

Katzen Jammer

The Magical Mimeo Tour:
Thoughts on *Willis & White's 'Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator'*

A good definition of fannish frustration is receiving a copy of *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator* in the mail and being incapable of reading it. The Special Collector's Edition (\$15) popped into the mailbox during my post-op recovery period, and I couldn't make out the autographs on the frontispiece, much less the text of this sequel to *The Enchanted Duplicator*.

I promised myself, as a reward for good behavior while a patient, that the first thing I'd read with my new glasses would be *BTED*. Self-bribery worked as magically as Jophan's

dandy duper. Drs.. Westfield and Parker marveled at my dedication to their instructions, ignorant of the magnificent treat awaiting me at the end of this extended period of prohibited behavior and circumscribed life.

When I got reading glasses and the time was finally at hand, I found myself approaching the

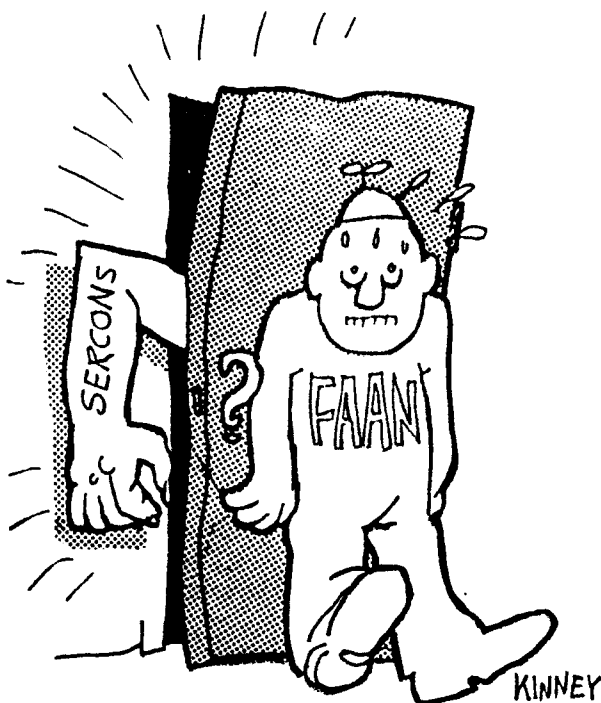
beautifully produced volume with a certain amount of trepidation. Would it, in some unguessable way, spoil the perfection of the earlier work? Would it be a New Testament or merely a Book of Mormon?

I must admit that *The Enchanted Duplicator* has always been close to my heart. At my first worldcon, the 1963 Discon, I read two masterworks that made an indelible impression on the young fan I was at that time. I started with the second edition of *The Enchanted Duplicator*, followed by *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* as a chaser. This fannish boilermaker was fire and ice in printed form. My mind reeled as I went from the idealism of Willis and Shaw to the naturalism of Francis Towner Laney. Both *The Enchanted Duplicator* and *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* have done much to shape my ensuing fan career.

So despite great anticipation, my mental jury was definitely out when I turned the page of this beautifully produced volume. Publisher Geri

Sullivan and artist Stu Shiffman deserve much praise for creating a package which is visually interesting and a pleasure to read.

I see the illustrations differently in my mind's eye, but Stu's interpretation of the manuscript is valid and quite attractive. I'd have preferred a somewhat less literal evocation of *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator*, which I think would befit the story's allegorical nature, but Shiffman's art offers



echoes of the familiar that make the characters feel more individual and personal.

Geri's professional touch makes this first of what will no doubt be many editions of *BTED* a tough act to beat for future republishers. One can only hope the excellence of the volume doesn't prove too daunting, because this primo piece of faan fiction should remain constantly in print.

James White's role as co-author is hard to assess. I would love to read an article about the creation of the two stories which described the contributions of the three fannish ghods who are credited with authorship. In lieu of that, it is impossible not to focus on Walter. The writing in the original and its sequel is not identical, but each is a nearly seamless production. This puts Walter, as the obvious constant factor, on the hotseat.

BTED is less a true sequel than a response to the philosophy embodied in the classic allegory. One of the most interesting aspects of the relationship between the two stories is that the same person, Walter Willis, is responsible for both. *TED* is the worldview of an enthusiastic young fan, while *BTED* may be the more sophisticated restatement of a person who has lived 35 additional years of a well-rounded and satisfying life.

TED presents an idealization of Fandom in which the hero takes a journey from the real world to the utopian sub-society of Trufandom. Success for Jophan means climbing the mountain, grasping the handle of the



magic mimeo, and spending the rest of his days turning out perfect fanzines. In short, it is the concept of FIAWOL (Fandom Is a Way of Life) as seen through the eyes of a tremendously perceptive and talent pair of fans.

BTED uses many characters from the earlier story, often to good purpose. Willis and White do a capital job with personalities like Letteraxe, who really comes alive in the newer work. These bits of familiarity, which frequently serve as the lynchpins for wry commentary about the changing face of fandom, may obscure the fact that the context in which the characters reappear is entirely new.

Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator keeps the Trufan Ideal that powers *TED*, but

discards the FIAWOL sub-theme. The hero of *BTED* finds fulfillment by leaving the cloistered confines of Trufandom and returning to Mundane, where he blends fanac with "real-world" activities like building a career.

If *TED* is, as I believe, the most eloquent statement of Classic Fanzine Fandom, then *BTED* may well hold the same meaning for today's varied and disparate mega-Fandom. The original emphasizes the creative and artistic aspect of fandom, while the sequel dwells on interpersonal associations and the fellowship of fans.

The Enchanted Duplicator bore the burden of the elitist notion that fanzine fans are the special, the true bearers of the soul of fandom. *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator* is more truly egalitarian in spirit. Trufannishness can be found in all manner of fanac, if it is done with a generous heart.

The most disturbing thing about *BTED*, from the viewpoint of a fanzine fanatic like me is that Jophan doesn't write or publish much in *BTED*. He directs his fanzining energy toward going to conventions, making friends, and living a contented life. These are all fine activities, but it seems a pity that Jophan achieves his goals at the expense of his soaring creativity and passion for personal expression.

Willis and White pave Jophan's road to happiness with creative sublimation of his fanning instincts. He jump-starts his career by applying the principles of fanzine layout to the arrangement of goods on a

supermarket shelf and starts to move up the ladder when he adapts the idea of interlineations to the needs of an employe newsletter.

This strikes me as a healthier concept than Jophan spending his entire life in fannish isolation sending his zines down from Mt. Olympus. The satisfaction that Jophan finds in *BTED* is less removed from reality than the happy ending in *TED*, but that same note of reality makes it somehow less majestic.

A sensible, mature person will gladly settle for the ideal fanlife as portrayed in *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator*. Assuredly, it is a more well-rounded existence than the one which Jophan embraces when he finds the *Enchanted Duplicator*. but something vital and compelling is gone. Jophan is a driven artist in the first story; just an amiable fellow with an appealingly low-stress life in the second one. The latter may please the intellect, but the former is more apt to fire the blood.

One piece missing from Jophan's life puzzles me. How could they deny their literary creation the same solace that has brought joy to their own lives? Jophan has numberless friends, career success, the respect and admiration of his peers, but — where is his Madeleine? His

Oral History -- Revisited

The response to my notion of an oral history (see *letter column*) was positive, but with enough temperate criticism to cause me to rethink my approach.

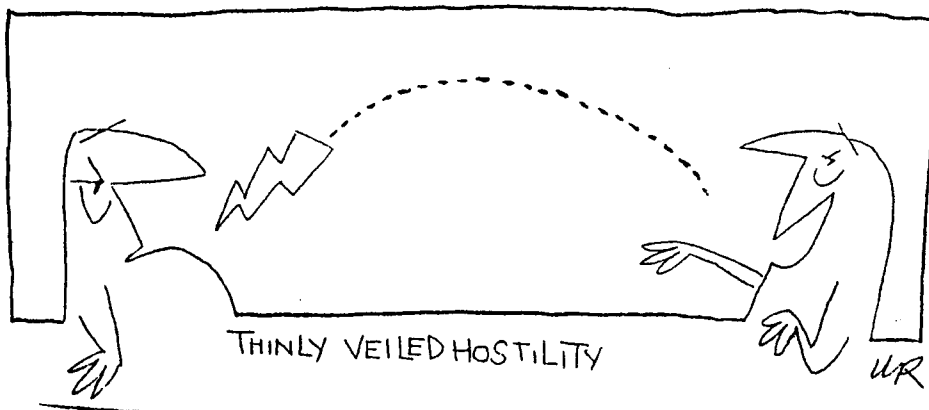
In brief, I've decided to go ahead, but on a much smaller scale. The first step, which I am taking this issue, is to solicit articles about "First Times". These pieces will focus on the writer's first major experience as a fan, whether it be a fanzine, club, con, or meeting with another fan. It doesn't have to be the literal first time, either. I want an account of the thing that truly

propelled you into fan activity.

Sam Moskowitz and Gary Deindorfer have already sent contributions, and both Joyce and I are working on ours. How about the rest of you?

When I've run some in *Folly*, I'll issue a call for additional ones. I'll then publish both the ones from this fanzine and any new submission I receive in a special publication called *First Contact*.

Consider this an invitation to participate in this fannish Oral History project.



Joyce? His Elinor? Perhaps this was intentional, to keep the happy ending from being patly perfect. I know too many contrary examples to claim that no man can be happy without a Good Woman, but it did make Jophan seem isolated and lonely in the later years.

I've heard and read a lot

about the current sad state of fanzine fandom since I returned to activity a year ago. "They" say that it's all over, and that we're into heavy duty afterglow. I say they're wrong, and I advance *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator* as but one piece of evidence among many. It is a fascinating story, engagingly told. I don't think it can ever share that special place in my heart with *The Enchanted Duplicator*, but it is an exemplary piece of faan fiction that belongs on everyone's special shelf of fannish treasures.

It almost made me want to

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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 cartoon illustrations.

Playing Around

Arnie Attends the Press Conference from Hell

When I was a young fan, I well remember how everything revolved around the World Science Fiction Convention. Awards like the Hugos and Nebulas measured according to the calendar year, but most of us took a more conventional approach to timekeeping. We knew that each Gathering of the Clans represented the completion of the old year and the start of the new one.

It is no coincidence that most Numbered Fandoms begin and end at the worldcon. There's nothing like face-to-face meetings to grease slow-moving wheeler-dealers.

The biannual Consumer Electronics Show fills the same central role in my worklife that the World Science Fiction Convention holds in the hobby. The main difference is that CES is a binary rather than a single pole star.

The events are as different as the seasons in which they occur. The January event is the time for publishers and retailers to lean back in their chairs, count holiday season receipts, and think expansive thoughts. Full wallets combine with the well-being of full bellies from Christmas and New Years feasts for an upbeat, optimistic show.

The summer Consumer Electronics Show in Chicago is the heavy duty buying event. The publishers fill their exhibits, whether at a plush hotel or in McCormick Place's North Hall, with sneak peeks of the stuff they hope to sell during the year's final quarter. That's when retailers make up to half of all electronic gaming sales.

I prepared for the June 1991 CES

with especially great anticipation. Some of that should be easy to understand. My cataract surgery, described a couple of issues back, was a rousing success that gave me the best vision I have ever enjoyed. I was anxious to put it to work on all the exciting new games. And I couldn't wait to see friends who'd become mist-shrouded shadows.

The Las Vegas CES had proven particularly harrowing. Only the constant help of Joyce and Bill got me through the six days of meetings. As people approached, someone would announce the right name in my ear, because my effective range was about two feet. And I couldn't see much then, either. Luckily, game screens presented less of a problem, since the strong light they emit had the power to pierce the cataract cloud.

My interest was professional as well as personal. Electronic gaming is at a crossroads, and I was there to look for signs. Scouting up a few new clients wouldn't hurt, either.

The summer CES encompassed enough positives and negatives to keep any journalist scribbling. I noticed that Joyce filled several notebooks in her small, neat handwriting, and my near-illegible scrawl covered at least two of them. This wasn't a show at which one or two products jumped out as major breakthroughs, but almost every company had something worth seeing.

The recession cut deeply into attendance. The announced total of 55,000 was half what CES drew as recently as two years ago. Traffic in the computer and video game area in

the McCormick North Hall was light, but the people prowling the aisles were serious buyers, not browsers killing time until the next Playmate autograph signing. I had the impression that some other segments of the electronics business suffered more than gaming, and that's a comfort of sorts.

Constructive optimism reigned in game-land. Most companies are trying to adjust to what everyone believes will be a turbulent and fickle market for the next couple of years. That's a big change from January, when many video and computer game publishers whistled in the dark while ignoring Impending Doom.

Nintendo City, the huge booth that incorporates displays by Nintendo and all of its official licensees, housed some conspicuous exceptions. Nintendo City hosts and hostesses grinned like the Joker, but their jollity had a forced and artificial quality that few missed. They are not stupid people; they know that the NES is a goner and that the Super NES is unlikely to attain comparable popularity. Many had trouble making money during the boom, and the onrushing NES burnout has paralyzed them. We were told of a secret meeting of Japanese Nintendo licensees at which 10 of the 30 companies said they'll walk away from the whole schmeer when the current trend deepens.

Computer software publishers are trying a saner strategy, too. They'll concentrate on smaller lines of much classier product. Pure shooters are out of favor, thanks largely to their popularity in video gaming. Simulators, adventures, sports simulations, and action-strategy titles will predominate this coming winter.

The Sega Genesis emerged from CES as the big winner. Genesis software impressed everyone. *Toejam and Earl* could be the first 16-bit system seller, and there are other treats like Park Place's hockey game, the long-delayed *Batman*, *Starflight*, and *Sonic the Hedgehog* due to hit stores in time for Christmas. Sega had an absolutely devastating display with screens running *Sonic* and *Super Mario World* for direct comparison.

Nintendo didn't help its cause with the press conference that kicked off the first official day of the show. Weeks after leaving Chicago, it's still that meeting I most vividly recall.

Peter Main and Howard Lincoln, the two ranking Caucasian executives, are bidding to become, as Bill Kunkel wrote in *megagaming*, the Siegfried and Roy of electronic gaming. Like the duo that stars at the Mirage, this pair pulled off some stunning feats of magic. The most impressive was the way they simply vanished at the end of their presentation. It was better than beam-me-up-Scotty. They just disappeared. I was sitting in the second row -- Nintendo had thoughtfully commandeered the front row for its minor functionaries -- and they were gone before I'd stood up.

It was a measure of the audience's mood that even this amazing piece of prestidigitation drew no applause. This indifference probably didn't surprise Lincoln and Main, because it fit the crowd's mood throughout the proceedings.

This press conference is unique among the many I've attended. There was no applause. Not when Main welcomed the reporters, not when he introduced Lincoln. Not even when he predicted huge success for Nintendo's "Power of Three" (NES, Super NES and Game Boy).

Nintendo is reaping the karma of five years of condescending arrogance. The writers knew the company was suddenly looking a little more vulnerable. Built-up resentments probably made many wish, if only secretly, that Nintendo would stumble and look foolish. None brimmed with good fellowship toward Nintendo. They would be objective, but they refused to be easily impressed.

Not that the audience showed no reaction. The gasps when Peter Main announced the Nintendo-Phillips N.V. CD deal made the room sound like a snake pit. Which would have been appropriate, since Nintendo had first sold Sony on a machines that combines a Super NES and a CD player before signing an agreement with Sony's biggest competitor.

This guaranteed a strange show for Sony, which had a special display

right in the middle of Nintendo City. They closed it down and walked away on Saturday, but I thought they should have torched their booth before they slunk away to lick their corporate wounds.

And the crowd did laugh at least once. It came right after Peter Main described the relationship between Sony and Nintendo as "warm and friendly; a good business relationship." This came just after he told us that Nintendo wasn't going to support the Sony Play Station, and that this machine wouldn't play the games Nintendo and Phillips will develop together.

The meeting was supposed to reach its dramatic peak with the introduction of Team Nintendo. After the announcement, three short, chubby people dressed in identical blazers and with the same nondescript hair styles, stood up. They went to a table at the front of the room and lifted a green table cloth to reveal a display of a Super NES, an NES, and a Game Boy. Since the machines weren't connected to anything, there wasn't much more that Team Nintendo could do. They sat down again. Silence blanketed the entire ritual.

After the meeting, Joyce, Bill and I discussed the future destiny of this trio of refugees from a Saturday morning Japanimation cartoon. When Bill casually referred to "those three guys" I had to correct the heart throb of Las Vegas. "One of them was a woman," I told Bill, who just shook his head. A woman too androgynous to set off Kunkel's Female Alert System is a rare thing, sort of like the "Pat" sketch that ran several times on "Saturday Night Live" last season. People don't have a sexual interest in Pat, but they become fixated on the intellectual challenge of figuring out whether to address Pat as "Mr." or "Ms."

Team Nintendo illustrates that Japan doesn't understand the U.S. as well as they think they do. They love our pop cultural creations, but they interpret them in light of their own society. Sometimes, they manipulate cultural icons without understanding their connotations to us. This produces things like coin-op machines in which the monsters are caricatures

of Aunt Jemima and a group of "astro boy" clones called Team Nintendo. (Incidentally, these people would be horrified if an American attempted to interpret their culture to them.)

The question and answer session fittingly capped the agenda. A reporter would ask Peter Main something, and then the Nintendo executive would reply that "I think Howard Lincoln is the right man to answer *that* question." Fair enough. But then Howard stands, takes the mike, and with the air of General Schwartzkoff analyzing Desert Storm, gravely intones, "No comment."

Then they did their vanishing act, and it was "game over" for the gala Nintendo Press Conference.

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Art Credits

ATom: 11
Ross Chamberlain: 2
David Haugh: 6, 10, 15
Jay Kinney: 1, 17
Bill Kunkel: 13
Bill Rotsler: 3, 7, 16, 18,, 20
Phil Torici: 19

Get Well ,Walter!

The Changed Face of FANDOM

Here Comes Folly's Editor and -- oh no! -- He's Got Another Fanhistory Theory!

I hope no one feels that the on-going fanhistory discussions clash with Folly's lighthearted ambience. Fandom's past has always fascinated me, and I am not sure that I could easily turn away from the subject.

Giving up Numbered Fandoms makes me feel a little like a steamship passenger who is about to toss a life preserver overboard. Intellectually, the traveler knows that a life preserver won't do much good if the ship sinks in the middle of the ocean, but it *looks* so damned useful, and there's nothing else in sight.

The Theory of Numbered Fandoms, whatever the judgment of contemporary fanhistorians, once gave promise as an analytical tool. Though many have found Numbered Fandoms wanting as an explanation of fandom after 1970 and others disclaim its applicability even to the 40 years before that, Numbered Fandoms did fulfill a function at one time. As rich brown said in his Folly article a few months ago, it provided common reference points.

So I heave the preserver over the side and hope for something better. Reexamination of fanhistory has led me to a new theory. I don't know if it's valid, but I'm going to tell you about it anyway. Please hold the laughter until the end.

The test of any theory is how well it describes reality. Even Numbered Fandom partisans agree that its failure is its inability to truly mirror fannish events. Worse, the concept is increasingly out of synch with what's actually happening. Like Galileo, I want to scrap the old theories and erect a new scheme more attuned to today's fandom. Maybe this is it, maybe not. At least it starts a discussion.

Debunkers of Numbered Fandoms often point to current fandom's



incredible diversity and size. My idea is that expansion changed Fandom in a fundamental way.

SF Fandom has expanded in two ways: population growth of existing sub-fandoms and absorption of additional special interest groups. Growth in the 1930-1965 period was mostly within the traditional sub-fandoms -- fanzines, cons, and clubs. The majority of the growth since then has come through the development of Special Fandoms. In the past, SF Fandom accommodated special interests while retaining its essential nature. It welcomed newcomers -- and socialized them into the existing framework. As the number and size of Special Fandoms increased, the socialization process stopped working as well.

Consider the hypothetical case of a fan of science fiction films. Let's call him Forry. If Forry contacted fandom in 1930, he'd have found some fans who shared his interest to an extent, but few who'd want to talk SF films round the clock. He'd have had two choices: keep his contact with fandom limited to situations in which his

interest was shared or developing some other common ground with 1930-era fans. In other words, he could be a fringe fan, or he could move into actifandom by adapting to the needs and desires of the sub-society,

If Forry discovers Fandom at the ChiCon V, he faces a completely different situation. He could move right into the Fantastic Film sub-Fandom (or Monster Fandom or Special Effects Fandom, depending on his specific interests), where Forry would find hundreds of others willing to relate primarily through the shared interest. Fact is, there are as many movie-oriented fans now as participated in fandom as a whole in 1930 -- and quite probably a lot more. There is no need to adapt to the subculture of Fandom, only to Movie Fandom. These people are still fans, but they are not conversant, due to personal choice or lack of exposure, with the history and traditions of our corner of the hobby.

I believe that the addition of so many special interest groups has altered the basic character of Fandom. If I've got this right, then Fandom has changed from an informal interest group network into a constellation of such groups. Maybe what we have now is Popular Culture Fandom -- which includes but is not limited to science fiction and fantasy.

We are no longer science fiction fanzine fandom, but rather pop culture fanzine fandom. Our fanzine writers, artists, and editors have more in common with those who produce comics, wrestling, and gaming fanzines than with someone whose main interest is movie special effects or science fiction television shows.

My hypothesis is that Fannish Fanzine Fandom has become a division of Fanzine Fandom, itself one

component of Pop Culture Fandom.

Where does all this lead me? To the possibility that we have to stop thinking of Fandom as a Big House tenanted by a Nuclear Family of sub-fandoms. Instead, let's look at it like an apartment complex or condo community. Fannish Fanzine Fans have their condo, and there are a bunch of other condos with publishers.

And down the block are people who are part of the community (Fandom) in the sense that they share the clubhouse and swimming pool. They're not really part of our family, but we'd invite them to the annual block party (worldcon). What those Convention Fans down the street do only affects us when we venture onto their turf where, as good guests, we play by their rules.

If this theory has any merit, then

we have to look at fanhistory differently, too. Most fanhistorians have considered it a single time line.

Maybe fanhistory is a tree. At the root is Science Fiction Fandom as it was in 1935. The tree grows tall -- and then branches and branches again. Fannish fanzine fandom is not "in charge" of the history and tradition of the whole tree, just of the branch we occupy. If folks on another branch are ignorant of our activities and accomplishments, it's because their history forked in another direction at some point, not because they are spiteful or seek to deny the validity of our branch.

Do you think I have something here? Could this be the mechanism to curtail the ridiculous spatting that disfigures fanzine fandom's relations with other portions of Fandom?

New Recruits

Stalking the Young Faneds

I've read many laments in fanzines about the scarcity of young faneds and the desirability of recruiting new ones. I doubt anyone would quarrel too strenuously with the benefits to be gained from finding a slew of energetic publishers so that the rest of us can feed off their youthful enthusiasm.

One possible answer is Linda Blanchard's recently announced *Fandom Access*. The plan is to advertise this review and information fanzine in the prozines to attract science fiction and fantasy readers to our hobby. With good cooperation from those still producing genzines, *Fandom Access* could well provide a conduit to the hobby that has been missing since the last fanzine review column, which I believe was "The Club House" in *Amazing*, bit the dust.

If the Mega-Fandom Theory I've described in the accompanying article has any merit, it might offer another way to corral a few livewire publishers. My idea is that there is another group which is composed of even better candidates for fanzine fandom than the legions of readers *Fandom Access* plans to court.

I'm talking about the hundreds of young men and women who already publish fanzines. What, you don't get those zines? Not surprising, since they're being done for other sub-fandoms.

Wrestling Fandom and Electronic Gaming Fandom, two groups with which I am familiar, each boast hundreds of genzines. A lot of them are neofannish crud, but haven't we always given newcomers the leeway to produce some horrendous stuff while learning the craft?

I see a few of you twitching uncontrollably at the thought of fanzines filled with pro mat "results" and capsule reviews of the latest cartridge for the TurboGrafx-16. I'll concede that there's little place in our corner of fanzine fandom for



Continued on page 20

A Tale of Generosity and Fannish Sensibilities

An Unusual, Moving Tribute to an Unsung Trufan.

Don Fitch is a fannish archangel. The single argument that could persuade me there *ought** to be a Minicon is 1992 is that Don would come to that convention. He would bring flowers from his garden, and give them to whoever was running the Minneapolis in '73 Suite, or its equivalent. He would smile and help and surprise and delight in unexpected and astounding ways, just as he did this year. He would enjoy himself, and, in the process, would make the convention a far richer and warmer one than it would otherwise be. He would, through example, instill fannish sensibilities in receptive souls and hearten old and tired ones.

By himself, Don Fitch made the Minneapolis in '73 Suite worth the work. Worth the time. Worth the money.

How could a single person do so much?

Maybe it was the roses. He cut them, along with buds of iris, from his front jungle, as he calls it. He put as many as would fit in a Don the Beachcomber box, wrapping the stems in a damp paper towel and plastic. He carried them on his flight from California, and presented them to me as we were setting up the Minneapolis in '73 Suite. Soft, fragrant, beautiful blossoms. They lasted

By Geri Sullivan

through the weekend, much to the pleasure of many.

Then again, maybe it was the nuts, and cheeses. Almonds. Cashews. Havlah. Swiss. Several packages more. We enjoyed these treats throughout the weekend, using them to help stretch the supplies purchased with the Minicon budget.

Or perhaps it was knowing Don favored microbrews, for it was that knowledge that led me to spend over half the beer budget on treats such as Point Bock, Boundary Waters, Fitzger's, and Leinenkugel's — beers that were most appreciated by visitors to the suite. We drank all of them and more, thanks to generous contributions from Geof Stone, the Bridge and ... you guessed it, Don Fitch.

You see, it was Friday afternoon when Don commented that we would probably run out of cheese before the convention ended. "Let me help you buy some more," he pleaded.

"No, Don," I firmly stated, "you already gave us more cheese than we had in the first place. That's more than enough, thank you."

Saturday afternoon, Garth Danielson went to the tub for a Diet Coke, only to find all the

cold ones had been drunk. I restocked the supply and told him it looked like we'd have plenty for the party he was hosting that night in the Suite, but that we'd probably run out on Sunday.

Don, standing across the room, perked up, sought me out, and asked, "Did you say you're going to run out of something?"

Remember now, Don is hard of hearing. He's also incredibly observant.

"Yes, we're going to run out of Diet Coke, but not until tomorrow afternoon. Don't you worry about it."

He lectured me on the desirability of have just a bit more in the way of party supplies than your guests consume. "You oughtn't run out of anything, and you oughtn't have massive leftovers." He then put a folded bill in my palm and told me to use it toward supplies. "Please, don't spend it *all* on Diet Coke," he pleaded.

The folded bill was of the hundred dollar denomination. "Don't spend it all on Diet Coke." Right.

Saturday night Jeff and I made a run up to Byerlys. Eight 6-packs of specialty beers. Four packages of cheese. Three boxes of crackers. Kiwis, strawberries, and bananas. Foil-wrapped

chocolate Easter eggs, chicks, and bunnies. Carrots, celery, and more cheese spread. Raspberry, lemon, and cheese-filled breakfast rolls. In short, treats galore. Oh, yes, and three cases of diet soda, including Diet Coke.

We pulled up outside the hotel and stacked the groceries carefully on Jeff's 4-wheeled dolly. As we struggled to get the dolly up the steps and through doors, an uncharitable thought crossed my mind as a passerby paused to watch: "If that person were a fan, he would offer to help."

"Do you need some help?" His question came but a split second later. He and I maneuvered the dolly to the 5th

floor while Jeff parked the car. Turns out, he was headed to Minneapolis in '73 anyway, for Garth's party, but had forgotten the room number. Helping out helped him find where he wanted to go.

Don, of course, was quick to help us unload the groceries in the Suite. It was then that he confessed: he hates Diet Coke.

Of the supplies we purchased Saturday night, we ate all but one bag of carrots and a half-box of crackers. There were lots of leftover corn chips, trail mix, and other munchies donated Sunday afternoon by other parties, so we clearly wouldn't have starved, but Don's treats provided a

welcome change from the typical convention fare, and vanished accordingly.

The treats vanished, but Don did not. He was there throughout the weekend, washing dishes, picking up trash, buying fanzines he already had because, as he put it, "Somebody will want them." He was even there Monday noon, quietly helping with tear-down — working steadily rather than always asking "where do you want this?" — searching in drawers and corners and behind curtains to find the Dazer, the Wizard's Wand, and other toys that had moved about. While is questions were few, those he did ask ensured that he packed what needed packing in such a way as to ease the task of putting all away again once we got home.

At last, we were done. "I don't have to stay and watch this stuff?" he asked. "Oh, good, I can go up to the consuite and party now!"

We said our goodbyes. "Will I see you at Corflu? At Westercon?" he asked.

Full of regret, Jeff and I shook our heads, "It doesn't look like it, not this year." Then we all brightened, thinking of ReinCONation, even though it was five long months away. Don is sure to add magic to that convention, too — *just by being there*. If we stretch our luck, maybe he'll bring the roses.

* There is *going* to be a Minicon in 1992; we're talking personal opinion of what *ought* to be.

Consider the Fan Career of... **Walter A Willis**

- **Willis Plays the Harp**
- **Willis Plays Ghoddminton**
- **Willis Plays with Wortds**

*Now he's gonna Play
in a Whole New Way
You'll say it's Outrageous
when...*

Willis Plays Vegas

(Last in a series of teaser adverts.
Watch your mailbox)

A Fannish Game?

Arnie Examines the Possibility of Electronic Fannish Fun

Our fandom has had special magazines, books, posters, plays, movies, board games, songs, clothing, and the Langdon Sex Chain Diagram. Sometimes it seems that no form of popular culture is immune to the fannish impulse.

With the coming of the electronic entertainment age, it's natural to wonder (see Brian Earl Brown's *LoC* this issue) if there's a possibility of an electronic game with fandom as its theme. The closest we've come is the freeware electronic edition of *The Enchanted Duplicator* which is available through some U.S. bulletin boards. That's not a game, of course, but it does show that there's some interest in uniting computers and fandom.

Brian raises the question of the economics of game development, and that seems a logical place to start. Incidentally, it would *have* to be a computer game, rather than a video cartridge or CD disk. Materials for the former are prohibitively expensive. Some people do have small PROM burners, used to transfer code from the development system to a cartridge, but the cost per unit for a small run is exorbitant —



and, I believe, prohibitive unless we can sell at least a thousand units at \$100 each.

Compact Disk is a bad choice from several angles. Few people have the playing equipment yet, and development is both obscenely expensive and time-consuming. It takes most companies two years and \$500,000 to complete one CD title.

The typical computer game costs about \$100,000, paid as a series of staged advances against royalties, to design and implement, plus the expenses of packaging, disk duplication, documentation, advertising, distribution, and customer support. Lesser outfits will do a game for under \$30,000, and others demand at least twice

that \$100K average. Las Vegas' own Westwood Associates, employer of a number of *Folly* readers, gets the top price in the field, because it's the world's number one independent development house.

It would be impossible to develop the game for more

than one system, which dictates the choice of MS-DOS. There's nothing to prevent another group from doing a translation for the Amiga (or any other machine), but primary development would be easiest on MS-DOS.

Don't despair about the six-figure price though. It's as deceptive as if you'd asked the cost to do a magazine. In other words, no one will tackle a fannish computer game as a commercial venture at this time, but that wouldn't prevent people with the right skills from doing it on a fan basis.

Sales might even be high enough to partially compensate the creators for their time, though not at the level of a successful mainstream release.

If the creative team donates its time, the docs are done like a fanzine, and packaging is kept simple, there's no financial barrier to doing a fannish computer game.

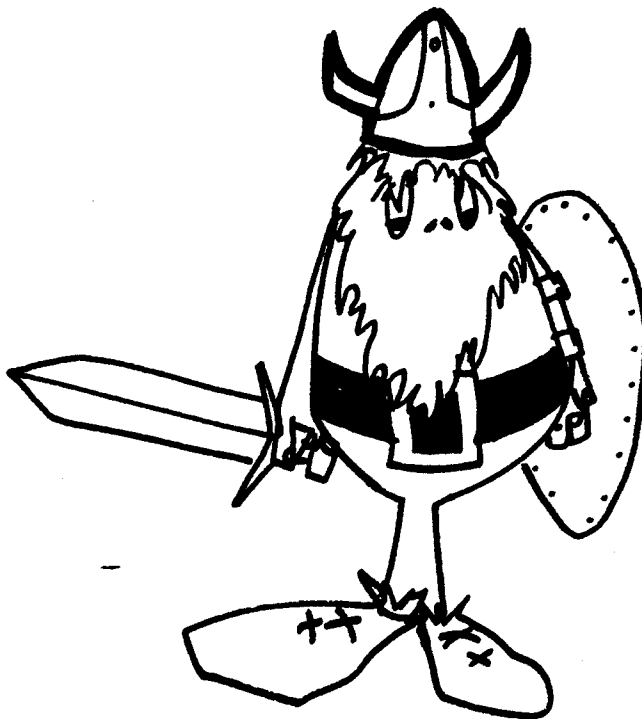
What kind of game should it be? The cheapest and easiest product would be a text adventure along the lines of Infocom or Britain's Magnetic Scrolls. There are parsers available for little more than the asking, and the programming would present minimal difficulty. Designing a text adventure is time-consuming, but nothing a fanatic like me would be afraid to try.

Personally, I wouldn't bother to do a text adventure. If there's only going to be one fannish computer game, it should have more zip than an all-prose quest. This format is virtually dead, and it was player indifference that killed it. If we're going to try something this ambitious, let's shoot for the moon.

So, what kind of game do I think we should -- and more importantly, could -- do? I see three choices, all of which have good points.

An Action Game. This is the simplest to do and would entertain the widest spectrum of fannish users. It doesn't place any unusual demands on the designer or programmer, though a good artist and musician would be a big plus. A game of this type would feature an involving play-mechanic with artwork and goals tied to fandom.

An Action-Adventure. This would be the best format for a game based on *The Enchanted*



Duplicator, since knowing the faan novel wouldn't preclude enjoyment of the game. This is a larger project than an action game, but the resulting game would have a more intimate connection with fandom than a relatively abstract action contest.

An Action-Strategy Game. A controller-activated strategy game could simulate the full round of fan activities, though it would be the hardest to develop. Some complex programming would be needed, and it is less likely that any of the shortcuts available to the development team would work on this one.

It might not be necessary to create a game from scratch. The game development crew could obtain some or all of the code from existing public domain or shareware products. It might even be possible for a hobby project like this to get the rights

from a commercially published game that is no longer in active distribution. It would still require a certain amount of programming, as well as new graphics and sound/music, but starting from an existing program would save time and money without appreciably hurting the finished game.

Can it be done? Well, maybe. Las Vegas Fandom now boasts quite a few neofen who have more than enough talent to do a fannish computer game. If a few of them catch the *desire* to do one, the project could become a reality.

A Plea to Letter Writers

The letters of comment on *Folly* have been one of my great satisfactions. I love to get 'em and share the contents with other interested locals.

Lately, a tiny cloud has slid across my azure sky. Several LoCers have lamented that I didn't print their letter. I wish I could run them all, but there just isn't room. It's no judgment against the ones that I'm forced to WAHF.

I'm still working through the backlog of "must use" LoCs received during my eye troubles, and I should be current by next issue. Please don't stop writing.

Mare-ing Time

By Mare Gram

What I Found When I Went Walking

Listen to your own thoughts as I tell you three tales of Death.

Death of a Dummy

There is nothing as innocently evil as a 10-year-old boy. I say "innocently", because, for instance, it may be evil to kill a living thing, but you wouldn't say that it was evil for a hawk to kill a dove. A lion is not condemned because it downs a water buffalo, and I say that no child's plan can be evil in and of itself. Judge for yourself, though, if these actions were evil.

They sat on the sidewalk on a hot July morning. Four boys between the ages of nine and 13, and they were bored. If it was because of the heat and the sweat, no one could tell, but a diabolical plan hatched within the group.

As they talked, sinister grins appeared on their faces and hands were rubbed together and small guttural laughs spontaneously erupted. They silently snuck into the oldest boy's house and took the old broken Big Wheel from the garage. Then they snuck into the sister's room, where they snatched "Charlie", the ventriloquist dummy. Finally, they went into the younger brother's room where they grabbed a pair of P.J.s and a small Red Sox cap.

The boys quickly undressed the dummy and slipped the P.J.s on him. They tied its hands and feet to the

handlebars and the pedals of the Big Wheel and placed the Red Sox cap on his wooden brow. Back outside, the boys set the Big Wheel at the top of a steeply sloping driveway and waited.

A sky blue Ford station wagon turned the corner and headed down the street. The boys judged the velocity of the vehicle and released the Dummy. The Big Wheel gained momentum as it rolled down the driveway. The little cloth legs of the Dummy seemed to pump the pedals faster and faster, impatient to meet its Destiny.

The Big Wheel hopped the curb and flew into the path of the station wagon. The plump woman behind the wheel slammed on the brakes. Her eyes became white saucers.

It was too late.

There was a short screech of tires and the crack of metal meeting plastic. The Big Wheel and the Dummy did two full rotations before they separated.

The Big Wheel crashed into the side of a parked car, while the Dummy lay in the middle of the street, his legs draped over his head.

I have often wondered about the true meaning of terror. The woman sat in her car, her mouth frozen wide open, her white knuckles gripping the steering wheel.

The door flew open, and the woman slowly got out of her car and looked at the Dummy. She grabbed her hair, curlers and all, and her whole face went into reverse. She ran towards the Dummy, but her legs were not working right. Her feet went off in different directions with a will of their

own, and her legs looked like rubber bands. She fell many times before she reached the Dummy. When she finally made it, she picked up the Dummy in her arms -- and his little wooden head rolled off.

I think it is important to tell you that the woman never made a sound this whole time, not even when she clutched at her hair. But when the Dummy's head fell off and she could see the metal rod that had held it on, and when she realized that there was cotton sticking out of the severed arm, she produced a noise. To this day, a chill runs down my back when I think of it. It was the sound of ultimate anger, followed closely by the sound of ultimate revenge.

I ran. I never saw or heard the woman again.

The Everlasting Gas Station

There is a gas station on the corner of my street that never dies. When first built, it was an Exxon. Then the business failed, and out of the ashes appeared a Go Go station. Then that failed, so the Go Go station begat a 66 station, which begat a Husky station, which finally begat a Texaco Super Station.

I always buy my gas there, because I don't like to cross traffic, and it was a tradition. I soon learned that this Texaco was owned by a family from India (non-native American Indian).

Strange things started to happen. First, the regular musak was replaced by Indian music. I would walk in, and these strange voices going up and

down would be wailing in the background. Women draped in colorful fabric with dots on their heads sat behind the counter and chatted while their husbands helped the customers.

Every time I went in, something else would be new. Strange, colorful carpet was placed over the white tiled floor. Soft colored lights replaced the glare of fluorescent lamps. Shelves side by side with Contac and Formula 44D were herbal medicines.

I don't think that I get enough culture in my life. I love cultures, and it seems like I adopt every one that comes along. In a way, for a short period of time, I became Indian. I would go into the store even when I didn't have to buy gas and listen to the music or talk to the owners.

They set up a cooker. It was a large metal box that rotated spiced chicken and produced an enormous amount of heat. The windows were always fogged by the steam coming off the roasting chickens, and your clothes would absorb the smell.

I do not know where they got this box. It made a lot of noise, and I don't think it was entirely safe. I am sorry to say that I never tried the chicken. It didn't look thoroughly cooked, and I didn't want to be stuck in traffic when the spices kicked in.

To me, it was no longer a gas station but a portal to another land. I would open the door, and a rush of steam and heat would hit me in the face. Then I would hear the music, and I was in India.

Then it all ended. The Indian family got busted. I guess, and it is only a guess, that the regional manager walked in and was hit by the rush of steam and heat and said, "What the hell is going on here?" He looked at the carpet, the soft lights, and the slow-roasting spiced poultry and said to himself, "If the district manager finds out about this, I am dead meat."

Within 24 hours, the portal closed, and the Texaco was changed back to a symbol of America. You couldn't even smell the chicken. The whole place had this motor-oil-and-cherry-slurpee aroma.

Sometimes when I go in there now, I can still hear that crazy music at the back of the store by the manager's office. I often wonder if, when I opened that door, I would find India.

Reflections in a Public Pool

I was attending school at the University of Nevada, Reno. The only



reason I was there was the hope that after I finished, I would be hired by a large corporation and make a lot of money. I was an accounting computer major, and I wanted toys. Toys like a brand new VCR, a brand new house, a brand new car, a brand new TV, a brand new computer, a brand new trouble-free girlfriend.

Money would get me all this. Unfortunately, I had no money to pay for school, so I got a job. The only job I could find was teaching handicapped kids to swim for a measly four dollars an hour. I intended to quit as soon as I found a higher-paying job.

Something strange happened to me at work. I started watching the kids. There was a seven-year-old boy named Joe. The only words Joe could

say were "all right". I would tease Joe a little. I would say, "Hey, Joe, what is the square root of 105?" He would reply "all right" and look at me sadly.

It was the way he looked at me that started to mess me up. He had flaming red hair, and his look was like: I understand you, but I cannot tell you I understand. Joe always seemed kind of happy. He would stand under the hose and scream. I always wondered why I couldn't be happy just standing under a stupid hose. Why I needed all those material things to make me happy.

There was another swimmer named David. David was a tall 13-year-old, and like some mentally handicapped kids, was exceptionally strong. I was trying to get David into the pool one day, and I grabbed his wrist. He then grabbed mine and pulled me up out of the water. I said, "David, you don't have to go swimming if you don't want to. Just let go of my wrist." David let go and gave me this great bear hug. David didn't shower much, and no one really enjoyed his hugs, but hey, I wasn't complaining. David had an unconditional love. My love was always conditional.

One day, I was sitting in the office, and a small blonde-haired child was brought in. She was handicapped, and her parents were putting her up for foster care. I was able to hold her while the paperwork was being filled out.

I looked at her eyes and face. She reached up to touch my nose and something snapped inside me. I thought, "You don't deserve this. This is not your fault. Hell, if no one else wants you, I'll take you!" At that moment, I was willing to give all I owned to that little girl. It did not matter.

That is the day I died and traveled along a new path.

A Folly Discovery

This is Marc Cram's first fanzine appearance. Look for more of Las Vegas Fandom's newest find every issue!



Don Fitch gazes upon the Fannish Parnassus and is Pleased

3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722

Your scheme of Two Schools of Fannishness was Instantly Persuasive. (which won't guarantee that I won't be counter-persuaded by the first good Rebuttal that comes along), and is especially attractive because you recognize that they're not necessarily incompatible, even within the same person. You're right, I think, in suggesting that Terry Carr combined in about equal proportions Trufannishness and Insurgentism (as I like to think I do, though my recipe is measured by Tablespoons and Terry's by Gallons.).

I also sense a Rightness about the idea that these two Schools can't be traced, clearly, back before ca. 1950. Fandom in the '40s and before undoubtedly held the seeds of them, and some sprouts (consider Forry Ackerman), but my impression (having Discovered Fandom in 1958) has been that up through the '40s was that Fandom was dominated and shaped mostly by two other factors: SerConism (... well... a primary interest in Science Fiction and Fantasy) - bastions of this remain in First Fandom, Norman Metcalf, and the Pulp

Era/Howard/Lovecraft APAs -- and what I think of as Competitiveness. For whatever reason, (Adolescence, Sense of Alienation, &cet.) , fans were, I believe, more emotionally and socially Insecure in those days, and there was a keen sense of Competition in the attempt to Achieve Status in Fandom which continued as a significant aspect of Insurgentism.

Trufandom (a word I'm uncomfortable with because it might be taken to imply -- incorrectly, I believe -- that any other vision of Fandom must be false, but no better word has been devised) includes the Belief that the supply of Egoboo is inexhaustible, while Competition/Insurgent Fandom appears to hold that it's finite and limited, which inescapably produces an attitude that "There isn't room enough for both of us."

I suppose the Trufannish view of Fandom's Parnassus is much like mine -- not a sharply pointed peak with room for only one or a very few Fannish Ghods at the top, but rather a gentle ridge with space for quite a few along the crest, and for many more a slight but companionable distance below them.

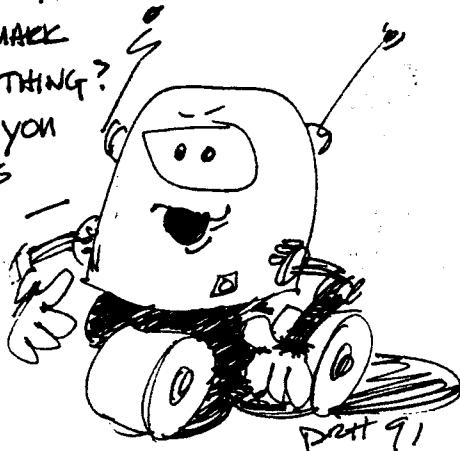
we can't trace

Arnie: I don't entirely agree with the idea that Trufannishness and Insurgentism before mid-century.

Insurgents can claim the Knaves, Burbee-Laney-Rotsler, Art Rapp's Wolverine Insurgents, and perhaps the Spectator Club of New Jersey as fancestors. Trufans can look to Jack Speer, Harry Warner, Bill Evans, and Bloch-and-Tucker in the same light.

Is it fair to identify Competitiveness with Insurgency? Some very status-conscious fans -- like Forry -- weren't Insurgents. I think you are right, however, in identifying it as a widespread trait in Fandom -- and not just before the Korean War.

YOU THINK THAT
LAST REMARK
WAS SOMETHING?
WAIT 'TIL YOU
READ THIS
LETTER!



F.M. Busby stalks the SMOFs

2852 14th Avenue West, Seattle, WA 98119

Time and Terminology (sounds like a "Blackadder" episode title) have run over you. Just as the Trekkies converted LoC pronounced ell-oh-see into Loc pronounced lock, Convention Fans have usurped SMOF, which used to be a mythical fannish power or else Bruce Pelz in a clever plastic disguise, and now use it to designate people who go all around the country working on Con Committees. You may find it hard to believe, but they really do this. In fact, modern-day Fan Guests of Honor are apt as not to be "fans" whose total fanac has been working on ConComs.

(Ghod but I hate to see a grown fan CRY.)

Arnie: Terminology in other segments of Fandom has the same bearing on our argot as the use of a word in the U.K. has on American vocabulary. One nation's heart is another's primary sex characteristic (pecker). Conventioneers' use of "SMoF" began in the late 1960s. Con fans took seriously what fanzine fans meant as a joke. The first SMOF in this sense may have been Brian Burley, who moved from Columbus to St. Louis to New

York in search fanpolitical power.

Leah Smith gives more than she has in years

17 Kerry Lane, Wheeling, IL 60090

The fact that this is the second loc I've written to you in less than six months means you've gotten more letterhacking out of me than anyone else has in years. It's true I've been feeling more inclined toward fanac lately for a variety of reasons, but your enthusiasm is especially contagious. I hope the lateness of *Folly* #4 is not a sign that your interest is waning.

Arnie: The annish (*Foolish?*) will probably be issue #10, so I guess my enthusiasm hasn't ebbed. Now what about a second issue of *Stet*?

We've been doing our bit to recruit new fanzine fans. At Windycon, Dick and I were on a panel called "Fanzines 101", so we passed out homework assignments -- a succinct description of the various kinds of fanzines, how to get them and what is expected to do when one does; plus a list of currently published zines to send for, including *Folly*. I hope you don't mind. We plan to pass the list out again during a similar panel at ConFusion in January. Please let me know if you get any requests that seem to have come from us.

Arnie: No requests yet, but *Folly* isn't likely to interest many non-fanzine-reading sf fans. I'll be glad to send samples to anyone you direct my way,

I wanted to mention how much I enjoyed Joyce's piece on your move. I also am a collector of fragile things (china and pottery mostly -- especially teapots -- but I've begun trying to learn about glass), so I was interested to read of her collection. I believe I have a few pieces of that Indiana Glass in blue.

Arnie: You're brave to mention blue Depression Glass in a fanzine which Joyce may read.

Harry Warner, the sometimes neo-Laney of Fandom, closes his eyes

423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740

The good news about your operation's outcome was obviously the highlight of the fifth

Issue of *Folly*. But the rest of it emitted a shine and a brilliance almost as intense as that special glitter of information.

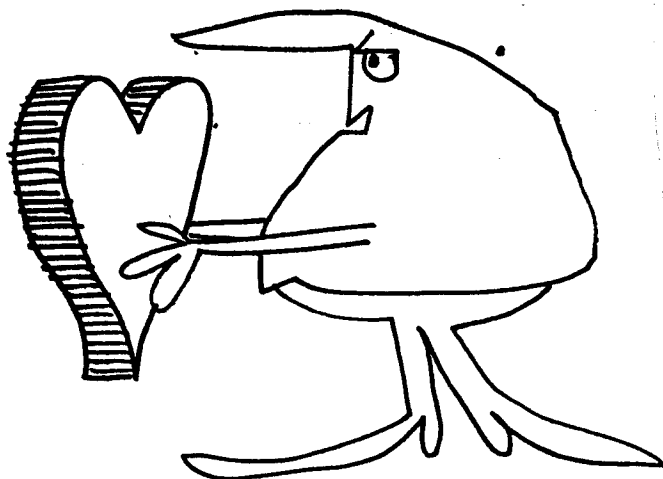
Fortunately, the only major operation I've ever undergone was done under total anesthesia. The closest I came to being a spectator of a surgeon working on me was when I received 17 stitches over an eye following an accident. I adopted my usual strategy when encountering any kind of medical attention: closed my eyes and hoped for the best. Maybe I should have peeked occasionally, because I remember one nurse squealing: "Now, Dr. Sprecher, that's not nice!"

Your depiction of fandom as alternating predominance of trufanism and Insurgency is a legitimate way of looking at it. But you shouldn't stop with this generally accurate description of how first one philosophy, then the other, has predominated in various eras and areas. You should seek to link up these changes to some factor in the mundane world, either proving that fandom is affected by mighty forces in the rest of the space-time continuum or that fandom causes changes in mundania. Potential objects for this sort of study sunspots, Democratic or Republican majorities in Congress, the rise and fall of the New York Stock Exchange, major league batting averages, and violence in the movies. Seeking connections in television programming would be futile, since fandom antedates television by quite a few years. I suppose I've been mostly trufannish throughout my career, though I occasionally make a remark that is so much out of character that people assume I've suddenly been transformed into a neo-Laney.

Arnie: You mean there's a connection between Fandom and Reality? This may necessitate a whole new theory.

I've always thought of your Spaceways with its revolutionary "no feud" policy, as one of the seminal Trufannish influences, much as Claire Beck's *Science Fiction Critic* embodies the seeds of Insurgencism.

You neglected to tell us one thing about your Insurgents Anonymous group. What must people believe in to be eligible to participate? That hektographs will make a comeback? That the *Last Dangerous Visions* will be published? That Les Gerber will get back into fanzine fandom?



Arnie: A future issue of *Folly* will present my still-secret report on what goes on behind the closed doors of Insurgents Anonymous.

Something in John Berry's fine little article seemed somehow familiar. After I read it twice, I realized the *deja vu* source. His description of the emergency when his camera jammed had reminded me of a similar experience. Hagerstown's Hallowe'en parade is supposed to be the largest in the East, lasting about three hours and attracting tens of thousands of spectators. One year, I had the twin tasks of covering it with both words and pictures. I was using a 4x5 Graphic camera and Grafmatic filmholders, each of which had six pieces of cut film in little holders that were exposed in turn by a push-pull action of a slide.

After I took my first picture of the night, the holder jammed hopelessly. I feared the jammed holder might break or come loose inside the bellows if I used all my strength to pull the whole holder out of the camera. The office was a block and a half away, and I would cause several employees there to have strokes or heart attacks if I showed up there with evidence of camera trouble on such a big assignment, so I went into Hagerstown's largest and best hotel, which was just a few feet from my vantage point to straighten out the mess. But for the life of me, I can't remember why I chose the hotel for this purpose or what I did when I got inside it. This

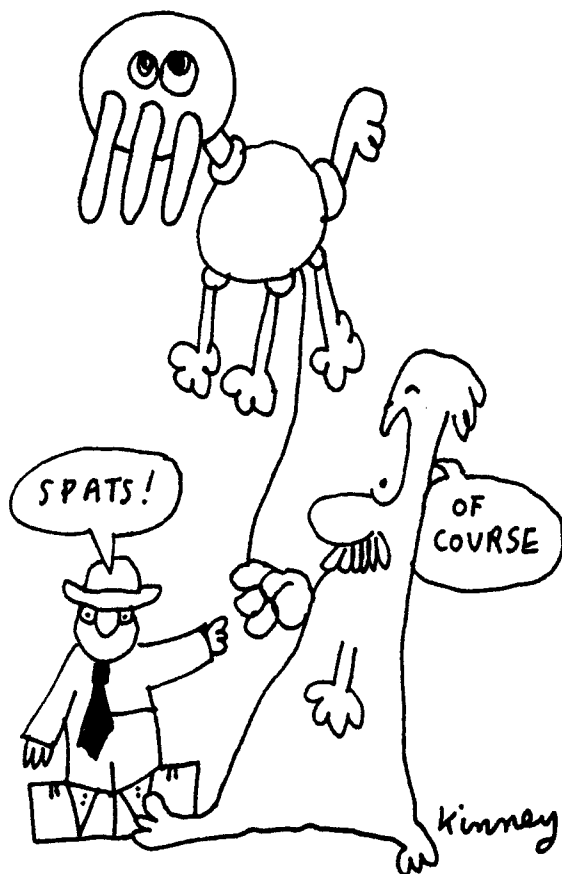
is the sort of thing I'll fret over for days or weeks until I finally recall what happened inside the hotel. Something happened there, because I didn't lose my job that night for fouling up the assignment.

Arnie: My first feature assignment was a disaster. Shortly after SaMoskowitz promoted me to assistant editor of *Quick Frozen Foods*, he dispatched me to an uptown Health Food Supermarket to do a story about some frozen foods they were selling. Frozen food in a health food store sounded like a nice twist.

I got there on time, but the rotund proprietress was too busy blackjacking befuddled customers into buying boxes of unnecessary vitamins to stop for the interview. So I waited. Two o'clock became 2:30, and 2:30 became 3 o'clock as I tried to position my 6'3", 220-lb frame inconspicuously in a corner of the small shop. I watched as people who'd come in for a multi-vitamin left with kangaroo oil soap and gallon jugs of potions guaranteed to purify the blood and cure arthritis.

Finally, about 4:00, this mean-faced little tyrant turned toward me. "I hate frozen foods," she announced *ex cathedra*. "You've got exactly two minutes." And she began counting them down in her squeaky (but healthily loud) voice.

Total panic. I blurted out a couple questions to which she responded with monosyllabic answers. I bolted the store rather than continue the humiliation.



Even SaM's legendary frugality would have covered the cab ride back to the office, but I walked to postpone the inevitable. SaM's iron editorial hand was also legendary, and I – and several neighboring countries – had heard his judgments fall upon the inept. So I walked the 20 or 30 blocks to the office on East 42nd Street. Joyce and I had just moved in together, and I was about to lose my first job.

I skulked into SaM's office. With many hesitations and much nervous swallowing, I recounted my botched assignment. He walked towards me, and I remembered the story of him scoring a one-punch knockout against a trespasser in his backyard.

He raised his powerful arm...

And patted me on the shoulder. "This happens," was the gist of what he said to me. "You'll get another story."

And that's why I own *two* copies of *The Immortal Storm*.

Some laughs with Gary Deindorfer

447 Bellevue Ave., #9-B, Trenton, NJ 08618

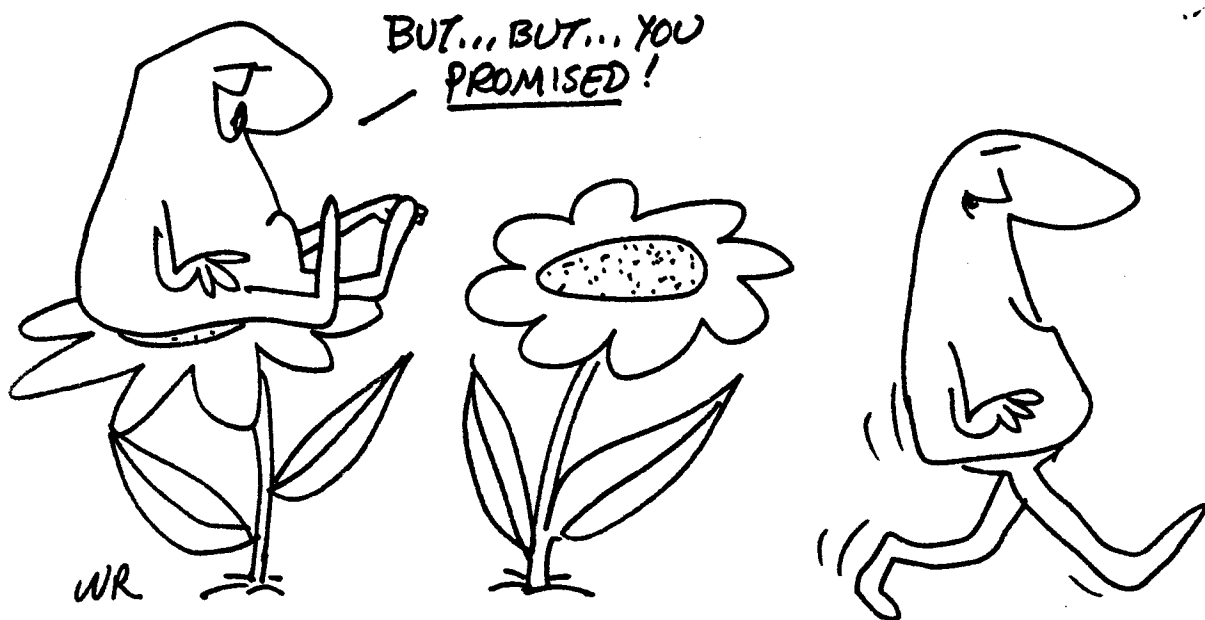
Thanks a-plenty for the recent issues of *Folly*, Arnie. It is a great relief to me to hear that your eye operation was successful. I was worried about you and, believe me, I was pulling for you. And I think it takes a lot of guts and soul for you to make jokes such as the one about Blind Kiwi Washington.

Arnie: This is a good place to again thank you – and so many other fan friends – for all your good wishes and good thoughts during my brush with blindness. I can never express how much it meant to get all those supportive letters during that critical period.

Joe Walcott couldn't be the famous boxer "Jersey Joe Walcott" could he? Well, no, I guess not. But, anyway, though this Walcott -- as opposed to the other more famous Joe Walcott -- is a new fannish name to me, I would like to say that his article is clever, well-written, original, and, who knows, may even contain a grain or two of Truth. If I were to select an article for a best fanzine piece of the year anthology, I would definitely consider this article. More from Mr. "Walcott", pliz.

Arnie: I originally used the name "Joe Walcott" as a character in homage to a former college roommate who had to drop out of school to support an Instant Family. Ironically, Jersey Joe's real name was "Arnold Cream".

Hawhaw, I sent out a bunch of cartoons nearly 10 years ago to various people, and every once in awhile one of them turns up in print. This made



my day to see one of my old toons. Maybe I'll draw some more for your consideration, thought I dast naught have any ideas at the moment.

Arnie: That cartoon came to me courtesy of rich brown, but I'm pleased to announce that readers can look for all-new, all-hilarious Deindorfer cartoons in future issues.

Mark Manning gets to the (focal) point

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

I had to go back to the computer-stored text of my LoC on *Folly* #4 to see why I'd written all that babble about Sgt. Saturn & Toskey & Wally Weber. Having done so, I'm reassured to learn that while I may be Some Kind of a Nut, I'm not crazy. Seems I was leading up to a cynical comment about "how many fandoms can dance on the point of a focal?"

(I'd be happy to recycle that line somewhere, if you still don't want it.)

Arnie: I had a recycle once, but the wheels fell off (again).

Nice faaanfic by Joe Walcott in *Folly* #5, by the way. Joe sure knows how to write faanfic, but why does his name ring no bells. Flashback to the archetypical scene: Neo stares at con badge and says "Joe Walcott? Have I heard of you? Are you famous?"

Arnie: I guess "Joe" doesn't write faan fiction as well as you might think, since my attempts to establish the narrator's fictional nature with the prolog and epilog evidently didn't work very well. I wrote "Gafiation". Joe is a character from two of my previous faan fiction stories,

Big Words from Brian Earl Brown

11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224

Thought I'd set this in 18 pt just because I can. We Mundane Fans must do all we can to help the Blind -- only I guess following your operation, you're not legally blind any more. And I'm sure you're glad for that.

Arnie: Large type is no longer a necessity for me, I'm pleased to report, but the gesture was greatly appreciated at the time your LoC arrived, Brian, Truthfully, transcribing letters of comment, especially those in teeny tiny handwriting, is still the toughest part of producing *Folly*.

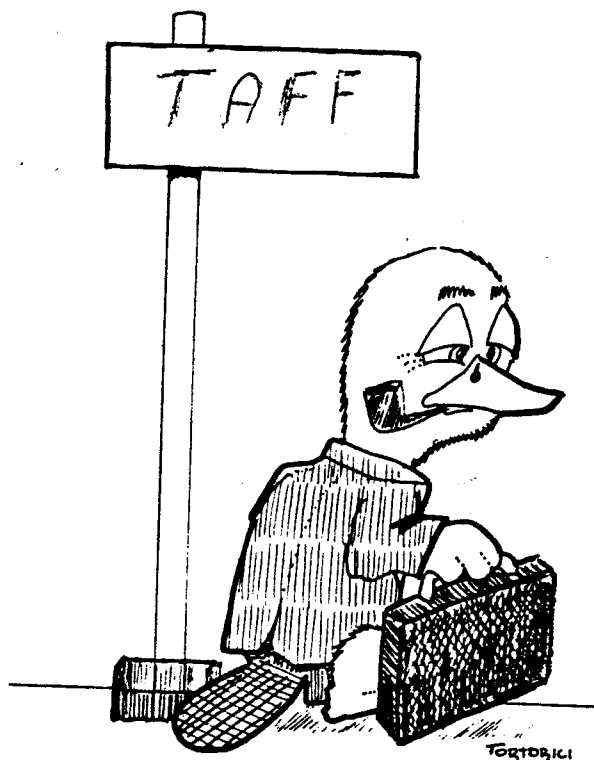
I've often wondered which of the senses I'd hate to lose the most. My senses are plugged up so much that I'd hardly notice losing my sense of smell. And while I like touching things, particularly my wife, I could live without that. I've never been a gourmet, so taste could be dispensable, leaving it down to hearing and sight. Not being able to hear people talk or listen to music would be pretty rough. But there's really no question to me, that losing one's sight has to be the

worst. If I couldn't read there isn't much point left to living. (And the way I need new glasses every year or two doesn't bode well for someone expected to live another 40 years. I think there's a limit to how much correction they can put into lenses.)

I don't mean to sound disgruntled just because I once stood for TAFF and received next to no votes at all, tho in fact that is a good way to get disgruntled, but I have trouble working up enthusiasm for TAFF any more. The problem is that international travel is a lot easier than it used to be, so that the whole idea of sending someone overseas no longer seems as special as it once was.

Sending someone to Mars, now that would be special. Worse than that, since I rarely go to worldcons, I'm not likely to ever meet the TAFF delegates. And since delegates seem to never write trip reports any more, there's no chance of meeting them on paper, either. Which is why I tend to think that TAFF and DUFF are ideas whose time has come... and gone.

Arnie: I understand your feeling, but I favor reinvigoration over cancellation. Speaking from my position of Total Purity -- I've never stood for TAFF/DUFF, been GoH at a con, or copped a Hugo



nomination -- I still like the theory, even if the practice has slipped. We can't force a winner to write a report, but it'd be a Wonderful Thing if the next ones revived the practice. These funds are not just individual prizes, but also a way to unite geographically remote fandoms, and a report is a wonderful vehicle to achieve that.

I liked your idea of a video game, *TAFFer*, where one runs through a maze collecting votes. It's cute. But arcade-type games seem only capable of only so much enjoyment before they pall. Maybe the game could be more like *SimCity*, interactive. Then it struck me that there already exists the perfect scenario for a fannish video game -- *The Enchanted Duplicator*. It's a quest story with well-visualized realms, escape from the different lands requires solving part of the puzzle of fandom, and so on.

Which brought me around to a question I'm not sure you'd want to answer: How much does it cost to develop a game like this, in terms of hiring programmers to write out the code? I'm just curious. At a guess, Fandom isn't big enough to pay back the costs of writing a program like *The Enchanted Duplicator*, and is too well divided among IBMs, Macs, Amstads, Ataris, and Amiga, not to mention Apple IIs and even Commodores to justify developing a fannish game. But if you feel like answering, I am curious what sort of budget one needs to develop computer games.

Arnie: Quite the contrary, you've asked a *great* question. This issue's installment of "Playing Around" may provide some answers. My only problem with *The Enchanted Duplicator* as the subject is that an "interactive fiction" approach would not work, because the story is so well-known that the computerist would have much more knowledge than the character surrogate in the game. It might be very suitable, however, as an action-adventure which didn't hew to the actual plot.

WAHF: Communications of great interest, but little application to the letter column, were received from: Garth Danielson, David Haugh, Teddy (Prince of Postcards) Harvia, the reclusive Mog Decarnin, Ian Bambro, the incomparable Gary Deindorfer, Buck Coulson, the ever-lovely Dian Girard Crayne, rich brown, Robert Lichtman, Jerry Kaufman, Jay Kinney, Dan Steffan.

Lots more LOCs in the next regular issue of *Folly*.

New Recruits

Continued from page 7

periodicals devoted to such subject matter. Personally, I find such material no more objectionable than amateur science fiction and capsule book and movie reviews, but I understand the potential anguish embodied in three-paragraph biographies of Hulk Hogan and impassioned attacks upon repetitive side scrollers.

Before we dismiss these hundreds of publishers too quickly, let's recall how most of us progressed as fanzine editors. With few exceptions, we started with serious stfnal discussions. A few notable fanzine fans stayed sercon throughout their publishing careers, but they are the distinct minority.

Most neo faneds simply stop producing zines after awhile. They either leave fandom completely, or they switch to other forms of fanac like clubs or conventions.

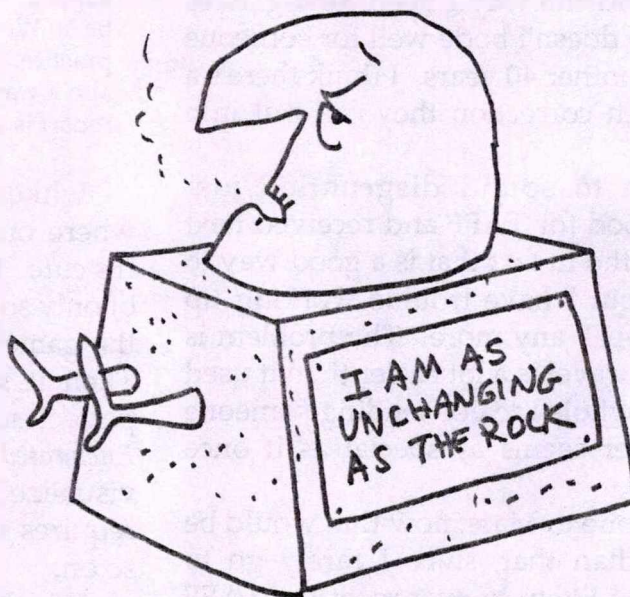
The third group is the most interesting to us. These are the fans who stick with fanzine publishing for years, even decades. Almost all of them gradually decrease or even

eliminate the emphasis on science fiction. These folks, whether doing commentzines for the apas or carrying the torch of trufannishness, utilize fanzines as a vehicle for personal expression.

There's every reason to think that the bright-eyed publishers of wrestling fanzines will eventually tire of an all-mat diet, and that electronic gaming

faneds will eventually desire to talk about something other than games. When they do conceive the desire to talk about a wider range of subjects, they become ideal candidates for our version of fanzine fandom.

And then we'll be able to stop pining for neofans and start viewing their productions with Alarm. Well, at least it would be a change.



Folly #8

330 S. Decatur Blvd.

Suite 152

Las Vegas, NV 89107

First Class

Lee Hoffman
401 Sunrise Trail NW
Port Charlotte, FL 33952

