

Katzenjammer

Fan Status Report: Proud, but not Lonely

"It's a Proud and Lonely Thing to be a Fan." The generosity, friendliness, and cooperation I have found in fandom has given me many reasons to feel proud about participation in the hobby, but I've also experienced feelings of loneliness and isolation.

This is no knock against the many people who have welcomed me back, supported *Folly*, and made my return to fandom wholly enjoyable. My hope is that my writing and publishing efforts provide as much pleasure as your friendship and creativity have given me.

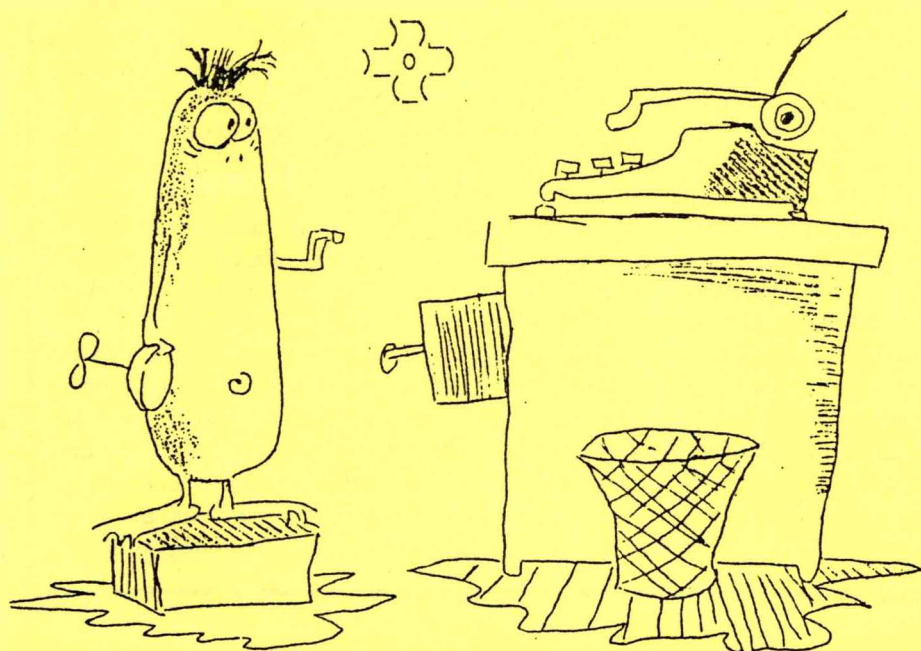
What I've lacked is in-person fannish contact. I spent most of my fanning years in New York

City, where I enjoyed the benefits -- and endured the drawbacks -- of the lively club

and social scene. Until Joyce and I gaffed in the mid-1970s, club meetings, dinners, publishing sessions, and fan parties filled most of our leisure time.

I'm primarily a fanzine fan, but I've always enjoyed the mental stimulus of face-to-face contact with other fans. Livewire groups like the Fanoclasts in the 1960s or the Brooklyn Insurgents in the early 1970s had a synergy that inspired many entertaining articles and fine fanzines.

Las Vegas has never occupied an important place in fandom. A fannish cartographer might be tempted to leave it off the map entirely. L.A. boasts several clubs, including the venerable Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS), which has met Thursday nights since the mid-1930s. San Diego, Phoenix, and even Albuquerque have been home to fan clubs, fanzines, and conventions. Not Las Vegas. Dwain Kaiser, who moved to Los Angeles in the mid-1960s after high school graduation,



may be the only Las Vegas resident to have achieved any level of national visibility.

So Joyce and I didn't arrive in Las Vegas with a book of local fan addresses. Once I resumed publishing, though, it seemed natural to search the town for kindred spirits. Since we knew there were no well known fanzine fans, the next logical step was to look for a club that hadn't yet established ties

to the hobby,

We started by letting our



fingers do the walking and discovered exactly one bookstore that specialized in science fiction and fantasy, the Amber Unicorn. The results of a Saturday afternoon visit weren't quite what we'd hoped.

"Excuse me, ma'm," I said in my best counterfeit of meek politeness, to the stern-faced young woman behind the counter. "My wife and I are new in town, and we were wondering if there's a science fiction club in Las Vegas?" Joyce smiled from under her blonde bangs and tried to look especially appealing.

"A club?" she said. Her lip curled in distaste, as though I'd asked directions to the bear-baiting arena.

"Yes, an organization for people who like science fiction and fantasy." I leaned forward expectantly.

Her frown became a sneer. Was "science fiction club" a code phrase for "satanic death cult", I wondered, suddenly feeling a bit strange for even raising such a disagreeable question.

"Why would anyone want to do something like *that*?" she said with unnecessary loudness and vehemence. Other patrons whirled around to stare at us. I could read their thoughts in their expressions of disapproval. No doubt they took her alarmed outrage to mean that we'd asked for the kiddie porn section or something equally heinous. We retreated to the safety of our car and went home.

About six months ago, Joyce and Mike Legg, a game programmer we'd met at Westwood Associates, the

Predictive Science Fiction (Some Aspects)

One of the proudest boasts of science fiction, is its sometimes uncanny ability to predict real-world developments. How many times have you read about how Atomic Bombs, satellites, and other such marvels first saw the light of day in some s.f. yarn?

When I wrote *Willis Plays Vegas*, I had no idea I was slinging Stef. My goal was light entertainment, nothing more. Tell an amusing story, collect a bit of egoboo, and slink back into the dark night of obscurity from which fan writers periodically emerge.

The copies had barely entered the mangler known as the U.S. Postal Service when Joyce and I encountered SNAFFU and, even more incredibly, found that a convention is actually going to take place in Las Vegas. All right, it's the first weekend in November at the Palace Station Hotel, not the week before the worldcon at the Tucker, but the general idea is certainly there. Although the event doesn't have the same unimpeachable GoH as the one in the story, a roster headed by Larry Niven, Algis Budrys, Mike Grell, and Bruce Pelz is nothing to sneeze at, either. I called mine "VegCon", and the combined gaming and science fiction event is the "VegasCon", but you won't be a stickler over two little insignificant letters, will you?

A Chuch Harris letter suggests that another idea in the story may come true in 1992. James and Peggy White, Chuch and Susan Harris, and Ving Clarke may join Walt, Madeleine, and the rest of us at Magicon! Not exactly my Bring Over Old Britons Fund, but close enough for me to take credit. I must get Kinney working on a sequel to his much-beloved "Boob Fund" cartoon.

Ship my "Best Novelette" Hugo 330 South Decatur. We've installed an extra-big box so it won't be crammed in with bills, fanzines, and wanted posters.

topnotch software development company, started an informal electronic gaming club that now meets every other Wednesday at our place. I passed out some issues of *Folly*, and several members got interested in the idea of a small magazine filled with personal; essays and humorous bits. They didn't understand all the references, but they understood enough to keep asking for new issues.

A couple have advanced beyond passive interest. Marc Cram is a regular columnist, and Mike Legg just turned in his first fan article. Readers of *Willis Plays Vegas* met these and other locals, but they're not really a fan club.

I told a few fan friends, including Willis of course, about the story while I was working on it. Mike Glicksohn wrote back to say that he'd heard there really was going to be a convention in Las Vegas, the VegasCon, the first weekend in November at the Palace Station Hotel with Larry Biven as GoH.

I checked *Locus*. Sure enough, it was there. I called the listed number and was soon talking to Shawn White. We discussed mutual interests, and I arranged to give out free copies of *Megagaming*, our electronic gaming newsletter, at the registration desk during the convention.

"By the way," I said on whim, "is there a science fiction club in town?"

He told me about Snaffu, gave me a number, and said, "Talk to Ken."

"What's his last name?" I'm a journalist. I want the facts.

"I dunno," replied Shawn.



"There are two Kens, and this is one of them, but I don't know which one."

So it was that I jolted Ken Forman from his bed with a 10 am call. Actually, a piteous female moan, which I subsequently identified as belonging to Aileen Forman, preceded Ken's arrival at the telephone. He was exceptionally cordial for one roused in the middle of his night and, after he actually woke up, reasonably coherent.

He told me about SNAFFU Fifty members. Big SF library. Strong interest in gaming. Plans for a convention next year. Meetings every Saturday except in mid summer.

I bumbled. I gushed. My thin veneer of fannish sophistication crumbled in the face of this momentous occasion. I very nearly uttered the traditional cry of the semi-hysterical neofan, "Goshwowoboyoboy!"

"I'm not exactly a serious fan

of science fiction," I warned him at one point. I like to introduce the Katz family fannish secrets in slow stages and gauge the reaction every step of the way. "We've got thousands of sf books, but my main interest is fanzines -- and the people, history, and doings of fandom itself."

I took his failure to immediately hang up as a good omen. Serious fans aren't always comfortable with those whose interest in science fiction has been eclipsed by fascination with the hobby itself.

Ken took this confession with such calm, even interest, that my heart swelled with hope. Perhaps a few weeks of gentle preparation might pave the way for a discussion of Chuch Harris. As Judy Tenuta says, it could happen.

Ken dictated directions to his home, and we said good byes. First Contact between national (and international) fandom and Las Vegas Fandom had been achieved -- and with much less commotion than on a typical episode of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

"It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan." As I sat at my desk, reflecting upon the wonder of a large, active fan club right here in the Sodom of the Southwest, my fannish heart swelled with pride. Δ

Folly #11, Fall, 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. All uncredited material is by Arnie. Proofreading by Peggy Burke. Nov. 6, 1991.

Folly is available for letter of comment, contribution of artwork or writing, or (arranged) all-for-all trade. **Consider this a special plea to fan artists for cartoons.**

Mr. & Mrs. Fannish First Nighter!

Arnie and Joyce Meet the Fans of Las Vegas

Joyce and I went to our first SNAFFU meeting on August 17th. We took along a bag of sodas and a sack of *Glitch*, an introductory fanzine. We hoped both parcels would inspire a cordial reception. The former had more immediate appeal than the latter, but I was happy to see most of the close to two-dozen attendees picked one up for later reading.

"I hope you don't think we're too weird," a bright-eyed young brunette beauty, who introduced herself as Peggy Burke, said to me. Her liquid eyes gazed up at me, nervous, yet hopeful.

I surveyed the room. Weird? How strange does a fan have to be before he or she is

strange *for a fan*? "Peggy, this is like coming home." And it was. All familiar fan types were in evidence, from the robust bearded blond guy with the Air of Authority to the 15-year-old curlyhaired wunderkind. They were laughing, chatting, gesticulating, and generally behaving like every bunch of happy fans I've ever met.

SNAFFU's main interests, apart from the usual socializing, are science fiction literature and roleplaying gaming. They know not of fanzines, although the club newsletter *Situation Normal* is a neatly done four-page monthly. At least half of the dozen members busily planning a caravan to September's Coppercon in

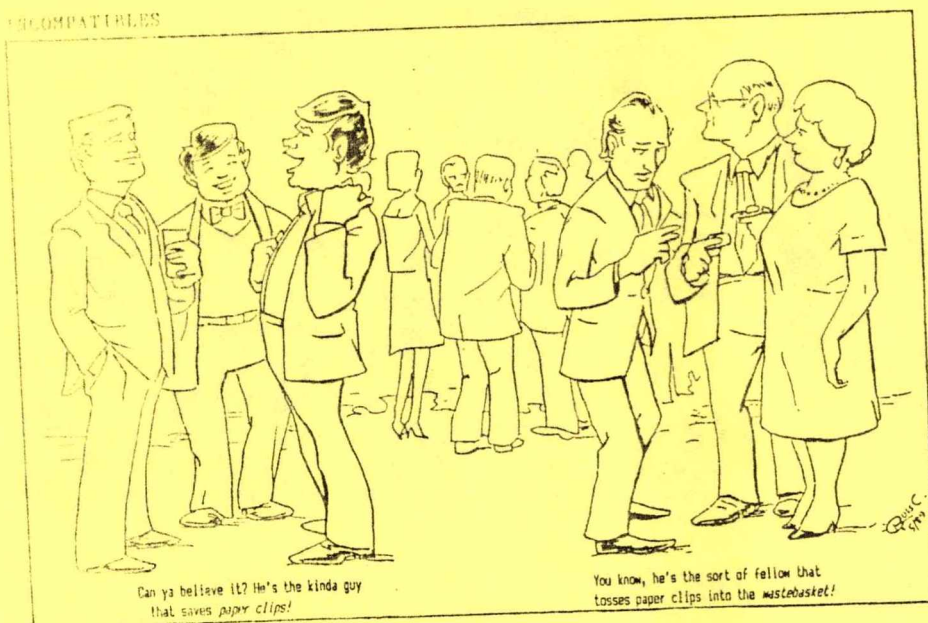
Phoenix were planning to make their convention debut there. The club has flourished in isolation from the rest of fandom, and I sensed mingled anticipation and fear as various members contemplated their coming rendezvous with fannish destiny.

The meeting was so enjoyable that we invited hostoids Ken and Aileen Forman over for dinner later the same week. Although their fannish experience is light, a few cons and eight months of Snaffu, but this couple in their late 20s seems destined to play a significant role in fandom at large. I don't know how active either will become in fanzines, but Aileen is the Den Mother of Vegas Fandom, and Ken is the city's most respected and influential fan.

They are also delightful people. Aileen's openness and honesty may remind some of Avedon Carol, while Ken's ability and willingness to discuss a wide range of topics without acrimony makes him a particularly engaging conversationalist.

A few days later, while Joyce and I were working on the last *Folly*, the Formans called and asked if we'd like a visit. Although we were supposed to leave for a business trip to Austin, TX at 5:15 am the next morning, Joyce and I didn't hesitate to reply with an enthusiastic, "Yes!" With them came an equally welcome extra attraction, Peggy Burke.

Ken gave me a club roster and loaned his set of *Situation Normals*. Our three guests offered capsule profiles of each



of the members, and we finalized plans to hold Las Vegas' first fan-run convention, the 1991 NonCon, at our home September 1 to coincide with the worldcon.

Their character sketches, though trenchant, showed much affection toward virtually all the members, despite the considerable diversity of lifestyles, attitudes, and interests encompassed by Snaffu. This briefing did much to ease our acclimation to the club during the next meeting and at the NonCon.

More than 40 people spent most of Sunday and the early hours of Monday morning eating, swimming, game playing, debating, surveying the Katz home, planning for the Coppercon and -- can you believe it? -- turning out a small oneshot fanzine for distribution there. (*The text of Snaffu's maiden voyage into fanzine waters appears elsewhere in this issue of Folly.*)

As you can probably tell, the Formans have made the deepest impression upon me so far, but there's no question that Ray Waldis made the biggest splash at the NonCon. Poor Ray mistook our solar heating jacuzzi cover for a manhole cover and stride resolutely across our spa. I was gafia for a long time, but I can see that some things never change in fandom; even the most slantlike among us cannot yet walk on water. So this very pleasant and well-mannered member started his convention with an unexpected plunge into the bubbling waters.

I've seldom seen anyone handle adversity with as much grace as Ray. He got himself more or less dry with minimal fuss, and he appeared to have a fine time for the balance of the day-long event.

The NonCon may not've produced a very large oneshot, but I certainly enjoyed my return to con going. Now that I

have enjoyed one held in my livingroom, I'm seriously considering going further afield in the future. Corflu 9 in L.A. next February and, beyond that, the Magicon loom as possibilities.

From isolated fan couple to hosts of Las Vegas' first NonCon in four short weeks. Who says Las Vegas isn't the land of fannish opportunity?

Contents

Katzenjammer/1
Predictive S. F.
(Some Aspects)/2
Mr. & Mrs. Fannish
First-Nighter/4
High Roller
By The Vegas
All-Stars/6
Footloose and Fancy III
By Rob Hansen/9
C.harris-ma
By Chuch Harris/11
Marc-ing Time
By Marc Cram/12
The Mask of Tor
Johnson
By Mike Legg/14
Let 'er Ride/16

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David Haugh: 12
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Bill Rotsler: 18
Steve Stiles: 15
Phil Tortorici: 9

High Roller

The First Oneshot from Fabulous Las Vegas Fandom!

Folly Presents the Complete Text of this Epochal Document

Arnie Katz

Who says the Age of Miracles is over? Not me.

After two years of pining for local fannish contact, Joyce and I recently encountered SNAFFU, a livewire 50-member SF club that meets alternate Saturdays at Ken and Aileen Forman's home. About half of them will be here today, along with many of the locals mentioned in *Folly* and *Willis Plays Vegas*.

Today we've hosting the city's first-ever NonCon, and I'm typing the opening section of Vegas' first oneshot fanzine. Talk about Mountains coming to Mohammed!

In the great Las Vegas tradition, we're not playing it safe. Most of the 50 or so NonCon attendees have been blissfully fanning for the last eight months without contact with the rest of fandom. Most have never been to a convention, NonCon or otherwise, and few have read a fanzine except the club newsletter *Situation Normal*, much less contributed to a oneshot. The safety belts are off today!

This is a calling card -- and an attempt to share our fun with fans who couldn't join us for this fanhistoric occasion. So without further ado, let me turn this oneshot over to one of my many co-(non)conspirators...

Laurie Yates

It's fun to be one of the few, the proud, the daring... to take the plunge, to type some inane comments to introduce people to Las Vegas Fandom.

What can be said? Ever better, what *should* be said? We're here! We're trapped in a valley surrounded by mountains, which if you're on the correct flight path into McCarran Airport can, to the imaginative flier, make one feel like one is landing on the moon. Help!

SNAFFU is made up of many individuals with a variety of likes, dislikes, and neutralikes. No matter what the topic, we can count on something for someone, even if it's just the SNAFFU motto: "Look at the time!" This phrase must be accompanied by the tapping of a finger on the

wrest -- preferably the wrist without a watch.)

Anyway, this is us -- and I really hope that someone comes in after me. (To type, that is.)

It's even later -- and still no takers. Hmmm, could it be that the others think that computers are science fiction? Perhaps I am typing on something that doesn't exist. But if that is true, then how do I know I am typing? It's time to quit -- I'm giving the Mac an identity crisis.

Arnie Katz

Let's hear it for neofannish bravery! So many fans, so little typing. I fear that my vision of happy, partying NonConners churning out dozens of pages of brilliantly witty impromptu prose has run afoul of the reality of fanzining in the Age of Home Computing.

An analysis conducted by the NonCon Independent Test Panel -- that would be me -- has discovered that lack of bravery is not a contributing factor to the dearth of writing for *High Roller*. The conclusion, backed by the irrefutable authority of scientific observation of Several Major Swimsuits, is inescapable. Bravery is not a commodity in short supply here in NonCon Country.

The culprit is an ordinarily innocuous computer program called *Moire*. So useful in normal situations, it proved an unexpected spanner in the works. When the computer is idle for two minutes, it fills the screen with Kaleidoscopic abstract patterns to save the delicate components of the video display. My failing to disable *Moire*, allowed it to activate after I finished my original comments, obscuring the oneshot-in-progress. The swirling and whirling patterns deflected would-be oneshot contributors the way a closed bathroom door turns away bheer- and soda- drinkers.

And, verily, it is said, "A neofan shall lead them." Now that Laurie, one of the bravest of the brave, has broken the ice, perhaps this oneshot will take wing and soar to new heights. Or any heights.

Aileen Forman

Where's the paper? A computer! You want me to write on a computer?! Aughhhh!

Sorry -- too many doughnuts. Hello, hello, hello... is there anybody in there...?

OK, no more Pink Floyd songs -- let's get real. Reality - what a concept. Is this party real? I am stuffed with wonderful food, replete with witty and inane conversation (you who are reading this know who you are)), wrinkled feet from the jacuzzi, and all I lack is a hoarse voice from filking. Perhaps later.

The weather was here -- wish they'd been beautiful...

The people, the clothes, the jewelry, the champagne, the sports cars!!! Gee, I wish I'd been invited to *that* party! No, seriously, the NonCon was terrific. All aspects worked out perfectly. The weather was balmy, the food was perfect, and the company was weird. All three were just the way I like them.

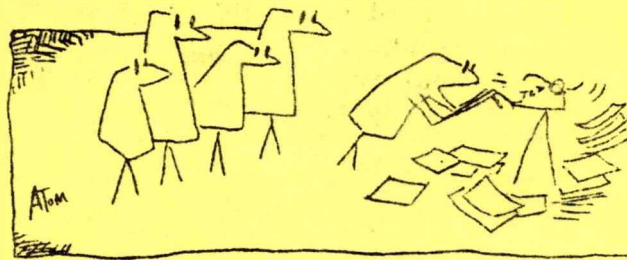
Well, now we're all discussing XXX-rated movies and the yawners and smilers of that genre. For a complete list see Arnie. I would never know anything about such matters. (Blink innocently.)

Thank you, thank you, thank you! We've trashed your house, removed the water from your pool and deposited it on your bathroom floor, traumatized your cat, and generally disrupted your life, and we enjoyed the hell out of ourselves. We'll be back next year. We know your address now, so you'll have to move by this time next year.

Joyce Katz

I'm quaking in my boots from fear, Aileen. Well, not really; I'm looking forward to the return of almost everyone who was here today. Perhaps tomorrow, to help me clean up this mess.

This is actually only my second NonCon ever. My first was in St. Louis many, maaaaany years ago. OSFA (Ozark Science Fiction Association) was still a new group, and the Couches and Hank Luttrell were the only ones who could actually go to the TriCon (the WorldCon in Cleveland in



1966). We stay-at-homes held a party, and in fact it was over that weekend that Ray Fisher published the revived *Odd*, issue #11, on our newly purchased antique 1227 multilith torture rack.

I've always thought a NonCon (so far as I know a peculiarly fannish tradition, not shared by other hobby groups) is a particularly poignant thing. On the one hand, it's given to support and comfort the stay-behinds, as well as theoretically being in emotional support of the convention they don't get to attend. Sounds noble, doesn't it? On the other hand, it has so little connection with the convention we're all missing, that I wonder why the party isn't held at a more convenient time when *all* the local crew could be in town to attend. This Vegas NonCon I answers that objection by the fact that none of the locals went to Chicago this weekend.

Thanks to Geri Sullivan, fine femmefan that she is, we actually had a connection with the Worldcon tonight. She kindly telephoned just an hour ago to tell us the Hugo winners. Excitement was felt by all, and it suddenly made me remember... and feel a tiny, admittedly remote, part of the Bigger Picture.

By the way, Slugger (our cat) isn't actually traumatized. He's spent most of the day sleeping on my pillow, his favorite napping spot, and he is now enjoying the balmy warmth of the garage, his favorite retreat into the world of funny smells, dark hidey holes, and the occasional passing water beetle. What bliss for a yellow Tomcat!

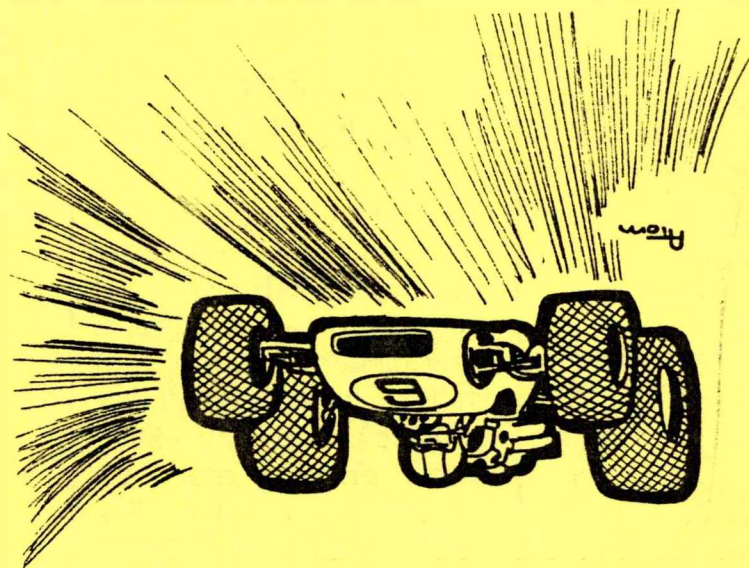
Alex Borders

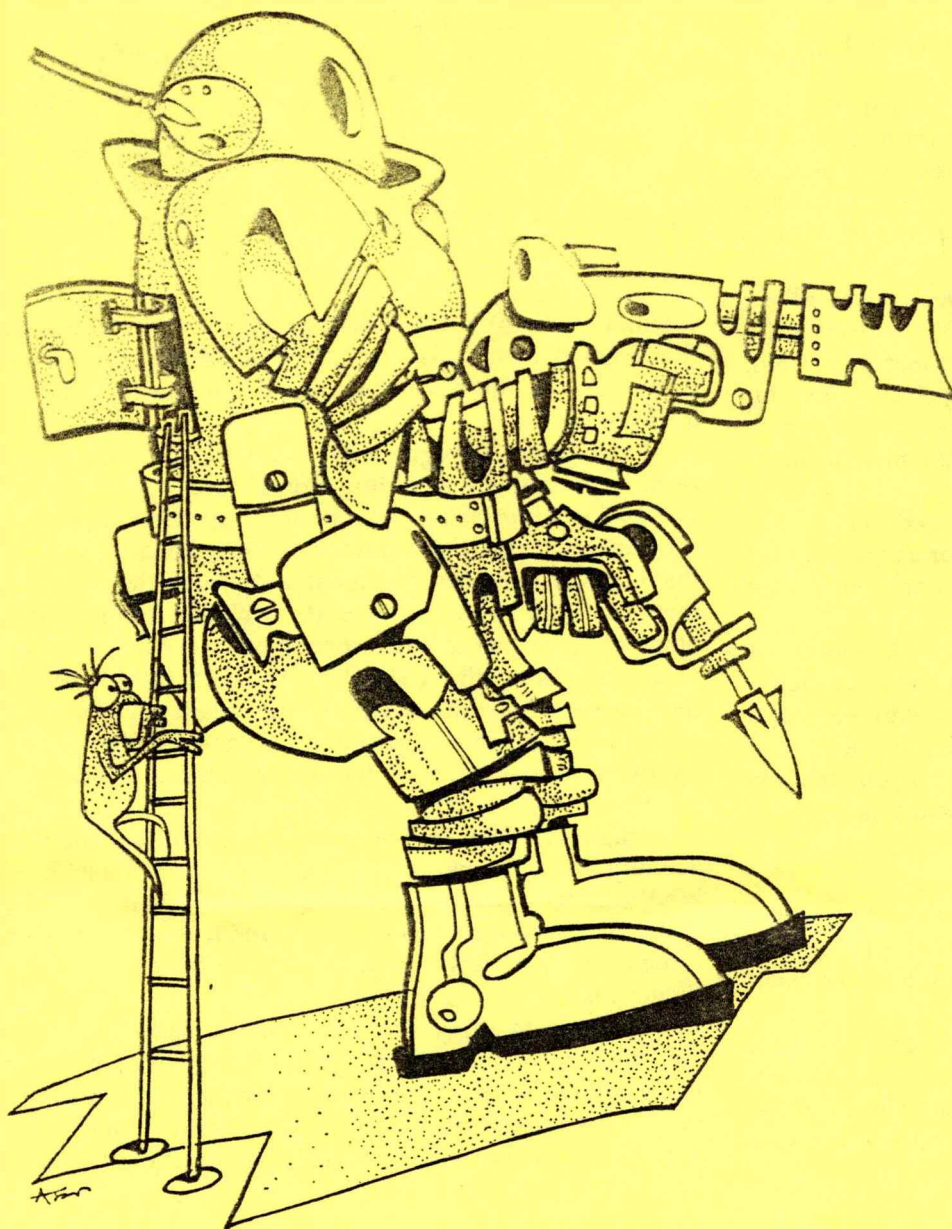
Second try. I cut the first. Looking back, I see a reference to the garage. Run with that,

The garage: a dark place, rather warm, strange odors, a few pests, and all those bits of memorabilia and the trash that hasn't been thrown out yet. Haven for a cat, yes (except for that stupid *door!*), but also a great place to let your imagination run amuck.

Somehow, a car that seems like a large mechanical object on the road seems alive in a (relatively) small and dark room. All those boxes, who knows what's in them?

Let's open one and find out. Here's one -- not too small, not too big, kind of tall, and square. The tape is already falling off; it's been on top so the bottom hasn't rotted out; do you want to guess what it is? Nah, let's just open it up and find out. OK, lift it out. I hope it can take the strain and won't break.





Ah, that's it. I can see it now. It's a... hmmm, I don't know. Hey, anybody here know what this is? It's wood, about four feet tall, obviously meant to stand up, but it won't. Hey, maybe there's some sort of pressure switch on the bottom! No, how about some wadded up gum? No, maybe it broke or was cut or something. It looks like it was made this way. Moving onward, it has a handle... on the bottom!?! And this gauge is just 0 to 100 with a lot of divisions and intermediate markings, normal scale. I have no idea what it is. Where did it come from? Hey, there's a button here! There doesn't seem to be anything behind it in the box. What happens if I press it?

What happened, indeed? You probably think something like popping into another universe, reversing time, changing me into some sort of impressive WonderGuy, but no.

Nothing happened.

The box I described actually exists, it was actually in my garage, and when I pressed the button nothing actually happened. Life is like that sometimes. Or happens just like you expected it to without violating the laws of physics. It pays

to remember that.

But sometimes when you press the button or maybe, for some special people, something will happen. Or maybe something did.

Joyce Katz

Speaking of the car in the garage, I've been meaning to ask: Slugger is in love with our car is this normal? It's a real physical devotion, too. He loves to crawl under and over it, and to flatten himself out on top of it. Seems pretty strange to me.

Arnie Katz

I have come to end *High Roller* and the 1991 Las Vegas NonCon, not to bury it. The last hot dog is eaten, the last whistle-clean chicken bone has sailed into the final hefty bag. Geri Sullivan has called from the ChiCon with the Hugo and Special Awards winners. The inexhaustible supply of Winchell's Doughnuts, augmented by Mass Quantities of bheer and pepsi, have sent the cream of Las Vegas fanhood into a combination of alcoholic stupor and sugar shock.

The NonCon drew over 40 fans, none of whom drew anything we can use as a cover. Fandom will have to wait yet awhile for the fanzine debut of art ace Greg Dees. So be it. The *Folly* artfile creaks open and disgorges a vintage unpublished ATom illo. Arfer was with us in spirit today.

Hello, Fandom... Las Vegas calling!

FANZINE AUCTION

Robert Lichtman is selling the fanzine collection of the late Dick Ellington, all proceeds to Pat. To receive the excellent catalogue of available items, send an sase with 52¢ postage (plus \$1 to defray printing costs) to: Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Elen, CA 95442

Foolhouse and Fancy III

A Practical Method for Producing the Next Fancyclopedia

It doesn't often happen that stuff I'm involved in at work has any application to fandom, but this time it just might have.

At the moment, I'm preparing technical documentation for my employer, "layered" according to very strict guidelines, and writing entries for the new editions of the Nicholls SF Encyclopedia at home. I'm a bit slow sometimes, so it was only a short while ago, while re-reading *Folly* #7, that I realized that what I was doing could be applied to *Fancyclopedia III*. And in such a way that, if done properly, it could also make the task of picking up where "A Wealth of Fable" left off a lot less necessary. The key to all this lies in the layering concept.

By
Rob Hansen

The first layer is obviously the national, so to begin with, outline histories of all the major national fandoms to be covered need to be written. (Space limitations suggest that these would be the anglophone nations only.) These will form entries in *Fancy III* (eg "UK Fandom", "Canadian Fandom", "US Fandom", etc.)

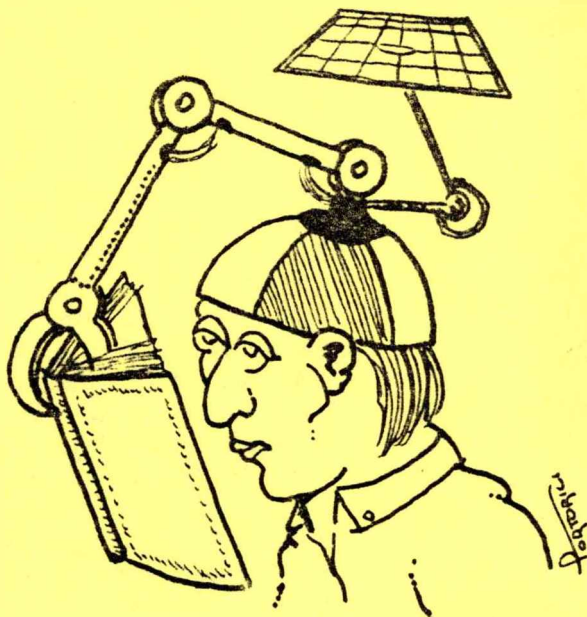
Next, outlines would be written about major regional fandoms, followed by entries about the major fan centres in those regions. This wouldn't

be hard-and-fast, however. Southern California, a region, wouldn't have an entry, but Los Angeles, a city, would. Similarly, the Bay Area, a Region, would have an entry, but San Francisco, a City, wouldn't. Entries would only be written for layers where appropriate.

The next layer below the cities consists of the individual groups. For instance, New York would have an outline history that mentioned most of the groups, but only those that warranted it would have individual entries, like for instance, **The Brooklyn Insurgents**.

The next layer below this would be individual fans. Again, there can't be an entry for every fan there's ever been. **The Fanoclasts** would have an entry, but not every fan mentioned in that entry would have one of their own. Entries for individual fans should carry as full a fanzine bibliography as possible at the end, even though only the individual's major zines would be discussed in the body of their entry. I would expect *very* few fanzines to have individual entries of their own, maybe a half-dozen in total.

Now, where this gets clever – and I can say that since I didn't come up with the idea – is that in *every* entry the first mention of any group/fan/fanzine/etc. that has an entry of its own would be in boldface to alert the reader to that fact. Given this structure, it should be possible for the editor to "commission" people to write particular entries which, when all put together and boldfaced where appropriate, should show up all sorts



of interesting connections.

An advantage of the layered structure is that, for instance, in the outline history of U.S. fandom it would say something like "...in 1964 the Boondoggle split U.S. fandom down the middle, and in its wake, many of the major fanzines folded...". It wouldn't need to go into what the Boondoggle was, since that would have its own entry (which could be a precis of a piece Ted White wrote about it a few years ago. In fact, quite a few entries could be adapted from existing pieces.) Or to give another example, Ghodminton would get a mention in the Irish Fandom entry, but would only be explained in full in its own entry. (Part of the editor's job would be in reducing long descriptions of something in an entry to a single mention if that thing had an entry of its own.)

Ideally, there would be a sub-editor in each of the major fannish countries covered (US, UK, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia - single sub-editor for these last two, perhaps?) responsible for gathering together the entries for their own country (local knowledge is essential), who would then pass them on to the overall editor for editing and assembly (boldfacing any other connections which become apparent, ensuring uniform format, etc.) This sort of structure would effectively spread the workload, and enable the projected to be completed and published before "The Last

Dangerous Visions".

Deadlines would have to be set, of course, if the project was to have any chance of getting done in a reasonable time. Probably separate deadlines for the different layers, from the national down, so that the editor could keep track of what was going on and still have time to ask for rewrites while later layers were being produced. And the editor would have to be pretty hard-nosed about the programme, dropping anyone who consistently missed deadlines and maybe even dropping the entries they were supposed to write if they weren't done in time.

I'm perfectly happy to be the UK editor and to write most of the UK entries. (I've already done the majority of the work while researching *Then*, after all.) I would humbly suggest that *Folly's* very own Arnie Katz should be the overall editor. He will doubtless protest that he is either unworthy or unsuitable. Don't listen to him. Not only is he as experienced and enthusiastic a fan as you'll find anywhere, but he roused this particular sleeping giant and so *deserves* the joy of all that work. I knew you'd see it my way.

Of necessity, any new *Fancylopedia* is going to be oriented towards fanzine fandom. That is both unavoidable and nothing to apologize about. However there should still be generic entries for other aspects of the bloated fandom we're now a part of,

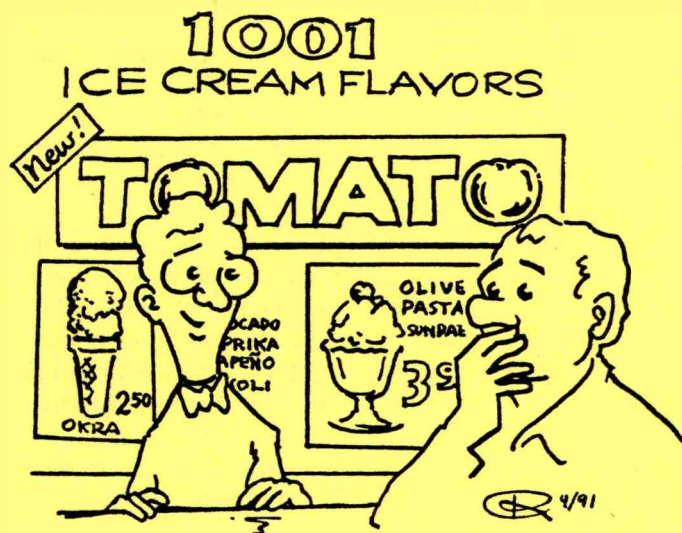
just none on the more detailed layers. For example, by all means have an entry for **Star Trek Fandom** giving an outline history (I'd be quite interested in reading that), but don't have entries for it on the level of individual groups of fans.

If the sub-editors, and those who write long entries such as outline histories of national fandoms, give the entries covering their country to the main editor on disk, it should also cut out a lot of the spadework he has to put in. Sub-editors should also ensure that in *every* entry references to "fandom" should only stand when they refer to *all* of fandom. Otherwise, they should read "US fandom," "Canadian fandom", etc. It's not really acceptable to do otherwise in what will be a reference work for international fandom. A good point to note, perhaps, that US fans are particularly lax in talking about "fandom" when they actually mean "US fandom".

Returning to the entries for individual fans, these should probably also mention the year the fan in question contacted fandom and which was their first convention. Questionnaires should be able to obtain date of birth, bibliography, first con, date of contact, etc., for most fans. Entries will obviously be brief in order to get in as many as possible (being little more than a C.V. in many cases). To show you what I mean by a C.V. entry, I've written one about me -- there's no fan with whose career I am more familiar -- below:

Hansen, Rob(ert Clive) (b. 1954). First contact/first con was Seacon '75 (1975). First zine was *Epsilon* in Sept '76. RH moved from Cardiff to London, 1980. In 1982 won Nova Awards for Best British Fanwriter and Best Fanartist. 1984 TAFF winner. Married Avedon Carol 1985. AC and RH were FGoHs at 1989 Eastercon. Bibliography: *Epsilon* (1976-85, 18 issues), *Skwelsh* (1976-77, 2 issues), *Starfan* (1980, continued as strip in Dave Langford's *Ansible*), *ETA* (1983-), *Fish Helmet* (1983-84, 8 issues, for Frank's *Apa*, *Taffeta* (1985-86, 4 issues, TAFF newsletter), *Crank*

Continued at bottom of facing page..



Charris-ma

an occasional column by Chuch Harris

Please could you arrange for somebody, living a little closer to Detroit than I do, to go right out immediately and shoot Brian Earl Brown. And if they have time, despoil the corpse and send me his head on a platter Air mail. COD.

Thanks.

The fact that international travel is a lot easier than it used to be: is no reason at all for lack of enthusiasm for TAFF. It may be a little easier, but it's still damned expensive -- especially if you want to travel the country and

Thoughts on TAFF in the Modern Fan World

visit as many fans as possible. For low wage earners or people with family commitments, it is still virtually impossible.

I feel that TAFF is one of the jewels in fandom's crown. It's important to all of us. The people that the winner meets in the host country become lifelong friends in a way that

correspondence could never achieve, and the obligation to supervise the fundraising and voting for the subsequent trip binds the winner even more tightly in the fannish web.

And even more important to you, me, and the late Brian Earl Brown, TAFF is still a bastion of *fanzine* fandom. The eligibility rules insist that candidates are known to, and win a proportion of the vote from, the host country as well as their own -- and *fanzines* are still the only real point of contact between, say, the UK and the US.

(1985-86, 5 issues, co-edited with Ted White), *Pulp* (1986-, as part of editorial collective), *Chuch* (1986, w/AC), *The Story So Far* (1987, for Conspiracy '87), *Then* (1987-, *Born in the UK* (for *Apa of the Damned*), *Licks* (for *FAPA*, also used as title for 1989 oneshot).

You don't need to be a genius to realize that this is the layer with the most potential for argument. Fans being fans, bless their little pointed heads, there will inevitably be dissension over who should get an entry and who shouldn't. There are some people whom everyone will agree should get an entry (Willis, White, etc.), rather more where there'll be a disagreement. Perhaps, given space limitations, a total number of individual entries should be set, with each of the national fandoms being allocated a number in line with the size of their *active* fandoms. If the total was, say, 50 individual entries in all, then that would work out at something like 22 US, 15 UK, 5 Can, 5 Aus, 3 NZ. Then again, perhaps it would be safer to have no entries for individuals at all. Suggestions for tackling this are

welcomed.

Another point of contention will probably be just how much of *Fancy II* should be incorporated in *Fancy III*. Certainly, all of the SF entries should be junked, but I would also argue that a fair bit more should go. I take the radical view that *Fancy III* should start from scratch and only take those entries from *Fancy II* that meet its requirements. I say this because I was personally disappointed by *Fancy II* when I finally got ahold of a copy. It's fine as a snapshot of fandom in 1959, but it has serious deficiencies as a reference work. Any attempt to preserve *Fancy II* in its entirety in *Fancy III* could only be to the latter's detriment.

Every entry in *Fancy III*, whatever it is, should carry the writer's name at its end, of course. There should also be an indication of which of the previous editions any preserved item first appeared in.

Once the whole thing is assembled, it will then be time to seek financing for its publication. I hear that LASFS have a thousand bucks they've put aside for just that.

Look at the list of recent winners... Lilian Edwards, Christina Lake, Lichtman, Avedon Carol, Hansen, Patrick & Teresa Neilsen-Hayden, Dave Langford, and waaay back. They are *all* *fanzine* fans. They are all active, talented trufans. They add lustre to *fanzine* fandom, and we would be short-sighted fools if we pass up any chance to add to their number. And contrary to what BEB thinks, mostly they write up their adventures afterwards. (Though I'd agree that sometimes it a bit farther afterwards than one might expect.) (And if you hunger for trip reports, my one is free for the asking.

And apart from that, there is a *personal* Bonus. When you meet a TAFF winner, you will find that he is *family*. The main topic of conversation (apart from the odd perverted U.S. mania for lettuce salads), are the *fanzines* you both read, the people you know personally or by hearsay, who is boffing who, and how glad we both are that we aren't costume fans, or screwballs who sit glued to electronic games machines, or Brian Earl Brown (Deceased.).

And before he stepped off this

mortal coil, wherever did he get this odd idea that you have to go to worldcons to meet TAFF delegates? He'd be damn lucky to find them. They are usually holed up in their room, scribbling notes on scraps of paper as they try to work up a gracious grateful thank-you-one-and-all speech for that dreaded moment when they have to stand in front of the platform microphone and say something, anything, to the serried ranks in front of them, or lying paralytic in the bar once the ordeal was over.

No, I will tell you the secret. If you want to meet TAFF winners, you want to try asking them. At Corflu, we got invitations all over and were sorry that we only had time to visit Seattle after Minneapolis. And returning the compliment, I got on the platform and gave a lifelong blanket invitation to everyone to come and visit us. (This means that Sue lives in mortal terror at convention time in case a fleet of coaches labeled "Minneapolis Transportation" drives up Lake Crescent and stop at No. 32, and even the herd of fatted calves in the back yard looks distinctly apprehensive, but a promise is a promise, and when it happens we'll do our best even if it means a bovine massacre before buying every goddamned head of lettuce in Northamptonshire. So there.)

That covers Corflu attendee Richard Brandt. Jeanne Bowman is the other candidate in the next TAFF run off. We'd like to see her, too, so we wrote Robert Lichtman last week and asked him to pass the invite on for us.

And for why? Well, partly because I helped found TAFF more years ago now than I care to remember, and it is still pretty important to me. But equally important, the meetings with TAFF winners -- or any other visiting firemen -- are always fun and

Author's Note

I'd like Brian to be assured that the fun and teasing is just good-natured and not spiteful or nasty. I've got a lot of time for his views. (And the freezer's not really that big, anyway.) CRH

Marc-ing Time

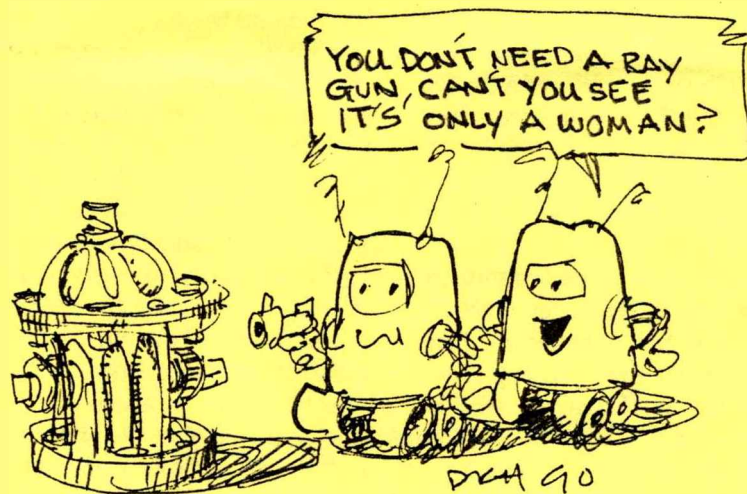
By Marc Gram

My Message to All Concerned Men

(Taken in part from a speech given March 21, 1990 at the annual Men for the Rights of Men convention.)

... and then the barber said, "No, I meant a 'mail man'!"
(general laughter)

Seriously, I have come here today to address a subject that I have been concerned with for some time, and that is: why do women wear such load, weird shoes? Take a moment and think about all the (many)



enjoyable, and we have a good time. We show off a bit -- Warwick Castle, Stratford on Avon, Coventry Cathedral, The Red Lion, the Dun Cow, the Three Feathers, the Others Too Numerous To Mention. We look forward to seeing old friends again. When Geri comes back on 10th March, we shall be right there at the airport with the banners. We'll stay up most

of the night talking and flaunting the contents of my freezer

I'm really looking forward to my version of the Salome caper. You open the freezer door, a little light comes on, you lift off the tureen cover, and there's your very own John the Baptist stand in. "You're very quiet tonight, Brian -- cat got your tongue?."

Heh, heh, heh.

women you know, and then think about their shoes.

Am I right? Of course, I am! They all wear funny goofy uncomfortable shoes. Women wear shoes with open toes, and when they bang their foot on the corner of a hard object, their toes swell up like little German sausages. They wear shoes that come to a thin sharp point that makes you wonder if they have all their toes.

The worst part is, these shoes are loud and disturbing. I can hear the shoes in the hall at work. They make this clack-clack sound or sometimes it is a shoosh-click-smat sound. Women buy these shoes, wear them till their feet are deformed, and then buy new ones.

Men wear real shoes! (General applause). A man, a real man, has three pairs of shoes: Tennis shoes for everything but church or a job interview, dress shoes for the job interview, and shoes your mother gave you, which you wear only when she forces you to go to church with her. Now of course, I am not counting bowling shoes or golf shoes, but then real men don't bowl or play golf. Men are not weird.

I think women are really space aliens. They must be from some steamy, acidic planet like Venus. Hey, look whom the planet is named after! That is why they wear those weird shoes. See, on Venus they were just lifeless blobs of flesh-colored jello. I think jello was invented by a woman. The pain inflicted by these shoes make the aliens' bodies rigid, and therefore they can take the shape of real women.

ALWAYS THE LAST TO KNOW....



There are no more Real Women.

I suspect that my girlfriend is an alien; she wears funny, goofy, loud, uncomfortable shoes. I have been trying to trick her into revealing her identity. I ask her questions like, "So, what would you like for dessert? How about some yummy flesh-colored Jell-O?" and "If you were trapped in a spacecraft and had nowhere to land but Venus, would you blast your ship into the fiery adepts of the Sun, or would you land on Venus where you would be welcomed by your compatriots?" I'll bet you can guess her answers to both of these questions.

My girlfriend looks at me weird. She thinks that men are the cause of most of the world's problems, and that it would be far safer if women ran things. This statement alone convinces me that she is an alien, and that women are trying to take over

the world. Why do women outlive men?

Next time you see a woman, look at her feet. Is she wearing strange shoes? If she is wearing normal shoes, is she wearing weird sox? Who are women, anyway? They are not men. How long have they really been here? Who invited them?

In my next message to the body of the convention, I will talk more about weird, strange things about women. For instance, why do women buy decorative towels and soap -- and why can't men use them? Also, those strange oak cylinders that hold paper towels and scented toilet paper. Why do women go to the restroom in pairs? What do they talk about?

(After the speaker concluded with another, somewhat humorous joke, they drank a beer, and patted each other on the stomach as a form of male bonding.)

Wanted: Chicon Memories

Did you go to the WorldCon in Chicago? Joyce and I -- and a lot of readers -- didn't get to go. When you're sending that loc to Folly (and you know you really should...How about writing up one con incident that stuck in your mind (OK, you can write up two, if you're so motivated.) I'll put em all together as a special feature.

MIKE LEGG *Presents* **The Mask of TOR JOHNSON**

I was 12 years old when my mom bought me my first Tor Johnson mask. It was almost Halloween, so she gave in quickly to a small dose of my "kid pressure". In fact, I think she slightly shared my morbid fascination for the mask.

The full-head mask was made of high-quality rubber and well-resembled the infamous Tor Johnson. It realistically portrayed his large, bald head, his bugged-out, unfocused eyes, his fat cheeks, his huge ears, and his protruding lower lip. The most wonderful thing about this mask was that it looked real enough to be believable, yet strange enough to catch anyone's attention.

I am now 25 years old and the happy owner of my second Tor Johnson mask. After completely wearing out the first one, I managed to find the second at a J.C. Penny about six years ago. Through my life, the mask has provoked fascination, fear, and chaos in Las Vegas society. At the urging of the Head Fool, I will now relate one of the many episodes of terror for which the mask is now so well-known among the usually blasé citizenry of the world's entertainment capital.

It was the summer before my senior year of high school. It was a hot

summer night, and my pal Von and I had decided to go out and wreak havoc with the mask. On the phone, I told Von I would be over to his house in about five minutes. He suggested that I wait about 20 minutes instead, and then have Tor pay a visit to his home before we went out. This would give him time to get settled in with his family, who were watching television in the den.

I was smiling when I hung up the phone. I cannot express the pleasure, which I still feel to this day, when I know that panic will shortly ensue. I entered my hot, dark garage to find the right accessories to go with the mask on this particular evening. My first requirement was something to cover up my fluorescent shorts and shirt. In an old cedar chest, I found an ancient, dust-choked naval coat. It would be hot wearing this, but the visual effect would be well worth it.

Next, I needed something upon which Tor could fixate. Something simple. An old wooden boat oar? A fishing pole? An inner tube? I finally settled upon a broken croquet mallet and headed for the door, when I saw it. There it hung on the wall, shining like a silver beacon in the darkness, my dad's cherished ballpeen hammer. Perfect! I grabbed it and again

headed for the door, more exhilarated than ever.

About 25 minutes after I'd hung up the phone, I parked just around the corner from Von's house. The Oldsmobile's clock read 10:13 PM. I donned the bulky black coat, slipped on the mask, and took the hammer from its resting place on the front seat.

I was within minutes of my rendezvous with chaos. I jogged past two intervening houses and entered Von's front yard. Double-checking my costume, I realized I was wearing my white Reebok tennis shoes. I considered zipping back home and changing or taking them off and going barefoot. I quickly decided that they would only add to the psychopathic effort which I was working so hard to create. From the electric blue glow emanating from the den windows, I knew that Von's family was inside, still watching T.V. I took a deep breath, looked around the front yard, and approached a tall metal light pole.

Von's parents, Sondra and Bill, were sitting on the couch, engrossed in "Knot's Landing". The younger brother, Bryan was half-bored, half-interested in the show. Von sat in his usual chair in speechless anticipation of what was about to go down. The family was secure in their complete

suburban bliss. Their little world was at peace.

And then the clanging sound started.

I was quite surprised by the resonance of the sound when I started to hammer on the light pole. It rang like an alarm through the sleepy neighborhood on Aberdeen Lane. I worried about attracting the notice of other families on the block, so I dashed onto the driveway in Von's front yard. My signal had worked, because that's when the first head appeared in the window. It was Bryan.

Bryan quickly, and rightly, notified the rest of the family about the interloper on their property. I ran around aimlessly, looking dazed and confused. I moved erratically, hammering on any obstacles in my path: a metal garage can, a brick retaining wall, a potted plant, and the bumper of Sondra's new Toyota four-door coupe.

By this time, there were four heads staring out the den window at me. I tried very hard to control my incipient laughter, but with little success.

Inside the den, the family was terror-struck. At first, no one could move or say anything. Von broke the silence by boldly stating that he was going to call the cops. The rest of them remained mesmerized at the window.

Von ran to his room and took the phone off the hook, a simple precaution that could save us both a lot of trouble in the near future.

Bryan spoke slowly, never taking his eyes from the man outside. He was scared, and he said so. The parents said nothing, locked in fear, not knowing what to do. Their only attachment to reality was the knowledge that the police would soon arrive.

I continued to walk, run, and crawl through, changing speed and direction with little reason or warning. I think I must have looked extremely mentally disturbed, I was sweating in the heavy coat, but I was having a good time.

I was considering the possibilities of the front door, which was conveniently perpendicular to the den window, when it burst open. Von

came out to make his stand, valiantly protecting his home and family. That's when his brother and parents began to scream, pleading with him to return to the safety of the house. They, like me, had a clear view of him on the front porch.

He yelled at me, telling me to get away, to leave their yard. I cautiously backed away, letting him slowly step toward me. He was large and formidable – and desperately trying not to crack a smile.

I acted as if I were going to turn and flee, which probably made the family feel much safer. This is when I realized Von's fatal, but well-planned, mistake: The front door was open!

I raised the ballpeen hammer threateningly and ran straight at Von. He whirled and ran for the protection of the house with record-shattering speed. He made it to the door and disappeared inside, with me about four feet behind him. He "forgot" to close and lock the door. I was inside!

That's when all hell broke loose. Von's family saw the would-be psychopath enter their home. The whole ball game had changed, and it was time for fast action.

Caught up in his juvenile fears, Bryan instinctively ran across the family room to the back door. Bill and Sondra followed his example, screaming in sheer panic as they ran. Von was on his own.

Bryan had just opened the back door when Von and I landed on the floor at his feet. My well-executed

tackle had blocked the parents' escape route.

Something inside Sondra's mind clicked. Both the invader and Von were laughing uncontrollably, practically crying. Von yanked off the mask, revealed my red, sweaty face. We continued to giggle uproariously.

Bryan was the first to cover. He, too, started to laugh. Bill remained speechless. Sondra stared at the tableau, her anger building like a corked geyser. This was our cue to leave. "You two get out of here now and don't come back for a long time!" was all she managed to say. We put on our best guilt-ridden expressions and left through the front door. Inwardly, we rejoiced. Another mission had been successfully accomplished.

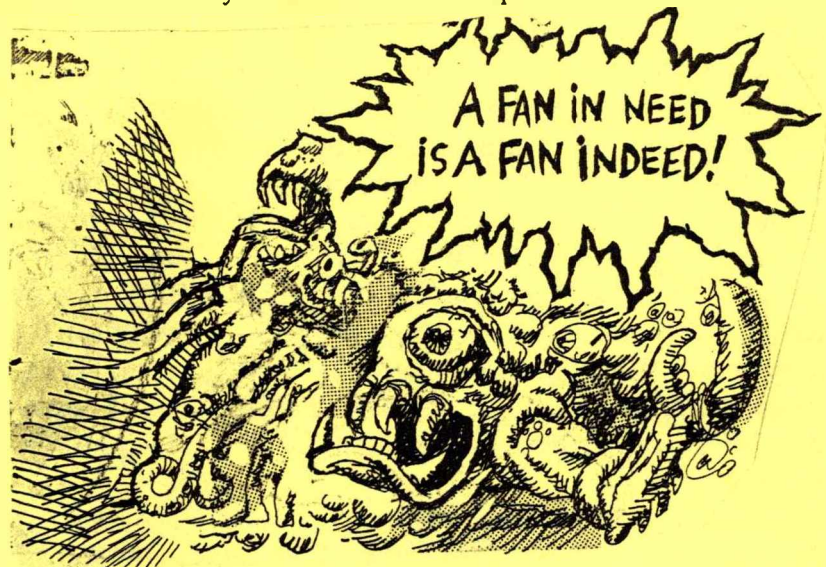
Sondra was quite mad at both of us for quite a while, but she eventually came around to loving us again. She stopped calling me "Mike Legg" and once again called me "Mike". My relationship with her returned to normal.

During the period of strained relations, I had time to consider what I had done. I thought about the "cruelty" I had inflicted upon others. Was it all worth it? Was the price of my entertainment really worth the expense of others' terror? Was I truly becoming a menace to society?

The answer was painfully clear.

Yes.

And it was all worth it. The adventures of Tor Johnson would not stop here.



Let 'er Ride

Momentous Communications from the In Crowd

Vine Clarke recalls something odd

16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent DA16 2BN U. K.

Fancylopedia 3: I wonder what it would be like? All those fanciful and delightful entries on such old time items as Ghughuism and Purple would disappear in favour of the explanation of "Dungeon Master"; I fear.

I met Elliot Weinstein, compiler of the *Fillostrated Fan Dictionary* ('75) in London once, and he modestly said that a lot of the (3000?) had been concocted, but that was about fandom As We Know It -- it *hasn't* got "Dungeon Master", for instance.

Which reminds me of something odd, even psychic. I was looking through the bookshelves in a local charity shop -- stuff is donated free and money collected goes to some charity, a thriving business in Britain -- and the shelves had the usual mundane junk. But something impelled me to check through the booklets lying carelessly on top of the other books -- these usually consist of *Mopsy Goes Shopping* and *Punk Rock Explained* and *Reader's Digests* and other small publications -- and there in front of my unbelieving eyes were the two volumes of the *Fillostrated*. As the last fan in touch with general fandom in this district split the scene in '58, I have no explanation for this.

Arnie: "Ghughuism" is more likely to have an entry than "Dungeon Master" in the next *Fancylopedia*,

because the former is part of fanhistory, while the latter is a standard gaming term. Wish I'd had your mysterious encounter; I'd love to add the *Fillostrated Dictionary* to my collection.

Geri Sullivan's lovely piece on Mallow Cups is astonishing to me, because she actually managed to collect all the coupons necessary. My own experience is that when a Free Offer appears, on beans or soup or whatever, the supply mysteriously vanishes about two months before the ending of the offer. About the only time an Offer in which I was interested materialized was when a local supermarket had a range of two jars of instant coffee as a special Christmas offer at a bargain price, the two being enclosed in a sort of boxed framework of cardstock with pictures of holly and Christmas trees and associated festive scenes.

Having no possible use for the latter and wanting space, on two occasions I checked out the conglomeration and then tore out the jars and tossed the accompanying cardboard aside. The bug eyes of the checkout girls involved will stay with me for a long long time -- normal people just didn't do this, it seems.

All *Folly* needs is a 15-page exegesis of Robert Heinlein in each issue to be a real class sf fanzine.

Arnie: I checked with Aileen Forman, SNAFFU's resident Heinlein expert, and she confirms that RAH is

currently dead. He may not be having enough sex to fill a 15-page exegesis without extensive digressions about Chuch Harris and Rob Hansen.

Don Fitch has modest needs

3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 81722

Many fans would like a *Fancy III* the bulk of an *Encyclopedia Galactica*, but most realize that what we need is something much more modest, but soon. Something like you described, limited to fanzine fandom, is both needed and wanted, and your proposal isn't likely to produce Outrage, much less Letter Bombs, if it were made clear that this is, in effect, merely a separately published version of the "Fanzines" entry from *Fancyclopedia III*. Sure, it would be nice to see the whole monumental volume, but...

It's clearly too large an undertaking for one person (which would be undesirable anyhow; even a relatively unbiased fan is capable of only a very limited numbers of points of view), and a Committee is, traditionally, where good ideas (or bad ones) go to die.

I'm not hopeful about the *Fancy III* Project, but strongly suspect that if anything at all gets done, it'll be by way of piecemeal fascicles, as ambitious works were often published in the 17 and 18th Centuries. Even then, it would probably need to be broken down into sections, perhaps along the lines of "Early Fandom (pre-*Quandry*)", "Fannish Fandom", "Sercon Fandom", "APAs", "Post-Media Influx", and "The Contemporary Scene" (to be undated frequently). I suppose these would be likely to take the form of Essays, by Diverse Hands, or perhaps of a Colloquia with contributions by several people who had been involved in the particular phase being discussed. There also needs to be, of course, a companion serious containing illustrative reprints.

Mark Manning is a Disenchanted Dupe

1909 S. Holgate, Seattle, WA 98144

What??? Joe Walcott is really a fiction? A pseudonym?

What about Marc Cram?

What about wassername who wrote about leaning to drive? Joyce? Bill Kunkel? The city of Las Vegas?

I feel so ashamed to have been duped. And like Topsy, I just groan...

Arnie: Joe Walcott -- named for a college roommate rather than Jersey Joe whose real first name was by coincidence "Arnie" -- shouldn't even count as a legitimate penname. I've seldom used nom de plumes, perhaps because I don't want to lose even one Ahh of Egoboo. Joe is a recurring character in my faan fiction, and I only added "By Joe Walcott" because "Gafiation" is written in the first person. It seemed logical at the time.

Lloyd Penney stays on the BTED track

412-4 Lisa St., Brampton, ON, Canada L5T 4B6

First up is *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator*. FYI, I have copy number 90 of 200 (Hi, Geri!). Any reference to the Book of Mormon aside (I've learned through fanzine discussion... Beware Mormons with Brickbats!) *BTED* does carry on the tale well. It acknowledges that fandom has changed, although it leaves the choice of whether it has changed for better or worse to the reader.

Stu Shiffman's illos are great... I had no idea that Jophan looked like a cross between Moshe Feder and Dustin Hoffman. The change in direction from the Perfect Fanzine to the Perfect Con has obviously displeased you, but then, the title does say *Beyond*.

Both works indicate that there are things to do and not do when you are trying to produce the top of your work, and that whether you produce a zine or a con, you are only as good as your last effort, and your reputation in fandom reflects that.

Together they illustrate the social changes in Fandom over time... perhaps they should be published together in a future edition. Not only do the two zines reflect the state of fandom at the times they were written, but I suspect they also reflect the state of the authors, at two different times, within fandom.

Perhaps there will be a third volume, where Jophan may find he has become the Wise Old Fan, with his Madeleine or Joyce or Elinor, and will try to guide newer fans along the roads to the Duplicator and the Convention. This will reflect fandom of a new age, or perhaps on the wane, who knows?

Your own phrase in your article, Arnie, "Trufannishness can be found in all manner of fanac, if it is done with a generous heart" should be inscribed on everyone's Shield of Umor.

Arnie: I don't think *BTED* abandons fanzines or denies their importance. It tries to place the artistic imperative

of fanzines within the context of a full life. If the sound of Trufandom comes from the penthouse filksinging party, it also comes from the Mountain of Trufandom where stands the enchanted duplicator.

It's all a matter of interpretation, but I don't feel that *BTED* says that "you're only as good as your last effort". Jophan's reputation grows over the years as the weight of his fan achievements mounts. The Wise Old Fan is revered because of his distinguished fan career, not the luster of a recent success.

Please print more information about Linda Blanchard's project, *Fandom Access*. This would appear to be a good way to advertise fanzine fandom to sf readers at large... It might also restrict the publishing incomes of many faneds who can't satisfy the hordes who might see their addresses and request an issue. Perhaps it might encourage other faneds, who have withdrawn from publishing because older faneds labeled their zines as crud, to publish again and aim their sf zines at a newer crowd.

Arnie: I haven't got any more news about *Fandom Access*, but maybe your query will prompt Linda to send an update. I appreciate your concerns, but fans have previously coped with the response from fanzine review columns in the prozines, and a few extra crudzines is a small price for an influx of enthusiastic new fans.

The tribute to Don Fitch is great to see, because it shows that fans do think positively, in praising one of their own, and because the praise comes while Don is here to see it. There's never been an egoboo shortage, except in some hearts. Could there be more unsung hero stories, please?

St. Don Fitch said it with flowers

3908 Frijol, Covina, CA 91722

"Archangel"? Gee, Arnie, "Saint" would have been perfectly adequate. I admire Geri Sullivan, though, for the sneaky and treacherous way she subverted my *Evil Machinations* -- turning the taking of flowers from my sunny Southern California garden to Minicon into a Thoughtful Gesture, rather than a nasty attempt to rub Mplsians' noses in the fact that their climate provides below-freezing temperatures (except in mid-afternoon) at Eastertide, was a stroke of genius. All must be forgiven, however (see how Archangelic I can be?) -- the MiniConCom put on

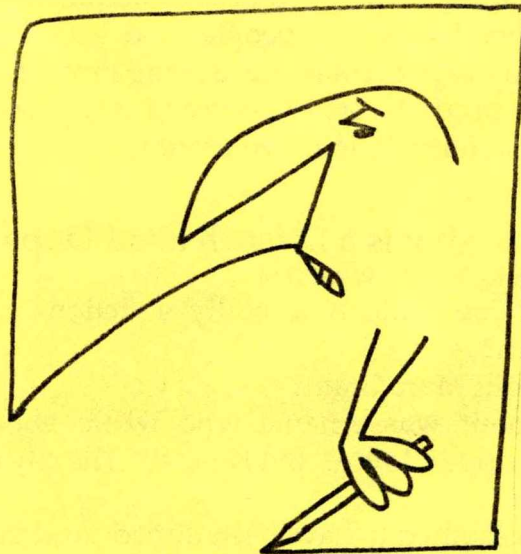
an excellent MiniCon, and Geri (with much help from a bunch of other people, who responded to the sparkplug) created, within that framework, an excellent old-time faannish convention in the guise of the "Mpls. in '73" suite.

Arnie: The Sparkplug is absent (*with leave*) from this *Folly*, but the Geri Sullivan of the 90s returns next issue with another chapter of her trip report. Meanwhile, check out "High Roller" for the first fanzine words of two of Las Vegas' own sparklers, Aileen Forman and Laurie Yates.

I'm not sure, Arnie, that your "New Theory" -- that fandom has changed from an extended family to an apartment complex or neighborhood which gets together for an annual Block Party -- really qualifies as a "Theory"; it sounds more like an Observation to me, and an accurate one. *Sigh* Those of us who want to be in a microcosm small enough to understand and appreciate will have to carve out our own niches; it's no longer there neatly labeled "fandom".

The situation is clear enough; for young people with the outlook, talents, and needs characteristic of the traditional fan, (fanzine) Fandom is not the Only Game in Town, and it's probably the one they're least likely to discover.

Arnie: There might be a corollary: The subfandoms have diversified Fandom so that it can now satisfy needs which it could not previously meet. This attracts people who would have done other things, and diverts others who might've discovered the joys of amateur publishing. It's this Modern Generation, Don; they'd rather get laid.





I may be footloose,
but I'm hardly
fantasy-free.

I hate the verb "recruit", but...Linda Blanchard's idea of a Review Fanzine sounds good, and there might be possibilities in mass circulation (as in convention packets), anthology of carefully selected fanwriting with accompanying list (frequently updated) of currently available fanzines. And "bidding parties" by and for fanzine fandom, especially at smaller and non-media cons, might be more than just as Oasis for Fanzine Fans. And where's the person who might be, or even *is*, interested in fanzines going to find them? Not at any of the cons I've attended over the last couple of years. At what con does/will the Fanzine Room (if there is one) have a stack of *Follies* for sale?

Arnie: Distributing an introduction to fanzine fandom through cons is inspired! I would favor the anthology and fanzine list as most likely to intrigue the casual convention goer who might be a potential fanzine fan. If Linda's *Fandom Access* reaches potential fanzine fans through prozine classifieds, that increases the chance that the hobby will be noticed by people with Fan Potential. Both approaches seem very sensible.

George Laskowski has Broad Mental Horizons

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Several worldcons ago, my wife Maia Cowan suggested and chaired a panel called "The Many Faces of Fandom". It was moderately attended, but the fans she chose to be on the panel represented a wide variety of interests. On the

whole, though, I think those in the audience were already converted to the idea that one should have a breadth of interest and not narrow oneself to exclusionary activities in fandom. So, we didn't expand the ranks of those individuals. Still, many felt heartened by knowing that others did feel the same way. (Most of the fans I enjoy meeting and talking to are ones who have a breadth of interest, not those who find one aspect so fascinating that it becomes an all-consuming activity.)

Arnie: Your observation is reassuring, Lan, but the situation looks different to me. Fandom's segmentation into subgroups has made depth of knowledge more prized than breadth of knowledge. This mirrors society, which seems to value the expert more than the well-rounded individual.

Many special fandom fans appear to know little about other forms of fanac. I recently wrote about Bruce Pelz for the Vegascon Program Book, and I was struck by how many things he'd tried in fandom. I think the club or con fan who knows nothing about fanzines, and the masquerade maven who never reads an SF book are more common.

Gregg Calkins wines about *Oopsla!*

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Another issue of that delightful fanzine that often mentions *Oopsla!* I suppose if I want to see my name as well, I should do something... like write a letter? I could tell you about my two *Oopsla!* tee shirts.

Andy Hooper is correct: There is a conference put on by the "Object-Oriented Programming Systems, Languages, and Applications" group, and when they were first brought to my attention, they were meeting in New Orleans, of all places. *Quandry* should come up as an alternate spelling on your spell-checker, because I thought that Q was the best fanzine ever, and my goal was to succeed only half as well as LeeH. In those halcyon days the New Orleans "Nolacon" turned out to be the fannish event of the century and represented for me everything that was wonderful about fandom, even though I attended only in the pages of Q. I thought con reports were absolutely fascinating reading, which only goes to show...

Well, sir, when I learned about the conference I was properly amazed. To think that I had concocted a totally made-up word years before the advent of even the most primitive digital

computer (I subsequently worked on one of the very first at the University of Utah, vacuum tubes and huge rotating magnetic cylinder the size of a 55-gallon oil drum with machine language punch cards and all) and sparked the creation of a special conference, if not an entire industry...

Wow, there's egoboo for you!

So I wrote to the conference coordinator to reveal this wonder, and he asked me for a copy to display at the conference (it's still hard for me not to call it a convention) and in turn sent me not one but two of the special OOPSLA (no "!", but nobody's perfect) tee shirts he had created.

The very next time you see me at a convention, you will be able to recognize me by my Rotsler badge and the least wine-stained of the shirts. Alas, it's red wine I prefer, and the shirts are... were... white.

If I've told you this story before, forgive me. I am, after all, an old fan and tired.

Arnie: I "attended" Nolacon the same way, Gregg -- nearly 20 years after you did. Magicon is starting to look like another all-time great gathering of the fannish tribes; any chance that you'll be there, too?

Mike Deckinger finds it tough to tolerate

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I've been watching CTV more and more lately, even though I find it difficult to tolerate any

commercial network. I've been most attracted to a program titled "Mystery-Science Theatre 3000", which runs Saturday mornings with later repeats. Each week, a different *bad* movie is shown, and the hosts (both human and non) continuously deliver the same sort of wisecracks that you've always wanted to say about bad old movies. The worse the picture, the more cutting the put-downs.

Arnie: I enjoy "Mystery-Science Theatre 3000". It's like watching a movie at a really rowdy sf convention.

I have my own theory that reruns of shows like "CPO Sharkey" would be beneficial to the PBS networks during their excruciating pledge drives. Instead of extended telethons, with various dignitaries pleading for funds, just show a few clips from the truly dreadful sitcoms that the networks are forever springing upon the public. Then go on to emphasize that without the PBS outlets, you might be stuck watching *this*. If that doesn't inspire tragedy, then nothing will.

No PBS station has ever used this strategy, and none ever will. Most commercial networks make large (and visible) contributions to PBS stations, and it would become a case of biting the hand...

Arnie: All PBS stations aren't equally blameless. Among the critically acclaimed programs on the local educational channel is "Lawrence Welk".

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