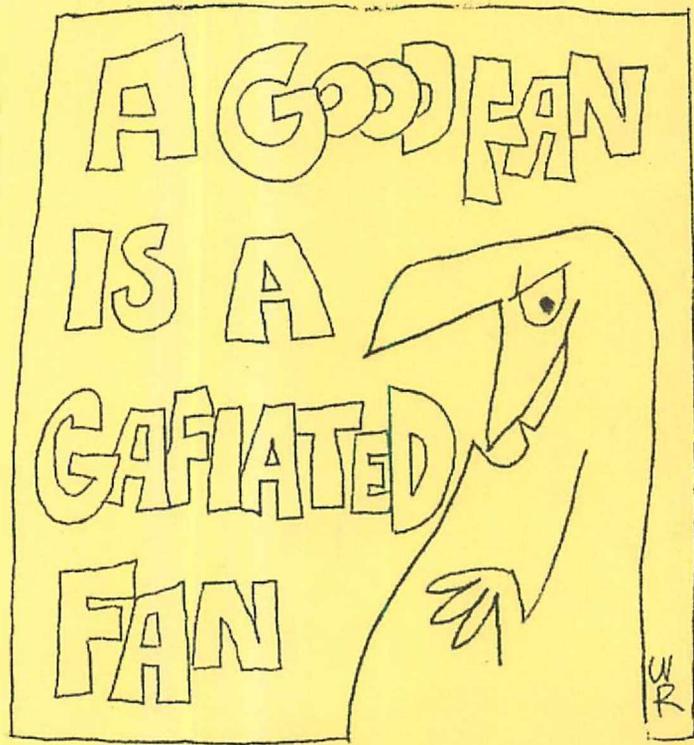


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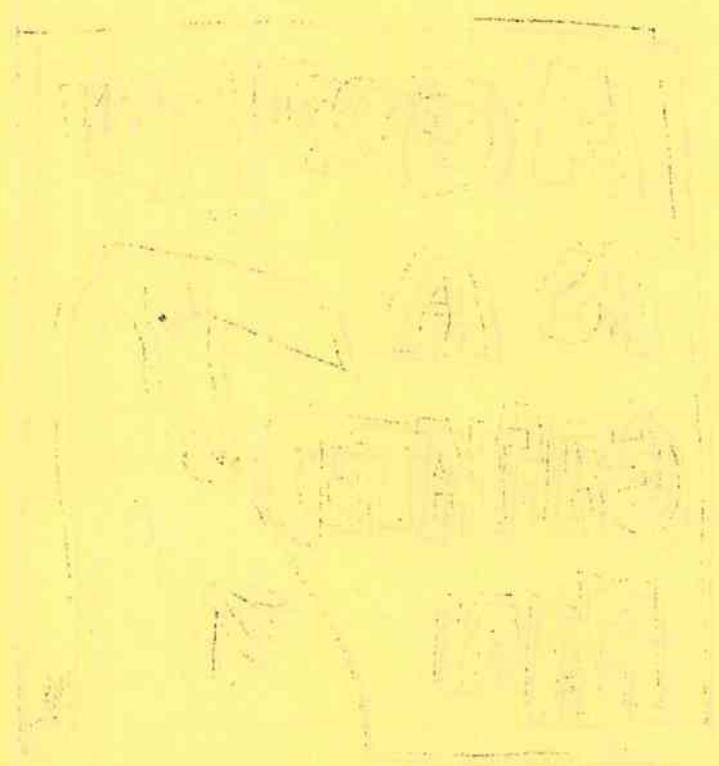
12

the trufan's home companion



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



QUIP

12

THE TRUFAN'S HOME COMPANION

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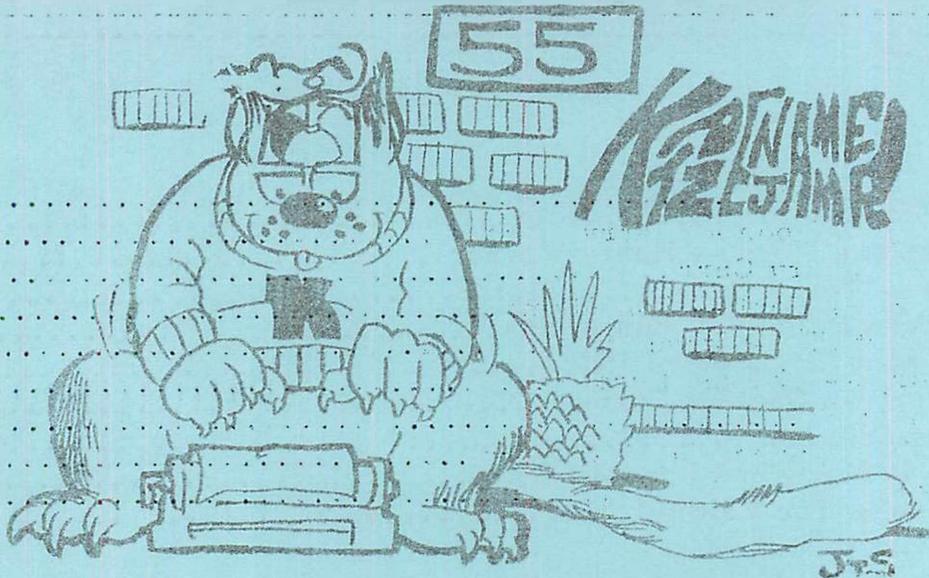
Art: Jay Kinney (42), Bill Rotsler (6, 17, 21, 22, 24, 32, 34, 46), Joe Staton (4), and Steve Stiles (26, 28, 29)

Cover photo by Carol Carr. Cover design by Andy Porter. Cover idea by AtheK.

Faneds who want a chance to be reviewed by Greg Benford can send their fanzines to him at his fairly new address: Greg Benford, 1458 Entrada Verde, Alamo, Ca. 94507

QUIP #12, a New Insurgent Publication (indeed!), is edited and published by Arnie Katz, Apartment 3-J, 55 Pineapple Street, Brooklyn, New York 11201 with a little help from his friends. Principal helpers this time were John Berry (art stenciling), Carol Carr (cover), Andy Porter (press type work), Rich Brown (photo enlargement), Steve Stiles (stenciling "Harrison Country"), and the members of the Insurgents Club who posed for the cover (shot just around the corner from famous Fillmore East -- how about that kids?) -- Dick and Fat Lupoff, rich and Colleen, brown, Terry Carr, et moi. For thpse unfamiliar withe this bunch, Dick isn't wearing a shirt, Colleen is the eurasian, Terry has the beard, Pat is next to Dick, and I am wearing the cowboy hat.

QUIP is published bi-monthly or so and is available for Letter of Comment, 50¢ per issue (no subscriptions!), contribution, or trade (all-for-all and no Monster or Star Trek fanzines, please.) Stencils finished 1 August 1969. The next issue may be the fourth annish, or then again it may not. Nothing in fandom is certain. For example this contents page doesn't look like the other eleven, which were more or less identical. That's the flux of fandom for you.



"When's QUIP coming out?" Dick Lupoff asked me one night when we were eating in Ratner's after an evening at the Fillmore East.

"QUIP?" I asked between bites of my cream cheese-and-lox-on-a-bagel. It was a modestly engrossing bagel with a rude little lox. The cream cheese was also fresh.

"Sure, Arnie, your fanzine." He caught my vacant look. "You remember -- Fandom."

"Is that anything like Rock and Roll? I remember Rock and Roll." I felt increasing assurance. "Rock and Roll is here to stay!" I knew I was on the right track.

"Aw, c'mon, Arnie, you must remember," Dick pleaded. "You were so active before --"

"Before what?" I asked eagerly.

"Before your mimeograph broke." He regarded me searchingly. "The thing in your room with the handle, Arnie." So that's what it was! I had wondered why it didn't open cans too well.

"Yes, yes, I remember. I was a - a - " the term eluded me, "-- a fanzine!"

"No, you were a fan. You published a fanzine," Dick replied.

007
Pat had been following the conversation silently. "Arnie you do remember your fanzine, don't you? Don't you remember how you were always trying to get me to do something?"

"I'm confused," I said, because I was confused. "What does having you hug and kiss me have to do with this fanzine, uh, QUIP?"

Dick sighed deeply. "Look," he said, "let's try it another way. You remember Terry Carr?" Of course I remembered Terry Carr. Terry is a friend of mine. Who could forget Terry Carr, for godsake!

"Certainly I do. He went with us to see Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys. Lives right near me, y'know."

"Well, Terry is a fan, too," Dick explained.

"Is he a fanziner, too?"

"He published 11 INNUENDOs."

"Bill Donaho!" I shouted. I don't know why.

"Terry's fanzine was called INNUENDO," Pat said. Pat is very sweet to me when I don't understand things.

"I'm glad Terry Carr isn't a rumor monger, even if he did like The Hello People that time we went to see Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys." I was relieved, let me tell you. Brooklyn Heights is a high class neighborhood, and we like to keep up the tone. I recalled a little of the murky past. "You're -- you're fans too, right?" They beamed. I had to show them I was worthy. I tried to recall something about fandom, something important they'd done in fandom. It was close -- so close. All at once, I Knew.

I pointed at Dick. "You're the President of the N3F!"

They got up and left.

Even as you read this, fandom is rendering you impotent

You know, I never really understood gafia until recently. Still less did I understand the problems faced by the ex-fan trying to re-enter fandom. Now I think I have at least some insight into both. I realize that, viewed externally, my time away from fandom has not been very great. Why, in the days before I became sole editor, breakdowns in the schedule far lengthier than this one occurred several times. I wonder if objective time is so important in this situation, though. From my vant-

(continued on page 25)

AOY

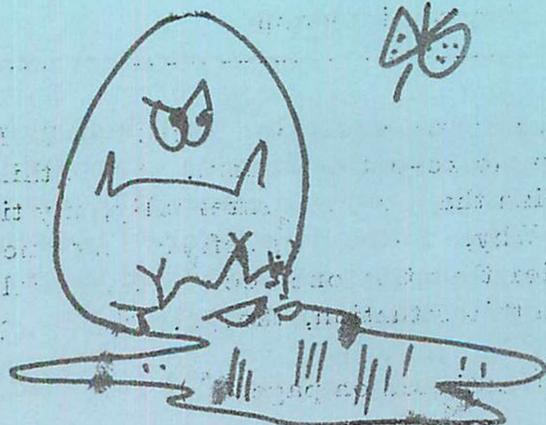
When I was a little boy, and experienced great excitement each December, I always felt minor pangs of sorrow as Christmas Eve arrived. Here was the occasion I'd awaited so long, expectations were about to be fulfilled, and yet there was the gnawing, inescapable thought that in a few hours there would no longer be anything to await and hope for until the unthinkable eons of the succeeding twelve months had elapsed.

THE

That old sensation has been sneaking into my emotions as the time before men land on the moon for the first time dwindles from years to months and now to weeks. Barring some kind of tragedy or act of bems, this could conceivably be my last chance to review how fans have behaved in connection with an inaccessible moon. I'm anxious to hear about the first landing on the moon, I'm steeled against the probability that it'll appear utterly lifeless and lacking in surprises, I'm convinced that years or decades from now life and surprises will be found in crevices or caverns that won't be explored during early landings, and simultaneously, I'm a bit unhappy over the knowledge that part of the mystery of the universe is about to be solved, never again to exercise its puzzling fascination for men and fankind.

MOON

One thing is certain: reading and collecting science fiction did not give fans any deep and accurate insight into the coming of space flight. The atom bombs went off in 1945, and perhaps those expasions were to blame for the bad guesses that so many fans made about the conquest of



HARRY

WARNER

space during the next couple of years. Gerry de la Ree took polls about space flight in those postwar years. In 1946, 47 out of 61 fans who answered the question predicted that atomic power would be used to propel the first spaceship. Fans did a bit better with respect to the sponsors: 25 predicted that a government would conquer space, while 19 held out for an independent group's backing. Predictions on when the first unmanned space flight would occur ranged from 1947 to 2000, with 1950 the approximate date most popular with the forecasters. The first manned space flight was most generally placed around 1960, though individuals chose dates starting in 1947 and running through 2100. It remains to be seen if fandom was correct on another matter: 25 thought the United States would sponsor the first interplanetary flight, and 9 favored Russia. Before you grow too patronizing about the foresight of that generation of fans, think again about the new atomic bombs and ask yourself if you'd have guessed that the power provided by the bombs still wouldn't be in general use for less destructive purposes, two dozen years later.

I'm not sure why it should be so, but San Francisco and Berkeley fandom seems to have paid more serious attention to the moon, pending the first space flight, than fans in any other area. Once they got national attention in mundania, and on another occasion; they touched off a fannish whimsey that didn't subside for years.

The newspapers and radio stations all over the country gave a pretty good play to the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men's SF Chowder and Marching Society around the start of 1952. That group calmly filed formal notice with the United Nations that it claimed several properties on the moon. It gave writers of funny headlines and caricaturists a good chance to exercise their ingenuity. It seems to have failed to come to full attention of the Security Council, but it did alarm the committee that was planning Chicon II. Persons who joined that con had been promised a small bonus in the form of one moon crater for each person who paid his dues. The committee promised that the craters were guaranteed, even if the Elves, Gnomes, and co., won the rights to their lunar properties.

But fandom soon forgot all that in its obsession with a project which the Fancy-clopedia II credits to Dave Rike and Terry Carr. This was the tower to the moon which fandom was to construct out of beercans -- empty ones, of course. Berr guzzling could no longer be criticized as a mundane activity for fans, because it was an obvious type of fanac following disclosure of the great plan. All sorts of speculations, written and drawn, filled vast acreage in fanzines for years and years. The only dissenting voice seems to have been that of Foul Anderson, who cited the rings of Saturn as an awful example of what happened when a similar project was attempted many years ago on another planet without allowance for the difficulty of creating a rigid tower of this height from a rotating earth to an encircling moon. Nobody paid much attention to him, because a serious story published in AMAZING around 1935, called "The Moon Waits", had been based on the existence of a rigid tube from the moon to a point on the earth's surface, and what man can imagine, man can accomplish.

So far, no fan has become famous as an astronaut or a major official in the nation's space program. Maybe the example of Bill Dubrucq had more influence on fandom's behavior than Gernsback's insistence that fans should become scientists. Bill was a member of the Lunarites, the Memphis fans' club, in 1940. He was helping in

the search for a stable rocket fuel and tried to concoct one that proved to be definitely unstable. He temporarily lost his sight in the explosion that resulted. So fans by and large didn't do creative things when actual progress started toward real space flight. But it's interesting to read, after a lapse of years, how some fans as bystanders reacted to the major events that have led up to the imminent moon landing. Here are samples:

Dick Ryan, in 1955, on Eisenhower's announcement that this nation planned basketball-size artificial satellites: "It's started, by golly. It's much less than the space platform we've heard popularized recently, but it's something. Don't you have a sense of destiny?"

Andy Young, studying and teaching astronomy at Harvard, on the same occasion: "That business about the artificial satellite took us unprepared, and we were just as uninformed as anyone when the story broke."

Dan McPhail, two years later, after the Russians had launched the first sputnik: "I think we are going to see the darnedest race into space that you can imagine, between the USSR and the USA. It's going to mean a loust in research beyond anything rocket scientists dared to hope for in the past." Andy Young, again, on the sputnik: "We waited eagerly for the first step into space. But whoever thought it would be like this?"

Contrasting reactions to the 1962 orbital flight of John Glenn: Dick Bergeron: "John Glenn would probably chuckle at the fact that a simple triple orbit was too restful a theme for our favorite fiction. There's something spinetingling about the sound of a midwestern voice coming from outer space. I sort of like the idea." Hal Lynch: "Well, now we've got the cheering section. Suddenly we're all of us in this thing, playing to win. Shades of D.D Harriman! Even if Glenn is one-half the creation of a legion of ghostwriters and legendmakers, the other half is more of a full-fleshed character than the science fiction writers have ever been able to make of 'the first American into space'." Steve Stiles: "I find myself so accustomed to the idea of traveling between galaxies that a mere few orbits around the earth don't excite me. I find myself wondering if I'll be able to drum up suitable excitement when the first manned ship lands on the moon. I suppose that it's true that it's hard for a romantic to pay proper attention to his own era."

When Glenn rode in a triumphant parade in New York, Larry Shaw described how he, Bob Shea, and Dick Lupoff "left our usual sophistication and unfinished lunches behind to yell our heads off with the rest of the crowd. As Dick pointed out, 'This is a day we've waited all our lives for!' It was one time we were complete conformists, and loved every minute of it." But how will fandom react to the first actual trip to the moon's surface? As divergently as to the preliminary flights, or in a uniform manner which we won't foresee until the returns are actually in?

One fan thought hard about that, two decades ago when atomic-powered space flight seemed quite near to many observers. The outcome of his thinking was perhaps the finest piece of faan fiction ever written. It's Redd Boggs: "The Craters of the Moon" first published in the July 1948 DREAM QUEST, reprinted a time or so since then,

and probably on the verge of reappearing in another reprinted form this year. "The Craters of the Moon" describes the events of a few hours on the night when the first human lands on the moon. The local fan club votes itself out of existence, and the narrator curses that lunar explorer. Little else happens in a physical sense in the story.

Redd makes a lot of predicting boners. He chose June 19th 1950 as the date for that landing on the moon. There is apparently no means of radio communication, so light signals are flashe d from the moon to bring information to earth. The local fan club has only one feminine member, George O. Smith had taken John W. Campbell's place as editor of ASTOUNDING, and the magazine's name was changed not to ANA-LOG but to SCIENCE FICTION. It would be easy to go on and on with proofs that Redd Boggs doesn't have the ability to look into the real future.

But there's another side to the faan story. Basically, it's the most accurate prophecy of its kind ever written, even though we haven't yet had that moon landing. What have you been reading about in fanzines recently? Worldcons that can't cope properly with a couple of thousand attendees? New wave writing that differs so greatly from the kind we're accustomed to? Wolheim's talk, with its emphasis on how much science fiction has come true? Complaints that there is too much "Star Trek" influence in fanzines. Through the mouth of the imaginary Clint Martin, the senior citizen in the Centerville Science Fantasy Society, we learned basically those problems twenty years ago. The first moon flight of 1950 has spurred public interest in science fiction -- "Will this new stuff be real science fiction? Of course, as long as it is speculative, it will have to be classified as such, but it probably won't be of the type the fan enjoys... We old-timers will be submerged by the new fans, who are all goose-bumps about the interplanetary love story or the temponautical adventure yarn... No longer will we be avis rara... Fandom was at its greatest when a science fiction fan was an oddity, unknown to literary critics and feature writers. Subconsciously, I think, we have known and understood that. In some subtle fashion we've resented all this publicity and popularization of our favorite literature. All of us were alarmed when the atomic bomb fell -- alarmed, in part, because it was a horrible weapon, but equally because it brought fulfillment of an old science fiction dream. Like all dream-ers, we science fiction fans enjoy the dream more than the dream-come-true."

The girl blasts the club's decision to disband. "Science fiction fans are willing to peek into the future, but when the future creeps up on you, you start looking back," she says and announces that she intends to volunteer for service on the moon. And the narrator curses the explorer when a semi-literate news dealer corrects the fan on the name of the crater where the explorer had landed. "It was a hallmark of the new age."

I bought a box of Compoz a year ago when squirrels broke into the attic and threatened to chew up my prozine and fanzine collection. I took one, then gave the squirrels something else, and haven't had occasion to resort to the other Compoz tablets since then. I intend to take my second Compoz the day someone lands on the moon, just in case that day proves to be more unsettling than it gives promise of becoming.

IN A MIST

(From INNUENDO #3)

Now about this tower-to-the-moon business... We have gone ahead on this and selected the back yard of Carl Brandon's place as the site on which the Tower will be erected. A survey of the site and some shrewd calculations have led to a few rather startling conclusions.

First, we decided to figure out just how high the Tower will have to be, which of course means that we had to find out how high the moon is. I took a course in astronomy at college, you see, and I suggested we try the triangulation method of determining the height. Well, the moon looked to be about sixty feet away from us, directly above a point at the rear of the yard. It was about 40 feet to that point, and the angle at our feet was about 20 degrees (figured by the ascension of the moon). That gave us side-angle-side. Figuring roughly, that works out to an approximate height of 15 or 20 feet for the moon (at that time only, of course... but that's the only time when the moon is directly above Carl's backyard, anyway).

Let's say 20 feet for the height of the Tower (and of course we'll work it out more precisely later, since if it's too high the moon will topple it over as it passes). Now, we'll need a good base for the Tower (Carl has suggested a pyramid shape). Carl says it will take about 2,000 cans to build a strong pyramid. And frankly, we are not even approaching this figure. But we have vowed that we will Do Better in the Future. We will step up our production of empty bheer cans! In this mad race between our nation and Another, we must be first on the moon! Since we are great believers in Private Enterprise, we shall stand by our convictions and be more enterprising in our drinking.

Now, as to the size of the moon. At a distance of 60 feet, its apparent diameter is six inches. I'd say (though I haven't yet worked it out mathematically) that it would really be about six feet in diameter. Bob was dubious as to the use of reaching such a small object in the sky... he even went so far as suggesting a discontinuation of the Tower project and concentration on harpooning the moon with a churchkey, bring the mountain to Mohammed, as it were. I think, however, that no matter how small the moon may be, it will afford us an Advantagious Position, and therefore is a worthwhile target for the Tower project. Besides, we have done so much hard work preparing empty cans for the Tower that it would be a shame to quit now.

TERRY CARR

Bob suggested another alternate plan which is genius-like in its simplicity. He suggests changing the target to the sun, which he says rises just over the house across the street from him, every morning. His plan called for a volunteer (he would not volunteer himself) to climb to the roof of the house and mount the sun at the beginning of its ascent. We thought at first that the heat of the sun would be prohibitive, but he reminded us that the heat at that time is only 50 or 60 degrees, quite comfortable. Of course, we would have to check weather forecasts and pick a chilly day for the experiment, since around high noon it gets pretty hot and it would be rather disconcerting to have to jump from such a great height.

However, I consider the Tower to the Moon project as potentially much more fruitful, since we would have access to the moon in all sorts of weather (although only at night, of course). But Bob's suggestion merits serious consideration.

--- Terry Carr

QUIP, the heavy science fanzine

TROUBLE IN MIND: I am very glad my name is Brandon rather than something like Woolsey or Young or Zilch. Brandon is right up there near the beginning of the alphabet, and I've always had good results from that position. In any list, I've been near the top: in registration lists for signing up for classes, in employment lists -- and on fanzine mailing lists.

I've noticed, since moving into the same house as Dave Rike, that my copies of fanzines are always more neatly-addressed than his. I can only attribute this phenomenon to the supposition that most faneds file their mailing lists alphabetically, and that by the time they work their way down through the list addressing copies and get to the end, they've got writer's cramp, are tired, and in general do a more sloppy job of writing the addresses.

It must be horrible to be named Zytztz. I'll bet that people with that name miss getting a lot of fanzines simply because their names and addresses are written illegibly, and the fanz are undeliverable.

Why sure, I must be right. After all, how many people do you know named Zytztz who get more than one or two fanzines a year?

--- Carl Brandon
in LIGHTHOUSE #1

the circle game

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Chet Laufer came across the sward in his rarely seen lope, gawky and seemingly highly inefficient. A sheet of white paper -- a flyer or letter -- flapped in his flapping hand. The scene was quietly amusing to Fred Taylor, who remained inscrutable but set aside his text. (Who wants to study history on a bright day in late April when the grass is warm and fragrant?)

Chet's mouth was working. "Fred! Fred! Guess who's coming here to Daleville? Guess!" He arrived and collapsed beneath the oak beside Fred. It was definitely a letter he held.

"I dunno. Bob Tucker?" Fred let just enough irritation show in his voice to cut the guessing game short.

"Not that big a BNF. It's Richard Springer! He'll be here the 23rd and 24th to lecture and recruit. In the engineering department. He wants to meet us all. He even suggested a one-shot!"

"Let me see the letter." Fred was not so stampeded by the mere prospect of a visiting BNF, though he was more excited than he would reveal to Chet.

A few minutes passed as Chet digested the news and formed his conclusions. Slowly, clearly, he set down the obvious to Chet. "Springer wants to meet all the Fantasites, Chet..."

"Well, sure. I'll let Johnny and Ted know so they can make plans. Maybe we should let Vern know, too, 'cause he did--"

"Chet!" Fred took command as always. "He'll want to meet Kit Wilkins, too. Didn't you realize that?"

"...No... Well, we could always say Kit was out of town. Or..we could take him in on it! With his word, nobody would

doubt about Kit's existence. That would be great!"

A shark smile was spreading over Fred's face. "None of that, Chet. I've got an idea. Let's wait until Johnny gets out of lab at three and then put it into action."

At about a quarter past three the stocky figure of Johnny Eason came stalking across the green towards the Student Union. The flapping arms of Chet Laufer brought Johnny around in a detour to the oak cluster near the south corner of the green. The day so warm and sunny, the oaks were the most logical place to find lazy, college-age fans.

Fred did the explaining: "Hi, Johnny. How would you like to meet Richard Springer?"

"Hi. I certainly would. Will he be at the Disclave?"

"Possibly. But he'll be here next Wednesday and Thursday. He wants to meet all the Fantasites while he's here -- especially Kit Wilkins."

Smiling enthusiasm suddenly checked, Johnny frowned briefly in perplexity, then smiled again. "Hell, we just take Richard in on the hoax. He'll get a big charge out of it and back us up. He can tell Kit Wilkins stories around LASFS and really make Kit seem real. Remember there're going to be people wondering why Kit doesn't show up at Disclave. This is the break we need. Springer is the kind of guy that'll be glad to help us out."

"That's sound thinking," said Fred with a grin, "but how would you like to gamble on convincing Richard Springer BNF that there really is a Kit Wilkins? We really would be secure then. Sure, Springer seems to be a great guy, but he might let things slip if he knew that Kit was a hoax. Think. If the gamble fails we can tell him the whole story and ask him to help us. We can't lose anything."

A jay screamed above them as Fred waited for Johnny to ask the question "how?". Patience was Chet's weakest point -- he had been boiling with curiosity for hours now and Fred had refused to talk. Chet did the asking: "How, Fred? How? Where are we going to find a femmefan that Springer doesn't know?"

"The answer lies in this misty origins of Kit Wilkins." Fred was throwing it out slowly, aiming his discourse more at Johnny than at Chet. "Remember when we decided to create a hoax, and one of our bright members thought of making the hoax a girl? Don't blush, Johnny, it was a brilliant flash. So we made her a chem major. She saw one of my zines in lab and got interested, being a long-time reader. We picked a name that could be either male or female so that we could make the revelation at the right moment. And that was a gas, remember?"

"And then -- it was time to describe Kit Wilkins -- Johnny took the typer and as a ploy described his sister. That worked out perfectly, since Sandi looks exactly as Kiy should -- blonde, beautiful and built. There lies our chance... We've got five days --"

"Oh, no!" broke in Johnny. "I'm not going to get chewed out asking Sandi to trouble herself for us. She's too busy to give little brother that much time. Oh, no! We just let Springer in on it and see if he'll go along."

"Umm. Five days to convince Sandi to masquerade as Kit Wilkins and teach her fanspeak. Johnny, you've got to do it for us. Think of how great this hoax is! Think of the fun we're having with it. Think of the letters coming in from the wolves and would-be wolves of horny young American fandom. Why that last epistle from Frank Hyde was so damn funny we all like to split our guts laughing! There's a chance to fool Richard Springer and bring the hoax off in style. We can't shy away from that chance! Sandi's a cool chick. She just might do it if you ask her right, Johnny -- little brother in a jam, etc. She swings. She'd blow Springer's mind. You've got to talk her into it."

Some hesitancy remained, but Johnny was swayed by Fred's arguments. "I'll try," he agreed, "but don't expect anything. I don't think there's a chance, but whathe'll. Maybe..."

A phrase had been cycling in Sandi Eason's mind ever since she had slammed the phone down two hours earlier: "Damn that Dirk Payson!" She was hurt and angry, not so much at having a date broken so late as at Payson's smug arrogance. It infuriated her.

When Johnny knocked on the door of her room, Sandi almost snapped at him. Immediately she felt guilty for taking her own anger out on her little brother. She was thus especially disposed to feel sympathetic to his troubles.

"Sandi, I need your help. Err, this is going to seem silly to you, but I, that is, the Fantasites, have this hoax going and...Oh, let me start at the beginning."

So Johnny explained what a hoax was and how Kit Wilkins had come about. He stressed what a coup it was and slanted his comments so that Sandi got the impression that it would open Johnny and his group to ridicule if the hoax were discovered. He told her that it meant a great deal to him to keep the hoax undiscovered. Then he explained that a Big Name Fan was to be visiting next week and that the hoax was thus in grave danger of discovery. He asked Sandi, please, to make an appearance as Kit Wilkins. Please.

Sandi was sympathetic, but not really willing to act in the masquerade. "I don't see why you need me to pretend to be this Kit Wilkins for the benefit of some middle-aged Fred Taylor. Just tell him Kit is out of town this week visiting her invalid grandmother or something."

Johnny was indignant. "Richard Springer is not middle-aged -- he's only 26! He's just been in fandom ever since he was a kid, that's why he is a BNF. And he's not like Fred Taylor. He writes funny stuff. Here, look at his picture."

He searched for a genzine with photos from the last worldcon, and he found one that featured Richard Springer prominently. Sandi looked at it and looked again. "Wellll, he's a handsome devil! Tell me more about this Big Time Fan of yours. Is he single? What does he do for a living?"

"Big Name Fan. He's single. Works for some space-oriented company in Los Angeles as an engineer. Uhhh, he's in FAPA, SAPS and the Cult. His genzine -- he doesn't publish it any more, though -- was called TORK. I've got a few issues that you could read. Actually, you probably should so you'll have a fannish topic or two. We'll prime you with the latest gossip and the right names and --"

"Whoa! I haven't said I'll do it. And I certainly won't memorize a bunch of facts and names even if I do decide to humor you."

"Please, Sandi! He's a cool guy -- you'll get a kick out of it. And if you don't, your brother is going to have to take a lot of dumping on in fandom. Please?"

Laughing, Sandi agreed. Johnny was delighted. He ran to his room and brought back a sheaf of fanzines -- the issues of TORK he owned and all the zines Kit Wilkins was supposed to have published. It was a little much for Sandi, who only promised to glance through most of them. Johnny had sense enough not to mention that she would need a drill in the slang of fandom. He planned to sneak in every reference he could and do a very minimum of outright instruction.

It was going to work out, he knew it. Sandi was bright and would learn enough to pass. The act had her interest, he was sure. Besides, Springer wouldn't care whether she was fannish or not once he saw her in sweater and microskirt.

The phone jangled in Chet Laufer's apartment. Fred Taylor looked up from the chess board and watched Chet hurry to answer. Johnny Eason stood up and yawned.

"Hello.... Oh, hi, Richard! How are you? Great.... My place. Do you have the address?.... Well, the easiest way is to follow Sturgis Street north until you hit Madison Boulevard -- it's a real boulevard, so you can't miss it -- then turn right and go three blocks. Turn right on Ulmgren and about half a block down on the left are the Stadium Apartments. I'm in number twenty.... Right. See you soon."

"It was Richard Springer," Chet told his companions. "He'll be right over."

Johnny sat back down and considered his move. Fred said: "Thanks. Wise One. I was so certain it was Arnie Katz asking us to meet him in Central Park next time we were in New York."

In twenty minutes the expected knock came, and Chet opened the door to admit Richard Springer. He was smiling and genial, with a powerful handshake and a way of setting people at ease. The Fantasites found themselves in the midst of a lively conversation, first about the university and Daleville, then about fans and fandom.

The awe in which the young fans held the BHF took a back seat to a growing feeling of friendship. Why, Richard Springer was a hell of a nice guy and not a distant stone ghod.

Chet was getting a second round of beers from the refrigerator when Richard made the inevitable inquiry. "Hey when do I get to meet the rest of the Fantasites -- Ted Henderson and of course pretty Kit Wilkins?"

Fred picked up the lead after a moments pause. "Ted Henderson has practically gafiated. He said he may be over tonight if he gets a chance. As for Kit, she'll be over after dinner. Johnny will bring her. He, uh, lives near her. I thought you and Chet and I could drive up the The Haven for supper. They've got good hamburgers and chocolate pie. If that's all right with you, of course."

"Anything's fine with me," smiled Richard.

"Sercon?"

"Serious...constructive... Oh, watch where you're driving, Johnny."

"Sorry. FIAWOL?"

"What? Oh, Fandom is a...way of life."

"Good... You've got a minimum vocabulary down. Just steer him onto non-fannish topics and we should be ok. We're almost there. Don't worry, he's a Good Man all the way."

Sandi was nervous. Some of John's anxiety for the preservation of the hoax had infected her. Besides she felt like a spy must feel, hiding behind a false identity, speaking a strange language, and all that. It was exciting.

Johnny found a good space and parked right behind Chet's GTO. He got Sandi's door and headed up to number twnty. On the stairs Johnny had an idea. "Listen, Sandi, if Springer starts to press you on some fannish topic that you're lost in, I can bail you out. I'll say: 'Remember, errr, Jack.' You laugh like it was a joke, then I'll spin some yarn that'll explain the point your missing. Ok?"

"Ok. But I think I can handle him easily if he's really male. Let's go." They went on and Johnny knocked.

Fred answered the door. "Come on in," he said with a wink. "Kit, this is Richard Springer. The other boobs you already know."

"How do you do," said Richard. "You're even more charming than the most ardent description had led me to believe. How can I convince you to move to Shangri-LA?" His eyes drank in her beauty: shoulder length stawberry-blonde hair, warm blue eyes,

classic features, a genuine smile, and a voluptuous body. Her blouse was unbuttoned far enough to reveal a delicious bit of cleavage. Below her narrow belted waist, a short dirndl skirt flared about lushly rounded hips. She had slim clean-lined legs in net stockings.

Sandi laughed like a wind chime. "Hello, Richard. You'd have to carry me off on your desert stallion. I've got another year at the university. Speaking of which, how is your mission here progressing?"

The conversation flowed in non-fannish channels for awhile, concerning Richard's work, aerospace in general, and finally the possibility of Richard being transferred east. "There's a lot of NASA stuff spotted around the South," Fred Taylor mentioned. "Is there much of a chance you might get transferred?"

"I hope not," replied Springer. "It's happened to plenty, even some fans. Wally Weber was exiled in Huntsville for over a year. But there should be practically no chance of me being transferred.

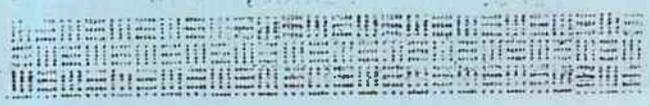
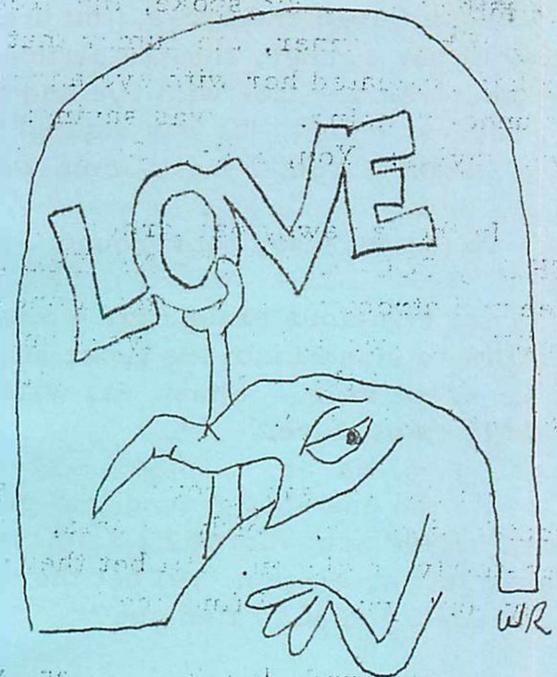
"Say, that reminds me," said Chet, "are we going to do that one shot? There's the typer and I've got plenty of stencils."

"What reminds you of a one shot?" demanded Fred.

"Wally Weber. He did a lot of one shots when he was in Huntsville. Are we going to do ours? You suggested one in your letter, Richard."

"Well, why not?" said Springer. "Roll in the first stencil! Someone conjure us a title! EASTWARD HOOG! ? No." He had risen and taken several brisk steps over to the typer. Now he turned and smiled at Sandi. "BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS? Or perhaps -- KIT AND THE KABOODLE?"

Sandi looked into Richard's warm brown eyes. She liked him: the confident style with



which he moved and spoke, the breadth of his shoulders, the understanding and courtesy of his manner, the humor that sparkled in his eyes and voice. She had noted how he had evaluated her with eye and ear. Now her eyes were locked with his in a look of understanding. He was saying: "I like you very much. I'm goign to persue." She was saying: "You, I dig. Come ahead."

In the far away background Chet was laughing laucously, explaining, "KIT AND THE KABOODLE! KIT AND THE KABOODLE!" Fred was weighing the title. It seemed atrocious enough for a one-shot. He put his stamp of approval on it by simply rolling a stencil into the typer and beginning the colophon using KIT AND THE KABOODLE as the title. Johnny was watching Sandi and Richard with amusement showing faintly on his face.

As the one shot ground into production, Richard walked slowly to Sandi and took a seat beside her. Softly he said, "Hi, Kit. This one shot session should break up by ten-thirty or eleven. I'll bet there are places in Daleville with music and atmosphere. Why don't you and I find one?"

"That sounds lovely." Then, with an imp's smile, she said, "There are a couple of swingng clubs here. Do you think you're up to the college pace, old-timer?"

"Well, child," he replied with a creak and break in his voice, "I've been known to cut a pretty frisky minuet in my time."

They laughed together, a joyous peal. Across the room Chet was calling for Richard to take his first turn at the text of the one-shot. With a wink for Sandi, Springer went and rolled off twenty lines of fine faanish chatter, kidding the Fantasites and himself while skillfully praising Kit Wiklins for her beauty, charm, and fine fannish mind. With a flourish he turned the typer over to Chet.

"Well, Kit, I've put my bit of fannish froth onto stencil. Very few one-shots have been of much interest to anyone but the participants, and when the Fantasites finish, I feel that this one is going to be no exception. But we participants can have our fun. I toasted Kit Wilkins and I meant every word. You're an exquisite person, Kit. How was it you discovered the joys of fandom, anyhow?"

"Fred left a fanzine out in qual lab, and I picked it up. It was interesting, so I asked about it. Fred gave a sketchy explanation of fandom and loaned me a SAPS mailing I drifted into fandom. I suppose I'm basically a fannish type."

"Hmmm. What zine was it that interested you so much?"

"Errr, I don't really remember. -- I read so many fanzines during that early period that I don't remember which I read when. Memory can play strange tricks. I once forgot a semester exam. Ever done anything that brilliant?"

"Yes," he chuckled, "a few times. I suppose they're recent SAPS mailings you've read. SAPS isn't as flamboyant now as it once was. Of course, neither is FAPA. If I had to pick one, it would be close, but SAPS Is Best."

"Yes, I think SAPS is the best, too."

"Of course, for pure flamboyance, I don't suppose you can beat the Cult. Say, you're on the awl now, aren't you? I got Tapscott's rotator just before I left, and it seems that you were, but I can't be sure."

"...I still think SAPS is the best. The Cult has just thirteen members, doesn't it, and SAPS has thirty. On the other hand, numbers aren't the only thing that counts, FAPA has... Well, there are only a few active Fantasites, and we think we're a good club. What do you think?"

"I think the Fantasites are Fantastic. Quite... quite. But are you on the awl now?"

"Yes, she is," interlineated Johnny. "I've been thinking of getting on the waitlist, but I'm not sure the Cult is my scene."

Talk began on the manifold subject of the Cult, but soon had stretched to encompass TAPS. From there it was but a short hop to heads and the LA head/straight social structure, then to the use of grass on the local university front. Suddenly, the fine hand of Chet Laufer intruded again. He called, "Hey, everyone take a turn. Kit?"

"I don't think I'll write anything. Richard says one-shots are disasters, and I think I agree with him."

"Disasters for the readers only, not the participants!" argued Springer. "Type but never look back! Besides, Kit, you could be the salvation of this particular effort -- and we can't spoil my title by having no Kit."

"Surely, Kit," Johnny spoke up, "you could read what's been done so far and continue in the same vein for a few lines."

"All right, I'll contribute to the debacle." She sat at the desk and awkwardly shifted the stencil about to read it. Eventually she typed a dozen lines, then paused. "This is fun!" And Sandi typed another dozen lines toward the bottom of the stencil.

"Don't go past line 60!" Chet warned. Johnny went over and glanced at the typer. He said, "Two more lines and this page is finished."

"And that should complete the one-shot," said Richard. "It's only ten till ten. We're a bit ahead of time..."

It was after two am when Richard pulled his rental car over to the curb in front of Sandi's house. They embraced and kissed with fervor. A break -- then another kiss.

"Kit, beautiful, I want to see you again -- and again. My plane leaves for DC tomorrow evening at 7:10, and I'll be busy all day. I'm sure the herd will insist on be-

ing around for dinner and the drive to the airport. But will you be at the Disclave?"

"Disclave....?"

"Regional convention in Washington. It's next weekend. The other Fantasites are planning to be there, I believe."

"Then I'll be there, too." They melted into a farewell embrace.

Bright noon on the morrow, Richard Springer walked briskly across the green to the Student Union. He whistled a jazz version of "The Shiek of Araby".

Leaving the Union some thirty minutes later, he ran into Fred and Chet. It was a beautiful campus, he told them, and he was looking around it before he had to go. They fell in with him and gave a somewhat disorganized tour. The meeting at five at Chet's place was reconfirmed. They split at one o'clock.

Eight hours passed: dinner at The Haven, a caravan to Hamilton Airport where Richard Springer departed for Washington. It all went smoothly. There was much good fellowship -- and between Richard and Sandi looks passed of much more than just good fellowship. On return, Sandi had been dropped at the Eason house and the Fantasites went on to Chet's apartment (where Johnny's car was parked.) Despite the great success of Springer's visit, there was a spectre lurking...

Johnny spoke: "When she gets determined like this it doesn't do any good to try to change her mind. She means to go to the Disclave."

"If that's true," said Fred, "you should have told her."

"I should have told her! It was your brilliant idea, friend. You do the telling."

"My idea? Think, Johnny. She carried off the masquerade beautifully, and she'll do it again at the Disclave. She wanted to read more fanzines, didn't she? No, that idea isn't at fault. The idea that is beginning to stink was getting cute in the Kit Wilkins letters. That blame we're all going to share equally, right?"

"...Yes...I suppose you're right. I'm just as much to blame. So we all tell her. She needs to know that there are going to be four or five fans at the Disclave with the idea, from the letters we've been getting cute in, that Kit Wilkins is dying to crawl into bed with them. If she knows, then she can try to avoid them."

"So, tell her. You're her brother."

"I feel sort of like I put a fast one over on her by not telling her before she agreed to masquerade. But I didn't know she'd get this damned impulse to go to the Dis-

clave. I still feel guilty..."

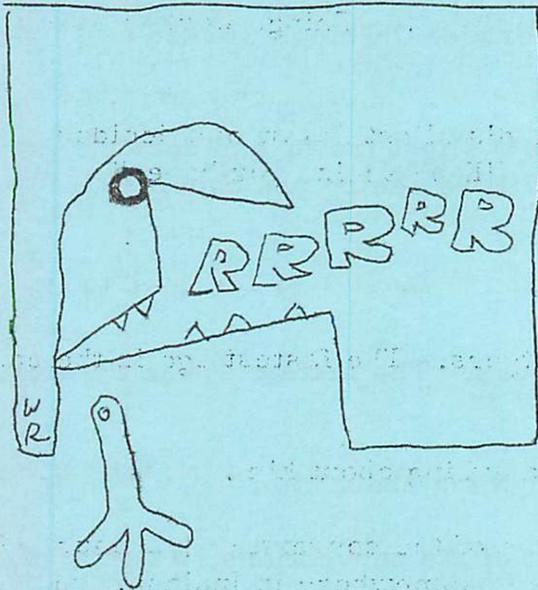
There was a silence, then Johnny continued. "You know, she's going to be with Richard at the Disclave -- that'll fend off the wolves. Besides, Sandi can take care of herself. She'll brush off passes and just think cons are real wild."

"Yeah," echoed Chet, "she'll be with Richard."

Fred evaluated. "Ok, I don't suppose we have to tell her, considering the circumstances. This will foul up the letter angle, but I'll bet we can rescue the situation with fancy footwork after the con."

They all agreed, in fannish tradition, on Nothing as a course of action. Nothing was, after all, perhaps the best thing they could do now. But nobody was really happy with it except Chet, who trusted Fred to handle any problems that might arise.

The Disclave seemed off to a dismal start for the Fantasites. They had reached the con hotel just after four o'clock, checked in, then headed for the con rooms. All were either locked or empty. The desk clerk knew nothing. They waited in the lobby for a fannish face, a dejected group of travelers.



Time limped until shortly after five, when out of an elevator came Richard Springer. "Well, hello," he said in surprise. "Join me for supper? There's a very reasonable place about two blocks away."

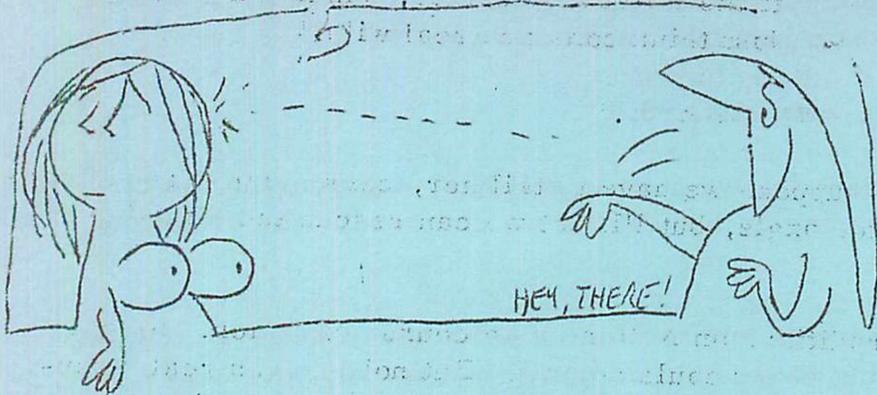
"Groovy!" said Sandi, giving Richard a brief kiss. "We were beginning to think there wasn't going to be any Disclave. The flyer said it was scheduled to start today."

"This is a working day for the people responsible for the con. They'll be here by six, I'm sure. Probably things will be getting off the ground by the time we get back."

And sure enough, things were. Richard introduced the Fantasites to Banks Mebane, Don Miller, Ron Bounds, and several other area fans. A steady trickle of arriving fans seemed to be established, and the large con suite was soon filled. Richard and Sandi found a quiet corner to themselves and talked. Chet, Fred, and Johnny vanished into the milling crowd, meeting fans they had previously known only from fanzines.

Occasionally a fan would push over and greet Richard, who would respond cordially and introduce Kit Wilkins. Sandi recognized a few names from the reading she had done in the past week, but only one name could she place with a specific fanzine. She

played it close and just smiled prettily. That seemed to work well.



this gorgeous doll is Kit Wilkins. Eat your heart out."

"Kit! You told me that you couldn't make Disclave in your last letter. What happened? Come give me a kiss!"

Sandi was startled. Johnny hadn't told her that Kit Wilkins was in the letter writing business also. This would complicate the masquerade. "Things worked out," she said and blew Frank a kiss.

"Aww, is that all I get?" Frank marked Richard's slight frown and decided not to press things. "Well, there's the whole weekend. I'll be seeing you babe." He turned back toward the crowd.

"What was that?" asked Sandi.

"That was Frank Hyde swinging senior from Rutgers. The fastest ego in the east. But didn't he say he was corresponding with you?"

"Errr, just a note or two. I really don't know anything about him."

"Oh, he's pretty active: multi-apan, makes most of the conventions, a figure of... reknown in New York fandom. Theoretically, he lives somewhere in Indiana, but he's effectively close to New York the year 'round. By his own admission, he's irresistible to women, but the femmes I've heard seem to think him more of a puppy dog than a wolf."

"I don't think I'll bother finding out. Now, tell me more funny stories about your neofan days."

Eventually a midnight-snack team convinced Sandi and Richard to abandon their corner and go in search of food. It was a high, laughing group, and Sandi got more of an insight into fans from the talk and antics than she had from the sum of her fannish experiences up to that point. Back at the con suite, she and Richard mingled with the happy fan until Sandi was too fatigued to continue. She said good night and Richard

joined the poker session.

The next day Sandi awoke in the middle of the morning. The con suite was locked, so she had breakfast in the hotel coffee shop by herself. A few fans were in evidence, but nobody she knew. The hotel pool was tempting. She swam until noon, when she gleed in calling Richard's room and waking him up.

By the time he reached the lobby and rendezvoused with Sandi, Richard was feeling human again. "Won six bucks last night. Let's go spend it all in one place!"

The afternoon began with a program at two. Sandi and Richard were there early, choosing to sit several rows back from the front. Frank Hyde, also an early-comer, came over and sat beside Sandi. He was full of comments on how a first convention must seem to a neofan. A sprinkling of innuendoes were present in his conversation, but Sandi ignored them. She was polite to him, but not talkative. When the program got underway it was a relief to her -- though a short-lived one, for Frank insisted on inserting his intended witticisms in a loud whisper. Worse, he leaned close to her ear to do it.

After the first speaker, Sandi turned to Richard. "This isn't my scene. Why don't you and I go for a swim? The pool is great."

In the corridor she changed plans. "Let's get a drink instead. You must know a quiet bar nearby. I've got a hunch Frank Hyde would be showing up at the pool before long."

Richard laughed. "Good idea -- and you're probably right. Let's vanish for a while. Moskowitz is on next, so we won't be missing a thing."

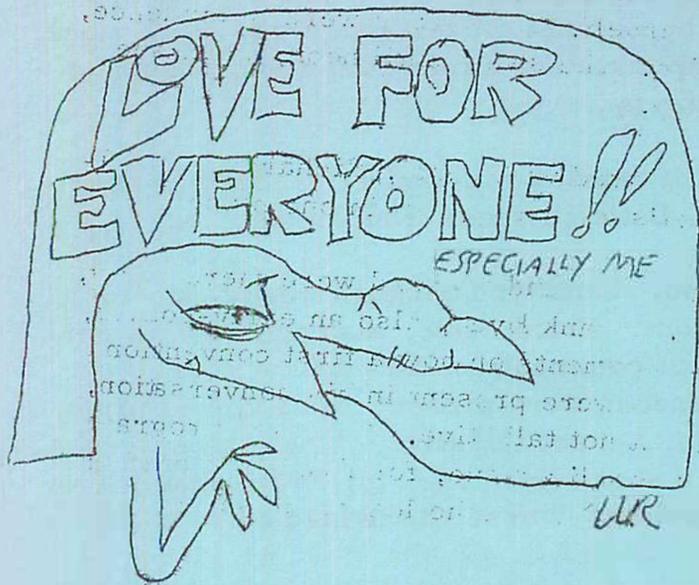
Saturday night was better than Friday. More fans had shown up, the atmosphere was instantly relaxed, and the party had been moved to a larger meeting room, with bar open in one corner. Near the double doors a big man was huckstering old fanzines. The proverbial dull roar presided.

After a bit of filk-singing, Richard felt the need for a drink. Sandi agreed it was a marvelous idea, so Richard set out for the bar while Sandi kept singing. She was picking up the words with great speed.

A hand clasped Sandi's shoulder. "Hi, doll," said Frank Hyde, "I've been wanting to talk to you about some of the interesting things you said in your last letter. Let's go some place where it's quiet. I really grok some of your concepts. Hmmmm?" He applied gentle pressure with his hand to start Sandi moving, but she held back.

"I'm enjoying the songs too much to leave. Besides, Richard will be back with drinks in a moment."

"Why, Kit baby," he said with hurt and reproach in his voice, "you're not giving



me the brush, are you? We had such a groovy relationship beginning -- on paper at least. I'm the same Frank you've been so open with in your letters. I guess you're shy because this is in the flesh. Don't be shy -- you know what a great guy I am."

Sandi wasn't sure just what to say. She didn't want to blow the masquerade unless she had to, but it was now obvious that the Kit Wilkins she was supposed to be had some ideas not shared by Sandi Eason.

Richard was back. "Your drink, beautiful."

"Hello, Springer," said Hyde. "Kit and I were just about to leave. Come on doll -- and thank the nice man for the

drink."

"I'm not going anywhere!" said Sandi.

"But you promised in your letter!" sputtered Hyde. "At the first con we were both at... You said we'd..."

Richard Springer laughed. "I see so clearly now!" He laughed again. "Pardon me, but this is rich. Frank, I see your point, and I feel obligated to see that you get exactly what you deserve. I'll tell you what, go up to your room and I'll see that Kit Wilkins comes up to see you -- without me along -- in a few minutes. I think you deserve to have Kit Wilkins."

Surprise, disbelief, rage, and grief registered on Sandi's face. But before she could flare, Richard had whispered in her ear. A burst of surprise, followed by hilarity, spread across her face.

"All right, I agree with Frank... Go on up to your room, Frank."

Frank was off-balance. He wasn't sure just what in hell was going on, but he seemed to be coming out winner. How -- and why -- he wasn't sure, but he didn't plan to meddle with luck. He went up to his room.

Waiting was hard for Frank. He brushed his teeth and hair. He ran the electric shaver over his face and slapped on some fresh after-shave. Why hadn't she come yet? Was he being played for a fool? He carefully turned down the bed. He practiced expressions in the mirror. Surely, she should be up by now.

Maybe he should order a bottle of champagne from room service. He could hear

Kit now. "Oh, Frankieeee! Champaigne!" He would smile his irresistible man-of-the-world smile... But why hadn't she come? There was a sound in the hall. But it was only a bunch of fans, from the sound of the voices.

A timid knock sounded on the door. Frank jumped. He hurried over, composed his expression, and swept open the door. Three assorted young fans stood there, sheepish grins prominent.

Frank was unreasonably irritated. "What the hell do you want?"

"It's a long story," said the short one, "but we're the real Kit Wilkins...."

"So I was that obvious," said Sandi.

"Not at all," replied Richard. "You would have passed as a fringe fan, but not as an actifan. Then the street address I took you home to was the same as Johnny Eason's fanzine address. The next day I checked the student roster and found no Kit Wilkins -- but I did find a Sandra Eason. Your little game wasn't hurting me, so I played along."

"You're a fiend, Richard Springer. Kiss me again."

And did he ever....

--- Lon Atkins

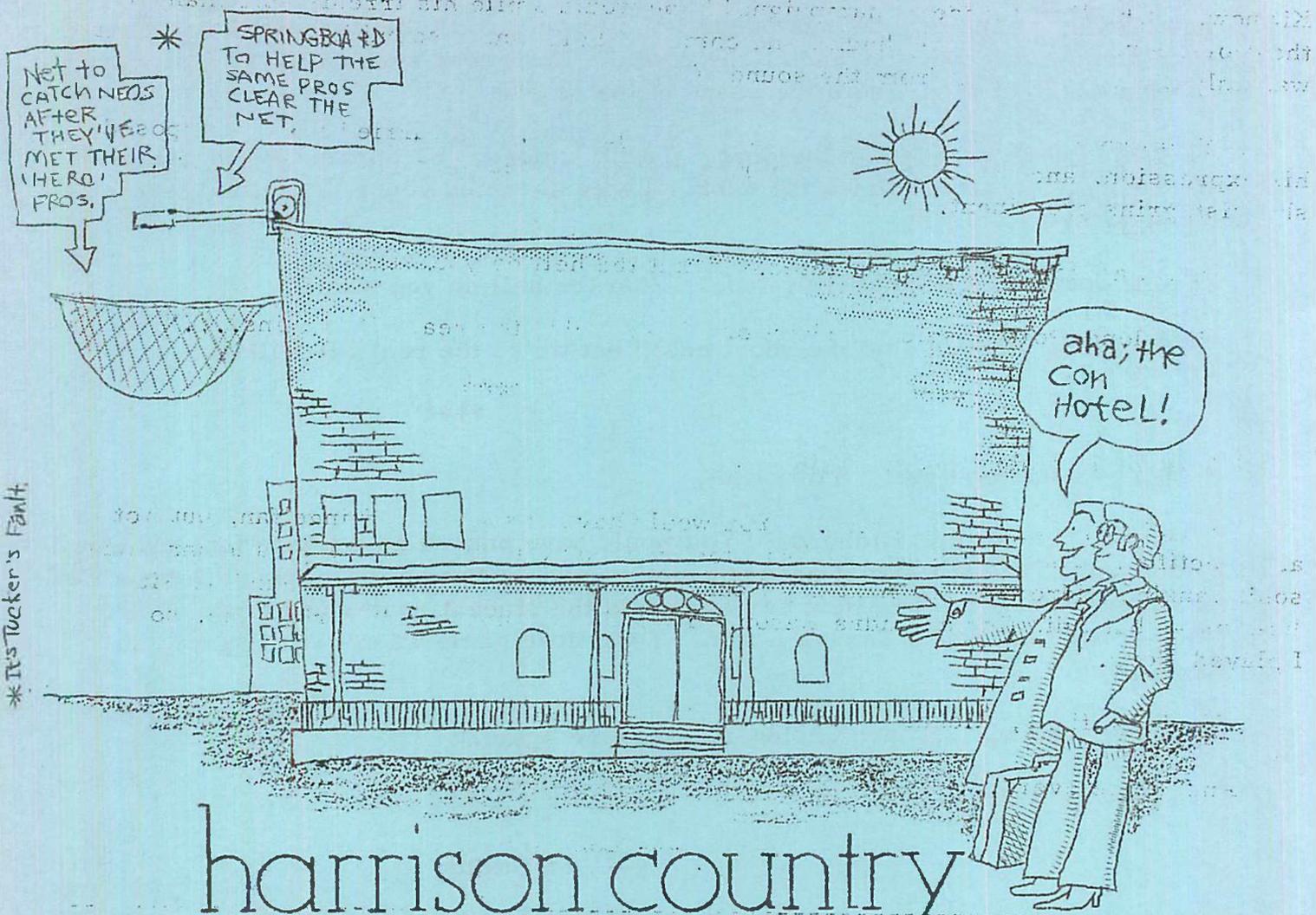
Kick out the jams, actifans!

KATZENJAMMER (continued from page 5)

age point, I really gafiated; busted right down to being just a club fan (and The Insurgent Club isn't what you'd call a highly organized science fiction club, at that.)

And now I'm Back. I feel enthusiastic -- very enthusiastic -- but also very strange. Not that that many new names have bobbed up in four-five months, I suppose -- but I still feel strange. In some almost inexplicable way, I feel that some of my ability as a fan writer and editor has been lost (temporarily, I hope) through disuse and will have to be laboriously regained. Perhaps this isn't really true, but things do feel a bit unfamiliar to me right this minute. Let me beg your temporary indulgence for any awkwardnesses that I might introduce into this issue. Of course, it's not all bleak. Even stenciling, which I normally hate, was sort of fun this time.

I intend to publish again in about a month of whenever this gets into the mails -- perhaps #13, with a new John D Berry column and a TAFF trip installment guaranteed (and a return of WAW fervently hoped for), will even come out before the con. see you all then --- Arnie



harrison country

STEVE STILES CHAPTER THREE

The air was brisk and tangy in Manchester the morning Bill Burns and I made the few blocks stroll to the station where we were to catch the 11:20 Picadilly train to Buxton. Thick with anticipation and braced with the tangy air as I was, I became acutely aware that the muscles and tendons in my wrist were popping from the effects of gravity on the suitcase in that hand. Bill was having similar difficulty with his luggage. Both of us were carrying kitchen sinks. In fact, I've yet to meet any traveller with anything more than an overnight bag who didn't have to put up with this bit while walking a distance; suitcases are cumbersome. So why don't they put wheels on the damned things?

At any rate, we made it to the station. Purchased our tickets with time to spare, and subsequently idled about talking about the Mothers of Invention and The Fugs. The Fugs were difficult to get in Bill's area, it seemed. What, I said, but we passed a store with "The Virgin Fugs" in the window. Where? where? where? Bill wanted to know. Well, uh, it was ...um...oh, I'd say a few blocks back in that direction, but I didn't catch the street name. Always glad to be of service to a fellow music freak.

The train trip was as pleasant as it was uneventful. We arrived at Buxton and disembarked, struggling up a very steep hill with the #*!&! luggage to ask directions to the hotel. A few words about Buxton, revealed in local pamphlets, seems appropriate here. Buxton, we were told, was originally a garrison site during the Roman occupation, then later a Royal Forest, the King's deer gathering for winter shelter in the Buxton basin. Apart from this, for several centuries following the Roman departure, there is a gap in Buxton's history. However, by 1280 the area had built up a reputation due to the healing properties of a local spring, the Well Shrine. Unfortunately, in 1536 the destiny of Buxton was dealt a hammer blow by a national enquiry into the value of such shrines. Bram Cromwell gave orders to close the spring's chapel. This was done most effectively, for Sir William Bassett, in his report to Cromwell, stated that he not only defaced the shrine, but took away all the discarded crutches on display. Sigh.

Present day Buxton has survived quite nicely. It looked like a pleasant town, catering to vacation crowds, and on Saturday one could go see the cannon, or check out the five & dime. But there were plenty of restaurants, and the above-mentioned Royal Forest had become Buxton Gardens -- a large botanical park. The convention hotel was ready for us when we checked in, a three story affair; I discovered that the convention committee, bless 'em, had already paid for & reserved my room.

It was a bit past two, and neither Bill or I had had lunch, so we headed for the hotel dining room. It was obvious that we were early arrivals; the place was deserted, empty tables all around and waiters and waitresses chatting quietly, sometimes flitting in and out in nervous expectancy... a vague Kafka atmosphere on the eve of a science fiction convention. The mood pleased me -- so appropriate for the occasion -- and I silently studied the patterns in my napkin, the one I had placed in my lap when I sat down twenty minutes earlier, while ruminating over the similarities between the present situation and a Hungarian surrealist film I had seen once. On the other hand, I was getting damned hungry. (We later discovered that the hotel had recently changed management, ran into a labor shortage, and was using local talent as a fill in.)

I was into my second cup of tea when a boisterous "Steve Stiles!" sounded behind me. I looked around to see the smiling face of Ella Parker. ELLA PARKER! Ella is one of those people who are high on my list of fans who are going to have to move to New York if wish fulfillment works. Ella gave me a hug and I grinned and beamed even harder when I noticed Ethel Lindsay behind her. Ella and Ethel are walking advertisements for TAFF and TAFF-like funds.

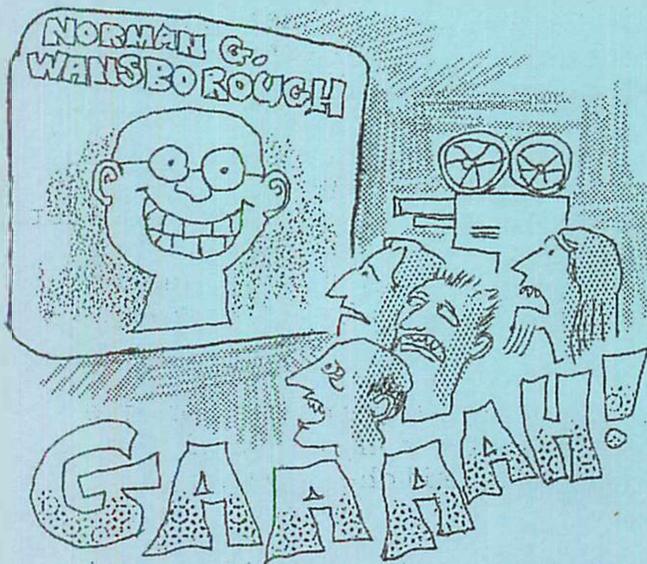
With Ella there and cracking the whip, the waiters were put on the line and under control. Pale and trembling from the tongue lashing I hesitate to quote here, they disappeared into the kitchen with our orders, and we were soon eating.

After the meal, I decided to check into my room for a quick nap in preparation for the room parties. As I worked my key into the lock, Eddie Jones and Tom Schluck rounded the corner. Eddie introduced me to Tom, and we dug each other in the ribs and made sly remarks about TAFF reports n' Oh You Kid. We TAFF types are a wild lot, slans almost, and it is said that two of us can recognize each other in crowded train terminals merely

by the look on our sensitive fannish faces. I don't know if this is true, though, as I had already met Tom at the NYCon, and, in any case, Tom had met me there too. We stepped into my room and talked a bit on what a great man McCarthy is, fan art, and shop talk on TAFF. In unexpectedly winning the race, I was aware of the tremendous responsibility that I faced. What a drag! It made me nervous --if TAFF should suddenly drop dead in the next campaign, I would be holding the bag (so to speak)-Lord! So we talked shop about how I might best go about my responsibilities in managing the fund; nickels in a green bag, dimes in a blue one, and so forth. Today TAFF is a thriving concern; thriving so well, in fact, that I'm considering Ned Brooks' proposal to merge with TIEFF (Trans Indian Ocean Fan Fund) and send a fan around the world windershins.

After the nap, I unpacked and went over my speech notes; "My Fellow Science Fiction Fans,..." I wrote. Nope, crossed it out and started again; "...the casual reader, your average man in the street, does not understand science fiction...". Didn't sound quite right. Glancing at my watch, I noticed it was time for dinner, and gratefully wadded up my notes. A man has to eat. I headed downstairs.

Fans had appeared as if by magic. The hotel was no longer deserted. I met Tom again, and he introduced me to Ken Bulmer. Ken, a TAFF winner, and longtime fan turned pro, was the pro GoH at the ThirdManCon, and obviously a deserving one. Outwardly a quiet man, he is both friendly and an interesting talker --as I found out later at parties. With the tendency for U.S. conventions to be mammoth affairs, professionals have a tendency to stick to themselves rather than -understandably- spending the time nodding to, pumping hands with, and signing autographs for a lot of unfamiliar fan faces. And large conventions tend to keep those faces unfamiliar. But British cons tend to be smaller, with a hardcore of regulars, and with everyone on first name relations the line of distinction between fan and pro had all but disappeared; the pros I met, as typified by Ken, made fandom their social scene.



One of the first items of Friday's program was "Amorality Anonymous", a lecture of "great import, with the aid of an off-white screen" by John Ramsey Campbell. It was a film for monster fans, but despite the handicap, Campbell gave a humorous line of patter similar to Bloch's "Monsters I Have Known" at the Chicon III. People in the audience helped John Ramsey along with constructive criticism, "Rubbish!", and advise, "Get to the point, Campbell!". Unperterbed, he finished his talk with the short film, "Nosteratu" --a forerunner of the Dracula films, and great deal more effective than many of them.

The accumulation of too many cigarettes had dried out the membranes of my mouth and tongue, and it was about this time that I made a great discovery; the bar was adjacent to the con hall. I discovered that I liked Guinness Stout. Moreover, you were allowed to carry drinks back into the hall to sip while listening to

to speakers. I did so, and was just in time to catch a traditional s.f. quiz conducted by Phil Rogers. I was disappointed to realize that I couldn't name three major works by Charles Forte, but consoled myself with the knowledge that I did know the publication date of the first issue of Galaxy --which is, of course, June 1st, 1948. "What is the toposphere?" Rogers queried, appealing to the science minded.

I cut out. Party time.

There was a party going on in Billy Pettitt's room, and although it was about 8X9, it seemed that most of the convention was there, clustered around the drinks table. I had just secured a glass when I noticed someone in a day-glo yellow sports shirt, mod tie, and bell bottoms, and reading the name card, I recognized Charles Platt, someone I had corresponded with when we were both neos. Platt asked about various U.S. fans that he had known, and Ted White in particular, and after the usual gossip, race relations once again popped up as a topic. It was a downer, but to be expected and hard to avoid. As immigration problems multiplied and Powell blithered, people wanted to know about the scene in the U.S.; to see the lines of their own future. John Brunner would write "The Jagged Orbit" and scare me.

A second drink refill, and we were on New Worlds and William S. Borroughs; I've got almost everything Borroughs has written, but Platt thought more of him than I did. I've appreciated Borroughs' writing in "Junkie" and The Yage Letters --where his descriptive powers work for him, but we climbed out between the walls at the bottom. I'm discovering a whole new world, the friendliest translations from English songs are increasingly resented; "My family has been American for some three hundred years," I told Charles Platt, "shaking my head and pushing the air the way a vulture will do into my briefcase."

"*" said Charles Platt, "*".

"That calls for a drink!". We drank.

The rest of the evening hazes out at this point; I do remember talking to Billy P. and Heinrich (whose last name I didn't catch) about chances for a German world convention. I ventured that most of the American fan I knew were behind the idea -- that is, in favor of it. And I recall Billy earnestly explaining to a non-fan femme that science fiction was something like the James Bond novels. At about two a.m. I began to notice Fortean phenomena, and decided to go to bed.

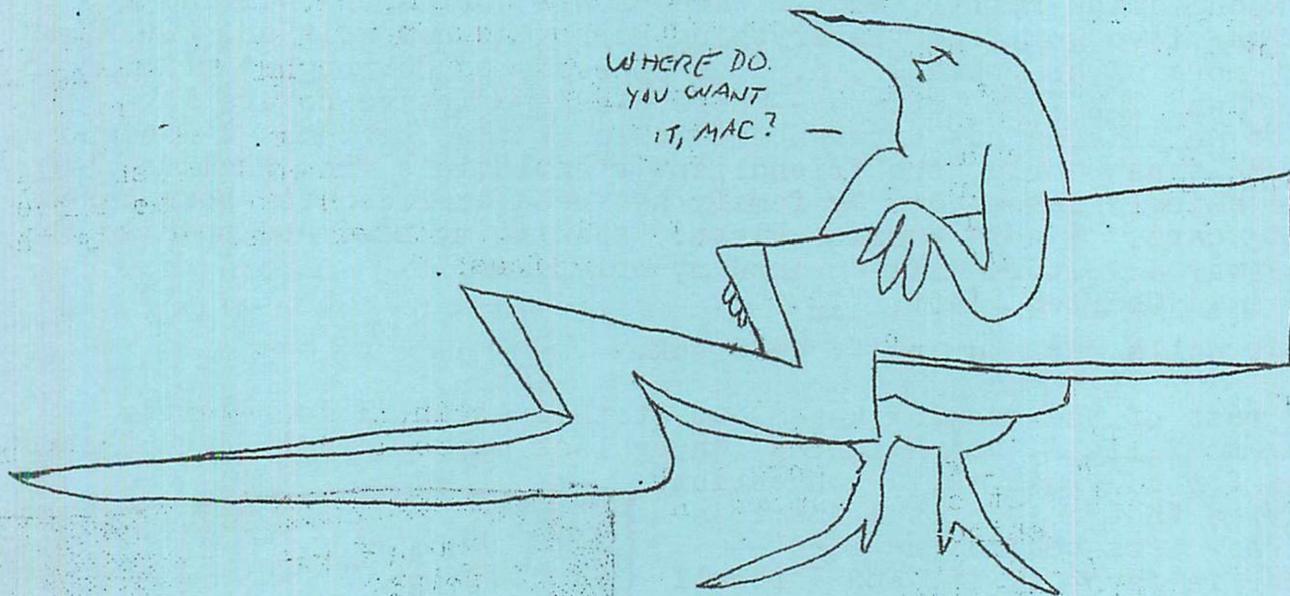
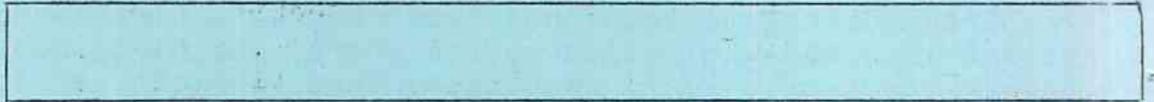
My room was bitter cold; with some experimentation, impeded by the Fortean phenomena, I discovered the meter for the gas heat unit was in the closet. Soon the area of the room six inches in front of the grill was piping hot. Grump.

TO BE CONTINUED--DON'T MISS IT IF YOU CAN.



scalpel

GREG BENFORD



AN INTRODUCTORY REMARK People who've sent me one or two issues of their fanzine are probably getting tired of not seeing it reviewed. Bear with me. I never get the feel of a fanzine right right away. If yours isn't fantastically unusual I'll probably take some time to get into it and feel that I can say anything you might find useful. Patience, friend.

LOCUS, Charlie and Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY 10457. Since I drifted in fandom in 1955 I have never seen a better newszine than

FANAC. It had dash, color, personality, wit, and even news. Since FANAC there have been numbers of newszines, but few have lasted. Most were never able to build up an attitude or slant that would've made any of them interesting enough to read even if you didn't want to know what the news was. Hardly any of them had enough news sources to do anything but cover a corner of fandom. None lasted long enough to inspire confidence in their schedules.

Publishing a newszine is probably harder than it looks. Still, LOCUS has come as close as any to the heights of FANAC. From a slow and uncertain start it has gained momentum and news sources. I usually feel that anything important that happens will probably turn up in LOCUS, so I read it through whenever it comes in. This certainly isn't true of OSFAN. The Browns maintain a light touch and can compose short news items that make sense. There are some pretty fair cartoons and good artwork. The layout is unnecessarily crowded, though. It is almost impossible to find out what any given item is about without reading most of it; they should use more categories and labels. The editors also have a tendency to lump a lot of differing items together. These are small complaints, but LOCUS has been around long enough to know better.

Every newszine is open to the charge that it's too localized and usually it's true. LOCUS has tried to correct this of late, but there is some way to go. The events surrounding the NY fandom the Browns know are no more interesting than anyone else's day-to-day gossip. Life there seems to consist of continual frantic drives back and forth to regional cons, punctuated by car accidents. More seriously, there is a lack of judgment in the way news is presented. I can think of no reason why in LOCUS #24 a humdrum Boskone VI conreport occupies the front page and the news that Seth Johnson and Harold Palmer Fiser are dead sits at the bottom of page two, behind Bernie Zuber's report on a Tolkien party. Fandom doesn't have much real news every two weeks, and it's a shame to bury it like that.

LOCUS is probably the best newszine that has been published for some years. It keeps one in touch and provides handy addresses and information. I would like to see more substance in the fanzine "reviews" -- just because you're only writing a few lines about each one doesn't mean you can't say something -- and fewer random clippings courtesy of John Boardman. But there's more to publishing a great newszine than all these minor points. Carr and Ellick made whatever they did interesting just because they could write so damn well. It had -- well, zip, Meyer. It no doubt helped that Carr and Ellick were right at the center of events in 1958, too. Most of the news of fandom happened in the Bay Area at that time (or at least most of the interesting news).

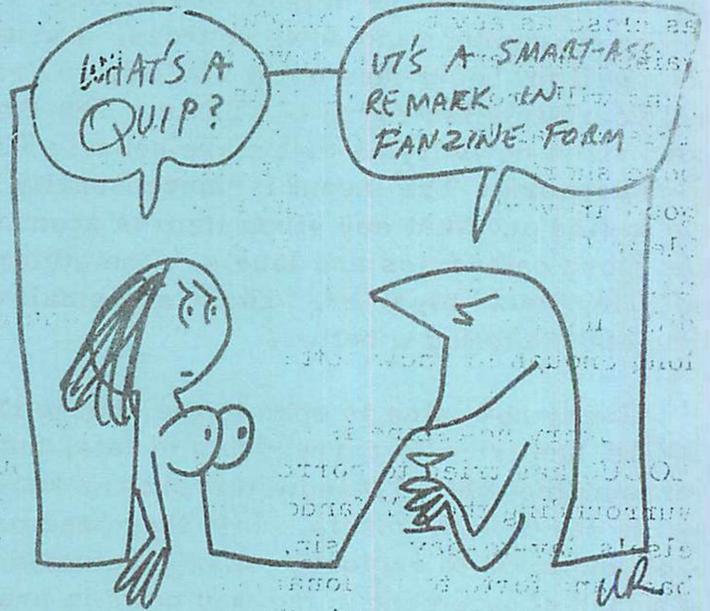
Yet there's still something more. FANAC caught the spirit of the age. I always felt that it told me not only what had happened recently, but where things were going, what people were thinking, what was going to come next. It made fandom seem like a large but friendly club to which you automatically belonged. LOCUS doesn't do that. True, fandom has fragmented tremendously since 1958. We're split up now into many microfandoms that aren't particularly interested in each other; this fact is increasingly seen at the Worldcons. No fanzine is going to correct that. I shouldn't expect the impossible of LOCUS; it's doing well enough.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, Richard Geis, PO Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif 90403.

The Hugo ballot this year will probably see a battle between WARHOON and SFR/PSYCHOTIC for Best Fanzine. It will be an interesting race to watch, because SFR has come to represent controversy and WARHOON's strong point is simply quality; they are also at almost opposite ends of the reader participation spectrum. Which one the fans will choose I don't know; my guess is SFR. Geis is mounting a strong campaign; he's gone to photo-offset and booklet format to boost his circulation, and recent prozines carry half-page ads for SFR. It's obvious that Geis is making a real try at the fanzine he dreamed of in the middle 50s -- a serious forum about sf, liberally spiced with bludgeon-style controversy, Big Names skewering each other in the lettercol, and -- most importantly -- with a large audience, virtually everyone vaguely connected with sf, looking on.

Certainly, the rise of PSY/SFR has been fantastic. The wave of revivals in the last year has shown that it isn't all that easy to recoup one's position in the fanzine spectrum. (CRY, for instance, isn't panning out the right way -- the level of quality writing occasionally injected by Carr, F.M. Busby, Raeburn and others in the old CRY is sorely missed in the new; there's nothing around to encourage the letterhacks to improve themselves or shut up.) Yet Geis did it with ease. Probably the hour was right and he slanted PSY to move with the tide. SFR is the result of what Geis has learned -- it's clear he feels sf is where it's at, and reviews are the way to get there. SFR #29 carries 16 pages of book reviews, three pages of prozine reviews (quite good) by Banks Mebane, three more pages of review-commentary by Norman Spinrad (and easily one of the best pieces Geis has ever published -- it should be a model for any of SFR's other reviewers who want to approach a major work in the field), a slight look at "Yellow Submarine" by Alexis Gilliland, and countless pages of comments on reviews in the letter column. All this in an issue of 68 pages.

There's a good deal to be said for reviews; they keep us in touch with what's coming down in sf, they establish a well known standard of taste for the field, they provide almost the only feedback a writer gets, they serve as market surveys for those who want to read only the best, etc. All of these are good reasons for publishing them. But I don't think they lead to a fanzine remembers or wants to pore over years later. The message isn't eternal. To be worth saving, a review has to embody some fundamental principle or thought that the reader can learn from and use -- in other words,



in order to last a review has to be just as well-written as anything else. Very few are. Ed Cox, for instance, has some very good things to say about William Tenn, but they do not illuminate the man and his works sufficiently to make the reader file the comments for reference in later years. I'll admit that damn few reviews are ever that good -- that's the nature of the beast. But if you're going to edit a fanzine that stands or falls on the strength of its reviews, you have to face that fact. And there are a lot of ways to deal with it. One is to convert a review into a thesis. SPECULATION tries that line, and if it occasionally goes over the deep end into the morass of arcane symbolism and literary pretensions, it also mines some valuable and original viewpoints. Another is to use the review for an exploration of the background of the work, bringing out detail and nuance that the writer probably didn't have time for or maybe didn't even think necessary. Nobody does this these days, with the exception of a few items in the RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY and some pieces in the early 1968 WARHOONS (The 1969 WARHOON is a different matter entirely). Of course an editor can just forget reviews entirely and instead survey the field by getting some prominent writers to write about what they're doing or have done. Andy Porter is leaning in this direction and it's working; ALGOL is probably the most underrated of the first-class fanzines extant.

So if Geis is to depend heavily on reviews, they'll have to be better and more universal than those his staff reviewers are currently turning out; of them, Earl Evers is the only one who seems to have a balanced view of just how important (or unimportant) the books he treats are. He'll have to get reviewers who can produce copy as enlightened as Norman Spinrad's article on Brunner's Stand on Zanzibar. That's not easy. If he doesn't, then SFR will remain topical, interesting, and maybe even stimulating; but it won't be a great fanzine, a fanzine to remember.

In a way I suppose that's typical of Geis; he's the purest example fandom has ever had of the born editor. He isn't a writer at all; his editorials read well and make their points, but it's obvious that's not where his heart lies. Strange, that he makes his living as a writer. He might have done much better if he'd gone into editing. (It's interesting, too, that Terry Carr is making his mark as a fine editor, when he was known as a fan editor and writer both. But then, Terry Carr can do anything.) As an editor Geis has let his instinct for the jugular run wild. Controversy is lifeblood to a frequent, focal-point type fanzine (and SFR is certainly a focal point). Okay, granted. But a point is reached at which the infighting begins to feed on itself, and in the last few issues of PSY this point was reached and passed. The sight of blood is a stimulant, especially when it comes from watching vaulted pros and fans going one another issue after issue. But how long will this be interesting? I looked over the issues of PSY - CHOTIC from the 1950s a few days ago and the discussions therein were still surprisingly interesting -- but the backbiting was not. The issues and sometimes the names were quite distant; namecalling is dull as dirt when you don't know the people or care about the subject. What's more, it leaves a distinctly unpleasant taste in the mouth. Most of the letters that appeared in the last PSYs (1963 vintage) had little thought and much verbiage. The letters will not be well remembered or looked up for rereading, and imagine that most of their authors are already blushing that they wrote them.

SFR has changed all this, and in #29 Ted White contributes probably his final (and best) column. It lays to rest the invective that has dominated PSY/SFR and ends on a

quietly friendly note, evoking the often-overlooked camaraderie of fandom and conventions. With this aged weight of bad blood lifted from the magazine, perhaps Geis can put it on a truer heading. I think he's probably gone about as far as is possible in sf-oriented fanzines. Within a few rapid-fire issues he completely recreated and abandoned the 1950s PSY stage, and now as SFR's circulation grows it's clear Geis isn't going to look back; fannishness is a dead issue both in the formal articles and the letter column. This has been coming for some time; I know personally how few comments are directed at the fan features in SFR (the one article I wrote for Geis generated four comments, total), and John Berry has dropped his column for SFR because of similarly dwindling interest. That's okay, too -- nobody says fanzines have to be fannish.

Perhaps it's just as well, because the 1950s PSYs were fannish, and they weren't really that good. Compare the first incarnation of WARHOON. My file of them is well-thumbed because within those blues pages are a hell of a lot of solid, interesting articles of more than passing and immediate interest. WRHN was scholarly, literate, wry and amusing. It can be reread. PSY can't. It's just not that lasting.

The two most recent WARHOONs indicate that Bergeron is shifting the magazine toward a sort of nostalgic, sober fannishness, subtle in humor and quiet in tone. That's Bergeron's own scene and it doesn't matter that perhaps it runs counter to the current trend in fanzines. Trends are made to be broken. But for the moment SFR is the real focal point of fan and sf-reader interest, and it seems likely to remain there. That's why Geis is on his way to a Hugo.

Bob Silverberg said recently that we may very well be in the middle of the Golden Age of sf. Maybe so. Certainly we need someone to chronicle what's going on. The more sedate WARHOON-style of analysis that James Blish so long typified is best left for later, when the dust has settled. SFR will soon be the prime medium for communication between fans and pros, maybe the first such we've ever had. Everyone will read it. That's helpful and maybe even vital in this field that has grown so fast; we need a gathering place. (Fine for now; but in a year or two the economic boom will probably slacken, and I wonder if it might crimp some of the enthusiasm among the writers. We'll see.)

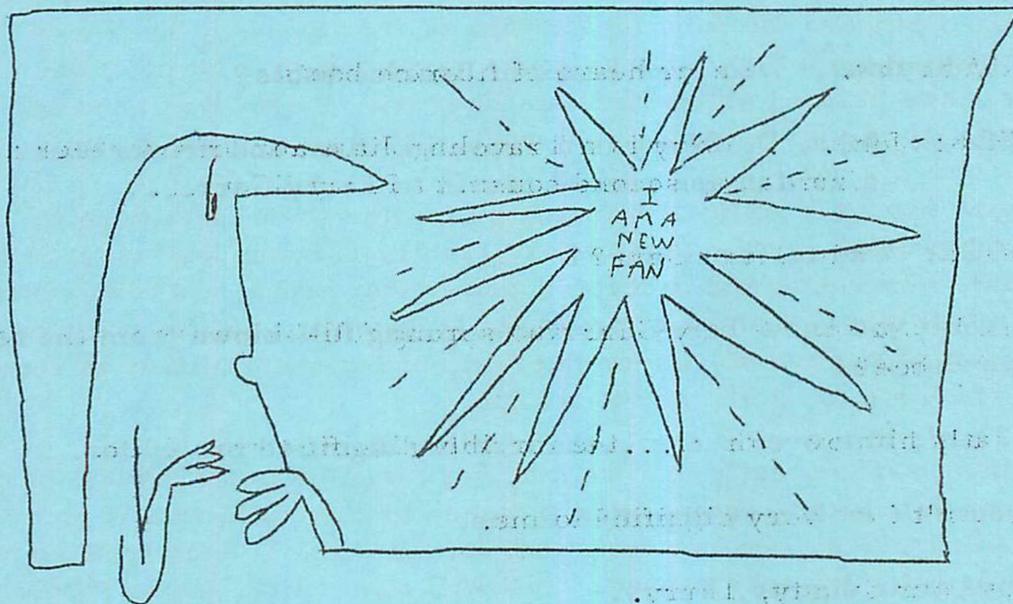
Marshall McLuhan might appreciate the situation even more. Lively, well-edited, but with a newspaperman's weakness for heat instead of light, SFR is the perfect medium for the age.

--- Greg Benford

DEROGATION

JOHN D BERRY

BOYD RAEBURN



The usual fannish meeting in the Whirlpool
Bath at the Hotel Claremont

JD BERRY: FOOLSCAP, FOOLSCAP, Rah! Rah! Rah! YANDRO, YANDRO, Boo!

ROTSLER: And who is this collegiate youngster in our midst?

KATZ: It's John D. Berry, fandom's Geritol.

DAVE VAN ARNAM: Yes, his effect on faded BNF's has been amazing. They're flocking around him pleading "Can I co-edit a fanzine with you?"
"How about I coolaborate on your Derogation?"

KATZ: What you might call Coat-tail Writers in the Sky.

BERRY: Suddenly it seems rather chilly here.

GREG BENFORD: Chilly? I thought it was quite hot.

JIM BENFORD: You're just cold-blooded, Greg.

RAEBURN: I always thought there was something reptilian about him.

BERRY: Benford speak with forked tongue.

GBENFORD: At least I don't go about licking the boots of BNFs.

KATZ: John doesn't do that.

GBENFORD: Then why is his tongue all black?

BERRY: Licorice.

TED WHITE: Ridiculous. Who ever heard of licorice boots?

A. GRAHAM BOAK: John. D. Berry is a Traveling Jiant and drinks bheer and he is a
a Trufan and second cousin to Terry Carr....

DARROL PARDOE: Who is Terry Carr?

KATZ: What, don't you know Terry Carr who sprang full-blown from the head of
Charles Burbee?

GBENFORD: That's him over there...the terribly dignified pro editor.

PARDOE: He doesn't look very dignified to me.

BERRY: Show us your dignity, Terry.

CARR: I can't, I'm standing on it.

BOAK: ...And he plasters fannish juvenilia over his fanzine FOOLSCAP, and if
you're just looking for compliments, don't send your zine to John! FOOLS-
CAP is by no means bad: it did have an engrossing few pages on censorship,
so it showed some promise at least, and I would recommend it but for his
desperate fannish posturings. Buy a copy as a status symbol, and shame
other faneds.

ALAN SHAW: Who is this Englishman who seems to be doing fanzine reviews in the
pool?

TWHITE: Don't ask! Those who know him well don't care to.

PARDOE: He is a member of the New, New Wave of English fandom, a great fannish
resource that is going to revitalize fandom any day now.

ROB JOHNSON: By this I suppose, he means the batch of youngish fans who produce
fanzines in England nowadays, and if he does mean these, then he

underestimates the length of time they've been putting out fanzines. They were in full swing before I joined fandom about a year and a half ago and Darroll's New, New Wave has already past its crest and I feel perfectly entitled to announce that I, together with some other new fans and the new University groups, will henceforth be known as the New, New, New Wave.

LEN BAILES: All of a sudden, this is beginning to sound like the N3F hospitality room.

TWHITE: But if this pool were the N3F room, that would mean the Neffers were all wet!

BERRY: Oh, come now, Ted, isn't that being a bit harsh.

BOAK: Bombast, contradictions, insults, and out-and-out lies! Eating into the country's Balance of Payments! Precipitating a National Crisis! Perfect for a fan-column, of course, but a little restrictive when the time comes to take him seriously.

RAEBURN: Doesn't this Boak fellow have some sort of a private war with you, Ted?

TWHITE: A. Graham Boak appears to be one of BADINAGE's editors, and BADINAGE is one of the least apt fanzines I've seen this year.

STEVE STILES: There you go again. Criticizing the man's fanzine.

TWHITE: You make me feel like a rat.

GBENFORD: And off he goes in search of one.

HARRY WARNER: I think crudzines should be encouraged. You never know who might be the BNFs of the future.

BERRY: Even if there are nothing but crudzines published?

STILES: How many crudzines have you seen from Great Britain?

BERRY: Only a small part of the total number, I admit; I suppose I should get them all if I'm to appreciate the true depth of their atrocities.

KATZ: Current English fandom is one of the world's foremost producers of fish-wrap-pers and wastebasket liners.

WALTER BREEN: I was about to call new British fandom a barbarian invasion, but I must now revise my thesis, for fish wrapping is a sure sign of civilization.

TWHITE: You mean like keeping wrapped fish in the bath tub with the coal?

DVAN ARNAM: You could stir up a hornet's nest with remarks like that, Ted.

GBENFORD: Yes, don't you know that the British fans have never liked Derogations?
Even back in the good old days.

SHAW: The 'Good Old Days'?

BERRY: That's 1964 by the Christian calendar.

KATZ: Now what's happened to Boak and Johnson?

RAEBURN: They're off writing watered down fanzine reviews at the bottom of the pool.

BOAK (faintly, from six feet under water): .. PSYCHOTIC is the kind of fanzine most faneds dream of publishing, even the editorial stands out from the average.

DICH GEIS: Did somebody mention my fanzine? It is in that realm of vague unreality that requires suspended critical judgment and a willingness to float in a cloud of improbable adventures and behavior and, to drop a bomb, the zine will be photo-offset next issue and I think the circulation will get to 1000 in a year's time, if not sooner. PSYCHOTIC is changing its name to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW and going into a sort of "little magazine" area and it's now more of a pro-writer's fanzine than a fan's fanzine.

DVAN ARNAM: What's a 'little magazine'?

RAEBURN: That's for the next youngest age-group after 'juvenile'.

SHAW: Who be this errant ghod who swoops upon the fannish scene and creates new fandoms with a single glance?

RAEBURN: He's a poison that seeps into the varicose veins of fandom.

BERRY: Look at the lettercolumn of PSYCHOTIC! Grown men and women sitting on the floor throwing their toys at each other! One could wish for a more mature fanzine to be the focal point of fandom.

GEIS: Then it's no fun for me and I'm a kid at heart, even if I am slowly growing up. I spent 20 hours sitting next to a brother and sister, ages 12 and 13, on a Greyhound bus and I was able to absorb their speech patterns and watch their behavior and I was friendly and got 'inside stuff' as they opened up to me, and as they fought with each other and argued and gossiped and played...

GBENFORD: Does Geis play with children?

TWHITE: No, he stays home and only plays with himself and writes sex books.

GEIS: Editors and readers have told me I am one of the best writers in the sex novel field, and I believe them, and I have written lesbian novels, about 28 of them, and one of my very best books The Love Tribe, is told first-person by a 19-year old girl.

TWHITE: Umm.

D VAN ARNAM: So this is the monster Geis keeps locked in the cellars of his mind.

BERRY: What with the monster, and a psychiatrist, and a 19-year-old girl and virgins with ivory thighs spread wide and all that, it must be awfully crowded in Dick's mind.

KATZ: Well, I for one wish Geis would keep his monsters to himself and stop polluting my fair white fanzine with them.

RAEBURN: I think Arnie is disturbed at all the unsavory characters you're bringing into these derogations, Johnny.

ROTSLER: Into the bosom of decadence?

KATZ: I'm not sure sex is a fit subject to talk about in these pages.

TWHITE: It's a question of whether you're physically fit for sex.

KATZ: A base canard!

NORM CLARKE: Good! I've been looking for one to replace my tenor sax.

ALEX FANSHIN: But Arnie cuts quite a dashing figure to the virginal Pittsburg femmefans.

GBENFORD: A bloody wide swath is more like it.

ROBIN WHITE: Let's wrap Arnie in swaddling clothes and lay him in a manger.

RAEBURN: Oh, Robin, what you said!

TWHITE: I'll take care of this.

KATZ: Not with me you won't.

--- John D Berry

and

Boyd Raeburn

AL SNIDER

121 Donna Beth,
West Covina, Ca
91790

The friendly QUIP
package that arrived
was quite surprising.
As I opened it up, I
discovered all kinds of
good things to occupy my rotten mind.

First I pulled out an issue of QUIP.
The cover by Ross was very good ...
and I must say your scripts have been
getting better and better. The old Towner
Hall concept can run out of lines.

I've been trying to get The Incredible
String Band's several lps, but records
have just been coming out that have
drained my financial resources. When
you know you like some groups, and they
keep putting out albums one right after
another, you are tempted to stay away
from experimenting with new groups.

Turning again to the envelope of
QUIP parcels, I drew something else out of
the packet. "Hmm, FANHISTORY #4...
very interesting." I opened it and there,
staring me in the face, was an issue of
VOID. "Ghōd," I cried, "katz has gone
crazy! He thinks he's Ted White and npw
here he is publishing VOID!"

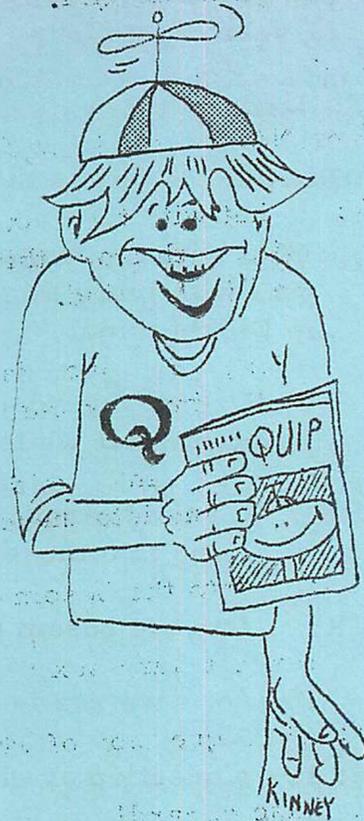
But my fears were unfounded. I soon
discovered that Arnie Katz was still sane.
And even better, this was a real issue of
VOID.

Now having read QUIP and VOID in
one swoop, I was just a little bit exhausted.
What more can Katz have in store, I won-
dered. Well, once again I reached inside
of the magic bag and pulled out another
wonder... THE FANNISH WORRY BOOK.

I still keep the envelope all this stuff
came in, since I have an idea something
else might appear inside of it at any mo-
ment.

////// I know what you mean about records.

42



QUIPS

from
readers

The scope of my musical taste has broadened over the last few years from a concentration exclusively on progressive rock and contemporary folk. Now I'm very keen on Blues, and there are so many tempting records that I hardly know where to begin buying. I almost hope that my budding interest in New Music Jazz and Baroque doesn't flower to the record-buying stage. If I start buying in those genres, I'll be even more broke than I am now.

VONDA MCINTYRE Do you suppose it is Ed Meskys who tries to run me off the road in a red VW every morning on the way to the U? I drive this 3014-135th NE Jag, see, and everybody thinks it Goes Fast. (It's eight years Bellevue, Wash old and just barely goes.) 98004

Steve Stiles claims he can't write. If I could draw as well as he can write, I could put out a fanzine all by myself. I spent a couple of days in England while we were moving back from the Netherlands; and I agree completely with double-decker buses, among other things. He's right, they're a blast. I didn't see any English television -- this was some years ago and English hotels were not in the habit of providing a tube for every room. As a matter of fact, I expect they are still not in that habit.

One question: Steve says he'd spend a week "getting the feel of the culture" from the tv, then (next sentence) repeats the age-old axiom of tv gangsters, cowboys, etc giving the wrong impression of our country. Good lord, is English tv that much different from American that it gives a "real" (whatever that is) picture of the country and the culture?

"Dept of info, please," she asked the operator. "Hello, uh, Mr. Katz? Now that I know who Calvin Demmon is, who is A. Gordon Rym?" (At this rate you'll be writing an AOY column yourself, for my benefit.)

///// Ed Meskys is not malicious, just very nearsighted. I very much doubt that he has been forcing you off the road every morning. Besides, I doubt that he would notice anything as small as a Jaguar.

A. Gordon Rym, sometimes confused in the popular fannish consciousness with A. Graham Boak (with whom he shares the initial "A"), is the hero of a short story by Edgar Allan Poe. Mr. Poe, a writer of the last century, is chiefly famous as a collaborator of Robert Bloch.

NORM CLARKE I used to keep a fannish diary, too. The last entry in it reads, 9 Bancroft "Phil Harrell rolled downhill in Jenny's wagon this afternoon. Aylmer East, Quebec Now he says he wants to oneshot." I don't know why I stopped Canada making entries after that; perhaps nothing has happened since then. The old town is pretty dull since Phil Harrell left. And now Paul "Wyszkowski" Peng has defected to Toronto. Elinor Busby once remarked

that "Bill Morse is a Fapan, not a fan." And now Morse is no longer in FAPA, so there's no question of ever hearing from him again. I wonder who this Richard Labonte is, anyhow. Maybe he'll put on a convention in Ottawa, or start a new apa or something. Maybe someday Ottawa fandom will be Vital once more.

Your review of GRILS made me think, in a round-about way, of a recent issue of Cavalier (I think). You must have seen it; it mentioned Dick Lupoff and Steve Stiles and other, fringier fannish names. Indeed, the article mentioned the words "fanzines" and "fandom" several times, and at one point quoted somebody: "Well, there was Eric Bork, he was into what we call Monster Fandom . . . and then Harlan Dredge, he was into Comix Fandom. . . . He went on like that for awhile, but the capper was, " then there was Trina. She was into Femme Fandom. That is, she was a femfan. That means she published fanzines all about what a groove it is to be a chick."

Now that you have told Vonda McIntyre all about Calvin Demmon, perhaps you ought to tell all your newer readers the story of whatever happened to Georgina Ellis. It is, as we say, one of the great fannish legends. My wife and I talk about it constantly.

Is this a Basic or Baroque worry: I can't decide whether to file FANHISTORY/VOID29 under "FANHISTORY" or "VOID".

////// As would be expected with what we in the field call a great fannish legend, the story of whatever happened to Georgina Ellis begins in Calgary, Alberta (population 181,800). One day as she was loitering in the Calgary train station, Georgina Ellis found a fanzine. Almost before she knew what was happening, she had become known far and wide as the Duchess of Canadian Fandom. This lofty position entitled her to get steamy long distance phone calls from horny Canadian fans, who invariably divested themselves of all clothes on such occasions. Being someone who knew WENDIGO, Georgina Ellis went East and married a genial perverted saxophonist. She now resides in genial perverted Aylmer East Queeb. Her hobbies include FAPA, leather, rubber, and not writing letters on copies of QUIP sent to her. And that is the story of whatever happened to Georgina Ellis; as that great fannish legend (as we are wont to describe it) is told by our Canadian neighbors to the north to their children to discourage loitering in train stations or in Calgary, Alberta (population 181,800).

Yes, Norm, wondering where to file FANHISTORY/VOID (or VOID/FANHISTORY) is indeed a Basic or Baroque worry.

BOB LICHTMAN
112 Lundy's Lane
San Francisco, Ca
94110

"Fanoclast Fanlog" is a welcome change from your previous editorials which, while funny and all, had become . . . well, a little forced here and there. This is something that happens to all of us who attempt to maintain high standards in a fannish fanzine. I well remember the sweat and tears that went into the stuff I wrote for later issues of FRAP. Stuff that still seems awkward to me now, because I remember that it didn't come as natural as the editorial writing in the

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earlier issues, which, Godnose, was forced enough in some ways. (It is hard to put out a fannish fanzine when Reality keeps hammering away at you. Thus, stuff like the long Kennedy piece in one of the FRA^P editorials.)

FIAWOL. It is becoming a pretty scary, in ways, fact that fans are having an effect in a lot of other, semi-related fields. Paul Williams and the whole field of rock criticism, which he more or less brought to eminence if not created. Robert Crumb and underground comix. Crumb, who lives here in San Francisco, knows about fandom and in fact was a fan about 1958, subscribing to such seminal publications as SATA. Remember Bill Pearson and Dan Atkins? They're still around, too. Out There.

I know that the people I see around here are or were fans, but our contacts have very little to do, anymore, with that fact, and when we talk about fandom, it is as an "other" thing. Grania Davidson Davies, Miriam and Jerry Knight, Paul Williams, Andy Main etc. We all met (except Jerry and I) through fandom, but that fact is not important at this late date.

Anyway, the fannish "type" has lots of other outlets these days such as underground journalism (including comics), rock and roll music, etc, so that this reflects itself in fandom's decreasing parochialness. A fanzine like the present-day SHAGGY would have been impossible (or at least would have created huge waves) in 1958. Fandom is now firmly connected with all those things, which tends to include along with it the whole drug culture, the entire McLuhan generation, etc. Far out, eh?

////// No, I don't think what you're saying is far out at all. I've been somewhat amused (and somewhat bugged) at the attitude toward fannish fandom taken by some of the young "hipper-than-thou" neofans. You know the ones I mean -- their mamas let them grow long hair, they've got a complete set of Iron Butterfly records, and Boy Are They Hip (and the corollary: Boy Are You Square). My amusement derives from the fact that it is generally, at least in my experience, the fannish types who are most tuned into what is really going down.

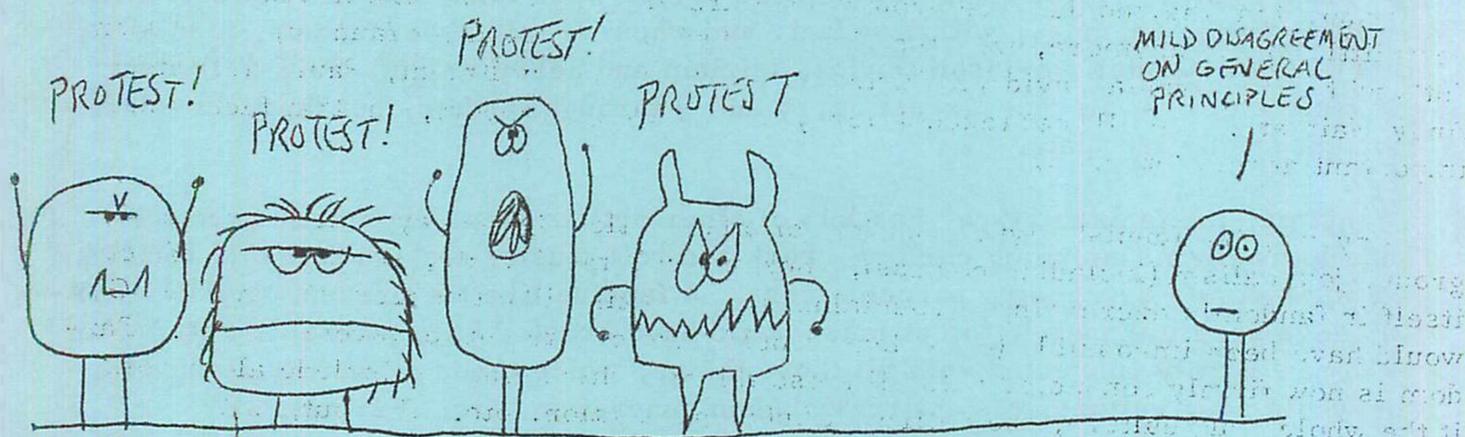
Then why, you might ask, aren't faanish fanzines more overtly hip? I don't really have a comprehensive answer. One thing I might suggest is that fannishness has had rough enough sledding these last few years that I think people like Johnny Berry and I have been reluctant to spark the additional resistance that is invariably engendered by underground-oriented material. Since fandom is loosening up as you correctly note, I think a little more hippness is going to be acceptable. The other point I would make is that I know, speaking personally, that I "compartmentalize" my activities somewhat. Rock stuff, etc (when it isn't talked out in conversation) gets written, but not for QUIP.

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I'm not sure that I agree with you that anyone who follows FIAWOL in Bent Crutch, Kansas needs a few kinks straightened, while people who believe in FIAWOL in NYC are all o-

kay. Like should that kid in Bent Crutch spend his life at a typewriter or out at the local Dairy Queen with his ignorant high school classmates? I personally don't think FIAWOL should become a motto for anyone; but if anyone does believe in it, I'm willing to accept him as he is, whether he lives in New York or Bent Crutch.

///// You've caught me fair and square at least once, Creath. Though it would be an extreme situation for a high schooler if there wasn't anyone he could talk to in person, I suppose I can imagine fandom serving as an adjustment to an in-person situation from which that high schooler cannot extricate himself. Written communication is better than non-communication. I was thinking more of adults, who usually have some choice about where they live. I would say that in most cases people who immerse themselves in a paper world and eschew



personal connects do have a pretty basic problem. (Which has nothing to do with accepting or rejecting them, anyway).

In my comments on FIAWOL in the Big City I thought it was very obvious that I was redefining things in such a way as to make anything two fans do fanatic. Sure, a guy in New York City who lived in the paper world is not really different from that fellow in Bent Crutch. To go ever further, I would find a life in which fandom was perpetually at Stage Center inexpressably narrow and boring. But if you'll go back to the original comments, I believe you'll find I was saying something a little different. More like Bob Lichtman's comments this issue, actually.

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I notice that the typos are still with us, but in much fewer numbers. Is this a left handed compliment? What if you're left-handed. Then I sort of like the bit in the colophon where you qualified CUIP trade-terms to exclude monster and ST fanzines. Yes. Which brings up a point I sometimes contest with other fanzine collectors (especially Billy Pettit, who collects(ed) everything). The word fanzine no longer automatically pertains to science-fiction-fan fanzines. It

has to be any amateur publication of and by fans devoted to some particular interest or hobby. Maybe it always did, but the word became synonymous with stf-fandom's effusions. So when I collect fanzines, and I still do, . . . I mean only those more or less pertaining to stf, fantasy and fandom. . . not the ST, diplomacy, monster, comic oriented stuff. Or is this all just rationalization? I don't have room for everything!

The NFFF. I'd say its immediate appeal would be to the isolated fan, which exactly describes me in my first fannish incarnation. One joins, gets fired up with all the hoopla and promises and Gets Involved in trying to make the unwieldy thing function and. . . then you have two choices before you. One, staying in there and fighting the Fuggheads (now known as the N3F type) trying to do something, or getting the hell out and starting to enjoy fandom. I can see that it hasn't materially changed since I got out in 1950. Unless that the inertia has solidified to the point that nothing can be done any longer. As you put it, the N3F is certainly a microcosm unto its own self. The only worthwhile works that see to get accomplished are by fans who Do All the Work and are active outside the N3F anyway. Like Al Lewis issuing the Indices.

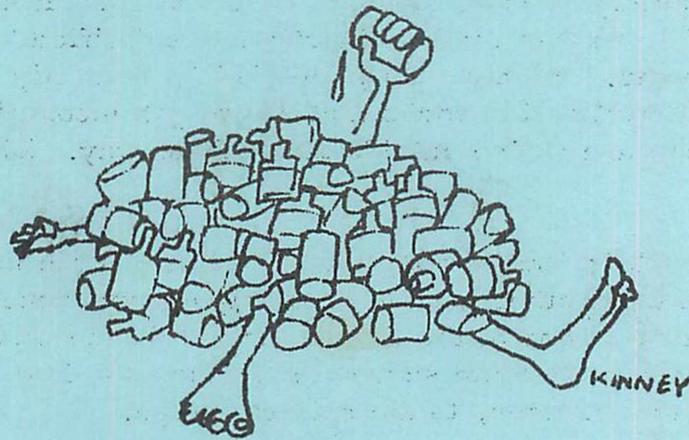
The only quibble I have with your discourse is the inclusion of Ned Brooks in the company of the other others. Ned certainly doesn't appear to be the same type at all. He seems to be one of the Doers, and while the COLLECTORS BULLETIN and the Bok illo index may seem sercon to the faanish, it is of interest, downright fascinating in many instances, to the collector type.

FIAWOL. I believe I've also expounded this same theme (and others have as well no doubt). But it is true that the concept of FIAWOL is certainly no longer laden with the onus of being sick sick sick. Only, as you say, in the isolated small-town fan (or, in certain instances, special cases of Big City fans. Fandom as a hobby, interest, avocation, etc is still somewhat special in content and in the articulation evidenced by its denizens. But when you consider it, there are other specialized interest groups whose almost every non-working waking moment is devoted to their interest. Like the old radio Hams (not the new breed, CBers, and such) and the real ingrained motor-cycle types and so on. Not that I advocate the same in fandom. As you put it, one can enjoy a rather full wide-range social life with people whose common background is (was originally) fandom. I find this to be true in my case, although the number of non-fan type people is increasing as we get more into the Other World opened up as one's child grows older and goes to school.

///// I didn't mean to equate Ned Brooks with Alma Hill, Art Hayes et al. I listed five Big Name Neffers and said that best they were blandly likable and at worst arrant fuggheads. Though I know it wasn't clear, I meant to suggest that the five spanned the spectrum. I'd put Ned 'way over on the good end, actually.

There's one danger about the N3F I don't think we've touched. Laney once said that people who associate with fuggheads become fuggheads themselves after awhile.

There are a number of good letters remaining in the file, and, rather than cutting everything down to fit within 8 pages, I'll run the rest next issue along with any on this issue that come in in time. See you in a month or so. -- Arnie the K



"BAYCON? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW
THE TRICOM WAS OVER!"