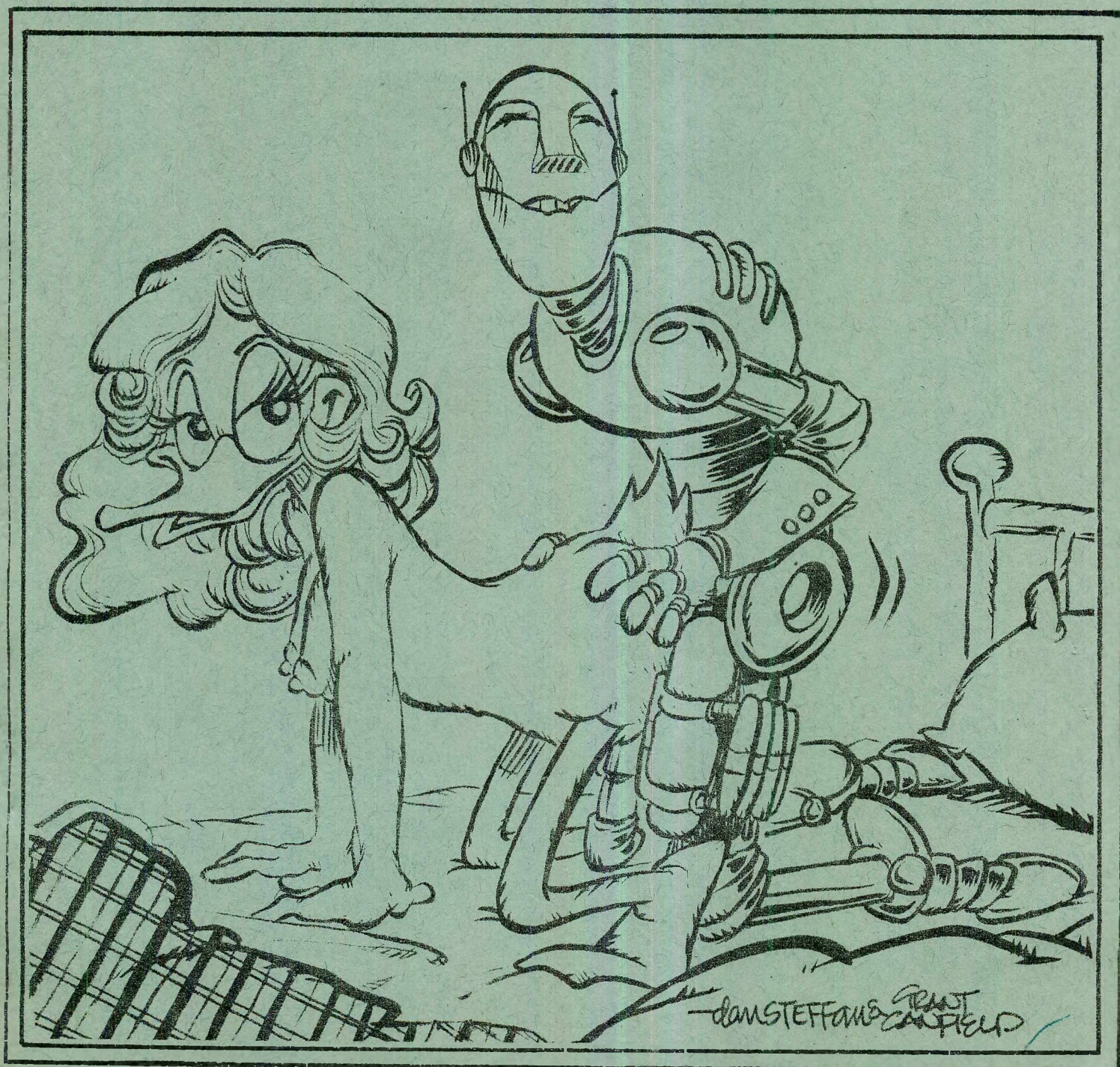


BOONFARK



BoonFark

NUMBER THREE
November 1979

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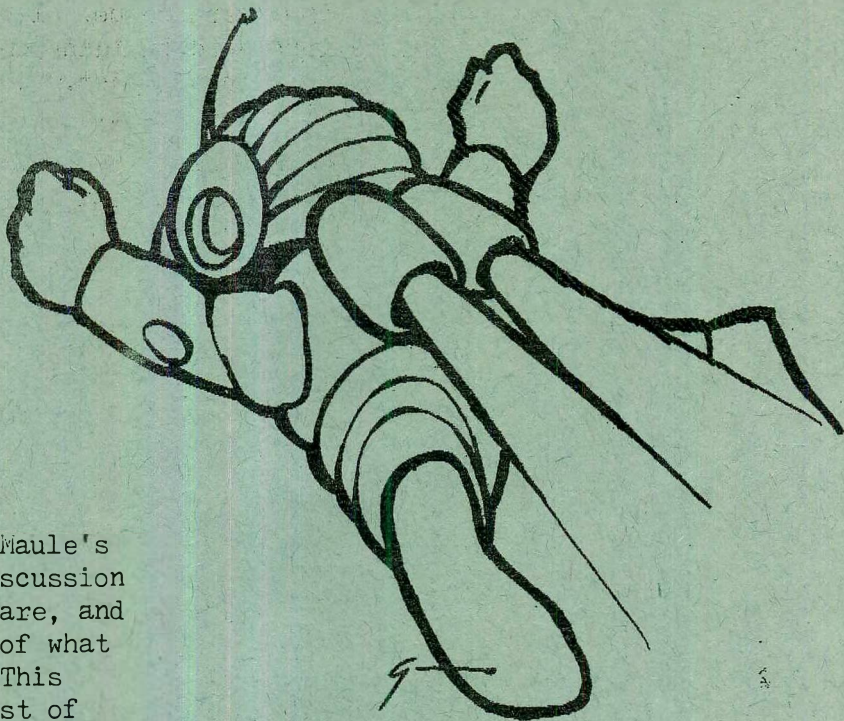
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Dedicated to Richard Bergeron & Robert Fripp

printed on the mighty Qwertyuiopress

ZEN VAUDE VILLE



In the seventh issue of Ian Maule's fanzine NABU there is a lot of discussion about how dull american fanzines are, and how they seem to have lost sight of what "pubbing an ish" is all about. This fanzine is my answer to that. Most of the fanzine editors in this country don't really have any idea of the history of the field. They are ignorant. They lack taste and conviction. They are infatuated with the act of reproduction (mimeography, that is) and whether they have a letter from Harry Warner or not. They pick up a sense of fanhistory through osmosis--knowing enough to chant "smooth" along with Bob Tucker, but, all the while calling him "Wilson".

The fact that Richard Bergeron has only published 2 issues of Warhoon in the ten years I've been a fan, hasn't stopped me from finding back issues, reading them, ~~stealing them~~, and absorbing them. These are fucking brilliant fanzines, full of wit and intelligence, but today we are faced with the likes of a Rothnium or a D.N.Q., both are well meaning publications, but they don't really seem to have any idea of what to do with their forum. The 1970's brought a wave of overpopulation into fandom, it brought back serconish ideas with a vengeance, but it also brought about the idea of the fanzine being "a little magazine". And I guess that is where fandom and I part company. I think fanzines are an entity unto themselves, they are homemade publications; in a sense, they are a people's art. Fuck book reviews and interviews. To hell with offset and typesetting. Give me interesting articles, columns that set people on their ears, give me humor and wit, and I want to see a little hand stencilling in amongst all those electrostencils, too. Give me a homey little fanzine that I can roll up and go to sleep with. Give me anything to keep from getting bored.

I think that is what it all comes down to--boredom. Most american fanzines are boring. Phew--getting an issue of the Whole Fanzine Catalog is about as much fun as an enema. American fanzines were once the hottest in the field, but now I can count the good ones on the finger of one hand. If it weren't for that one fanzine, (and the fact that its editor is a neighbor and can come over and beat me up) I think America would be a total fanzine wasteland. But the more I think about it, America is a total fanzine wasteland--after all, one oasis doesn't make a desert into a resort--it is a good thing that we have british fanzines like NABU, EGC & the late MAYA to enjoy along the way.

For me, being a cartoonist is a lot like being a faneditor. A cartoonist is a fine and proud thing. I am the desendent of a little under 100 years worth of cartoonists. I am practicing an artform with a history of witty and talented people. Its the same with fanzines. I have long buried myself in the history of my field, and to a lesser extent I have buried myself in the history of fanzines and fanart.

The history of all this is very important to me. I have spent the past 10 years looking through people's collections--and building ones of my own--in order to find out how it has all been put together in the past. What works and what doesn't. I'm not at all interested in reinventing the wheel.

I guess that makes me a traditionalist. My cartoons are full of influences from the past. I can point to a foot in one of my drawings and say, "George McManus", or show you some machinery and say, "Wallace Wood", or put you in front of a dense forest and simply tell you, "Walt Kelly". The same holds true for my fanzines.

When I was publishing my first genzine, LIZARD INN, seven and eight years ago, I was trying to get the effects of a "little magazine", I wanted to achieve the highs established by Ray Fisher in ODD, instead it usually looked like TOMORROW AND... But that doesn't really matter; I was like a researcher learning how to use a vast reference library; at first I didn't do it too well, but eventually I learned where to look in the stacks to find the shining examples I would need for my work. I now have a small fanzine collection that is packed with the perfect reference materials. Gone are the Outworlds and the Energumen, who--despite all their efforts--still rang hollow to me. And in their places are VOIDS, LIGHTHOUSES, OOPSLAS, WARHOONS, QUANDRYS, and assorted others. I have come to realize that when it comes to fanzines, less is better.

In ten years as a fan I've produced six issues of genzines, four issues of personalzines, and countless apazines. Through all that, I do believe I've learned how to publish fanzines. (I still kant spel tu gud, tho.) I have always been real good at learning by my mistakes. It was the drawbacks of offset printing that made me give up LIZARD INN and start publishing this fanzine instead. I realize that a mellow, more traditional approach was infinitely more accessible to the reader. I also learned respect for a dying art...mimeography.

I've learned that the problems with the fanzines I was publishing in the early 70's was in their scope and the limitations I placed on them. I was and always have been basically a fannish fan--even when I was publishing sercon looking fanzines. Fannishness is about people and things interesting and funny. So is being a cartoonist. That is why this is all an extension of my feelings about artworks--whatever they may be--they are indelibly stamped with the essence of a human being. So are fanzines.

I like the idea of publishing a new "old" fanzine. (Ghod knows the material has been held by the editor long enough to qualify it for oldness) The task of getting old, tired gafiates like Ted, Terry and rich to contribute to BOONFARK, is like establishing a link with the past--a past when fanzines were full of talented people like Ted, Terry and rich. All the fanzines I mentioned earlier as being part of my collection are all considerably older than my fancareer--some of them older than me. But I can go through those old fanzines and get a real thrill from the material and the way it was presented to its audience, and that is what I'm shooting for with this fanzine. I am trying to communicate with another generation--I am trying to pique the interest of people who appreciate what I appreciate. I believe I can do that, and still offer a modern viewpoint.

I don't like most of the fanzines that come into my mailbox these days. The biggest thrill I have gotten from a fanzine in the past two years was from Norm Clarke, when he sent me a copy of the first issue of Honque (dated 1954) along with a letter of comment. It was not too well reproduced, there wasn't much artwork, but goddamn, it was delightful. Thanks, Norm. At the time Honque came out, the Clarke's knew who their audience was, they played to them and the audience responded. I take pride in the idea that the BOONFARK will play to some of the same audience--or what is left of it. This is a project to keep me believing that the fandom I enjoy is not dead.

Of course, this path offers several advantages over the "sercon-little-magazine"; I don't have to publish a huge print run and I know that if I strike a chord with my readers, I'll hear about it and it will feed on itself.

I think I know my audience. You are all people like me, who wonder whatever happened to real fanzines. Now you know.

* * * * *

"It's like what Liv Ullman might feel like losing the Best Actress Oscar to Farrah Fawcett Majors."

That is what Grant Canfield said after losing the 1977 Fanartist Hugo to Phil Foglio. I don't have a quote of what he said after Phil won again in 1978.

The Fanartist Hugos have been a heated subject in some portions of fandom since 1976. I know it has been with me. (I used to get worked up to a froth at the mention of Phil's name.) But things have changed in the last 2 years. Phil admirably withdrew his name from further consideration when he accepted his 2nd award and I have mellowed.

In 1977 I was massively insulted for all the other nominees, all of whom are my friends. I thought that having Phil walk away with that award was a slap in the face of my friends, especially Grant Canfield.

But these days, I simply don't care. My friends are still my friends, and I know who can draw and who can't. I just don't need anymore of the "crowd mentality", i.e., groups of people are of lower intelligence than the individual, no matter how smart the parts of the group may be. I just don't see any reason for me to expect confirmation of my ideas by that huge crowd known as Fandom.

I don't need it, I don't care.

I continue to publish on occasion because it gives me great pleasure. I hope the other individuals out there will dig what I'm trying to do, but I no longer expect it to happen, just because it makes sense to me.

The letter column and Ted's column date from just after the Suncon. The letters were written preceeding the convention and stencilled after. My reactions in some of the replies are excessive to say the least. But, what can I tell you, I was pissed! Ted was pissed too, and when we wrote our words, we wanted to vent our spleens. However, what we said is still valid, and we stand by it.

It's just that there is no reason to get so worked up anymore. It's all history.

And history is the reason I'm printing it all intact. It is valid and it dispays the pre-Suncon fears of many people. I think it offers an interesting perspective on a series of events and their conclusion. Think of it as timebinding.

* * * * *

THE INCOMPLEAT TOWNER HALL PART 1 In 1975 I concieved of the idea of publishing a volume of Fanwriting centered around Ted White's basement mimeo shop, called Towner Hall. A lot of fan history was made in that basement in the early '60's, and I think it is a good idea to gather as much of that history together as possible and present it to fandom as a sort of souvineir book.

Terry Carr's piece this issue is the first in a series of remeberences and introductions for that volume. More items by the likes of Greg Benford and Steve Stiles is forthcoming. The volume itself will probably not be published for years. Ted says he wants to unpack his fanzine collection, and have all the pertinent material onhand before he does his introduction--that task by itself may take years. But when all the material is finally collected, I will publish it, perhaps in 1982, the twentieth anniversary of the shop's demise.

But in the meantime, you'll have to settle for items like Terry's introduction and the pieces of fanwriting he picked for the volume. Next issue, perhaps we'll have Greg Benford's article about how all the Towner Hall activities looked to him from faroff Texas, and just what he thought of what these co-editors had done to "his" fanzine. 8/21/79

THE
INCOMPLETE
TOWNER
HALL
PART ONE
TERRY CARR.

INTRODUCTION

I arrived late at Towner Hall. When I moved to New York City in July 1961, Ted White's mimeographing shop and office on a side street in the West Village had already been going for several months, and it was established as the prime gathering place for the fannish elements of New York Fandom. The Fanoclasts met there; Ted published his fanzines there, mainly VOID but also FAPazines and Cultzines and assorted other stuff; Pete Graham had revived the title of an old Berkeley Fandom oneshot, LIGHTHOUSE, to use as his regular FAPazine; Walter Breen published FANAC there when he was in New York. People like the Lupoffs, the Shaws, Bbob Stewart, Andy Reiss, Steve Stiles and Avram Davidson dropped in whenever they wanted some fannish conversation. Why, once even Richard Bergeron came by, that occasion marking the only time Bergeron was ever seen in a fannish group.

Towner Hall was a long, narrow, dark basement room with two smaller rooms off the back of it (and a bathroom). Ted was renting it to house his professional mimeographing business; he kept his Gestetner there and scrounged what income he could from odd-job work mimeographing leaflets for Village coffee houses and folk-music concerts. He rented out one of the back rooms to one Robert Bashlow, who sold old coins. (Ted ran off his catalogues for him, as part of his mimeographing business.) Not long after I got to New York, Ted and Bashlow had a falling-out due to the latter not paying his share of the rent, and Bashlow moved out. A little later on, Andy Main came to New York, and he moved into the back room, from which he sallied forth into Towner Hall proper to publish his fanzine BHISMI'LLAH!

As soon as I got to New York, I joined the editorial staff of VOID--which meant VOID had no less than four editors suddenly, a situation that struck us as funny. I also rejoined Pete Graham in publishing LIGHTHOUSE (I had been one of the participants in the original Berkeley one-shot session that had produced the first issue). In the following six months we published three big issues of VOID, three even bigger LIGHTHOUSES, and half a dozen issues of Ted's FAPazine, NULL-F, a couple of them pretty fat too. Ted wrote for LIGHTHOUSE, Pete and I wrote for NULL-F, and of course we all wrote for VOID. It was an intensively fannish atmosphere, a meeting of New York and Berkeley fannish elements in which we delighted in tossing back and forth Old Berkeley jokes, quotes from Burbee and Willis, etc.

Naturally we felt obligated to set down in print everything even vaguely droll that we said to each other, which resulted in a fannish gestalt-on-paper that probably surpassed in minute intensity any fannish ventures before or since. (And which led, inevitably, to a review of VOID in which Dick Lupoff complained that the editors had become boringly ingroupy. Sure, and over a dozen years later a fan who hadn't even discovered science fiction when the VOID editorials were written wants to reprint them.)

Towner Hall lasted no more than a year; in March 1962 Ted White gave up trying to make a living off his Metropolitan Mimeo Service and moved to Brooklyn. His new place on 49th St. in Brooklyn eventually became the center of New York fannish fandom of the mid-sixties (it's amazing how a Gestetner and a willing host will collect fans), but the Towner Hall days were gone. VOID 29, most of which had been put onto stencil by Ted and me in early 1962, lay in stencil-waxen suspended animation till 1969, when Arnie Katz and John Berry found the stencils in Ted's files and the four of us finally finished putting out the issue.

Towner Hall, that dimly-lit basement, has taken on an aura of scintillant brightness in the myth-eyes of fanhistory that seems a bit unlikely to those of us who were there at the time. But wot the hell, meyer, reality never had much to do with fannishness anyway.

(You say you think it does? Listen, maybe you'd be interested in this terrific bargain: I've got a slightly used Tower to the Moon of Empty Beercans, and I can let you have it for... Hello?)

--Terry Carr

TOWNER HALL BLUES by Carl Brandon

(to the tune of Basin St. Blues)

Now won't you come along, feller,
Down into the cellar...
You'll see the original Wailing Wall--
The Focal Point of Fandom; we call it Towner Hall.

Towner Hall
Is the stall
Where the New York fans all have a ball.
Where fans from out of town
All come down.
You never know what starry-eyed
Mental horizons the dimness hides.
Star-begot...
A damned strange lot.
But it's where we plot our brand of mind-rot.
This is where we lose
Those Towner Hall Blues.

Now aren't you glad you came, feller,
Down into the cellar?
You've seen the Gestetner, typers and all--
The Secret Headquarters of Fandom; we call it Towner Hall

---(Terry Carr)

from NULL-F #22, November 1961

from FAPA ON WRY by Ted White (LIGHHOUSE#3, August 1961)

Pete Graham, Terry Carr and I were sitting in a small booth in The Cube Steak House, a Greek greasy spoon with great 85¢ dinners, on Sixth Avenue. We were discussing the various fanzines we were all co-editing, and Pete said, "Well, I guess it's time to start work on LIGHHOUSE. Why don't you write something for us, Ted White?"

Terry Carr turned to me and said, "Can you write anything worthwhile, Ted?"

It kind of stunned me for a moment. I mean, if you had told me only a month ago that this very evening I would be sitting there in the Cube Steak House with Terry Carr, and Terry was going to ask me that very question, why, I'd have punched you right in the nose.

To some of you it may still be news that Terry Carr is living in New York. He arrived in late July and started looking around town with an eye towards Carving A Career out of the granite facade that is this great Metropolis, if you know what I mean. He's thinking of becoming a Writer. Terry's working on a Novel, and the first several chapters are pretty damned good. (I say "several chapters" because there are two chapter one's and two chapter two's, and at this rate Terry may get two novels written instead of one.) Anyway, if things pan out, he expects to stay, and it looks like they will, somehow, because he's become a co-editor of VOID.

Terry's arrival has created quite an impact on me. Terry was, as some of you probably know, an early influence on me (I had my first feud in fandom with Terry Carr, in 1952), and has been responsible for warping my sense of humor to its present proportions.

As I say, his arrival shook me a good bit, because here in the flesh was this Living Legend of mine, available for close observation, scrutiny, analysis, and one-upping. I hadn't seen Terry since 1958, and then only too briefly, so it was really very sense-of-wonderish, in the way Bhob Stewart once spoke of, about meeting people who'd been only names on paper to him for eight years. (Until last year, when he attended the Pittcon and then came to New York, Bhob had only met two--2--fans.) In my nine years of fanning, I've met most of the people I've come to know on paper, and only a few (like Grennell) still carry for me this sense of wonder which is, I guess, essentially a neofan trait.

But Terry really upset me, because he is often a challenge. I mean, here I am, friendly, a little loud, a fairly normal New York fan...but basically I am a stodge. I am not a constant fount of witty lines, nor is my timing so perfect that even the only vaguely droll ones draw laughs. Now up to now this has not been a noticeable liability. Most of the rest of New York fandom is equally stodgy, in a sort of quiet way. I mean, we all have fairly well developed senses of humor, but with most of us this is a receptive thing. We appreciate great wit; we rarely create it.

Terry Carr has about him an aura of wit and humor so great that when he is in a blue funk, he will utter a plaintive "*sigh*" and break up a roomful of fans. I'm not sure how much of this is merely the weight of legend (for after all, he has become, to those of us spawned in late Sixth fandom, a Living Legend, One Who Rose Up From Among Us, as it were), how much is unconscious control of timing, and how much is neatly calculated polish. But the results are devastating.

Have you ever been around people whose natural wit made you feel stupid and cloddish? I'm sure most of you have, and I hope you sympathize with my problem. My problem was aggravated by the fact that Pete Graham, a normally stodgy guy himself, also shines, if only by inspiration, from Terry's presence. The two of them throw back and forth lines whose antecedents are often buried in Berkeley and San Francisco fandom's esoteric past, and I sit there feeling very stodgy.

In reaction to all this, I've started picking up the mannerisms, and I've started writing a lot more chitter-chatter-type stuff. Even so, it was a bit of a

surprise when Terry asked me that question, back at the beginning of this topic. However, it was but the work of a moment for him to extricate the bloody knife from my back and explain that this was, indeed, merely another Old Berkeley Joke, which he then explained in detail.

I'm not sure: Am I being assimilated into Berkeley Fandom, or is Berkeley Fandom becoming New York Fandom? Boy, there's a worthwhile point to be considered.

from TAILGATE RAMBLE by Terry Carr
(LIGHTHOUSE #3, August 1961)

I'd like to say a few words about the sterling material in this issue. Mainly, I want to say a few words about the piece I just finished stenciling, which is still fresh in my mind. I want to make a few comments on the column by your friend and mine, Ted White.

I think it's a great column. I really do. I want to get this straight, right here at the outset. I loved it all, every bit of it; it is shot through with my name and some kind words about me. It is an excellent character-sketch, capturing the essence of the man Terry Carr for all time, etching it cleanly into stencil-wax. It is an incisive insight into the living presence of, ah, me--and what's more, it is well written. The whole piece flows; it carries the reader along on the swell. Once having started, it will be difficult for anyone to stop reading the piece. At least, I found that this was true for me.

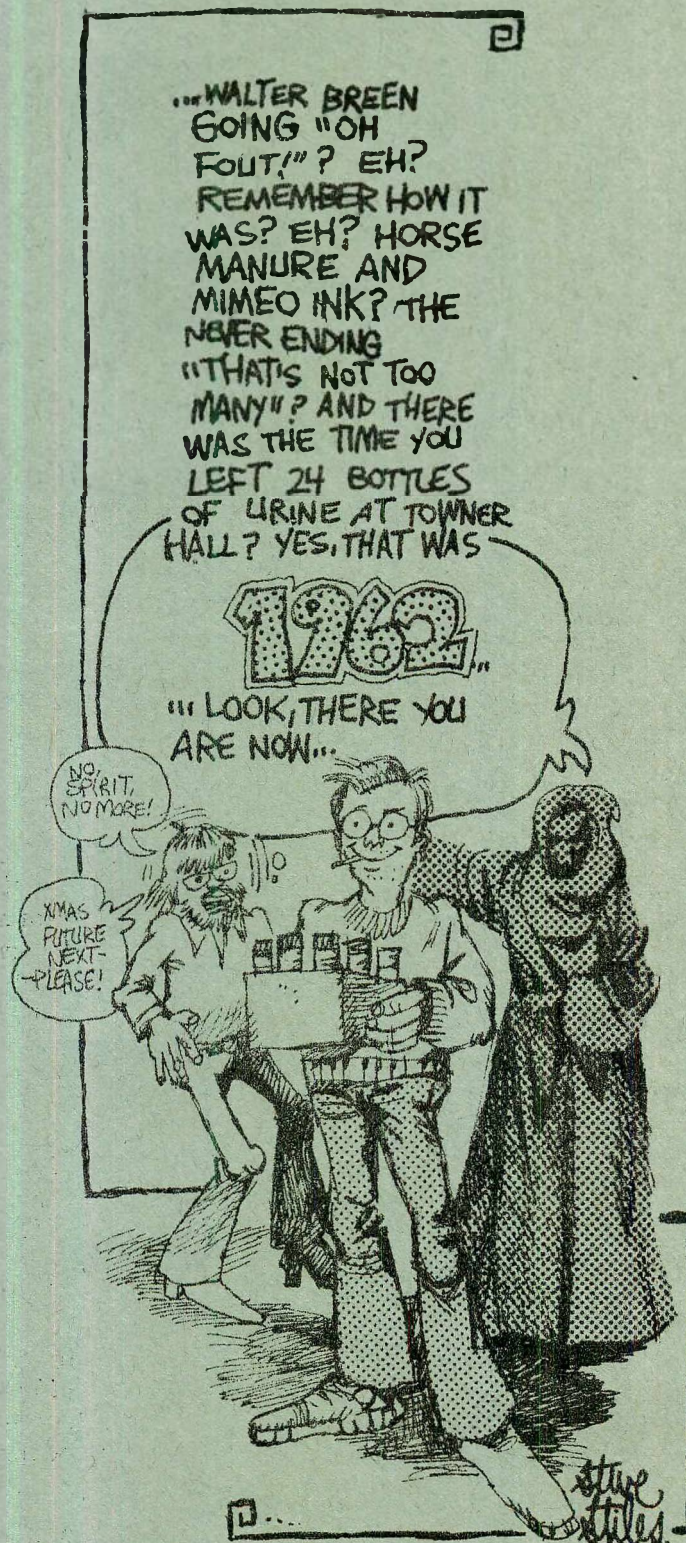
As a matter of fact, while I was stenciling it I got so interested that I typed way down below the bottom of the allowed area on the stencil. I turned to Ted, who was doing something esoteric with a stencil, and said,

"Ted, I said, 'I got so interested in typing your column that I typed down to line 75 before I noticed.'"

"Gee," he said. He thought for a moment. "Well" he said, "line 75--that's not too far."

"Actually," I said, "I was lying about that. I didn't really type down to line 75. I only typed down to line 67."

He muttered something and went back to his esoteric activities.



But the fact remains, line 67 or whatever, that Ted's column is a superb example of the writer's craft: It captures Life, Existence, and me so adroitly that I stand openmouthed in admiration. It is filled with quotes from and allusions to Berkeley fans, and it is witty as all hell, I tell you. It's certainly the high point of this issue of LIGHTHOUSE, and will probably go down in fanhistory as the high-point of 1961's fanpublishing. I think it deserves wider distribution than just here in FAPA. I envision that piece being reprinted in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, and then picked up by Rogue for a still wider audience. From there it would go into some best-of-the-year anthology. It certainly deserves the honor. Eventually, it would reach permanence in a high school or college English textbook.

Of course, I don't want you to get the idea that I am starry-eyed and naive in my admiration for Ted's piece. I am certainly overwhelmed by it, but I use the term figuratively; I have not allowed my head to be turned. My feet are still on the ground; I can still think in realistic terms about that sparkling gem of brilliance. I realize, for instance, that though it is quite conceivable it might be reprinted in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, still it is going a bit far to suggest that Rogue would pick it up. After all, to fully appreciate the piece the reader should have some knowledge of me, should at least know my name.

So before Ted's little masterpiece, his magnum opus in which he reaches the final distillation of his literary and critical pursuits, can reach the wider audience for which it seems destined, the man Terry Carr must become well-known at large. Greater exposure must be given to my personality; my name must become a household word. A household legend, actually. I think perhaps a nationally televised tv show would serve the purpose.

I think it should be set up around the format of, say, The Bob Hope Show. I think that will do. It will be called The Terry Carr Show --my name, of course, must become well-known-- and on it I will perform in the role of a stand-up comic. I will open with a monologue direct to the massive studio audience. (We will need a massive studio.) After the opening credits, my announcer--perhaps Sam Moskowitz would do-- will smile winningly and say, "And here he is now--TERRY CARR!" (My name, as I say, must become well-known.)

I will stride onto the stage, supreme in my confidence. I will bow one or twice (I hope



three bows won't be necessary--it might slightly upset my delicately balanced timing) and say something that will lay them in the aisles right at the outset.

"Well," I will say, "fifty pianos--that's not too many."

When they have almost got their second wind I will hit them again with "If you had told me six months ago that at nine o'clock tonight I would be standing here on the stage of this massive studio, speaking to all of you people out there...why, I would have hit you over the head!"

It'll really kill them. And of course I have many more lines like this. I will make it a regular feature of my show to do one serious bit of acting each time. Perhaps something from Tennessee Williams, or even Shakespeare. I don't feel that Shakespeare is beyond me--not after reading Ted's article about me. I think perhaps I would like to play King Lear.

But I must not lose my Image before the American public. I must remain at all times a naturally witty and sidesplitting person. So I think that during the scene where Lear is holding his beloved but dead daughter, overcome by grief, weeping bitter tears and delivering one of the truly great speeches of the stage...I think that during that scene I will Puckishly look up at the camera and say, in the way I have, "*sigh*". I think I will do that.

Eventually, I will become so well-known that Ted's article will just naturally be picked up by the wide-circulation publications. He will get his piece into Rogue, and into that best-of-the-year anthology, and at length (this may take some years) into a high school or college English textbook. Ted will have the success he so richly deserves.

That, of course, is the end I have in view. Do not think for a moment that I am engaging in grandiose dreams of glory for myself. I have higher ideals, higher goals. My purpose is simply to give Ted White what he deserves.

I certainly hope he will someday get what he deserves, all right.

from MINOR DRAG by Pete Graham (Lighthouse #5, February 1962)

This personifies the feeling of a happy group which works on this zine; I feel I would like to be there some night when they are turning out VOID. --Ethel Lindsay, in HAVERINGS #8

Ted looked up as Pete walked into the office "It's about time you got here," he said. "I thought you were going to be here last night."

"Sorry," said Pete. "I had a YPSL meeting to go to."

"That stupid bunch," muttered Walter.

Ted pointed to the collating rack in the back of the room. "Listen," he said. "Why don't you get it over with and assemble VOID? It's December 15 and the October issue is still there."

"I don't really feel like it," said Pete, sitting indecisively on the bench and looking at a Playboy he'd moved aside. Ted just say and looked at him for a moment and then went back to typing some record reviews. A few minutes passed, with the only sounds the typing and a folkmusic record Andy Main was playing in the back room. Then Pete got up and took off his coat, then wandered into Andy's room.

"Oh, hello, Pete Graham, you old Pete Graham," said Andy. "I didn't hear you come in." Pete nodded a curt hello and went over to the record shelf. Seeing no new records, he went back into the shop and stood leaning on the wall near the door between the rooms.

"I'll tell you what," he said to Ted. "I'll start assembling VOID if you'll

start addressing them right away."

The typewriter kept on for half a line. Then Ted turned around and sat for a moment staring at his hands. "All right," he said finally. "He got up and went around the desk to the filing cabinet with the mailing labels in it. Pete pulled a swivel chair over to the collating shelves and took off his shirt. His greyed undershirt looked darker in the dimness of the shop's rear. Ted came over and they worked silently for several minutes clearing other fanzines out of the shelves. At one point Ted swore.

"What now?" asked Pete

Ted held out a paper bag filled with fanzines. They were the British copies of FANAC 76 and 77 that Walter had never mailed. "Here, Walter" he said. "I thought these were lost in the mail. Why the hell didn't you ever mail them in the first place?"

"I thought I had," said Walter. "I mailed all the rest of them." He took the stack and flipped through them. "Well, now I won't have to run them off again, anyhow." He returned to cataloguing coins as he set the pile of FANACs down on the accumulated papers on the table.

By half an hour later, when Terry and Carol walked in, it was dark outside and about 50 VOIDS were stapled and being addressed.

"Hello, Pete Graham," said Terry brightly. "Hello, Ted White, hello Walter."

"Hi," said Carol. They stamped their feet free of slush and took off their coats.

Andy Main came out from his room. "Oh, hello TCarr. What's new, hey, what's new?"

"Not much," said Terry. "I got a letter of comment on VOID today, Ted." Ted, who had stopped addressing and had turned to face them, screwed up his face.

"Why in hell did you get it?" he said. "First Pete got one a couple of weeks ago and now you. Jeezus, people are stupid sometimes." He stood up and came over to Terry, who was going through the day's mail in the letter box. "Listen," he went on, changing the subject, "would you get those headings done for the next VOID? Then you can write your editorial. When that's done I can stencil it and then mine and then Pete's. Yours is holding up the whole works." He took the letter of comment from Terry's hand and opened it.

Terry looked up from the mail. "I think you'll have to do the headings, Ted. I've been busy working and don't know if I'll be able to get to it; besides, I've got to work on the outline for the book, too. You've just been working on your FAPA-aine for the last month anyway."

"Well," said Ted, "I thought this mailing I'd get NULL-F out of the way before the mailing. Remember how long you guys worked on LIGHTHOUSE last time--"

"You've already got about 35 stencils hanging on the wall, Ted. Besides, my editorial for VOID was done a month ago. I put it in the file folder and told you about it."

"Well, I can't find it."

"I put it right in there, I remember; right behind the story by--"

"No, I mean I can't find the file. It's not in the cabinet."

Terry walked to the cabinet. "Here it is, here." He handed it to Ted.

"That's the wrong one; it's the other one. This is the old one."

"Shit!" said Terry. "I'm going to dinner."

Pete came up with a stack of VOIDS and handed them to Ted, who set them on top of the FANACs. "Wait, Terry," said Pete. "I want to talk to you for a minute." He led Terry back into Andy's room, past Andy who had been standing in the doorway watching. Carol wandered back to the easy chair and sat down with a sigh, picked up an old comic book from the floor and desultorily began reading it. Ted took the VOIDS and began sticking address labels on them.

After a minute he said musingly, "I'm getting a little tired of that," to nobody in particular.

Walter looked up. "Tired of what?" he asked, holding the coin he was listing in his hand.

"Those two going off together like that," said Ted. "It seems sort of impolite." He licked a label and stuck it on. Carol flicked her eyes up at him, then went back to the comic book.

Walter typed out a coin listing on an envelope as Ted kept on sticking labels. "I don't know Pete that well," said Walter, "but Terry was a little standoffish in Berkeley too." He turned his head as Pete and Terry came out of Andy's room.

"I'll finish these VOIDS later," said Pete. "I'm going to go eat dinner with Terry and Carol." He put three more assembled copies in Ted's hands.

As the three of them put on their coats, Andy went back into his room and came out with a sign he had made: "TED, PETE, TERRY," it said, "REMEMBER THAT MATERIAL FOR BHISMI'LLAH! (Deadline 1 Jan '62)."

"Lookit that there, hey," he said as he stood back. "Remember that."

"Sure," said Pete.

"Yeah, sure," said Terry. They went out the door.

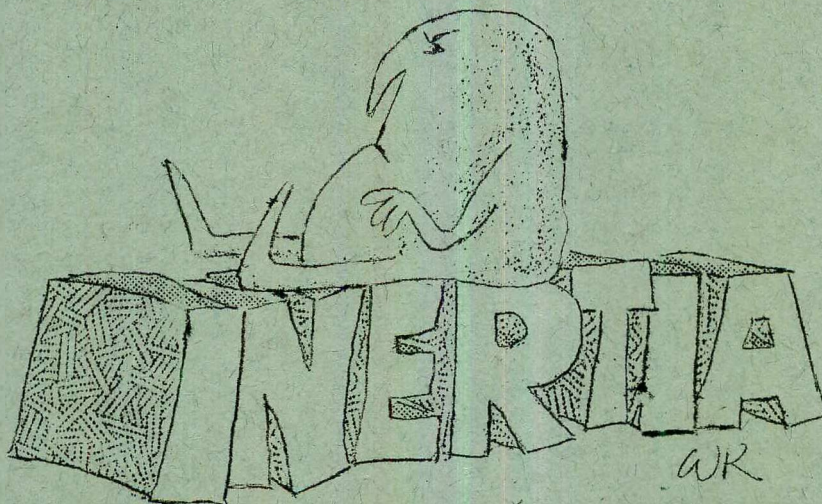
Ted watched them go out and put the address stickers onto the desk. "I'm going too," he said. He put on his heavy parka and walked out, slamming the door.

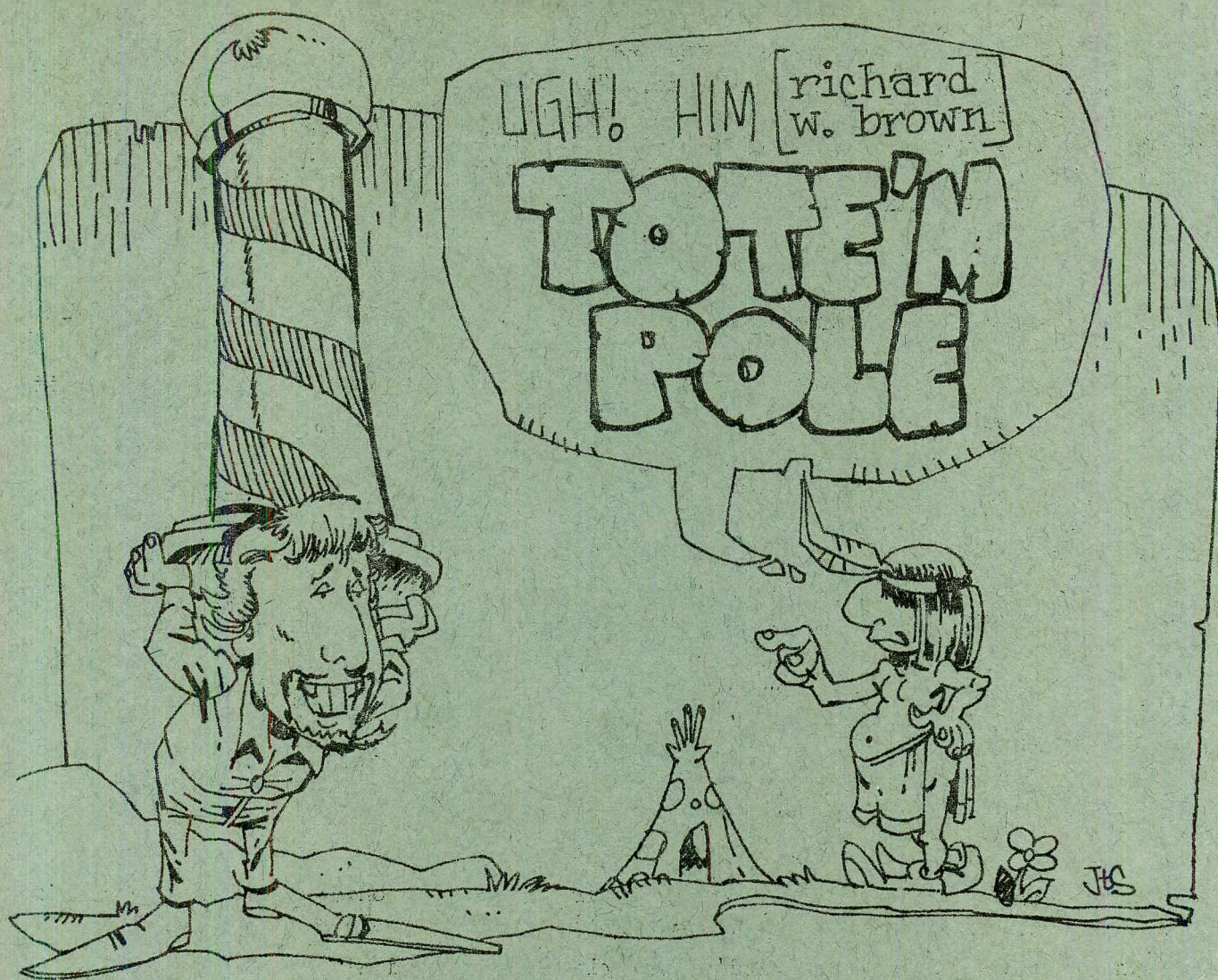
Andy sat down in front of Ted's typewriter and looked at the review he'd been writing. "Wonder why Ted got so mad," he said.

"What's that?" said Walter, lifting his head.

"I said, I wonder why Ted got so mad. Hey, this is an interesting record he's reviewing here. Looks wild. I think I'll go play it, hey."

A few minutes later a ballet suite by Brubeck was coming from Andy's room. Walter got up, shut the door, and came back and put another envelope into the typewriter.





A (PERHAPS) QUICK ASIDE: For any fan history buffs in this reading audience, it might be worth noting that this column celebrates its 14th anniversary with this installment--by far the longest-running column title which has carried my by-line. It is not, true enough (and alas) , a well-known column title, but that is at least partially (or so I like to think) because it has truly lived up to its name, i.e., it has been a very irregular column.

The first installment--perhaps the first two installments; my memory isn't all it should be--ran in a fanzine entitled ZARATHUSTRA, co-edited by Joni Markwood (now Joni Rapkin) and Cindy Heap circa nineteen-and-ought-sixty-five. Four or five installments surfaced over the next few years as editorials in FOCAL POINT, which I co-edited with Mike McInerney and, later, Arnie Katz.

Which makes for a total of between five and seven installments over a 14-year period of what seemed to me, part of that time anyway, to be a period of hyper fan activity.

That's not too many.

There would have been more, but by the time I got around to editing beard-mutterings I had decided that my editorials therein should be titled "Fulcrum" and my answers to the lettercolumn "Leverage"--recalling a statement of Archimedes: "Give me a fulcrum, leverage, and a place to stand and I can move the world." I already had a place to stand, you see--and although I never succeeded in moving fandom (much less the world) in the direction I wanted it to go, I enjoyed indulging

myself with bm. Apparently others enjoyed it too--bm was by far the most popular fanzine I ever edited.

It had been nice to have a forum, a place to express my views. So much so that, when Dan Steffan moved here a couple of years ago to become an integral part of False Crutch Fandom, I craftily told him that I was interested in doing a column--"Maybe for PSYCHOTIC or SFR, or whatever the hell Geis is calling it now"--that would continue in the "Fulcrum" mode, i.e., making me a Force to be contended with and striking terror in the hearts of fuggheads everywhere.

"That's what Geis really needs to make that rag of his popular," I said to Dan, "controversy!"

The strategem worked--Dan asked me to do a column for BOONFARK. He even got Joe Staton to do the illustration which graces its beginning--Joe's cartoons were more than half the reason for bm's popularity, adding just the right touch of humor and lighthearted joviality to my weighty, ponderous prose. Dan did this, not merely because as a cartoonist himself he could see the value of continuing a winning combination, but so as to lock me in.

In fact, I submitted an installment that was to have been published in the last issue of BOONFARK. Somewhere along the line--and I am honestly not sure whether the fault is mine or Dan's--the final page of that installment got misplaced.

Too bad. I explored--for eight single-spaced pages--the question of whether or not fans are snobs. My answer was that, yes, they were, and glad I was of it. Perhaps I'll come back to that topic in some future installment--or Maybe Not. We shall see what we shall see.

Right now, however, I would like to beg your indulgence.

At the 1977 Phillycon, I learned that Dave McDaniel (known to many fans as Ted Johnstone) had died. Dave was the first real fan I ever met.

In the face of such an unbelievable happenstance, I published a fanzine, entitled L'ENBOI (which means merely the final stanza in a long verse; the "final word", as it were) which was essentially my memories of Tedron. This column represents a rewriting of that fanzine, with such factual corrections as have been provided by people's comments on that fanzine.

Dave McDaniel, as I say, was the first real fan I ever met--by which I mean someone involved in the stf community rather than just a reader. And he and I were, I like to believe, good friends--so much so, in fact, that even now, several months after hearing of his death, I find it hard to believe that someone with his gusto for living could be gone from us completely.

In 1957 when my name first appeared in "The Cosmic Pen Club" in IMAGINATION and "The Space Club" in AMAZING, I was living in Pasadena, California; Ted was living in "outh Pasadena, a totally separate community, just beyond easy walking distance. My name and address in those prozine columns were supposed to indicate that I wanted to get in contact with some stf pen pals, as it were; I recieved a pactsarcd from "George W. Fields" (among others) which invited me to either contact Ted Johnstone (his address was provided) or attend LASFS (then meeting at the Prince Rupert Arms) if I wanted to learn more about stf fandom.

I wanted to learn more about stf fandom.

So I did both.

Make no mistake about it, LASFS meetings at that time were absolutely The Pits--one of the first I attended (bringing along Paul Stanbery, with whom I had started a high school stf club, for moral support) had only one genuine LASFS member in attendance, Barney Bernard, inveterate punster against whom the LASFS pun fund was later instituted, who had to be there because he was the Secretary. (I understand that

Barney died in 1976.)

Paul Stanbery, never one to be shy when it came to talking, took the floor to discuss stf films. In the next set of minutes, Barney described that meeting thusly: "The Earnest Young Man said most science fiction movies were terrible trash, badly plotted and poorly acted, with dialog even worse; he said he and his friends could do as well in their own back yard."

I sent a pocsarcd to Ted Johnstone with my phone number; he called, came to visit one week-end, checked me out and evidently decided I was all right because he invited me to attend 20th Century Fandom, a fan club-cum-card party hosted by the abovementioned George W. Fields. Ted was a frequent TCF attendee, as was "Milo Mason" and, occasionally, "Steve Tolliver."

Besides Ted, what did these people do in fandom? Well, George had announced plans for publication of THE WILLIS PAPERS, but he apparently got into something of a snit when the Berkeley Bhoys brought out the INCOMPLETE BURBEE as a Burbday Commemorative in April of '58--THE WILLIS PAPERS came out in '60-61 under the aegis of Taj and Bruce Pelz, with Ted subsequently acting as editor and Bruce as publisher on reissuing THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. About all that George can honestly be credited with is the revival of DE PROFUNDIS, a LASFS newszine.

Milo never really entered fanzine fandom as such; his one activity was to go to 20th Century Fandom meetings and occasionally drive Ted and/or myself to and from these meetings. Some fun; Milo was color blind but had managed to get a driver's license--and if Ted wasn't watching him closely, Milo would cruise blithely through red lights.

Steve Tolliver published a so-so personalzine, GYRE, which was a rider with FANAC, and co-edited (with Lyn Hardy and Larry McCombs) an excellent fanzine entitled GAUL (it being divided into three parts, one for each editor).

I learned pretty quickly everyone's pretty much Open Secret--that they had all "entered" fandom under assumed names.

Now why--and well you might ask--did all these people enter fandom under assumed names?

Ted, apparently, did it independently of everyone else, and his reason was different from everyone else's: Using the pin-in-the-phonebook method, he picked a pseudo to see what mailing lists he would get on through the stf route.

But George--and apparently the others, as well--did it because he had read or heard somewhere that pen names could not be sued for libel. This was, of course, a mistaken notion--and one recognized by all concerned, including George, by the time I came on the fan scene. (I gathered, from my brief and single discussion with George on the subject, that he was the one most concerned about the matter of libel, and that the person he most wanted to vent his uncontrolled anger at was one Francis Towner Laney. I did not know, at the time, that George was gay, and so his reasoning was not anything that I grasped then; it made considerably more sense afterwards.)

Milo Mason was in reality Miles Cross.

George Fields was in reality George Fields Williamson.

Steve Tolliver was in reality Fred Langley; I have heard that of late he is going about as Steve Langley.

And Ted Johnstone, as noted, was Dave McDaniel.

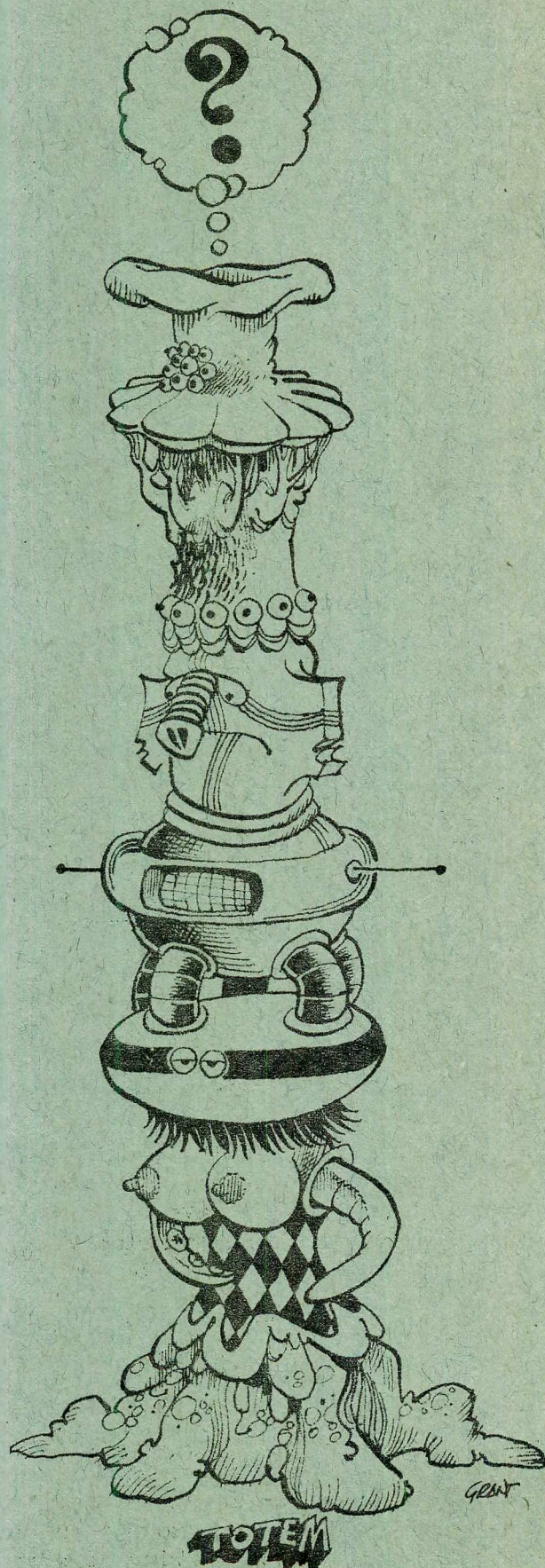
Of the entire 20th Century Fandom crowd, to my knowledge only Ted/Dave made the attempt, brief as it was, to act in fandom under his real name--an attempt he gave up after a year because there were too many people in fandom who knew him as Ted Johnstone. (Indeed, more than 20 years after I met him, although his real name was the only one in the bunch that I had ever been entirely sure of, I still had the tendency to call Dave "Ted" whenever we met.) Ted's real name went on his professional

Ted/Dave published an excellent first issue of ZAP! (entirely editor written) before I started churning out crudzines; he did not continue it, partly because I helped to get him into a couple of the amateur press associations, nor did he ever make a very big mark as a genzine publisher--although as noted he got involved in a few Big Projects, such as the selection of willis writings and reissuing THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR.

Early on, I introduced Ted to Paul Stanbery.

Howevermuch that description might not make it sound so, Ted and Paul had many similarities, including but not limited to boundless energy and enthusiasm, and interest in the theatrical aspects of stf (together they dragged me into doing little self-written radio plays ala "X-1" and "Dimension: X" for a very amateur local radio station), and the ability to talk nonstop about just about any subject under the sun.

(Paul, however, much more than Ted, had a way of getting people involved in his Grandiose Schemes, even though all involved acknowledged them as pipedreams. Thus, on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon would find Ted and I sitting around Stanbery's house deciding who we would cast for which parts if we had unlimited resources to make The Lord of the Rings into a movie, while Paul picked and played for our eclaircissement snippets of classical music which fit specific scenes in the book. Strangely enough, when some of this leaked over into our fanzine fanac, we were poohpoohed by quite a number of people for our absurd notions



I attended--which is quite a boost from the two or three hearty souls I'd found at the first few I had attended); and Charles Burbee came to a LASFS meeting for the first time in Foo-knows-how-many years.

And the driving force, the bundle of energy, the whirligig dynamo that made it all happen, was Bjo.

This was also, sadly enough, the beginning of a split between Ted and Bjo--and while the details were never made clear to me (it being, presumably, none of my goddamn business), I gathered through an asmosis-like process that was half guess on the basis of hints dropped and half intuition that this may have been because Bjo had rejected Ted's more serious advances.

(I would like to make it clear that Ted was a friend of mine--but I do not claim that this made him perfect. Bjo was then in her 20's; Ted, at most was 18 or 19, which I can only hope most people will see as mitigating in this circumstance for him: Youth, folly, all of that sort of thing.)

Ted and I became involved with the creation of a fanzine hoax--one Leslie Norris by name, supposedly a fan from the late 1940's who had rediscovered fandom after a number of years in the Marine Corps. This hoax, which accomplished nothing really useful, was the source of some bitterness between Ted and myself. Norris, as noted, did nothing really spectacular--we salted a few collections with supposedly "old" copies of his fanzine, Fantocinni (an Italian kind of puppet), which title he continued to use in his new incarnation, which involved him immediately in joining SAPS and getting on the FAPA w-l. It was the fact that, shortly after joining SAPS, Les voted in a SAPS election--and Ted and I were both also members of SAPS at the time; inasmuch as we had already both voted, I thought this was unethical. And said so. In a letter to Ted in which I swore off participating in the hoax. (I was, myself, already in the Air Force by this time and the brunt of carrying on the hoax had fallen to him anyway.)

Ted explained that Norris would have otherwise been the only member of SAPS not to have voted in the election (thus making him Stand Out, thus doing harm to the credibility of the hoax), that Norris had voted only for OE (and not in the actual egoboo poll, as I had assumed) and that neither the Norris vote nor the combination of Ted's and Norris' votes had changed the outcome of that election.

So we patched up that misunderstanding--which, like many I tend to get into, was another case of me jumping to a wrong conclusion--and the Norris hoax continued on for a while before it ground to a nonremarkable halt in time for Ted to take on Les' FAPA membership.

Well, and then, now that I've segued past it, there was this "imaginary" world called Coventry.

Yes, indeed.

"This world, my friend, is filled with sadness
And so it is, and so shall ever be--
But once there was a fleeting happy madness
Called Coventry."

That was Ted's verse parody (sung to the tune of "Camelot"); or at least, a pretty close approximation--there may have been other verses, but that was the verse I heard and remembered, although I may have turned a word or two around, my memory being what it is.

That verse makes a point about the world and about what Coventry was to some people--and Ted was a skilled enough versifier that I believe it approximated his own view, too.

At a Westercon, Jack Harness once touted me as an authority on Coventry--much to my embarrassment. Not that I blame Jack; he simply knew who, in Coventry, I was, and could not resist the temptation, several years after the big Coventry blow-up in Los Angeles, to unmask rich brown to reveal Lord Jommar Lynn, Lord Leader of Linn; in Mongloidia-Kentonia, Lord Protector; Bishop of Southfarthing and Patron Cleric of the Civilized Man; Number Two of the Upper Twelve of the Amaranth Society of Coventry. So yes, I guess I was--and remain--something of an expert on Coventry; next to Stanbery, my word was Law, a fact which brought me into the thick of things despite the fact that in my mundane life I was in the Air Force in faroff Panama City, Florida, when Paul stopped talking about Coventry, leaving me as the only arbiter. (Paul, however, had all the written material, and thus was the only one who knew how everything was supposed to fit together; as a result, I had to "wing it" more than once.)

Let's backtrack a little bit; I'll promise to explain, a little further on, as best I can what went on later, at least to the extent that I came to understand it.

Before that, however, I would like to make this paragraph one long disclaimer; To wit, if I err, I trust someone who knows better will correct me. In the meantime, I think what I say here must be taken with a grain of salt; not that I'm intentionally trying to be misleading, but by virtue of the fact that what I "know" about these incidents--most of which took place in California while I was in Florida--was told to me second-or-third hand, also that some of what I was told may have been supposition on the part of the person or persons who told me, and finally that some of what I say may be or may have been colored by the perceptions of the person or persons who told me, or by myself, or both, after the passage of time.

With these heavy-handed caveats in mind, let us proceed.

I guess Coventry really got started fannishly when Bruce Pelz was the one who was still in faroff Florida, and I was still in Southern California. Bruce asked, in the pages of his fanzine, proFANity, what fantasy worlds his readers would choose to live in and/or visit, if one were to grant the premise of "Three Years in the Marmelade" (i.e., given an infinite number of alternate universes, every fantasy world ever imagined would have to exist somewhere/when).

I was a frequent contributor to proFANity; I wrote letters on most issues, contributed a not-very-good cover to one issue, and provided--since Bruce shared my enthusiasm for Don Marquis--a series of fannish parodies of archy the cockroach (under the title "ichabodings"), some of which were rather bad but a few of which were quite good. Anyway, in my LoC on the issue in which Bruce had asked The Question, I replied by saying that the fantasy world I would most like to live in would be Coventry--not only did it have most of the fantasy/stfnal elements that had appealed to me in a fantasy-world sense over the years, but I was an immortal there. Furthermore, I had a ready get-away should Coventry as it was set up ever bore me--because Paul and I had had some philosophical disagreements on what constituted freedom, I had insisted that Lord Jommar Lynn should be free to leave the spindizzy in his own starship (hidden in the bowels of the spindizzy) whenever the notion took him. (Lord Jommar was known for his long and frequent journeys to the Outside Universe--my whole stay in the Air Force was ostensibly one of these trips.)

That this fantasy world would have an uncommon appeal to Bruce I did not know until several years later when he moved to Los Angeles, got to know Paul Stanbery and, together with Ted, got involved in writing and publishing a series of stories about Coventry. In fact, quite a number of people at the LASFS got involved in the Coventry mythos--how this all came about, and why, remains something of a mystery to me to this day, because it was at about this time that I entered the Air Force.

For people like Ted Johnstone, Coventry always seemed to be just a nice background with a few built-in problems, some ready-made characters (whose character-

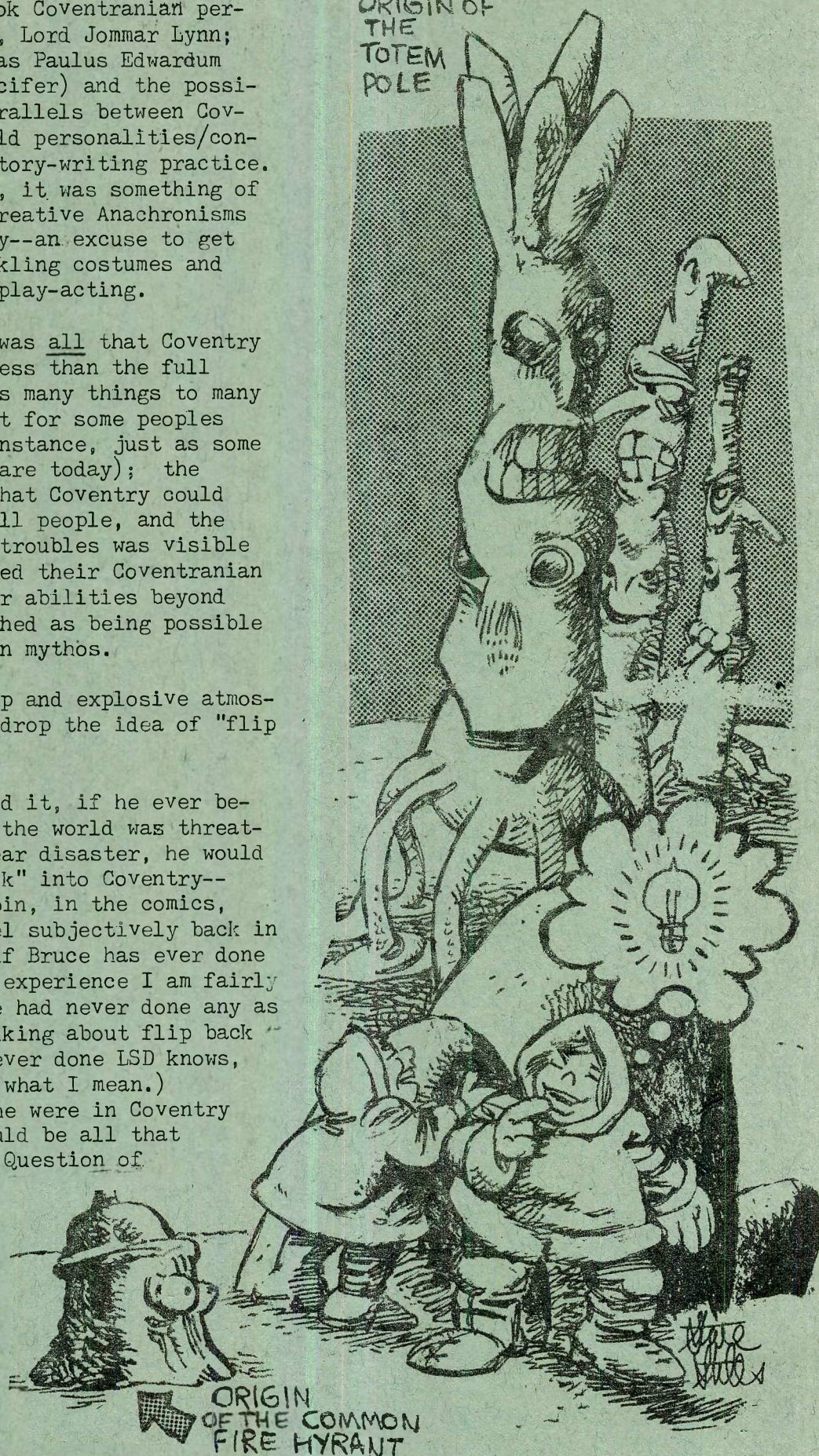
istics were based on real people's, inas-
much as real people took Coventrianian per-
sonas--I was, as noted, Lord Jommar Lynn;
Ted was Tedron; Paul was Paulus Edwardum
Rex, and Bruce was Brucifer) and the possi-
bilities of drawing parallels between Cov-
entrianian and Real World personalities/con-
flicts made for nice story-writing practice.
For others, like Bruce, it was something of
what the Society for Creative Anachronisms
is to some people today--an excuse to get
dressed up in swashbuckling costumes and
swords and to do some play-acting.

To say that this was all that Coventry
was would be to tell less than the full
truth. In fact, it was many things to many
other people (an outlet for some peoples
drive for power, for instance, just as some
fan clubs and the SCA are today); the
problem, really, was that Coventry could
not be all things to all people, and the
tip of the iceberg of troubles was visible
when some people endowed their Coventrianian
personas with powers or abilities beyond
those already established as being possible
within the coventrianian mythos.

Into this mixed-up and explosive atmos-
phere, Bruce Pelz let drop the idea of "flip
back".

As Bruce explained it, if he ever be-
came a basket case, or the world was threat-
ened by imminent nuclear disaster, he would
take LSD and "flip back" into Coventry--
much as Batman and Robin, in the comics,
used hypnosis to travel subjectively back in
time. (I don't know if Bruce has ever done
acid, but from my own experience I am fairly
well convinced that he had never done any as
of the time he was talking about flip back
--and anyone who has ever done LSD knows,
I'm sure, pretty much what I mean.)
Bruce argued that if he were in Coventry
subjectively, that would be all that
really mattered. The Question of

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whether this would actually "save him from nuclear disaster, for example, or merely permit him to die happily is, I have always felt, moot and not really germane. And as a basket case would have to be cared for anyway, it scarcely matters what the basket case velieves his plight to be--it might well be better for him to believe he was on Coventry.

Be all this as it may, some people in LASFS apparently got quite upset by this sort of talk. (Apparently, too, there was a growing contingent of people at LASFS who were annoyed that LASFS meetings were being used to conduct "Coventry" rather than "LASFS" business.) I was given to understand that Mitch Evans, who lived in constant pain because of some malady he suffers (I've never met the man, myself), had wanted the idea of Coventry destroyed because the idea of flip back as propounded by Bruce appealed to him too much. Well, for whatever reason, it was believed that Evans and/or his friends brought Doctor Destructo into being--he who wrote and published stories in which Coventry and/or its supporters were destroyed, stirring up even more people involved with Coventry who were already confused enough about the boundaries between fiction and reality.

Most people would consider Dr. Destructo's "activities" in this regard laughable--I did, and I gathered that Paul and Ted and Bruce, at least felt pretty much the same and conveyed to Dr. Destructo (whatever he or she may have been) that they considered it laughable too. For shortly thereafter a small group of people "attacked" the Stanbery home--they peered in windows, whooped, yelled threats, and frightened Stanbery, his mother, and his younger sister, Marjorie. (Marjorie shortly thereafter committed suicide--I would like to assume over something totally unconnected with these events.) The police were called by Paul's mother, but no one was ever caught.

This was not so laughable.

It was at this point that Paul withdrew from activities Coventanian and fannish, and it fell to me to act as arbiter--despite my being in Florida and, shortly thereafter, in Germany.

That was truly the beginning of the end.

Because I was so far away, lacked personal interest, and did not have access to Paul's records, because of the involvement of people like Lady Jayne Ellern who were pretty heavily into Coventranian Power trips, and because of a LASFS ban on the wearing of swords or costumes (and, I believe, of discussion of non-LASFS business), Coventry as it had been known in Los Angeles circles eventually withered and died.

"Once there was a fleeting happy madness--called Coventry."

Despite all these happenstances going off like Fourth-of-July fireworks, Ted Johnstone/Dave McDaniel managed in his story-writing practice to write some pleasant and thoroughly enjoyable fiction with Coventry as his background and his alter-ego, Tedron (whom I thought of as a successful Grey Houser imitation sans Fafhrd), as his protagonist.

There is one bit that he wrote that I would like to pass on; it was part of a Coventranian story that I think reflected a great deal about him and his attitude toward not only Coventry but life in general: Tedron, unlike many of the rulers of lands within Coventry, was not into running things per se--his country was a functional anarchy and he was a minstrel king, given to wandering off on adventures whenever the notion took him. In this particular story, Tedron announced his decision to go off and have an adventure, and the people of his country gave him a going-away party. He enjoyed parties and so stayed for it but slipped away quietly in the wee hours of the morning while it was still going on. A few months later, when he was returning from his adventure, he found that the party was still going on--so they turned it into a welcome-home party.

Ted also had a great deal to do with the revival of the interest in "filk singing"--folk songs by and about fans. One of his first was a re-writing of the Con Pederson piece about \$e Ackerman, "The Battle Hymn of the Fannation," with it's rousing chorus of "Forry, Forry, Hallelujah!" Ted loved to regail people about how he had fought, jokingly, with Rick Sneary over the revision of the line, "He is trampling out the places with AMAZING on the stands"; Forry had been among those who had led the boycott of the Shaver AMAZINGS, Ted wanted to tactfully replace it with ASTOUNDING, while Rick held out, against sense and scansion, for THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION...

In my thinking about Ted, I am reminded of a line of Heinlein's describing Rhysling in "The Green Hills of Earth": "Vandervoort's portrait of him shows a figure of high tragedy, a solemn mouth, sightless eyes concealed by a black silk bandage. He was never solemn! His mouth was always open, singing, grinning, eating..." So too, of Ted: If Paul Stanberry seemed to have a nearly infinite supply of energy about the things he did, Ted Johnstone/Dave McDaniel had a nearly enexhaustable supply of enthusiasm and gusto; he refused to stay depressed, and life was a party that would still be going on whenever you got back to it. And speaking of Rhysling reminds me that Ted, like Rhysling, wrote a few filk songs that could not be printed in a family magazine. This is not a family magazine, here, but I don't want to get myself or my editor sued, either--and some of Ted's songs were libelous as written:

"Blank-blank she lays for the pro-authors
And blank-blank she lays for the fen,
While blank-blank and blank make the blank-blank
And my Ghod, how the mat'rial rolls in!"

Milo Mason reportedly got up at a LASFS meeting, rather drunk, to sing that verse with real names in the space where I've put blanks. You really had to be there, I'm told.

A great deal more I cannot say: Surviving the Air Force, I went to New York City in search of my fortune and fame rather than return to Southern California. After nine years in The City, I moved to Virginia and met Dave again: He had sold most of the books mentioned earlier on (not Great Art, but solid entertaining works that combined the verve and craftsmanship that had characterized his fan writing); he had gotten married and, by strange coincidence, his wife and mine both worked for Sperry Univac--his in Blue Bell, Pa., and mine in Washington, D.C. While this put us in closer proximity than we had been in for many years, we did not visit each other. We met at occasional Phillycons and Disclaves, and while we enjoyed each other's company and taled as though nothing had changed, obviously many things had--we both remained moderately active in fandom, but totally different groups and apas. I sensed we were both somewhat uncomfortable with this fact--that is, I know I felt somewhat uncomfortable about it, and I think Ted may have shared my feelings.

I guess that's about it--about all I have to say.

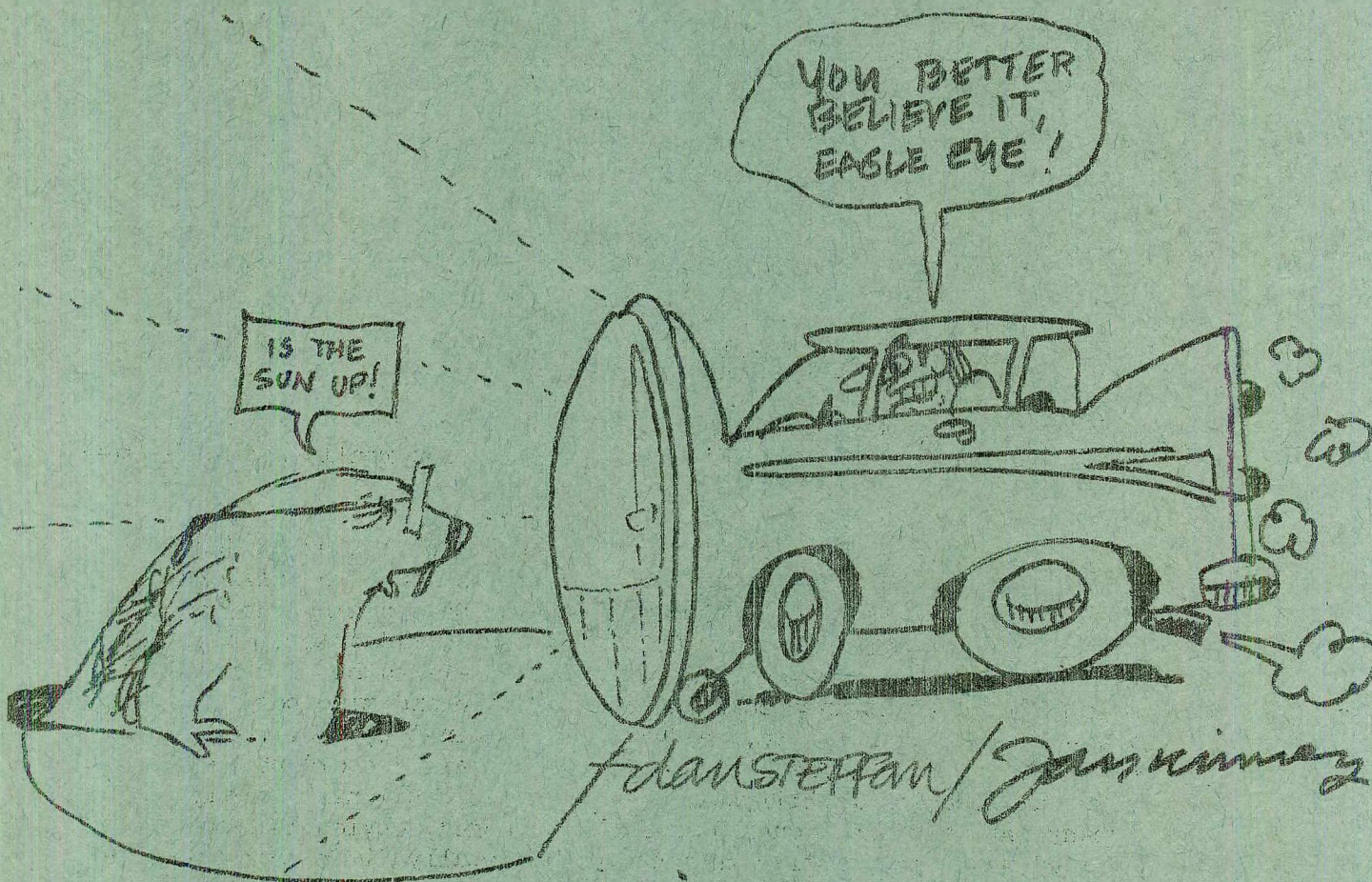
Well, no, one more thing, I guess: I can't help feeling that it will be quite some timebefore a part of me stops protesting that Ted Johnstone/Dave McDaniel cannot really be dead. I know otherwise, of course, but I just don't want to believe what I know. While I realize my protest is irrational, I can't help but feel that there may be some mysticism, some transcendental reality, involved here.

These days, you see, I'm not an atheist but an agnostic--which I guess means I hedge my bets. Like Jubal Harshaw, on alternate days of the week I'm a deist--but I also believe all the hats are in the ring; not just the "dignified" God of Christians and Jews, but the juju sorshipped in the Out Back and primitive areas of the world.

I would just like to note, in passing, that there are many religious beliefs and entire religions that seem more ridiculous than--or at least every bit as ridiculous as--Coventry and the Coventranian mythos.

I'm not saying it's true, mind you--I'm just saying I would hate to die, wake up on Coventry, and find Tedron disappointed at my failure to understand what had really happened. So just indulge me, please; I would prefer to think that Tedron has merely gone off on another adventure--and that it's up to the rest of us to keep the party going until he gets back.

--rich brown 1978



"The Ould Sod" is merely an obscure reference to the late Oscar Wilde"
--Robert Bloch

Hey Joe! You got old fanzines? Do you want to sell or trade? I am looking for issues of Lighthouse, Opsla, Quandry, Sam, Innuendo, Xero and of course Hyphens and Slants. ** I am also interested in purchasing obscure Vaughn Bode items and artwork. If you have the issues of Perhilion that Vaughn appeared in, contact me. I also need the Bode issue of Gosh Wow! I will pay your price (probably). **

"Are we really free in this country, to shout 'Movie!' in a crowded firehouse?" --Steve Martin

PREFACATORY MATTER: Well, another year, another column. Time to Get Fannish again, get back to my, ah, Roots (as it were). I'm primed for it, as a matter of fact, having only just returned from Suncon.

How was Suncon, you ask? The usual, I reply: fucked up on the formal level, and a lot of fun on the personal level. Distinguished perhaps by its location in the World's Tackiest Hotel in one of the world's more spectacularly beautiful spots on the Atlantic Ocean, but otherwise your typical worldcon these days.

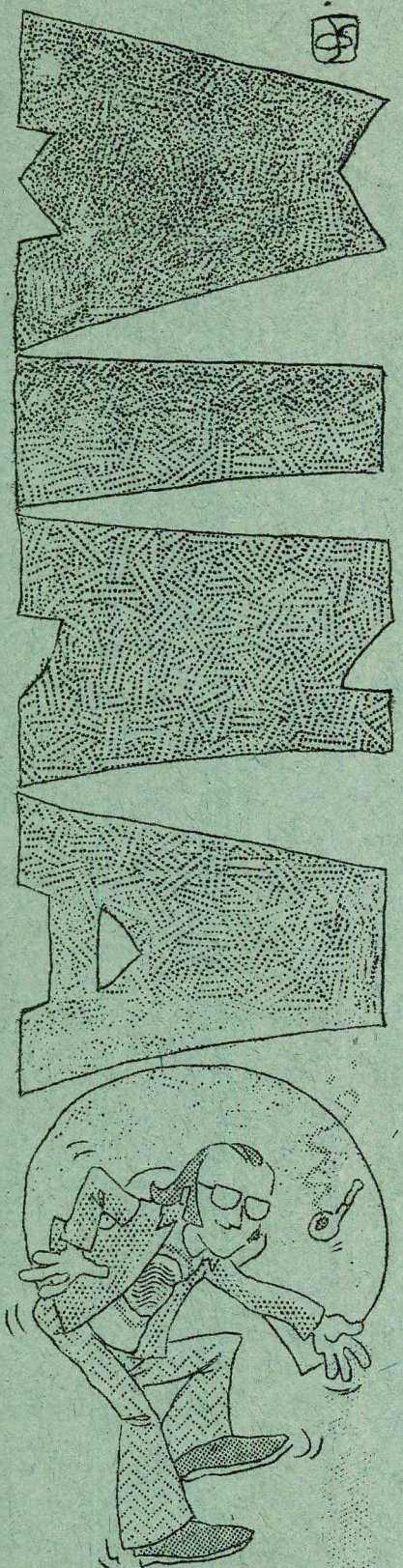
Well, almost. Actually the Suncon distinguished itself in an unusual area: fannish programming. For this I believe kudos go to Gary Farber, who organized that aspect of the convention. The fan programming was located in an out-of-the-way room, true, but it was a nice idea to have the fannish displays directly below, and the programming was probably the best in fannish terms in many years.

The art show was interesting this year. Rumor reaches me that the show was deliberately made expensive to join in order to keep out riff-raff like this magazine's editor. If true, the rumor reflects a nasty turn in the thinking of some individuals, a thinking which equates talent with financial resources; I'd like to hope the rumor is untrue.

Wandering through the art show one afternoon I came to a separate section located on a low balcony. It was an impressive display and very quickly I realized that each of the artists represented here was a Hugo winner or nominee. Then I came to the far end of the balcony. Next to several impressive pieces by Vincent Di Fate was one of the ugliest attempts at painting which I have ever seen. The scene was vaguely Moorish, a palace of some sort with towers and the usual Persian gingerbread. But there was no real detailing; the painting looked almost as if it had been drawn with a half-inch-wide brush and then its areas filled in with simple primary colors (I recall mostly yellows). I was astonished.

Now long before it had ever occurred to me that I could write, I considered myself an artist. I did pastel still-lives, clumsy portraits and all the student stuff. Later, teenaged, I taught myself oils and painted a few pictures. I gave it all up when I married the first time; my wife couldn't take the "competition" and she was the better artist by far.

So, okay, get this: not one of my oils--not even the first--was as poorly designed or executed as this painting up on the Hugo winners/nominees balcony which I just described. And on this painting (if I can dignify it with that name) was a tag



TED
WHITE

which announced that it was for sale; the minimum bid was \$400.00.

Four hundred dollars!

I couldn't believe it. "This has to be a joke," was about the way I put it at the time.

And if the price was a joke, here's the punchline: The artist was Phil Foglio.

THE CREATOR AS EDITOR: One afternoon at the Suncon there was a fan-artists panel which had as its panellists Dan Steffan, Stu Schiffman, Wayne Macdonald and Phil Foglio. I wanted to catch this item as Dan had been making noises in the back of his throat about Foglio for some time. (His editorial last issue discussed Foglio, but not by name.) Since I agreed with most of what Dan was saying, I wanted to witness their confrontation. But I must confess that I expected no sparks to fly; Dan is too much the pussycat for his own good at times.

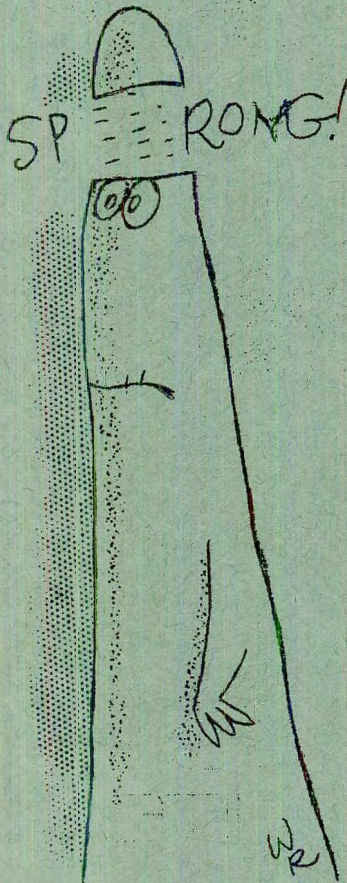
I was right. The closest Dan came to confronting Foglio was in a question which he (Dan) addressed to the rest of the panel: "Tell us why you think you should get the Hugo."

Macdonald, at the opposite end of the panel, was given first crack and candidly stated that he didn't think he was ready for consideration for the Hugo yet, that he was aware of many faults in his work, that he worked too slowly to produce a large body of work, and his best work hadn't appeared in fanzines anyway. With this modest tone set for him, Foglio said something to the effect that he hadn't been in fandom long enough himself. (Schiffman was similarly modest; citing flaws in his work.) I thought that interesting, inasmuch as Foglio had not withdrawn his name from the Hugo ballot either last year or this year; but then, so few do.

So the confrontation was a bust. This would never do, I thought. Here is this young man, the creator of one of the worst paintings I have ever seen on display, a cartoonist of minor talent (and unaware that his entire style is derivative of the work of a much more talented artist, Bjo Trimble, who perfected that style to a degree he is yet to consider, much less accomplish) and--at this point--a Hugo nominee for Fan Artist... here, I say, is this brash young man, preening and acting for all the world like, oh, the Next Vaughn Bode... he must be confronted. So went my reasoning. No one else was doing it; everyone was being a pussycat.

So I did the dirty deed. I asked him if he was indeed the creator of the painting displayed among the works of winners and nominees for the professional artist's Hugo, and how did he feel about the contrast between their work and his.

To my astonishment, Foglio not only took proud credit for the wretched work ("My best piece"), but saw no contrast between it and the other works by its side. I persisted, but I was met by smug indifference. This fellow, this Phil Foglio, actually believed that his piece deserved a place beside those others. He was aware



of no anomalies. He perceived little differences. He stuck up for his right to display his painting.

I didn't disagree with him on that final point. I've long been on record as favoring the right of one and all to make public fools of themselves.

But what disturbed me was Foglio's apparent indifference to the flaws in his work--his lack of embarrassment, if you will, for the display of such a gauche and amateur work alongside the works of gifted professionals.

I find it interesting that two young fan artists came into fandom at roughly the same time and as apparent companions. One was somewhat introverted, was painstaking with his work, and received relatively little attention. The other was brash, extroverted, and much less talented. And he has received all the attention.

It seems to me that Phil Foglio could learn a lot from Wayne Macdonald. He could learn introspection and self-analysis, for openers. Because ultimately the success, in artistic terms, of any creator--whether artist or author--lies in his ability to self-edit.

I don't want to go into a long discussion of this point; I think it's pretty self-evident. Until you are aware of your mistakes you're unlikely to correct them.

What is perhaps most disturbing about the clique that cheers Foglio on with uncritical acclaim is that it is stunting his development as an artist. When anyone who might lay claim to perceptivity criticises his work, Foglio does not consider that criticism seriously. Instead he points to his popularity as proof that he's doing everything right. He hardly has incentive to do otherwise, but surely this trip can end only in disaster: sooner or later the bubble will be burst and it will be discovered that the Emperor has no talent. In the meantime...

THE FAN-ARTIST HUGO: The Fan-Artist Hugo was created, along with the Fan-Writer Hugo, in 1967. And I, dear friends, am the creator of both awards.

I had several ideas in mind. On the one hand, I felt that fandom was being pushed out of the worldcon, especially in the awards. There was one token fan-Hugo, the Best Fanzine Hugo; the other five or seven awards went to professional works and people. I felt that there should be more fan awards.

On the other hand, I didn't think any of the fan awards should be Hugos. I mean, why should they be? Is the best fanzine of the year in any way comparable to the best prozine of the year? (We had best-prozine awards then; they were later junked by Harlan Ellison in favor of the present best-pro-editor awards. Since then all of the awards have gone to Ben Bova; in the Old Days prozines other than Analog sometimes won...) Are apples comparable to oranges? Fan work is done for the love of it, purely because the act is rewarding in itself. Pro work is always, at bottom, for money--no matter how much love may also go into it. Different games; I enjoy both, but I don't confuse them.

I wanted two complete sets of awards: the Professional SF Achievement Awards (Hugos), and the Fan Achievement Awards (Pongs). I named the latter awards the Pongs because I felt the name was perfect on a number of levels: it honors Hoy Ping Pong, the first spirit of fannishness in the history of fandom (and without directly using the name of Pong's living creator, Bob Tucker; it's a bit sticky to name an award after a living person and for that reason it's rarely ever done...); "Pong" is also a none-too-serious name, one that no one could easily brag up to anyone outside fandom, and I thought that also appropriate to the spirit of fannishness, something that could not be taken too seriously.

I was concerned about this because I saw faneditors starting to campaign or organizing block votes for fanzine Hugos. (Leland Sapiro's RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY was nominated on identically xeroxed ballots from people none of us had ever heard of before...) To me this is a disgusting perversion of fandom. (Today, ten years later, I have come to realize that all awards tend to bring out the worst in those who might be in contention for them, with only rare exceptions.)

So I wanted to honor fans for the things they did well, but I didn't want the honor to become something that fans would compete for, so it had to be unpretentious. It had to be the Pong. It had to embody what we were honoring, rather than corrupting it.

I lost that one.

The uproar when we announced the Pongs was incredible. I was slandered and villified--particularly by the editors of pretentious fanzines who saw me tearing a Hugo from almost within their grasp. I shall name no names, but those fans went on record at the time with their views.

And it became obvious to me that the damage was already done: the corruption was already widespread. To these fans a Hugo was something that proclaimed to the world that they, the fans, were every bit as good as Robert Heinlein or Isaac Asimov (or whoever won the pro Hugos that year). These fans were already corrupted by their greed for such an award. They never considered the meaning of the award; they betrayed no awareness that the meaning of the word existed independent of its name. They were concerned with status: "I put out a Hugo-winning fanzine!" Naturally, they objected to the Pongs. What status was there in a Pong? (A fair amount, I should think, if the judgment of one's peers means anything, but...)

So there were no Pongs. There were only Hugos. At the business meeting of the 25th World SF Convention two new fan-awards, Best Fan Artist and Best Fan Writer, were officially adopted into the Hugo structure by the very people who most bitterly opposed calling them "Pong"s. That was in 1967--ten years ago.

There was little real honor, even then, in the fanzine Hugo. Although it had gone to WARHOON, XERO and YANDRO, it had also gone to FANTASY TIMES and later SF TIMES (the same zine with a new name), and to ERBDOM. It never went to HYPHEN. The only truly major fanzine to win a Hugo was WARHOON. It went to FANAC but not to INNUENDO. It went usually to the most widely circulated fanzines, as it still does today.

But I had hopes for the other two fan Hugos. The early fan-writer Hugos went to Alexei Panshin, Harry Warner, Terry Carr and myself. (I had my name removed from the ballot after I won--I was nominated the next year--because I felt that at that point the award was still catching up and should go to a different person each year. I believe Panshin did this too. Alas that the idea didn't catch on.)

The fan-artist Hugo was corrupted early on. Tim Kirk may well have deserved his first Hugo and possibly his second, but he should have withdrawn his name thereafter. I lay the current debacle at least in part on his doorstep. If Kirk had not sewn up the fan-artist Hugos for most of this decade, perhaps the ultimate devaluation of the award this year might not have occurred.

Let us not beat around the bush here. I have not spoken to a single fan artist who does not think that all of the rest of this year's nominees were more talented and more deserving than Phil Foglio. Some of these artists have grown quite heated on the subject. (For more on this subject, check out the letters in this issue of this zine, at which I've had an advance peek.) To many of them Foglio's win was a direct slap in the face to the other nominees: overtly insulting to them.

I agree.

So how did Foglio win?

Here I must go on impressions, and thus I must label them. I lack a number of solid facts. This I do know: Foglio came out of left field into his nomination last year. He was little-published and little-known in genzine fandom. Perhaps his most widely circulated work was a several-page strip in MAC's final Progress Report. It was not very good, and publishing it at the very time of the Hugo balloting was a tactical error on the part of MAC's committee (hardly its largest error, of course, and largely lost among the others), amounting as it did to tacit endorsement of one nominee.

But Foglio had a large claque present at MAC. Many wore professionally printed buttons campaigning for Foglio for Hugo. This year Foglio said that last year's campaign embarrassed him and was done up without his knowledge. But I noticed that the machine was still running full-blast this year: the buttons were still much in evidence.

I sat in the back of the room at the Awards Banquet at Suncon; it's been years since I bothered to eat the banquet food. Seated almost directly in front of me were about five rows of Foglio's claque. When it was announced that Foglio had won--and the Fan Artist Hugo was the very first awarded--these people burst with enthusiasm. They betrayed no awareness that they were insulting people like Grant Canfield with their joy that a person of markedly inferior ability had won; I suspect most of them have never even heard of Grant, or, for that matter, most of the other nominees. When Phil came back with his award, they pressed forward to shake his hand; the females kissed him.

Heady stuff. Is this what the Hugos are really all about? Ignorant people elevating one of their number to High Honors? Hail the hero--kisses and backslaps for the Local Boy?

It's easy to get worked up about the award. It's easy to piss and moan about the degradation of the Hugo. But I think what this really means is that the fan awards no longer have any usefulness within the Hugo structure. Too few of the voters have any awareness of the nominees. It's too easy in this era of inflated fandom and large local clubs to rig the vote if that's what you want to do.

Perhaps everyone else nominated next year should simply withdraw his or her name, leaving only Foglio and No Award on the ballot. That might emphasize the point. But, no, I can see that this would never work: too many of the other nominees still lust after their own Hugos to consider such an action.

Maybe after Foglio wins his second or third Hugos, the idea will look better.

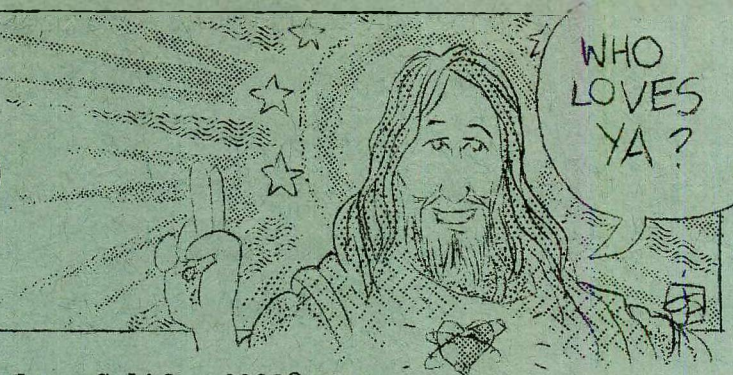
--ted white 1977

UPDATE: 1979: Well, more than a year and a half have passed since I typed the above words, and I'm surprised to find that I still agree with them; I must be mellowing out these years... Foglio did indeed win his second Hugo, but he confounded us all with his first admirable move: he withdrew from future nominations for the award. "So that other artists as good as me can win," he added, modestly. His second win in as many years did not surprise me at all, for the reasons I enumerated above; editing AMAZING made me prescient, you see.

But not prescient enough to realize when I wrote this column that Wayne Macdonald would prefer to be known as Taral. Oh well; you can't win 'em all.

--ted white 1979

GROUP SAINTHOOD LETTERZ



William Rotsler P.O. Box 3126 Los Angeles, Calif. 90028

Recieved BOONFARK (what?) and hastened to write about watcha said regarding fan artists, Hugos and the like.

I have read, and talked to several fan artists, about the last Tim Kirk Hugo and everyone seems in agreement: Tim is a superb artist, deserves a Hugo, but not five, especially in a year when he did next to zip in fan art.

I think people are confusing fan & pro art and voting on reflex. My personal selection (and desire) for the next few fan art Hugos would be:

Grant Canfield for 1977. He is excellent, prolific and long due.

Don Simpson, for 1978. Again, long long overdue. He is the "artist's artist" but not a fanzine artist so it will be very difficult to get him nominated & a winner. But to know Don's work is to love it/him/and art.

Alexis Gilliland, for 1979. His technique is not as facile as many, but his ideas are first rate.

Jay Kinney for 1980. First rank super-star.

Steve Stiles for...oh, shit, every single one of those mentioned have long deserved a Hugo. In ranking my seniority or "time in" I guess it should be Stiles, Canfield, Simpson, Kinney, Gilliland.

Kirk is good. He was visibly embarrassed at winning at Kansas City. (I was sitting next to G. Barr, who was sitting next to him, and Tim's face got all embarrassed.) He deserves recognition, but not half of all the Hugos ever awarded!

I have mentioned elsewhere (and probably too often) but I think people think Bjo Trimble, Atom and myself obviously got ours back in the Eolithic Age (Lithographic Age?) of fandom. Not so.

The fact is, there are simply a lot of GOODartists around. I don't say Tim Kirk should have withdrawn this last time, knowing he hadn't really done much, but he probably didn't think he'd win, either. I thought Grant would--and he should have.

I don't know what can be done about this, except to bitch like hell in the fanzines & from fan artist panels and the like, to raise the consciousness of the fan voter. (I'm doing my part, even though you'll be two years printing this...)

Now about the unnamed, but obvious, fan artist you mentioned, with little time in and a lot of PR. He was the most ungracious loser I think I've seen, certainly in fandom. We were sitting in the K.C. auditorium and he got close--about 10-12 feet-- and in a loud voice that as far as I could tell, had no trace of humor or "put on", said "Congratulations, Kirk, you son of a bitch!" Tim's jaw dropped. I couldn't believe it. Prior to that time I thought him the least talented of the nominees by far, and personally a smartass, pushy and unfunny. I think even less of him now. He is typical of a "talented" young artist who has never had competition, who was always the "Artist" in high school, far too sure of himself, like someone who drives 20 mph faster than their reaction time. While I am always partial to people with talent and must confess I put up with a lot because of it (like you, Dan, and your disgusting personal habit

of eating live unsalted frogs) I do draw a line. This particular "artist" has a most mediocre talent but an outsized ego which will never let him grow and develop. He already thinks he is GREAT, so why change? Sad.

Winning a Hugo is nice, but only if it is awarded on fair competition. Perhaps we should do it like the Faan Awards and the Oscars--only artists nominate--though everyone can vote. I'm certain that would bring up cries of nepotism, "old boy" systems, favoritism and crap like that. But if fandom at large has so little to say about fan art, and--as you say in your article--they are always disqualifying themselves, then why not?

Let's see: You, me (naturally), Canfield, Stiles, Kinney, Gilliland, Simpson, Kirk, Barr, Austin, Derek Carter, Frolich, ATOM, Fletcher, Waller, Foster, Bell, Shull, Chamberlain, Bathurst, Gilbert, Hulse, Kostrikin, McQuade, Mohr, Nelson, Kunkel, Howarth, Gustafson, Kelly Atkins, Clint Keller, Godwin, Bennett, Birkhead, Townley, Hawkins, McCay, and I'm sure many others. That's 45, probably more than nominate anyway.

Block voting, that's the ticket. Nominate & vote between ourselves then vote as a block. Take over fandom. Today fandom, tomorrow the world! Arise, fan artists, you have nothing to lose but your Higgins ink!

++Well Bill, it looks like block voting is the answer. Our mystery artist won the Hugo this year, thereby reducing the worth of the award to that of fecal matter. I think it is an insult to the likes of Grant Canfield to award the Hugo to Foglio instead of Canfield. I think that if a special artist's award were created we wouldn't have to worry about people being ripped off for the awards they rightfully deserve.

I've visited Don Simpson's magic basement and agree with you totally. But if Grant can't get a Hugo what possible chance does Don Simpson have?++

Mike Glicksohn 141 High Park Ave. Toronto Ontario, M6P 2S3 Canada

It was quite a surprise, albeit a delightful one, to receive the second issue of BOONFARK: I know that in those rare moments when you aren't busy leading the self-indulgent hedonistic life of the archetypal hippy you still Art but I'd forgotten that you also Pub Your Ish occasionally. (Is this LIZARD INN in a clever twiltone disguise?) Noting that the issue is available for old fanzines I was tempted to dig out my copy of BOONFARK #1 but reason prevailed: it would take me too long to find it and I figured you really didn't mean that old...

Your editorial is completely correct, of course. Also almost totally useless. You're preaching to the converted, Dan ol' buddy. The sort of fan likely to be on the BF mailing list already agrees with you that Tim--brilliant and creative as he is--doesn't deserve five Hugos, that Canfield is overdue, that several other fanartists deserve at least the recognition offered by a Hugo nomination, that it was tacky of Phil Foglio's well-intentioned friends to have buttons made up supporting him, etc,etc,etc. Why call us assholes, man? We're not the ones who need shaking up. It's all those mindless cretins who vote for Freas, Bova and Kirk (also Geis, I guess) year after year who need to be told the facts of fannish life and if any of them are on your mailing list I'll eat my famous hat.

One thing I think you overlook is Tim's share of the blame for the current situation, (the final Hugo ballot is not out as I type this but I believe Tim is on yet again.) ++He was, indeed -djs++ Tim ought to withdraw his name if he knows his output no longer really qualifies him for a spot on the ballot. When he'd won a couple of rockets but was still quite active I could understand and accept his refusal to withdraw his nomination. If enough people still thought he was the best around then he deserved the award regardless of how many other deserving artists may have been deprived of egoboo. But surely even Tim must realize that he no longer produces enough fanart to qualify for a Hugo, and it should be his responsibility to withdraw because of this.

I suppose that as letterhacks go I comment on artwork as much or more than most of my peers but even I rarely comment on small interior drawings beyond the rather banal and meaningless "Gee, Fanartmaker Stencilcutter really had some nice stuff in the issue" Since most faneds do not subscribe to DUE (Dissemination of Unpublished Egoboo: a Dave Locke creation) the artists get the short end of the stick. It's been a problem for at least the ten years I've been in fandom and I doubt that it's likely to be resolved now. Just so I can't be accused of failing to at least practice the trivialities I preach in my locs, let me go on record as liking your hand-stencilling, Grant's electroed illo, Steve's title and Bill's back page. All enhanced my enjoyment of the fanzine but more than that I'm not moved to say.

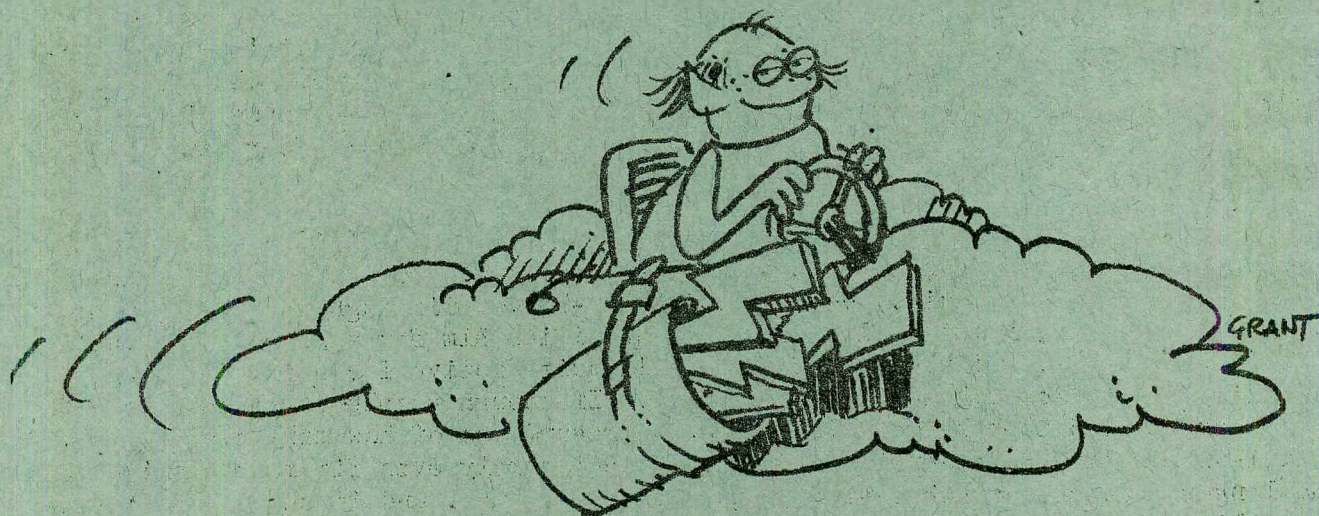
++You would be surprised at how many people are not even able to do that much. Comments no matter how slight are better than no comments at all -djs++

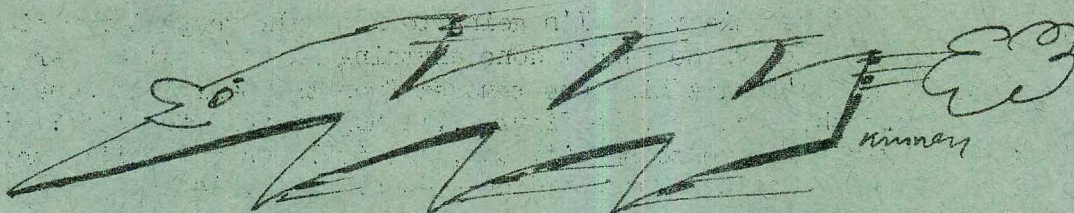
If Midwestcon 75 weren't so damn long ago I might be able to remember who was in that little group and hence deduce the identity of all the people in the tripping article but as it is I can't even be sure all the names aren't precisely those of the participants. If they really are pseudonyms, I'm kinda disappointed in you: where'd that crusading fearless spirit of Hunter Thompsonist journalism go to? I thought fanzines were the last bastion of free press in America, and here you are hiding behind false fronts. (Maybe.) How can all knowledge be contained in fanzines if you pull sneaky tricks like this?

Now than I've said all that, it's probably anticlimactic to admit I found the article only marginally interesting. It's competently written, I guess, but it really doesn't say much. Perhaps the anonymity wasn't such a bad idea after all... (I did admire the neat cyclic construction of the piece, however. It was just the content that seemed too slight for an article of that length.)

It's damn good to see Ted doing another fannish column and I can hardly wait until the summer of 79 to see what he'll write about next time! Ted knows exactly how to craft a column with a witty fannish introduction that leads inexorably (and entertainingly) into the meat of what he has to say. His introduction this time is a perfect example of the skill years of column writing has given him. It's amusing, rife with arcane esoteric fannish references, yet it leads logically into what he wants to discuss. Neat stuff, all of it.

As it happens I've already more or less agreed with what Ted is saying in locs to Arnie and Joyce ("And where are they today, I ask you?") although I didn't have the wealth of supportive evidence to back up my intuitive reactions. So I felt pleased that I'm on the same side as Ted in this particular minor fannish brouhaha (I don't see it really going any further than it already has) and delighted with the lesson in fanhistory he gave me while presenting more solid





evidence for "our" side. I had no idea, for example, of the tactics used to win the Pittsburgh worldcon bid: I suspect most FF readers would be equally unaware of that particular lesson in fannish politics. In the last decade there really haven't been any vicious worldcon campaigns (in fact several successful bids have won unopposed) so the era of back-stabbing and in-fighting is alien to me. I suspect this reflects the fact that fewer groups want worldcons nowadays now that it's become as large and hence as large a headache as it is. I was there for the Baycon victory over the Pan-Pacifican bid in 67 but since then there really haven't been any surprises.

++ The names in the tripping article were indeed phoney. But not because of censorship. At the previous convention we had all gathered together and in a stoned haze gave everyone nicknames according to their body types and personalities. For your information I was Sid in the piece. For more background, look up a copy of Steve Stiles' second issue of SKIFFLE, where the first article in the series, Stonedcon appeared.

For more of what Ted thinks is wrong with Harry Warner's book check out future MOTAs.++

Marc Schirmeister 2238 Charlotte Ave. Rosemead, Calif. 91770

Mucho thanx for the copy of BOONFARK #2. The best thing in the whole issue was your editorial. I kept mumbling "Right On!" as I read it. By the way, I've found the reason why fans generally don't comment on fan art. Judging from what fans have told me at cons and at LASFS, its because they're just plain scared to. They think you have to be a genius in order to be able to criticize artwork of any kind. If youaren't, then you're just another Philistine mouthing off. Fans are afraid of looking dumb, which is funny, since they're always making fools of themselves anyway. For example, take the fan who comes out in print saying he thinks Don Wilcox and Richard S. Shaver are better writers than Rob't Heinlein and Ursula Le Guin. Now, unless he's a neo, he knows just about every fan in the U.S.A. is going to dump all over him. He knows he's going to be considered a rat bastard, scum sucking, jerk-creep-fink. But does he care? Naw! He takes it on the chin without flinching wallows in the bum publicity he's getting, and fights back, touching off the greatest fan-feud in over 25 years.

Now, give this same guy a drawing by Grant Canfield, and ask him why he likes or dislikes it, and what does he think of Canfield as an artist. Suddenly he's scared he'll look stupid, and that fans'll think he's a schmuck, so he'll either say, "Oh, it looks ok to me," or "I don't like it," and he'll desperately try to change the subject, or he'll clam up altogether and won't say a word. This is a weird attitude for people to have, but its understandable.

After all, its what society has taught us. Of all the sacred cows, art is the biggest. As kids it is pcunded in our heads that art is so wonderful, beautiful, and mysterious that unless you've got an IQ over 300, its something thats beyond the mental powers of the poor, dumb, common clods (like us) to really understand and appreciate. Yeah, sure! Those of us who grow into artists know that this is bullshit, and the "poor, dumb, common clods" are often better art critics then those highbrow pansys with B.A.s, who write for the big magazines and little reviews. Sadly, most fans (and mundanes) never learn what we've learned, and so they keep their traps shut and don't say anything good or bad about fan art. Crud!

If Tim Kirk gets another Hugo this year, I'm going to lose all respect for him as an artist and human being. He knows he hasn't done anything in the past 4 years to deserve a Hugo, yet he doesn't have his name removed from the ballot so someone else can have a chance. What the heck does he figure... A Hugo a year for life? For almost doing nothing, yet? I hate to say it, Dan, but it looks to me like the greatest fan artist of all, the man who could once do no wrong, is turning into a glorified parasite.

I hope Foglio doesn't win the Hugo either. He's a good cartoonist, but he isn't that good yet. He's got a heck of a long way to go. His campaigning for a Hugo bothers me. You can imagine what'll happen if he wins. Suddenly, everybody, fan and pro, would start treating the Hugos like a presidential election. Pro Authors would hire whole SF clubs to say how great and Hugo worthy their books are, would give free feeds and booze bashes, would engage in secret deals, smear campaigns and mucslinging; and in general act like cheap southern politicians on the sawdust trail. Fandom would crumble into different little groups, each supporting a certain writer, artist, or fanzine, and each bitterly hating the other. Worldcons would degenerate into hell holes filled with fist fights, snobbishness, hatred, riots and near riots, and all around bad cess. Good Lord, what a nightmare. The Hugos would really become meaningless horseshit, and so would all of fandom. I hope that before Worldcon somebody takes Foglio aside and tells him that the Hugos are awards for talent, not election prizes. He should be grown up enough to understand. If not it looks like we're in for it.

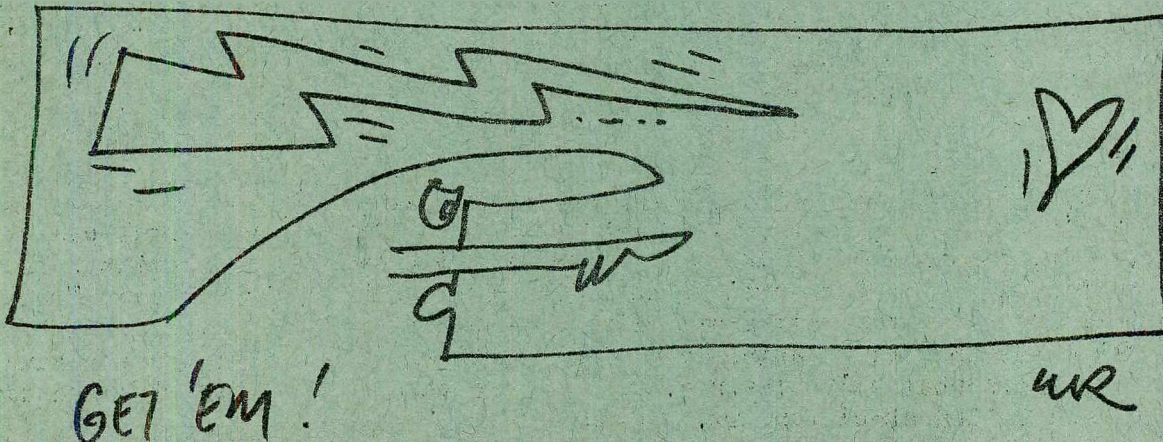
By the way, in closing, I'd like to say I enjoyed the artwork in BOONFARK. The stuff by you, Kinney, Canfield, Stiles and Rotsler were excellent and funny. But don't ask me to explain why I liked the drawings, or what I think of you guys as artists, cuz I'll shut up like a clam and not say a damn thing. I'm no fool.

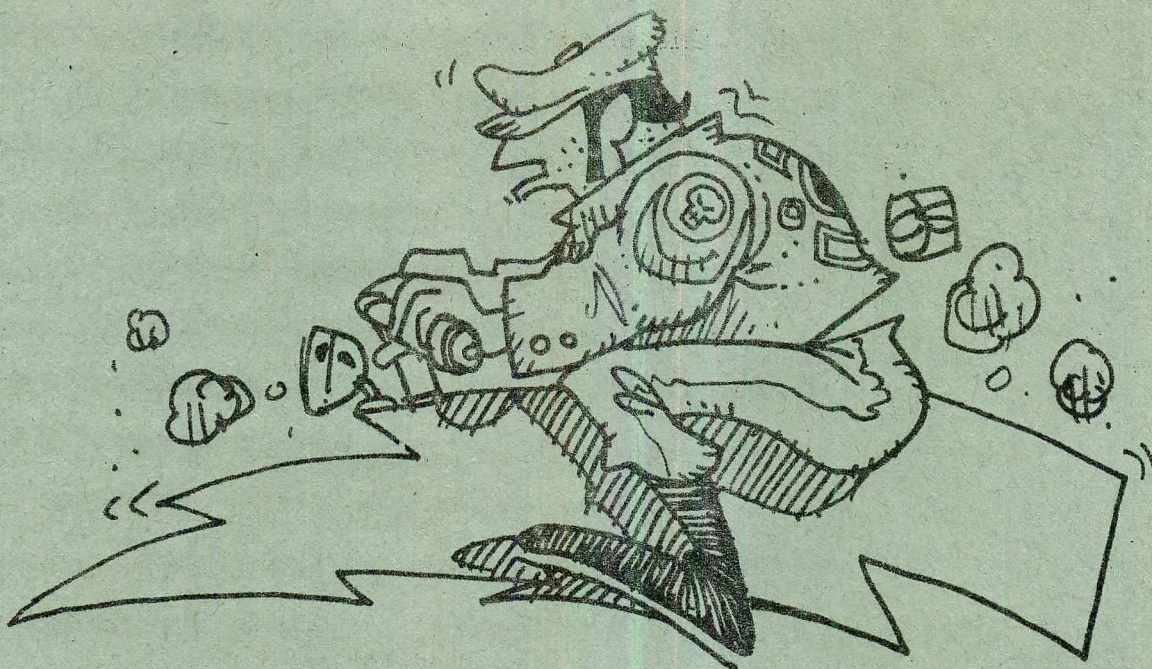
--Well Schirm, it looks like you have stated the basic problem. But it seems that your hypothetical statements have become fact. Foglio did win the Hugo, and now they are worthless horseshit, I agree with you that we are in for it.

The tactics of buying Hugo votes is hardly new. I understand that Larry Niven took many Lasfans out to dinner the year he was nominated for his first award, and then won it by 6 or 8 votes.

What I can't understand is what possible satisfaction a person can get from an award that he has campaigned for. A bought award is worthless. It gives you no egoboo and no sense of accomplishment. It is sad.

It may sound strange for me to say this after all the fuss about Kirk's Hugos, but quite frankly, I would have preferred to see Tim win again this year, instead of Foglio. At least Tim is Grant's peer, but Phil is surly inferior. I think it is insulting to Grant.--





Harry Warner Jr. 423 Summit Avenue Hagerstown, Md. 21740

I share your unhappiness over the way the fan Hugo situation has developed. But I am not at all sure that anything can be done to improve it. The basic trouble goes too deep: the fact that many hundreds of persons now vote in the Hugo competition who never see any fanzines other than the few which have giant circulations. Unless an unprecedented contagious fit of altruism should cause all the editors of those publications and the contributors to them to declare themselves hors de combat, as Andy Porter did with Algol, unsatisfactory results will continue. I used to think that it should become a tradition for a Hugo winner to declare himself ineligible for the next year's competition, so the targesse could be spread further. But some fans complained that such action restricted their freedom of choice. There's no way to arrive at guidelines on what constitutions a fan and a fanzine which will satisfy everyone and can be applied to specific cases without disputes. Why not accept the Hugo fan categories for what they are, a reflection of the semi-pro fanzine world plus a few block voting coups, and put more importance on the FAAN awards in the future?

But I do feel much guilt on the larger question of proper recognition for fanzine artists in the daily course of publishing and locating fanzines. I probably have more trouble than any of the other really prolific lochacks in finding something to say about individual pieces of art. All I can do in my particular case is plead my handicap of being word-oriented. It would be easy for me to mimic the sort of highfalootin' art criticism that appears in mundane places about mundane art, but it wouldn't sound sincere and it wouldn't mean any more than it does in the mundane art world.

However, there are a couple of points which you don't mention. I hate to cite them as alibis for myself, and yet they must have a certain relevance to the issue of recognition for fanzine artists. One is the sheer quantity of illustrations contained in many fanzines today. If the loc writer is to make specific, sensible comments on each of a dozen or more sketches, it will require as much space as an average loc occupies and will still leave the word content of the issue untouched. Most of us have great difficulty finding time to write locs; the added time that really thorough coverage of art would entail might cause something to snap in the psyches of overworked lochacks. ++Yes, but what about the psyches of overworked fan artists? -djs++ Then there's the fact that fan artists get recognition in ways that fan writers don't, outside the loc sections. When I write something for a fanzine, I can't sell the manuscript at a con art show later on, as a fan artist can do with the illustration he has permitted a fanzine to publish. As far as I know, nobody has framed a page of my typing and hung it on the wall of his home for visitors

to admire, but much fan art enjoys this prestigious final resting place.

Ted's column naturally had interest for me. I was happy to find someone indicating that I may have been right to stand firm in my dealings with Advent and Ed Wood. I wish I hadn't been forced to write the article for Swoon about my decision to withdraw the manuscript from Advent, but I felt that if I remained silent in print on the topic, I would be forced to explain the circumstances so often in letters and conversations with fans that eventually it would be equivalent to publishing an article on it. I'm not sure that the material in Swoon really reached the status of a controversy, though. I gave my version of what had happened, Ed narrated events from his viewpoint, JoAnn Wood rehashed the matter, I somehow resisted the awful urge to send Arnie and Joyce an article by Mrs. Harry Warner in rebuttal, and that was the end of it, as far as I am concerned. Ed and I are corresponding again on excellent terms and now that Joe Siclari has finally completed his edition of the manuscript, I feel enormously relieved.

The only real problem now is whether I'll be able to force myself to deal with corrections which will be necessary if Joe goes ahead with a printed edition. I just don't feel like having anything more to do with fan history for a long while, maybe never again. The very thought of investigating apparent mistakes makes me want to jump in bed and cover my head for the next six or eight years. I'm sure there must be many genuine errors in A Wealth of Fable, but there will also be many complaints about mistakes which will be the result of faulty memories on the part of the complainers. I ran into this phenomenon with comments on All Our Yesterdays, and Fred Patten, who has been compiling a worldcon history, has told me about the complications which arise when fans today remember the past in ways which can be proved wrong.

I don't quite know what to make of the apparent conreport. Maybe it's personal experience and maybe it's fiction, but most of it deals with experiences too far out of my orbit to create waves of emotion or strong reaction. I liked much better Grant Carrington's little item, even though it sent cold chills through me to read about someone painting a guitar. It's been a long time since I tried to strum a guitar, but I suspect that a coat of paint is not the best sort of treatment for its tone qualities, assuming that it's the acoustic kind.

Here I am, back in my old, nasty rut: the illustrations are on the high level that the artists normally maintain, yours (I assume) for page 5 is really superior even to your impeccable performance average, the full-pager by Bill Rotsler shows exceptional wisdom in addition to its entertainment value, and beyond that, I'll be forced to demonstrate my insufficiencies as an art critic.

++Actually Harry, the illustration on page 5 of last issue was by Steve Stiles. This is perfect proof that mentioning the art is a good thing. If you hadn't you would have always believed it was mine, and that would be unfair to Steve.

Believe it or not, money is no substitute for Egoboo. But if you'll feel better I'll frame you letter and hang it over my bed. ++

WAHF- doug barbour: "i think it's kinda neat that Ted, even when he intends to write a strictly fannish piece, is himself controversial. i tend to believe him, & certainly mr Wood sounds suspect, but, well, it's just fun to know that Ted will speak out & in doing so tread on some tender toes more than likely. more power to him. yeah, i enjoy it." When are you going to get that shift key fixed, doug?#### Jay Kinney: "It was pleasant to see Ted so well represented and up to his old tricks. Hell, I'd probably read his prose if it came out daily. (Lord what a thot--a daily fanzine... I guess it has been done sometime in the past in NY or LA--centers of insanity.) I agree with your gripe re: Kirk's Hugos, but there is little we can do. The FAAAAA awards are far more significant (if less prestigious) but I'm ever blase about them. The whole business is somewhat besides the point, all in all." & David Berkowitz: "Enjoyed the ish, Sam says hello."

I also received a letter from Gary Deindorfer, but it seems to have slipped into that cosmic wasteland that is also the home of at least half of my socks. But I did receive lots from the following two neos since I stenciled the lettercol back in good ol' seventy-seven.

Norme Clarke 9 Bancroft Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada

Here's belated but very many thanks for the excellent Boonfark. Oops, mighod, the one I have here before me is the 1974 issue. I know I got a newer one just as recently as maybe a year ago...ah, there it is, yessir, Boonfark number two. But it was the first one that I was just glancing through a few moments ago while ahahahaha tidying up my desk and its surrounding, ie: the floor and such. Not that I throw fanzines on the floor, you understand; its just that they and other things such as dust come to rest there eventually. Today I must get organized. But first I will write this letter to you, i. e. a fan letter.

Your tribute to Walt Kelly (in #1) was quite touching, moving, obviously written (as you say) straight from the gut. Although I had pretty well stopped reading the Pogo strip by the time Kelly died, I too felt a pang. One of my most cherished possessions is an autographed strip and a note from the great man himself: a response to a fan letter I wrote to him in 1954. Thinking back to that era, it now seems to me that Walt Kelly had a great deal of influence on my political awareness: he taught me scorn, for one thing. Come to think of it, that's about all you need for a good solid political attitude.

And moving right along to sunny February 1977 we find the Fab 'Fark number two. And I couldn't agree with you more about the way fan artists fail to get their due (as opposed to their dues, which they pays). And oh especially that Mr. Stiles whose work and person I have admired so greatly since I first became aware of him back in the early sixties.

Richard Bergeron 1 West 72nd Street New York, N.Y. 10023

Boonfark is a good zine--blessed with a technique and attitude sadly vanished from fandom. If we had more people like you publishing who incorporate the traditions and approach of both 6th fandom and what was one of the greatest periods of fandom when Void, and Xero, and Lighthouse and a few other staggeringly good zines like Ape were appearing, the new generations might be saved from the lure of the 'super' professional fanzine which, as I see them now, are hardly as interesting as Time or Newsweek. People and their fascinating quirks are always the most interesting study and this is what Boonfark is about. More power to you.

++You forgot to mention your own Warhoon, Dick. Surely you know that it was (is?) one of those very great fanzines. I look forward to the Wash with baited breath. (Did you say something smells fishy?)++

ZEN VAUDEVILLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

Well, this is the last stencil to be typed; Ted and I are going to begin running this issue off later today. This gives me an opportunity to tell you what I think of the issue. Like any of my "artworks", I can get too close to them, when I let this happen there are two things that can occur. I either get so close to the project that I eventually come to feel highly dissatisfied (even before its printed) or I turn into a raving Goshwowboyohboy neo and want to start working on the next issue right away. This issue of Boonfark is a combination of both. I've been working on this issue for around two years, and many of the ideas in layout and such are old hat to me now and I want desperately to move on to something fresh. This dovetails into the second feeling, so I'm going to start working on #4, right away. (In fact, I already have)

But in order to push me into further fanac, I need encouragement. So if this issue pushes your button, write me a goddamn letter of comment. Send articles...give me a reason to publish. I don't want it to be another two years before the next issue. Do you?

--dan steffan 10/27/79

