

Katzen Jammer

The Typo on Page 7: A Fannish Horror Story

Even now, the sight of the word "contests" makes my neck hair stand. I've mostly stopped shaking, and the twitches are sporadic, but the experience remains indelible in my memory weeks later.

I've always wondered how folks like Whitley Strieber and L. Ron Hubbard overcome the inherent lack of credibility of being a fiction writer. Now I wish I knew their secret. Issue after issue, I have scoffed at the occult, poo-pooed the paranormal, and mocked the mystical. I want to report a remarkable occurrence, but skepticism crackles in the air.

I've proffered the patently spurious claim that my spellchecker substituted "Psychotic" as the proper spelling for "Oops!a!" I confess. This never happened. I made it up to get a few laughs.

I wrote faan fiction that parodied *Communion*. I thought I was so clever to make fun of the account of alien contact in my story about

"superfans among us". How bittersweet that alleged triumph of wit seems to me today.



My shame is boundless. It is all the more crushing, because I have now had a bizarre brush

with the unexplainable. I yearn to tell you all about it, but I shudder that you'll think this is just another Arnie Katz flight of fancy.

This tale must be told.

I have stared into the face of the ineffable.

Really.

It began during the desktop publishing phase of *Folly* #6.

As background, let me explain how I produce this fanzine. As ideas occur, I type pieces on the Macintosh. Often, there are partially completed articles on the disk waiting further inspiration.

After I accumulate a few

items, I began to import the text to *Publish It!*, which is my desktop publishing program. When the issue is full, Joyce proofreads a run-off copy. Sometimes Bill Kunkel or Becky Shayne give it a second read. I run the corrected pages on KKW's Gestetner 2316ZD copier.

From this recitation, you will understand that I spend some time entering proofreading corrections into the desktop publisher. It all started with a single typo, one mistake among all-too-many.

Folly #6 was the product of a man celebrating his good fortune. Even the humdrum task of typing amendments into the text made my heart sing with joy.

Joyce, as she often does, posed an incisive and fascinating question about the possible after-effects of my February 26th eye operation. One day, after a substantial amount of preamble, she asked



if the increased vision had made me disappointed with the world.

"You're a romantic," she said. The woman knows me.

"That's true."

"Now that you can see the little flaws and minor imperfections," she continued, "Does everything look much worse? Does it depress you?"

After a little hard thought, I

replied, "No, I'm just happy I can see." It was true. Dr. Westfield had pierced the gathering clouds that obstructed my view of the outside world, and I wasn't going to quibble over a few extra dents, lines, and scratches.

Joyce had done a great proofreading job, I thought as I corrected mistakes on the first six pages of *Folly* #6. I wasn't



so rash as to promise myself a typo-free fanzine, but I knew there'd be far fewer in that issue than the ones preceding it.

It was a nondescript mistake. On Page 7, I inadvertently typed "contests" when the proper word was "contested". "No, no," I scolded myself. "What would readers have thought if I had left this apparent tense blunder in the issue?" Tenseness could have led to stress, and stress is not conducive to *Folly's* lighthearted atmosphere.

I felt almost righteous as I highlighted the offending word with the mouse and typed in the

Open Letters

My lengthy recuperation from cataract surgery has left me with a mountain of unanswered mail. In the belief that any response is better than nothing, I'm replying to some of those letters right here in *Folly*.

To some *Folly* readers:

I know you aren't very active in today's fandom, but I hope *Folly* entertains you. An occasional letter or other expression of creativity would be welcome.

To Purple Rainbow Tangent Alpha:

The Big Shrub Rises. Day comes at Midnight. Uncle Margo speaks to the blue elephant.

To Box XCNV:

My wife and I are not familiar with the activity you suggest, but we feel privileged that you would confide in us on such short acquaintance. Can that equipment really be purchased in any shopping mall? I guess most people wouldn't think of using the stuff that way. The pictures you enclosed were explanatory, and we have put them in our collection.

To John Berry:

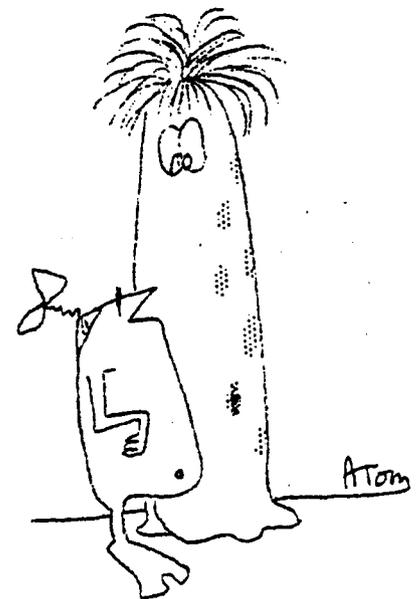
There is a Las Vegas radio personality named John Berry. I thought you needed to know.

To several:

Round and firm.

To Too Many:

I profoundly apologize for sending a copy of *Folly* with a blank page 16. Stuff like that *will* happen when you let a blind man collate.



right one to replace it. My Macintosh froze. Nothing worked. Mouse and keyboard were dead.

A dialogue box reported a system error. It presented two choices: two choices: "restart" and "resume". But "resume" was grayed out, so it wasn't available. All I could do was click the "restart" button and watch the computer cycle through.

I pushed it.

I'd saved my corrections after finishing page six, so I wasn't especially vexed. System failures happen. In a moment, *Publish It!* was running again. A little disk switching, put *Folly #6* back on the screen.

I quickly fixed the other errors on the page, and then I zeroed in on "contests". It sat there, helpless to stop me as I increased the page magnification to twice normal size and then prepared to expunge it in Wide



Screen. I highlighted my target and began to type c-o-n-t-.... The keyboard quit responding. I tried to regain control of the cursor with the mouse, but it had also quit.

I pushed a few other keys, curious to see the effect. Nothing happened. The



I TOLD HIM
I WAS GONNA
PUT OUT A
FANZINE
THAT WASN'T
CONTRIVERSIAL,
JUST FANNISH...
AND HE ASKED
ME WHO I THOUGHT
I WAS... JOHN D.
BERRY??

Folly #7, Late Spring, is edited and published by Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107) on a frequent schedule for the diversion of the *Folly* mailing list.

May 22, 1991. Proofreading by Joyce.

Folly is available for letter of comment, contribution of artwork or writing, or (arranged) all-for-all trade. I would also like Used fan cartoons for republication.

dreaded dialogue box returned. "Resume" was still not an option.

I restarted it.

This time, I saved to disk after entering the other corrections on the page. Everything worked fine. All systems go.

It seemed the better part of valor to sneak up on the stubborn misspelling rather than assaulting it frontally. Perhaps my old, "slap on the white out" attitude was not sufficiently subtle for today's high tech typos. I could change with the times.

I positioned the insert point just past the end of "contests". I struck "delete" and the cursor obediently eliminated the space at the end of the word. I held my breath. Everything worked fine! I hit "delete" to expunge the incorrect "s" while leaving the rest of the word intact.

The keyboard locked. The mouse couldn't make anything happen on the screen, either. The dialogue box put in another appearance.

Restart,

Restart.

Restart.

"Contests" doesn't look soooo bad," I thought much later that night. I revised all the other mistakes on the page and took one last, longing look at "contests". My fingers reached for the mouse. I saw the pointer move across the screen.

And then, with a clumsy twitch of my right hand, the arrow veered away. I stopped it

Continued on next page

Jay Kinney: Threat or Menace?

The Real Truth about Everything, Because *Folly* Thought You Should Know

I know what's wrong with America. I have found the wellspring of this society's woes. Sociologists and other nit-Pickering people (obscure faanish pun dedicated to A. Porter.) may say there is a complex network of interrated social problems which is manifested in the aberrant -- and abhorrant -- behaviors that are the perpetual subject of strident talk shows and ringing editorials. It sounds good, but

Katzenjammer

Continued from page in the lower left corner, clicked, and the next two-page spread displayed. Joyce had found a couple of mistakes. Seconds later, they ceased to exist.

I never looked back.

And that's why it says "contests" not "contested". I know it. You know it. But try to tell it to the Twilight Zone.

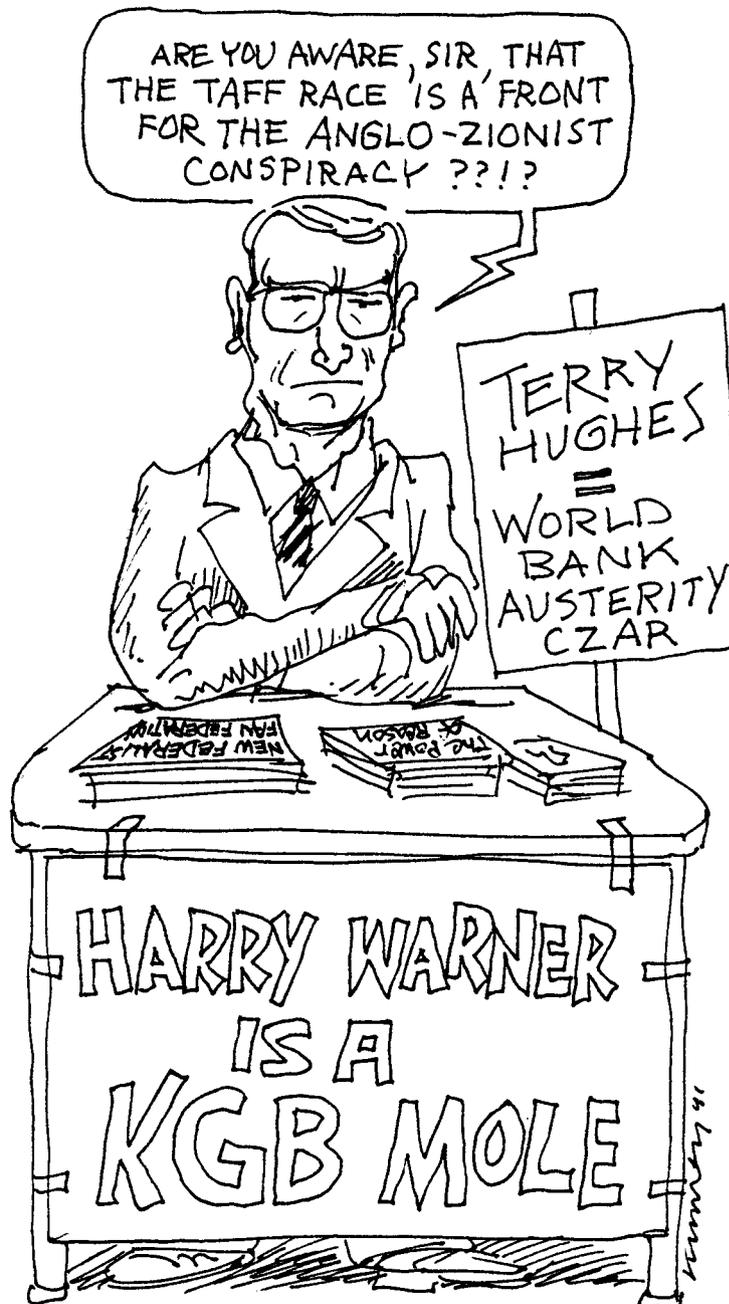
many feel they Know Better.

I can't count the times, in my medium-length life, that someone has discovered the Answer to All Social Ills. They are usually dismissed as crackpots, but periodically one catches the public fancy.

Americans are partial to the Elegantly Simple Solution. There's great appeal in unearthing the Root Cause of All Evil, because then we can all join hands and righteously smash it to bits. It's wonderfully cathartic. And we get to live Happily Ever After.

Finding the Root of All Evil isn't something I dreamed up just to fill space in *Folly*. You're all busy people, and I probably wouldn't waste your time that way. I stand at the head of a long tradition.

When I was a



FANNISH NIGHTMARES #194:
"The LaRouchites Discover Fandom"

tyke in the early 1950s, Dr. Frederic Wertham revealed that comic books cause juvenile delinquency. At about the same time, Joseph McCarthy was telling the parents that Commies cause all the woe in American society, but Dr. Wertham was more relevant to my existence at that point.

For a few years, comic books supplanted marijuana as public enemy number one. News reports linkd every crime committed by a minor to the dread influence of four-color funnies. I read *Archie* at that time, and it was hard to understand how even Reggie Mantle could incite a once-innocent teenager into burglarizing a gas station. Reggie was arrogant, maybe even a little nasty, but he never plunged into the fetid waters of illegality.

Dr. Wertham's odder notions made his philosophy a tough sell. Besides, comics went into a staggering slump, but juvenile crime continued to soar. This tended to discredit Dr. Wertham in the eyes of potential true believers.

A new one came forth in the mid-1950s that still has vocal supporters. I refer to the clear cause of Teenage Crime, Premarital Sex, and Race Mixing -- rock and roll music. The devil's beat, as it is known to a certain segment of the populace, pounds its subliminal messages into the heads of impressionable youth and turns them into sado-masochistic maniac worshippers of Satan. It may also damag hearing.

There *has* to be something more than comic books, rock and roll, and drugs behind sin and corruption.

My friends, there is.

Blame Jay Kinney. Don't scoff, at least not until you have read the rest of this article. (I made it myself, so the least yo can do is *pretend* to like it.)

Many of you are saying, "I know Jay Kinney, and he's a hell of a nice guy." It's true. Even my mom likes him. Jay has been her favorite hippie since they met at Joyce and my wedding 20 years ago. Anyone would be proud to call Jay "friend."

He's talented, too. Just look at the terrific cartoon he sent for *Folly!* It directly inspired this article. And the guy can write! Truly, there is no limit to his abilities.

It was hard overcoming this predisposition in Jay's favor. I would never believe that Jay



Kinney is anything but a force for truth and goodness -- if the proof wasn't incontrovertible.

Before you dismiss this amazing claim, please consider the following facts:

- Before Jay Kinney, there was no crack!
- Before Jay Kinney, there was no skyjacking!
- Before Jay Kinney, aliens had not abducted Whitley Strieber!
- Since the advent of Jay Kinney, juvenile

Contents

Katzenjammer /1
Open Letters /2
Jay Kinney: Threat or Menace?/4
Inner Tube/6
Playing Around/8
Fancy III: Yet Another View/11
Let'er Ride/12
The Final abSolution/13
Pubblin' My Ish/17
An Oral History of Fandom?/18
ATom: 2,7,16
Canfield/Fletcher: 9
R. Chamberlain: 12, 15
Jay Kinney: 4, 5, 6
Bill Kunkel: 2
Bill Rotsler: 1, 3, 11, 14
Dan Steffan: 3
Steve Stiles: 10

Proofreading my Joyce
Uncredited text by Arnie

InnerTube

Ha! The Life and Death of a Television Network

Ha!, MTV's comedy cable channel, was born in a blizzard of self-promotional commercials and died a year later in the throes of a "Candid Camera" marathon. On April 1, Ha! merged with its chief rival, HBO's The Comedy Channel to create CTV: The Comedy Network.

During its 12 months, Ha! tried to live up to its narrowcasting charter as a 24-hour humor station. How successful it was depends on several judgement calls, including whether you object to running the same program three times in 24 hours. I think Ha! says a lot about contemporary American humor and may also shed light on "one note" cable stations in general, such as the forthcoming science fiction channel(s).

Ha!'s schedule divides into four categories: situation comedy reruns, old movies, video comedy clubs, and comedy-oriented original programming.

Movies never amounted to much on Ha!. They had a batch of Bob Hope films, and a few "East Side Kids" and "Laurel and Hardy" movies, but the channel clearly preferred to

emphasize its shorter shows.

Several shows featured stand-up comedy. "London Underground" blended U.S. and U.K. performers, "The Talent Pool" showcased semi-unknowns, and a succession of stale "stars" played "The Big Room".

Unfortunately, stand-up comedy clips have become the music videos of



Jay Kinney: Threat or Menace? *Continued*

delinquency and the franchised youth gangs have ravaged the cities!

- Since the birth of Jay Kinney, America has not won a world war! (We had won, not one, but two prior to that.)

- At least three convicted felons live within waking distance of readers of *Gnosis*, the esoteric journal with which he is intimately involved.

- Other possible Great Affronts to Decent Society which were unknown before

Jay Kinney, but which plague our beloved country today, include elevator muzak, the new math, global warming, and floridation.

If we are to have the utopian America of our dreams, if we are to become a nation of well-mannered young people, and contented seniors, we must address the Jay Kinney Problem.

Get the torches. There's work to be done!

the 1990s. At one time, it was hard to see comedy routines on television. Comics sometimes visited late-night talk shows or hosted an episode of "Saturday Night Live", but even a half-hour of comedians was an Event.

Now, they're about as rare as Madonna videos -- but seldom as well-done. A parade of enthusiastic young comedians can be very entertaining, even if some turn the audience to stone quicker than the medusa. Now that it's hard to turn on the set without seeing a video comedy club, the novelty has evaporated.

Saturation has subdued my enthusiasm. Comedians once complained that there was nowhere to learn. The video and live stand-up boom has had the two expectable results: many hilarious people are getting national exposure, and even more unskilled practitioners are able to work. It takes a lot of performers to fill a night at one comedy bar; think how many such places blaze away seven days a week. That's a staggering number of comedians.

It'd be overkill to list all my favorites, including George Wallace, Carol Ladner, and Rick Wright, but the barrage of mediocre acts dulls the senses. Some can't even correctly deliver a line like "Take my wife, please." A couple of hours of that can make even Bob Shaw sound like an earnest fellow with an Indefinable Foreign Accent.

The original comedy--oriented programming ran the gamut from "Clash", a "Wheel of Fortune"-like quiz, to "Afterdrive," a laid-back talk show. "Clash" has one cute gimmick. The two, three-person teams who vie to answer questions represent opposite poles of some philosophy, issue, or attitude. For example, a trio of Harley riders might challenge a triumverate of Beamer brats. Watching exponents of a hated cause or attitude go down to ignominious defeat is a kind of pleasure.

A natural sequel to "Clash" would be a proposed program called "Grudge Match", which never made it to the air. It planned to stage fights between people who hate each other.



I think they were going to have silly, no-one-gets-.....hurt contests, but I imagined it differently. I visualized mud matches between Jealous Wives and Other Women and high-speed chicken showdowns involving motorists plucked from L.A. freeway confrontations. Alas, nothing as thrilling as "Grudge Match" ever joined Ha!'s roster.

The situation comedies embraced the best and worst. Ha! selected series from a very limited pool, because many of the best are in syndication or exclusives with other channels like Nickelodeon, TBS, and USA. This forced Ha! to buy black and white series that hadn't been seen for years and more recent ones that lacked enough episodes to qualify as syndication plums. There were a few diamonds in the rough like "The Charmings", but also some shows that should've remained buried.

The only thing less funny than "CPO Sharkey" is a rerun of that plotless, pointless Don Rickles vehicle immediately after an episode of "You'll Never Get Rich", an armed services comedy with a remarkably similar premise. The comedy of Phil Silvers, rooted in burlesque and vaudeville, isn't much like "All in the Family", but it is still funny, even viewed across a cultural chasm,

Don Rickles owns a piece of my heart. Watching him spritz formulaic insults, usually out of context and meaningless, convinced me I was funnier than some folks who get paid for laughs. It was a key moment in the life of a 12-year-old. You might've been spared this article if it wasn't for him.

Rickles seems almost funny the first time, but familiarity definitely breeds contempt. His insults lack wit and relevance, unless this week's "hockey puck" is Guy Lefleur.

Jack Benny still makes me laugh. His jokes might sound like straight lines for anyone else, yet perfect timing makes them funny. He's also lovable, despite the miserliness the writers weaved into his persona.

"The Jack Benny Show" had a premise not often utilized on T.V. Jack played the star of a weekly comedy/variety half-hour. Viewers saw little of the actual show; plots hinged on events leading up to the fictitious telecast. Irish tenor Dennis Day's weekly song usually entered the show under the guise of a rehearsal or audition.

Does anyone remember Dennis Day? He stayed a teenager longer than Jerry Lewis. His portion of "The Jack Benny Show" is the most jarring to the current viewer. Dennis continued to croon elderly Broadway showtunes and pop standards of the 1930s far into the rock 'n' roll era. The arrangements, too, were suitably antedeluvian, even at the time the show originally aired. I'll even sit through "Begin the Beguine" for Jack Benny.

"The Spike Jones Show" proved the most disappointing oldie. I had fond memories of this stone age Soupy Sales on the DuMont Network in the early 1950s. It's easy to overdose on his sound-effects-heavy music, but I find a little of it weirdly appealing. I also like Bob Dylan's voice.

It began as a summer replacement show. Younger viewers who think "summer series" are a new idea may be unaware that radio networks ran 13-week series while the

main shows went on summer hiatus. Television introduced the rerun to reduce costs of summer operation, but there were a few replacement series in the 1948-1958 period. "The Spike Jones Show" was shown for two consecutive summers, but it never landed a slot in the fall line-up. It's not hard to figure out why. The cast looks as old as the jokes sound, and the less said about the alleged comedy skits the better.

"The Steve Allen Show", compiled from his comedy/variety programs, became one of my Ha! favorites. At various times, the show's supporting cast included Don Knotts, Tom Postom, Dayton Allen, Jonathan Winters, and Gabriel Dell. The guests were good, too, though the "man in the street" segment, patterned after Fred Allen's "Allen's Alley", was the centerpiece.

Ha! watchers didn't need a trade magazine to tell them something was wrong in late January when the channel suddenly revised its line-up to feature nothing but "Love America Style" 24 hours a day.

Few shows have more recognizable actors than "Love American Style", and few shows boast more inane plots. A typical one had a couple getting ready for a business visit from an Eskimo. The canned laughter gets hysterical as they get into a dither about whether the guest expects the Eskimo courtesy of the wife as a companion for the night.

Joyce thought it was a misguided Valentine promotion, but that theory went out the window when Ha! added "Candid Camera" to the repetitious mix. They must've owned every episode Alan Funt produced during the program's four decades on the home tube.

I gave up watching Ha! altogether shortly after this development. I'd check periodically, but someone was always arguing with a talking mailbox or bowling at glass pins. On March 31, I flipped on the T.V. A signboard heralded the debut of CTV: The Comedy Channel on April Fool's Day.

Ha! had erased its laugh track and gone home.

Playing Around

The Man Who Was Tetris-ized

As we walked through an exhibit tent at the last winter Consumer Electronics Show, Joyce and Bill spotted them coming toward us. This was during my legally blind period, but even I could not miss the double takes and surprised expressions on my partners' faces.

When they got within my two-foot visual range, I saw a pair of beefy fellows dressed like Those Two Wild and Crazy Guys from Czechoslovakia on "Saturday Night Live". The loud shirts, white belts and matching shoes, and funny little hats gave them a slightly comical air that made heads turn as they jauntily strolled along the carpeted passage.

One of them, I knew. It was Alexey Pajnitov, the Soviet computer scientist who invented the international electronic gaming addiction *Tetris*. Recognition was mutual and immediate.

Alexey greeted us effusively, familiar faces in a sea of strangers. He introduced his partner Vladimir, and hearty handshakes ensued all around. The duo told three surprised Americans about Bulletproof Software, a company formed in the U.S. to handle their computer and video game output. They gave us a batch of color promotional stickers, said all the usual "have a great show" things, and resumed

About Tetris

Folly's vast audience of 117 includes readers who don't share my love of electronic gaming. Here's a brief explanation of the *Tetris* phenomenon.

In *Tetris*, the player manipulates oddly shaped falling blocks to build solid walls at the bottom of the playfield. Complete lines disappear, but other blocks pile higher and higher. This gives the competitor less time to execute the needed maneuvers. *Tetris* also speeds up as play progresses.

Pajnitov designed the game at Moscow's Academy of Computer Sciences (AcademySoft). Britain's Andromeda Software brought it to the West and added frills like the Russian music and scenes of soviet life. Spectrum Holobyte obtained the U.S. computer rights.

The very nasty litigation isn't worth a detailed account. Some people sold *Tetris* rights they didn't own, which resulted in rival publishers obtaining permission to do *Tetris* for the same hardware systems.

Although it is technically primitive, *Tetris* is a real grabber.

their promenade.

We exchanged bemused looks.

"Alexey Pajnitov," announced Bill, "has now been Tetris-ized!"

What a difference a year makes!

I met Russian's first computer game designer at the 1990 wCES. His game had

already become an international hit as a computer game, and it was going to get a big push on the Nintendo. Spectrum Holobyte, the publisher of *Tetris*, offered Bill, Joyce, and I the opportunity to interview the Soviet visitor.

As things turned out, we declined the interview, since every other magazine in the field also planned a Pajnitov story. Spectrum Holobyte countered with the suggestion that we meet him informally, and that we accepted

At that point in his life, Alexey had definitely *not* been Tetrisized. He was obviously a bright, inquisitive, and creative fellow, but collision with our culture had left him with lots of apprehensions and misapprehensions about us.

As Bill pointed out, Alexey's trip had not exactly brought him into contact with mainstream America. He flew from Moscow to Las Vegas and landed on the Strip in the middle of the winter Consumer Electronics Show.

They showed him a bunch of neo-psychedelic commercials and took him to an endless succession of press conferences and receptions.

This guy needed Cosmonaut training, not "Comrade Fyodor's Guide to America". A course in how to handle First Contact might have helped Alexey withstand sudden immersion into a setting that, even by American standards, is weird and wacky.

His visit left Alexey with the impression that all Americans spend all day negotiating business deals and the rest of

the time consuming vast quantities of everything in sight. Having the U.S. burst upon him in all its materialistic glory only emphasized the current gap between the two cultures.

"You do not understand us," he said sadly. He was right. My ignorance is encyclopedic. And I probably know more about the U.S.S.R. than most. Without going into too much detail, it is fair to predict that the Soviet Union will neither provide a lot of hot new games for America nor become a major market for U.S. entertainment software. Maybe some time in the future, like the end of the 1990s, but not now.

Liberalization in the Soviet Union has given the average citizen the right to own such once-prohibited equipment as a typewriter, fax machine, or home computer. The problem, Alexey lamented, is that they are so expensive that only the

rich can even dream of them.

Worse yet, supplies are harder to get than the machinery itself. Anyone who has ever spent an afternoon scrounging through an office in search of a reusable disk knows the frustration computerists like Alexey experience 24 hours a day in the U.S.S.R.

Some other things also have to happen before "CommissarSoft" or "Siberia On-Line" crack the U.S. sales charts. Leisure time is the most important factor, because it affects both potential creators and players. The low standard of living requires soviet citizens to work very long, hard hours for the necessities of life. This doesn't leave much time for puttering with programming or playing home computer games.

Alexey mentioned lack of exposure to current electronic games as another limiting factor. The U.S. and U.K.

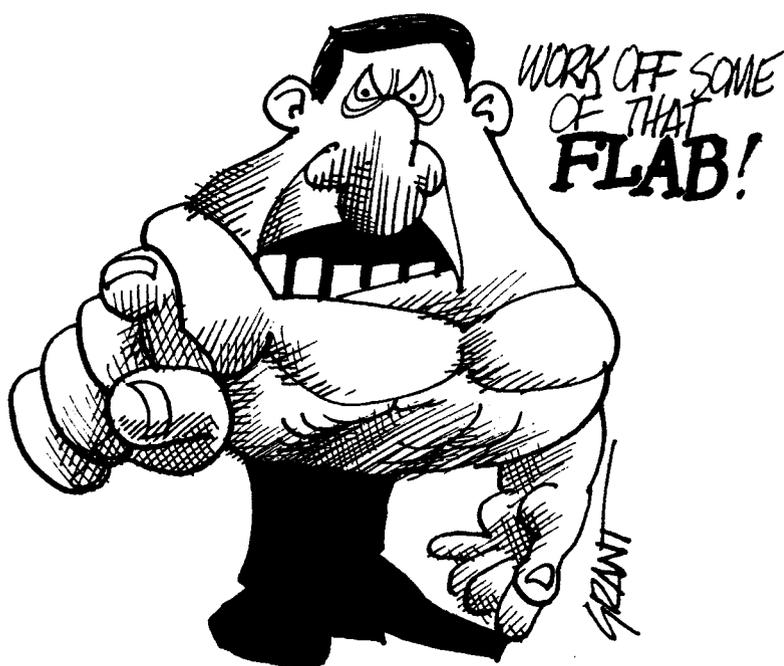
publishers of *Tetris* started sending software to Moscow's would-be game creators shortly after this CES, but it could take a couple of years before the Russian gaming community acquires the necessary historical perspective.

Which is not to say that we can't learn valuable lessons from *Tetris*. Although *Tetris* was clearly the game of the year in 1988, it might not have been published if submitted by an American designer/developer. I mean that as a negative comment about the U.S. software publishing business. It is hard to imagine one of our big, marketing-driven companies putting out a game as elegantly simple as *Tetris*. Its unusual origin probably got it a fair trial. I once dreamt that our own Subway Software was that hypothetical U.S. design team trying to peddle *Tetris*.

My nightmare went something like this....

"Nice concept" says the president of the company. Everyone nods. A nice concept. "I think we can do this one." Smiles around the table. Our agent Barry Friedman and the president discreetly retire to haggle over the price.

"Well, I'm really glad we're doing this one," says the National Sales Manager. You can tell the head of sales at a glance; he's always the one in the best suit. "One thing, though...that name. What does it mean? We need a name we can sell." After some give-and-take, our "Tetris" is rechristened "Cosmic Jigsaw". The artist starts doodling up the



necessary space scenes.

"The play-mechanic is good," the Director of Product Development allows, "but don't we need a few more complications? Just dropping those little pieces into place doesn't sound exciting." Everyone nods sagely. The last game the Director of Product Development "found exciting" was spin-the-bottle, when he was 10.

A little on-the-fly redesign adds bonus objects, mutating pieces, a variably-size playfield, two-player option, smart bombs, wild card pieces, and pieces that turn invisible once placed. Only Joyce Worley's impassioned plea on behalf of "artistic integrity" prevents the addition of steerable pieces and a rapidfire mode for eliminating unwanted shapes.

"Ahhhh," says the Director of Marketing, "now we're really getting somewhere!" I think the National Sales Manager was whistling a happy tune.

Emboldened by this vote of confidence, I lurch forward and blurt out, "How about an introductory sequence and a real victory screen!" It is quickly decided to open *Cosmic Jigsaw* with a non-interactive scene in which robots dig the pit into which the pieces drop during actual play. Winners will get a victory parade, complete with fireworks show, at the end.

"Well," I say, giving my dimpled smile at full voltage, "I think we can be proud of what we have done here today. The supremacy of American game design is now assured for our time." Then I wake up with

the realization that, in my nightmare, we have turned the most addictive, engrossing game of the late 1980s into a piece of generic garbage.

After the show that day, I went home and played a few

dozen rounds of *Tetris*. As I fit the little blocks together to the insistent strains of the "Russian Saber Dance", I thought about Alexey Pajnitov, now bidding to become the Yakov Smirnoff of electronic gaming.



There are Three Great Moments in a fan's life:

1. The **Day** you read your first fanzine
2. The **Day** you meet your first fan
3. The **Day** you attend your first con

Now there's a fourth..
the **Day**
'Willis Plays Vegas!'

((Teaser advert. Second in a short series.))

Fancy III: Yet Another View

A Radical Non-proposal from the Bigmouth Editor

I've fostered discussion of the *Fancylopedia III* in *Folly*, even though I'm not the one to do the project. My heart could be convinced, but my head is adamant (Joyce's is evenant, to paraphrase WAW).

My main concern is that I think my vision of *Fancylopedia III* is out of sync with what a lot of fans want. If I thought I could please fandom, I might be foolhardy enough to take on the mammoth task. Fear of inciting animosity and hurt feelings anchors me to the sidelines.

I agreed with Harry Warner's analysis of the situation in the last *Folly*. He's given the time and cost factors for a comprehensive *Fancy III* a lot of thought, and I can't find any flaws in his commentary. Harry has pinpointed all the problems and obstacles that would confront the *Fancy III* editor.

Harry's cogent dissertation inspired me to rethink *Fancy III* from the basic premises on up. That's when I realized that Katz and Warner might be talking about two different books.

Everyone sees the *Fancylopedia III* as all-encompassing. They want it to cover every aspect of fandom, including all the sub-fandoms, with total thoroughness.

That's admirable, but it might not prove practical. Unfortunately, no one will

shoulder the work of such a mammoth tome.

I recently reread *Fancylopedia II*, and it gave me a different notion. Richard Eney did a fine job, but I'm not sure I'd have included as much material about science fiction and the prozines. It's interesting and well-done, but some of it might be tangential to fandom as it existed at the time Dikini published *Fancy II*.

My idea -- which would guarantee me a dozen or so letter bombs -- is a *Fancylopedia* of fanzine fandom. I'd include science fiction, clubs and conventions only as they relate to fanzines.

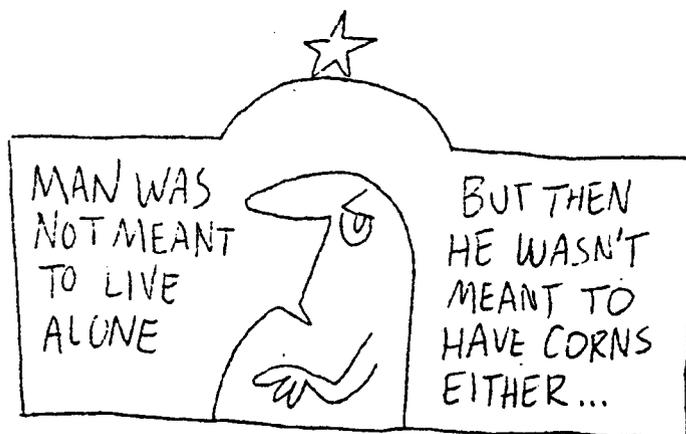
History books don't all chronicle every event since the dawn of organic life. Couldn't we extend the concept into our hobby and produce a book that covers one specific field (fanzines)? The subject of Science Fiction Fandom in All

Its Glorious Variety is a subject large enough for many reference works. Perhaps the example of the *Fancylopedia* of Fanzine Fandom would inspire other sub-fandoms, like Convention Fandom, to produce similar narrow-and-deep encyclopedias.

My hunch is that this idealistic premise wouldn't win me friends. Despite the preceding paragraph, too many would interpret The *Fancylopedia* of Fanzine Fandom as elitist and exclusionary.

Non-fanzine fans might see it as a statement that fanzine activity is superior to other kinds, or that I am denigrating their favorite form of fanac by failing to sufficiently recognize it. (Fanzines are *my* favorite form of fanac, but I attach no moral superiority to this preference.)

So discretion dictates that I keep my unorthodox views on a theoretical plane. Perhaps someone else will come forward to do the job as most of mega-fandom would have it done.



Let 'er Ride!

Some momentous
messages from *Folly's*
Raucous Readers

The Hidden Power of Mike Glicksohn Revealed

508 Windemere, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M6S 3L6

This is eerie. Just yesterday, I wrote a belated loc to *Mainstream* and told Jerry he never should have written that editorial about your re-emergence as a faned, because you'd disappeared more or less from the time he wrote it, and in today's mail I get a copy of *Folly* #4. Just think about the power this hints at! I'm going to write to Jerry as soon as I finish this loc and tell him to write glowingly about the second coming of Walt Willis in his editorial in *Mainstream* 14. Then I'll send him a loc right away saying he shouldn't have done it and bingo! a new issue of *Hyphen* for all fandom to enjoy! No, no, there's no need to thank me. It's the least a fringe fan can do.

Arnie: Remember Mike, an awesome power like that must only be used for good. I know you are the man to shoulder this responsibility. And remember, All Fandom is counting on you.

It's a good thing your tale of Friedman and the Nose was so amusing, or I might have had to take umbrage with all the vile anti-Canadian canards scattered throughout the piece. New Brunswick does not consist entirely of frozen wastes. Well, not all year anyway. And there's absolutely no shortage of wonderful soft toilet paper, at least not here at Fan Central. Right now, I'm using old copies of *Quip* and when that runs out I've several months of *Wooden Nickel* to run through. So to speak.

Arnie And yet, what can match the soft, yielding sponginess, high tensile strength, and absorbency of a luxuriantly thick *Energumen* cover, eh?

Gollee, Arnie, but that lettercolumn looks like a Who's Who of Fandom past (with a soupcon or two of the Best of Fandom Present). If one were to add up the combined years of fanac represented by the names in this issue's lettercol, the total would boggle the mind! There must be easily 300 years of dedicated fanning in these nine pages! I do believe you may have struck a responsive chord, sir!

Arnie: *Folly* has about as many newer as older fans. It's natural that those who Knew Me When would write first, but I hope everyone feels welcome to send locs (or contribs).

Walt Willis Rapp-sodises about an old fanzine

32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, Northern Ireland

The letter from Art Rapp was truly bittersweet in light of the recent passing of Rick Sneary. A sad way to open up a spot in their letterzine after almost 30 years. I never met



Rick and had practically no personal contact with him, but nevertheless he had an impact on the fandom I'm a part of, and thus had a considerable influence on me.

Arnie: Rick's death was a particularly personal shock, because I'd only just learned of his then-imminent move to Henderson, NV, and was looking forward to having him as a near neighbor.

Andy Hooper makes the right choice

315 N. Ingersoll, Madison, WI 53703

I have about 20 minutes before I have to make dinner this evening, so I thought I might try and dash off a LoC to *Folly* #4 before another issue arrives in my mailbox. I have reached that moment of fantruth, when the guilt over not responding to a high-quality, frequent fanzine stands on the cusp of two possibilities: either write now and release the tension while there is still some explicability for not having written before, or never respond, as the guilt for not writing back reaches the point where a letter will only illuminate a breach of social contract too embarrassing to be redeemed.

I'm glad I made the right choice. The other sounds so irreparable.

First thing, while I'm thinking of it, has to do with your haunted spellchecker. I recounted the story of your discovery at the Wednesday fan meeting this week, and it produced

some laughter, but also a possible explanation. Per Bothner, expatriate Norwegian programmer, mentioned that there was a conference by the name of "Opsla", which he had attended in the past. The Object-Oriented Programming Systems, Languages and Applications conference. It's *possible*, we theorized, that your spellchecker, if both new and technically-oriented enough, might have recognized this acronym.

He could not, however, even offer a theory as to how it might've arrived there from "Psychotic". "Warhoon" maybe, or "Quandry", but not "Psychotic".

Arnie Perhaps souls of dead fans who don't quite qualify for the Enchanted Convention live on in the circuits of home computers.

Rich brown's piece on numbered fandoms was interesting; in a detached sort of way, because of the great derision and rejection directed towards the whole concept of numbered fandoms over the last 20 years. One thing it made me think, though, was that if the requirements for defining a "numberable" fandom are as simple and immovable as he suggests, it ought to be quite possible to number fandom all the way up to the present hour. This is a job that perhaps only Bishop Usher would derive pleasure from, but it's still interesting to think of. If a focal point fanzine were truly required, then there ought to be certain large stretches of recent fan history that could only be regarded as gaps in the numeric progression.

Arnie: Critics of the theory assert that the stated criteria don't apply to fandom after 1969 and may not be accurate for the 40 years before that., either.

Harry Warner explores eccentric places

423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740

We have eccentric place names around here, too. Longview Drive, for instance, has as limited a prospect as any street in this area, because trees and houses block the eye from seeing anything else for most of its two or three blocks of length. Northern Avenue turns into Eastern Boulevard without making any sort of turn to justify its shift of direction. Virginia Avenue leads to West Virginia, not Virginia. First Street was about the 200th street to obtain a name and is about a mile from Fourth Street while there's not Second Street or Third Street at all. West Street is in the southern part of town.

Arnie: They must've run out of names when they laid out our neighborhood in Las Vegas. We live in an area called Woodland Hills on a street called Bridgeglen which leads to another named Woodbridge.

I have looked in vain for a thoroughfare named so as to complete the cycle. Somewhere, in the wild and wonderful city of Las Vegas, is an avenue or boulevard called "Glenwood".

The Final Absolution

Andy Hooper's loc pinpoints a problem which I have long pondered. Now, the fanzine that made you all fringe fans, with full rights and privileges, is ready with the answer. Make that, The Answer. This is bigger even than a haunted spellchecker.

Have you ever thought that the editor of a fanzine is like the pastor of a church? I don't blame you if this is a new idea, because I didn't think of it until I saw this space sitting here. I used to think a fanzine editor was like the captain of a ship, but that was several issues ago, and I can't reprint that soon.

Let us not fear the new and untried. Like the minister, rabbi, or warlock, the fanzine editor stands at the head of a congregation (the mailing list). Like the pastor, the faned leads the observance (fanzine), writes the sermon (editorial) and solicits collections (subscriptions) from the faithful.

It was this realization that led to the answer. Pardon, The Answer to the question of what to do when you haven't written to *Folly* and you fear it is too late to make a creditable excuse.

By the awesome power vested in me as the editor of this fanzine, and speaking *ex cathedra*, I am here to pardon your failure to send a loc and grant absolution.

So if you are a troubled soul who has noy sent that letter of comment to *Folly*, out of shame and guilt, the hour of deliverance is at hand! Sand tall and walk in the sunlight again!

You do not even have to confess. No messy ceremonies, hard-to-learn rituals or costly paraphenalia! Just pure foregiveness.

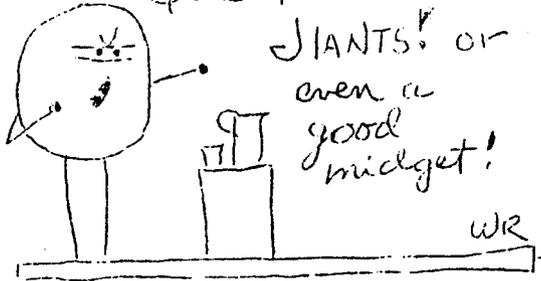
Write to *Folly* and feel like a reborn fan! It's the right thing to do, and you know it.

Richard Brandt remains optimistic

4740 N. Mesa, #111, El Paso, TX 79912

Unlike Geri, I haven't had many unfortunate experiences with ordering trinkets from gum wrappers and the like. Why, 35¢ and some Bazooka comics once got me a handy little camera which I used to take pictures for some 10 years before its light-seal went to hell. More recently, I have received not one, but three Matchbox trucks with the Rice Krispies logo emblazoned on the side.

FANDOM IS DYING! WE
NEED NEW BLOOD! WE
NEED A PRIDE OF HIGH
QUALITY PUBLISHING



These may be collectibles some day, so....

Of course, I long ago mastered the art of sending off for refunds on my groceries and notions, so I rarely get unpleasant surprises in my mail, although I'm still waiting for the free Douglas fir I order to show up...

Arnie: My favorite send-away was the Park Jet Rocket, a notable T.V. offer of the late 1950s. The commercial boasted that the Rocket, made of then-newfangled red transparent plastic, could soar "hundreds of feet" in the air. Operation required the user to fill the rocket half-full of water through the exhaust opening. The tail assembly slipped into a notch in the plastic launcher. The would-be Von Braun forced air into the rocket with a hand-pump in the launcher. With the missile pointed skyward -- or at an unimportant sibling -- releasing the launcher caused water under high pressure to gush out the tail nozzle to propel the rocket toward the heavens. Like all great theories, this had a couple of practical problems. Insufficient pumping invariably earned the experimenter an unexpected shower. One stroke too much, as I discovered, fired the top half of the rocket without disturbing the part still locked into the launcher. The manufacturer was only too glad to sell you a replacement at the usual 200% mark-up.

Lloyd Penney gets his

312-4 Lisa St., Brampton, Ontario, CANADA L6T 4B6

Thanks for more *Folly* at my front door. It's a treat to find it there, especially for fanhistoric purposes.

I got *Trap Door* in the mail, too. Surprised to get it. I'm happy to get on any mailing list these days, since some fanzines I get are disappearing. (Mine did... (Some type is missing between pages 1 and 2.)

TAFF voting seems somewhat exclusive for some. .. a great honor to be asked for a nomination. However, the first I hear of nominees, the nomination period is closed and final ballots have gone out. Perhaps Canada Post likes to play Stack 'Em with the mail before they deliver the letters, but I often have insufficient time to vote. A longer

nomination and voting period would help those of us outside the U.S.

Super Fandom revealed! What a great piece of writing. *This* is fanfic. I have to admit that when I first started reading it, Joe Walcott sounded somewhat snarky. And then I noticed the color of paper on which the fanzine was printed... Pepto Bismol! *That's* what this guy needs! I'm happy to be proven wrong. Interesting concept, though, that there may be a fannish Star Chamber peering over our shoulders, a circle of high-level SMOFs gazing down at us in disgust.

Arnie: The jargon may have changed, but we used to call stuff like "Gafiation" "Faan Fiction", fiction about fans. We reserved "fanfic" for amateur science fiction and fantasy stories. Incidentally, this is the third faan fiction story I've done about Joe Walcott, though the other two expressed more serious themes than "Gafiation".

I may have asked in a previous loc, but I'll ask again. Will you be at Chicon V? With your degafiation and exploration of fandom since your original departure, you would probably enjoy seeing how Worldcons have evolved (or devolved) in the intervening years.

Arnie: Joyce and I have considered going to a convention. I wanted to attend this year's Corflu, but I hadn't recovered enough to risk a plane flight. Our desire to see fans will eventually win out over our dislike of big crowds and such, but I don't think it will be Chicon.

Greg Benford tries harder

1105 Skyline Dr., Laguna Beach, CA 92651

Odd, the living dead of fandom. Somehow, we keep coming back to it, no matter how worn the memories. I liked these first issues, though I don't like Mac typefaces or your type size. (I'm an IBM type, mostly because the laptops are far better; I have two.)

Arnie: How things change with the passage of years! Yesterday's iconclast is now a willing minion of Big Blue. I still love ya, Greg. Word to your brother.

Though there's been occasional talk about avant garde factions in fandom, I, like you, prefer the Sacred Old Ways, though not going 'round the bend, as with St. Fanthony. Actually, I never liked most artistic avant garde, either. About 15 years ago, I was in a taxi coming into Manhattan from JFK, late at night, and we stopped at a light around 70th Street. Andy Warhol came weaving into the street before us, taking his time, addled. The real Warhol, pale, thin, drunk. The light changed to green. "Step on it!" I urged the driver, but he didn't. So we got more soup cans praised as neat stuff, alas. Well, I tried.

Arnie If you'd succeeded, Andy Warhol wouldn't have

approached Bill Kunkel in a Manhattan restaurant a few years later and showered him with egoboo for our magazine, *Electronic Games*. So it all worked out for the best. No, I don't know if he called EG "neat stuff".

Mark Manning don't wanna dance

1400 E. Mercer #19,, Seattle, WA 98112

What am I missing by way of fannishness here? Like, I can write a decent lezette and even scrap out a BEM on a ditto master, but just stone can't comprehend the fannish appeal of trying to figure out how many fandoms can dance on the point of a focal. Maybe I should read more Stanton Coblenz novels or something; maybe they'd have the right vitamins.

Arnie: Some fans are fascinated by history and yearn to divine the Nature of Things; others are Party Animals. Discussions of Numbered Fandoms and focal points do get nitpicky, but they spring from a noble impulse.

Walt Willis lays down his Rapp rap

32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, Northern Ireland, BT21 oPD U.K.

I enjoyed the saga of Barry Friedman v The Canadian Customs, as you so wittily recount it, and rich brown is equally interesting about numbered fandoms. There was a time when I would have had something to say on this latter but I no longer agree with what I said about it before, so I think I will keep quiet.

The one point I would like to make is that no one, it seems to me, has ever given sufficient attention to the historical importance of Arthur Rapp's *Spacewarp*. To me, it has some claim to be the best fanzine ever, and certainly it had most influence on me.

So Arthur Rapp changed my life, and it was a real pleasure that I found his name in your letter section. Only equalled by the joy Madeleine and I felt at finding the letter and sylph-portrait by Dian Girard Crayne, whom we remember with affection from 1962.

Arnie: Your comment may be the first step toward getting *Spacewarp* its just recognition. One reason it has earned less than its due praise may be that the Korean conflict caused Art to cut activity just when the *Quandry* circle might've immortalized him for future fan generations.

Don Fitch is almost persuaded

3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722

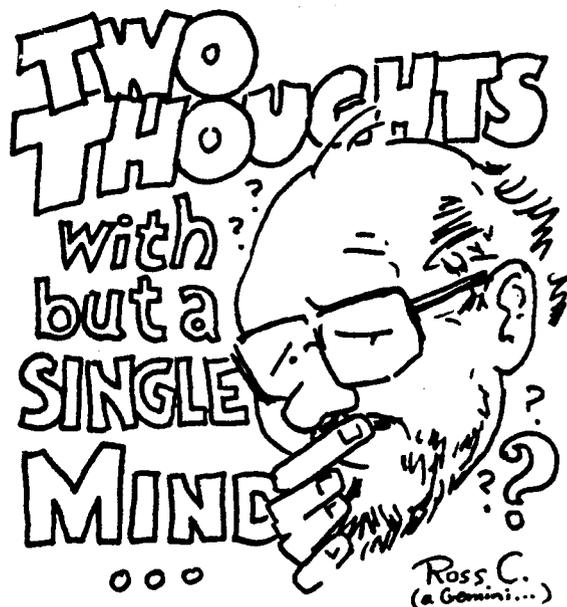
I didn't remember that you'd ever had a significant vision problem (95% of fans wear glasses"), and am really glad that you can report such good results from the cataract operation, even though you might not, now, qualify for a "Handicapped" plate for the family car.

You make a good point about the temporary shutting off of one of the senses or abilities not really giving a good idea of the psychological import when one *knows* it'll be permanent. Still, the human ability to adapt is surprisingly powerful (several Extremely Fannish non-fans in the BArea

are producing a superb Fanzine -- though they don't know that's what it is -- in the face of having AIDS), and sometimes... well, I could do without having to wear glasses all the waking hours, but I'm not 100% sure I'd *like* not being able to turn the hearing-aid off once in awhile.

Arnie: I must've been better adjusted to my handicap than I thought, because my eyes have always been awful. Now, I have to unlearn the little tricks that help a myopic navigate through the world and learn the ones for farsightedness. I forget a lot; I still have a tendency to bring things closer to my eye when I can't see them, instead of holding them a little further away.

Yes, a pebble from the path leading up to the top of the hill and the tower which housed the Enchanted Duplicator would have Talismanic powers -- which would certainly be augmented by being handled by "the Geri Sullivan of the '90s". (I hadn't encountered that phrase before, but it Fits perfectly.) She fills a Position (as may several people at a given time, just as there may be several "Focal Point Fanzines" at once (cf *Folly*, *Spent Brass*, *FOSFAX*, *Mimosa*, and a few others), yet she's spectacularly unique in her combination of Trufannishness, practicality, tolerance/acceptance of different visions, and ability to communicate and engender Enthusiasm and Energy. Would it be outrageously sexist to mention my opinion that this Position (in local club, and fanzine, fandom) is usually held by a woman? (Lee Hoffman, Bjo Wells/Trimble, Miriam Daiches/Carr/Knight, and Susan Wood immediately come to mind.) The phrases "Queen Bee of Fandom" and "Den Mother of Fandom" seem no longer applicable, if they



ever were, and since it might mislead some, one hesitates to say "Secret Mistress of Fandom, though if I understand correctly, a large proportion of the original "Secret Masters of Fandom" were women.

Arnie: I can't speak about the others, but no fanzine with a circulation of 117 is a serious contender for this dubious, perhaps even mythic, accolade.

Tim Marion had the strangest dream...

c/o Kleinbard, , 266 E. Broadway, Apt. 1201B, New York, NY 10002,

I find myself wondering what sort of repro you use for *Folly*. It looks a trifle like mimeo. No doubt you discussed this in the first *Folly*, which I don't remember receiving. Too bad, too, as I understand that Joyce gave me a mild dose of egoboo there, surely making the first time Tim Marion's name has ever been mention in a Katz fanzine (and probably the last time, too, once you finish reading this

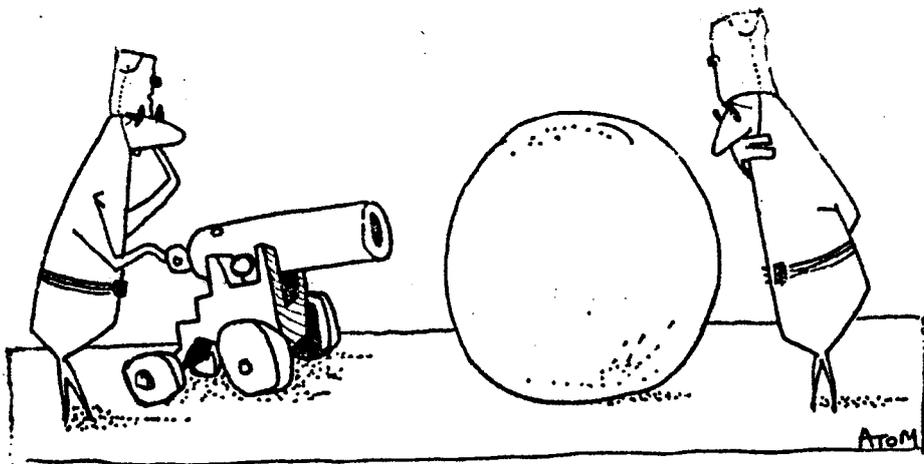
won't have to get someone to read this loc to you.

Arnie: I want to thank everyone for their wishes and support. You lifted my spirits and made me feel less alone. I'm a fortunate guy, and not only because the operation was successful.

The theory about two schools of fannishness makes sense; it's certainly a lot easier for me to keep track of than numbered fandoms. (I didn't get involved in fandom until 1981.)

I wonder, though, whether I am a trufan or an insurgent. A bit of both, of course, but in what proportion? Brotherhood, mutual support, a bias against feuding all sound good to me, but while I enjoy reading reprints from old fanzines, I can't envision myself publishing them. While apas can provide a forum, or even an excuse, for feuding they also (when we're lucky) create a feeling of community that leaves us less likely to feud than with fans we don't feel

we know as well.



Arnie: My Theory of Fannishness is just one way to analyze the history of fandom. Other approaches could be as, or more, valid. Maybe someone is reading an article (hopefully for *Folly*) that will illuminate another aspect of fan culture and history.

Trufannishness and Insurgentism are ideal states. Individual fans don't -- and probably shouldn't -- espouse one doctrine to the total exclusion of the other. And there are more Schools of Fandom than the two fannish philosophies.

I was a reprint fanatic in my Insurgent days and have steered clear of them in this more Trufannish phase. So many *Folly* readers have the material in their memories, if not

letter.) Does this finally mean, after 20 years in fandom, I have finally arrived at the exalted status of A.K.A.N.?

Arnie: Your egoboo is in Joyce's column in *Folly* #2 -- a replacement for the undelivered #1 is on its way -- but as you see, it isn't the last Marion mention.

"Arnie Katz Approved Neofan"? I hereby surrender. I will no longer mention that I didn't invent the idea or use it myself, even if it seems to be the thing most fans connect with my name. What if Richard Court gafiated and came back, and everyone said, "I heard someone sawed your boat."?

Vicki Rosenzweig eases into my New Theory

33 Indian Road, New York, NY 10034

Thanks for all the *Follies*. I am still bemused that you apologized for the delay in publishing issue 5, given that you are publishing one of the most frequent fanzines we have these days.

I'm glad to hear the surgery went so well, and that you

actually in their collections.

Still, I think fans who haven't read the classics are missing a lot of fun. Those people could *write*. It's a bonus that knowledge of these masterworks connects us with the microcosm's rich tradition.

Chuch Harris finds Blessed Relief

32 Lake Crescent, Daventry, Northants, NN11 5EB United Kingdom

Thank Ghod. For this relief (as they used to say in the tiny advertisements for haemorrhoid salve on the inside bacovers of the Old Pulpis), for this relief, much thanks. Not, you understand, that I'd ever class you in any hemorrhoid salve category. It's the relief I'm talking about. I thought you were a goner -- a Dear Departed.

I'd heard the rumours, and discounted them, of course, but it was nearly six days since *Folly* #5 arrived, and I was beginning to get a little worried. Surely the dear boy hadn't dashed back into the Glades before I'd even gotten around

to The Usual.

You can imagine the delight when #6 hit the mail this morning. Reprieved at the last minute! Quick! Qquick! Quick! before it's too late... Thank you dear Arnie for *Folly* #1. Also *Folly* #2. And not forgetting #3, #4, #5 and this lovely #6.

And why the tardiness? Well sir, I have Mundane problems, and I am up to my arse in geriatrics and Geri Sullivans. I have faithfully and irrevocably promised her material for *Idea* and the Science Fiction Five Yearly she is editing.

Instead of concentrating on those obvious priorities, I spend my precious fanac time fighting bureaucracy, visiting sunset homes, renovating their houses and trying to find buyers for them. And, when I do find time, and head up the paper "Dear Arnie," I baarely get through a couple of paragraphs before I hit a spiffing idea for an article that will solve all my problems with the *SFFY* and maybe stop Geri sticking needles into her little chuchydoll.

So, er, well, you crme in second, Arnie. I left your letter, wrote up the idea for *SFFY* and rushed off to Kent to meet somebody who decided they didn't want this lovely renovated house after all. I never got back to the letter. You win some, you lose some.

However, in future we will try to Do Better. And we will grant you absolution for daring to go into the OT without

Pubbin' My Ish

Several people have asked how I do *Folly*. Though tempted to say "with great difficulty", that would be willful misunderstanding. Interest in publishing gear, not my mental state prompts these inquiries.

I write the original material and enter letters and contributions with Macwrite 5.0 This version has a spellchecker which has replaced *Thunder*, which I had previously used.

Since the cataract surgery reduced my reading vision, it's a little easier to work in 18-point type instead the usual 12. After I spellcheck, I reduce the text to the type style and size I actually want.

The equipment has improved through the year. This issue was laid out with *Publish It!*. This month marks the fan debut of the LaserwriterIINT. I paste the artwork into place on master pages run off on the printer, and then make copies with a Gestetner 2316ZD. *Microsoft Filer* generates labels, which I run off on an Imagewriter.

wearing a holy metal. Shame on you, Katz. As you well know, the Trufannish insignia is a heavy rust stain between the nipples due to wearing The Talisman -- an old cast iron Gestetner mimeo crank pendant from a piece of string tied around the neck. (It helps to give us the stooped shoulders that mark the trufen from the hoi polloi, too.)

Arnie: It's an honor to have inspired both you and Tucker to *SFFY* articles, though if fannish karma means anything, maybe reading *Science Fiction Five Yearly* this autumn will spark articles for *Folly*.

Serious bit. The dread of blindness struck a responsive chord with me. I think I could live with almost anything except that, but being totally deaf, I rely totally on my eyes for communication. Without them I could be nothing but a vegetable, a Chuchycabbage. I suppose Braille would help... if They could find a way to teach it to me... or wooden letters to form words or something, but I'm pretty sure I'd chcken out for the hotel room, the razor blade, and the hot bath.

Still, I expect Geri's pebble from Scrabo had the same sort of magical properties as any mimeo handle, and I sometimes wonder whether she had to pay excess bagging on all the rocks she took home with her. It's hard to remonstrate when a much-loved friend annexes half the kingdom piecemeal like this, but by the time her holiday was over, she owned more of the place than most landed gentry, and had even requisitioned many valuable items stolen from beaches between low and high tide marks. This is strictly the domain of HM the Q, and every rock is Royal Property. There is a special dungeon in the Tower of London reserved for such people with sticky fingers. And, even worse, for their guilty friends and sponsors.

Fortunately, when we were in Minneapolis, she helped me fish out some primepebbles from the Mississippi to sort of redress the balance and topped this with a luckpiece of polished obsidian for lagniappe, so I guess we are even-steven, but if she returns again next year with this collecting mania, we'll probably finish up as the 53rd state?

Arnie: 53rd state? I can't believe Geri plans to visit two other places before returning to collect the rest of the United Kingdom. Incidentally, Geri, Joyce would like to talk to you about a certain Royal Tea Set she has long coveted...

Watch for Geri's version of this (and other) events in a serialized trip report starting within the next couple of issues of *Folly*.

Now, one of the few things I hate about fandom are the pedigogical eggheads. The people who know it all. The people who can't wait to pounce on the tinniest thing to air their vast knowledge of everything under the sun, the smartasses of the first water...

How odd that Joyce should speculate about meerschaum pipes being made from hardened sea-foam. You know, of course, that "meerschaum" is Old German

(18thC) for "sea-foam", but in actuality the pipes are made from a form of hydrated magnesium silicate. It's usually a dirty yellowy colour full of little bubbles which resemble sea foam, hence the name. It's a cheap and common earth mineral and is sometimes used as a building stone, too... Mg₂Si₃O₆(OH)₄. It's 24 years, three months, and 14 days since I gave up pipes and tobacco for ever (altho I still dream happily about them occasionally), but I recall meerschaum give a very cool smoke, but tend to shatter all to hell and gone if you happen to drop them. Really, I wouldn't advise Joyce to have anything but academic interest in them. I find they detract somewhat from a girl's essential femininity.

And on that happy note I leave you.

How about...

An Oral History of Fandom?

Back on page 11, I explained why I'm not a candidate to edit *Fancylopedia III*. This doesn't mean that I haven't got a pet project. In fact, I do. I want to tell you about it and, if possible, enlist your cooperation.

Fanhistorv comes in many forms - books, articles about famous fanzines or conventions, bibliographies, indexes, and reprint volumes. There is one approach to history which is conspicuously absent: the written version of fandom's oral history.

I love to hear the anecdotes and stories. Some of my warmest memories of clubs and conventions consist of listening to fannish raconteurs like Bob Tucker, Ted

White, rich brown, and Bob Shaw share their memories of the personalities and incidents which give fandom its texture.

The sad truth is that we are all mortal. Many of those wonderful stories are doomed to pass into limbo as the people who can tell them enter the Ultimate Glade of Gafia.

Baseball has *Daguerreotypes*, in which old time ballplayers dust off their memories of the game they knew and the people with whom they played it. I think something like that would be a wonderful thing for fandom.

Here's what I have in mind. I want fans to send me their anecdotes and stories, which I will desktop publish into a collection (money to TAFF and DUFF, I suppose). These could be new or rewritten versions of previously told stories. Fans could contribute one story or several, and length will be

__Arnie: After reading your masterful explicated of meerschaum, Joyce wants to know if you have 24-hour phone service to handle her other questions. I believe the one currently troubling her is: "What do rockets push against in outer space?" so you may want to start a little research.

WAHF: Communications of great interest, but little application to the letter column, were received from: Ken Fletcher, Teddy Haravia (the Prince of Postcards), David Haugh, Irwin Hirsch,

And, yes, I am still working off the backlog of letters from the issues in which my vision problems caused me to skimp on the letter column. I should be caught up by #8.

strictly up to the author.

I can handle material in the following forms:

1. Hard copy
2. On Macintosh disk
3. On MS-DOS 5.25-inch disk.
4. Via modem transfer
5. Through Delphi, America On Line, or PC Link
6. On tape cassette
7. Recorded over the phone.

I'll save the specifics until I've gotten some reaction from you to the basic concept. Will you contribute? Is this something you'd like to read?

I ought to have enough feedback to make a decision by *Folly #9*. I'll be looking forward to reading your opinions and suggestions -- and you'll see the results in the lettercol.

Folly #7

330 South Decatur B;vd,
Suite 152
Las Vegas, NV 89107



Lee Hoffman
401 Sunrise Trail NW
Port Charlotte, FL 33952

First Class