



Katzen

jammer

There's No Egoboo
Like Easy Egoboo

-- and There's
No Easy Egobo

Last Spring, when I decided to return to activity in fandom, I anticipated making quite a stir just on the strength of being a returning gafiote. During my previous period of participation, basically 1963-1975, refugees from the Glades of Gafia were a highly prized and much-admired rarity.

Oh, people took a year or two off from fandom and came back, but apart from Don Brazier, there weren't many who resumed heavy fanac after a decade or more away from the hobby. (Pause while you cite the numerous exceptions.)

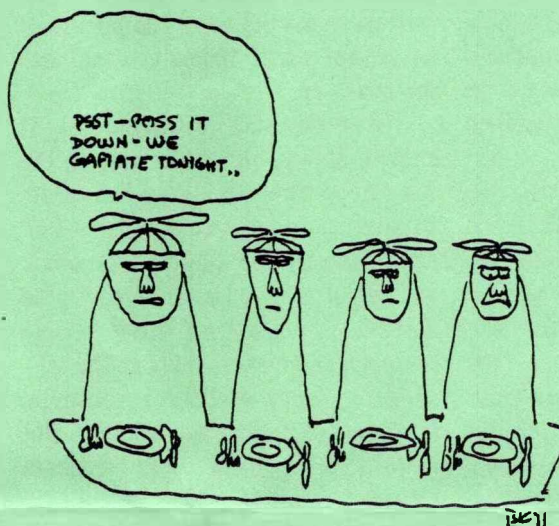
I figured I'd get a lot of mileage just by coming back. How was I to know that rebounding from gafia would become a craze?

I began to sense there wasn't much automatic egoboo in simply degafiating when I learned that the top fannish fanzine was edited by Bob Lichtman. He'd been out of fandom at least as long as I had, and it didn't seem likely that I would soon equal his eminence in present-day fandom.

Then I got a fanzine from another revennant, Lenny Bailes. And

I was prepared to find Harry Warner still publishing *Horizons* after 202 quarterly issues, and encounter Russ Chauvenet, Sam Moskowitz, Gregg Calkins, Redd Boggs, and Jack Speer on the group's roster. These are eternal verities, solid rocks in fandom's shifting sands.

I was *not* prepared to discover A.



Whistlestar #5 had a review of a regular genzine, *Phas*, edited by Art Widner. The last time Art Widner published a regularly appearing genzine was *Fan Fare*, notable for the demon knight article that spawned the N3F. His return to fandom made mine seem like pretty puny stuff. (I was pleased, however, to know that fandom could forgive such an error in judgment after only five short decades.)

I got my first copy of *The Fantasy Amateur* the other day. It presented another revel-ation. it. □

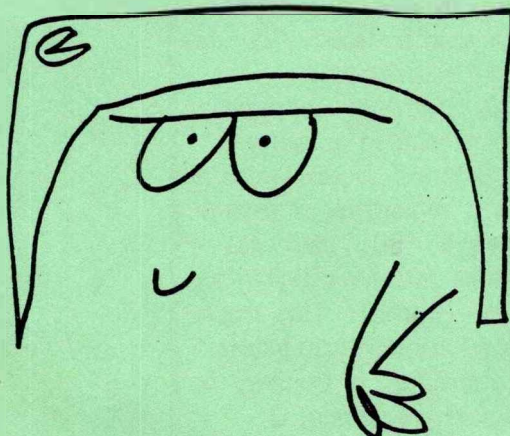
Langley Searles among the FAPAns. The venerable editor/publisher of *Fantasy Commentator* feuded with Francis Towner Laney (who admitted that he was wrong to spat with ALS) and published *The Immortal Storm*. He must've been out of fandom 35 or 40 years. It sure put my 15-year gafiaion into proper perspective.

So don't heap praises upon my fannish brow just because I've been gafia for 15 years. Do it because it's the right thing to do. And you know

Folly #2, Late Summer 1990, is written, edited, and published by -- gasp! -- Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107) on a determinedly irregular schedule for the diversion of the mailing list. September 10, 1990.

Folly is available for letter of comment, contribution of artwork or writing, or (arranged) all-for-all trade for your fanzine. I would deeply appreciate a copy of your mailing list.

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



Have pity on the...

CABLE-less

A Heart-rending Tale of Deprivation

A welcome byproduct of our Vegas move is that it allows me to come in from the outer dark and join the nation of full humans who have cable service. New York City is supposed to be a media mecca, but most of the five boroughs went unwired through the 1980s.

One big reason is all the litigation that surrounds the franchise. Whenever New York City awarded a cable contract, one or more of the losing bidders sued. The winner, fearful of losing the territory in the court, wouldn't put money into installation. So except for some parts of Manhattan, there

was no cable in the Big Apple.

About the time we decided to move to Las Vegas, work crews fanned out through Brooklyn and dug up the road to lay the cable. Our street was the last to sport the telltale repaving down the middle of the street which indicates readiness for hook-up.

To recap the situation as it existed during our final days in the Big Apple: New York City has cable. Brooklyn has cable. Our neighborhood has cable. Our block has cable. Cable has arrived in the Gotham. The seductive Cable company commercials choke the off-network hours of the TV schedule. It's soooo easy, the ads assure. But nothing's easy for the good residents

of 59 Livingston Street.

Our landlord is embroiled in a dispute with the cable company that eliminates any chance that the building will get wired any time in this century. He's waiting for that golden kickback that never comes.

For a media junkie, liberation from this electronic ghetto is a Christmas present in September.

Prime Cable wired our home the day we arrived, so I am Cable-less no more! "Ozzie & Harriet" reruns and 30-minute "rear vision" sunglass ads, here I come! □

'Art Dept. Life Imitates Art' Dept.

Last issue I bragged about how much I forgot while gaffiated. Even I was impressed with my ability to forget even the least trivial facts.

I thought I was pretty damn clever about the whole thing, until Ross Chamberlain called recently with a question about *Video Games & Computer Entertainment*. Business handled, I ask him a fan question that had been on my mind of late: "How many volumes are there of 'A Wealth of Fable'?" I have three, and I didn't want to miss any precious Warnerian fanhistory.

"A Wealth of Fable?"

"Harry Warner's history of 1960's fandom."

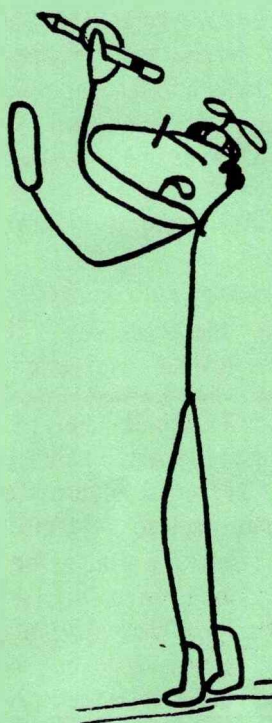
"Harry wrote a history?"

"You did the cover. It was on every volume."

"It was? What was it like?" Well, there went my follow-up question about cover symbolism. I described the picture.

"Are you sure it was by me?" I told him it was. "Well, better check again."

After the call, I rushed to the shelf. At the bottom of each and every cover of "AWoF": was an unmistakable "Cross C". After I tell him, I'm going to convince him that he won the "best fanzine" Hugo in 1974. □



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Tabloids often run stories with headlines like: "Your Favorite Stooge Reveals Your True Personality". Applying the same breed of pop psych to fanzine titles shows that mine all follow the same intriguing pattern.

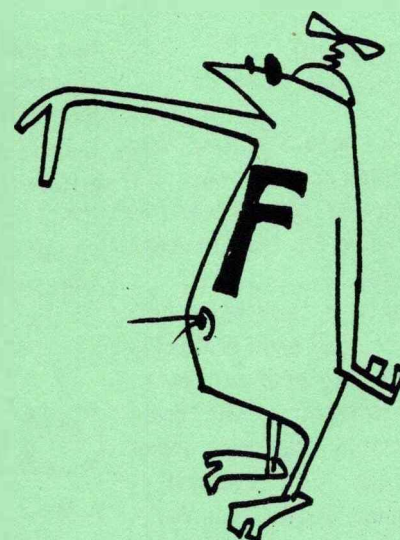
Apazines aside, I've always favored short, punchy titles made up of standard English words. This may have a deep meaning, or it may be the result of not wanting to lettering guide something as complicated as *Energumen* or *Nyarlatotep* issue after issue. I have published two fanzines with four-letter titles (*Quip* and *Snap!*), one with five (*Swoon!*), and three of six letters (*Cursed*, *FLAWDL*, and *Tandem*).

Folly is more appropriate than most names I've selected. I know Bill and Joyce think I'm nuts for committing a fanzine. Of course, Bill publishes a wrestling fanzine called *Angle* (which I named). This makes his "perish before you publish" advice suspect. Besides, he promised me a column. □

A FEW WORDS OF PRAISE FROM

Folly

This and all other issues of *Folly* would not be nearly as easy to do without a lot of help from my friends. **Joyce Worley Katz** typed labels, **Becky Shayne** took care of the printing, and **Bill Kunkel** lent a helping hand and Immoral Support to every phase of *Folly*. Thanks also to **Linda Bushyager** for the use of her mailing list and to **Bob Lichtman** and **Lenny Bailes** for furnishing supplemental addresses.



PLAYING AROUND

What did you do
in the Video Game
Wars, Daddy?

The brief description of my career inspired a few questions about game design. It boils down to a two-parter: What does a game designer do, and how does he (or she) do it?

Electronic games haven't always been designed the way most of them are today. Computer programmers, the only ones who could make the hardware do tricks, were the first game authors.

Primitive game consoles had rudimentary sound and graphics and lacked the memory capacity for complex game-systems. A single *auteur* is behind most of the early (1978-1984) games.

Current machines have 25 times the memory as those of a decade ago. The same *auteur* who once handled

every phase of a game simply doesn't have the skill -- or the time -- to fill the larger canvas available to today's designers.

Let's face it, coding a fully scored original musical composition is a different order of creativity from coding a few "beeps" and "boops". Similarly, anyone can program a circle with two parallel tangent lines and call it a tie-fighter -- if that's the best anyone can do. When the audience expects highly detailed, animated graphics, it's time to call in a specialist.

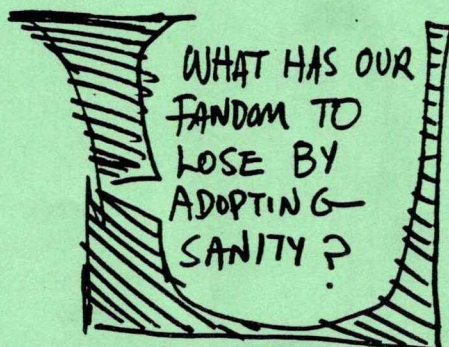
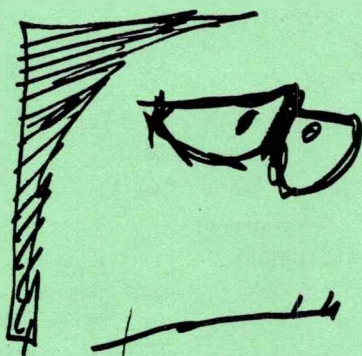
Designing a game was once a lot like writing a novel. You holed up in your room away from distraction and emerged with the finished work.

Game-making is now much more like making a movie. There are renaissance people who perform several jobs in a film project, but few would attempt to do everything involved in producing a major commercial movie.

A game designer is a lot like the screen writer or playwright. The designer comes up with the concept, fleshes it out to a comprehensive set of instructions, and assists the implementation team (which includes programmers, musicians, and graphic artists) in turning the author's document into a playable game.

Our first was *Borrowed Time*, a hard-boiled detective story adventure set in the 1930s. Brian Fargo, the president of Interplay Products, had a contract for an adventure from Activision, and hired us to do "some kind of mystery". We created the characters and structured the plot, including branches and alternatives. After the publisher approved the outline, we wrote all text, including dialogue and narration, and specified the content of each of the game's 80 full-screen illustrations. As producer, Brian supervised the art, music, and programming, commissioned a rulebook, and worked with us on the user-interface.

Superman, Man of Steel (Capstone), is very different from *Borrowed Time*. It's what we call an arcade-adventure, a set of action contests embedded in an overall plot



Continued on page 4

Playing Around

Continued from page 3

structure. Richard Spitalny, who owns the "Superman" license for video and computer games, asked us to develop a game for the European and U.S. markets.

In one of our marathon bull sessions, Joyce, Bill and I decided to do *Superman, Man of Steel* as an interactive electronic comic book. The player would read each panel and, when the plot reached a dramatic climax, switch to a real-time action game to resolve the crisis.

We outlined the plot, which Bill turned into thumbnail comics pages and a script for the dialogue. He said it was much like the documents he used to submit at Marvel, DC and Harvey. Instead of turning it over to the penciler, inker, and letterer, though, we conceived each of the action games.

We then wrote a document which described playfield, control system, operation logic, scoring, and other necessary data for each of the individual arcade contests. This part alone ran 150 pages.

Our programmers, based in Newcastle-on-Tyne, turned our logic-based instructions into computer code. Specialists wrote the music score, designed the title page, and executed the artwork based on DC's official style book.

The programmers periodically sent us disks-in progress for the various editions. We wrote lengthy critiques to correct mistakes and make on-the-fly revisions. About nine months after we started, TyneSoft released *Superman, Man of Steel* in England and Europe. Six months after that, Capstone published the U.S. version, with a few more amendments by us.

Subway Software, the name of our design arm, creates a wide variety of games. Specialization in one *genre* is good in the short run,

because a designer builds up a record of expertise in one category, but it is too stifling over the long haul. For that reason, Subway does as many different types of games as possible, from statistically based sports simulations to fast-action shoot-'em-ups.

Our biggest hits so far have been

MicroLeague Baseball II and *MicroLeague WWF Wrestling*, though *Borrowed Time* and *Superman, Man of Steel* were also very strong.

I'm including a game-ography for those who might be interested in knowing which published titles we've designed so far. □

GAMEOGRAPHY

• Beverly Hills Cop

Publisher: Tynesoft

Description: An arcade-adventure with a new storyline using characters from the two Eddie Murphy movies.

• Borrowed Time

Publisher: Activision

Description: An illustrated hardboiled detective adventure.

• MicroLeague Wrestling

Publisher: MLSA

Description: A real-time strategy game featuring digitized sequences of Hulk Hogan and

other WWF stars.

• Superstars of Wrestling 1,2

Publisher: MLSA

Description: Additional matches.

• Star Trek: First Contact

Publisher: Simon & Schuster

Description: An illustrated text "Star Trek" adventure.

• MicroLeague Baseball II

Publisher: MLSA

Description: A statistical baseball simulation.

• Superman: Man of Steel

Publisher: Capstone

Description: A comic book adventure in which the gamer plays action games to resolve major conflicts.

• Ringing Brothers Circus Games

Publisher: Box Office

Description: A multi-event action-strategy game featuring popular circus acts like tiger taming and trapeze.

• The Omnicron Conspiracy

Publisher: Epyx

Description: An interactive graphics adventure starring Ace Powers, interstellar policeman.

• Mayday Squad

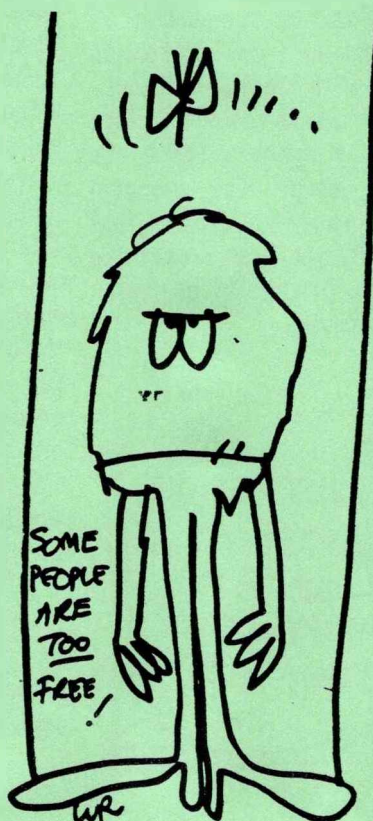
Publisher: Tynesoft

Description: Action-strategy game in which the player guides a three-person strikeforce to liberate an embassy captured by terrorists.

• Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and Rodeo

Publisher: Box Office

Description: A multi-event



action sports game based on the celebrated Buffalo Bill show.

- First Person Pinball

Publisher: Hi-Tech Expressions
Description: A dual playfield electronic pinball in which the player sees a "ball's eye" view of the table.

- Roller Coaster Rumbler

Publisher: Hi-Tech Expressions
Description: The player rides a roller coaster, shown in first person perspective, while gunning for a variety of animated targets.

- MicroLeague Wrestling II

Publisher: MLSA
Description: The sequel to the

original wrest new matches, improved graphics and revised play-by-play commentary.

- MicroLeague Wrestling II Match Disk I

Publisher: MLSA
Description: A disk with additional matches.

- Orb 3-D

Publisher: Hi-Tech
Description: A redesign of *Beyond the Black Hole* for the Nintendo NES.

- MicroLeague Baseball Enhanced

Publisher: MLSA
Description: A new generation of baseball stat simulation, initially for the C-64 computer. □

fakin' it

Now that we have cable, basic service is Not Enough. How can I be expected to survive with only 28 channels? I had to have some of those pay stations, too. I'd seem them clustered invitingly at the bottom of the daily program grid and yearned to join the in-group of elite cable subscribers.

Prime Cable offers a good "pick three" deal that includes a free remote controller. Home Box Office and Showtime were practically automatic picks. Bill tried the Disney Channel, but it didn't impress any of us. Disney hasn't rushed its great animated films to cable. I chose The Playboy Channel.

I find the *Playboy* approach to photography a little cold. It is hard for me to make the necessary mental connection with those airbrushed girls-next-door that fires my sexual fantasies. My tastes run to painted hussies and a somewhat more mature woman than most of the ladies in the Hefner hutch.

The Playboy Channel reflects the magazine. It runs lots of slightly edited x-rated movies of no particular merit, and video

centerfolds. I seldom watch either.

On the other hand, Playboy Channel runs some engaging news shows like "Electric Blue", short profiles of artists and entertainers, and some strikingly bizarre items no other station would touch.

In August, The Playboy Channel justified its fee with a program unassumingly titled "Summer's All-Stars". It makes even such Playboy Channel firsts as the "whipped cream wrestling" special seem mild by comparison. I have never seen anything that approaches it for pure T&A -- as distinguished from porn.

Filmed at the 1990 Spring Break, it compresses all the sexy contests into a festival of churning hips and bobbing breasts. The world series of wet t-shirts and the string bikini contest are fine examples of casual prurience, but they are as nothing to the hour's centerpiece: a fake orgasm contest.

The first question that popped into my mind was, "How did they pick the judges for this contest?" It's surprising that any man would put himself forward as an expert in the field of evaluating the quality of a

ARTWORK AND WRITING CREDITS

ART

ATom: 3, 12

Lee Hoffman: 2, 14(2),
15(2), 16(2), 17

Bill Kunkel: 1, 13(2), 17

Doug Lovenstein: 11

Bill Rotsler: 1, 3, 4, 6, 7,
10

Jim Shull: 8

Writing

Dead Flowers

Bill Kunkel/13

Blue Jaunt

Joyce Katz/14

All else by Arnie

bogus sexual climax. This is not usually a bragging point when macho guys congregate in the locker room.

In any case, the contest's methodology was simple and direct. One by one, female contestants, attired in skimpy bikinis, sat in a chair at center stage. Microphone in hand, each moaned, groaned, shouted, screeched, and howled their way to the peak of simulated ecstasy. The realistic fervor of the more accomplished participants should certainly give many fellows cause for self-doubt.

The winner was a lusty latina who also captured the wet t-shirt championship -- a double threat! Not only did she carry on in several languages, but I think the crowd especially liked her big finish, during which she shrieked, "You owe me! You owe me!" I, personally, gave her extra points for the wonderful optimism of her climactic line: "Do it again!"

I ask you, what would we do for culture in this country with cable television? □

The Endless Fun of... numbered fandoms

An Arnie Katz Full-Length Article

Harry Warner devoted a couple of pages in "A Wealth of Fable" to the Numbered Fandom's theory of Fanhistory and his objections. I've previously sided with Speer and White in this continuing debate, but now I must concede the verity of Harry's position.

Speer's goal, to systematize the study of the hobby's past by segmenting it into eras with common traits, is laudable. Most proponents of Numbered Fandoms, and intelligent critics like Harry, are simply discussing the subject to reach a heightened understanding of the subject. Unfortunately, the squabbles of rival fanhistorians have often generated more heat than light. A few writers have even lost sight of the accademic purpose in favor of settling grudges or riding hobby horses.

Harry Warner claims that fandom is too diverse to categorize in this manner, and that there are always hordes of collectors and convention fans who remain outside the Numbered Fandoms structure. The classic response by Numbered Fandoms' partisans is that the theory only tracks the core of active, fanzine-centered fandom. The trends of the last two decades, which I am only starting to assimilate, call even this modest claim into question. Fanzine fandom is now so vast and fractionalized that no span of years exhibits enough cohesiveness to satisfy Speer's definition of a "Fandom".

There's a temptation to say: well, Numbered Fandoms don't describe the history of all of fanzine fandom, just fanish fanzine fandom. How do we reconcile that explanation with a scheme that includes First, Fourth, and Eighth Fandoms (as described in the accompanying article)?

Maybe "Fandoms" were always an illusion. *Quandry* is often cited as the archtypal focal point fanzine, but there were many serious SF fans at the time whose fanac did *not* revolve around Savannah, GA. I think they were Missing Out, but that's my opinion. I love *Quandry*; Don Day's *Fanscient* is good, but not to my taste.

If *Quandry* was not the true focal point even of active fanzine fandom, then claims on behalf of *Science Fiction Review*; *Focal Point*, and the others must be viewed skeptically. *Lan's Lantern*

undoubtedly involves a lot more fanzine fans than *Trap Door*, yet neither is the center of all, or even most, of fanzine fandom.

Another possibility is that Numbered Fandoms is a valid theory for one stretch of fanhistory, the Fanzine Age (1935-1985). Theorists could

place Numbered Fandoms within a broader scheme that reflects fandom's large-scale changes. Perhaps one or more would like to try in future issues of *Folly*. Fanhistorical debate seldom reaches irrefutable conclusions, but I think the effort can be very enjoyable. □



Here's a synthesis of several of the popular presentations of the Numbered Fandoms theory of Fanhistory. It isn't gospel, just my interpretation of the concept, with liberal help from Jack F. Speer, Dick Eney, and Ted White. Other leading fanhistorians of this school would undoubtedly want to offer revisions and amendments:

Speer identified two types of eras, Fandoms and Transitions. A Fandom is a period during which common interests and concerns unite the core of fandom, while the intervening Transitions feature greater diversity. A Focal Point Fanzine is an amateur publication which is the focus of actifannish interest during a Fandom.

EoFandom (1930-

1933) is the period before fandom truly coalesced into a hobby. Interest centered on the prozines, and letter hacking was the prime activity, although the first fanzines, *The Comet* and *Science Fiction Digest* made their debuts.

First Fandom (1933-1936), with *Fantasy Magazine* as focal point, centered on science and science fiction. Fanzines,

often typeset and offset printed, featured fiction, interviews with pros, science snippets, and previews of prozine line-ups.

First Transition (1936-Oct. 1937) ran from the decline of *Fantasy Magazine* to the Third Convention (a Philadelphia regional at which the "Mutation or Death" speech introduced Michelism. The prozines weren't doing so well, which caused some fans to break away from concern with SF and begin to look at the hobby as an end in itself.

Second Fandom (October 1937-October-1938) revolved around intense political discussion sparked by the idealistic socialism of Michelism. It ended when Wolheim and three other top Michelists resigned control of FAPA and sounded "Retreat".

Second Transition (October 1939-Chicon I [1941]) had a massive influx of new fans (The first Barbarian Invasion) which began to swing interest back toward the literature.

Third Fandom (Chicon I-1944) stressed the brotherhood of all fans and struck a balance between SF and fandom in fanzines. The focal point was Harry Warner's *Spaceways*, a journal of considerably intellectuality that stoutly maintained a "no feud" policy.

Third Transition (1944-Pacifcon I [1946]) was an era in



which many of the stars of Third Fandom dimmed (gafia and reduced activity). Its climax was the failure of Operation Futurian, a plan to introduce the Fantasy Foundation as an intelligent replacement for the moribund NFFF.

Fourth Fandom (Pacifcon-Philcon I [1947]) was a throwback to an earlier time. Interest centered on letter columns in *Thrilling Wonder*, *Starling* and *Planet*, and celebrities were prolific letterhacks like Chad Oliver. Speer says that Sgt. Saturn, the wisecracking letter column host, was its symbol. Nuttiness like the Shaver Mystery was typical of the wild-eyed approach some took to the hobby.

Fifth Fandom (Philcon I-Cinvention [1949], with Art Rapp's *Spacewarp* as its focal point, reacted to the juvenility of Fourth Fandom with a greater show of erudition and sophistication. Without neglecting the prozines, fandom started to develop a rich store of legends and anecdotes about itself. This period also saw the birth of the Insurgent Movement, led by Charles Burbee and Francis T. Laney, which extolled the pleasures of wine, women, and song as healthier than an all-consuming devotion to science fiction and fandom.

Fifth Transition (Cinvention-Nolacon [1951] displayed the after-effects of the Second Barbrian Invasion, caused by mass

recruitment through Rog Phillips' "Clubhouse" column in *Amazing*. The Korean War took a number of key fans, most prominently Art Rapp, out of active fandom, and the gaffiation of Laney and Burbee stifled Insurgentism.

Sixth Fandom (Nolacon-SFcon [1954] was born, at least metaphorically, in room 770 at the Nolacon, the first gathering of the cream of fanish fandom in several

years. Lee Hoffman's *Quandry* was its focal point, and she, Max Keasler, and Shelby Vick reigned as top active fans with Tucker and Bloch returning to activity as elder ghods. The crowning achievement was "WAW with the Crew in '52", which brought Willis to the Chicon II. Some experts believe that Sixth Fandom survived the demise of *Quandry* in 1953 when Gregg Calkins' *Dopple!* took over leadership, which extended the Fandom to SFcon in 1954.

Sixth Transition (SFcon - Southgate [1958] disrupted the harmony of Sixth Fandom as rival cliques strove to don Lee Hoffman's discarded mantle. Most notable of the self-promoters was Harlan Ellison, who proclaimed Seventh Fandom without fully understand the underlying concept. He was about three years early.

Seventh Fandom (Southgate-Discon I [1963]) came together to fulfill Rick Sneary's dream of a worldcon in Southgate, CA. It actually took place in Los Angeles, but the hotel was officially ceded to the smaller town for the duration of the convention. Terry Carr and Ron Ellick's biweekly *Fanac* served as the focal point. Fans reacted to hucksterism and commercialism by turning their attention back to fandom itself. "The Enchanted Duplicator" is a pure expression of the Seventh Fandom ethic. Fandom

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RED LETTER DAY

Please M. Post Person Look and See -- (Whoa, Whoa) -- Is There a Letter, a Letter for Me?

No one wants to get a telegram, but everyone loves mail. Even curmudgeons who spend their spare hours campaigning against junk mail get misty-eyed at the sight of a pink envelope with delicate feminine handwriting and a hint of Chanel No. 5. Surprise mail can always prove a treat, but there is nothing to match the anticipated receipt of something wonderful.

I learned of the pleasures the postman could bring at a very early age. (This does not count my father's repeated insistence that I physically resemble the letter carrier.) As a regular "Captain Video" viewer in the mid-1950s, I had to have every trinket the Captain's

obese assistant paraded in front of my innocent eyes.

The shill, reassuringly clad in the uniform of the Video Rangers, made it so simple. In exchange for several wrappers from Powerhouse candy bars and a quarter, they'd send something wonderful, like the Captain Video Ring or the Light Gun that wrote glowing messages in the dark. We kids even got to keep the candy.

All the gizmos, whatever their exact nature, shared certain features. Virtually all had "whistles only you can blow", most had a nook described as "ideal for keeping secret messages", and none of them ever worked as marvelously as the show claimed.

That never stopped me. I'd chomp on those peanut-infested Powerhouse bars to collect the needed labels, rush them to the address shown on the screen, and then haunt the mail box every day until the bulky little package arrived. And barely would the disappointment at the latest Capt. Video premium fade from my youthful memory than the fat guy in the uniform would unveil some alleged new pearl of great price.

I expected the most important mail I got during my first stint in fandom. I knew it was coming, but I didn't know whether it would dispense joy or despair.

I felt certain I would get a reply when I timidly wrote to Ted White, head and host of the Fanoclats, asking for an invitation to a meeting. As I waited for his answer, I had every reason to expect a turn-down. The Fanoclats seldom added members and were reputedly not fond of brash young neofans.

One mid-April day in 1964, I came home from the 11th grade to find a post card from Brooklyn atop the usual stack of fanzines and letters. I won't say that his

reply brimmed with good fellowship, but it was patient and kind and showed great understanding of my situation. He invited me to the next meeting, Friday evening at 9:00 pm.

Rich brown and Mike McInerney later told me that they were present when Ted got the note and had spoken eloquently on behalf of toleration for bumptious neofans, but I think the lion's share of the credit still belongs to Ted. After all, he invited this young stranger to his home.

When I decided to resume participation in fandom, I wrote several letters to those who'd been most important to my fan career in the past. I just wanted them to know I was back, that I hoped to publish a little, and that I remembered them with fondness.

I was lying in the pool, trying to keep in line with the sun's passage across the afternoon sky, when the phone rang. After I dried and dressed awhile later, my assistant Becky told me that the manager of The Mail Box had called. We use a privately owned mailing center in preference to the United States Post Office, because they give large-



volume mail receivers like us more attentive service.

"Alice called to say that you have a priority letter from a Mr. Walter A Willis of Northern Ireland," Becky said. A letter from Walt Willis! And not just a common every day letter, mind you, but a piece of mail that had received special handling. I imagined white-gloved messengers tenderly carrying the good news from Donaghadee to Vegas.

Since Joyce had just returned from the mail center 15 minutes earlier, I knew I'd have to wait until at least the next morning to get my special Willis letter.

As I lay in bed that night, my sense of wonder ran wild. What would require such expensive postage? Perhaps he was so touched by my eulogy of *Hyphen* in the letter that he'd decided to publish another issue. This fannish saint, at no small inconvenience to himself, was going to give me one last chance to fulfill my fanwriting dream -- articles in *Inuendo*, *Void*, and *Hyphen*.

It wasn't a likely prospect when I conceived this ambition in 1966, since all three had folded. Fandom moves in mysterious ways, its miracles to perform. I satisfied two-thirds of this goal before my gaffiation, and I would've made it a clean sweep if only I'd responded to a Willis letter received during the depths of my disinterest in fandom. Maybe fate was about to give me the opportunity to atone for failing to rise to Willis' invitation to contribute to the beacon of faanish fandom.

Or maybe Walt wanted to help re-launch my fan career by contributing to my new fanzine. What a guy! Wasn't that just like him? It might even turn out to be the first installment of a column.

It thrilled me just to think of it, a Willis column in my fanzine. A beatific smile illuminated my sensitive fannish face as I drifted

toward sleep, trying to recall whether I'd actually told WAW about *Folly*.

With sleep came dreams. Perhaps Willis had not stopped at merely allowing me to contribute to *Hyphen*, not been content to provide an article or even a column for *Folly*.

Perhaps the reason for this unprecedented special letter was that WAW had decided to enter the new decade on a fresh note. In the 1950s, he co-edited *Slant* with a fellow Belfast. In the 1960s, he reached across the sea to join hands with a Londoner to create *Hyphen*. Now in this era of computers, modems, and faxes, he would reach across the Big Pond for a co-editor of the 1990s. I was proud and humble to be that co-editor.

What a team we would make! His

Birth of an Insurgent

The phone call heralding the Willis Letter, as we now think of it here, sparked questions from Rachel Bertrand, my assistant Becky's friend. Rachel could tell by my awestruck expression and the genuflections to the East, that it was a momentous occasion.

"What's Fandom?" Rachel asked. Becky Shayne's dark, smouldering eyes brightened. She had watched me fan for several months. She had absorbed fannishness while typing labels and collating.

Like a proud poppa, I watched her take her first halting step on the road to fannish Insurgentism.

"Well," Becky began slowly, anxious to get it right. "You know the Mickey Mouse Club..."

By Ghu, I think she's got it! □

talent! His Wit! His brilliance! My word processor! Katz and Willis -- all right, Willis and Katz! -- an unbeatable fanzine force for the nineties. My heart swelled with pride as I saw Walt and I, standing on the dais, humbly accepting our first "Best Fanzine" Hugo.

"Thank you, thank you," I heard Walt say as Joyce shook me back to consciousness. She claimed I'd awakened her with my enthusiastic applause.

"It's time to go get your letter from Willis," she said. I flew from the warmth of my bed into the heat of a Las Vegas summer morning. Only the safety belt kept me from floating several feet above our red LeBaron as it roared down nearly empty streets to the Mail Box.

"May I have The Letter?" I said to Alice. She hurried to the back room and returned with my special letter from Willis delicately balanced on a red satin pillow. They don't get many overseas letters in Las Vegas.

"Here it is," she bowed her head slightly, caught up in the majesty of the moment. I opened the bulky envelope, festooned with red and green warnings to treat it with respect. My fingers trembled.

There were three things: *Hyphen* #37, a printout of a Willis column from *Fulp* and a letter which began: "My, what a pleasant surprise! I don't often use exclamation marks, but I feel the need for one here to make up for all the backslapping and hugging which the Post Office are unable to transmit."

It was a wonderful letter -- and the fanzine and column weren't too shabby, either. This special letter brought more delight than my wildest speculations.

Plus, it inspired this article. I thought I'd better have something ready in case it was a summons to contribute. Since a *Hyphen* isn't planned for the foreseeable future, I can publish it right here. □

Let 'er Ride!

Mike Deckinger, 649 16th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94116

I'm in much the same situation as you when it comes to viewing modern-day fandom. I'm totally in the dark. I receive a few fanzines now and then, filled with the names of people I've never heard of before. (As a respite, I'll turn to the latest Analog, which is also filled with the names of people I've never heard of before -- dealing me a double whammy as an outcast.)

What do I know about today? A whole new energetic order of fans has arisen, and Richard Bergeron is now a bad-guy. That's it. My sum total knowledge.

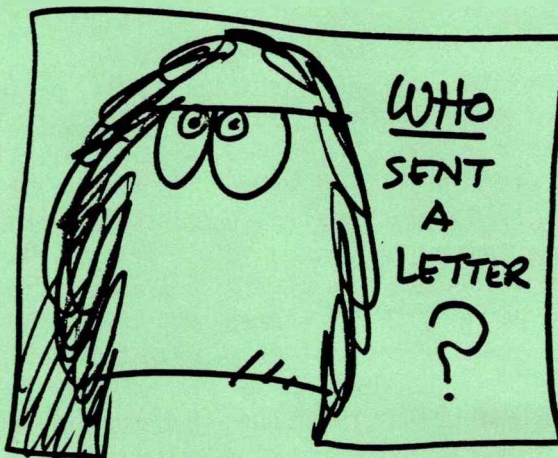
But it is still enlightening to browse through today's zines wondering who these usurpers are, how they came to their positions, what happened to the prominent names of old?

Arnie: Now, now, let's not have any of us Relics bad-mouthing energetic young Ungrateful Usurpers. There may be a contemporary fan contemplating making his reputation by producing an anthology of my best work. I don't want to give him or her second thoughts.

I recall with great nostalgia the era of Long John Nebel's radio show. There are several West Coast equivalents, but no one comes close to what he did as a pioneer and innovator. I used to spend sleepless nights absorbing his talk-fests, especially when sf personalities dropped by, which was frequently. Because of the almost open-ended format, there was no evident haste to make a point or speed an opinion. If the topic happened to be a stimulating one, it could easily be enlarged to cover all five or six hours of air-time. The guests always seemed more relaxed and inclined to talk than on other commentary programs.

Arnie: Nebel was a voracious reader who always came to the interview totally prepared, something that a lot of TV talk show hosts don't seem to feel is necessary. Another little Nebel quirk was that he did not talk to the guest before the show, so that the best part of the conversation always went over the air. The thing that separates Nebel from current "way out" talk show hosts is that he was a complete and total skeptic. Scientific proof was his only yardstick and, as an ex-carnie and pitchman, he knew all the scams.

Some
momentous
messages
from
Folly's
Raucous
Readers



Charles Burbee, P.O. Box 2284, Temecula, CA 82289-0028

Don't know if I'm qualified to welcome you back... I have Defiated -- drifted away -- myself. Enjoyed Folly though I know nothing about computer games. I have a TRS-80 I can barely run... but it will call attention to misspelled words, won't yours?

Arnie: The persistence of a few representative typos in Folly arises from my deep personal conviction that runaway technology is stifling the wonderful orthographic creativity we once enjoyed in fandom. I will have more to say on this Important Topic anon or, as we activists sometimes used to say, Real Soon Now.

Got married again in Vegas... different woman, but same place each time. Both retired, we live on an Indian Reservation near Lake Elsinore.

20 million words! Up to now I've considered Rotsler a phenomenon at 2 million. May I see the next ish of your mag? What are you N'Yawk palefaces doing in the western desert?

Arnie: Much as I enjoy dazzling you with my prolificness, I should point out that my total is paltry next to Silverberg and Asimov -- and that, minus the typo, it's 10 million words. Joyce is only half a pale-face; she's part Cherokee.

Dave E. Romm, 3308 Stevens Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408

Long time no read!

I'm not entirely sure why I'm writing this letter. I'm a poor loc writer; I haven't written a loc in six months or so. And there are at least three other zines in my loc stack, and several more in the Rune trade pile, that I wanted to say something to. But hey! we share a computer model, the Mac SE, and you mention (comparatively) new Mpls person Jeff Schalles.

Arnie: You wrote because your fannish soul told you it was the right thing to do. You should always listen to your fannish soul, especially if it tells you to send me a LoC.

Don't mess around with Unknown Forces, Dave.

However, I'm not convinced you're not a hoax. A "professional wrestling magazine?" Arnie Katz, New Yorker, in Las Vegas?? A computer person using Geneva? No way... ok, ok, it's within the realm of possibility. But just barely. I'll accept you as the Real Arnie Katz, but you're on thin ice. Watch it!

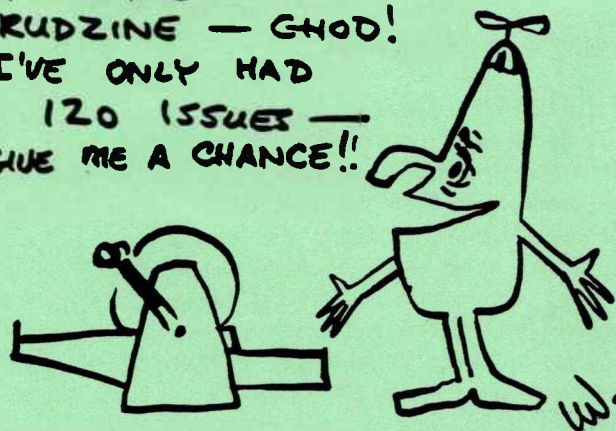
Arnie: I don't want to sail under false colors, Dave. I am not an expert on computers, I'm an expert on interactive electronic entertainment. Well, if I'm a hoax, I wonder what that guy in Brooklyn Heights thinks?

General comment about layout: I like it. If you're going to do three columns, then you've got to justify. And while I vastly prefer Helvetica to *shudder* Geneva (if nothing else, you can fit more on the page), I do like sans serif faces for body type. I think they are more readable, and who are you going to believe, me or some study? But you're using too many different fonts for the headings.

I, too, remember when the serious faned collected lettering guides and wanted to use them all. But we're living in the future now, and new options call for more discipline. I mean really... San Francisco Shadow Bold? But the layout and illo placement are nice.

Arnie: Your DTP skills are abundantly evident in

"OF COURSE IT'S A
CRUDZINE — GHOD!
I'VE ONLY HAD
120 ISSUES —
GIVE ME A CHANCE!!



the two Runes you sent. I use lots of fonts, because I am not trying for a professional look, as I would when doing a newsstand mag. San Francisco Outline Shadow Bold is Ghu's Own Type Font. It's also handy for kidnap notes. No more cutting and pasting!

Robert Lichtman, PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442

I enjoyed your write up of the CES. In 1976, 1977, and 1978 (I think it was) I went to three different CES's, two in Chicago and to the very first CES held in Las Vegas. I liked the Chicago ones better; it was more

energizing to be in Chicago than to be in Las Vegas. The restaurants were better, the night life was more to our liking and there were also bookstores to visit where I was known from having Sold Books there.

What was I doing at CES, you might well inquire. The answer would be that those were the years of The Farm's best selling book ever, The Big Dummy's Guide to CB Radio, which emerged out of a crowded field of books to become the standard text for the mainstream.

It was even sold at K-Mart -- wherein, of course, lies a tale I'll have to write some time of the 90,000 returns from K-Mart caused by the book hitting their racks the same time CB radios went from 23 to 40 channels, making the book instantly obsolete.

Arnie: The electronic game business prefers Las Vegas, for a combination of reasons including that the winter CES comes right after the (usually) profitable fourth quarter and everyone is in a buoyant mood.

Fandom's Masterworks? My favorite two TAFF reports of all time (of the completed and collected ones) are David Langford's and Ron Ellik's. I believe they belong on the list, if not more reports. The Neofan's Guide to SF Fandom must be included in any listing of this sort. Also The Really Incomplete Bob Tucker, published in 1974 by Dave Locke and the Coulsons. Jerry Kaufman published 80 pages of The Best of Susan Wood in 1982. I was out of fandom for most of Susan's life there, but the volume brought me right up to speed as to her importance in the fannish scheme of things. Another, The Chuck Harris Appreciation Society Magazine published for the Minneapolis Corflu in 1989 by Spike Parsons and others.

One you may not know of: Fanzines in Theory and in Practice collected articles, 1978-1982, by D. West. This is probably out of print now. Don selected and published this 175-page collection of his best writing. Do you know of him? This is sort of the Ah Sweet Idiocy of late '70s to early '80s British fandom only without all the homophobic stuff. Another Masterwork would definitely be John-Henri Holmberg's hardcover publication of Terry Carr's Fandom Harvest, a wide-ranging collection of Terry's work, lavishly illustrated by Grant Canfield, marred only by terrible proofreading. Yet another masterwork, though not exactly literary: the Bill Evans/Bob Pavlat Fanzine Index, bringing the original R.D. Swisher index up to date through 1952.

Arnie: Your choices all sound good. Remember, I wasn't listing "the best", only my personal favorites -- and a limited number of those. Otherwise, I'd have included several TAFF reports, Chuck Harris' Through Darkest Ireland with Knife, Fork, and Spoon, and the Atom Anthology. D. West was just coming in as I was leaving, but I would dearly love to get a copy of his

anthology, as well as the Fandom Harvest collection.

Mike Glicksohn, 508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ont., M6S 3L6 CANADA

The arrival in my mailbox of an Arnie Katz fanzine was somewhat of a shock of course. I would have been more surprised to receive a fanzine from Degler and alot more surprised to see a fanzine from Laney, but beyond those two, you were about the last person I expect to hear from in this way.

Nothing personal, but I've never found computer-generated fanzines to be anywhere near as attractive as stenciled ones can be. Your typeface isn't as ugly as some of the most offense dot-matrix fanzines I have seen, but neither can it compare to a crisply cut stencil, and the computer generated headings are downright ugly. I know most of the reasons for producing a fanzine using high technology, and I know few people will voluntarily abandon the ease of word processing for the vagaries of hand-typed and hand-lettered mimeography, but the results just aren't the same aesthetically, at least not to me. Still, I'd rather have a high-tech *Folly* than no *Folly* at all, so I'll shut up in the future.

Arnie: I sympathize with your evident frustration about the change in fanzine production. There is something special about a beautifully mimeographed fanzine like Energumen that eludes DTP fanzines. Of course, I still have some nostalgia for spirit duplication -- lots of bright colors and, in a small enough fender, a cheap high. I think today's fanzine editors must find a new mode that is as right for DTP as the old one was for mimeo. Fanzine technology has changed several times -- from printed to hecto, from hecto to mimeo, from mimeo to offset and from offset to computerized DTP -- and the potential of a new medium excites me.

Your list of classic fanwriting is pretty well right on, but a few things could be added, some having appeared while you'd

disappeared. I'd nominate "The Complete Quandry", Dave Langford's "The Transatlantic Hearing Aid", "The Really Incomplete Bob Tucker", "Performance" by D. West, "The Best of Susan Wood", "The Best of the Bushel" and "Eastercon Speeches" by Bob Shaw, Langford's "Platen Stories", "The Cacher of the Rye" by Carl Brandon, "Fanthology '76", and "The Last Deadloss Visions" by Christopher Priest. There are a few others I can't remember the exact titles of, and I don't have the requisite time to search them out right now, but I'm sure other lists will include them.

If I hadn't just finished reading *Innuendo 12*, I could have said it's been many years since I read anything written in the style of "Under the Influence", but I have so I can't and I won't. Still, it's a good piece (despite the occasional typo which one would have thought unlikely in this supposedly superior high-tech fanac) and augurs well for the future. Evidently the Katzian fannish skills haven't atrophied during those years of empire-building. (It was nice that you credited Ted. I wonder if he'll respond in any way?)

Arnie: More a balliwick than an empire, Mike, but it pays the mortgage and satisfies me artistically. "Atrophy" may not be quite the word, but it is observable to me that I can't do it as often as I once did, though I like to think that experience has taught me to perform with greater skill.

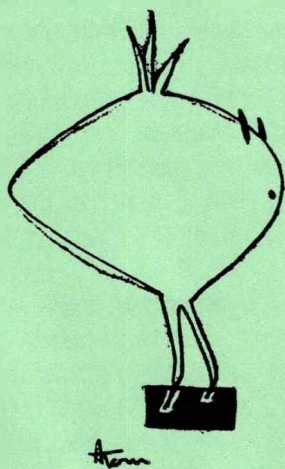
Just because we aren't friendly any more is no reason to denigrate Ted's achievements or minimize his contributions. Ted is a great fan, he was a wonderful friend to me at one time, and he taught me a hell of a lot.

Jay Kinney P.O. Box 14217, San Francisco, CA 94113

I could say "welcome back", but since I'm gaffiated myself. I don't know what I'd be welcomming you back to. In fact, if I have one overall comment on *Folly* #1, it is that is that just about all of the fannish names invoked in its pages are also gaffiated, giving the zine an air of advanced time-out-of-jointedness. [Aren't you worried that you'll slowly discover that this life in Las Vegas of "Arnie Katz" sittig down in the livingroom every day to "design the interface" will turn out to be a false reality built up for you in 2002 to enable you (now totally insane, of course) to predict where those missiles will fall, shot by the rebellious colonists on the moon??]

Of course, the impression I get these days is that fanzine and fannish fandom are in a near catatonic state, still recovering from the Bergeron Wars which you happily missed. So you may have to reinvent a welooming fanzine fandom from scratch -- or perhaps send off for what zines are being pubbed these days and foigure out the lay of the land.

Arnie: I don't think you understand the ramifications of the situation when Katz ungaffiates, everybody ungaffiates! I come to you a born-again fanzine fan, undefiled by any taint of the mid-1980s. And with energetic young fans, like that recent first-time fanzine publisher Bob Shaw, we will join together to lift the curse and restore Trufandom. Or at least have a little harmless fun. Hope you'll all be here to have it with us. □





An Occasional Column bt Bill Kunkel

COMING FROM NEW YORK I notice that I'm at something of a disadvantage in terms of understanding the real estate market. In New York, for example, place names generally relate pretty directly to the place in question. Names like Flatbush, Middle Village, Brownsville and Flushing may not stir the blood, but you sure can't accuse them of painting an unrealistic picture, either. Prosaic names for prosaic places. The nicer areas get nicer names: Chelsea, Greenwich Village, Forest Hills. It's a nice system.

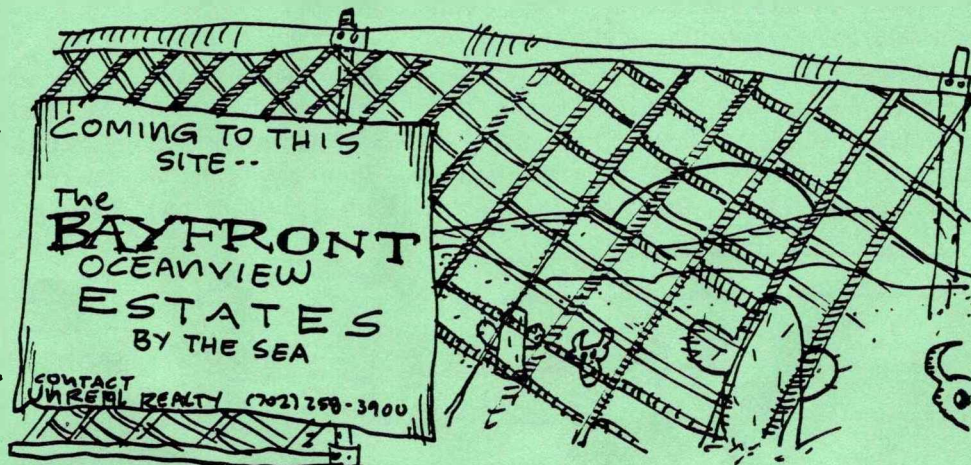
Outside the confines of the Big Apple, however, all bets are off. In fact, in parts of the South the idea seems to be that the more godforsaken a tract of land, the more exalted its designation should be. This eventually results in ghettos with names like "Elysian Fields". Then there was the worst poverty-level housing development I have ever seen; a place that looked as if the Army used it to test bazookas. I walked past one home and saw its occupant sitting in his tattered living room watching an unplugged, blown-up TV set. This wouldn't have been so unusual were it not for the fact that I saw him *through a gaping hole in the side of the building*. He turned and waved as I passed by. The

name of this misbegotten New Orleans slum? Why, it's none other than the "Desire Housing Project" y'all. A Pesthole Named Desire, indeed.

Here in the Great American Southwest, this tendency toward deception on the part of the Real Estate Community takes the form of aquatic pretense. That is to say, if you drive around the Las Vegas area and only looked at the signs on the various housing developments, you would swear you were in Southern California. The desert, you say? Can't be. We just passed "Bayview Terrace" and the "Pacific Oceanview Apartments" and, look, up ahead on the left, that's "Paradise Lagoon Estates" right next to "Seaside Townhouses" and "The Surf Club"!

Sure, I can understand where there might be a tendency to bristle at the idea of naming a development "The Stinkin' Desert Condo Club" or "Arid Acres" or even "The Wastes." But seriously, folks, to call a development "The Breakers" or "Pacific Overlook" when the nearest body of water is the swimming pool at Arizona Charlie's, well, that may be pushing things just a bit.

I wonder if they do this stuff in other countries? I suspect not. Certainly England doesn't. I know because I read "Hound of the Baskervilles" and I recall that the story was set on the Moors in an area known as "The Grimpen Mire." Certainly no land in the clutches of Un-Real Estate could ever have arrived at such a designation. □



Joyce Worley Katz Blue Jaint

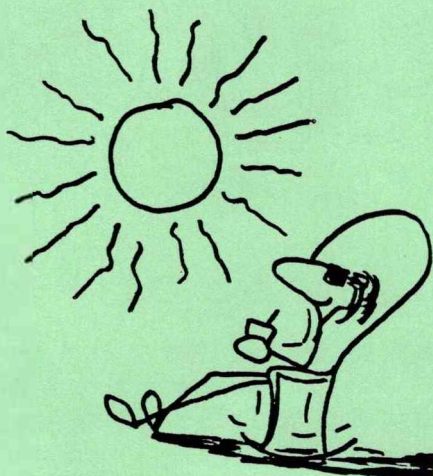
Going into the West

It started in the smallish town of Tyne & Weare, just outside Manchester, England. Arnie and I were basking in the praises of Barry Friedman, agent and friend, as we celebrated the successful conclusion of the visit with our host and then-publisher, Tynesoft. We'd just finished an intensive four-day meeting with the programmers and other members of the implementation team during which we fine-tuned a number of our computer game designs. It's

always fun to give a critique and see the changes materialize right before your eyes.

I arrived at this particular poignant moment by a fairly direct route. When Arnie, Bill Kunkel and I founded Electronic Games Magazine, I put away my secretarial skills for fulltime writing about video and computer software. After the three of us left EG, I wrote freelance pieces about high-tech entertainment for almost every magazine in the computer biz. I also served as high-tech associate editor for *Essence*, *Women's Wear Daily*, and numerous other female-oriented publications; I even told the *Cosmopolitan* girl which system to buy.

When Video Games & Computer Entertainment Magazine began, I became News Editor, and my freelancing dwindled to a fraction.



Around this time, Bill, Arnie and I started doing game design work; soon that portion of our business grew to at least 50% of our income.

The contract with Tynesoft was a milestone. Barry, the wizard of international software deal-making, put us together with the English software publisher, and we completed a total of 14 games for them. Trevor Scot and his partner Colin Courtney invited the three of us to visit the Tynesoft headquarters to give in-person input to the artists working on our projects. Bill declined and stayed home to watch the store, while Arnie and I flew to England.

As we discussed our dreams, Barry uttered the words which dominated our thoughts for the next few months. "You can wait to accumulate enough money to buy

your perfect brownstone in Brooklyn Heights, and maybe never get it. Or you can change your dream, relocate to a different part of the country, and buy a home immediately."

Convincing Kunkel

Leaving London, Arnie and I discussed the concept. First we thought, "Maybe we'll move to Jersey where property is a bit cheaper." Then, "Well, if we're leaving NYC, and going that far, why not the Poconos?" Next, we thought, "What's the reason for staying in the East at all?" None, really. We didn't need to be near the big apple to work; we do it all by Fed Ex or by modem, anyhow.

Suddenly, the world stretched out before us with no barriers, no ties to any special spot. All we had to do is decide: where did we WANT to go?

We considered Dallas...too cold. Houston...too rednecked. Atlanta, too muggy. California was completely out of the question; I would have rather stayed in New York.

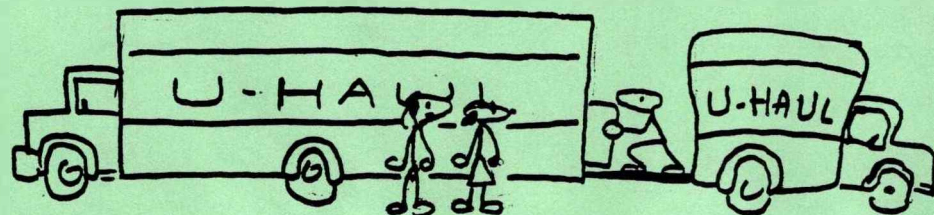
There really was only one place that seemed right to Arnie and me. But we decided to put it to Bill, and see what he had to suggest.

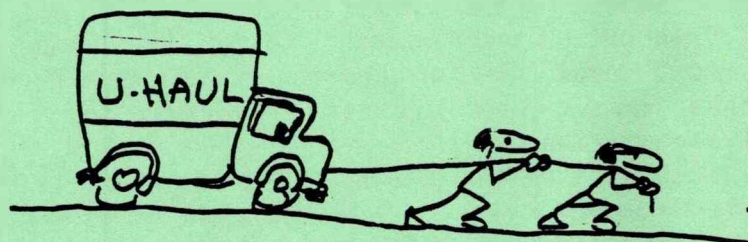
"Find a city...any city...that you think would feel right. It should have a good airport, with plenty of things to do and places to go." We loaded Bill's hands with US maps to study.

He's a good man. It's a testament to how well our partnership works that, after he looked at the charts, he came up with the same conclusion we had reached as we jetted over the Atlantic.

Viva Las Vegas!

It seemed a natural decision, the perfect choice for Katz Kunkel Worley. We all wanted a warm climate; we all preferred dryness to humidity. We had enjoyed Vegas on





our trips to Winter Consumer Electronic Shows during the previous ten years. Property was reasonably priced, and the tax situation was very favorable. And, none of us gamble.

The next step was getting a good realtor. Cathy Bittinger became the most important person in our lives for six months prior to the move. We provided her lists of what we each wanted in a house, then kept refining them until she knew exactly what would suit us. She, in turn, started doing computer searches of the area's real estate listings, and every week or so, sent printout descriptions of property that matched our specifications.

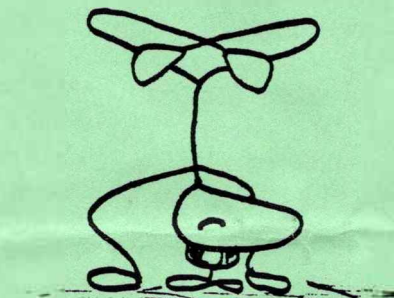
Making Plans

Our moving date was set automatically, by the fact that the Katz lease ran out on Oct. 1, 1989. (For the fan historians among you, that date marked 19 years since we had moved into the Livingston Street address.) The three of us could barely be contained through the summer. There was a lot to be done, to get ready to transfer ourselves, chattel, livestock (cat) and the business. It's a good thing we were busy, otherwise, our impatience might have finished us. We were like three kids anticipating Christmas morning; once we made the decision to leave the New York City area, we couldn't wait to leave the Big Apple behind.

When Spring came, we started hunting our mover. After calling all the majors, and some of the haul-it-by-nights, we determined they were

all a bunch of thieves. We got quotes from several namebrand cross-country movers, and although each used the same price-per-hundredweight, their estimates varied vastly.

It was going to be costly, at best. Goods had to be removed from three separate locations, Bill's apartment in Queens, our apartment in



Brooklyn Heights, and a storage warehouse in Bay Ridge. Although Bill planned to take very little furniture, Arnie and I were moving four over-full rooms, plus tons and tons (about 22 of 'em) of books, magazines, fanzines, records, games and assorted hobbycraft. Then there were the computers and accoutrements.

We used North American Van Lines. They gave the highest estimate of weight; we figured this would serve us well, so the overage at the end of the trip wouldn't be as much. It worked for us; the balance due after weighing the load was a small percentage of the total.

Choosing a Home

The frenzy of preplanning hit its peak the weekend following Labor Day, when we made our first trip west to pick places to buy. Timing was critical: as late in the summer

as possible, to be sure of the Tynesoft royalty checks, destined for escrow as downpayments on two residences, and early as possible, to allow time for the current owners to vacate. We wanted to move direct into our new homes upon our arrival in Vegas. More than want, really; we had to accomplish this, in order to have places to put the furniture, due in Vegas about a week after departing NYC.

We originally planned to go the last weekend in August, but delayed so Barry would be back in the USA after his summer in Canada. Barry, or Prince Among Men, as I like to call him, offered to meet us in Vegas to help househunt and to negotiate the purchases. Waiting for Barry turned out to be the smartest decision we ever made.

Thursday evening we let Cathy know we had arrived, and arranged to meet her in the lobby of the Sahara the next morning. She had never seen us, of course, but we had exchanged pictures. We'd talked on the phone a lot during the summer; she had allowed herself to get caught up in our excitement to a gratifying extent. She had handled cross-country purchases before, but this was the first time she had ever dealt with three artistic types who travelled around with a financial manager. Barry had already started on the paperwork with her, Vegas bankers, and the escrow company, filing financial statements, royalty reports, credit reports, tax returns, and hundreds of sheets of information on our personal careers and financial worth.

I'd like to devote several paragraphs to the exhausting ordeal of house-hunting, but the truth is that Cathy cut through that; it was so simple we were finished before noon, left with nothing more arduous to do than chortle about our homes.

Cathy first took us to a house Arnie and I had picked from the

computer search. It had the details we had requested: 4 bedrooms, pool, spa, and lots of extras. But it failed to tug at our heartstrings. Next she drove to the western side of town, to eyeball a property that had just come onto the lists.

From the minute we drove up in front, I could tell. Favorably situated on a low green hill, on the left hand side of a Y in a quiet culdesac, the ranchstyle house was framed in trees and rosebushes. Inside, we were charmed by the pink walls and hunter green carpeting. Arnie walked into the large parquet-floored sunroom that looked over the

tiating the prices for each of the properties. Cathy just sat back shaking her head; "I thought I knew about bargaining," she said at one point, "but I've never seen anything like this!" Later, she told us that she had completely changed her tactics, as a result of seeing Barry in operation.

We had the two properties sewn up by nightfall, and handshake agreements with both current owners. Our house wouldn't be vacant by the time the three of us moved on September 25th, but Casilda promised to have the garage cleaned out so we could stash our

stuff there. Bill's condo was ready; that would be our destination on That Great Day.

But there were still lots of things to accomplish before we returned to NY. Deposits had to be paid on all utilities; we had to arrange for the phones to be installed. We needed a postoffice box, so we could get it into circulation as soon as possible. We had to open bank accounts for ourselves personally, and for Katz Kunkel Worley, Inc.

business on Saturday for us. It was painless; Barry had already provided every scrap of information they needed. The meeting was so low-stress, it was almost social, a pressing of the flesh and little more.

We had mulled over the question of how we would live during the week between our arrival and the coming of the furniture. First we thought we might have to motel-it for those days, but dreaded the inconvenience, especially since work would continue during that time. Our schedules were heavy; we couldn't spare more than a couple of days to moving. Barry had the answer to this problem, too: we arranged for a condo-full of rental furniture to be in place on our arrival.

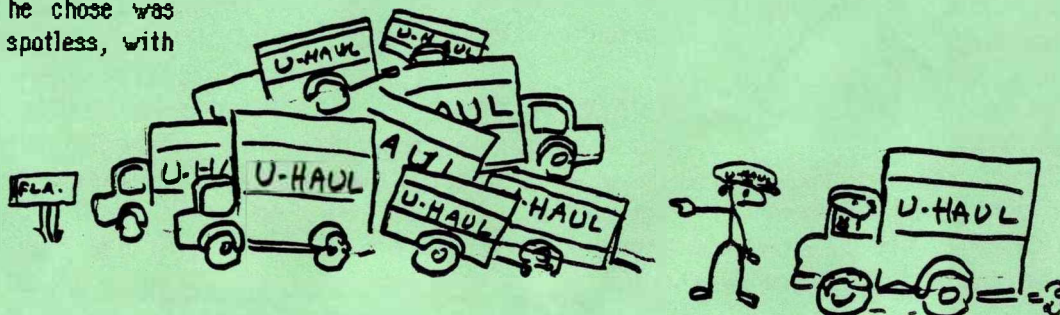
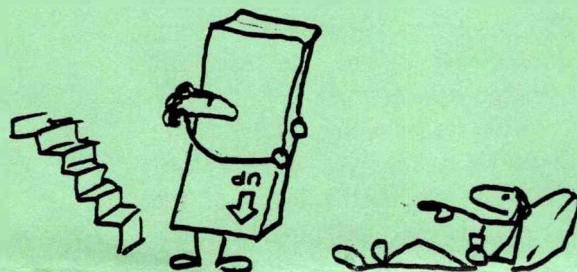
I'd like to digress here to talk about the Wonder of Los Wages. This town is the most convenient in the world for travelers or new arrivals. Several hundred thousand people move into the Vegas Valley each year, along with several million tourists. The city is therefore accustomed to providing special services. If we desired, we could have had a full staff waiting, hot meal on the table, fire in the fireplace, and a party of welcoming celebrants.

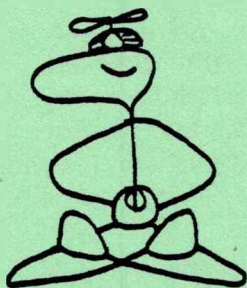
Monday we did business. Barry was in his element; his expertise cut through every problem. The banker had also been prepared for our arrival, with tax returns, financial statements, and advance deposits for our starting accounts. (It's astounding how much of the red tape that tangles most transactions is cut away by professional

deep back yard, pool and deck, threw wide his arms and said, "This will be my office!" Barry sat in a chair in the terraced, tree-filled backyard and when we told him "this is the one", enthusiastically agreed it was a winner.

Next Cathy took us to the placeshe thought would please Bill. Although Arnie and I had labored through all of two walk-throughs, (ah, the wonders of computer shopping!) Bill needed only one look. The Greens was an exquisitely manicured, gated community, complete with pool, spa, tennis courts, and guard gate. The two-story condominium he chose was huge, beautiful and spotless, with

private patio, fireplace, cathedral ceilings and a gourmet kitchen. Barry worked magic that after-noon, nego-





advisors!)) Vegas financial institutions normally are not easy to

satisfy, even to open a simple checking account. Along with the millions of tourists and thousands of new arrivals, there are unfortunately thousands of fly-by-night operators running scams and get-rich-quick schemes.

We did the official walk-through of the properties that afternoon, and signed the first purchase documents. We shot a roll of film in each place, to show the folks back East. Truthfully, it was as much to have

them for ourselves to dream over until the actual move..

As we flew out of our newly adopted city that afternoon, our own buoyancy probably was what kept the plane up! There was a lot to do in the next three weeks, to get ready. But no amount of work could undermine our joy. □

Next issue, the cross country adventure continues in "Going Into The West, Part 2"

The Missing Masterworks

The short piece on Fandom's Masterworks in *Folly #1 America*, Berry's Goon stories, Kent Moomaw's "The inspired several supplemental lists of outstanding Adversaries", Lon Atkins' "Circle Game", Marion Zimmer major publications. It gives me a lengthy "wish list" to Bradley's "Way Out West in Texas", and F. Lee Baldwin's pursue over the next few years. Putting everyone's "Crime Stalks the Fan World". favorites together shows that there's still a lot of scope for anyone who wants to anthologize the great literary works of fandom.

There's certainly no shortage of possibilities. Collections of famous columns is one fertile area which hasn't been heavily mined. "The Collected 'All Our Yesterdays'" is the one which springs most readily to mind. Harry reworked some of this material for his two fanhistories, but there's still a lot, especially the fanzine profiles, which would make a fascinating anthology.

The top fanzines would yield some terrific books, too. Fanzines ripe for anthologizing include *Hyphen*, *Void*, *Innuendo*, *Xero*, *Lighthouse*, *Warhoon*, *Pollatch*, *Rats!*, *SFR*, and *Opsla!* Also worth attention are slightly less well-known (but still excellent) titles like *Frap*, *Egoboo*, *Mota*, *Shaggy*, *Spacewarp*, *Starling*, *Energumen*, and *Cry*.

What about individual fanwriters? "The Incomplete Ted White" is long overdue, and high quality volumes could be compiled from the works of Calvin Demmon, Harry Warner, F.T. Laney, John Berry, Bob Lemann and Bill Rotsler.

And while we're mentioning Rotsler, isn't it incredible that fandom's all-time favorite cartoonist has never had a collection of his cartoons? The man has drawn so many brilliant pieces, in so many delightful styles, that the only problem would be how to limit the size. Let's give Stiles and Bjo the same treatment, while we're about it.

I'd like to see a faan fiction anthology. Among possible items for such a book are Terry Carr's "Cacher of the Rye" and "The BNF of 12", "Willis Discovers

Bob Lichtman, in his letter in *Folly #2*, mentions the Evans/Pavlat "Fanzine Index". It's a mammoth task, but wouldn't it be wonderful if someone brought it as current as practical? A lot of fans are firm believers in computing power, and this project seems made for such technology. □



Fandom by the Numbers

Continued from page 7

brought John Berry and Walt Willis to worldcons with special funds, and TAFF became firmly established. Top genzines like *Innuendo*, *Void*, *Xero*, and *Warhoon* represented the wide-ranging interests of this era.

Seventh Transition (Discon I-Pacificon II [1968] ushered in the first great Age of Apa, as fans retreated from general fanzine fandom in reaction to the Breen Boondoggle. The cleavage shattered friendships and caused many talented fans to gaffiate, or at least hibernate. Booms for Burrough, Tolkein, and "Star Trek" sparked the third Barbarian Invasion and the rise of sub-fandoms.

Eighth Fandom (Pacificon II - January 1970) revolved around Richard E. Geis' *Psychotic/SFR* as fully as Sixth Fandom focused upon *Quandry* though the two eras share few other characteristics. Serious discussion, primarily of science fiction but embracing other topics, held sway during Eighth Fandom.

Eighth Transition (January 1970-July 1971) suffered from the decay of discussions into acrimonious feuding, and the consequent decline of *SFR* and its imitators. The proliferation in regional conventions took hold

during this period, which paved the way for today's incredibly active con scene.

Ninth Fandom (July 1971-Discon II [1974]) blended the fannishness of Seventh Fandom with the Insurgentism of Fifth Fandom in a heavily fandom-centered era. Even many discussionzines that survived Eighth Fandom, like *Bea bohema*, turned to a more light-hearted, fanish view of things. Terry Carr and Ted White were the elder statesmen behind a group of actifans that included John D. Berry, Bill Kunkel, Joyce Katz, Jay Kinney, Terry Hughes, rich brown, and Me. The biweekly news-genzine *Focal Point*, edited by rich brown and Me, solidified the core of Ninth Fandom while running the Bob Shaw Fund that brought the famous Irish fan to the Noreascon in

1971. The genzine incarnation of *FP* continued to lead the pack. When that folded, first White and Berry's *Egoboo* and then Berry and Demmon's *Hot Shit* kept the flag flying. Among manifestations of the era's devotion to fanhistory were Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays", a reprint of "The Enchanted Duplicator", Terry Carr's "Entropy Reprint" columns that ran in many fanzines, *The Incomplete Terry Carr* anthology, and *Fanhistorica*.

Ninth Transition (Discon II - ∞) resulted from a personality/lifestyle clash between elements of the Brooklyn and Falls Church groups, the pillars of Ninth Fandom and the subsequent reduction in activity by many of the era's stalwarts. Younger fannish fans tried to carry on in the Ninth Fandom tradition, but no new focal point publication emerged.

Are there more identifiable eras beyond Ninth Transition? You'll have to ask a sounder authority on the late 1970s and 1980s than I to make that determination. My *hunch* is that fandom became so huge and diverse during the Ninth Transition that the concept of Numbered Fandoms breaks down -- assuming it had some historical validity in the first place. □

WHO'S IN 4TH?

There is a question in my mind concerns 4th Fandom and 4th Transition. I am not entirely comfortable with the idea of a fandom centered on prozine letter columns.

Might not *Kampfire*, which won every fan poll for 1946-1948, be 4th Fandom's true focal point fanzine?

Polly

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