

Quip

No. TWO WINTER 196566

I'M YOUR FANNISH
HOST, Q.WERTYUIOP...
AND THIS IS ~

MEET THE BNF'S!



...TODAY,
WE'LL MEET TWO WELL-
KNOWN FABULOUS
FAANISH FANS.
ARNIE KATZ AND LEN BAILES!

YOU MUST BE
GETTING HARD
UP!

YES, AND NEXT WEEK
IS SETH JOHNSON!

...AND HERE THEY ARE IN
THEIR STUDY....

THE Quip KIDS!

TO WHAT DO YOU
ATTRIBUTE YOUR FAN-
TASTIC OVERNIGHT
SUCCESS?

WELL, I GET'EM
GOOD AND DRUNK
FIRST, AND THEN...

IT CERTAINLY IS
A WONDERFUL
THING!

YOU MAY
STAND, Q.



AHH... LET ME REPHRASE THAT...
WHAT MAKES **Quip** SUCH A
FAANISH SUCCESS?

Well, if I had to
choose one word to
sum up the **Quip**
philosophy....

IT WOULD BE

PLAGIARIZE!

RIGHT! IF IT'S
STELLAR
ENOUGH FOR **VOID**
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH
FOR **QUIP!**

Seriously, some
fen have accused
you of *imitating*
Void...

**WE DON'T THINK
WE'RE IMITATING
VOID AT ALL!**

**YOU BETCHUM,
RED RYDER!**

I THINK I'M
GOING TO THROW UP!

HOW DO YOU BOYS FEEL ABOUT APAS — AS OPPOSED TO GENZINES ?

Does he often do this ?

NO, THIS IS ONE OF HIS IDLE WEEKS... ONLY FOUR DEADLINES!

I CAN'T REALLY SAY MUCH ABOUT APAS — I'M ONLY IN EIGHT...

That reminds me! I haven't PUBBED for ten minutes!



OF COURSE, YOU AREN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL, ARE YOU?

I'M AFRAID OUR TIME IS UP. DO YOU BOYS HAVE A FEW WORDS YOU'D LIKE TO SAY ?

NO, THE SAPS MAILING CAME IN THIS MORNING, AND I'VE ONLY GOT TWENTY PAGES OF MAILING COMMENTS DONE SO FAR...

Yes, we do...



"DOG"

"CAT"

"MAN"



Quip is a laugh a minute... if you read fast enough!



QUIP

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A R T C R E D I T S

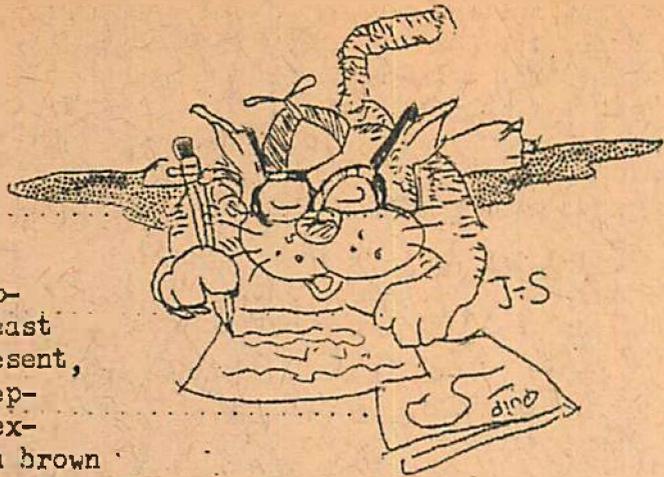
Cover: Ross Chamberlain (dialogue by ye eds)

Joe Staton: 5, 9, 29,

Andy Porter: 27, 33,

N E W Y O R K I N ' 6 7 !

KATZENJAMMER



Len and I had an extended exchange of letters a number of months ago, the upshot of which is that Quip will use at least one reprint an issue from Now On. At present, the only genzine making regular use of reprints is algol. Leaving the systematic exhumation of the faaanish writings of rich brown to Andy still gives us considerable material worth reprinting. I like to read old fanzines (does anyone want to sell some?), and, barring that, reprints from old fanzines. I think most fans share this interest. Perhaps reprinting some faaanish gems will encourage the older faaanish fans to give it another fling, while at the same time giving the newer fans who've come along since the days of Void, Innuendo and Retribution, a little Inspiration. Then again, Maybe Not, but sometimes it goes like that in the fandom game.

To lead off the reprints, I picked out an "article" by the Willises from Hyphen. Besides its obvious merit of being Funny as Hell, it's centered around Oblique House, which noble faaanish institution has but lately given up the ghost. and it's also centered around John Berry, Fabulous sometime Quip Columnist. So far as we know, he has not given up the ghost.

* * *

There was a Fan who lived in a town we shall call "Buffalo." He was the only Fan in the town, and therefore he was especially Proud and Lonely. Every morning he would leave his fleabag apartment to go to the University to get Smartened Up. Unfailingly, he would take some previous little bit of faaanish literature along to occupy odd moments between lectures, or during lectures.

One day he brought his Bound Volume of the Celebrated Flying Frog of Contra Costa County" to his English Class. This strange book caused Real Keen Excitement. "What is that Pile of Crap?" asked his Peer Group in unison. Actually, they didn't say anything as faaanish as "Pile of Crap," but that is a loose translation.

This is a Funny as Hell little magazine published by Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon and Andy K. Main." The fan didn't even add "bem" because he didn't think they would Understand. The Fan read Frog to himself and Laughed like a Nut.

"Why are you laughing like a nut?" asked one of his Peers. The Peer didn't even use Capital Letters.

"I am Laughing like a Nut," said the Fan. "because this story by Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon is Highly Amusing."

"Let me hear it," said the Peer. The Fan read it to him. "Ahahahaha," said the Peer. "This Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon is Funny as Hell. He will be the Mighty Hero of our Peer Group. We will all speak in Capital Letters. Ahahahaha."

The Fan looked at the Peer. Suddenly, he swallowed the Bound Volume, turned into a Frog, and flew out the classroom window.

"That will Fix them," he croaked. "Or Something."

I was quite interested in the new voting rules for T.A.F.F. That we will have Majority Winners from now on is a considerable improvement over the present system. Of course, one must recognize that in a four or five way T.A.F.F. race, we may have someone who scores 40% in the first round eventually losing to a fan who picks up his votes in the run-off rounds. One thing I'm definitely against is the "Hold Over Funds" option. The fan who scores well, but who is beaten by another fan may run again. A fan who is beaten by "Hold Over Funds" is very unlikely to run again... Thus, someone who 45% of the voters want may never run again.

The administrators obviously want some barometer to show how far apart T.A.F.F. races ought to be spaced, however, such an indicator already exists. When the number of voters falls off, the races are too close together.

Naturally, your editors want everyone to dig out at least a dollar and vote in the current race. I personally would like everyone who votes not to use the "Hold Over Funds" option, unless there's no one at all who pleases you.

* * *

Not too long ago, I had the pleasure of re-reading TCarr's predictions for Fandom 1965, which Terry just reprinted in Lighthouse. Terry said that he'd make no more predictions, having grown more cautious in his fannish old age. As I am still Young and Foolish, and this is the time for Predictions, I thought I'd try my hand at envisioning Fandom 1971.

I believe the current trend toward a larger Fandom will continue. Science Fiction continues to be more accepted, though the prozines don't seem likely to grow more prosperous, and this should result in more people having some kind of exposure to fandom, especially via conventions and clubs. Earth people who come through the experience will mostly become fringe fans who never have much contact with Fanzine Fandom. Those that do become involved with Fanzines will no doubt enter with an SF-oriented view. Some of them will augment the SFaction, which we always have with us. These newly minted fans, however, ought not to be as tightly bound to SF as fans who entered during earlier periods were, and the greatest portion of them will be one to the cause of the non-SF interested, who'll predominate in the apas and genzines.

Note that in the preceeding that I didn't say "faaanish," just "non-stf." Five years hence the fractionalization of today's Fandom will be much more marked in '71. The SF interested group will be the smallest and most transient. Fans interested in Science Fiction may pour in from Mundane, but few permanent and prominent fans will actually stick out of this group. And most that do will lose their interest in SF, which seems to be the way of things nowadays. The fans who maintain little interest in SF will be of two main types, "faaanish" and "general." Harry Warner's Fanhistory is bound to spark something of a faaanish renaissance, which will be accentuated by the publication of a Fancy III. However, the resultant revival ought to have passed its peak by 1971. The faaanish fans will be more numerous than at present, but with a slightly increased number of semi-gaffates included in that total. "General" or "Discussion" fandom, depending on what you choose to call that species of fan will be on the rise. Some, as in the last heyday of Discussion Fandom, will be reconstructed faaanish fans, who will bring their faaanishness right along with them. The influx of new fans will provide the impetus for Discussion Fandom. As most of them won't be terribly committed to SF, they ought to fall easily into the discussion of non-stf topics, once they understand that Fandom is not just for the discussion of Science Fiction.

Currently, cons are enjoying a tremendous boom; there are hardly enough weekends in the year to hold them all. The Worldcon, Westercon, and Midwescon will still be major affairs. The Westercon will probably show a slight shift toward informality, but otherwise these three will be essentially the same as today. There will be a major regional convention in the east, probably New York. I should think that the

Lunacon-Eastercon will eventually evolve into an integrated Westercon-type regional. I doubt that a system of bidding to put on this regional will have been worked out; the con will still be a fusion venture involving the two major clubs in New York. The Phillycon will remain unchanged as will the ESFA open meeting. The Boskone, dependent on a transient school club ought to fizzle out, or at least assume an importance equal to the ESFA open meeting. The Disclave will continue, control passing back into the hands of the WSFA. More fans are travelling all the time, and regionals, at least ones that catch the fancy of the fans, will see increasing attendance. The Deepsouthcon, often overlooked (I confess I almost did it myself) will continue to grow only so long as Southern Fandom does. Having cons in cities more accessible to the North and Midwest would probably get fans in those areas into the habit of attending. The DSC may change its name to the Southern Fandom Conference or some such. I think it has a good chance of establishing itself as at least the equal of the Midwescon. I foresee a switch to a mid-winter date as a natural crowd-getter.

The Worldcon will be causing particular excitement around January 1971. Fans will be looking forward to the Seacon II and wondering where the hell the '72 con will be. Midwest Big City Fandom, never particularly healthy in recent years will further atrophy in the next five. It wouldn't surprise me to see a British Worldcon in '72. On a guess, this time Birmingham, not London, will be the bidding city. A Southern city, nominally in the Midwest, such as St. Louis, will host the con in '73, or possibly '72.

LA and New York will remain the meccas of fandom, much as they are today. San Francisco, Seattle, Washington and London will retain approximately the importance they have today. The Charlotte-Chapel Hill gang will be a memory. Baltimore will be absorbed back into the WSFA, and Philadelphia will Sleep On.

It is practically impossible to guess where the new heartlands of fandom will lie. With fans as peripatetic as they are, five years could see fate throwing ten or so fans together anywhere in the country.

If the trend in fanzine fandom toward apas should continue for five years, fandom in 1971 would consist of dozens of apas with interlocking membership rosters. Therefore, the trend won't continue for five years. Today, while the quantity of apa material is perhaps at an all time high, the same cannot be said for quality. Adding to this the fact that several groups, such as OMPA and APA 45 are rather shaky, I believe that there will be fewer apas in '71 than there are now. OMPA, APA 45, and possibly N'APA will have folded. TAPS, and any of the three just mentioned which survive, will be vastly different than today. FAPA quite possibly will be going back to quarterly wler response for American and Canadian wlers. I don't think it will help much. SAPS will be talking about its second golden age, which will have taken place by '71, but it will still be in good shape. SFPA will probably be mostly made up of Northerners and members who joined while they were in the South. I fear that a new apa Boom will be coming in around '71. A lot of fans will have forgotten the disasterous one now in progress, and there will be enough neofans to start new groups. I have no idea what excuse the new apas will give for their existence, but a new version of IPSO could be one.

Genzines, with lives more ephemeral than apas, are therefore harder to predict. Discussion Fandom will have to have its set of genzines, and at least one will probably be noteworthy. Faanish Fandom will boast several zines, mostly irregular or about to suspend publication. I think that at least one regularly appearing one will come out of New York, which will still be the nexus of the fannish. To make a specific prediction, I think Harry Warner may well be publishing a Top Genzine in '71. He has made noises about such a venture numerous times, and with the Fanhistory out of the way, he might have the time to actually try a genzine again. Of current fanzines, Hyphen will remain the Beacon of Fandom on its once-in-awhile schedule. Yandro will finally fold, though even now that I've made the prediction I can't

imagine it. Double-Bill will be just a memory. AMRA will still come out, though very seldomly. Small frequent fanzines will again be a major trend. The legend of FANAC and apa f and all that. "all that" could include a rise in postal rates which would seriously cut down the number of sizable fanzines due to cost factors. A nickel increase in the average subscription price of fanzines to about 25-30¢ is inevitable.

Will Carol Willis take over Hyrchen?

Will rich brown gaffiate again?

Will the mad dogs of '71 fandom knee me in the groin?

You, the neofan who just paid Too Much for this fanzine to Bruce Pelz probably will know--and never let me forget.

* * *

Having waited on pins and needles for Thanksgiving Vacation, I flew home early the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. Wednesday, after getting home to New Hyde Park, was spent observing the latest craze among the Katz clan; bowling. My mother was bowling in a league in the early afternoon, and my father and I decided to go along and see how she did. I was quite surprised to see her bowl the highest score in the match.

Early in the evening, I called up Mike McInerney. He was in the midst of shampooing his hair and asked me to call back in ten minutes. Having some idea of the quantity of hair growing out of the McInerney head made three quarters of an hour a more realistic amount of time to wait. When I finally did call back, no one was home. I then called Andy Porter to find out what was going on, if anything, in New York. During our conversation; Andy made a remark to the effect that he'd be seeing me at Mike's that very evening at the Fanoclast party. I told him that if I was going to go, I'd have to get off the phone and get moving. I made the trip to Mike's by bus and subway in less than an hour, which must be some sort of record, considering the distance involved. As a matter of fact, I arrived before Andy Porter by a matter of minutes. It wasn't a bad party, especially since I got a good chance to talk to Ted, Andy, Rich, and Dave Van Arnan. I also got to meet the Fanoclast's newest addition, Cindy Heap. Cindy is a fine faanish feemefan. She doesn't hurt the eyes to look at, either. Several consecutive days of early risings got to me at about 2:30 AM, and Dave, Andy, and I left with Ken Beal. I was going to take the BMT at the Union Square Station and left Dave, who was heading for the IRT. For the first time that I can ever remember, the passage to the BMT was blocked by a gate. I, therefore, ran back to Dave and company, and waited with them for the IRT, which was now the train I wanted. They didn't believe me about the gate, but, on the other hand, they didn't throw me onto the tracks either.

Thanksgiving Day, I divided between Sleeping and publishing my first Cultzine with the aid of my brother, Ira. It sure is nice to have a brother to help colate and address fanzines. As we worked, Ira made noises about joining N'APA or some such and telling All Fandom the Truth about Arnie the K. He might actually do it one of these days, so be warned.

Friday was FISTFA night, and I headed back into the city to Mike's apartment. I'm sorry to report that, at present, the club leaves much to be desired. Not, I assure you, that there is some sort of dissention among the fans who attend the meetings, but too many "non-fan friends" of the loudmouth-fishhead stripe have become hangers on. The fans, our numbers depleted by forced absences of rich brown and Ted White, huddled in one room, while in the next the nonfans acted like idiots. Rich, who was typing TAPSstencils back at the apartment, had sent along Cindy, and I talked for a considerable time. With Dave, Andy, and Ross Chamberlain we had quite an enjoyable conversation. A neofan named Bob Whelan joined us, and Ken Beale arrived somewhat later than the rest of us. Our group was completed when Fred Lerner joined us after being given up for lost in the other room. Though he staunchly insisted that he was for Baltimore in '67 we couldn't force him back into the other

SHOCK SHOT



The box stood hulking in the center of the fanden. In one corner of the room a typewriter sat on a table and several fans crowded round it spewing rubbish onto ditto masters for a Christmas oneshot. Noisy fan chatter floated in from other parts of the house, and an ancient spirit duplicator creaked somewhere.

The box lay in plain sight, yet its secret was concealed from all but two.

Two pairs of eyes were riveted on that box, gauging its size and estimating its probable contents. The telltale scribbling in the corner was noticeable only to the trained observer, the all important scribbling. ..."Fanzines for Sale."

Like two ravening animals, Tom Gilbert and I leapt out of the shadows and dived for it. Deftly, Tom's fingers scooped up a pile of old magazines from one end as I grubbed around in the other. I spotted something needed to complete a mailing here, a SHAGGY there, but it was no use. As I hastily discarded the Tightbeams and old issues of Thru the Haze, I watched Tom magically pluck a copy of OOPSLA from the morass. Then a copy of STEFANTASY, then another. Within ten minutes he looted nearly everything of value from the pile while I stood clutching the meagre remains.

At that moment it became clear to me that fanzine collecting was an art, and one at which I needed a good deal of practice. I'd been approaching collecting in a sort of lackadaisical fashion, previously, but now I saw the light. A fanzine collector must be cunning... he must have his senses keenly developed to smell out old magazines wherever they lie. He must be ruthless and quick on the kill. A collector is indeed a piteous beast, chained through symbiosis with his prey, and easily forced to do without should he lose his agility in the Hunt.

At parties, one must be continuously alert. Instead of talking, necking or participating in any of the other *keen* fun, he must watch the host. Should he vanish for an inordinate length of time, the fanzine collector should become immediately suspicious. Especially if any of the other collectors are also similarly missing. After checking the bathrooms he should lunge for the fanden. Near heart-failure may strike in two instances... if he finds a rival collector 3/4 of the way through sorting a stack of fanzines, or if someone in one of the bathrooms has screamed piercingly during his preliminary check. (One mustn't after all, violate the privacy of the fanden unless one is sure that it is occupied)

A fanzine collector will find himself liable to make strange sudden trips on no notice whatsoever when word of a collection's being unloaded arises and frequently feel a compulsion to airmail letters full of money to far away places.

This may sound like an awful series of inconveniences, but after all, a fanzine collector must keep his sense of proportion. He knows what has more importance.

"It's a disease," I croaked piteously to Gilbert the other day. "Look at me, ruined, exhausted and old before my time." I said this as I threw some money at him and clutched at the SAPS mailing on the table.

"Yes," said he, rubbing his palms briskly. "When are you gaffiating and selling me your collection?"

* * * * *

A few months ago, Playboy ran an editorial in which it featured what it called a trivia quiz. It asked questions about various radio serials and comic books, awarding a Bachelors, Masters, and PhD in the art, depending on the number of correct answers the reader might find himself able to come up with. I greet this national publicizing of trivia with mixed emotions.

Until recently, we trivia hounds have been pretty solitary creatures. One of the things which made knowledge of the name of Tonto's horse, or an ability to rattle off in sequence the adventures undergone by Flash Gordon so attractive was that we knew that no one in the world could possibly have cared less. Now the public is trampling hobnailed boots all over our fantasy worlds. Batman and Robin are a common commodity, Marvel Comics hang in the museum of modern art and anyone on the street could tell you what Shazam means.

The other day I was up in the UCLA student Union playing chess. Across the room, someone defied his opponent to name all of the Second Stage Lensmen. "Kinnison, Worsel, Nadreck, Tregonsee." said his opponent without hesitation. Smugly, I sauntered over and informed them that they'd left one out.

"Clarissa was made second stage by Kim, of course," I said, confident that this would awe them. Instead it only set off a massive contest, in which I was called upon to remember the name of the Captain in "Oh, Susannah," tell what the initials of Shazam stood for and even name the owners of the Three elven rings. Fortunately, I am not unskilled at such, and retaliated by demanding that they inform me what Shazam stood for when Mary Marvel said it, and who wore the elven rings?

I emerged with a shaky victory and tottered off to play a quiet game of chess at the other end of the room. I tell you, things have come to a sad pass indeed, when typical college students are in possession of fannish arcane lore. How the hell am I supposed to feel superior when this specialized knowledge, culled from years of imbibing useless information is available to everyone?

In my search for more and more esoteric bits of nostalgia, I believe that I have finally come up with one in which I cannot be surpassed.

I regard myself as the prime living exponent of the Little Lulu Mythos, as perpetrated by "Marge" in collaboration with Dell Comics.

No, you others don't remember Tubby Tompkins, Miss Feeny and the Little Men from Mars. Even Fred Patten couldn't tell you the issue in which Gloria was kidnapped by the Loch Ness monster, and the ransom which Tubby had to pay to get her back. Who else could write a thesis on Old Witch Hazel as a Christ figure? For indeed, her sufferings as the guardian of Little Itch are comparable to those of Krazy Kat at the hands of Ignatz of old. Do any of you recall the meaning of Mumday? Or the terrible signifigance of Black Mumday? And how was the boat successfully rowed to Pinetree Island, despite the holes in it which were drilled by Mr. McNabben? I could go on for ever about the Lulu Mythos and bore the living Hell out of you, but it isn't necessary.

As long as no erudite bastard exposes the mythos in the pages of a new pseudo-Xero I am content. There is even yet one bastion of nostalgic memory which fandom and mundania will never stomp on with their cruel hobnailed boots.

* * * * *

I've started my second semester at UCLA, recently and am rather pleased with the classes I wound up with. I'm not sure how it is at other schools, but at this great multiversity one is never aware of what classes he's going to be enrolled in until two days before they commence. This is due to the institution known as rushing for classes. I remember last semester, I rushed madly from building to building trying to get into the classes I had selected, and being frozen out of several of them by the enormous lines. As I ran wildly I noticed a room which was empty and inquired on what was being offered.

"Philosophy," the lady said.

"I'll take it!," I cried ~~with a flourish~~.

"This semester I've wandered into another class by the same process. Students who are continuing are supposed to be able to register by mail and enroll in classes, but in reality, this is merely a clever bit of University propaganda. I suppose someone must be enrolled successfully by mail, but everyone I know has his little IBM cards returned to him with "class closed" stamped next to at least half his choices. What makes it worse is that when the departments enroll students on "rush day" they always give preference to new and re-entering students. I therefore thought out a clever ruse to beat the system.

If one has attempted to register by mail, his reg card has the word "pre-enrolled" burned into it so that he may not try to register under false colors. I, however, hit on a plan to avoid this pitfall by going to the administration building and telling them that my card had been mislaid. They therefore gave me a temporary reg card without the little telltale word branded on. I bounced back to the lines of continuing students waiting to be enrolled and skipped over to the small line of re-entering students and quickly signed up. Unfortunately a group of people took one look at the temporary card, and there was a concerted rush for the administration building.

Five minutes later, 30 people stood in the short line, temporary reg cards in hand. Now Teaching Assistants may not be the brightest people in the world but they aren't that stupid. They quickly made a list of all those trying to enroll with temporary cards, so that they could check on enrollment status later. Cursing the clods who had ruined my shtick, under my breath, I adroitly removed my enrollment card before they could get me down and ran off looking for something else to enroll in. I soon found another empty room, and that's how I wound up taking anthropology.

I think there must be something weird about anthro. All the TAs look like gorillas. The one at the enrollment desk, a dead ringer for mighty Joe Young was directing the line trying to get into upper division anthro. He would count off a number of people, one hand at his crotch and bellow.

"Yoo stay... yoo go. No, yooo staaay here." This to a nervous looking kid who had tried to cut into the line. At regular intervals he would scratch his side and exclaim, "Da thoid section of Antro Tooo is closed. Please keep da line moving."

After attending the first class, (lectured by a nasty old man with a delightful sense of humor) I discovered that the TAs looked like perfect examples of crosses between Neanderthals and very primitive cro-magnons. Most of the girls looked like apes too. It reminded me of an old science fiction story. Do you suppose that some sinister alien race is shining devolution rays on all UCLA anthropology majors, sending them down the scale to recapitulate their ontology or something. What's worse, will it affect non-anthro majors?

Already I seem to like the taste of bananas more....

* * * *

as long as QUIP's other editor has made some prognostications concerning future fandom, I suppose I'll try to examine the various forces which have made fandom recently assume a massive retreat from general publishing into a host of amateur press associations.

apas, genzines and other mediums of fan communication succeed, of course, as a general need for them is felt. It is very difficult, however, to determine whether or not there is a need for a particular fannish institution until after it has made good. Take FaNaC, for example.

Before Carr and Ellik started publishing it fandom got along quite adequately without a weekly newszine. SF Times was not an integral part of publishing fandom, nor did it serve faaans. Once, however, a regular fannish newsheet came into being, everyone realized what a valuable aid such can be in opening new communication lines. Basically, the success of any fannish publication seems to be based on how well it opens lines of fan communication and the level at which those lines are maintained.

It is interesting, in addition, to speculate on why certain of the apas succeeded and others didn't. Why did SaPS last and VaPa fold, despite the better quality of the latter. Why did the Cult succeed when WaPa and ZaPa never got off the ground.

I think the successes lie largely in the proper gestalts having gotten together at the right time. CRaP had a gestalt all its own, and while the gestalt flourished in fandom, CRaP flourished, but when Lichtman and Main began to evolve into another ingroup, taking most of the participants with them; CRaP foundered. Apex lasted as long as the people who were most interested in the image it presented were hyperactive in fandom, but when they lost interest in belonging to a group with such an image, it died. Since the CRaP folded there have been numerous apas of the same form, all linked to the Cult in a strange way. Most of them seem to have been created because the Cult at the time was passing through a series of doldrums. The most recent successors to this tradition are TaPS and Lilapa. One reflects the image sought by some proto-Cultists, and the other apparently represents the kind of group desired by the other faction.

The success of either, of course, would seem to be that each attracts people who the Cult cannot interest, in addition to those who remain diehards in the bucket. Apas of this type provide rapid communication of the correspondence type, and to some degree, take the place of the lettercolumns in the great genzines.

As has been pointed out before, by a number of people, the chief cause of the current apa boom is the enlargement of fandom. This has made the old fannish institutions, SaPS and FaPa, inadequate to accomodate all interested participants. In place of genzines there are a series of cliques. There is no longer any way for a newcomer to identify with "fandom" as a whole... for we no longer have a gestalt image... only the smaller cliques do. Any group which can successfully project such an image will draw people in.

SaPS and FaPa have succeeded largely because each has a series of elaborate traditions. Or no, it really isn't that easy. It's uncertain whether the traditions are a result of success or vice versa, but in any case, the successful fannish institution is always crowded with an ingroup sense of tradition and history of some sort. Perhaps these add to the overall gestalt projected by the group, and make its appeal stronger to those who enter fandom and would be likely to identify with that group.

QUIP is largely an effort to see whether or not fanzine fandom still feels that a faaanish genzine is a useful item. Of course, it may suffer from the limitations of its two editors, but our sheer gall should make up for that! --LB

IF BURBEE HAD TRIED
TO PUT IT ON THE MARKET IN 1927

FM BUSBY

from Klein Bottle #6

(You know, marketing a new invention is a difficult thing. It's specialized. Now if you had been in the office of a new-products company in 1927, you might have heard something like this, as the office manager answered his phone....)

Hello: who is this?...Mr. Burble...Oh, Burbee. Well, what can I do for you?

You have an invention. What does it do? ...Oh, it's a little difficult to explain. I see. Well, let's put it this way--what's it for?

For fun. I see. Well, how does it work?

There's these two people...right. The big fella is a fella--and the little fella is a what... a girl. I see. What's a girl, Mr. Burbee?

I'd have to see it to believe it? Well, you may be right about that. Okay, we have these two people, like you say. So where does the invention come in?

You say the two of them get together and they--they what? I'm not sure I understand you, Mr. Burbee. You say they ...yeah...yeah...yeah... Look, are you sure? Why yes, I believe you, Mr. Burbee. Certainly I believe. It's just that in my entire life, never have I ever heard of such a thing... Oh, you're not surprised, eh? Well, look-- all I mean is, are you sure it works like you say?

Oh; you've tried it out yourself. I see. And how was it... You wouldn't let the public in on it at all, if you weren't so public spirited? ...And besides, you need the money. I see.

All right. By the way, do you have a name for it yet? ...Sex? How do you spell that, Mr. Burbee? ...S-E-X. I see. Pretty concise, isn't it? I mean, don't you think that maybe a name with at least one more letter?

Well, all right, Mr. Burbee. ...All right... Okay. So Sex isn't a four letter word. It was only a suggestion... Yes, three letters will be perfectly all right.

Now, Mr. Burbee, the way you describe this--well, I was just sort of wondering ...well, won't it be a little bit conspicuous, maybe?

...Oh, you figure it for more of a home-type operation... In private... like taking a bath, huh? ...

Well, I don't know, Mr. Burbee... Well, I'm just trying to visualize this bathtub...

Not in the bathtub? ...In bed. Well, I don't know about that, Mr. Burbee...

Well, it just doesn't seem to excite my interest, somehow. In bed. I'm not sure the public will go for it very well. You're going to need some sort of a tie in.

Oh, you have a tie in. And what is it, Mr. Burbee? Babies... Everybody likes babies? Yes, well--well, sure they do, but... Well, how are you going to tie it in with babies?

...You...? You...? I see.

Well, if you say so, Mr. Burbee. Sounds pretty far-fetched to me, but okay...

Hey, wait a minute, Mr. Burbee, how about the stork? We don't want to have the S.P.C.A. on our backs, you know. ...Gotta make way for progress, huh? Well, could be.

But hey--what about the doctors? That little Black Bag is a pretty solid item with John Q. PublicOh, you're working on that angle... You're going to cut the A.M.A. in for royalties on the baby end; well, that's fine, Mr. Burbee. I do wish you had waited and let our legal department write the contract on that...

No, it's all right... It'll be all right... Yes, you're right, Mr. Burbee; we'll have our hands full with the storks anyway.....

Okay, fine, Mr. Burbee. Now when can we have a demonstration...

We have to demonstrate it for ourselves. Well, now how do we go about that?

Like you said before, huh? A big fella who is a fella, and a little fella who is a girl--and they... Yes...Yes... Uh-huh... Um...okay...

Yes, that's fine, Mr. Burbee. We'll give it a try here at the plant and let you know how it goes.

Oh, just one thing, Mr. Burbee. Do you suppose you could drop around here for a few minutes later this week?

Well, it's just that it would be a big help, Mr. Burbee, if you could come in and look over the fellas here at the plant, and tell us which ones are girls.

Yes, that'll be a big help, Mr. Burbee. Okay, fine. We'll be seeing you...

* * * * *

Speaking of food fadism, I heard a most croggling story on the topic. One real fanatical woman began to worry about all the good vitamins and minerals that people were eliminating from the body. She made her children drink a large glassful of their own urine every morning. I don't know how good it was for their health but it sure made them hate their mother.

--Dave Rike
Limbo #3, FAP# 94

* * * * *

I PUBLISHED A FANZINE

FOR BRYAN HALL

Being a fan is a Proud and Lonely Thing, but being a fan is also a very dangerous thing, and it can do you Great Harm. a fanzine-oriented mind is a cunning mind, but it's also a risky proposition to be carrying one around with you. And I can prove it, too.

My freshman year at college was spent at Michigan State University, a huge school with over 20 dormitories on campus and nearly 18,000 University housed students. I lived in one of the newer of these dorms, Bryan Hall, which housed about 450 to 500 guys, depending on the time of year.

Bryan Hall publishes an irregular "newspaper" for its inmates. At the beginning of the year, each of the hall's eight precincts or "houses" elected a Publicity Chairman for that house. These worthies got together and elected an unlucky Grand High Chairman for the whole hall, to be in charge of all hall activities that could even vaguely be considered Publicity.

The first poor fool to get this post was one Gary Romans, a freshman with Big Ideas and just a little too little common sense and experience with what he was trying to do. He put up notices around the building about a meeting for all those interested in working on the paper, which was entitled the Bryan Brews for no good reason. I attended this meeting out of fannish curiosity, and found that Gary wanted to publish a magazine, a fanzine in fact, though he didn't know the term, of course. He wanted topical articles, interviews with *girls*, and other similarly interesting stuff, and sounded like he might get the stuff, too. At the end of the meeting, he handed around a sign-up sheet asking for what you'd like to do for him and his paper. I volunteered for general work, including specifically the cutting of stencils, since I'd learned a bit about this art during my stay in fandom.

I never heard from Gary again, until his first issue of the BREWS came out. It was terrible. It was stencilled badly with chopped out O's and such, obviously done with the stencil bare and no cushion sheet or film top. The headings were hand-doodled and there was a feeble attempt made to have two justified columns, in true "newspaper" style. There were lousy jokes, a badly stencilled cover cartoon, and only one staple up in the corner, holding together the six or seven sheets, which had been printed on one side only.

My fannish blood couldn't allow this horror to disgrace the fair name of Bryan

by RICH MANN

Hall, so I wrote a Letter to the Editor, who was quite flabbergasted to get actual comments and suggestions on his work. I told him that I could and would cut better stencils than that in my sleep, I could give him some decent lettering guide work, and that I could even provide better material.

He replied with a small note saying that he'd think about it, and would take any contribs I'd give him. I am not a good writer, but I did know of about 200 active fans that were, so I immediately got out of my apa mailings, and started looking for Good Stuff. I got a lot of lines for him out of SAPS, and he reprinted Dick Eney's little Strategists Have Estimated... pamphlet. I found Dennis Guthrie's "101 Ways To Kill Time" in a N'APazine, and I quickly excerpted the best of that column and added a few of my own. Gary took all this stuff quite well, and promised to print it.

He did. Just about a month later, he managed to put out a second issue, containing some of the stuff I'd sent him, including about half of the "101 Ways to Kill Time," which was an instant success around the hall. However, the zine was still its ugly old two-columned self and the stencilling hadn't improved at all. Nothing had changed; all I'd done was add some jokes to the zine. I called up Gary and asked if he'd let me stencil the next issue, please; I could make it look so much better. He said he might just let me do it.

He didn't. He tried, but he couldn't get the next issue done in time, and the end of the term came with no BREWS. We all went home for Christmas, and forgot the tedious problems of Bryan Hall for awhile.

But not for long; they picked up as soon as I returned. I received a phone call late one night from Gary, with the news that he was Copping Out on the editor position due to Other Commitments, and thought that I might want the job, since I'd been trying to do it all anyway. My first reaction was that yes, of course, I'd do it, but secondly I realized that I'm often taking on deceptively simple-looking jobs and finding them more trouble than they are worth, and I should skip this one. I gave it some serious thought, and finally the thought of how much improvement I could bring to it, coupled with all that Great Material I could reprint from the fanzines made me call Gary and tell him I'd do it. I should have known from the beginning that it would come to this.

And I was on my merry way to fame and stardom. Hmph.

So I gathered up all of Gary's stencils and all of my material I'd so carefully copied over from the original fanzines, and went back to my room to work on the BREWS.

I really worked on it, too. I got Dave Heal, a fannish friend, to cut me a cartoon cover that looked a little better than what we had before, and I looked around for good fmz material for reprinting. I found much less than I thought I would have found-- most of the good material there was not suitable for a general non-fannish audience. I did find, in Double Bill, a short story by Si Stricklen entitled "Panicdotes" which appealed to me quite a bit. Mallardi gave me conditional reprint rights to it-- I could not circulate the zine to any fans, because Mike Domina wanted it for his Best of Fandom anthology (which still hasn't appeared), and he had asked first. I agreed, and reprinted it. From Yandro I took Joe Sanders' "Hoosier Farmer Talking Blues," a poem took up a page and a half.

I even had a letter column-- since I had an article from the Hall's Head Advisor, I put it in the lettercol, and put one of my own in asking for more letters in hopes of getting an active discussion going, and defining my theory of what the BREWS should look like. Of course, there was ingroup material to make it Bryan's own paper. I had a report of a page or two from every house publicity chmn on what had been going on in his precinct. This was filled with Ego-boo for all those on that particular floor, and was justified as an attention getter or some such. I personally would have rather left them out, but since the only reason the paper existed was to print them (as so succinctly put by the Grad Advisor), I couldn't very well leave them out.

I spent one whole weekend stencilling it, and late Sunday night, I took it down to the Grad Advisor for censoring. He did just that. He corflu'd out a funny line in Stricklen's story that contained a Dirty Word, and got rid of a few lines in the "101 Ways to Kill Time!" One in particular I remember being quite innocent was, "Write in and apply for Liz Taylor's waiting list." It wasn't really funny, but it didn't seem all that objectionable to me. One thing he didn't censor, though, was a small line on the bottom half of one page, quite conspicuous in the surrounding white space, that said, "RCM Press Publication No. 38", though I doubt if he realized the Cosmic Significance of the line.

He told me I could pick up the finished product over in the residence halls office in a neighboring dormitory a couple of days later. In my innocence, I believed him.

On Thursday, I sauntered into the residence halls office and spied nine large stacks of white mimeo paper on a table in the rear. The secretary had stepped into the next office, so I went over and asked her when they were going to have the BREWS all stapled together and ready for distribution.

I should have known it was coming, I really should have. She looked at me in mute amazement, and finally asked me to repeat myself.

"I said, when are you going to get the BREWS stapled together so I can take it back with me?" Sheer innocence.

"You mean that you really think that I'm going to do that, too? You have to do it, young fella, and you're damned lucky that I even ran it off for you! Why, I spent nearly all yesterday afternoon running that damn thing off for you. I thought it'd never end! No sir, you take it out of this office right now."

"Well, yeah, I suppose so..."

So I took the thing back to my room, in about five trips. They'd run off 600 copies of the 18 page paper, and collating the thing didn't look like it was going to be much fun. I went down to get a good stapler from one of the Advisors and looked up my roommate, and got him to help. It took the two of us about three hours just to collate it, and then there were 600 copies of the thing to staple together. I did pick up some tips on the fine art of collation from my roommate, George Fergus, who'd learned All About It at Double:Bill collating parties in Cleveland.

Just before supper time, we took them all down to the reception desk, and left them. We wearily went over to eat, but I wasn't really very hungry after all that work. While I was picking at my food, I spotted a couple of guys reading their copies of the BREWS, and pointing out good bits to each other, and laughing. A warm rosy glow of satisfaction came over me, and I thought that perhaps I hadn't been beating my head against a wall after all. Maybe it had been worth it. That meal was one of the best that I had at Michigan State.

Upon returning to Bryan after eating, I was accosted in the hallways by Eric Kafka, the Head Advisor of the hall. He was quite ecstatic over the paper, thought it was *great* and when would the next issue be out? A couple of days later he ran across me again, and told me that he'd taken a copy of the BREWS over to the head of all the residence halls, and that even he had liked it, and thought it was the best one on the campus. The egoboo was almost too much to be really sincere, and I still suspect a little building up of the ego of the editor in hopes of getting another issue out soon.

The way events transpired, it was about two months later and well into the next term before my second issue appeared. Response to the first issue, after the initial congrats from the authorities, was little. I didn't know what to expect, and I got it. A few lousy poems came in, and a few fairly good stories from one of my committee members showed up.

My second issue was much less enthusiastic than the first, though I did use one of the stories I'd received, which promoted Ayn Rand, much to my amusement. The letter-col idea got no response at all, but it seemed that people liked the humor I'd attempted to put into the BREWS, so I worked up a second installment of "101 Ways to Kill Time." By this time, though, I had been thoroughly absorbed into the other duties of the Publicity Chairman, and had little time to put out a Really Good Issue. I had to attend General Council every Monday night, which was composed of two hours of argument over parliamentary procedure. I don't know why they had to choose Monday nights, though, because I also had to hack out an APA L zine that night--General
QUIP 17

Council was one of my major problems with my lousy Apa-L output.

My second issue, bearing the tag "ROMPress 58" was my last one, though I almost got a third issue done before time gave out. I still have about eight stencils left over that I'd already cut, including a four or five page story that I don't understand at all. I was tempted to run the story through Apa-L with this, since it's on my kind of stencils, instead of Gestetner stencils, like the rest of the stuff is on. The stuff on the other stencils isn't worth running off, anyway.

If I did nothing else for Bryan Hall, (and I guarantee you I didn't), I did manage to clean up their newspaper and give the next poor editor something to shoot for. While the inherent quality of the stuff I printed wasn't very high, it served its purpose, and did have a fine layout and stencilling job. If nothing else, I hope I illustrated good format and how attractive such a paper can be.

--Rich Mann, 1965

(from pg. 8)

* * *

room, since he is a good fan, though misguided. Mike retired early, since he was going to participate in a protest march in Washington DC the next morning and had to be up by six ayem. Somehow the barbarians couldn't quite understand why Cindy and I kept telling them not to sing at the top of their lungs. Evidently, they didn't consider that Mike might have some rights in his own apartment. Ross continued to amaze me with his talent. He can draw pictures with an etch-a-sketch (if you have ever played around with one, the fact that he can draw anything with it would seem slightly incredible) that genuinely have artistic value. The one he created that evening in not unduly long a time would have done justice as the cover of any fanzine. The fans left together and got some food at a local restaurant.

It was very, very early in the morning when I got home, but I didn't waste too much of my precious vacation by sleeping. I told Cindy that I'd be by a little after one in the afternoon, and, although I had trouble finding Mulberry Street, I arrived at 1:30. I found rich still typing TAPS stencils and Cindy addressing her issue of Tightbear. As we talked I helped her put the stamps on and then address copies. Unfortunately, while I was helping Cindy, I was distracting the hell out of rich. Cindy and I could talk while we were doing largely mechanical work, but rich had to stop while he was listening or talking, which was, naturally, most of the time. The three of us solved most of the problems of fandom and set all manner of Wrongs to Right. Cindy and rich invited me out to dinner, which we ate at a Chinese Restaurant. I guess I'm now a member of the Great Wall of China SF Society, co-founded originally by Cindy. The GWOCSEFS is a Good Thing. **Although** I would've liked to stay on after dinner, I had a pretty fair idea that rich had to get the typing done and that I was keeping him from it, so I asked him whether he needed me to come back to his apartment or the typing time. He said he needed the typing time, so they walked me to the subway. That's one of the things I like most about rich, he is honest. If I didn't think I would have gotten a true answer from him, I'd just have left, and felt bad about "eat-and-running" on them. Rich brown has the strength of ten because his Heart is Pure, or something.

Sunday morning, I slept, and in the early evening, caught the plane for Buffalo, and that's Faaanish Weekends for this editorial. In fact, that's this editorial for this editorial. See you all around May 15 with Quip #3.

--Arnie the K

Speak softly and carry a big mouth

Okay, I suppose after I write this one, mentioning Quip all over the place, sans /even, they'll fold Quip and revive Excalibur. And I did so want to write a sword-and-sorcery epic full of clangor, blood and sex. Even a little sorcery, maybe. But all that is changed, and we have a flashy new forward-looking fanzine

ED COX with fancy and expensive ~~litho~~ litho covers, get that, cov-ers---forty six pages and faaaan-fiction by Arnie Katz. Yes, the very same who--wrote sword-and-sorcery novels in Excalibur. With serconish type material about Other Fandoms by Len Bailes. And, of all things, a con report! I wonder if Coulson has recovered. I haven't. It'll probably incite me to go and start another hoax-apa...

YESTERDAY'S TEN THOU- Several weeks ago at L.A.S.F.S., during one of the continual SAND REAMS DEPARTMENT: auctions to benefit the worthy Club House Fund, I saw something that utterly croggled me. I realize that I should've known better than to be croggled. Like, fans will bid on anything! Especially if it's for something as deserving as the Clubhouse Fund or the Andy Capp Fund, etc. I've even reconciled myself to the prices that can be gotten for old comic books. But I was croggled when a copy of THE FANSCIENT went for three bucks!

Three dollars (\$3.00). For one tiny little fanzine? Literally. Tiny, that is. Except for the first two issues, THE FANSCIENT was a quarter the size of a lithocover on QUIP. But what got me wondering was what makes such a zine so valuable? In the Winter 1964/1965 list from Dick Witter, the complete set was being offered for \$12.50. It didn't reappear in the next list, so I assume it sold. Since then, individual copies have been listed for 75¢ apiece.

I don't recall which issue went for three bucks at the auction, but I imagine the price was somewhat inflated by auction conditions. But even at an average of a buck a copy, the twelve copies (13 issues) would come to twelve bucks plus whatever auction atmosphere would add to that. Even in the 9th issue, the First Issue was advertised in the back-issues slot for a dollar. And it was only two years old then! Then, and now, this is somewhat more than a dollar an inch...

Let's look at The FANSCIENT. It was an official publication of the Portland Science Fantasy Society, edited by Don Day, and ran for, officially, fourteen issues, Fall 1947 through Spring-Summer 1951 (Issue No. 13-14). It started out half-size for the first two issues, mimeographed text and litho artwork, then went to the all-litho quarter-size format. With that issue, it averaged 32 pages an issue except for the 64-page 9th (2nd Anniversary) and the Third Anniversary issue (13-14). These pages were jammed full of a variety of excellent, for the most part, fare consisting of fiction, articles, reviews, poetry and very good artwork. All of which pertained pretty consistantly, and directly, to science fiction and fantasy.

In a word, it could be judged "sercon." And it was, of the best kind. The first issue featured the first of a series, "Author, Author", which gave a write-up, tabulation of all work published up to that time and a photograph of the featured writer. It started with van Vogt. Also appearing was a list of the most prolific stf authors up to that time, a by-product of Don Day's forthcoming opus, "Index to the Science Fiction Magazines." Rounding out the issue was an excellent nude by Don Day, the first of his series of illustrated verses from the Rubaiyat, a short article, reviews and cartoons. The second issue featured Ed Hamilton in the "author, Author" spot with fiction by the De Courcy's, more artwork by Phillips and Don Day, an article by Ackerman about the first fan mag, and more cartoons.

HEAVILY
TWO
TWICE

With the third, Spring 1948, it went to the reduced, all litho format and into high gear. The first of a series of articles by Thyryl L. Ladd on Fantasy and fantasy writers, appeared. This one was about Robert W. Chambers. A long, pro-quality story by Len J. Moffatt was followed by one of the best Day treatments of a Rubaiyat verse and David H. Keller writing on the concept of "Beauty"; E.E. Smith was featured in "Author, author" and the issue was rounded out with an article about semantics and a short one on an old Stripling fantasy. This issue saw the advent of advertising by the fantasy publishers and various bookstores and dealers.

Number 4 found Williamson in the "Author, Author" spot and "The Legend of 'Interplanetary'" by Neil R. Jones, book reviews, and an article by Moskowitz refuting the prospectus of Conklin's Treasury of S.F. as being another "Best". This issue saw the first of the D. Bruce Berry artwork which was among the best work run in the life of the zine.

Each issue has something of special, lasting value, which makes it hard to lump the rest into a general summary. No. 5 featured an "article", "Extrapolation" by Henry Kuttner, which was tragically prophetic. It was a humorous fiction piece which included this line: "I did notice a 1958 newstape that mentioned the death of Inri Cutna--". Then there was the Keller "author, author" backed up by Ladd's "George Allan England" and a short biography of Robert E. Howard, as well. As usual, all well illustrated and with plenty of shorter items, including fiction.

No. 6 led off with an article by a guy named Robert Bloch, titled "The Seven ages of Fan," a lovely double-page Berry illustration, Bradbury in the "author, author" spot, more wonderfully illustrated poetry, articles and reviews of fantasy, fiction by Eaton and others. Berry's lovely nude on the cover of No. 7 starts it off fine, with Leinster in the "Author, Author" segment, fiction by Moffatt, and Bullard, the start of the "Classics of Fantasy" series of illustrations, a Lovecraftian story by Wetzel, articles by Keller and a survey and checklist of fantasy books in print as of then (Spring 1949). As usual, the illustrations and layout were what bound the whole into a neat, attractive package.

No. 8 found the arrival of artist John Grossman with a cover that typified his work. Inside was a NORWESCON (Portland) ((Regional conference, not the Worldcon yet!)) report, with photos. And a photo of a young Bob Bloch headed the "author, author" slot, the first of a series by Miles Eaton illustrating old legends, plus the regular fare of fiction, poetry and articles, amply illustrated.

No. 9, the 2nd Anniversary issue, was double-size. I picked up my copy at the Convention where it was pre-distributed, and, I believe, read a lot of it during a poker game in the Portland headquarters. Two-color litho throughout, it dumped a load of goodies before the eyes of the avid recipients. Miles Eaton, a regular, had another Mars story, written and illustrated, plus a well-done "Out of Legend," and a special stereo page of Jupiter's moons, which never worked for me and my bad eye. A serious, graphically illustrated article about the electron Microscope by H.T. McAdams, Ladd on S. Fowler Wright, and Phillip Barker on Egyptian Mythology in fantasy were balanced by Wallrich's fiction, Corley, Higbee and Bullard, with good to excellent illos. All this surrounded by all sorts of fillers blended into a superb issue. Of special note was "The Comics, Can they Be Adult?" with a three page (12 panel) strip done by the Portland bunch. It was titled "angelman." Heinlein was the "Author, author" author.

Ten, Eleven and Twelve, Winter through Summer 1950, saw GOSmith, Sturgeon and Boucher "Author-author"ed. Sword and sorcery type fiction came to the fore by Lin Carter and the deCourcy's. There was art-work galore, especially by Berry, who did some of the "Out of Legend" pics as well as by Eaton. More articles by Darrell C. Richardson on Burroughs material appeared, notable among them the one in No. 11 on J. Allen St. John, illustrated with photos of the man and his work. Book reviews, fiction, poetry and cartoons, checklists and another stereo picture rounded out these

issues on a consistently high level.

The twelfth issue featured an article on the film "Destination Moon" by Forry Ackerman with stills from the film. Possibly a first was the list by Dr. Keller of all his fanzine writings to supplement the earlier author, author index to his professional output!

The final issue, Third Anniversary Issue, was called No. 13-14 and featured a report on the NOR-ESCON Worldcon at Portland. It was the other 64 pager, in two color litho. It was expressedly the last issue and wound up with a fine representation. Serious articles by McAdams ("Numbers, Words, and Ideas"), Pannall ("Language Is Also A Science") and Lambert Becker ("The Future of Science Fiction") were led by Hannes Bok's "Fantasy, art, and Illustration", all of which were well illustrated by such as Eaton, Rotsler, and Don Day. The regular features were all there, "Out of Legend," "Classics of Fantasy," and de Camp in the "author, author" spot. The flock of reviews, fillers and cartoons rounded out the issue, which had the usual amount of fiction to balance the articles.

It was, as Day himself pointed out, the first of the litho "vest-pocket" zines and the imitators, as he mentioned, had already started. The FANSCIENT had an average run of 500, of which about half were paid subscriptions (at 25¢ per, six for a buck, up til the last, which was half a dollar.). It was, in all respects, a very successful fanzine. But I doubt if anything like it could survive today. And for that same reason why, is what makes issues so valuable.

The content, as you probably noticed above, had all the material related to science fiction and fantasy. With the exception of the fiction, all the material is still of some use to the serious, bibliographical sf fan. The photos of the authors alone are of value... they all look so young, too! It's like seeing an old Jimmy Stewart on the late show! But special articles on the Burroughs stories, St. John, Bok's article on art, the lists of fantasy books (unless you can afford the new The Fantasy Publishers) are all still of interest and value. The whole set, as I went through it again, today, retained an air of immediacy, currentness. The series of special illustrated features, such as "Out of Legend," for instance, bears repeated examination. In essence, little or none of the material was pure fannishness. The strictly faan type stuff doesn't usually hold up over the years. Some, maybe, but certainly not issues-full, one after the other. Aside from the no doubt extremely higher cost of litho work today, I seriously doubt if fandom could or would support one or more similar zines. Only AMRA and probably The Riverside Quarterly, can come close in content and presentation, and no zine devoted strictly to faanish stuff would receive the support that the FANSCIENT did. Obviously, fandom has changed that much. Were DOUBLE:BILL to have appeared in this format, I doubt that it could've made it as successfully as it did in mimeo form. It is one of the few mimeo'd zines which, in content, do approach the "sercon" in aim other than those mentioned above and some of the other specialty zines (such as those strictly devoted to Burroughs, for instance).

Certainly there have been other vest-pocket jobs, notably SCIENTIFANTASY by Kroll and Crossman and others that at one time or another appeared in this format as well as others. DESTINY, COSMAG/SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST and undoubtedly others tried it, but made out better in the half-size litho format, although none of them succeeded very long in replacing the long run of FANTASY/SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER. I imagine THE RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY is the latest in would-be successors.

In summation, it appears to me that there will never be another one like the FANSCIENT. Fandom is not only not capable, but not interested enough. The serious aspect of the science fiction and fantasy field has certainly not been exhausted as a basis of serious and bibliographic work on the part of the fans. Some of this still continues, but probably never as successfully or as well-presented as in The . . .
QUIP 21

the only way

WALT & MADELEINE WILLIS

reprinted from Hyphen 21
Oct. 1958

"You're sure they're all right?" asked Madeleine, shovelling the pile of uneaten coffee kisses into a crate supplied by Canadian Pacific Railways.

"Yes, of course," said George. "Well up to your old standards. No, it's definitely not your cooking, Madeleine."

"It must be really serious," said James. "We'll have to try something even more stronger in the way of inducements. But what's a more powerful stimulus than food?"

"I know," said George. "We'll have the next meeting at my house in Bangor, in the room overlooking Pickie Bathing Pool, and we'll tell him James is bringing his telescope."

=====
"You know, George, this place of yours is getting untidy with all those buckets of money," said Madeleine. "Why don't you keep them under the bed?"

"I used to," said George, "but I'm a bit absent minded sometimes, and the bank was quite nasty about it. Hey, Walt, any sign of him yet?"

"Him? Oh, you mean John," said Walt, swivelling the telescope round. "No, nobody on the road. He doesn't know what he's missing. James, I wish you'd get a terrestrial lens for this instrument of yours. All these girls upside down are giving me a stiff neck."

"That's a new twist," said Madeleine. "You're suffering from Peeping Ptomaine poisoning, that's what it is. But give over now, this is serious. It's the first defection in ten years of Irish Fandom, and we'll have to do something about it. Maybe these crude enticements just offend his sensitive fannish soul. Let's try something more subtle, some sort of delicate intimation that we care."

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The following Thursday evening the quietude of Campbell Park Avenue was shattered by the clump of several hundred pairs of hobnailed boots, as the Harland and Wolff Male Voice Choir marched from the direction of Upper Newtownards Road, led by George on a horse left over from Lee Hoffman and wearing his full cowboy set. The procession drew up outside No. 31 and, at a signal given by George firing his silver-plated cap pistol, launched into a spirited rendition of "Will ye no come back again." Towards the end of the fourteenth verse, Madeleine, accompanied by an excited crowd of small boys, pushed a bunch of rosemary through the letterbox of the Berry residence.

"Madeleine!" called Diane through the letterbox, spitting out a few fronds, "I'm afraid it's no good. He's up there in the boxroom, typing furiously, and I doubt that he can even hear you above the noise of the baked bean tins. I pushed a note under his door telling him you were here, but it came back unopened with a scrawl

to the effect that he'd got enough material for the next RET and I was to send it to Arthur.

Madeleine shook her head sadly at George, who fired his pistol again. Eventually silence spread to the fringes of the choir. "All right boys," shouted George, "You can go back to work now. I'll credit this on your time cards as riveting, as usual."

"Trite as a rivet," muttered Walt.

"I tell you this is serious," expostulated Madeleine as they moved away. "We will have to try something desperate next."

Behind them the curtains of the boxroom parted and the face of John Berry peered through, a sneer contorting his noble features. "Try what they like," he hissed, ---the strain of hissing a sentence without a sibilant in it making his moustache crack like a whip. The breeze fluttered the crepe hung round a manuscript impaled to the wall on a knife driven into the masonry with maniacal force. Beside it there fluttered in sympathetic agony the pictures of the rest of Irish Fandom, their faces turned towards the wall. With a muttered reference to the suffering of catfish the great fanwriter returned to his solitary labours.

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"As I see it," said George, "the main thing is to get John to Oblique House under some pretext or other. Then with all the magic of the place, with all its aura of happy fanning, John is bound to break down and tell us what's wrong. The trouble is that away from the atmosphere of this house he is a policeman, with all the coldness and proud reserve of a member of the Force."

"A policeman," mused James. "Now there's an idea. If a crime were committed here John would have to call in the line of duty as a fingerprint expert."

"I could report the Monroe Calendar stolen," suggested Walt hopefully. "Then there'd be a double inducement."

"No," said George. "Petty larceny wouldn't be important enough for them to send the leading fingerprint expert in the country. It would have to be a major crime. The major crime."

"You mean---" Madeleine gasped.

"Yes," said George grimly. "Murder."

There was a long silence as they examined the implications.

"We'll need a corpse," said James at last, flatly.

"I'm sure Terry Jeeves would be willing to donate the other half of Sheffield Fandom," said Walt.

"No," said Madeleine. "I'm not having Peter Reaney in my house alive, dead or in his usual condition. What would the neighbours think?"

"We might come to some arrangement with Eric Bentcliffe or Sandy Sanderson," suggested George.

"No," said Walt. "They wouldn't bother with fingerprints then."

There was another long silence.

"I've got it!" shouted James. "Steve Schultheis!"

Hurriedly the group drafted an airmail special delivery letter to Steve explaining the situation and appealing to him as a friend of Irish fandom and GDA Operative. Three days later the letter arrived in Cleveland. Urged by his double loyalty, Steve hesitated not an instant and within an hour was on a plane for Shannon airport. A hired car brought him straight to Oblique House. After some hours of renewing old acquaintance, Steve retired to bed with a sleeping draught and rapidly assumed the position remarked on by James White in his London Worldcon Report. Walt telephoned a doctor and the police.

=====
"Yes!" barked the Chief of Police impatiently.

The commissioner quavered. "It's this Upper Newtownards Road case," he said.

"Ah, yes," said the Chief. "Odd business that. American citizen found dead in bed, fully clothed. Apparently suffocated. Five suspects. Usual procedure I take it. What's the difficulty?"

"Disciplinary trouble," said the Commissioner nervously.

"What the devil do you mean?" roared the Chief.

"We promised the American Embassy to put our best fingerprint expert on the job," blurted the Commissioner, "but he... er, refuses to go. He has some crazy story about knowing the victim isn't dead at all, from some weird magazine nobody ever heard of."

"The man is dead, I suppose," said the Chief, showing the intuition which had put him at the head of the Police Force.

"Oh yes," said the Commissioner. "No doubt about that--- we have certificates by three doctors, and as a further check, I had the body re-examined yesterday by a specialist in catatonic states. We didn't need an exhumation, --the suspect Willis informs us that the victim belonged to some obscure American sect called Ghuism, the tenets of which prohibit any interference with the body. It is to be left on the roof to be devoured by vultures, like in that Hindu cult, and Willis has put it in his attic. It's his problem.

"Seems clear enough," said the Chief grimly. "Send in Berry."

A few minutes later Constable John Berry was standing before his Chief, a look of mingled pride and anguish on his manly countenance. In a few curt words his superior set out the situation as he saw it. He concluded, "What have you to say, Berry?"

"I tried to explain about Schultheis," said John, "but of course nobody will believe me."

"I should think not," said the Chief patiently. "Furthermore, even if what you say were true, it is no reason for you to disobey orders. You were instructed merely to proceed to the scene of the crime and take fingerprints."

"I know," said John quietly, "but I made a solemn vow never to set foot in that house again when they rejected----- For private reasons."

"What did you say?" asked the Chief keenly.

"Private reasons," repeated John firmly. "I have nothing to add."

"You know what this means?"

John Berry made no reply, but one side of his moustache quivered, fluttering the curtains.

Next evening the sensational development of the dismissal of the detective assigned to the Belfast murder case attracted worldwide comment, and the town was invaded by further hordes of American reporters and cameramen. Ex-constable Berry remained closeted in his boxroom, refusing to make any statement, and the radio commentators had to be satisfied with transmitting the rattle of his baked bean tins to American radio listeners on a coast to coast hook-up. Meanwhile, newsreel photographers covered the removal in police tenders of items of his uniform from the ghoddminton room at Oblique House. There, Irish Fandom conferred behind locked doors.

"This is terrible," moaned Walt. "I never dreamt his obstinacy would go so far. What can be behind it?"

"It's no use wondering about that now," groaned James. "The problem is how to get him reinstated in the Police and repair the later wrong we have done him--- at least we know what that is."

They all sat in silence with their remorseful thoughts. Unnoticed, George Charters crept from the room.

There was an earsplitting roar from outside. "My Ghod, what's that!" shouted Walt, leaping to the window. There, in the middle of a horde of excited reporters was George. He was talking earnestly into a battery of microphones.

"Quick, turn on the wireless," cried Madeleine. As they waited for the set to warm up they saw George being led away by the police.

"...this sensational news," said the AFN announcer. "As you heard, Charters revealed that he was forced into his confession by the masterly detective work of the dismissed Constable Berry, who had been working in secret and had engineered his own dismissal from the Northern Ireland police in a selfless resolve that any possible failure in his plans should not endanger the reputation of his force or the international prestige of his country. A statement about the reinstatement of the master sleuth is expected momentarily from police headquarters and speculation is rife as to what other honor will be conferred on the hero of the hour. Meanwhile..."

The heavy steel door of the condemned cell in Crumlin Road Gaol dragged shut behind the visitors, and George looked up. There was perhaps a little more gray in his grizzled locks, but his eyes twinkled as merrily as ever.

"Oh George," sobbed Madeleine, handing over the bag of coffee kisses, "why did you do it?"

"It was the only way," said George simply. "Besides, as John has pointed out so often, I can't have long to go anyway, and I may as well do something for Irish Fandom."

"But you stencilled the Enchanted Duplicator," cried Walt.

"Yes," said George proudly, "and I understand its message. This is the Truefan Way."

The simple nobility of his demeanour left them with nothing more to say. They felt awed, as if in the presence of one who has already passed to a higher plane of fanaticism, and after a few brief words of friendship they withdrew. George settled once again to the Max Brand book he had found in the prison library.

Outside the waning shadows lengthened round the hulk of the old prison and the brooding darkness began to soften its harsh outlines. As the last glimmers of light waned in the Western sky a silent figure in a shabby raincoat approached the side door of the prison. A few words with the warden and he was ushered up deferentially to the condemned cell.

George dropped the Max Brand book, omitting in his emotion to mark his place.

"John," he cried.

John Berry was for a while unable to speak. His moustache drooped pathetically towards the floor as he fought for words.

"George," he said at last. "George...you...you can't do it. We were friends once, before....I can't let you....."

"There is nothing you can do, John," said George serenely, "Except one thing. Steve Schultheis lies in the Oblique House attic in a mild hypnotic trance, from which he can only be awakened by the key words, spoken only as you can speak them."

He was still speaking quietly to John when the Head Warden entered. "Compliments of the governor," he said to George, "and is there anything special you'd like for breakfast in the morning?"

From under the world famous moustache there came a noise strangely like a muffled sob, and District Inspector Sir John Berry O.B.E. crept from the cell.

In the gloom of the Oblique House attic the body of Steve Schultheis lay in state on the ghoddminton table, a pale ray of light from the street lamp outside silhouetting his sensitive fannish features, majestic in repose. Far down below the deathly silence was broken as a door opened slowly and halting footsteps mounted the stairs. The attic door opened, and at last, at long last, John Berry entered once again to the very heart of Oblique House. His proud features contorted by a

wild mixture of emotions, he slowly came back to the body of his Operative and firm friend of Irish Fandom. With a last effort of will he steadied himself by the ghoddminton table and uttered the fateful words, words which had not been heard in that attic room since the happier carefree days of long ago. Frought with significance, the syllables eemed to hang in the air.

"Suffering catfish!" Steven Schultheis stirred, and awoke.

"John," he said quietly and happily. "You came. I knew you would."

"Yes, Steve," said John. "I came. It was hard for me, but I couldn't see both of you give up your lives for Irish Fandom, however great a wrong they did me---" And then at last the proud steel that was John Berry softened and he broke down and sobbed.

"Tell me about it," said Steve gently. "Tell me about it."

And after all that time, John Berry finally told his secret. At no one can tell what cost to himself, but thankfully.

"Yes," said Steve at length. "Yes, I think I can understand. It was a terrible shock for you. But John, you must realize, editors must do that sort of thing sometimes. Don't you realize... You know, it might have been better if Arthur had not kept some things from you. Don't you realize that he rejects material submitted for RETRIBUTION sometimes?"

John averted his head.

"You must face these things," urged Steve. "Life is like that. Look now, everything is sorted out. George will be reprieved because there was no murder and your reinstatement and promotion will stand because everyone thought there was. About.... the other thing..... how would it be if Walt sent a manuscript to you and you rejected it?"

John's eyes brightened as if a new horizon had opened up before him.

"Right," said Steve cheerfully. "I'll get Walt and Madeleine to write up this affair for RET and you can reject it, and they'll have to send it to Chuck. Imagine, a RET reject in Hyphen."

John smiled.

"Of course," said Steve, and a worried look began to creep over his face, "I'll have to figure out what to do with Walt and Madeleine then....."

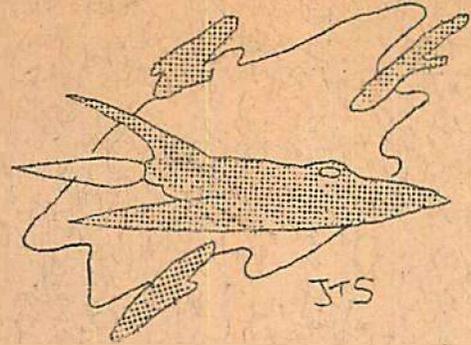
But John wasn't listening. He had flung himself across the table and seized a square of cardboard.

"Ghoddminton anyone?" he shouted, hitting the wall a terrible blow.

-Walt & Madeleine Willis

TED WHITE

THE WAILING WALL



Almost seven years ago, I wrote a fanzine review column in VOID under this heading. I had inherited the title from the pseudonymous Garter Little, and it was my intention to fill in for an issue or two until he could be coaxed back into activity.

Well, so much for good intentions. I continued to review fanzines in VOID under the title until I decided to review an issue of GALAXY instead, and then, as they say, it was all down hill. The column shifted to YANDRO as a general column of stf criticism and commentary, became a column of guest reviews in VOID, and, in its YANDRO alter ego changed titles to become my present controversial "With Jaundiced Eye." I hope to keep this column-- we're back to fanzine reviews again-- a little less controversial, but not necessarily so.

It is my sometimes forlorn hope that serious critical standards can be applied to fanzine reviewing -- that a fanzine review might be interesting, informative, and occasionally insightful. In the first incarnation of this column, I reviewed only one fanzine per issue, and tried to do a comprehensive job of it, writing what amounted to an essay on the subject. I'm not sure I want to tackle that again, and at any rate Walt Willis has been doing a better job of it than I could hope to in ZENITH -- his review of a Beryl Henley fanzine wherein he remarked upon the components of good humor writing is a classic of everything a fanzine reviewer might ever hope to accomplish.

I haven't done any fanzine reviewing in years -- not, in fact, since I reviewed a Peggy Rae McNight fanzine in VOID and provoked her to tears. I don't think there's a direct cause and effect relationship there, because one of the reasons I didn't review fanzines in MINAC was that Terry Carr was already doing a fine job of it, but still and all to cause personal anguish when one attempts an honest review of a product offered to the (fannish) public for comment, is a bit wearing on my nerves.

The rules of the game are these: I will comment either briefly or at length on each fanzine.. Then I will give a rating. The ratings will run, numerically, from 1 (terrible beyond redemption) to 10 (my highest praise), and will be offered in two categories: content and appearance. They will be followed by a brief phrase summing the personality of the fanzine.

By giving a component rating in this fashion, I think I will avoid much of the artificiality common to single rating systems. The problem of the beautiful, but empty, zine vs. the sloppy, but well-written zine will not confront me, and the capsule summation will encompass that which numerical ratings cannot cover.

Okay? Let's go--

DOUBLE BILL #13: Bill Bowers & Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron, Ohio, 44313; 30¢, 4/\$1.00, contribution, trade, printed LoC.

DOUBLE BILL was a Hugo contender this year, and as such might be expected to be one of the real leaders among present-day fr'. However, that nomination was based on a freak occurrence, the now-famed D:B Symposium conducted among professional authors and editors by Lloyd Biggle. As such, the Symposium was an excellent feature. It stood head and shoulders over the regular contents of the zine, and was very well edited.

By contrast, DOUBLE BILL itself is only moderately well edited, and, had it not served as a vehicle for the Symposium, would probably not have copped a nomination.

This is obvious with the current issue. Although the editors have put together thirteen issues, over several years, their experience has still not taught them selective editing, and they have fallen prey to such hoary old neo-traps as the illo plunked down in the midst of text, which is continued on each side.

To begin at the beginning, the cover, well printed on heavy stock, is an offset reproduction of one of Dan Adkins' least inspired drawings. In the foreground is a brooding young man with a towel around his neck, who looks like Humphrey Bogart but was taken from a photo of a friend of Dan's, while behind him a magnified guppy hovers over a prone figure. The whole thing is done in scratchboard, and very well, too. It is an excellent exercise in rendering, being solely the copy of three juxtaposed photographs, but misses the boat entirely as a creative effort.

A blurb on the cover tells us this is a "SPECIAL FICTION ISSUE," but thankfully there are only two stories inside. The first, by Joe Fekete, "The Box," takes a thin idea and blows it up for about three times the length it can stand. While most of it is not actually clumsily written, it is wooden and static. My reaction upon reading it was a ho-hum one.

"Autumn Leaves," by Charles Smith, had at least some trace of suspense, but managed to avoid resolving what little plot it had. The writing is what I would call serviceable; coupled with a really good idea, and ends pointlessly, although I imagine the author felt it was Significant.

In his editorial (a rather sensible one), Bill Bowers remarks that while he'd enjoy printing faan fiction (fiction about fans) in D:B, he feels that if amateur s.f. is good enough, "why give it away" to a fanzine? The answer supplied by the above stories is that they are simply not good enough. Perhaps if Bowers were doing the editing, they'd not have appeared.

"The Itty Bitty H-Bombs," by Lewis Grant, Jr., despite the handicap of its title, is the best item of the issue. Lewis is concerned with the medical and social effects of the new birth control pills. Despite the amount already published on the subject, I found his article not only concise and interesting, but possessed of several pieces of information I hadn't encountered before.

Stephen E. Pickering has a long review-article of the Ballantine Tales of the Incredible, in which he manages to sound erudite without betraying the slightest idea of what the book is all about. In several pages he rails at comics fans for promoting comic book stf, which they are not doing, being quite content with the current spate of super-heroes (he gets the publisher wrong; it's Marvel, not Charleton), never once mentions the origins of the stories in the Ballantine book (EC's old WEIRD SCIENCE and WEIRD FANTASY) or betrays any knowledge of them, and concludes with an assinine comparison of comics and magazine stf, to the comics' detriment. I might add that he seems unaware of Ballantine's other EC reissues: Tales From The Crypt, The Vault of Horror and the Bradbury The Autumn People.

There are several fillers: a letter from Judy Merrill about the Symposium, some Announcements, an extremely brief Loncon II report.

The remainder of the issue is occupied with departments. Bowers' editorial is, as I said, quite sensible. Mallardi's is more the sort of editorial blather one expects in early issues of a fanzine -- it's interesting to note the changes in Bowers' style since D:B was launched, in contrast to the relative lack of change in Mallardi.

"Wallaby Stew" is Buck Coulson's fmz-review column. Because he spends more space on the fmz he reviews here, this is his best. However, I think Coulson is overrated as a fmz reviewer. The best aspects of his reviews are incidental to them: the glimpses of Coulson that shine through, and which we can find more accessibly in YANDRO editorials and letters.

"The Poets Cornered" by Lloyd Biggle is beyond my province; I confess a tin ear, coupled with massive apathetic disinterest, for poetry. However, Biggle seems to be doing a dedicated and professional-quality job here, analyzing poems sent in by fans by serious critical standards, and I wish him luck. Anything which will raise the standards of fanzine writing I will wholeheartedly applaud.

The remaining feature is "Double-Trouble," the lettercol, which is notable for the first two letters. The first, by Elliot Shorter, is significant for being the first statement on civil rights and related matters in a fanzine by a Negro. Elliot is cogent, pragmatic, and knows whereof he speaks. Would that more were as much. The second letter is a Mae Strelkov letter which begins reading like the work of a flying saucer nut, and becomes more sensible as it progresses. However, Miss Strelkov never does quite get both feet on the ground. With the death of CRY, will we be seeing her strange letters regularly in D:B now?

DOUBLE BILL is 54 pages in length, and that's a heft fanzine. But if we separate the chaff, we come up with only fifteen reasonably worthwhile, publishable pages, excluding the lettercol, which could supply another five or ten pages; the sixteen it actually runs to is excessive. So let us say that roughly half the zine was not worth printing. Had the editors actually published a twenty-five page fmz, including only the better material, they would be a good deal closer to deserving the Hugo they missed this time around.

Content: 5; appearance: 6; personality: wishy-washy.

WENDIGO #2: Gina Clarke, 9 Bancroft, Aylmer E, PQ, Canada; trade or write.

Ten years or more ago, Georgina Ellis published a fanzine named WENDIGO. It was a pretty swinging fanzine for the times. A Dean Grennell letter in one issue caused George Wetzel to accuse Dean of using smutty language in the presence of a girl (the editor), and George became so exercised that he went out of his way to get Dean in trouble with the PO.

But that was Ten Years Or More Ago. Miss Ellis met and married a disreputable fan who also played a honk and skree tenor sax professionally, and changed her name to Clarke to hide her shame. And now she has revived WENDIGO with a fresh numbering system in hopes we'll not remember.

It would be impossible to review the contents of this zine. All of it is written by Gina, and although the headings vary, the material is all of a type: damned good.

This is a directly FaPa-inspired zine; indeed, Gina vacillates between including it in FaPa, a la LIGHTHOUSE, and retaining its purely genzine status. At least she opts for the latter, FaPa's loss is general fandom's gain. Gina comments briefly and at length about anything and everything which catches her interest, and does so with wit and perception. I recommend WENDIGO highly.

Content: 9; appearance: 3 (functional, nothing more); personality: personal commentary.

GRIMOIRE #1: co-edited by James Edward Turner & David Hall, c/o Hall, 104A Cramer Hall, Pershing Group, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., 65202; 20¢, trade or LoC.

GRIMOIRE is apparently intended as a new entry in the AMRA-swords-&-sorcery sweepstakes. This issue is thin on content -- two editorials, one article, a column, poetry and fillers -- and rather imperfectly mimeo'd, but might achieve some success if it obtains reader backing. For the first issue, editors Turner and Hall supply most of the contents, Hall's contributions to "Critique," a column of reviews and commentary, being about the best material in the issue.

Although the art and lettering is not too well stencilled, it does have the distinction of being mimeo'd in a variety of colors, a relative rarity in this day and age.

For the time being, GRIMOIRE has little to recommend it -- having neither the scholarly contributions nor the beautifully reproduced art of AMRA -- but its brash young editors may push it into prominence.

Content: 4; Appearance: 3; Personality: youthfully brash approach to s&s.

MANNDERINGS #1: Rich Mann, 249B So. Nevada, Grand Forks AFB, Grand Forks, N. Dakota 58201; 30¢ (cash or stamps), contribution, publishable LoC, trade.

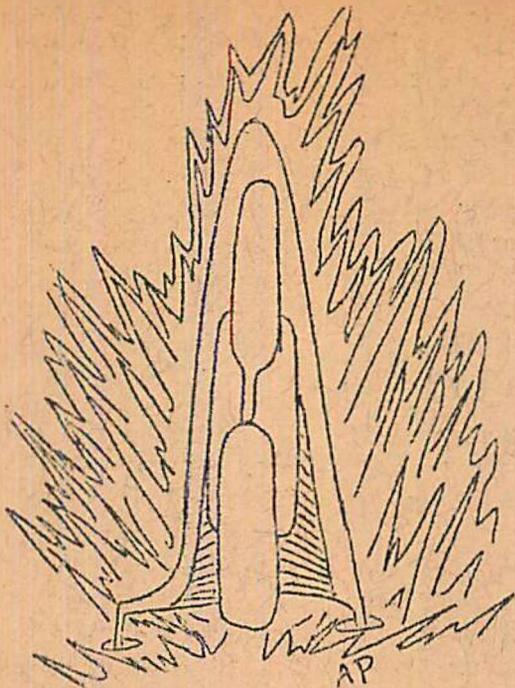
In the rider which accompanies this zine, Rich explains how the stencils were cut and mailed to Redd Boggs for mimeoing in 1964, were lost in Boggs' subsequent moves, and were finally rediscovered and run off by Bruce Pelz. In the meantime, Rich Mann has become active in a number of apas, including the weekly APA L, and better than a year of fannish maturation has passed.

Despite this disclaimer, MANNDERINGS is a quite presentable first issue, and although its material is probably on a par with that of GRIMOIRE, the presentation is more solid, and the effect more substantial. In 28 pages, Mann has presented a nicely varied set of articles, running the gamut from John Boardman's slice of history, "The Town On The Lake," through the fannish "I Fought a Gestetner Salesman-- And Lived!" by Charles Platt, the hoaxish "'Sense of Wonder'" by Gary Hubbard, to the informative "Some Scribblings...On Doc Smith" by Rick Brooks. In addition there are book reviews by Richie Benyo, "In Defense of Fandom," a lettercolumn symposium, and the editorial.

Boardman's piece is informative and scholarly, but does not excite my interest. The Platt piece is nicely done, but minor. Platt is not another Willis, despite what one might think from his attack in ZENITH on the man. The Hubbard piece serves no point, being a fictional biography of a fictional fantasy writer. It is neither novel nor clever. Benyo's book reviews are a curious lot, since they pertain to a variety of old and recent releases, apparently books all recently read by him. I confess I can't make heads nor tails out of his opening lines on the Camp's Swords and Sorcery -- "This anthology has been reviewed so many times by what it has in it that it is a crying shame. But this review of it is different -- this could well be the best anthology of the past few years." --and his devotion to the works of Andre Norton is a bit too slavish, but he spends at least half a page on his reviews, and is usually interesting. I would find him more so if he stuck to current (and less-reviewed) releases.

Perhaps the best item in the issue is the impromptu lettercol, however. Beginning with a question by Rich's mother in an earlier N'APazine on the relative values of fandom, Rich has elicited a number of interesting replies, running from those of young teen-aged fans to the thoughtful commentaries of Harry Warner and both the Coulsons. A symposium of this sort, intelligently edited, could be an important feature of future issues, if Rich pursues the idea.

Content: 4; appearance: 5; personality: youthful, but potentially solid genzine.
-tew



one fan's beat

You wouldn't think that the mere 18 month layoff since CRY folded would make it so difficult to set a blank mind down to a blank page, as of yore, and produce column-type writing by the bucket. But it does--it purely does.

Of course in the case of CRY there were always a number of continuing lines of thought banging around between the lettercol and the other material; ordinarily during the month I'd think of 5 or 6 items that I wanted to kick around in the next issue, and with luck I'd remember to discuss or at least mention no less than 2 of them. and it was a case of remembering, not of referring to notes. I tried to keep notes, a few times, and I expect to find some of those notes any year now.

OK, that's enough about the Good Old Days (let's hear it for "nostalgia.")...

A few weeks ago when the fringies began burning draft cards in the presence of photographers I was dumfounded to discover that by law most people are required to carry these cards. I was especially dumfounded to read that only by a few months do I escape the age-group that comes under this requirement. Have I, I asked myself, been in violation of this law for many years? It turns out Not. Rather, this bit was slapped onto somebody's birthday early in Korea, and they just missed me then and have not changed it since. I don't know whether to be relieved or disappointed.

Any day now I expect to see where the Federal gummint refuses to prosecute the burners of draft cards for fear the Supreme Court will throw out the Selective Service Act, in the clutch. But justice will prevail; the local city gov'ts will nail the burners under the Smog Control ordinances.

The new draft cards take care of the whole problem, though. They will be of high-cost dielectric materials and will contain printed-circuit assemblies all full of integrated circuitry (outside Mississippi, that is), epitaxial substrates, and other components that you only hear about in high-class zines such as this one. The kicker is that when subjected to heat at the match-flame level, these circuit-type cards will send a bleep back to General Hershey's master computer which will automatically classify the holder of the card "1-A" and bleedy-boop immediate "Greetings" back to him via that very same card. And I want the patent on that.

I was going to pose a contest to spell out the various levels of meaning upon which the title of this column could be taken, including puns and pornographic ref-

FM BUSBY

erences and everything, but I've forgotten two at least that came to mind the other day, so I won't do any such a thing. The whole idea was silly, anyway, and from now on we stick to the original double meaning and nothing more, period.

Governments do have a hard time of it, though. Our local city gov't is not unlike a circus, except that perhaps it is a little overboard on clowns. The latest

dire emergency is the advent in 2 or 3 downtown clippie-spots of "topless go-go girls" which I should explain to your cloistered minds, means that the young ladies have Unveiled Their Bosoms in front of the cash customers. (Or almost: read on.) Well, the church-vote and the P-Ta and Prude-HQ in general have landed on the City Fathers with all their flat feet. Now our council and mayor are pretty blase about most of the howling they get from the taxpaying citizens, but it seems that they do have a Hot Line to Prude-HQ, because all of a sudden they have come alive and promise more action than has been seen around here since the Great Fire in 1889 or whenever it was. We can't get any action at all on air-pollution or traffic bottlenecks, but a mere half-dozen bare tits in small downtown joints that do not admit anyone under the age of 21, and you would think we were being invaded from outer space.

The capper is that a very scenic display of bare-breasted beauties held sway at the World's Fair grounds all summer of 1962-- in this very same town; yes-- and no one raised even a faint wilted scruple, or at least not to any effect. Of course there are some differences. The 1962 show combined all gradations of costumes with some terrific scenery (in the stage sense) and choreography. It was a lovely presentation and only a real Sick Type could have overlooked the artistry to call it low. And it's true that the go-go kids merely Shake It, and also that they are wearing "pasties", which was not the case with the 1962 production. Pasties are certainly on the edge of obscenity, unlike the unadorned nipple; pasties appear to be the 20th century's answer to the Elizabethan codpiece-- which may be a pretty dire sign of our times if you happen to be historically inclined, but let's hope not.

The original draft of the proposed "ban the boobies" ordinance is a real classic; it proscribes "all or any portion of the breasts exposed to public view." As Emmett Watson, a local top noosepaper columnist, points out, this could bar most of the female customers, including "some of the finest cleavages this side of Stampede Pass." I guess I'll have to drive up to Stampede Pass someday... Watson also says "we may yet have a bust-in at the mayor's office." Hoog.

And so much for the news from the Great Northwest. Such as it is.

It strikes me that I have not as yet said anything controversial, and certainly every columnist owes it to his editors/publishers to be controversial. But what can one say? Viet-Nam? Everyone knows that our boys in Viet-Nam are fighting for the right to throw mom's apple pie at the Brooklyn Dodgers, and is it their fault that the Dodgers copped out several years ago and moved to Los angeles? Of course not. Leave us keep a decent respect there, shall we?

Luckily that reminds me of a point. In case any of the readership of this high-class publication are given to marching in parades or picket-lines protesting the Viet-Nam bit, there is this to consider. In 1966 there will be quite a number of young fellas returning from Viet-Nam, under the usual rotation policy. Many of these will have seen combat duty and the rest will have been exposed to the Viet Cong terroristic practices such as tossing bombs around business and residence areas. I just can't imagine what I would have done if I'd come back from even the peaceful but boring Aleutians and run into some schmuck picketing on behalf of Hitler or Tojo. The mind boggles.

A sad item in today's (Nov. 17, '65) paper was notice of the death by heart-attack of Alexander King. There goes the best story-teller I ever saw-&-heard in my life. Not on Paar's show, but on his own "Alex in Wonderland", 1959. Many of the best items appeared (in slightly different form) in his books; I've read 3 of these, and now I find there are 5, which is good news in a way. Well, King thought he was near-dead late in '59, so these 6 years can be considered a bonus, I guess, if you just look at it in the right way.

I see where von Braun wants to send 12 men on 4-5 year jaunt to Mars. Twelve men? Four or five years?

Werner, you just lost yourself a volunteer. --Buz

LETTERS ...

Dave Hulan,

Hey, Len, you have the business about the Mid/DeepSouthCons all wrong. The first one, called the MidSouthCon, was held at my place in Huntsville, with Plott, Norwood, Bill Gibson, Al Lewis, and Marty Moore attending. The second, called the DeepSouth-con but numbered II, was sponsored by Larry Montgomery, held in Anniston, and had Al Andrews, Norwood, Montgomery, Gibson, and Lee Jacobs in attendance besides a couple of local fringe-types, friends of Larry's, who dropped in. Ambrose may have been there too, I don't remember. The third one was the one you went to. The last real organized fangathering before that was the Consolacon, held simultaneously with the Seacon by Emil Greenleaf and Jan Sadler-Penney-Samuels (whichever she was at the time) in New Orleans, and the last one before that that I know of was the Secon in Charlotte in, I believe, '57. And that's Nit-Picky Corrections on Southern Fandom for today.

John Berry: The children's behaviour you note is probably more common in North America than in most places, but it isn't really "typical". For one thing, there is such a great mixture of cultural types here that nothing is "typical", but in any case there are parents who try to keep up with the latest thing in child-rearing and in the process their poor kids never know what to expect from one day to the next. Usually they react by pushing just as hard as they can to find out what the limits are that day. It doesn't make for a very easily-managed household. But I wasn't brought up that way, and neither were most of the people I know who had what I'd call good upbringing. Discipline isn't dead in North America...

Ed Cox: Speaking of fannish addresses, I'm on my ninth. Since I got into fandom, that is. Less than five years ago... I hope I can stay here in Box 422 for at least a couple of years- I was counting back, and the last time I was continuously resident at the same address for as long as 18 months was between January 1953 and June 1954. One tires of moving, rather...

Arnie: You would have a great deal of difficulty convincing me that NY Fandom Needed Me. It would take something like \$20K/year to make me live in New York, besides which, while I like a number of NYfen, I also have a number of Lafen I like which is greater than that other number. La has its faults, but almost everyplace else has more. On balance, I might consider moving back to Atlanta for a 10% raise, say, or back to Huntsville for about the same, but these are about the only places I can think of that I'd move to for less than about a 50% increase in pay. And I doubt if anyone is going to offer me that...

Gee, for such a thick zine, QUIP didn't inspire many comments. It was fun to read though. But I think that faanish zines are fundamentally hard to comment on, and I bet you never get just a whole lot of comment... (← I suppose you've got a point there. As Don Fitch pointed out in SAPS awhile back, in order to reply to a faanish bit of humor adequately, you've almost got to come back in the same style, and these days, fans are too lazy to do anything involving so much work--LB→)

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Greg Benford,

QUIP is a refreshing new zine; I'd thought no one at all was writing the sort of material that fits genzines anymore. For one thing, I haven't seen a letter column lately that could hold its own with any of half a dozen that were running in the last few years of the 50's, or the early 60's. There doesn't seem to be the concern with analysis, the type of writing that makes letters into minor articles, and con-

sequently lettercols turn into turgid comments on the quality (or lack thereof) of the previous issue, and random remarks on trivial events that occur to the writer. The rash of APAs that has marked the last two years in fandom is absorbing a great deal of the creative talent in fandom, bleeding it off into casual publications that serve as vehicles for egoboo, but not necessarily entertainment. There has always been a type of fan who is so starved for recognition (or something) that the mere fact that His Name is put down on paper is enough to satisfy him for long periods of time ...about as long as the period between APA Mailings. Their numbers seem to have increased.

Yet the form of writing in APAs is apparently close enough to formal structure to satisfy any inclinations most fans have in that direction. Lil'apa is closer to a strict correspondence style of APA, and thus far seems to be a very successful one, in terms of enjoyment for the members. Maybe this type of APA will be imitated. If so, people might turn to more structured writing as a relief from correspondence APAs, and we'd be back on the same track again, around through the genzine pattern. In a way, I hope so, because I enjoy genzines more; I know, however, that they're much harder to produce. Then too, the new fans, who're probably the main force behind the emergence of the APAs again, might tire of them rather quickly. (As a side issue, it would seem probable that the "maturing" process that inevitably takes place in fandom might be retarded by the profusion of new APAs, since the members of them won't have very much contact with older and, supposedly, wiser heads. There's a lot to be learned about, say, good fan writing by just seeing it around, and in an APA consisting of members below the age of 21 there might not be very much to emulate.)

Cover excellent; I thought Bhob had done it. Is "What a vulgar & ostentatious fanzine THIS is!" from the well-known phrase in INNUENDO, or just by accident? ((All the world's an allusion, you know --LB))

Arnie Katz writes pretty well. Too bad he lives in New York, though, and according to TIME Magazine will probably be murdered and/or raped in the next year. He wasn't a bad kid. OTHER FANDOMS is the best thing in the issue. Starts slowly & builds up well. Katz conrep interesting & at points amusing.

QUIP is indeed an excellent first issue; it's probably, aside from LIGHTHOUSE, the best fannish genzine going. A well-edited lettercol (which no one seems to be able to produce these days) would round it out nicely. ((For instance, the paragraph above this probably shouldn't be used in a lettercol; but a lot of people do use just this sort of dreck.)) ((Well, I couldn't cut the paragraph out entirely. Egoboo, you know...I printed the comments which were whole sentences or almost to illustrate your point, of course..not for its praises of ye eds. The Letter of Comment is not only a dying artform in quality, but in quantity as well. We didn't receive one LoC over two pages in length--LB))

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Mill Stevens

In publishing QUIP, you have largely succeeded in producing a fanzine which is outside my sphere of criticism. Not that this will stop me from commenting, but it will force me to comment intuitively rather than analytically. Actually, it might stop me from commenting, but I've already got a sheet of paper in the typewriter and I might as well say something.

Arnie's con report was indeed a con report and fell victim to all the vices and virtues of that species of production. Since I was at the Westcon, I tended to be more interested in that part of the report. I preferred Arnie's "Katzenjammer" column to the "Joe Walcott" faan fiction. This was the second time that I had read the former and it still impressed me as being funny.

On rereading it, I think that Len's article on other fandoms is the best single item in the issue. I was never personally involved in any of these particular ac-

tivities, but they sound very reminiscent of the sorts of things that I did do as a kid. Some of the descriptions of the other kids were quite excellent.

Bob Bloch,

Many thanks for QUIP, the ostentation and vulgarity of which meets with my unqualified approval. I was also quite touched and flattered by A.K.'s enclosed note. But what do you mean by referring to my "years of gafia"? Migawd, didn't I just spend a faabulous faanish foortune to go all the way to the Loncon so that I could meet English fen like Ted White, Terry Carr, Ron Ellik, Ed Meskys, Al Lewis, and Frank Dietz. Believe me, anyone who will travel 6000 miles to see Dave Kyle isn't gafia. He's nuts.

Be that as it may (or nuts in may, for that matter) I do want to express my appreciation. QUIP is setting a high standard for itself and I trust you can maintain said same.

Incidentally, during the abovementioned trip, I had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with one of your contributors, John Berry; my wife and I got over to Northern Ireland for a stay with the Willises and while there we saw John, along with the Shaws and the Whites (the Irish Shaw, not the NY one, and the Irish White-- the one with hair on his head). Berry, in case you didn't meet him during his visit Stateside, is every bit as witty in person as on paper; the same, of course, holds true for the rest of Irish Fandom. All any of 'em needs to do in order to get material for a one-shot is to foregather with one of the others and record his conversation. As a matter of fact, that's how they work it; it's an amazing thing to sit in a room with four Irish fen, each busily engaged in scribbling into notebooks.

But I was there, and I saw it, and I'm not gafiating. Glad of it, too, as long as there's fanzines like QUIP around...

Andy Porter,

I just got QUIP last night, and read the whole thing from cover to cover. I usually don't write letters of comment, but 2 or 3 lines in apa L is far worse, in my opinion than no comment at all.

Ross's cover was great, appearing better in print than it did in the raw. That's nice thick cover stock they used to runn off the first 2 pages of it. The contents are pretty good. True, I don't exactly like the mix you've got, but as this thing is supposed to be a personal humor-and-satire zine, I suppose it's what you want. ((Arnie and I aren't interested only in humor and satire, but in anything relating to the microcosm of fandom which makes interesting reading. I, for one, would like to see more detailed studies of old fanzines, such as the one Edco has done for this issue. Of course, ye eds do love faaanish humor in the Lemar style, keen incisive wit in the Willis style and whimsy in the Burbee-Carr style, and if people won't write any, we'll have to cull old fanzines or attempt it ourselves or something, but thus far it seems that fandom still has an interest in such, so QUIP's motif is not an entirely useless one--LB))

I enjoyed Katzenjammer, although Arnie could have merged the apa F reprint parts a little better into the body of the editorial. Also, without the apa f/L context that they were first used in they appear a bit forced.

..."A Day In The Life of Joe Walcott" was pretty good. Arnie's stuff is constantly improving, compared to some of his pseudo-Barsoomian crap that appeared in EX. In other words, I was able to read this to the finish, and even enjoy it somewhat.

"Twice Under Heavily" was pretty boring, as columns go: I don't usually go for columns made up of bits and pieces, with no common unifying elements in them. I would advise EdCo to stick to something until it's definitely run into the ground. That way, he'll be forced to make use of what wit and punniness he has in him to make it funny. Or Maybe Not {{?? "stick to something til it's run into the ground to make it funny??" Owell, chacun a son gout--LB}}

Your article on other fandoms was interesting. That's about all I have to say on the subject, as at the moment I'm sorta saturated with other Fandoms. In fact, Rich Mann is doing me an article based on the KSL, Salt Lake City other fandom. Watch your local algot distributor for time and page number.

If you do an article on Burroughs fandom or Comic fandom, run off 100 extra copies of QUIP, and charge the poor yokels 75¢ an issue. When I ran the ERB story in algot #7, Hulbert Burroughs sent for 5 copies, and I got requests from a dozen or so others. {{ Dave Hulan was just mentioning last night that when a D. Bruce Berry article on Capt. Marvel Jr. had appeared in an early SFra mailing, some comic huckster in the east sent him \$10 for all the surplus mailings so that he could remove that issue and charge a fortune for it. Comic book fans are even more ridiculous than we are--LB}}

Arnie's conrep is the most interesting part of the issue, mainly because it mentions me five times, and credits me with saving his life. This may or may not be a Good Thing. I'll have to wait a few years until I can decide. Maybe I'll have a chance to do the same thing on the trip to the next WesterCon, and I'll have a second chance to raise myself in the eyes of Fandom. I'll think about it, then...

The many typos changed the meanings of some key words, for instance, "Calvin W. "Bibb" Demmon."

"Bibb?" {{ I thought that was rather inspired, myself--LB}}

The layout shows that you're learning to use lettering guides, otherwise layout was mediocre. The biggest goof was in Arnie's editorial, with the word Katzenjammer splitting the bottom of page 6 into two parts, with the resulting visual confusion. {{Arnie did most of the layouts last issue. This time you have me and the fanzines I used to get ideas to blame for the layout... next issue, who knows?--LB}}

On the whole, this was a pretty good first issue; by nextish you should have lots more experience with layout and lettering, and hopefully a few contributions should really liven things up...

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Harry Warner,

This loc is frightfully late, but all locs emerging from Summit Avenue are in the same condition these weeks, and the pile of unanswered fanzines is large enough to keep up the same situation prevalent for weeks to come. It is a particular shame when I didn't write promptly about an unusually splendid first issue, but that's what you get for competing with Christmas-card-addressing and overtime at the office and twinges from some sort of virus and an assortment of other time-consumers.

The covers are indeed a remarkable re-creation of the old Void tradition. It's all the more remarkable because the similarity persists in the face of the improved reproduction and the special shading possibilities that your artist enjoyed. I imagine that this is the sort of accomplishment that makes fandom totally incomprehensible to so many people. The stupendous amount of work and considerable expense that went into this, the completely professional polish of the finished product, and yet, there aren't more than a few hundred persons in the world who could possibly understand what the pictures and captions are all about. Maybe Ross Chamberlain and the rest of you can feel the same sort of consolation that Einstein must have used to

keep himself tranquil when he realized that all his thinking had produced a relativity theory that only a handful of other persons could understand.

It's going to be hard to leap over a lot of the interior contents without specific comments, but a great deal of it is superior and almost unimprovable in its way, yet not conducive to written reactions. I imagine that the New Yorker omits a lettercolumn for much the same reason. Maybe the time is coming when this video tape recording will be a reality in the homes of most fans and then it will be possible to clip a few feet of tape to a loc like this one showing the facial reaction that the material produced, the kind that really counts with the frothy fannish items that you've emphasized. At the office, they claim that when I finally indulge in one of my rare smiles, it's comparable to the great moment in the spring when the icejam breaks in the Yukon. There are more things in fandom than in the job to be happy about, but I still think that this Quip gave those particular facial muscles a workout they hadn't had since the last Willis publication.

I hope that the Berry article is not just an isolated phenomena but a start of a resumption of his former prolific writing for general fanzines. This must be newly written but it's in exactly the same swing and style of his writing during the great period three or four years ago. I refrain from commenting on the behavior of American children, however, because I'm probably prejudiced after the day this summer that I caught two seven-year old girls in the neighborhood tearing the walls off my garage.

Arnie Katz' story was remarkably effective, after allowance is made for two problems. For quite a few paragraphs at the outset, I couldn't get used to the name of the hero and kept thinking that this was somehow tied in with a former heavyweight boxing champion. Then, just before the finish, I had an equally erroneous suspicion that Arnie was about to spoil everything by throwing in some kind of wild gimmick to surprise everyone in the final paragraph. Aside from my anxiety complexes, I can find little wrong with the story that a little judicious cutting here and there to remove extraneous detail wouldn't fix.

Ed Cox fails to mention that I had charged in FAPA that James Bond is a racist, before East Germany got around to the same thing. Then I was sure that Ed had forgotten some surviving famous fan addresses, but a lot of thinking didn't turn up any that have more lasting power and fame than Sneary's. The only possible exception would be Les Crutch, who still inhabits the same post office box in Parry Sound that he has owned since the mid-1940's. But he's almost completely out of fandom now and our correspondence has dwindled to a couple of letters each year in each direction. and then I remembered that I had quite a lot of trouble getting used to that box number in Crutch's address, because in the still more distant past I had written him so often at his home address on Waubeck Street before he rented the box, and I realized once again the infinite gap in fan age that lies between me and practically everyone else, even Ed Cox.

I believe you captured more of the excitement and intensity that come from different fandoms than anyone else has done in the many articles on them in fanzines of recent years. I went through slightly distorted versions of most of your previous hobby obsessions: for instance, I wasn't old enough to have money to make my own purchases when I was hooked on model railroads, and I was collecting pennies so long ago that my whole collection of Lincoln pennies could be fitted on one large card instead of the multi-page booklets now needed. Incidentally, Lionel is now a place name in the Hagerstown area. Hagerstown used to be the home of Porter Chemical Sets, the kind you got if your parents couldn't afford to buy you Gilbert chemical sets. Lionel bought the firm, put up a new building on the outskirts of town, and now it's called Licnel Porter.

The conreport was a joy all the way through. It's curious, how completely fine a person Ed Wood proves to be to everyone who meets him in person after the same

Individuals acted as if they could barely survive in the same world with his fanzine manifestation. I don't think that Ed is quite as all-out a non-faanish person, either. He's been doing a very great amount of work checking the manuscript of my fan history, and in a lot of ways that's as anti-science fiction a fan occupation as you could possibly find. And now I have just about as large a headache as if I'd been trying to keep up with you young sprats on that long two weeks of congoing and I'd better sign and seal this letter before it sprawls over onto a third page and keeps me the rest of the night.

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Fred Hollander,

What a vulgar and ostentatious fanzine this is!

On a more serious vein I really enjoyed this issue. Even the fact that I remember some of this material from MPA L did not detract from the overall good quality of this zine.

The Quiver was very much enjoyed and I am looking forward to the next one which will undoubtedly show the fantastic signs of approval heaped on you by your audience. (rotten eggs, tomatoes, etc.)

Both your and Arnie's con reports read very well and were informative. I wish that more were.

The best things in the issue, though, were the article by John Berry on kids and "A Day In the Life of Joe Walcott" by Arnie Katz. I sympathize with Berry, since I have four younger brothers of my own and they are constantly getting in my hair. Ask him to imagine those kids coming to stay for a whole week and then multiply by infinity and he'll get the wrong answer for a recipe for peace and quiet.

Arnie Katz's piece, on the other hand, was purely inspirational. It was real fun to read. I'm also looking forward to reading Rich Brown's Original Faanish Novel. ((So are we)) So please rush me my free copy of QUIP as soon as possible.

((People who only write $\frac{1}{2}$ page LoC's are treading on Thin Ground as far as getting copies of Quip, but ye eds will be lenient for the first few issues, I guess))

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Archie Mercer,

I'm bone idle and Beryl's even boner idle. (Or bone idler.) Anyway, I'm sort of counting on her to write my letters of comment for me nowadays (she likes writing) and she says no she won't. Well, I wasn't going to, however, since I'm now sitting down typing to you I might as well make a pretense of LoCing QUIP 1.

First of all, many regards for same. I like the cover, even if I don't quite understand it. Or that is, I probably understand it, but don't quite understand why it's so easy to understand. Or something. Understand? Anyway, Ross Chamberlain is obviously an artist to be watched.

Then the bit about stealing the Silverlake Playground has something to commend it. It's a wonder nobody's thought of the project before, as a matter of fact- such an obvious target for the more kleptomaniacally inclined amongst us. Not to mention the real lowdown on the family Demmon - obviously more believable than the simple existence of the original Calvin W.

I liked the conreps too. In fact I've half a mind to write LoCs regularly to/on QUIP- as regularly as it comes out that is. ((I hope so, because the preceding is just about the best illustration of what Greg Benford was talking about. People who show their interest in Quip are appreciated, but we wish they'd take time to do it in a cogent fashion. I know you're one hell of a writer, Archie, from The Meadows of Fantasy in OMPA. Let's see more stuff like that--LB))

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