a fairly logical geographical origin. Not all, tho'. We have creeping realtorism, too, these days. Mind you, some of ours take a little working out. Take "Knutsford", for example. This does not refer to a person who had a quite nasty accident in a Ford car, but only to be where King Canute once crossed a river. Mundane, isn't it, this reality? Anything with Kirk in it is easy; there's a church there. Chapel-en-le-Frith sounds exotic, but means "Church on the Hill." ... Bet you've always wanted to know what a "Frith" is... One I've always been fond of is "Intake", near where Terry Jeeves used to live. Mind you, the area was heavily industrialised, so I suppose an intake of breath was something oft to be marvelled at. And then near Wrexham in Wales there is a signpost to "World's End". I suspect a ranting Welsh Baptist.

Arnie: A new mobile home complex -- trailer park when it's at home -- out here is called "Ballerina Sunrise". Of course, my one-time hom, Long Island, has the Walt Whitman Shopping Plaza....

If placed in the position you were, I don't think I would have chosen Vegas (says he after a three-day visit yonks ago...) not just because I didn't like the climate, but also because if one were to later abandon fandom, it couldn't be sure if it was GAFIA or MAFIA.

Arnie: Nevada's top law school, which trains future judges, recently got a six-figure grant from the Moe Dalitz Foundation. This represents the estate of a self-made man who became a casino mogul after many years in the comparative obscurity as ceo of Cleveland's organized crime community.

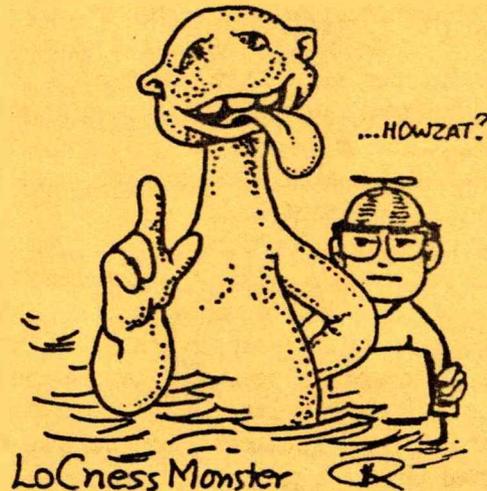
Robert Coulson, 2677W-500N, Hartford City, IN 47348

Juanita and I are mostly into conventions, huckstering, and filking these days. Not that I can sing, but I do listen, and I've been recording engineer on a couple of tapes. Next con up has me on a panel on "The Psychology of Fandom". Of course, there isn't one -- there may be a dozen or five thousand different psychologies of fans, but not just one of fandom.

Fandom isn't "recovering from the Bergeron Wars" it's been inundated by convention fandom. A recent brochure for Minicon mentioned an attendance of 3,000. Can you imagine anything fannish that would bring 3,000 people to Minnesota? I'm reminded of Roger Waddington's comment about Glasgow being this year's European City of Culture.

Arnie: I *should* have said that fanish fanzine

Remember, loose
LoCs link zips!



fandom was recovering. Fandom as a whole is obviously flourishing.

We did our last move the cheap, hard way, but then it was under 5 miles. On the other hand, we moved from an eight-room farmhouse which we were renting to a 10-room farmhouse which we're buying. The move took almost exactly a month, and involved one load in a moving van, 12 in a U-Haul trailer, 7 in a pickup truck, and I lost track of the auto trips; 40 or 50 I'd suppose. Maybe more. It's nice to have a lawyer who's a fan; ours did all the legal work on the purchase and then came down and helped us move.

No low hills and rose bushes; this entire county used to be a swamp before it was drained, and the roses are that excrescence, multiflora. I can remember when Indiana wildlife authorities were telling people to plant multiflora for wildlife cover. Now they're telling people to, for God's sake, get rid of it before it engulfs the entire state. It's sort of kudzu with thorns. Not really a lot of it here; I take a whack at it with the brushcutter whenever I think of it.

Arnie: Some sunbelt cities have planted so many trees -- and built so many swimming pools -- that it changed the climate. Humidity isn't nearly as low as it once was, and I fear Las Vegas may go the same way.

Ross Chamberlain, 1 Cabrini Blvd., #1B, New York, NY 10033

Well, from just a slip of a folly to a full-fledged Gaffe,

eh? Not even stopped for a mere *Faux Pas*. Not Bad! Next month -- a *Stupendous Blunder!* Wow!

Annie: No, *Stupendous Blunder* is the annish. I'm going to practice with a few *Farragos* and maybe a couple of little *Foibles* along the way. Actually, if I can get Joyce to co-edit, we can dance into our second year of publication doing a faux pas de deux.

My memory of that 1974 award is perfectly clear, by the way. It being in the midst of the Great Gas Crunch, it was actually a Jugo (fans being, as we all know, are well ahead of the rest of the world in Things that Matter), given out at the semi-perennial Philisticon in Philpheldelphia¹, and the honor was for Most Fannish Impersonations in a Novella (or was that Most Novel Impression of a Fan? Maybe my mind has slipped on a detail or two). But I never got to collect it -- Dan Goodman and Jim Sanders conspired to have the presenter, Earl Evers, give it to them while I was under the banquet table, observing from relative safety an escalating argument between Judi Sephton and Fred Phillips on the finer points of paranoid behavior.

1. I know that's where it was because I read about it in a fanzine once in an article that professed that it did not Explain All about Numbered Fandoms.

I've noticed the tendency to name areas inappropriately in some localities. The case of the aquatic variety in the Vegas area, I suppose it could be a matter of wishful -- 'positive' -- thinking. There are many Grove Streets in treeless neighborhoods. I lived at the corner of Grove Street and Montclair Avenue when I was a pre-teen, and I assure you that while there were the occasional trees around, there were no clear mountains, a-tall.

I look forward to the further adventures of the KKW Brooklyn-Vegas Trek. Much of that "Blue Jaunt" was news to me. Can't tell you how much I'd like to follow your footsteps...

Annie: We left a trail of breadcrumbs for you to follow.

Walter Willis, 32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 OPD

I liked your concept of the reincarnated Annie, unullied by the Bergeron battles, returning to succour (hi, succour), his strength being as the strength of ten because his heart is pure. Echoes of other myths abound. Like, is the monthly focal point fanzine to be the sword in the stone?

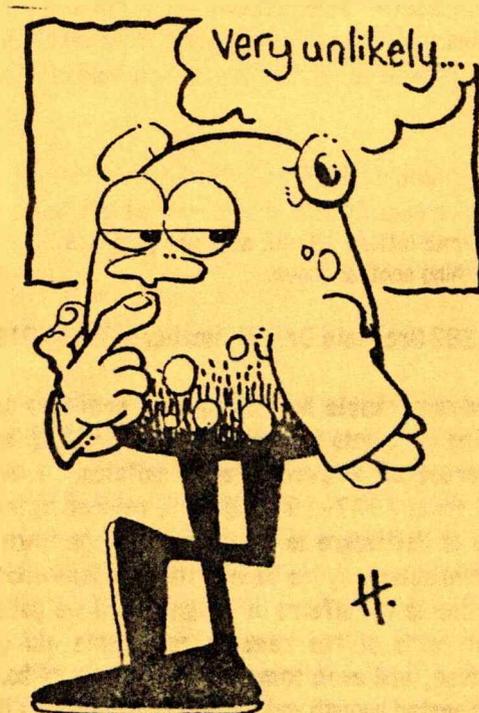
I myself had been thinking rather of how the first issue of *Folly* seemed to show the innocent Annie of your youth confronting the sophisticated one of today, like Dorian Grey in his attic. And sure enough the two images seemed to coalesce with surprising facility. After a shaky start,

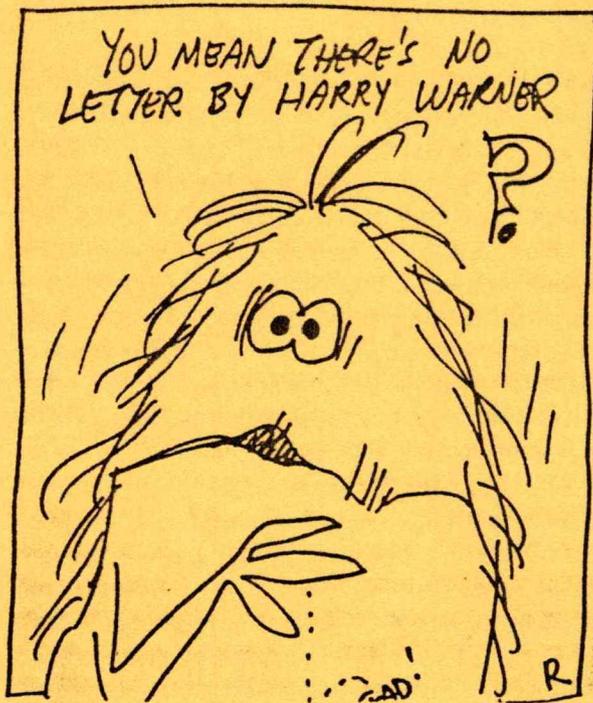
your editorial persona seemed effortlessly to subsume the best qualities of both.

Annie: A study of the purity of my heart indicates that I actually have the strength of 1.23. A little less after a hard day.

There's also a mythic quality about Joyce's trevailogue. I kept wishing it was going to be longer and was pleased to find it was. It was like one of those Missing Masterworks you mentioned in that it might never have existed at all. In my case I have been looking out for years for a report from one of the dozen or so fans who left an Australian Convention to drive to London in a double-decker bus. I keep coming across causal references to this epic journey, from which I have built up a vivid picture of the bus teetering on the edge of a precipice in the Khyber Pass, like one of the trucks in *Wages of Fear*. What a movie it would make to be shown at conventions.

Your AKFLA in issue #1 was an artistic tour de force of comparable quality. I see that when I first read it I wrote "already" in the margin, but I can no longer remember what this meant. I have always been fascinated by the New York usage of "already", but I don't see the word in this text. The note may refer to your speculation that someone might have anticipated your idea while you were Away, in which I may have been reminded of Philip K. Dick's account in the posthumous *Innuendo* of how he acquired a rogue cat called Willis. Two things tantalised me about this belated disclosure. One was his description of how Willis attacked the "already cat"... yet another usage of that resourceful





word; the other was how Dick happened to have a cat with my name. Had something involving me happened that I never knew about?

I loved your letter section. It seemed to me to have the sort of conversational quality which I aimed at in *Hyphen* and was able sometimes to achieve, most notably when both Rick Snery and Bob Lichtman wrote to me about a visit Bob had paid to Rick, when they talked about *Hyphen*.

Arnie: This should be Robert Lichtman's cue to visit Vegas. If he does, I promise that we'll all talk about *Hyphen*, write letters to you, and subtly coerce you into publishing another issue.

Art Rapp, 282 Grovenia Dr., Bloomsburg, PA 17815-9603

It is indeed remarkable how many fans from ages past come lurching back onto the scene long after they have become regarded as forever gone & gaffiated. I even dropped out from 1977-1980 myself, relocating from the suburbs of Baltimore to this small college town in Northeast Pennsylvania, too busy with mundane chores to pay attention to the affairs of fandom until we got the most urgent parts of the remodeling of this old ex-farmhouse done, and even some of the cartons of books and fanzines sorted enough so that I could sometimes find what I was looking for.

Nancy and I were on an ecological and self-sufficiency kick at the time. For several years we made a fair success of it, planting a huge garden (we've got about 4-1/2 acres here), raising chickens and ducks and geese, and selling produce and eggs at a local farmers' market. Of course, that meant getting up at 4 a.m. two or three days a week to pick lettuce and tomatoes and beans, or whatever else was ready, so as to get it to market by 7 while it was still fresh. Competition was pretty keen.

And after market ended at 11 a.m., it was back home to pull weeds and feed poultry and gather eggs and clean and pack them for the next market day, and finally collapsing into bed shortly after it got too dark to see what else awaited doing around the place.

It was fun for two or three years but then it got monotonous, and when we considered the hours of work we were putting into it, not very well-rewarded.

Arnie: I lack the discipline for such a rigorous mode of living, but your description fascinates this city boy. But since I don't know beans about tomatoes, lettuce turn again to fanhistory...

Even during the years we didn't have time for crifanec, we kept in touch with a few old fannish friends via correspondence and eventually rejoined SAPS (which had gotten almost to the point where the few remaining members were ready to dissolve it, in our absence). Well, a couple of years later, in 1983, I sort of inherited the OEship, and not having much luck getting newer fans to join, set about contacting the old timers whose addresses I could dig up, such as Harry Warner, FM & Elinor Busby, Wrai Ballard, Terry Carr, Redd Boggs, etc. Most of them were semi-gaffiated at the time, but they couldn't resist a chance to plunge into the maelstrom once more, and most of them are still in the apa. In fact, we finally lured Wally Weber back into our clutches earlier this year.

Arnie: The relative standing of SAPS and FAPA was one of the biggest surprises when I returned to fandom. Two decades ago, FAPA had a waitlist as long as its roster, and SAPS seemed temporarily short of its usual energetic spirit.

Of course, aside from SAPS, I have very little contact with fandom these days -- well, there is CAPA, which got its initials because when it started we thought of it as a sort of apa, (They stand for Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance), but it is actually a sort of rotating exchange of correspondence.

It was started in 1962 by Nancy and me, plus Rick Snery, Roy Tockett, Ed Cox and Len Moffatt. We had a waitlist, too, but so far none of the original members have left, so there's never been room for another to join. We started publishing, in turn, *5x5*, a monthly

letterzine. It's still going; been as much as six weeks late at times, especially when one or more of us went overseas, but we never actually missed a monthly issue. In fact we just published #351 last month; it's Rick's turn to do the November one.

Arnie: That's an awesome record of longevity and consistency. Stories like this prove fandom can grow enduring friendships as well as transitory ones.

Speaking of Rick, did you know that he's about to become approximately a neighbor of yours? Sometime in November, he's going to leave South Gate and move to his new home at 821 Anchor Drive, Henderson, NY 89015. And I mean "new"; he's waiting for the builders to finish it.

Arnie: We Vegans love Henderson, scene of the 1989 Chemical Plant Disaster and now the year-round home of the famous Great Cloud of Henderson.

Wally Weber, 24127 S.E. 103rd, Issaquah, WA 98027

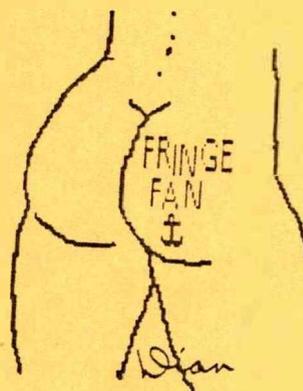
Folly #3 arrived in my mail box today, and when Andrea (daughter #1) opened it up, out dropped an unpostmarked letter, stamped with an "Action Video" return address. Now I can see where, having been away from fandom for so many years, you are eager to acquire letters for your fanzine, but gobbling them up indiscriminately right out of the mail drop is a bit extreme to my Northwest way of thinking.

I haven't read anything in #3 other than the editorial,

but I do need to thank you for promoting me to Fringefan. I was afraid I was going to remain a Pseudo-Fake-Fringefan forever. I also appreciate having the duties (and lack of same) of my new position so clearly spelled out. It makes my bureaucratic mind feel secure.

Dian Girdard Crayne, 1717 6th St., Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

Forgive me while I wipe a tear from my eye. Fringe Fan! To think I've finally made it, after all these years.



Back in the days when I published for five APAs, went to LASFS every Thursday night, and hit two conventions a year, I never dared hope, never dared to even *imagine*.

It's just *Too Much* for me to comprehend right now. I think I'd better go lie down on

the couch and put a damp cloth over my forehead. Later, when I'm feeling more up to it, I'll send the announcements out to my friends, fax the Premier of China, buy a TV spot, and arrange for ad space in the *Willits News*.

When I think back on my misspent fannish life and remember the apazines, the con reports, the collating parties, the masquerades, and the drunken conversations under tables, I am humbly grateful.

Thank you. You've given meaning to my aimless life. *sniffle*

Arnie: I was not drunk. I want that understood. And I don't remember sitting under any tables. Of course, if I was drunk, I suppose I wouldn't remember that. I do remember many details of your misspent fannish life with considerable fondness, however.

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

The British post office must take some blame for smaller fanzines, too (*Folly 3!*), 'cos charges are absurd. I've just sorted out duplicates from my fanzine library -- I hated to do it but the floors will only take so much weight -- and currently (the process isn't finished) have



Which brings me to your discussion of numbered fandoms. I agree with Harry Warner, and I'd always understood that the numbering lost its relevance with the phony seventh, in any case; but even if not, don't you think it's a bit arrogant to pinpoint the period that it broke down as the time of your gaffiation.

There was a lot of fanfeminist activity revolving around *Jonus* and A Woman's Apa in the late '70s-early '80s, as I recall. I'm a bit fuzzy about the dates, since I was in college then and very active in convention organizing at the expense of fanzines.

Arnie: That claim *would* be arrogant, but I didn't make it. My write-up stops at 1975 because I lacked data to go further. Rich brown's article in this issue of *Folly* is a definite step toward a re-examination of fanhistory unshackled by the numbered fandom theory..

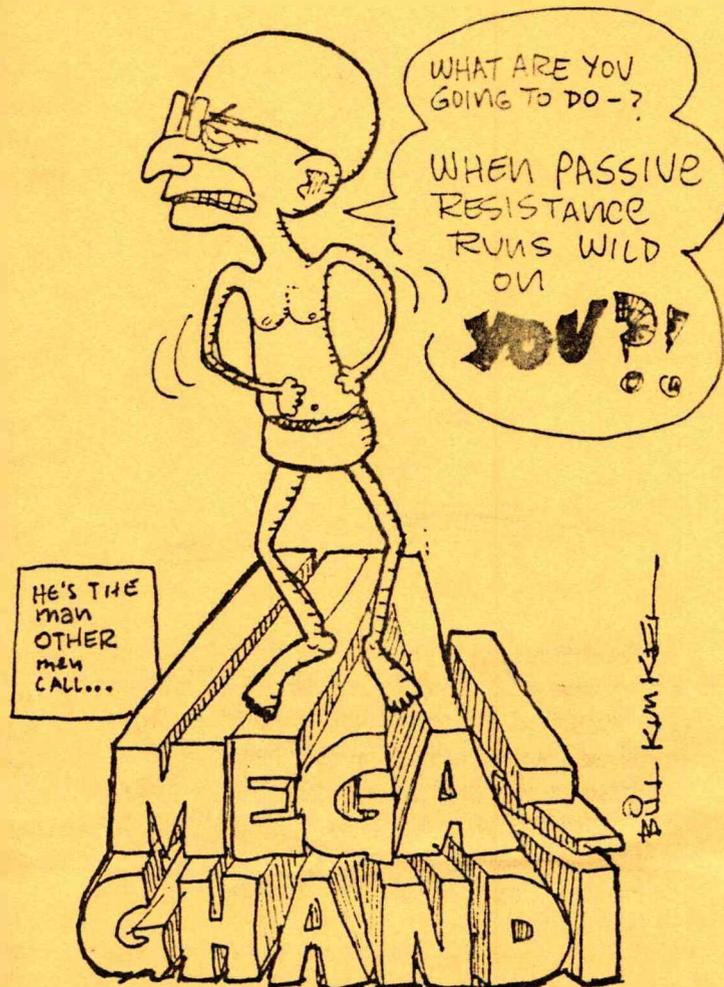
Rob Hanson, 144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London E6 1AB United Kingdom

Seeing those listed in your letter and WAHF columns, a collection of names I've not seen in one place since the early 1980s, made me feel all misty-eyed and nostalgic, and I'm impressed that *Folly* should have produced such a response. But then, why not? The moment I read your first issue I immediately knew that this was The Real Thing, a complete fannish fanzine of the type that hasn't popped through my letter box in longer than I care to remember. I'd really intended to respond to that first issue, but before I could, a second arrived and then a third. Three issues in two months? You really *are* from another fannish age. Here's hoping you manage to keep to this sort of schedule and encourage others by your example.

I'm not convinced by your arguments about the effects of new technology on fanzine production. I published my first fanzine a year after coming into fandom (I'm Class of '75 by the way), which I had professionally printed - a litho crudzine. It was another three years before I acquired my own mimeo, but I've been using that machine ever since. This despite the fact that while I originally bashed out my zines on wax stencils with a portable manual typer I've now progressed to composing stuff on a PC clone.

The difference now is that I produce hard copy (with a daisywheel printer rather than dot matrix, which I don't care for), paste in any headings and artwork, then give it to Yine Clarke for electrostenciling. (Yine cuts electros for most of the British fans who still use mimeography.) I don't doubt that I'll eventually get to put zines on a desktop publishing rig, just as I don't doubt that I'll still want to make electrostencils of the pages thus produced. The thing is, I actually *like* mimeography; it seems, to use a trendy expression, Appropriate Technology for Fanzine Production.

Arnie: Like everyone else, I do my fanzine on the



equipment that's available. In my case, that means a good computer, excellent software, and an irritatingly primitive printer.

While I wouldn't argue with Ted's assertion that the mantle of trufannishness passed to Britain in the 1970s, I'm not so sure it still resides here. Fannish fanzine fandom declined in the U.S. throughout the 1970s, while it went from strength to strength in the U.K. during that same period, but in its last flower -- the thriving transatlantic scene of the early 1980s that started with the birth of *Fang* and ended with the Bergeron Affair -- I would say that the mantle was shared at least equally between the U.K. and the U.S. In the currently enfeebled state of fanzine fandom, it's up for grabs.

Arnie: Some of fannish fanzine fandom's other hot periods coincide with strong collaboration across the Atlantic, including the early 1950s and 1957-1963. The cross-fertilization between the two allied, but different, fandoms has frequently benefitted fannish fanzine fandom as a whole.

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

the idea... yet.

Tops this issue: Bill Kunkel's column (and here I thought that "WAW" stood for something other than "World Apartment Wrestling"). The "Famous Fanwriters" ad was also a Really Neat Idea; also, my girlfriend guessed three out of three, do you think She Has The Right Stuff?

Arnie: The *cognoscenti* will be pleased to know that Bill will present the finest in fannish Women's Apartment House Wrestling at a forthcoming worldcon. I will forward any nominations for participants to him.

Mike Glicksohn, 508 Windermere Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6

Like you, I have come to favor one-word titles for my fanzines, but it never bothered me to have to use a lettering guide to render *Energumen*. This may have something to do with the fact that I usually had electrostenciled headings or it may just show my intense dedication to the art of fanzine production. I *did* hand-stencil the title of my FAPazine *Floccipaucinihilipilification*, and that was a bitch. I probably should have run off many sheets with just the name and then added the number of the issue and the colophon around the name, but somehow the idea never registered with me.

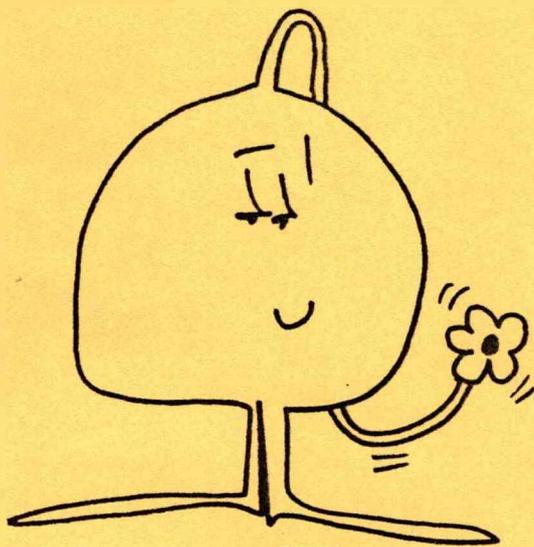
Arnie: I'd never pick a name like that, because of the chance that I would typo it in the fanzine itself. That could never happen with something simple like *Folly*.

Deckinger must have a worse memory than I do (or he receives some really obscure fanzines) if he doesn't remember names like Willis, Warner, Coulson, and Glicksohn, because one of those four appears in just about every fanzine I receive. Heck, on occasion all four of them show up together. And Richard Bergeron is only a bad guy in some circles. In others he's still a good guy who got a little carried away for awhile. It all depends on whom you talk to.

I'm glad Joyce wrote about how you guys ended up where you are as I'd been wondering about that myself. I had no idea it was such a recent move, and Joyce certainly gave a clear and interesting account of how it took place. I don't know many people who obtained a new house in their own city with such ease! And is it true that you *never* gamble? I'd have thought it was mandatory for all residents of Las Vegas.

Arnie: The Inside Story of Las Vegas gambling will be revealed in a Future Issue.

WAF: Letters as entertaining, but of a somewhat more personal nature, were received from: Owen Whiteoak, rich brown, Mark Manning, Dave Haugh, Brian



Fancylopedia III is one of those things you seem to have missed (or then again, maybe not) during your sabbatical. Marty Cantor and Mike Glycer announced plans for an up-to-date *Fancy III* to be published in conjunction with LACon II in 1984, where Eney was to be fan guest of honor. The con came and went and at intervals for years afterward, one might still receive flyers from Marty asking for input on various topics.

I suspect that fandom had grown too mammoth and diverse to be subject to the kind of comprehensive treatment the editors had in mind; they were seeking input on RPGing, regional fandoms, overseas fandoms, and other topics with which they themselves evidently felt insufficiently familiar. (Marty edited the last edition to date of *The Neo Fan's Guide*, and took some flak from overseas fans who felt he hadn't sufficiently updated their theater of operations.) I suppose *Fancy III* has gone from a project to be funded by LACon as part of the convention to being a candidate for some of the \$1000 they had left over (come to think of it, maybe that's why they had \$1000 left over). Little word has been heard on the subject lately, but it remains to be seen whether *Fancy III* will be fandom's answer to *The Last Dangerous Vision*. (One is directed to the entry for "Daugherty Project"...)

Arnie: I imagine Marty and Mike would like to know when the statute of limitations runs out on nice ideas that don't happen. As you say, *Fancy III* is a monumental task, so maybe we shouldn't be too hard on anyone optimistic enough to attempt it.

I want to think about this some more, get some additional opinions, but I haven't entirely given up

Again, Numbered Fandoms

Continued from page 9

months later and Harlan's brand of self-hype not been so embarrassingly obvious? Kindly note that Harlan subsequently polished his style to the point where it not only served him well in his professional career, but when used on fandom, only had a few people mumbling in their beards.

Even if this is not the case, and there are objective, substantive reasons why "Phony" Seventh Fandom was not a real numbered fandom, it still seems obvious that

it in a square hole. If it doesn't fit, the historian says, "oh, well, it's a circle," and promptly hammers it into a circular hole, ignoring the glaring gaps on all sides.

I'm not unalterably opposed to the idea that numbered fandoms can be inherited, but the Sixth Fandom leap from *Quandry* to *Psychotic* tugs my disbelief suspenders to the snapping point. If anything, these groupings are, or should be, gestalts. Which is to say that they are nothing if not configurations of participating individuals. By their nature, they are so unified and complex that their

properties cannot be derived or inferred from the sum of their parts. Fans

gaffiate all the time, so no matter how worthy, no individual fan -- not Willis, not Burbee -- embodies so much of an era that their absence, in and of itself, would bring that era to a close

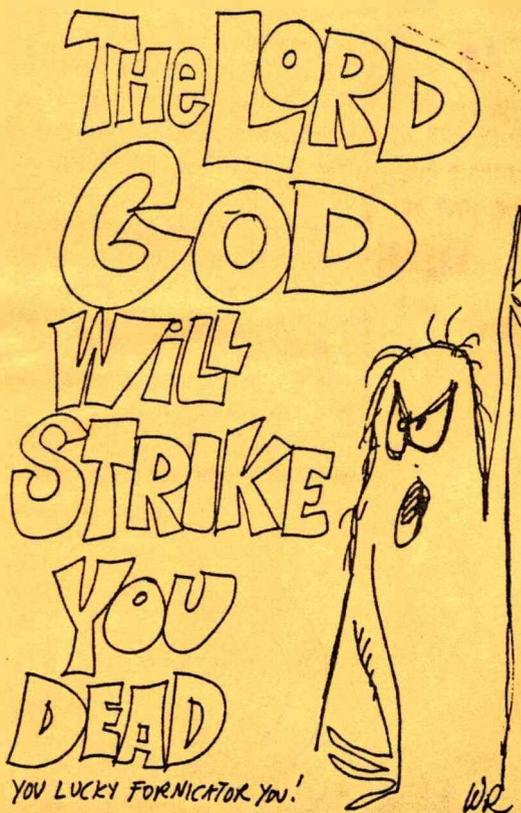
But what can be said of any individual cannot be said of the gestalt of individuals whose interactions give a "fandom" its flavor. The era

ends when a vast majority of those who made up the original gestalt or the focal point which held them together are no longer there. Otherwise, the groupings mean nothing.

I have no problem with the notion that the vastly different group of individuals who focused on *Psychotic* were strongly influenced by, successfully emulated or carried on "in the same spirit as" Sixth Fandom. I just don't think they were Sixth Fandom. I think they were one

of the Numbered Fandoms which followed; Seventh, if there's any legitimate reason to deny Ellison and crew, or Eighth. Or perhaps *Psychotic* inherited Seventh Fandom from *SFB*. Depending, this moves all the numbers following Sixth Fandom up by one or two.

Until consensus can be reached on what a Numbered Fandom is, and/or whether or not a "focal point" is a requirement, and/or whether or not this focal point must be a fanzine, and/or whether a Numbered Fandom can move from one focal point to another, we're in a "Through the Looking Glass" situation in which words only mean what the people using them want them to -- and the Numbered Fandoms theory will remain no more than a flawed shorthand method of referring to a mere handful of fanhistorical eras. □



this "False" Seventh Fandom is just as important fanhistorically as many "real" numbered fandoms, if only as an object lesson. As I've said before, one of my problems with the Numbered Fandoms theorists is that they either hammer the facts to fit the theory or ignore all contradictions. It's like a kids' block set with spaces only for squares (fandoms) or circles (transitions). When the theorist comes across something triangular (not-fandom/not-transition), s/he tries

TAFF Time

Nominations are now open for the TAFF (TransAtlantic Fan Fun) race to bring a fan to the 1991 Chicago Worldcon. Candidates need three nominators from Europe/U.K. and two from North America. Nominations close December 15. Ballots go into the mail on January 15, 1991.

Candidates pledge that, barring acts of Ghod, they will make the trip and administer TAFF until succeeded. A TAFF candidate must post a \$20 (£10) "good faith" bond and submit a 100-word campaign platform. Donations are \$2/£1.

Nominations (as well as donations and auction material) can be sent to Robert Lichtman (P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442), Lillian Edwards (2 Spring Valley Terrace, Morningside, Edinburgh, EH10 4QD, United Kingdom), or Christina Lake (47 Wessex Ave., Horfield, Bristol BS7 0DH, United Kingdom).

Always a worthy cause. *Give*.

Meet Becky Shayne

Continued from page 3
past of fandom and science fiction. *Folly*, perhaps owing to a short attention span, looks in all directions in a cyclopean quest for fun. We are an outreach program and, as such, we are bringing together elements of both the old and new. It seems proper, on the occasion of Becky's fanwriting debut, to provide biographical background.

Becky has recently switched to a journalistic/editorial career after holding a succession of office jobs in Las Vegas, Reno, Denver, and elsewhere. A deceptively young-looking thirtysomething, she is a slim, woman with expressive eyes and masses of dark curly hair. She also has elegantly long legs she shows off in the usual abbreviated Las Vegas skirts. The mini skirt never lost popularity in the Sodom of the Southwest.

She is very charming with a velvety voice, but you would not want to feud with this neo femmefan. I've heard her wrangle with recalcitrant debtors and stubborn trades people on the telephone and in person, and I

wouldn't want to come under fire. Becky pursues her points forcefully and takes no prisoners. She generally gets whatever it is she wants.

If fandom didn't already have a "Victoria Yayne", it would be a perfect nickname. Mirrors adore Becky, and she reciprocates. Of course, she's worthy of a bit of vanity.

Reading between the lines of her account of Rachael's brief career as a wheelgirl, you may infer that Becky has led a colorful, offbeat, and sometimes exciting life. This is true. She has stockpiled an ample supply of off-the-wall anecdotes with which to regale fandom. She and Joyce like to sit around and compare past indiscretions, and I know you won't want to miss any of this stuff. (Then they go to the local flea markets and flirt some bemused vendor into an extra discount.)

I don't know if Becky is quite ready to start reading other fanzines, but I am certain she will scan each and every letter of comment on *Folly* before she passes it on to me.

Fandom, meet Legs. □

Son of ODD

You may soon see a new/old name in fanzine: Jason Fisher. When Ray (Duggie) and Joyce Fisher split up in 1970, Joyce eventually became Joyce Worley Katz. Ray, too, soon wed a second spouse, Jane. Jason is his son from that marriage.

As many know, Ray died last year from diabetes. Joyce has become a sort of surrogate aunt. She corresponds with Jason and talks to him regularly on the phone. He's about 13 now, a bright, young fellow.

Recently, Joyce sent Jason his first fanzine, *Folly*. The genes bred true, because Jason immediately vowed to Publish. His next call burbled plans to follow in his father's footsteps and revive *Odd*.

Joyce suggested a "go slow" approach in light of Jason's youth. She also said that a new *Odd* might be beyond his current powers.

Jason followed her advice as closely as kids usually follow their elders' dictates. *Son of Odd* hit my mail box -- and maybe yours, too -- last week.

It is a typical First Issue, except that it's not every day one comes with illos by Keasler. □

Folly

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First Class

