

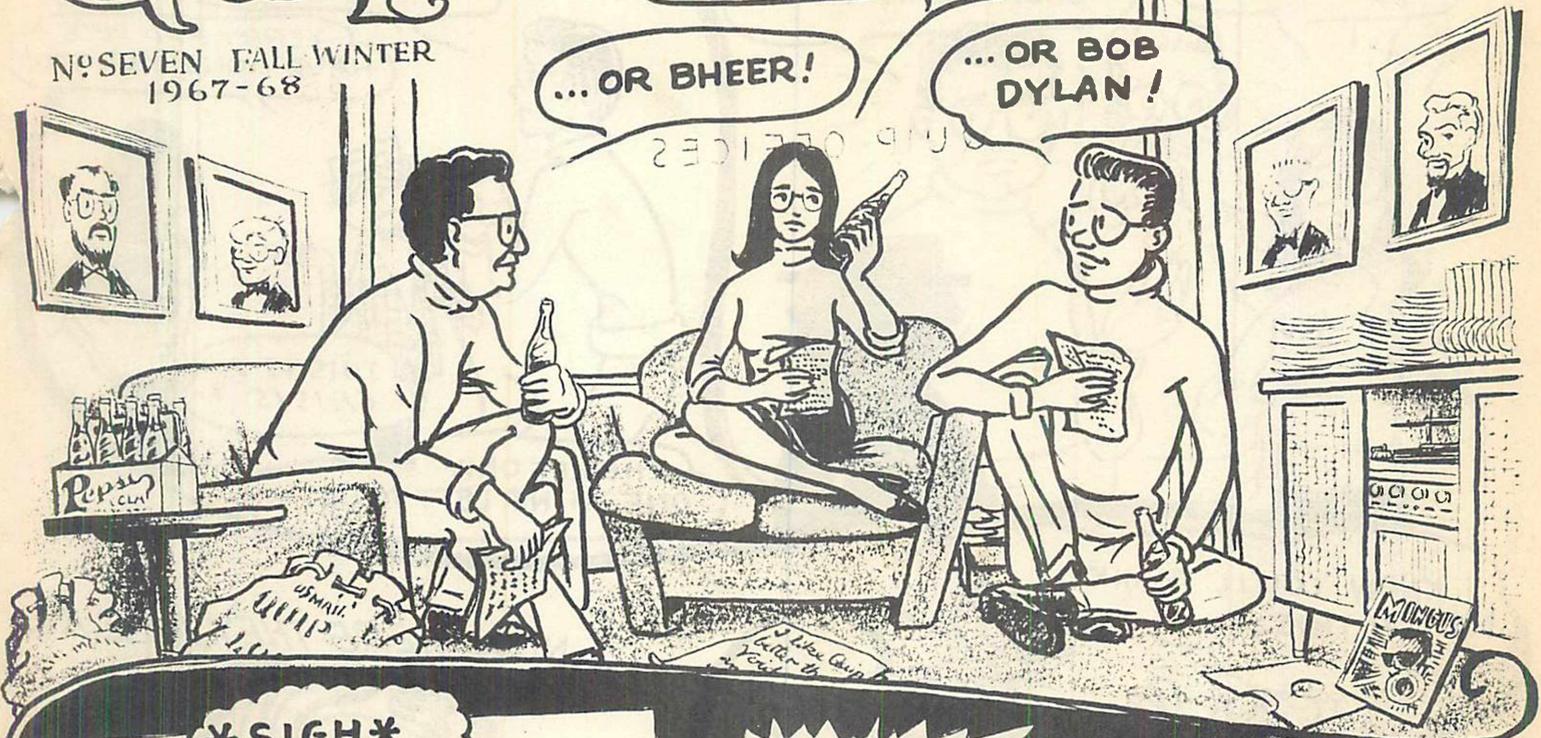
Quip

NO SEVEN FALL WINTER
1967-68

I WISH FRESCA WERE PART OF
THE TED WHITE-VOID BOY IMAGE!

... OR BHEER!

... OR BOB
DYLAN!



SIGH

WE'RE LOST!

HUH?

TED WHITE HAS CHANGED
HIS IMAGE!...

HE'S GONE MOD!

... AND AS
MURRAY THE K
SAID LAST
NIGHT
ABOUT THE
ENDING OF
"DAY IN A
LIFE"...



TERRIBLE!

NEXT THING YOU KNOW, IT'LL BE JAZZ AND SPORTSCARS AGAIN!

I'VE BEEN A ROCK FAN FOR YEARS... BUT IN *Quip*? WE'RE FAANISH!

TERRY AND PETE HAVE GONE MOD TOO!

THIS IS A CRISIS!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO...

I KNOW YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THIS!

NOW HERE THEY ARE!...

THE *Quip* *Quip*!

AND THE NEXT NIGHT...





I DON'T THINK THEY LIKED US MUCH.

I EXPECTED THEM TO THROW JELLY BEANS...

... BUT, STILL IN THE JAR??

LISTEN! - WE OUGHT TO STRIKE A BLOW FOR FREEDOM!

YEAH!

SURE!

HUH?

IT'S TIME WE STOPPED BEING NO. 2! WE DON'T NEED THEIR IMAGE! WE'RE NOT IMITATION VOID BOYS! RIGHT?

UH... WRONG!



AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT YOUR REGULAR CLOTHES!

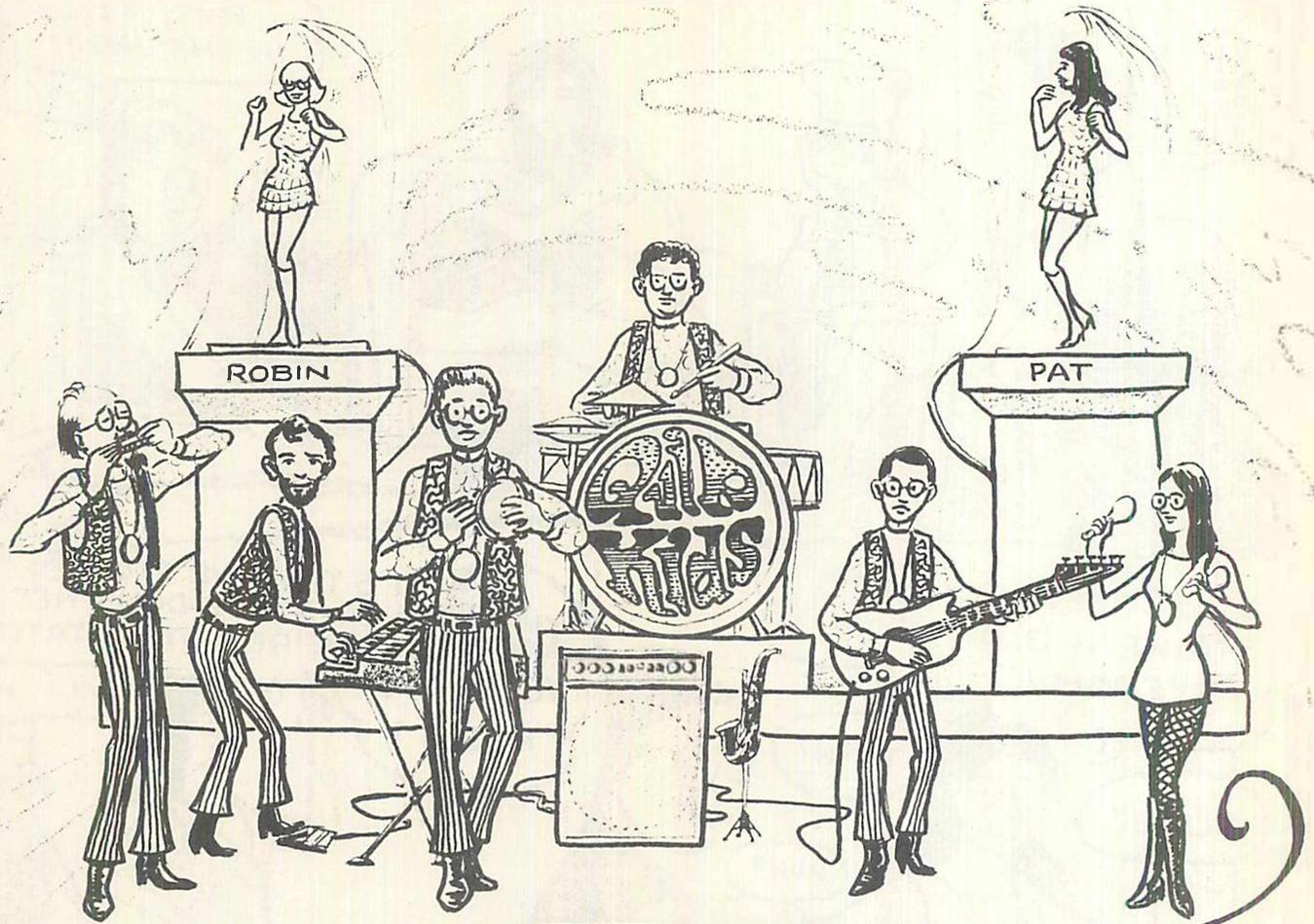
Quip...

THE FANZINE OF SELECTIVE IMITATION!

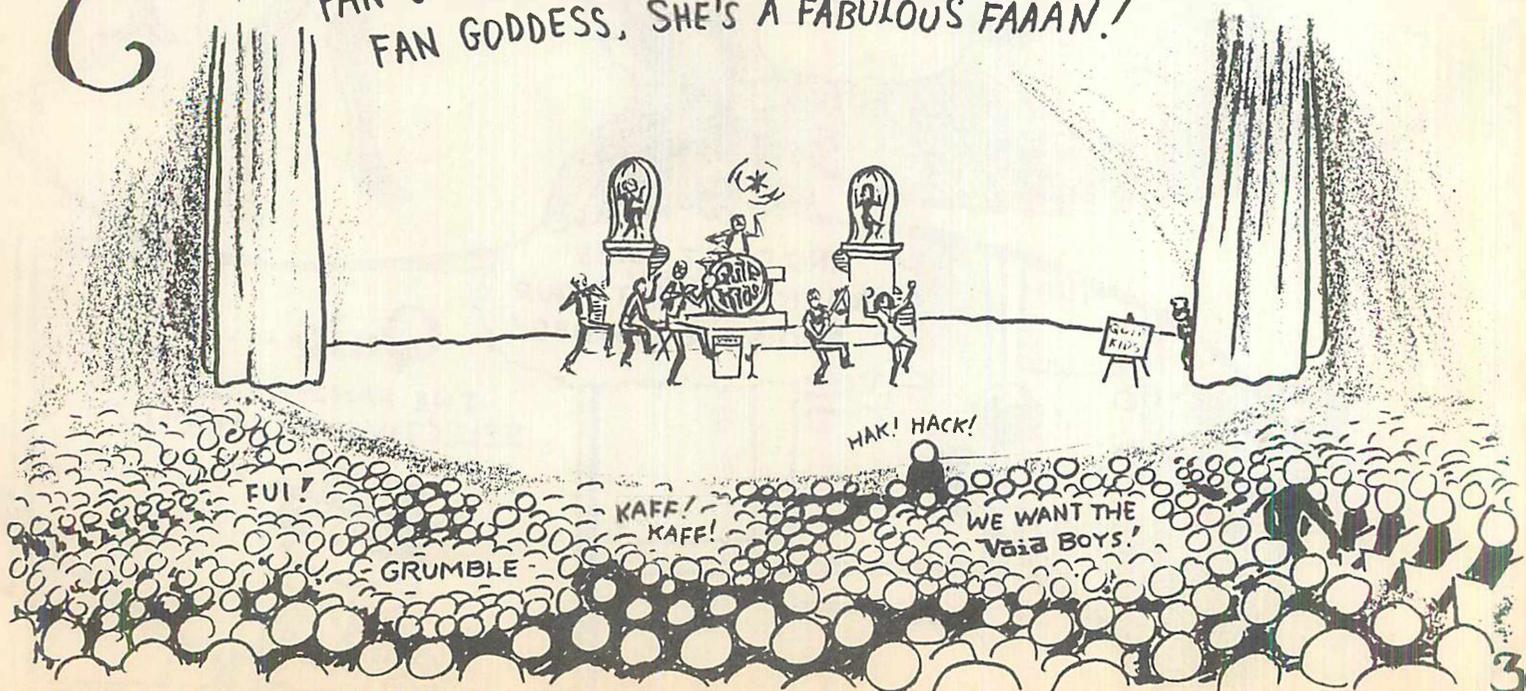


GROSS CHAMP RAIN - 11-14-68 - QUIVER 7

7
AS I WAS TALKING AT A CON ONE NI-I-I-I-IGHT
SAW A GIRL WHO WAS 'WAY OUT OF SI-I-I-I-IGHT ---



FAN GODDESS, SHE'S A TENDRIL-LESS SLA-A-AN ---
FAN GODDESS, SHE'S A FABULOUS FAAAN!



QUIP

QUISH II --- THE VULGAR AND OSTEENTATIOUS FANZINE

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QUIP #7 is edited by Arnie Katz (42B Oxford Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 14226) and Cindy Van Arnam (Apt. 353, 1730 Harrison Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10453). QUIP is available for loc, trade, contrib, or 50¢ a copy, no subs. Tradezines to both editors -- no monsterzines accepted. All letters, money, and submissions should be sent to Katz. Mimeography by Cindy, stenciling by Arnie and Lon Atkins (editor emeritus). 29 December 67.

* * *

Fanzines for reviews should be sent to Greg Benford, L-386, Lawrence Rad Lab, PO Box 808, Livermore, Calif. 94551

* * *

COVER CREDITS

Inspirational Idea - Ted White
Scintillating Script (and liltng lyrics) - Arnie Katz
Perfect Picturization - Ross Chamberlain
Adequate Advice - Dave Van Arnam

* * *

Edco for TAFF St. Louis in '69!

QUIP #8 in 1968!

Dick Lupoff, in "The XERO Story", seemed somewhat nervous about mentioning his article concerning faanishness and piffle within the pages of QUIP, possibly because he's tabbed QUIP as a chitter-chattering faanish fanzine. Perhaps he feared that those hyper-faanish QUIP kids would do what the teen gang only threatened to do that historic day under the bridge. While cautioning Dick against walking unescorted in secluded places (Cindy fights dirty...), I protest both of these implied assumptions.

I don't believe that QUIP chitterchatters all that much, and it is not a pure "faanish" fanzine, at least in the traditional sense.

We like chitterchatter well enough here at the old QUIP editorial offices, but we also know that chitterchatter is the cotton candy of the mind. If done well, chitterchatter is good enough fun, but great big gaudy hunks of chitterchatter, on ingestion by the mind, dissolve into a wisp of pleasant, if vague, memory, and not a little wonderment as to where that big mass of verbage went, anyway. Chitterchatter is, basically, form without content. While QUIP attempts to be, in some degree, amusing, we've tried to use material that says something while (hopefully) amusing the reader. Greg Wolford's article, a few issues back, which postulated a fannish camp craze, was entertaining while saying something about the mundane camp craze and current fanzine standards. Deindorfer's "World of Tomorrow (Some Aspects)" was a funny, funny article, but it also satirized the bright-eyed stupidity of Sunday suplliment prognosticating.

Likewise, I don't think QUIP fits the old parochial definition of the "fabulous faanish fanzine". Certainly, we've published a lot of material about Fandom itself -- it's the largest single catagory of material. But we've also featured material treating Topless Bars, the army, and much etc.

Underlying our choice of material is, I think, the notion that there are two basic types of fanzine fans. One type is in fandom because of an interest in the literature of science fiction. The other type, though he may well have an interest in sf, is in fandom primarily because of the personal relationships he has formed here. In the avalanche of dry and "distant" book reviews, paeons to "Star Trek", etc., the second type of fan has been more or less ignored over the last few

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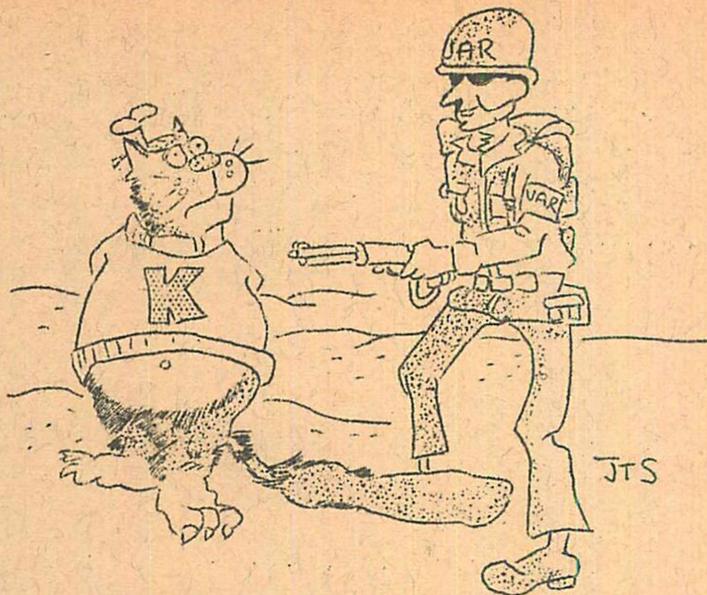
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years, and this was particularly true at the time we founded QUIP. While there are many fanzines specializing in science fiction, there are damn few devoted to personal (and personalized) expression on a variety of topics. The injection of the subjective-individualistic point of view is what, to me, characterizes the material in QUIP. In a sense, we are carrying the idea behind the "fabulous faanish fanzine" to its logical conclusion.

*

*

My first contact with Dick Lupoff occurred when I was but a neofan. Dave Van Arnam, at a Fanoclast meeting, handed me a FIRST DRAFT containing a letter from Dick. He said I was a good enough neofan, though not as good a neo as Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon had been. He indicated that I might benefit from a close study of Calvin's career. Besides giving me a fixation about being like Calvin Demmon which it took me several years to overcome, it made me quite anxious to meet this Dick Lupoff. In the interim, I contented myself with an ineffably neofannish (though slightly humorous) reply to Dick in my weekly fanzine of the period THE FANOCLAST WEAKLY.

One Sunday, due to the fact that an ESFA meeting being cancelled without my knowledge, I found myself in New York City with nothing to do. "Go see Dick Lupoff!" a voice in my head cried. The thought frightened me. I imagined Dick as a sort of fannish father-figure; someone who looked as though he had been designed by Ralph Raeburn Phillips -- you know, so he looked decayed.

I called him up, and he invited me over. With some trepidation, I went up to the Lupoffs' apartment, where I was received politely. Dick showed me his new baby girl (Pat was co-publisher and did all of the actual labor), his dog, his wife, and a bound set of XERO, the treasures of his life. While he encouraged me to paw through XERO, he did not make a similar suggestion in regard to Pat, so I leafed through the XEROs and was much impressed by its physical appearance. I thought it was a good looking fanzine, but then I hadn't seen many up to that time (who remembers Andy Zerbe?). Pat recently told me that she hadn't liked me very much that first visit. It seems I had unknowingly delayed their dinner. One does not lightly stand between Pat Lupoff and her next meal.

Since that first visit, my relationship with Pat has improved considerably, and I have gotten used to Dick. From being that "nice young Jewish boy under that thin veneer of wisdom", I have become a friend of the family. I have revelled with them. I have been a guest in their home. I have broken bread with them. I have taught their little daughter to spell her last name (L-U-P-P-O-F-F...sigh.). And now I've helped put together QUIP's XERO Appreciation Issue.

Am I a good neofan now, Dick?

*

*

The next QUIP (guarenteed not an annish!) ought to be in the mails around April 1st. See you all then.

--- Arnie Katz

Santa Ana winds are blowing now, out of the desert like hot, dry reptiles with flaming eyes. These last two weeks are burning days; days like the pages of a burning dictionary, clutching in upon themselves one by one as the progression of words blackens into ash. There are brush fires diminishing all the hills and fire-storms tormenting all the canyons.

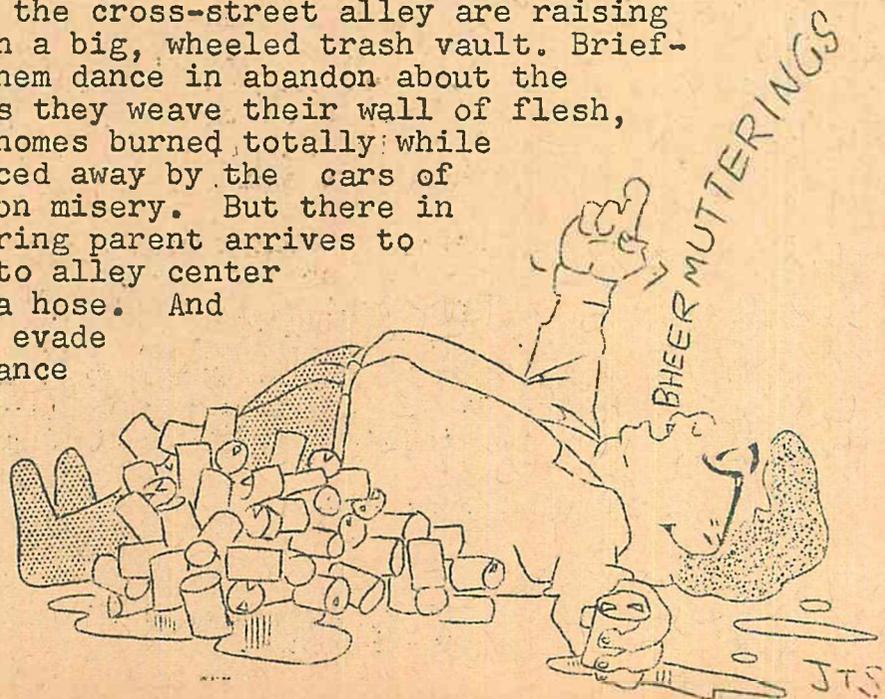
One Sunday breaks, in the vanguard of the smogless, windy days, and Kathy and I awaken to see a great smoke covering Chatsworth, six miles west and more. Its birth was only twenty minutes past. That nite we drive back from Hollywood, from a bowling session uneven for all the Blackguards. Reaching the lip of the Ventura freeway, we can see the brooding redness of the sky, as if a window to hell has opened in the foothills.

My lungs too are burning. Too many close-packed trips up the long stairs bearing a heavy load; too many pleasant nites becoming pleasant mornings --- not enough rest. The old pains have crept back. A deep breath fans the dull burning in my lung-sac. And tho my inner mind is wise and speaks with the mouth of an oracle, my walking self will only flex its power and hope the burning departs soon, of itself.

Desert winds are voracious; they leave you a brittle husk. My copper mug swims with cool, delicious Cuba Libre, yet only a ring of condensation can endure. Dew is a chain hugging the top of the liquid level, for that is where the ice floats. I blow gently onto the mug and the frost forms, born there from the moisture of my lungs. But the very air is a thief and steals that soft beauty as slowly and implacably as it steals the wetness from my every breath. In the dry rustle of the nite my lungs feel like dusty tea bags.

There are new fires, say the papers. Malibu burns. Orange County burns. In Topanga Canyon a 13 year-old arsonist is caught after his little blaze sweeps 12,000 acres with brutal red inferno.

Little savages in the cross-street alley are raising their personal fire in a big, wheeled trash vault. Briefly I stand watching them dance in abandon about the smoking metal box. As they weave their wall of flesh, I recall that twelve homes burned totally while fire trucks were fenced away by the cars of ghouls come to feast on misery. But there in the alley, one despairing parent arrives to kick the trash box into alley center and sprinkle it with a hose. And while he struggles to evade futility, the pagan dance encircles him with the fierce cruelty of its thirsty innocence.



Smoke has overwhelmed smog as the flavor of breathing. It has crept into my skull and is hiding in the wrinkles of my brain. Sparks roll on my tongue as I speak. My eyes glow like embers in the dark. My lungs vent with the hiss of escaping steam. Surely dragon scales must sprout on my back.

Santa Ana winds bring madness, say the papers. Crimes of violence mount. Fires arise spontaneously. Easy sleep is a phantom. A restless city growls almost subaudibly in the nite. "The nightmare of every Angeleno is his city in flames." But I have no nightmares. My dreams hide beneath the smoke in my skull.

Monday last, as I carry up grocery sacks, I feel the tenuous beginning of my lungs folding. This weakness has been creeping on me for days, as if these devil-winds are blowing all my strength away. I am a red coal -- the winds enflame me but they consume my substance.

That nite strident shouts of hate and fear re-echo in the alley below the apartment. Some wind-tormented soul fears arson, and so calls out rancorous warnings to late alley-venturers. Sleep, that evasive myth, will not steal within range of the voices. I lie in a crater of smokey discomfort, semi-conscious.

I am awake, tho only marginally, but Kathy senses it. "Do you hear that burglar alarm?" she asks. The clock says it is four o'clock. I listen carefully and detect a faint ringing, like rythmic tapping on crystal, intruding thru the open window.

From the balcony, I decide the alarm is raised from the little cluster of shops a block away. "It's been ringing since two," says Kathy. I call the police.

In thirty minutes the alarm is silenced, but it had ceased to bother me before then. This nite has overturned the last of my resistance, and all the old pains are returned to make each breath a private agony. The illness flooding me will take five long days to subside. I wonder, as I fade into a sleep of exhaustion and fever, how long the winds will blow.

With a little relief and a lot of regret I am resigning my post as co-editor of QUIP. I've enjoyed a great deal helping to produce QUIP. But my philosophy of fandom is a bit more relaxed than Arnie's dynamic one, and changing interests have further helped to make me more of a hinderance than a help in getting Q to its public rapidly. As little spare time as I now have makes any schedule onerous. Two quarterly apas are enough. So I'm bowing out and leaving the whole show to Arnie and Cindy, who I know are going to continue their usual excellent performance.

"Beermutterings" will continue as an irregular column, however. And I probably won't miss more than every other issue (unless Arnie really is serious about going weekly). See you round....

--Lon Atkins

HOW TO WIN CONVENTIONS AND LOSE FRIENDS AND VICE VERSA

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In 1952, the Little Men of the Bay Area were bidding for the 1953 convention. It was a popular bid, and the Little Men went all out, even taking the penthouse suite at the Chicon hotel. Fandom as a whole felt that they deserved the bid and would get it.

Instead, after some backroom wheeling and dealing, and several phoney competing bids, the 1953 con went to Philadelphia, and a group which had not planned to bid beforehand.

The commentary that followed this remarkable sleight-of-hand was scathing, and as a result the convention did go to San Francisco the following year, where the Rotation Plan was proposed and hammered out.

And thus passed an era. Although convention bidding has been far from humdrum since, the days of the backroom boys were numbered.

The most common reason given for the success of the 1953 Philadelphia bid is that the guys in the back room wanted to keep the convention in the East, or at least East of the Mississippi, and since most of the attendees at the Chicon agreed, there was no problem. Several other cities (Baltimore among them) put up phoney bids which were then withdrawn in favor of Philly. This gave the appearance of a landslide to relatively ignorant con attendees.

I suspect that the backroom boys were less interested in keeping the con in the East than they were in simply keeping their own control over who would have the con next. For

these people, well versed in devious maneuvers, half of the "fun" of the conventions has been the smokey-room wheeling and dealing and inside politicking. Bob Madle, a member of this establishment then and now, underscored this point in his plaintive call for the rejection of the rotation plan in the Klein DISCON CONVENTION ANNUAL

Then, too, many of the old-guard establishment at that period were (and some still are) amazingly parochial. In 1959, at the Phillyconference that fall, Jack McKnight, an old-guard Philadelphia fan little known in fandom at large, suggested that the rotation plan be scrapped, because, as everyone knew, "There aren't more'n half a dozen fans on the West Coast anyway." How anyone could say this hardly a year after the Solacon is nothing short of astonishing

This year I watched two cities bid against each other for the 1968 convention, and I was appalled by the ineptitude of the supposed favorite, Los Angeles. I watched a rout such as hasn't been seen in many years. And I anticipate some sour grapes in retrospect.

Let's backpedal one year.

Last year's fight was one of the strongest fandom has seen in many years. For the first time since the institution of the rotation plan, there were four bidding cities. Early in the bidding, in 1965, we in New York regarded our chief opposition to be Baltimore. The Boston bid was a late-comer, and the Syracuse bid was a spoiler -- a bid first voiced in 1964 (and withdrawn in favor of London), and then again, also out of rotation, in 1965.

By 1966, we began to realize that Syracuse -- not Baltimore -- was our real competition. And for one primary reason: the Syracuse bid had lined up the support of the old-guard, the smokey-room 'establishment' that still likes to think it runs convention fandom in the Midwest and East. Even those connected with the Tricon who had been very bitter about Syracuse's previous-year out-of-rotation bid lined up with the Syracuse bid.

We had been doing the usual partying at regional cons. We had hosted blowouts at two Westercons, and two Midwescons. But we suddenly became aware of the fact that while these things helped, they would not be sufficient.

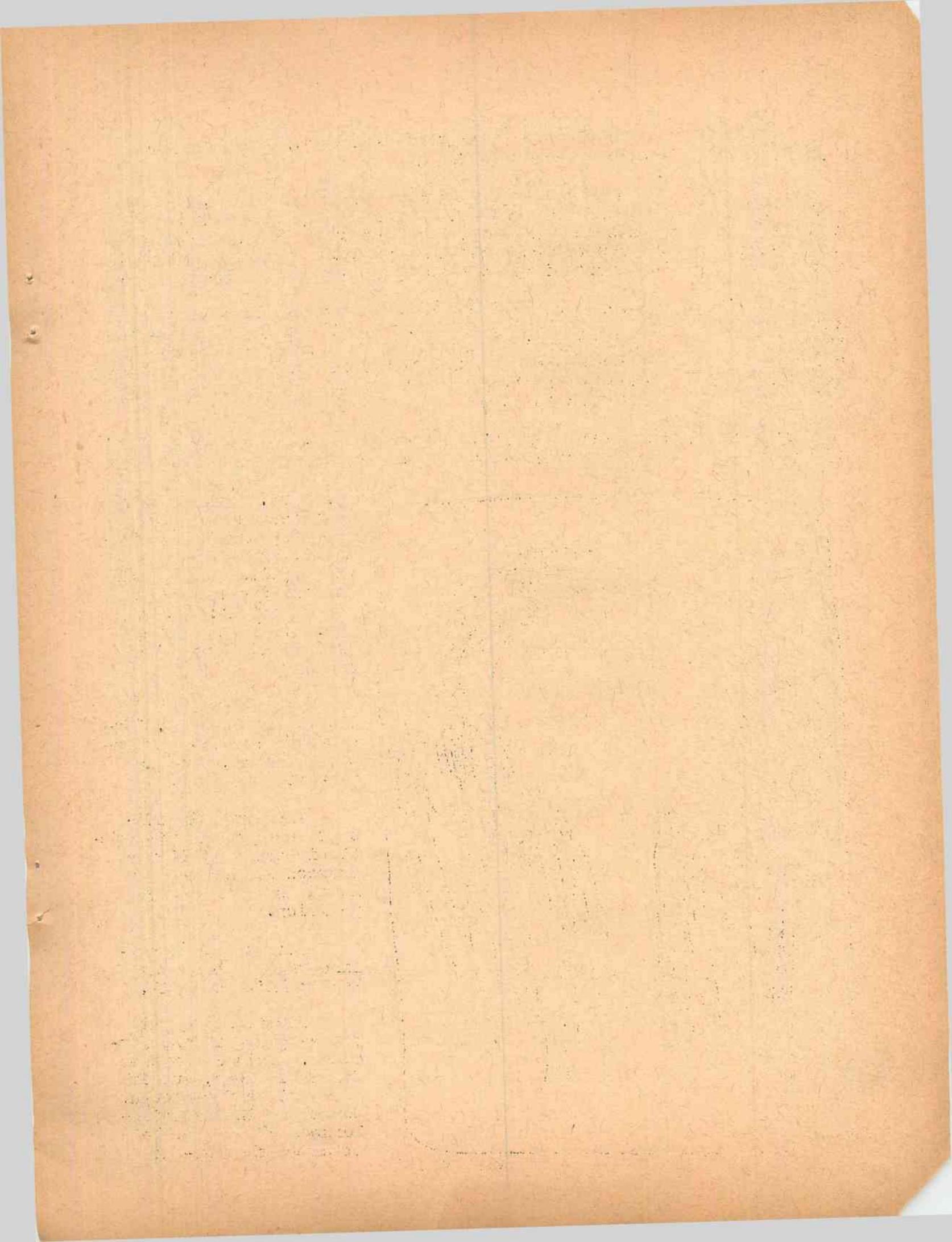
We realized that at least 50% of those voting at the Tricon would never before have heard of us!

We had 500 shopping bags printed up, black slogan on bright yellow. We had buttons made, black on yellow (the most visible color) and almost twice as large as the competition's. And we printed up the 16-page soft-sell NYCON COMICS #1.

Naturally we also had a banner from our Convention Bureau, letters from the mayor and the governor published in the Tricon Program Book, and a two-page "open letter" in which we explained our bid in the Program Book.

A SPECIAL GIFT TO OUR READERS

These two unnumbered pages are included absolutely free due to the incompetence of the copier. This is a one time only offering. It will never be repeated.



We also spent more money than we'd expected to, for the open bidders party we hosted, Saturday night.

For there was any single factor that dominated our bid, it was a feeling of quality and professionalism. Not the sort of professionalism that suggests snobbishness, but just the idea of a cleaner, better-looking job than our competition managed. Compared with Baltimore and Boston's advertising, ours won points on appearance alone.

We had to win over a significant number of con attendees who knew nothing about any of the four of us. We did it by saturation: by putting those NEW YORK IN '67 shopping bags into sight everywhere, by dropping references to NYCON COMICS in the program, by giving those potential voters the feeling that we already had it wrapped up, and ours was the bandwagon to join.

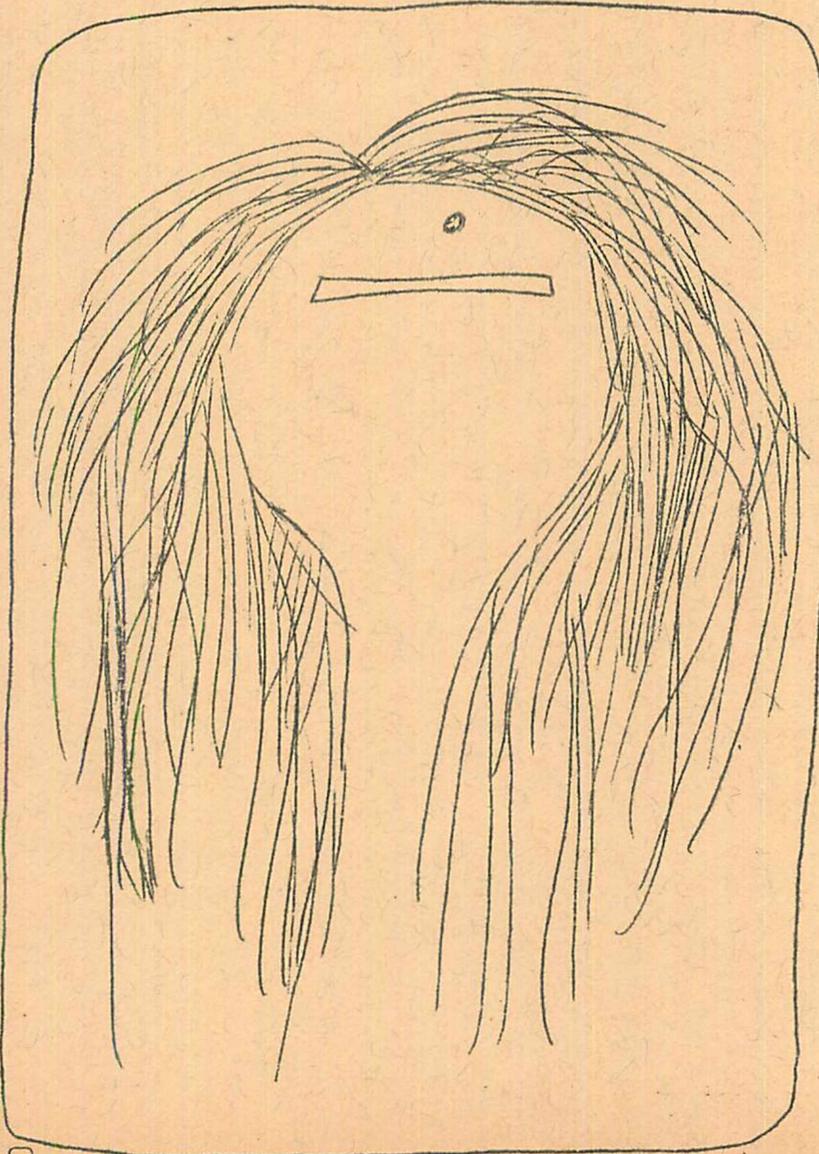
It was a closer vote than we'd expected (post-con revelations of ballot stuffing by a Syracuse committee member may help explain this), but our campaign paid off. Despite the fact that we were opposed by the 'establishment', and despite our rather wild reputations and the previous record of NY conventions, we won. I credit it to a smooth and impressive campaign.

This year LA had the bid wrapped up. "Everyone" knew it. Everyone, that is, but the voters.

The most significant thing wrong with the LA bid was that it was overconfident. LA behaved as if had no competition.

Let me try to outline the factors that led to LA's downfall.

First, LA fought its campaign in the fanzines. This is fine as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 600 people attended the con-site



See J. 15.
Self unity.

voting session at the NyCon3. I doubt that one hundred of them were aware of LA's fanzine campaign. Most fanzines do not have that great a circulation to begin with, but, more important, fanzine fans either do not attend the conventions, or, if attending, do not participate strongly in the voting.

Running "Pan-Pacificon" covers on fanzines was a nice idea -- as a minor supplement to the campaign. For the major element in the campaign, it was woefully inadequate.

Second, LA betrayed ignorance of fandom East of the Rockies. I was discussing with Terry Carr, and we agreed that LA fandom is relatively unique in its blend of fandom. All of LA fandom has passed through the LASFS. Most of LA fandom is hip to fanzine fandom. But in the Midwest, convention-attending fans are strikingly ignorant of fanzine fandom, and the situation in the East is not a great deal better.

Third, the campaign conducted in both the Progress Reports and the Program and Memory Book was weak.

These publications represent a direct line to convention attendees. Some eleven hundred NyCon3 members had joined before the convention, and received all three Progress Reports. About fifteen hundred attended the convention. Most thumbed through the Program and Memory Book and at least skimmed the ads for bidding cities.

In our first Progress Report, LA advertised covers for fanzine editors. The "Pan-Pacificon" bid was hardly even identified. In the second PR, the ad was devoted almost exclusively to the TOFF fund. In the same PR, the Baycon people had a brief "talk" ad, headed "NO GIMMICKS..." The contrast was startling. Here, at last, was the first statement from a bidding committee about its bid. The LA ad in the third PR was an Atom cartoon, with the sole message, "LA & TOKYO FOR '68! PAN*PACIFICON!" plus the committee's address. Not once had the Pan-Pacificon concept been explained. This soft-sell ad would have been good in the first PR. It was sadly wrong for the third and final PR. Baycon's ad was not in the PR, but was mimeoed in blue ink with a red headline and sent with the PR as an inclosure (until they ran out; we were sent only 1000). It was another "talk" ad, and made a number of strong positive points for their bid.

In the Program and Memory Book, the Pan-Pacificon bid was a fine single-page Bjo cartoon with art-neuveau lettering. As one of a series of ads, it would've been strikingly appropriate. But as the only ad in the book, it said nothing. In contrast, the "Make A Date: Golden Gate in Sixty-Eight" ad again said something. It once more made clear that the Baycon had made at least tentative plans and was prepared to offer more than generalizations like "Southern California hospitality", an "art show", "fan gabbing" and "drinking".

The LA ad was pitched predominantly to people who are already aware of the bids. The Baycon ad was pitched to those who were ignorant. Needless to say, the ignorant outnumbered the knowledgeable by a considerable majority.

Fourth, the Baycon handed out a "Progress Report #1" in advance, outlining an ambitious program, detailing the hotel and consite, and generally giving the impression that they had the situation under control. The LA handouts were cartoons and similar stuff that made them seem fun-loving, but not at all prepared. And not once was the idea of a joint LA-Tokyo convention spelled out and made clear. It wasn't even explained in the bidding speeches.

Fifth, the bidding speeches themselves were poor.

I did not approve of the Baycon lining up both our Guests of Honor to back its bid, and I know that at least two of the four had accepted the request to speak as seconders under the impression that he would be the only seconder. But clearly, lining up Bob Tucker, Lester del Rey, Roger Zelazny, and Harlan Ellison is thinking with your eyes open; it's a powerhouse play.

LA apparently placed its confidence in a man even more ignorant of conventions than the Pan-Pacificon committee: Gene Roddenberry. But the ignorance was not confined there. Al Lewis introduced Bjo as "needing no introduction". Sorry. Wrong. She did need an introduction. Fully half the people present were probably not aware who Bjo was -- at least not without a better introduction. After Bjo, Roddenberry presented one of the most inept bidding speeches I've ever heard. He must not have checked it out with his fellow speakers. He took up at least ten of the allotted fifteen minutes, to burble about the special program items for sf writers ("We'll have people from NASA to talk with them, and doctors, and...") without realizing that the voters were not writers and couldn't have cared less; to suggest that as a representative of Star Trek he would have to be neutral, but that while he'd give all his help to whoever won, he could help LA more; and generally to drone on and on about a convention that no one was interested in, and which bore little or no relationship to the kind of convention fans want to attend. He was followed by Hal Clement, but only an Ellison could have recovered at this point.

And when Lester spoke for Baycon, he squelched Roddenberry totally saying, "I attend conventions as a fan, not as a pro. And I go to have fun." He drew cheers for that, and those who spoke after him also drew cheers. It was obvious, from that point, who the winner would be.

At the tail end of the Tricon, Bjo told me, "You know, I'm impressed with the way you guys handled your bid. We're not going to spend as much money, but I think we'll pick up a few pointers..." Later, at her request, I sent her the price-list from the company that gave us our shopping bags. As near as I can tell, nothing was ever done about it (we could've used shopping bags, if anyone had wanted to supply them), and any other 'pointers' picked up were lost or forgotten.

As I see it, a campaign should be as broad as possible. It

(continued on page 17)

HAPPY BENFORD FANZINE CHATTER

Two grand masters of the game are running in the current herd of fanzines, and they stand out. Not, as one might think, because of their evident age and experience, but because they have an attitude and technique in common that both distinguishes and elevates them. They're object lessons for the younger editors, and in a few cases -- notably Ben Solon -- the lesson isn't falling on deaf ears.

Hace
long
ago.

LIGHTHOUSE and HABAKKUK, of course. HAB was #1 fanzine for a while in the early 60s and then died, only to be revived in 1966. LTHS ran continuously and was always among the best, but its total impression was perhaps less, mostly because, as Terry Carr himself says in LTHS #15, its schedule did not even deserve the term erratic. Bill Donoho is being quite studied in his pursuit of the form and substance of the Great Fanzine, and to some extent he's copying (as did the first HABs) Terry Carr's objective, somewhat wry stance that first turned up in INNUENDO. But Donoho has always been more interested in substance than style, even though his principal device is a stylistic one -- the presentation of serious material and sometimes incredibly involved discussions, all immersed in a light atmosphere. Ray Nelson cartoons, an occasional humorous column, and Donoho's straight uncomplicated sentences were enough to escape that dreaded sercon label. To be sure, HAB was never in danger of getting as stodgy as (to use a dreadful example) RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY. And it's a tribute to Donoho that no one ever thought it was a question. In its reincarnation, HAB has had to cast about for an audience, because as everyone has lamented at one time or another, the genzine charisma has faded. I think to some extent the New Wave vs. Old Stf controversy has been brought to fandom's attention and perhaps even created by Donoho. He commissioned the articles, he stimulated a lot of the discussions, and by doing so he's forced the discourse into channels it might otherwise have missed. When Damon Knight replied to the Anti-New Wave faction at the Boston Con, the only name he mentioned was Donoho's, even when it's well known there are prominent professionals who take much the same thesis, and who are better known to Knight. This is the kind of editing that means something.

Predictably, a few other editors have jumped into much the same pot, and I gather from private conversations that they're finding that HAB has left damn little

greg benford

room for expansion -- Donoho captured the audience, most of the writers with something to say, and got them at just the right moment.

Perhaps this seems like a lot of verbage over what has thus far been only two issues of HAB, but I think it's an excellent example of the kind of program only a large-circulation genzine can carry out. It is precisely what fandom has been missing for years. If an editor wants to impress his ideas, his style on fandom, this is the way to do it.

Terry Carr has been less concerned with advancing a point of view and more interested in style. He isn't a theorist of any persuasion. I've always been struck by the balanced, moderate manner of writing Terry uses, and it seems natural that he would eventually wind up as a professional editor. LTHS has become a vehicle for this other world of emerging professional status, and is doubly useful in establishing the image and personality of TCarr, that new guy at Ace. The same interest that led Terry to be active in the Science Fiction Writers of America, counting ballots, running for office, etc. makes LTHS a meeting ground for fans and pros -- the first, aside from WARHOON, in a good long time. I would suspect that stf pros make up about half the mailing list now. There was a definite feeling of balance between fan and pro in LTHS #14; the brief editorial sketches in "Meet Our Goddamn Authors" carried the feeling that now it was necessary to introduce one part of the readership to another. It was necessary: a lot of professionals were getting LTHS for the first time. The shift is complete in #15 -- there is no strictly fan talk, nothing not either stfnal or so general it could go into any mainstream discussion.

There's everything in this issue, within those limitations. LTHS #15 abounds in literary-stfnal humor, analysis, and fiction. There is a curious piece by Samuel Delany that rings of 1930's trips-through-transcendental-Europe-with-recently-opened-eyes fiction, all try-and-catch-the-moment, see-the-truth-in-a-flick-of-a-finger self-consciousness. It is a stunning example of why writers who write fiction featuring heroes who are writers. It has its moments -- many more than did the woodenly mundane travelogue by Tom Disch in the previous issue -- but doesn't justify its length. It is amusing that many of the New Look stf writers, who are trying to get new effects into the field (and honestly so; I'm not putting them down) so often echo the literary movements, preoccupations, and sensitivities of the mainstream several decades back. Perhaps this is natural -- many of the New Wave devices are patent carry-overs from defunct mainstream schools. (If these techniques and styles are applied to stf, will they be able to produce any results other than those already discovered in the mainstream? Thus far, they haven't.)

Pat and Dick Lupoff have solid, interesting articles revisiting the historic subpulp-quality books of around 1900; it's the sort of thing that would make an average issue of a genzine, but in LTHS it's only up to standard -- that's how good this issue is. Joanna Russ has a heavy, ingroup bit combing the Milford Mafia and the "Invaders" TV show. It's a example of what altogether toomany stf writers think is humor, and by far the worst thing in the issue, except for a fan-

tastically bad poem by Tom Disch. Fritz Leiber and Damon Knight contribute thoughtful articles. All these items set the tone of the issue; competent, serious, with only occasional lapses.

The letter column rounds things off. It is well worth noting that a lot of the column is filled by fans turned pro, all reflecting on various subjects with the care born of love that Terry as well puts into his own work. LTHS now belongs to this breed, and some fans (like Elinor Busby) sense this. I think it's fine; they are among the best we have. But they are moving on, and I doubt that they will remain anchored in fandom very long. Projects like LTHS have a way of dying when their editors begin to change.

Perhaps not -- I'd love to see it continue. Both LIGHTHOUSE and Hab have an attitude of aloofness, a wry humor, that isn't seen often. Compared to a genzine like ODD, they are true giants.

--- Greg Benford

"Vote for St. Louis in '69!" he said archly.

HOW TO WIN CONVENTIONS (continued from page 14)

should aim to begin teaser ads in early con-publications as soon as it can -- years ahead if possible. It should pursue simultaneous hard- and soft-sells. Low-key cartoon ads are great -- if they are supplemented by strong, positively worded "talk" ads which spell out the committee's plans and proposals. As con time nears, these ads should begin to crescendo, to be increased in number geometrically. The Program Book should be saturated with them, and supplementary hand-outs planned as well (For hand-outs, anything your hotel or convention bureau can supply is a help). We had four pages in the Tricon Program Book -- and we had less advertising than our competition! But we also had NYCON COMICS. This year LA and the Baycon had a page apiece and no supplementary plugs from other advertisers.

It is not too important whether you have much to say in early "talk" ads. The Baycon ads contradict themselves. The first advertises it as the "Burlycon", obviously dating from plans to use the motel in Burlingame. Only later was Berkeley and the Claremont selected as the con-site. The important thing was to give the people the feeling you knew what you were doing and were doing something. They expect it. If you don't give it to them, they feel you're not prepared. (By way of Example: we had a single-page cartoon in the first Tricon PR, two full-page cartoons in the second and a four page insert with the third. The insert was three pages of "talk" and very hard-hitting. The effect was cumulative.

After LA lost, I heard some sour-grapes moaning, and the next day Fred Lerner proposed, at the Business Meeting, that a way be found to limit voting to "knowledgable" voters. This is garbage. If LA lost, it lost because it conducted a bad campaign. LA acted as though it had the bid sewed up and didn't have to work for it. Baycon knew it would have to work damned hard to overcome its dark-horse position and did.

If there's a Moral to this it's Don't Count Your Chickens Before They Hatch..or something. Or maybe, Know Your Audience.

--- Ted White

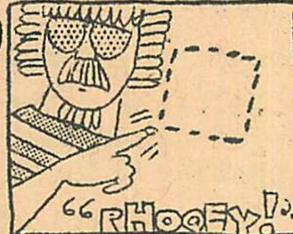
LUPF COMICS

BY STEVE STILES

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A POOR BUT HUMBLE IBM-ASST. MAIL ROOM CLERK...



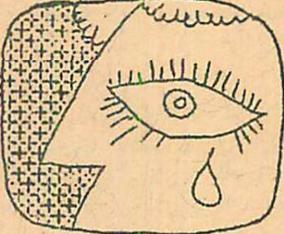
...THEY GOT ON SO WELL THAT NYC FANDOM WAS SURPRIZED THEY WERE MARRIED...



...But as the HUMAN SPECIES IS IMPURE, THIS BLISS WAS NOT TO LAST...



POOR PAT!



IT'S MORE FUN THAN WHIPPINGS! COULDN'T WE JUST READ S.F.?

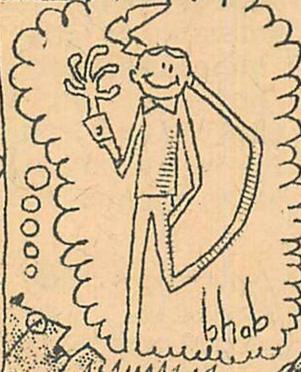
OLD TIMERS NOW REMEMBER THIS FANZINE WITH AWE....



BUT, THE START OF IT WAS FRAUGHT WITH PROBLEMS + DIFFICULTIES....

SAY, PAT, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MIMEO INK + HORSE MANURE?

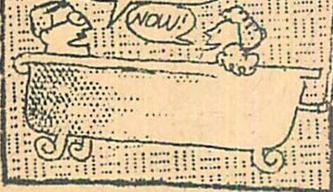
...IT CAME TO HIM IN A DREAM...



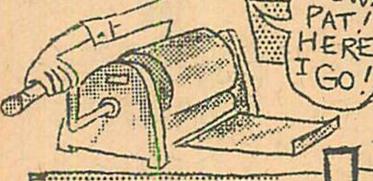
It was blab STEWART-XERO ART EDITOR-- WHO PRODUCED THE LUPOFF'S ART STABLE...



I'VE BEEN PROMOTED! WE CAN BUY A MIMEO!



THE FANZINE GOT UNDERWAY!



WOW, PAT! HERE I GO!

you put out a FANZINE?! LUPOFF, YOU'RE FIRED!

YES, THERE WERE THE DIFFICULTIES! But, "The fanzine must go on!" -- SO IT DID -- telling the fans where it AT!

Today, what Trufan cannot REMEMBER it without a WINKY SIGH?

THE RUMBLE



SHAZAM SHAZAM SHAZAM SHAZAM



THE XERO STORY

Dick Lupoff

The first time I saw a fanzine it was love at first sight. I don't remember the exact date, but it must have been either the end of 1950 or the early months of '51. I do remember very clearly the fanzine: COSMAG/ SF DIGEST, a back-to-back double production a la Ace Books (which did not yet exist), quarter-size, published in Atlanta by Jerry Burge and Ian Macauley. It was offset-printed, black ink on white paper, saddle stitched, and it was gorgeous. Don't tell me otherwise, I remember, I know.

Quickly there followed SLANT and OOPSLA! #1, and awhile later,

QUANDRY. I was hopelessly hooked, and now, almost seventeen years later, I'm still hopelessly hooked. Seventeen years: that doesn't put me quite in a class with Ackerman or Moskowitz, Tucker or Bloch, or Dave Kyle, but it's a fair number of years to be kicking around the fanzine racket, and the end is nowhere in sight.

Now Arnie Katz wants me to write "The Xero Story", and while I'm willing to do that (well, he's been pestering me to death, to be honest) it isn't a story that really starts -- plunk! -- with the first issue of that fanzine. It has to go back to my entry into fandom, which I was telling you about up there.

I was a high school junior in the spring of '51, attending a strict military school where I was lonely, frustrated, generally unhappy -- in today's argot "alienated". In short, a perfect proto-fan. I had been a science-fiction reader from about the age of nine, but now, at last, I discovered that in addition to the stories in those exciting magazines, there were other things, too. (Rupture Easer ads, Joan the Wad, What Strange Powers Did These Men Possess?). There were editorials and book reviews and letters-to-the-editor, many of which were quite fascinating. And there were fanzine review columns.

Today's generation of youngfans (when you start using expressions like "today's generation of youngfans...") who think that "Our Man in Fandom" constitutes the prozines' recognitions of fandom don't have any notion what it was like in those dear dead days. Most of the sf magazines in those days carried rather extensive coverage of fan doings, whether general fan-news columns or specific fanzine reviews. My own favorites were Jerry Bixby's in the TWINSS (Thrilling Wonder Stories and Startling Stories, kids) and Rog Phillips' "The Club House" in the old pulp-size Amazing.

I sent my sticky quarters to the top-rated zines reviewed, feeling a bit guilty at the information that a publication like COSMAG/SFD lost money on every copy, and that it would therefore cost the publisher money to sell one to me. And when those wondrous publications arrived, as I said, it was love at first sight.

By the beginning of 1952 there was no way out but that I should become a fanzine publisher. There were a couple of little obstacles, such as the facts that I didn't have access to any duper and I didn't know anybody in fandom to ask for contributions, but that didn't stop me. I typed out a "pilot edition" of a quarter-size zine of my own, SF52, volume 0 number 0, just for practice, and then destroyed all copies. (There were several because I used carbon paper, clever kid that I was. But I wasn't clever enough to save even one when I was finished with them. Dumb kid!) Then I sat down and published volume 1 number 1, February 1952.

The editorial opened with these stirring words:

This is the first issue of a new fanzine, the SF52. Its circulation is small for two main reasons: It is only an experiment, not meant to be a regular issue; It is limited

in circulation, also, by the simple fact that the editor lacks the facilities to put out more than a few copies at a time, using typewriter, carbon paer, and a pencil.

The editorial went along in typical neofannish fashion, explaining that the intention was to change the name of the zine annually to SF53, SF54, and so on. And it ended with... ..would you believe "please forgive the rotten typing...."?

The issue included two short stories, a review of Galaxy Science Fiction's first fifteen issues, concluding with "GALAXY IS FIRMLY RECOMMENDED TO ANYONE WITH AN IQ IN THREE FIGURES." ... and an article titled "The Adult Controversy". The article began "Raging through the ranks of science-fiction fandom and prodom, like a hurricane, in recent years has been the question of just how 'adult' sci-fi should get."

The first issue of SF52 contained eight pages, plus covers. There were issues in March, April, and "Summer" 1952 as well, plus an accompanying quarterly called ONE SHOT WONDER. The idea of OSW was to devote each issue entirely to one topic or item. The first issue, Spring 1952, was a lampoon of "PAL MAXY SCIENCE FICTION" featuring stories by A.E. van Hocked, Robert A. Mainline, and Ray Razzberry, and an editorial by H.L. Modly. The second issue was JOE'S OCCASSIONAL FANZINE.

The whole series of fanzines totalled 50 pages. All were half-sized, carbon reproduced. I typed each issue out twice with carbons, on a nice Smith-Corona portable I'd got for a Christmas present, so there must have been an average circulation of eight copies.

Bradburyolators who dispair of obtaining complete files of FUTURIA FANTASIA will stand aside to anyone trying to collect SF52s and ONE SHOT WONDERS when I become rich and famous. By my present timetable that should take place sometime around 1980, give or take a lustrum.

In the fall of 1952 I was off to college, and that was the end of my fanpubbing for almost eight years. Over the years I increased my fan contacts, contributing to a fair number of zines. Now let me see how many I can remember: POGODA, OOPSLA!, MOTE, CONFAB, TWIG, SIGMA OCTANTIS, PANAC, HOLA!, PSYCHOTIC, SF REVIEW (Geis)... There must have been others, but that's all I can recall. I am not a tidy record-keeper.

After college came army and after army came marriage and a job and a severe attenuation of my connection with fandom, but the bond was never severed, however thin it was stretched, and when, in 1959, Pat and I moved to Manhattan, we re-established links in the form of the New York Futurian Society.

The Futurians gave a picnic "under the George Washington Bridge" on May 15, 1960, and when the picnic nearly turned into a gang fight with some local toughs, the result was a four page oneshot, THE RUM-

BLE, done by Walter Breen and Pat and me. In those days Walter was a Bright Young Fan, I was a longtime hanger-on and fringe-fan of sorts, and of course Pat was new to the whole phenomenon. Pat and I lived on East 73rd Street, Walter less than two blocks away on 72nd.

THE RUMBLE was a pretty unremarkable publication, except that it drew a fair number of letters of comment, and when you get letters of comment you want to publish 'em, and when you have no place to publish 'em ... In brief, that's how XERO came about.

Pat and I worked on the first issue of our new fanzine through the summer of 1960. We now had a Smith-Corona electric portable (both it and the old S-C manual portable are still in the family somewhere) and a fan down in Greenwich Village named Ted White, who had mimeographed THE RUMBLE at sub-commercial rates, was willing to do the new production, too, for an amount under the usual commercial charge. He'd even let me use his lettering guides and shading plates.

We had a cover by Joe Lee Sanders, an Indiana fan whom I'd known when I was in the army, and in addition to the leftover letters from our one shot, we had a review of the film version of PSYCHO, written by Harlan Ellison. Harlan concluded his remarks with "Go then, Charlie, with my best wishes and my condolences. Because after you've seen this film you'll be scared to ever take a shower in a motel again. And that, Charlie baby, is a promise."

The rest of the issue was, as the expression would have it, "staff written". Pat did a minor review of Sax Rohmer's Brood of the Witch Queen, a marvelous old campy book (although in 1960 camp was where you spent the summer when you were a kid). and a fairly major item, "The Worlds of Titus Groan", about Mervyn Peake and his work, that holds up remarkably well on rereading and might even bear reprinting now that the Titus books are due for paperbacking. The piece ran some seven pages, and was our first piece of solid writing in XERO.

The issue also included an article by me called "The Big Red Cheese", the first shot in a series called "All In Color for a Dime" (with or without an "And" in front of it). It was, in a way, the most successful single piece of fanwriting I've ever done, and in a way I regret it very much.

"The Big Red Cheese" was an epithet for my boyhood comic book hero, Captain Marvel, and the article was a nostalgic, enthusiastic reminiscence of the old comics, and Captain M in particular, his many adventures and my many happy long-past hours spent with him. The article was the first visible manifestation of the modern comics fandom (there had been prior avatars), which has now burgeoned to incredible size with its own fanzines, apae, hucksters, feuds, BNFs, conventions, the works.

It established me overnight as "a comic book fan" "Dick is all right, I guess, but mind you he's not really a science fiction fan, he's a comic book fan." It simply wasn't true. I never regarded comics as anything more than an adjunct or collateral interest for

stfandom, but I got the reputation, and it took me five years to get rid of it, only to see it replaced by the equally ridiculous idea that I was "a Burroughs fan". "Dick is all right, I guess, but mind you he's not a science fiction fan, he's a Burroughs fan."

Well, that was the first issue of XERO, dated September 1960. It was illustrated, except for the Sanders cover, with drawings by Lee Anne Tremper (which I botched in stencilling) or myself (which were botched to start with). The zine was mimeod in black in on high quality blue paper. There was a logo by Sanders, designed (at my request) "in the style of Ralph Raeburn Phillips -- you know, so it looks decayed."

The zine was actually done ahead of time, in late August '60, so Pat and I took copies to the Pittcon, my first worldcon and her first convention of any sort. We had trouble giving them away. Literally, we did; we had to force copies on people, sneak them into parties and "forget" to take them away with us. The circulation was just under 100.

But the issue drew a good response. In addition to letters of comment -- we had a 19 page letter column in the second issue -- we received an encouraging number of contributions. Dave English sent five drawings, already on stencil (smart fellow!) and when Ted White contributed another "All In Color for a Dime", his then-wife Sylvia illustrated it with a number of excellent "swipes" of old comic book drawings.

The lead item, "What to Do About It" by Ray Beam, another Indiana fan-friend of army days, described a recruiting campaign put on by the Indiana Science Fiction Association, my alma mater. ISFA set up a booth at a hobby show, drew in many, many interested people, but then lost them all over the following weeks. "But...don't you sit around and talk about science fiction all the time? Isn't this a science fiction club?"

Mike Deckinger had a little nostalgia piece of his own, dealing with the Captain Video television series of his generation's youth. "All In Color", under Ted's tutelage, turned from the nostalgic to the bibliographic, going mainly into the dates and titles of the DC and AA comics lines of the 1940s, under the title "The Spawn of M.C. Gaines" And Les Sample contributed a minor item called "Is Ted Pauls a Poultergeist?" which nicely asked just that question, but unfortunately failed to answer it.

We had our first book review column "From The SF Shelf" by Larry M. Harris (now Larry Jannifer), and were to have had a fanzine review column by Tom Condit, except that Pat and I provided the fanzines -- a stack of them a foot high -- and never saw Tom Condit again. Larry Harris opened his column with a paeon to Theodore Sturgeon, then went on to zip through books by Budrys, Blish, Merrill, Damon Knight, and his own (with Randy Garrett) PAGAN PASSIONS, all in another 2½ pages. (He panned PAGAN PASSIONS.)

We had about 20 correspondents in the letter column, which was

dubbed "Epistolary Intercourse", and we split the letters up, grouping comments by various writers on common topics: the rumble, which was still reverberating, Sax Rohmer, Mervyn Peake, Captain Marvel... I believe it had been done before and I know it has been done since, and it seems like a good idea, but it's never quite worked that I know of.

The issue ran 50 pages, up from the first issue's 40, and it's a little bit difficult to see why those early XEROs created any stir, looking back from the vantage point of 1967. But there was a reason in 1960, and if I strain very hard I think I can remember it.

The late 1950s may well be remembered, if anyone ever does chronicle those years, as the burgeoning time of "faanishness". From Ron Ellick and Terry Carr's FANAC, from CRY and a few other sources, an increasing flow of light chitterchatter material was coming. It was delightful stuff to read (when it was done well) and it was generally completely lacking in substance.

But it seemed to sweep fandom like a tidal wave (better than a hurricane, I guess) until all you could find in the fan press was chitterchatter, froth, faanishness... it seemed to be almost a contest to see who could write more and say less than his fellow. QUIP may be a funny place to be writing this, but XERO was a reaction against the excesses of hyperfaanishness as much as it was any one thing. A long and heated editorial in the second issue, titled "Pitt(con), Pith, Piffle", drove home this point rather more vigorously and at greater length than I think I would devote to it today. Ah, but I was young and dedicated in those days... and I don't retract what I said, either, although if I had it to say over I would say it more briefly and in somewhat muted tones.

The issue was run on multicolor sulphite paper -- Ted had convinced me it was much more The Thing To Do than the Gestetner paper I'd used for #1. And it was much cheaper, for all that it required an incredible trek out to the Pace Paper Company in wildest Brooklyn to get the stuff.

XERO #3 was dated January 1961. We were publishing at two-month intervals, although we were determinedly "non-sked" when we talked about it, on the basis that it was better to say irregular and appear reliably than the other way around. The issue was the last we farmed out for mimeographing. It was the first issue that, on reinspection after half a dozen years, still seems solid and worthwhile, as a whole, and not just for the sake of this or that specific item.

It was a turning point in several ways.

For one thing, the contributors took a leap upward in terms of "name". I'm not saying that famous names in themselves necessarily mean anything, but all else being equal, when a fanzine arrives in my mailbox, and there are items in it by, let's say, Dean Grennell on the one hand and, oh, maybe Bill Wolfenbarger on the other... you don't need three guesses to tell which one I'm going to turn to first.

In the first XERO we'd had Harlan Ellison and in the second Larry Harris and Ted White, among other names. Mike Deckinger at the time seemed to be striving for the most fanzine appearances of any living fan. But starting with the third issue we had a deluge of big name contributors, both fan and pro. Deckinger (on films) and Harris (on books) were both back. Jim Harmon did the "All in Color" on ALL-STAR COMICS and both Ted and I added to our prior articles.

Otto Binder, too, offered some additional data on the Marvel Family, and James Blish (as "Arthur Merlyn") had a nice article on Captain Video from the script-writer's viewpoint.

And Don Thompson, Buck Coulson, and Russ Wolff (err, me in a clever plastic pseudonym) all had something further to say on Ray Beam's dictum of the previous issue, that "...if we expect to hold a large membership, we will have to learn to operate a science fiction organization, not a fan party!" In the editorial, I let myself get lost playing the silly game of numbered fandoms (I had us up to Ninth) but a good letter column more than made up for that.

Pat had taken over editing "EI", and ran it right to the end. In XERO #3 she had letters from Maggie Curtis (now Thompson), Norm Metcalf, Bob Leman, Walter Breen, Henry Andrew Ackerman, Ruth Berman, Harry Warner, Buck Coulson, Noreen Shaw and Redd Boggs. You could recognize all those names except Henry Andrew Ackerman, and he's another story, believe me!

Yes, it was a good solid issue. In addition to the material we were getting, I was learning a bit about layouts and how to use lettering guides and shading plates. (In fact, in a review in Ted Pauls' KIPPLE at the time, Marion Zimmer Bradley criticized Pat and me for trying too hard to make XERO look like a professional magazine. That wasn't the idea. We believed that a fanzine could look good, and we wanted XERO to be the best fanzine we could make it, including its appearance as well as its content in that effort.)

And perhaps most important of all, Bob Stewart appeared for the first time, with nine drawings. They were spot illos used in my layouts -- Bob did not take over doing layouts until the next issue, which was a milestone issue, too, but his influence began to appear here, and it was vital to XERO for the rest of the magazine's life.

With the fourth issue we found even quasi-commercial mimeography too expensive. For one thing, the page count was growing -- Xero #4 was up to 74 pages -- and for another circulation was climbing -- it eventually reached 280 despite all efforts to cut it down, although now it was about 135. The zine was given away for all the usual expressions of interest, and the money it was costing us was getting prohibitive.

Also, part of the fanzine mystique is the fact that you actually physically produce the thing yourself. Somehow a fanzine for which the editor would turn over copy and a dummy to someone else to pub-

lish -- my ideal back in SF52 days -- just isn't the same as actually cutting the stencils, running the mimeo, collating and stapling the magazine. It's a helluva lot of work, but it's part of the whole thing.

Anyway, Pat and I lived in an apartment in Manhattan with no room for a duper, but out in Staten Island Larry and Noreen Shaw had a house. Somehow an old AB Dick Model 90 mimeograph that belonged to Damon Knight had found its way into the hands of Algis Budrys. Ajay didn't have any place to store it, so he asked Larry if he would keep it for Damon. Larry agreed, provided that he could have the use of the mimeo, which he got.

And so, to produce XERO 4 Pat and I took the Second Avenue bus all the way to South Ferry and the Staten Island Ferry across New York harbor, and then the Staten Island Rapid Transit train to Grant City, and then a long hike to the Shaws' house. We used to get there on a Friday night or Saturday morning and work, sometimes literally until dawn, producing fanzines.

The Shaws were then producing their newszine AXE for which I wrote fanzine reviews. We'd do an AXE quickly, then go to work on XERO. Around midnight or 1:00 AM Noreen and Pat would give up and go to bed. Then Larry and I would work on, and on, and on, covering the cellar floor with little stacks of paper, mimeod with odd-numbered pages on one side, blank on the other. When we finished we'd go back and run off even-numbered pages on the backs.

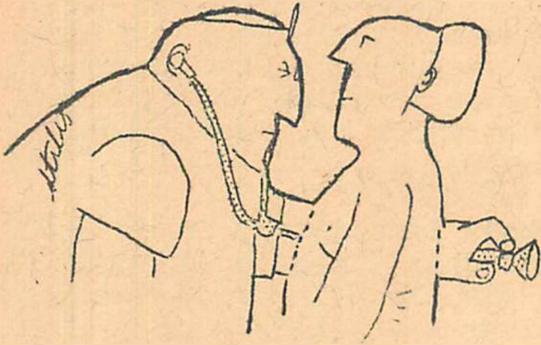
The next day we would all have a collating party. It was a kind of inspired madness, we knew it was crazy and yet we all had a sense of doing something creative and worthwhile that made it all a pleasure despite the sore muscles and perspiration soaked clothes.

XERO 4 had so many noteworthy things about it that I hardly know where to begin. Fannish contributors included Bill Donoho, F.M. Busby, and Larry Shaw reacting variously to "Ninth Fandom" and Hal Lynch with a last shot at Ray Beam... and Buck Coulson with the first installment of his fanzine review column, "The Silver Dagger".

Both Elish and Harris talked about books again, and there was another good letter column with such new contributors as Don Wolheim, Bob Briney, Earl Kemp, and Gene DeWeese.

Chris Steinbrunner made his sole appearance in XERO with a marvelous article, "Next Week; the Phantom Strikes Again", that gave the story of movie serials -- especially in the talking era -- as it has never been given before or since. When Chris first submitted the article and I read it, I tried to reject it. "You shouldn't be giving me this to mimeograph in a fanzine for a few hundred people to read," I told him. "You should sell it to some magazine that will reach thousands of readers." But Chris was adamant, and the article was great. Larry Ivie's frontispiece of Buster Crabbe matched it.

The "All in Color" article was by Don Thompson, "OK Axis, Here We Come!" It was split off from the rest of the issue and, as XERO



Comics, stapled Ace fashion (or COS-MAG/SPD fashion!) on the back. In it, Don perfectly recaptured the old Captaon America - Human Torch - Sub-mariner comics group. It was a fine job, and the fanzine was really rolling along beautifully. We'd dropped one month in our "non-schedule", so that XERO 4 was dated April 1961. And, as explained in an accompanying flyer (titled FLYER 1) we had started copyrighting it.

We still had the old "rotten" logo on the zine, and some of the old artists were still appearing with spot illos and cartoons, but bhob did a cover, and some interiors, and some of the layouts, and some cartoons. And he was bringing in the artists who, along with bhob himself, were to become the XERO "stable": Steve Stiles and Andy Reiss. These three, with their perceptive cartoons, their combination of humor and pathos...and design sense...remade the appearance of XERO. As QUIP is now becoming a "designed" fanzine, so was XERO in 1961.

And with XERO 5 -- July 1961 -- bhob's influence in the appearance of the magazine became dominant. The logo was completely re-designed. In place of something deliberately crumbly-looking, bhob worked out a crisp, imaginative, designy logo of sans-serif italic caps, the "O" dropped a line, the diagonal shaft of the "R" running to its center, the "O" quartered by cross-hairs of which the upper hair ran upward an extra two lines to cross the issue number.

This was dropped out a of a black background offset onto goldenrod paper. The cover design itself was a circular dropped-cut silhouette of goldenrod against black, suggestive of a huge baleful moon. Before it, arms crossed, stands a sinister cloaked and hooded figure. (The drawing, by Larry Ivie, was actually of the old comic book hero, the Atom.) And in excentric hand-lettering blazoned on a scroll near the bottom of the page was XERO's official epithet, given to us by the late Art Castillo "The Fanzine of Relativistic Dadaism".

At the same time, having given up on using the old ABDick 90, we had gone out and bought a reconditioned Rex Rotary D-270E. This was about as deluxe a mimeo as you could get in the non-electric class, with silk screen, easy color change (although we didn't use that feature right away), perfect registration and various other nifty features. We might still be up all night cranking, but what a difference!

The contents of the fanzine were "the usual stuff", meaning Larry Harris, James Blish, and Robert Coulson...plus some really worthwhile poems by Rog Ebert (what ever happened to Rog Ebert?) and Pete Schug (what ever happened to Pete Schug?). And a nice little article on boys' papers by Eric Bentscliffe, and a slam (for once) at comics by Ed Gorman, and an incredible funny letter-article by Avram Davidson called "He Swopped on His Victims and Bit Them on the Nose" all about the original Batman and other incidents of Avram's boyhood.

And a two-man symposium on fan motion pictures by Harry Warner and Hal Lynch. This led to some talk about a FAMPA -- Fantasy Amateur Motion Picture Association -- with annual "showings" at worldcons instead of quarterly mailings, but nothing ever came of it, unfortunately. (Or maybe not unfortunately. It's an idea that might take a dusting-off and reconsideration every lustrum or so, especially in view of increasing fannish affluence.

XERO 5 came out in July 1961, and almost immediately on its heels we issued a second FLYER. You remember AXE that I mentioned before? In addition to being a good newszine, AXE was also (in fact, mainly) designed to raise money for the Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund -- to bring Walt and Madeleine Willis to the Chicon III in 1962. The Shaws did an outstanding job with the drive, and FLYER 2 announced that XERO 6 would be a Willish, reviving a custom from Walt's first visit to America.

The Willish would sell for \$1. a copy, and there would be no trades, no freebies (except for the unavoidable contributors' copies), even publishers of fanzines reviewed and authors of letters published would receive tearsheets rather than complete free copies. Again, Marion Bradley howled that we were "blackmailers and grafters" to do that, but do it we did, and raised \$118. for TAWF (We also managed to cut our circulation for once, but it popped back up promptly with #7.)

For the Willish all stops were let out. From a paper supplier who dealt with the company I then worked for I managed to promote a batch of "day-glo" paper. It was green, an unbelievable, incandescent green. For the front cover bhub Stewart did a portrait of Walt, along with the single word "Willish" in large, bold script. At the top of the cover we had the redesigned logo again, and "The Fanzine of Relativistic Dadaism" in vignette. For the back cover, also on green day-glo, we had a marvelous kooky Victorian-looking drawing by a friend-of-a-friend, Tom Murphy. The picture was titled "Seth Johnson is Attacked by the Vicious Marginman!"

For the bacover and interior art we had started using electrostencils, which Chris Steinbrunner was able to get for us at a cut price. And the contents of the issue... the contents of the issue were pretty special, too.

In the lead spot was Walt Willis himself, with "The Slant Story", the first of three installments about his classic fanzine. Walt gave all the details of how he and Alan Seaton and James White had started the famous printed fanzine.

Then Avram Davidson had a two-page "poem" illustrated by bhub's caricatures of an angelic Avram and a satanic me. And Larry Harris' "From the SF Shelf" featured a bhub heading in red, our first shot at color on the Rex, which handled it beautifully. And Coulson's fanzine reviews and another Ebert poem, and "The Fantastic Paperback", a fine survey by Charles M. Collins, running some nine pages.

A word about Charlie and some others.

In the seething microcosm that is New York fandom there are more fan groups --- formal clubs, informal cliques, semi-regular luncheon or party or other crowds -- than is dreamed of in most people's philosophies. An all-incompassing LASPS-type club in New York is an impossibility.

One of the less known groups in the New York microcosm is the Fantasy Film Club, founded about 1960 by Dave Foley and Chris Steinbrunner, continued by Chris after Dave's untimely death. As an astute reader might surmise, the FFC is oriented mainly to the screen rather than to the page, but this is not an absolute wall of separation. Chris' own article "Next Week: The Phantom Strikes Again!" was one of the best items we ever had in XERO. Charlie Collins' article gives the best single rundown on fantastic literature in paperback that I have seen, although it is now somewhat dated. Charlie had worked in bookstores for years, has put together a couple of hoer story anthologies himself for Bantam...and knows fantastic fiction publishing inside out. His article covered the period from Lost Horizon (1939) up to 1961 magnificently.

And from the serious and constructive (in a non-pejorative sense) we went from Charles M. Collins to Hoy Ping Pong. Robert Bloch had recently given a rundown in AXE of his incredible pace of pro-ac. His old chum now took him on in "The Master Shall Not Abate" (with an apt heading by Reiss), maybe the funniest single piece of prose we ever ran in XERO. But then there's Avram. I dunno.

Lin Carter had a short item on a Jules Verne renaissance that served as forerunner for his taking over as book reviewer in the next issue. And for comics fans there were two -- t*w*o -- installments of "All in Color for a Dime". I took a nasty little swipe at the long defunct "Seven Soldiers of Victory" and Dick Ellington, in "Me To Your Leader Take" beautifully recaptured the spirit of the old PLANET COMICS, with all its crudities and absurdities and beauties and charm, all well enhanced by art swipes from the comics themselves, by Sylvia again, plus one by bhub Stewart.

In "Epistolary Intercourse" Richard Kyle and James Blish were exchanging howitzer rounds over Kingsley Amis' New Maps of Hell, and Avram Davidson and Ken Beale were struggling over filmographical data, and Algis Budrys was chiming in as was Anthony Boucher...it was a fine tangle. And to finish the letterco, Andy Reiss drew a letter of comment, mostly about artwork in fanzines. It was titled "I Hate All You Slimy Rats" and it said something about Andy's -- and the whole XERO stable's --- attitude toward their drawing, as distinguished from "Joe Fann's idea of beauty". "I looked for sanity," Andy said, "and found none -- so I looked for beauty and found none -- I looked for art and found the fanart show." Read that as you will.

Another two months, another XERO. Number 7 had a modest cover --- a patchwork blending in the styles of Stewart, Stiles, and Reiss. It was, in a way, a "relaxing" issue after the Willish, with page count dropping back to 55 although circulation was back up to 160. We had stopped giving away copies "for evidence of interest" and set a cash price so outrageously high that we knew nobody would pay it, which

was of course our object. We charged 35¢/a copy, \$1. for three.

Arthur Thomson had semi-joined the "stable" in place of Andy Reiss who, having delivered his parting blast in the Willish, departed after number 7. (We ran one more Reiss cartoon in a later issue, but that was a leftover out of the art file, not a new contribution.)

If the seventh issue was a relaxer in size, there was no letdown in content. We ran a poll of readers' political sentiments, trying to test whether the predominantly liberal tone of the fan press was matched by the feelings of the majority of fans. (We found it was not, to our considerable surprise.)

We ran our first piece of fiction, a funny, sexy story by John Berry (titled "Bedtime Story") which was illustrated by a full page Atom heading that we ran in bright red ink. Lin Carter's book column ... and a cartoon page by bhob and the fast-disappearing Andy Reiss, ... and later on the continuation of Walt Willis' "The Slant Story"... and Buck Coulson's fanzine reviews.. and more Blish-Amis-Kyle in the letter column... and a nice "All in Color" by Don Thompson again, this time dealing with "The Wild Ones" -- the Spectre and Dr. Fate. But there were two items in XERO 7 that drew more reaction than all the rest put together.

One was Lin Carter's "Notes on Tolkein, Part I: Theme and Form". It has been widely remarked that fandom has a way of anticipating public tastes, picking up and favoring trends which the general and/or literary public will not follow for years or decades to come. Science Fiction in general is one such example. Ray Bradbury is another. J.R. R. Tolkein is another. In 1961-62, in three articles totalling 21 pages, Lin gave the Ring books the kind of exegetical examination that they have been receiving only the last year or two in the general prints. He examined the books as part of the tradition of epic fantasy, made a compelling case, showed parallels, sources, influences. He analyzed, evaluated, and praised. It was a magnificent job which calls for expansion and republication, conceivably at book length.

The other was Donald E. Westlake's "Don't Call Us...We'll Call You." If Carter was lengthy, scholarly, and appreciative, Westlake was short, tough, and angry. In effect he resigned from science fiction in XERO 7.

How many out there remember Donald E. Westlake as a science fiction writer? Come on, hands up! Not many, I see. Well, back in the early sixties (I talk of this as if it were the dawn of time... I'm talking about five years ago!) ...back in the early sixties, Westlake was emerging as a talented new detective story and science fiction writer. In the crime genre he wrote many short stories and a few novels; in stf, shorter stuff only. He had a lot of promise.

Westlake summarized the SF magazine editors this way:

"Campbell is an egomaniac. Mills of F&SF is a journeyman incompetent. Cele Goldsmith is a third grade teacher and I bet she won-

ders what in the world she's doing over at AMAZING. (I know I do.) As for Pohl, who can tell? Galaxy is still heavy laden with Gold's inventory, and when Pohl edited Star he had the advantages of no dead-line and a better pay rate than anybody else in the field, so it's difficult to say what Galaxy will look like next year, except that Kingsley Amis will probably like it....

"...I don't know why science fiction is so lousy. I suspect there are a lot of reasons. But I can at least hint at one reason which has special reference to you /fans/. At the ESFA meeting I mentioned earlier, Sam Moskowitz mentioned a story from Weird Tales, some time in the thirties. All the members had read it and remembered it. A little later, Randy Garrett mentioned a story from the previous month's Analog. Two members present had read it."

Good-bye, Donald E. Westlake. And as far as I know, he's never written another word of stf.

We took time out after that, had a baby. Then we went to the Phillycon. Well, not straight from the hospital, mind you. Took a lot of copies of XERO 7 to give to subscribers. Found ourselves swamped with money and bereft of fanzines and couldn't meet our subscription list when we got home. Apologised and bought copies back and did everything we could to make good and I think there are still some people out there mad at us.

We put out a ten-page FLYER full of miscellaneous between issues stuff, because XERO 8 didn't come out until May 1962. (A few copies were pre-distributed in April, but we'll come to that.)

I've always thought of 1961 as XERO's vintage year, the year that the fanzine came of age, established its style and identity, and carried many of its best features. There were five issues in 1961, issues 3 through 7, totalling somewhat over 300 pages, and they included the fine stuff by Chris Steinbrunner and Don Thompson and Charlie Collins, Walt Willis and Hoy Ping Pong and Lin Carter's "Note on Tolkien", and of course the whole Willish, Westlake's parting blast, and the emergence of the cartoonist stable of Stewart, Stiles, Reiss, and ATom, Blish's fine material and his feud with Richard Kyle in the EI section, the first use of day-glo paper in fanzines, some fine covers...

Somehow we got our glory a year later, or so it seems to me. For at the Chicon in 1962 we barely made honorable mention in the program booklet. But at the Discon in 1963, covering publishing done in 1962, we won a Hugo for just two issues of a fanzine that everyone knew was dying (the tenth issue appeared in 1963, well before the convention, so that by Hugo time it was dead, two posthumous gasps notwithstanding.)

I really, honestly thing it's just a case of slow reaction time.

But let's look at that flyer again. There were actually four pages of "message" (including a couple of Stiles cartoons), plus six pages of riders comprising various kinds of ballots: Hugo Awards, Fanac Poll, TAFP (Eddie Jones vs. Ethel Lindsay, Ethel won), Fan Achievement Awards (Willick version, astonishingly similar to the

current revival). The ballots were variously dated 1961 and 1962, but in all cases they meant awards to be made in 1962 for activity in '61.

The main text of the flyer contained an apology to people who had missed their copies of XERO 7 because of the Phillycon sell out, an offer to buy back copies (at 50¢ apiece...we'd sold 'em for 35¢), a change of address (from 215 E. 73rd St. to 210 E. 73rd St... we moved across the street.), an anecdote involving Larry Shaw, exhortations to use the riding ballots, some chitterchatter...and something called "The Future of Xero". Let me quote that:

"XERO 8 is coming along nicely, thank you. Returns of the poll circulated with XERO 7 are here in good number: we passed 50 replies in the first flood of mail; since then we have trickled up to the vicinity of 70. I certainly think this is a large enough sample to be statistically significant, but if you have not sent your poll back yet and would like your views to influence the statistical picture which I hope to draw, you would do well to hurry.

"Several articles are on hand, as is considerable artwork, and progress proceeds apace. The tentative schedule, then, is XERO 8 in April, XERO 9 for the Chicon (it will bear a September date), and XERO 10, the final issue, in December 1962. Do not, do not, do not not NOT send money for issues of XERO past #10, because there will be no more. A post-ultimate publication sometime in 1963 may contain a loose-ends-type selection of letters and an index, but that will be the absolute end of XERO. Other interests, both fannish and profane beckon."

That was the announcement of XERO's extinction. Two questions arise rather naturally at this point: Why did we decide to kill XERO, and why did you decide to do it just this way, ie, with the rather elaborate announcement, schedule of last issues, etc. Well I'll take the second question first because it's easier.

It seemed then (and still does) that most fanzines go out of business with the proverbial whimper. They hardly even come to an end at all, they just peter out and stop. Lettercol discussions are left hanging, comments on the final issue go unpublished, the whole thing is rather unseemly. And I did have the recollection of SF52, the final issue of which contained the firm statement that publication would be resumed in just a few months. Would you believe SF68.

So we decided to bring XERO to a planned, orderly halt. Ten issues seemed a nice round number.

But why did we decide to stop it at all. We had entered a period in which the toy was becoming a monster. We had started the fanzine for fun, and it had provided great fun, plus



much egoboo; it had brought us into contact with many new people we might not otherwise have met; it was in general a success. But as the fanzine had grown in pages, circulation, and elaborateness, each issue out-doing the previous one, each issue became more and more demanding of our efforts (and money).

With bhob Stewart doing more and more ambitious things each issue in the design aspect of the magazine, that part alone was becoming a major drain. He did brilliant things -- I'm not knocking him at all! But the work -- and the cost!

I suppose we might have cut back to a more modest size and format, but that just wouldn't have been XERO. It was, in its day, a vulgar and ostentatious fanzine (of relativistic dadaism). Or we might have cut the frequency to annual or even less, but that offered the prospect of a sort of annual Rite of the Juggernaut, which did not invite us.

No, we would stop.

XERO 8 carried a date of May 1962, although it was actually completed a couple of weeks before that. The cover design by bhob was a forerunner of the Op movement. We had some day-glo yellow paper, not enough for all copies, so some had the cover printed on ordinary yellow stock. But it's best on day-glo. It was a pattern of vertical lines about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, printed in billious green on that blinding yellow. The X-E-R of the logo are partially picked out against adjacent green stripes, partially suggested in the blank yellow area between.

The "O" is suggested by a sidewise shove of vertical stripes, to give a letter six inches high and running off the side of the page; the "8" was a small drop out on a stripe inside the "O" and there was a tiny "bhob" signature at the bottom.

Five years later I'm sitting at my typewriter looking at that cover in a bound set of XERO and the cover still turns me on. It is psychedelic, absolutely. Your eye just gets lost on the page, yet the design is a simple one.

The contents page also comes in two versions. One has the table of contents and art credits (4 by bhob, 8 by ATom, 5 by Stiles). It also has the colophon ("Hootin' Zoots! This antipenultimate issue of the Fanzine of Relativistic Dadaism comes to you from Pat and Dick Lupoff, 210 E. 73rd St., New York 21, New York. Bhob Stewart is art director and layout man. Ella Parker is Sterling Agent..."). And a picture of a hairy faced fellow by Greg Trend. All in black ink.

A dozen copies or so have an ATom bem sitting in a spaceship giving the werewolf crittur an astonished look. The ATomillo is run in ble ink, and overprinted in a blank are on the page it says: "Special Avram's Birthday Party Edition / April 15, 1962". Overprinted copies were distributed only at Avram's surprise party, and I must admit they were a great success.

The issue, exclusive of "All in Color", ran 70 pages, and we had

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decided to go back to one color, high-quality paper instead of the mixed sulphite stuff we'd been using. My first impulse was to return to the blue of XERO 1, but Dick Bergeron had pretty well pre-empted that shade with WARHOON, so we used green instead. "Xero Comics" was back-to-back, Ace fashion, again, and run on goldenrod stock.

My editorial, "Absolute Xero", which usually ran one or two pages, was 14 pages long this time, devoted partly to introducing authors but mainly to giving poll results. These were introduced by a brilliant Stewart design of a maypole in tatters. I won't try to summarize all the pages of poll results here, except to state that -- in brief -- they showed fandom to be a microcosm of the general public rather than any sort of political avant garde. It was a bit of a surprise, but there it was.

Lead item in the body of the issue was the conclusion of "The Slant Story" but behind it was the sleeper supreme: "Fandi" by Gary Deindorfer.

"Fandi" was a five-page comic strip, a fannish adaptation of Erwin Hassen's "Dondi". It arrived in the mail unsolicited, drawn in blue ballpoint ink on both sides of the paper, and was such a mess that I took one look at it and was on the point of either sending it back to Gary or down the incinerator. Fortunately in those days bhob Stewart spent a lot of time in our apartment, and he was the thing and saw something in it in time to stop me.

Bhob virtually redrew the strip, re-lettered Gary's script, straightened the panel lines, converted ball point scribbles to shading plate terms, and finally stenciled the strip. It chronicles the rise of a penniless urchin, Fandi, through the ranks of neodom, the N3F, BNF-hood to a sort of Ellisonish plateau, until Fandi's home town of Mudville becomes a veritable Mecca (or Jersey City)... then Fandi's descent, once more, into obscurity and the garbage can.

"Fandi" was full of in-groupisms, fannish references, comments timely for its era. It was gorgeously funny, grotesquely true.

Oh, we had a few other little things in the issue. A little essay by James Blish on theological science fiction, and a set of replies to Westlake's blast, by Frederick Pohl, L. Sprague de Camp, Avram Davidson, and Don Wolheim.

And the beginning of a series of caricatures of steffish people by bhob: first time off he tried Alfred Bester and Avram Davidson. Lin Carter's book reviews and "Notes On Tolkien", Buck Coulson's fanzine reviews and two contributions from Fantasy Film Club types.

First was a one-page comic strip by Henry Mazzeo, titled "The Shadow Meets Snoopy". Snoopy is our cocker spaniel, and the Shadow, among other things, is a coventry-like role that Henry sometimes plays at parties, FFC shows, and like occassions. The cartoon shows Henry greeting Snoopy, Snoopy responding, knocking Henry down, some discreet semi-off-stage wriggings, and Henry/Shadow's comment, "Mango Lane was never like this!"

H.P. Norton is a rather strange young FFC type who is totally bugged on weird-horror literature. His contribution was "The Caliph of Aubrun: a dissertation upon the phantastic tales of Clark Ashton Smith /1893 - 1961/". Heywood Norton writes like this:

"The weird tale has, most unhappily, been frowned upon by self-styled literary critics since the time of Poe, and with the pervading interest in science fiction, it has fallen to neglect almost altogether. Upon occasions we do see such drab, hack effusions spawned as weird fantasy -- the most notable of these being the erstwhile "Sardonicus", but in reference to a collegiate, whose misfortune it is to be caught in the classroom with a ragged copy of WEIRD TALES, hidden beneath HARPERS BIZARRE -- he gets packed off to the psychiatrist as a prospective sadist, with all due apologies to Mr. Harper. Stuff like "Sardonicus", however, is suitable for filming by some second-rate producer.

"However, in spite of the opinions of Mr. Hogus Bogus, Mrs. Polly Wha Da - and Dr. Dissect Noodle, fantasy is part of our literature, and depends upon the folklore and traditional beliefs passed on from each generation to its successor..."

Letter reaction was about equally divided as to whether Heywood was a genius or a crackpot.

The letter column of XERO 8 continued to be an outstanding feature of the magazine, with letters -- mostly rather lengthy ones -- from Harry Warner, Steve Stiles, Colonel Avram Davidson, George Heap (whose name was unaccountably left unstenciled although his address appears right-there-on-page 64), Jack Chalker, Ethel Lindsay, John Baxter, Bob Leman, and James Moriarity (Richard Kyle).

The most interesting letter, I think, was Chalker's: it contains that old wail that editors don't read slushpiles and new writers cannot therefore break into the pro ranks. Jack was having a problem at the time. One thing about this argument has always puzzled me: If it's impossible for new writers to break in, so how come so many new writers keep breaking in all the time?

"All in Color" was by Richard Kyle, a sticky-coin man who had responded to a review of XERO by Ed Meskys in SCIENCE FICTION TIMES.

"Somewhere among the backwaters and bayous of the comic world must stand an old false-fronted shack, roogless, broken-windowed, almost tumble-down now, overgrown with weeds, and musty with decay. Hanging precariously above the sagging front door will be a faded and checkered sign: Fox Peature Syndicate, Victor S. Fox, Owner and Prop. If you go inside, pushing your way through the weeds and the empty cola bottles and mildewed premium coupons and broken cameras and rusty cap guns, you will find heaped against one of the far corners, and interrupted now and again by taller, wider Esquire-sized magazines, a ragged stack of old comic books -- none of them well-preserved, not even the newest issues. In fact, if you thumb through them, you'll notice a peculiarity of the climate here. Only the older magazines are in passable condition; the newer ones are the ones that smell of decay.

"By now, you'll probably have seen enough to satisfy you. You'll edge your way back to the door and -- watching the sign doesn't drop on you -- you'll shake your cuffs out and then you'll go on your way.

"You shouldn't. You should stay awhile. Something important happened here... THE EDUCATION OF VICTOR FOX."

Would you believe 27 pages on one old-time comics publisher? Not even a top house either. Fox's most successful character was Blue Beetle, read down from there. The whole thing was a shlock operation and in something over 10,000 words Kyle dissected the corpse of the Victor Fox publishing empire, holding it up bit by grisly bit.

The article came in unsolicited, a total surprise. It was the best one in the series, one of the best things in all XERO's issues.

XERO 9 was better than 8. Bbob's cover was even better -- another psychedelic semi-abstraction of faces and figures printed in black on a stock of day-glo red. Again we had a variant contents page, red rubber stamping that read "Special Edition / Fanoclasts Pre-Chicon / Welcome Party For... .. August 29, 1962." Stamped copies were distributed at a party Pat and I gave for the Willises and Ethel Lindsay in New York just before everyone departed for the Chicon, and the three guests autographed the pages where the dots go.

We were still experimenting with the mechanics of the magazine, and the issue contained several pages of Rextripe, a variant of Vicolor that works on silk screen mimeos as the older process does on drum machines. There is a long rambling editorial again, the most interesting part, upon rereading, being "Through Darkest Fandom with Notebook and Tape Recorder". This was the Shirley Camper story, and if you don't know it already, you should really get someone to do an article about Mrs. Camper, one of the more interesting footnotes to fannish history.

We had "the usual stuff" in the issue, plus a poetic reprise of the Greystoke saga by Rog Ebert, more on fantastic paperbacks by Charlie Collins, and a fine 20-page letter column including a longish one by Westlake (remember him?) and the following from Andy Zerbe: "I have just read XERO 8 and I think it is the best fanzine I have read yet, but I'll probably change my mind when I get around to reading more fanzines." Well, you win some, you lose some.

Outstanding in the issue were contributions by Lin Carter and Norm Clark. Not teeny bopper Norm Clarke; this fellow is still another FFC man.

Carter had three items in the issue: his book reviews (to which were added others by Bob Tucker, Pat, and myself, his concluding "Notes on Tolkien", and the surprise of the three items, "Kiss the Blood off my Patois", a very, very funny James Bond parody introduced by a wildly successful bbob Stewart montage of nude photo, pistol, cigarette box, and seltzer bottle.

"I grinned, coldly, allowing the bitterness to seep through the

interstices in my reserve. Had to let loose of the old reins once in a while, in this profession. What I needed was Tanya, saki, Mantovani on the stereo, a few pages of Tarrano the Conqueror in its Louis XIV binding, to steady the nerves..."

Ah, Carter!

Norm Clarke on the other hand offered twelve pages of delightfully lighthearted scholarship into old science fiction stage productions. "The Greatest Show UnEarthly" was still another piece on the grounds that it belonged in a professional publication, but Norm wanted it in XERO so we ran it, complete with a 17"x11" photo statted from a 1905 magazine, showing "THE FANTASTIC SPECTACLE 'A YANKEE CIRCUS ON MARS' NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME." The show was about exactly what its title implies, and the article was a delight to read and to publish.

"All in Color" by Roy Thomas dealt with the Fawcett supporting line.

Now eight months went by before we produced the tenth and final XERO in May, 1963. Once more there were two versions. We had a cover "theme" of sword-and-sorcery, and George Scithers printed two covers for us on heavy blue stock. One was a beautiful Krenkel Burroughs scene set on Barsoom, the XERO-10 logo vignettted into one corner in red ink. The other was an equally outstanding Eddie Jones two-color drawing, etching-like in its line work, combining the themes of Merlin and astronaut, wizard's cauldron and rocket fire.

For US-distributed copies, the Krenkel was the front cover and the Jones the back. For British and other distributed copies, the Jones drawing was the front cover and the Krenkel the back.

This time we had only a short editorial, and "the usual stuff" was missing. No book or fanzine reviews. "The Slant Story" had wound up in XERO 8 and "Notes on Tolkien" in #9. "All in Color" had Kyle back, discussing Sparky Watts well, but not with the razor-sharpness he had applied to Victor Fox, and Norm Clarke was back with a couple more pages on Shows UnEarthly. We had a one page G&S parody by Lin Carter, and a Sax Rohmer lampoon ("Kiss the Blood off my Da-coits") just as good as the Bond story, running five pages.

And yet the issue was another hundred pager. Five things made it so, and I think made it the best issue of the ten.

"Fingerman" by John Berry was a serious science fiction story based on the interplay of dactylogogy and dentistry. It ran 14 pages and James Blish later called it "the only thoroughly professional science-fiction short story I've ever seen in a fan magazine." He also wanted to know why it hadn't been sold for money... I had no answer.

"Sax" by Bob Briney was an 18 page survey of the works of Sax Rohmer, cum bibliography. Briney had written to us after Pat's reivev of "Brood of the Witch Queen" in XERO 1, suggesting that some-

one do a definitive article on Rohmer. It took us three years to get the article we got it from Briney himself, and it was excellent.

We had a ten page art folio by ATom, Adkins, Eddie Jones, Stiles, and Stewart, in multi-color mimeography.

And we had "Two Flashes Meet the Purple Slagheap" by Landon Chesney. This was another unsolicited contribution from a total stranger. It came in neatly drawn in india ink on white cardboard. A cover note said "I'd like to get XERO, and I understand you're not taking subscriptions any more, and I don't publish anything to trade, so maybe you'll accept this submission and I'll get a contributor's copy."

"Two Flashes" (this appeared before the "old" Flash was revived in the "new" Flash Comics) was an incredibly funny reducto ad absurdum of the comic-book super hero. Again, this strip was immeasurably improved by color overlays done by Bob Stewart. Scithers offset it for us. And I will not quote any of Chesney's lines. You just have to see the thing to appreciate it.

Throughout the powerful 20-page letter column were scattered a Ray Nelson cartoon, a Rotsler cartoon, a Bjo cartoon, an ATom cartoon, a Reiss cartoon, and a Stiles cartoon, all on the theme of "the end of XERO". They were all by Stiles... another reducto ad absurdum, this time of the XERO cartoonist stable, with some extras thrown in. I think that most of our readers -- and even some of the cartoonists involved -- were fooled.

That was the last issue of XERO per se, but the magazine was not quite dead. There had been an article scheduled for the last issue that got squeezed out. It was "The Martian Odyssey of Edgar Rice Burroughs" by Dave Van Arnam. We added to it other Burroughs material by Van Arnam, Don Wolheim, Larry Ivie, and myself, art by Al Williamson and Krenkel (his XERO 10 cover without the logo), a fold-out map by Ivie and a design by Stewart, and produced "THE READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR".

We sold 500 copies at \$2. apiece, there's still a stack of unfilled orders and Dave still talks about doing a new edition.

And finally, in October 1963, we published the XERO Index Edition, comprising a final 20-page EI plus author, artist, and letter indices to the ten issues, the Burroughs special, and the Index edition itself. We had letters from Blish, Boucher, Breen, Briney, Deindorfer, Dr. Dupla (remember him?), Kujawa, R. Fvle, Ethel Lindsay, Harry Warner, Paul Williams and Ed Wood.

And now, almost four years later, looking through a file of Xeros and its subsidiary publications, I'm struck by the fact that a large percentage of the material is still worth reading. The zine was a product of its times. Of course every publication (and most other things, too) is a product of its times.

Maybe one day I'll get up a few bucks and arrange for the pub-

lication of "The Best from XERO", in the fashion of Don Wolheim's "The Best from THE PHANTOGRAPH". It might make a nice book. Oh, much of the XERO material was of fleeting interest: the latest fanzine review, some of the rebuttals-to-rebuttals-to-replies. But:

Blish's reminiscences of TV scripting
Briney's "Sax"
Berry's "Bedtime Story" and "Fingerman"
Carter's "Notes on Tolkien" and his "Kiss" lampoons
Norm Clarke's "Greatest Shows"
Charlie Collins' "Paperbacks"
Chesney's "Two Flashes"
Deindorfer's "Fandi"
Ebert's poetry
Pat Lupoff's "Worlds of Titus Groan"
Norton's "Caiph of Auburn"
Steinbrunner's "Next Week: The Phantom"
Van Arnan's "Martian Odyssey of ERB"
Thompson's and Ellington's and Kyle's "All in Color" segments

By golly, throw in some of the "stable's" cartoons, do up the whole thing in a bhub Stewart-designed package...it would make a good book. Well, maybe some day.

There's even a leftover item, "The XERO Fun and Games Book", that bhub and I did but never got to use. I keep saying that I'll publish it, and some day I will. Probably in FAPA. Sorry about that.

In retrospect, I'm glad there was a XERO, certainly I'm glad for reasons other than a toy rocket ship that stands in the living room, and a fat red-bound file of the fanzine in the bookshelf below.

Putting out a big fancy genzine is something that carries its own reward. It isn't even a matter of egoboo. It's like climbing Everest "because it's there". It's a challenge, and you take it, and if you meet it successfully you know it, and if you fail you know it, too. You don't need letters of comment to tell you, although you get them.

People used to ask us how we got the contributors we got. The answer is, simply, to ask them. General pleas for material do little good, but if you will approach a specific person and ask him to write a specific item for you, the chances are surprisingly good that he will.

It also helps if you publish a good looking fanzine. Rare the man who wants to write for an editor who will publish his stuff in smeary or faint ink in a messy layout, badly typoed (we did have too many typos in XERO) and distributed to two-dozen nobody's. Most potential contributors to fanzines like to know that their stuff will appear in an attractive format, legibly presented side-by-side with other quality material, and distributed to a large audience who will provide plentiful feedback.

The best way to publish a good genzine is to publish a good genzine.

(continued on page 68)

ABSOLUTE XERO

pitt, pith, piffle

By far the outstanding event in the official program at the Pittcon was James Blish's brilliant speech, "A Case of Content". Seldom has more cogent argument, more painstaking documentation, or more piercing analysis of a topic been presented. Never, in my hearing, with the immense effectiveness of Blish's quiet, almost timid, delivery. An audience which had greeted the speaker's opening sentences with cries of "louder, we can't hear", stood and cheered at the end of the talk.

Blish's main thesis dealt with the survival factor in literature. Specifically, what is the factor present in one book which makes for greatness and results in the survival of that work, the absence of which factor limits another book to mere "goodness" and guarantees that that second book will not survive. That factor, the "content" of the title of Blish's speech, is the characteristic of saying something. What is said may be simple or subtle or both or neither, but a book must be the vehicle whereby its author, having something to say, says it.

The example cited by Blish was "1984". In it, he maintains, Orwell's message is only six words in length: The purpose of power is power. Why Orwell took ten thousand times that many words to deliver his message lies in a corralary of Blish's thesis, that in order for the work to survive the author must not only say something, he must say it more clearly, more forcefully, more effectively than it has been said before.

The non-survival of so much story-telling -- and this is what science fiction is -- can very likely be traced to this phenomenon: 99% of our story-telling is only story-telling. It is well-described by a very humble and rarely used word: piffle. Piffle, according to a certain ubiquitous reference work, is trifling talk or action, and that is what most of the contents of most of our fiction is, trifling talk or action. There is no pith. Nothing is being said.

DICK LUPOFF

*Survey of Breen
Fanzine - articles
subjects
lengths* → *His
contributions*

It is that rare work in our field which does have something to say, and which does say it effectively, that manages to leap the barrier and gain approval in the world of literature. "Gravy Planet" was an example, and remember this: Pohl and Kornbluth were writing some time before it became a vogue to pick on Mad Ave. "A Case of Conscience", flawed though it is, will also survive because it did not merely titillate the entertainment centers, but spoke seriously to the mind, the heart, and the conscience of the reader. And "Starship Trooper", for all its controversy, has reached the position it has because, whether right or wrong, it contains a serious statement.

Many hours after Blish's speech a fanzine panel was held and at it the most remarkable thing occurred. Half a dozen well-known fan personalities, most or all of them either present or past fanzine publishers, discussed various aspects and considerations of fanzine publishing for quite some time, and when they finished talking, a synthesis of their statements might have been this:

Their main complaint against today's crop of fanzines is that they don't say anything. As still interested fanmag readers, even those panelists who no longer publish believe that what fanzines ought to have is some more pith to go along with all that piffle which we seem to produce in endless torrents.

A gratuitous and wholly unanticipated plug given XERO by panelist Harlan Ellison set Pat and me to thinking and talking about fanzines in general and our plans for XERO in particular. XERO 1, which was Harlan's reference, was not planned as a "heavy" fanzine. To be quite open about it, XERO 1 was not planned at all. It was, like many first issues of fanzines, composed of whatever material we could scrounge, steal, or write ourselves, and in fact, except for Ellison's review of PSYCHO and some leftover letters received in answer to a former one shot, XERO 1 was a home-made fanzine.

But between the response we have had to X1 and the words spoken at the Pittcon, I sat down recently and made a list. Five being one of those nice numbers that appear on examinations (you seldom get a request for the six greatest anythings or the eight most important people) I set out to list the five items of fan writing that I had come across within the past year or so, which impressed me as the most worthwhile or the most significant. No recourse to files was permitted -- only those items which had stayed in my mind were eligible.

The five, in alphabetical order by author (in one case compiler rather than author) are:

1. Redd Boggs' description of a Woolworth picketing incident, in his own fanzine RETROGRADE.
2. Walter Breen's discussion of the nature and characteristics of fandoms, including our own fandom, in Greg Benford and Ted White's fanzine, VOID.
3. F.M. Busby's analysis of the Dean Drive and the Dean Drive

controversy, originally in CRY, reprinted in LOGIC AT WORK.

4. Bill Donoho's lengthy and brilliant analysis of beats, beatniks, and bohemians in his own fanzine, HABAKKUK.
5. Earl Kemp's magnificent symposium both topped and titled WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION?

Now you, if you made out a similar list (and anyone who wishes to do so and send it in will very likely see it in XERO 3 or 4) the chances of it coinciding with mine are exceedingly small. So similar a selection of reading, taste, and opinion is high inconceivable. But one characteristic is common to all five of those items, and I think that characteristic is vitally important. The common characteristic of the five items I consider most worthwhile is the fact that each of them, in its own way, says something.

Now this is not to say that "fannish" material is in any way "bad". It isn't. The light, frothy, piffling material which is common in fanzines is, if it's any good, a lot of fun, and fun is certainly worthwhile. I have been a more-or-less faithful reader of YANDRO for something like five years now, and I have enjoyed those whole five years. But would you believe that I have trouble calling to mind more than two or three things out of those sixty or so issues? It's true. Or take FANAC for another example. I have received and read every issue of FANAC published, being carried over from the old FAFHRD mailing list when a group of "charter receivers" was picked for FANAC. But of all the seventy issues of FANAC to be published, what is it that I recall having been most worth the reading? It is (or was) the series of bulletins that emerged concerning the WSFS battles of a couple of years back... one thing it has certainly not been is the monotonous series of reports for the past year, wherein the Publishing Giants chronicle who had a party at whose house and wasn't it fun.

Going farther back into my library of fannish treasures, we come to "The Harp Stateside", Walt Willis' mammoth con report on his visit to the Chicon in 1952. For all the fannish froth filling that masterful greenbound volume, still the most striking and memorable section is Willis' brilliant social comment analyzing the psychology of southern rascism. Whether Willis was right or wrong -- and I tend to think he was right -- what makes that part of the book stand out from the other material, which was fully as charming, urbane, witty, etc. as Willis customarily is the fact that he was seeking to do something beyond charm, wit, and urbanity. He was seeking to communicate a serious message.

And I repeat: there is nothing wrong with piffle; this is not an attack on piffle; this is an appeal echoing Elish, Ellison and others for more pith.

Now why is there a lack of pith in fannish writing? Is it that fans don't have anything to say? On the contrary, the average fan is one of the sayingest people around, as you will know if you attended any of the late parties at Pittsburg, if you attend the meetings of most (though not all) fanclubs, if you have any close fannish

friends. But when it comes to publishing or public speaking, those same people whose ideas on society, literature, sex, the arts, politics, communications, education, religion, etc...are far more cogent than those of the average citizen...clam up. Why? I have a theory, to wit:

Any attempt at serious communication except in private contacts is immediately labeled "sercon". Now what in the hell is wrong with being serious and constructive part of the time is beyond me. Repeat again: there is nothing foul about piffle. But what's the matter with pith?

Answer: any attempt to be serious and constructive, to say something once in awhile, is immediately associated in the fannish mind with N3F - SaM - Lunarian type pomposity, Robert's rules of order, Imortal Stormism, WSTS, self-importance, pretentiousness, Faircon, and comparable fuggheadedness.

But this is not the only way to speak out! By God it is possible to be fannish and sercon at once, the same person, at the same time! You don't have to be Belle Dietz to take pictures at a convention: Buck Coulson and Doc Smith had cameras, too, as did at least a hundred others. You don't have to be John Campbell to write editorials: Larry Shaw did too, and the fact of the matter is he can write rings around Logy John.

So you'll notice that most (if not all) the material in this issue of XERO is sercon, not in the sense of Alma Hill serconism, but in the sense of Jim Elish serconism -- in the sense of each author having something to say. It may not be much. Mike Deckinger says only "I used to like the Captain Video TV series". Ray Beam speaks far more seriously; what he says is not nearly so simple and brief, but he cares, you can feel it almost physically, he cares about what he is writing about, and if you care about the topics he covers, you'll have been set thinking by his article. Maybe you'll hate his guts, maybe you'll think he's a genius, but I'll bet a copy of FLYING SAUCERS that you'll feel something... you won't just say so what and pass on to other reading.

And that's the kind of material we want for XERO. Is anybody out there with something to say -- about anything? Or do you have no comment...except for some piffle? We want -- need -- material of this sort to make XERO the kind of publication we want it to be. We are not attacking pifflezines. We both read and both enjoy pifflezines, but we also feel there is a crying need for a couple of good pithzines. That is what we want XERO to be. If you are interested, you are invited to send material, or if you're afraid of wasting time and effort on something we may not want, ask first about your subject.

A final note with regard to length. There are no length limitations on material in XERO. If what you are writing runs ten, fifteen, up to twenty pages in finished form, that's quite all right with the Lupoff's. If it goes much beyond that I'm afraid we'll have to

(continued on page 46)

ABSOLUTELY XERO

In Which I Give (or maybe get) a Course in Home Decorating

Once upon a time, back in the days before Xero (which was only a year ago, has anyone noticed?), Dick and I, and of course Snoopy (there never was a time before Snoopy) lived in a huge three room penthouse-mansion. Surrounded by conventional pieces of furniture: beds, bookcases, chairs, tables...yet we were lonely. There seemed to be something missing. The empty nooks and crannies of our spacious mansion seemed spooky and gloomy.

For almost a year we had lived in the penthouse, for all that time this dreadful state of affairs had continued. We were beside ourselves. We tried everything to dispell the gloom: charcoal cookouts and moonbathing on the terrace in the summer, crackling fires in the fireplace accompanied by fine stereo music in the winter... nothing seemed to work.

Until one day a voice was heard echoing loudly through the mists of the gloom: "O, YE MOST SILLY ONES, WHY DON'T YOU PULL YOURSELFS TOGETHER AND PUBLISH A FANZINE?" Just like that. Not even "your-selves". "Why don't you pull yourselves together and publish a fanzine?"

Why not indeed? We told the voice why not. It was dirty, messy, exasperating, and expensive to publish a fanzine. It consumed every spare cent, erg, and moment of money, energy, and time available. It would fill every cubic inch of space allotted to it and to a dozen other activities. It would cut us off from our numerous mundane friends, drain our enthusiasm for a hundred varied interests. Wrck our lives. Yes, wrck them.

We made a foraging party, briefly, through our palace to collect all the equipment needed in fanzine publishing. After a thorough search we emerged with one item of equipment: a typer (formerly known as a typewriter). Of course we had all the mundane equipment, such as pens, pencils, and erasers, but obvious this would not do. First

PAT LUPOFF

we needed a symbol of inspiration. This we acquired at the Pittcon after a heated battle with the formidable Fritz Lang Frau in Mond Chris Moskowitz. A lovely work by Frank R. Paul, a pieceful pastoral scene of a spaceman surrounded by some graceful grey bems rather resembling sorely overstuffed bats, dancing around inside an iron-mongery on Mercury or Iapetus or maybe on Vulcan.

Dick wanted this masterpiece in our bedroom; I was not so sure, so we deferred decision until after returning home via TWAirliner. However we had no way of wrapping the Paul, and with its bare glass face hanging out, we feared to check it through with our baggage. The Stewardess and the other passangers on the plane kept glancing out of the corners of their eyes at us and our burden as we rose into the atmosphere and headed east. After a few furtive glances they began to look more frequently, more directly, more incredulously. Fortunately it was a short flight or we might have had to skyjack the plane in order to get home. The painting now does hang over the bar. It has frightened one or two inbibers out of overdoing the drinks.

Next we realized that more practical things were in order. I decided to surprise Dick on our anniversary, even if it meant a gift not of romance and beauty, with a mimeoscope.

It cost as much as a fine pair of cufflinks, several good shirts, or three Bronzini ties, but the gift seemed to fill Dick with a heavenly inspiration. Each night for a month or more thereafter, Dick would arrive home a little late with a mysterious, albeit somewhat dazed, smile on his face, and a stylus, shading plate, or lettering guide in his hand. No money for dinner, but happy nonetheless. "Look" he would say, "it's an A.B. Dick 468 and it writes like this .". Or, "Darling, it's a 1629 Medium Splatter" Or, "It's a Gestetner 144 half-inch EGYPTIAN."

Eventually we became practical again and pruced stencils and lots of correction fluid. After we became proficient in the use of all these foreign objects we dragged a bridge table from a closet and set it up as a temporary desk. It is still standing in the same spot, a full year later.

At last the great moment had arrived. We set out to produce the first issue of Xero. Dick sat down to write an article about Captain Marvel. To bolster his recollections (and also because it might provide a few hours of nostalgic fun) he bought a few old Captain Marvel comics in a back-issue store downtown. I sat gloomily in the corner. "What's the matter?" Dick asked me. "Captain Marvel is just a big red cheese," I replied. "Now Captain Marvel JR and Mickey Mouse, they had brains." While not fully agreeing with me, Dick set out and brought home some Captain Marvel, Jr., Mary Marvel, and Walt Disney comics. Comic books multiply like hopped-up rabbits.

From a neat pile completely concealed behind a chair in a corner of our bedroom, we now have what resembles three side-by-side Leaning Towers of Pisa.

Finally the ultimate moment in publishing arrived. After paying

for four issues of Xero produced on the Q'press, and one on the ancient AB Dick 90, we decided that we needed a mimeo all our own. So Dick put a few dollars on a ~~horse~~ stock he knew of, and lo! -- a mimeo. No kidding, all you have to do to make money in the market is buy cheap and sell dear; I don't see why people think it's complicated.

Now we looked around our somewhat fuller mansion...where would we put our proudest possession? But alas, all the once empty nooks and crannies in our home were bare and gloomy no more. They were filled even bursting with cheerful objects. A stack of comics here, of pulps there. A huge mound of fanzines. Several boxes of prozines. Books. Shading plates. Lettering guides, styli, stencils, bottles of corflu and stencil cement. The mimeo went to the basement of Larry and No-reen Shaw.

So now we spend each Sunday carefully reading the classified ads for larger apartments. Our few remaining mundane friends simply assume that we need an extra room for the baby whom we expect in a matter of days. But fans know better. Any well-adjusted mimeo needs a room of its own in order to perform to perfection. Wish us luck.

--- Pat Lupoff

Art is the sugar-coating on the bitter pill of life

PITT, PITH, PIFFLE (continued from p 43)

break it into segments for succeeding issues. But the length of an article (or other work) should be limited by the amount that the author has to say about his topic. There is no need for anyone writing in XERO to hold himself back to two or three pages if his ideas, stated at their natural length, run five or six. For that matter, there is no need to hold back to ten or twelve pages if the ideas being presented naturally extend to fifteen or twenty.

So please, no "due to limitations of space I must get on to the next topic," okay? Get on to the next topic when you have said your piece on the current one, and not a word sooner.

And we shall be looking forward to both comments on this policy and to material sent for future issues of XERO. I hope I haven't scared anyone off.

--- Dick Lupoff

Work is the bane of the fanning classes

The editors of QUIP would like to thank the Lupoffs for permission to reprint the items from XERO in this section. And I hope the fact that QUIP is not copyrighted doesn't mess things up.....

KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY
LIM PATOIS
CARTER

It was a chill afternoon, about fiveish, or, perhaps, sixty. An Octoberal wind whined and scurried down the street, sending autumn-colored leaves flickering between the scabby knees of the gauche ur-chins gaming on the sidewalks. A dog was micturating, with gamine lawlessness, in the gutter as I edged my motor into an empty spot. It was a brindle-hued, short-tufted Bull Dyke, obviously male. We get accustomed to noticing such details in "the Business"). I parked my car, slamming the door shut. It was a good machine, a retooled '36 Abattoir, with a Mozarella Mach IX, oxygen-cooled engine 436.5 hp., 6 litre displacement, with chromium-plated ostracism. It came complete, but I had added a few special extras. Like the deadly little 9-calibre Bavarian-made Oubliette I had clipped under the gloves-cubicle, just to be on the safe side. "Be Prepared" is our motto in "the Business".

My digs were up three flights. I went up, thinking of her with every lithe step. Tanya, with her champagne colored hair...Coterie's '29, I should hazard, although a true connoisseur might claim it matched Outre's '37 more closely. We rarely have time for that sort of thing in "the Business". There it's cut and rip, hit and run, zig and zag, and if you have enough margin of leisure between "Assignments" to clean and lubricate your deadly little shoulder-holstered Serengeti you're the lucky one. Still, it's Drill, you know.

And I was also thinking of a drink. God, did I need something, anything...just a chilly little tumbler of saki sprinkled with oregano (a trick I picked up from a retired chicken-plucker in Weyawega, Wisconsin, during an "Assignment"). Sprinkle on the tangy old oregano and toss her down straight. Hits the old tonsils like a stengun slug..

but more refreshing . Yes, first a drink, then to relax!..a little Montavani on the stereo (a double-woofered Genito-Urinary with a Swedish hand-crafted tweeter feedback action over beryllium points, in buffed-mahogany cabinet by Cliche. Nothing fancy.) ...drape my flannel legs over the waxed walnut of the cocktail table, inlaid with coke-bottle-tops in a fine Old World mosaic design by Voyeur, and sink in the foam-rubber luxury of my sofa (a burlap covered sprawler with knee-action sprockets by Grand Rapids)...then, comfy, soft lights pulling deep glints of apricot and beige from my unframed Norman Rockwell over the shelf of Pound, Eliot, Auden, and Sogary...and Tanya there, with the whiff of Chinese pepper-steak sprinkled with tangy risque, oozing from the cool pastel kitchen...Tanya in my arms again, her slim blonde loveliness elastic and soft in my lean arms, her firm breasts (cupped in their firm leather cones by 'My Little Secret') thrusting into my flannel jacket (a custom-tailored four-buttoned Italian Continental with lapels of buffed serge, slashed with pipettes of matched suede)...ah, it would be good to get up to my digs and relax. We rarely have time for that sort of thing in "the Business". 'L' frowns on unproductive leisure. And 'L' is the "Chief".

Outside my door, habit took control again. I stood to one side of the dyed-oak panel, one lean brown hand snaking to my holstered Serengeti, ice-blue eyes narrowed in a fighting grin that just bared my upper incisors... the other hand inserting the key in the lock. It was a deadly little Yale, buffed carbon-steel with a backed double-interlocking set of countersunk eidelweiss, hand-crafted by Pseudo. I unlocked the door, flung it open and, with the same lithe fluid movement, sprang into the room, landing on the balls of my feet, left hand raised in a karate-block, right hand pointing the stubby little Serengeti about the room. All clear? Within moments I had checked the shower-stall, under bed and couch, closet and soiled-linen hamper. All was clear, as we say in the profession

I relaxed. Tossed my hat, a black suede dip-crowned Prince Laronne with tufts of simulated pampas-grass slanting debonairly from the rakish band of corded hemp, onto the point of a Nubian assegai in corner, a relic of a past "Assignment". Shrugged out of my topcoat, a rubberized hand-burled, duo-leather ninebutton job from John's Bargain. I reached for the liquor cabinet --

Then the phone chimed softly. B-flat, I should hazard, although a musicologist might say 'sharp'. Little time for that sort of foolfaraw, you know, in "the Business". Using my hand-buffed corduroy gloves, I picked up the instrument, keeping a watch on the roof from the window. Could be a trick.

But it was...Tanya!

"Slash oh oh, seven point five here," I said noncommittally.

Then: "Oh, it's you Cherie... What's that? 'Clast meeting tonight? Yes, dash it all, I had forgotten. And in my own flat, too, I'm the "host" as we say. But Tanya... Oh, very well. Pass the word to 'L' that I'll be busy tonight. Use the scrambler, of course, don't know if the Lunies have tapped my line or not, but we can't take any chances. Not exactly Drill, you know. Right-o. Slash oh

oh seven point five, over and out.

I slid the receiver back in its black-pastic machine-tooled cradle, and, snaking one lean brown hand into my left breast jacket pocket I removed a cellophane-wrapped packet of imported Caryatids, and a Ronson 77-0 igniter in double-calumniated aluminium case, with duo-syn-chronized flint-action by Weirido. I shook one slender gold-tipped cigarette out and inserted it between my thin lips. As ever, in moments of deepest cogitation, a thick medium-brown semi-colon of hair fell over my left temple (puckered, as it was, by a thin white scar from a Bronx street-arab's kris). Damn the luck, I sub-vocalized harshly. Where was my memory? If Tanya could recall these details, why should they slip my mind.

That last "Assignment", probably. Trying to keep P.E.A.L.S., master espionage group of the Lunarians, a dangerous Foreign Power, from learning whereabouts of the new meeting-place of the Fanoclasts. Bit of the old roughhouse near the end of the caper, had shaken me up a bit. Clever devils, those Lunies. Man known as Moskowitz working in team with an agent named "Rabin". Clever swine. They had subverted one of our own people, chap named White. With me at Sandhurst in '47. Good agent, but sloppy. Karate-chop across the epaulette-tendon of the left wrist had put the blighter out of action for a bit. Be a long time before he would send any mimeography out through the Network again!

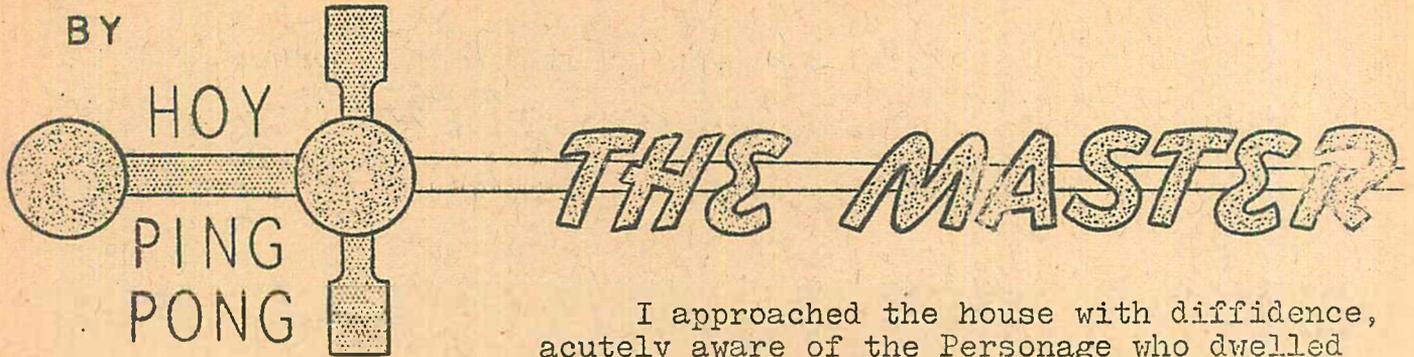
I grinned coldly, allowing the bitterner to seep through the interstices in my reserve. Had to let loose of the reins once in a while, in this profession. What I needed was Tanya, saki, Mantovani on the stereo, a few pages of Tarrano the Conquerer in its Louis XIV binding, to steady the nerves...

But -- no go. Not Drill. I had an evening of duty ahead; no time for mere relaxation in cultural persuits. I would need all of my wits about me. And no time for...regrets. Not now. Tanya's cool blonde loveliness must wait. Nor, I thought bitterly, could I indulge in my tumbler of chilled saki stippled with tangy oregano. Slip once in this game and you're out of the field. Couldn't allow the old bubbly to dull the keen edge of my intelligence. I would need my every resource about me tonight...to keep Bbob from doing a cartoon of my digs, to restrain Reiss from going through my folio of original Analog covers...and(I thought grimly, a tiny vertical crease of tension forming between my inky scowling brows) and to side-step the Silverbergs, in case they tried to corner me into admitting I had not read Revolt on Alpha C....

Allowing the harsh blue smoke of my Caryatid to seep through the interstices of my nostrils, where I had not quite avoided a vicious back-handed slice by a native Tango, I sank back in the kitchen chair and stared coldly at the toaster. It was a deadly little General Electric, with duo-toast action, in buffed chrome. What an evening lay ahead. An evening of tension and danger...the rapier like play of naked wits against stolid torpor..devilish cunning at odds with icy,

(continued on page 53)

BY



HOY
PING
PONG

THE MASTER

I approached the house with diffidence, acutely aware of the Personage who dwelled within. (The sound of a busily clacking typewriter reached my ears and I smiled knowingly, albeit diffidently.) It was a modest home as befitted the Personage -- a charming little fourteen room bungalow set back from the street about an eighth of a mile, having a three stall garage and a kidney-shaped swimming pool in the rear. Through the open garage doors I caught a glimpse of the automotive power stored there: a sedate Rolls Royce for the Deity's wife, a speedy little Lancia for his own use as he dashed hither and yon between the studios, and a gold-plated motorscooter for his teenage daughter. It was all so charming, so simple, so diffident. My memory went back to the humble days in Weyauwega when the Personage owned nothing but a rusty bicycle

It was so heart-warming, so truly American.

I climbed the steps in rather timid fashion and rang the bell. Perhaps half an hour later I rang again, suspecting that no one had heard me. When the shadows lengthened and intuition told me that the afternoon was waning, I became a bit impatient and kicked the door in. The poor thing hung there on one hinge, diffidently. A harried young woman ran to the door and put her head through the new opening.

"Quick, quick!" she cried, "what do you want?"

"I have come to interview the Master."

"Oh, heavens, no!" she gasped. "He hasn't time for interviews. He is busy, busy, busy...."

"But he will see me," was my urbane reply. "I represent the fan press, and besides, I knew him in Weyauwega when he possessed nothing but a rusty bicycle."

"Is this blackmail?" she demanded.

"Perish the thought, madam. I wish only an interview.

The harried young woman sped away from the door and ran to the foot of the staircase, shouting upwards: "Jim Harmon is here. He wants an interview."

I corrected her in a gentle manner. "The name is Pong, my good woman. From white China, of course." And with that I brushed past her

~~SHALL NOT ABATE~~

and climbed the stairs to the Master's workshop.

I paused in the doorway, aghast.

The workshop was a bedlam of frenzied activity, crowded with milling people. The room itself contained nothing but a desk, a typewriter and a chair; the Great One himself sat in the chair lustily banging the typewriter and I saw the desk quivering beneath the onslaught. (My breath caught in admiration as I watched his twelve fingers flying over the keyboard.) A callow youth stood nervously at one side of the desk feeding fresh paper into the machine, while on the other side another youth snatched the typewritten pages from the mill and passed them to a waiting girl. The girl hurriedly proofread each page and then assembled the completed pages into neat little piles. At intervals, the harried young woman who had admitted me would snatch up these piles, stuff them into envelopes and hand the packages to uniformed messengers -- the messengers would then race down the stairs, leap to their waiting motorcycles and rush the manuscripts to the proper studio. I was watching a fiction factory at work and my admiration knew no bounds.

The Personage was clad in his favorite working clothes: a colorful sport shirt, slacks, and house slippers. I noticed dust on his glasses and realized with dismay that he'd not had time to take them off for their weekly rinsing. A long back cigarette holder drooping from one corner of the tired mouth and as I looked, the badgered secretary snatched a butt from the holder and quickly inserted a fresh, lighted cigarette. He puffed on without interruption.

After a moment he sensed the presence of a stranger in the room and glared at me without pausing in his work. "Whaddyawant?"

"My name is Pong," I reminded him, "and we knew each other in Way-awega when you owned nothing but a rusty bicycle. I once treated you to a steak dinner."

"Come/back/Tuesday." he snapped. "I/toss/coins/to/beggars/only/on/Tuesdays."

"I am not a beggar, sir. I collect picturesque sentences,"

"Such/as/what?" he barked, the fingers never stopping.

"Such as this," and I quoted a recent acquisition: "The LASFS Christmas party was a rouse, with plain egg-nog, and the police, and gift-trading and all the rest of the wonderful things that have come to mean Christmas."

"Didn't/go," he cried. "Too/busy, work/piling/up, no/time/for/frivolity/or/the/police."

"Of course you didn't go, Great One. That's merely a sentence I discovered in the fan press. I collect such odd statements."

"What's/that/got/to/do/with/me?" he demanded.

"Oh, Sir, I have a precious quote from your Very Own Lips."

"What/izzat?" (And the boy snatched another page from his machine.)

And again I quoted a line found in the fan press: "I intend to write the book next month."

"So?" he hissed, as a new sheet was inserted in the typewriter.

"You meant to say next year, didn't you, Master?"

"I/said/next/month/and/I/meant/next/month!"

"But sir, surely there is some mistake. I appreciate your industry, of course, but the published letter recounted many other activities: the half-dozen new television scripts you were planning, the movie senario you were polishing, the several short stories you were revising for anothology publication, the novelettes you were writing for the science fiction magazines, and the galley-proofs you were readying for the printer. And then you said you planned to write a certain book next month. I felt certain it was a slip of the tongue."

"Well/dammit/I/did/write/the/book...that/was/three/months/ago. Two/more/books/since/then!"

"A book a month?" I inquired in amazement. "In addition to all your other work?"

"Whattaboutit?" he snapped, working like a demon.

"Sir, aren't you just a teensy-weensy bit worried about...(and I hung my head to conceal the blush)... about quality?"

"Quality/schmality!" was the cold rejoinder that cut me to the quick. "I'm/busy/busy/busy..."

At that moment (to my horror) I espied a dreadful sight. The harried secretary had dropped to all fours beyond the desk and was removing the Great Man's slipper and sock from one foot. She placed a yellow pencil between his toes and a sheet of clean paper beneath the pencil. The foot began to move.

"Sir," I cried out in protest, "what are you doing down there?"

"Writing/my/ROGUE/column/stupid!"

In a state of fright not unmixed with awe I moved nearer the desk to study this human dynamo. Beads of sweat stood out on his wrinkled brow and ran down his gaunt cheeks; there was a certain wild look of -- something -- in his tired eyes; his lips quivered with agony and even the veins of his neck betrayed a great secret emotion. Clearly the man was in some terrible difficulty.

"Master," I whispered, "what is the matter? Tell me!"

"I/wish/I/could/stop/for/a/minute," he breathed huskily. "I've/got/to/go/to/the/john!"

"Please, sir, stop and go. Surely this masterpiece in your type-writer can wait."

"No/no/no," he cried, "deadline/deadline/deadline..."

I peered closely to see what he was doing, and my breath caught. The Master was composing volume six (Bulg-Carf) of the next edition of the Encyclopedia Americana.

--- Hoy Ping Pong

Edco for TAFF!

KISS THE BLOOD (continued from page 49)

calculated ennui...why, the devils would even try to squeeze my dues out of me, unless I was keenly alert...maybe even get me to sub to Xero! But I laughed shortly, what did I care? This was living. This was joie de vivre, as those clever swine, the Borsht, say, in their native-pate de foi gras. And, after all, without this knife-edge danger, this enervating battle-of-wits, what else was there in life for a man of my calibre? Life would be too tame. At any rate, I was accustomed to it, I could not live without it.

After all, it was "Business".

--- Lin Carter

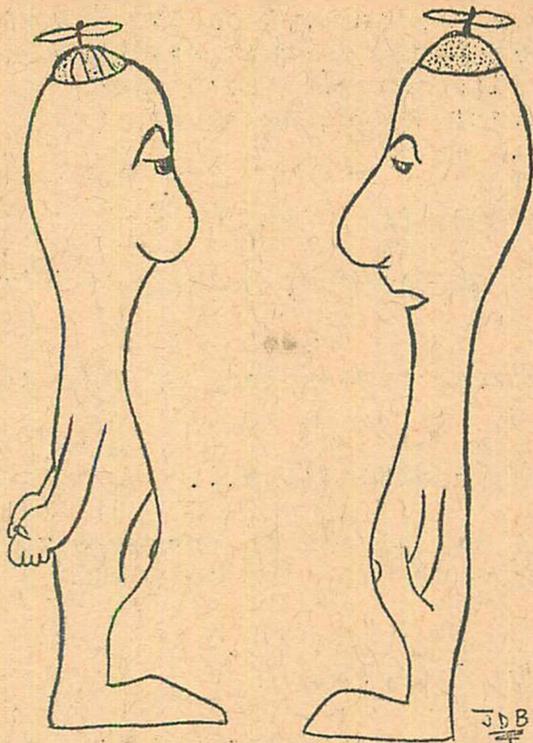
QUIP is a fully certified Rite of the Juggernaut

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT by Ray Beam and ABSOLUTE XERO; pitt, pith, piffle by Dick Lupoff both appeared in XERO #2.

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*A much better to have
published articles that
might have appeared in
Xero - Prediction issue.* 53



"I'M IN MOURNING FOR FAANISH FANDOM."

What

To

Do

About

It

These are the days when everyone is telling you what is wrong with science fiction, but like the weather, nobody does anything about it or -- worse -- even attempts to formulate a solution.

Now perhaps I am no bet-

Ray

Beam

ter, but I would like to attempt to barely approach, what may be a solution to the problem. I will not bother to describe the symptoms of our decline since I am sure everyone concerned very well knows them.

Most fans have known me for a good many years and I hope a majority, if not all, can be classified as my friends. I

wish it to remain this way and I do not want anything I state in the next few paragraphs to offend anyone, for they are general observations about the field.

One other point that I would like to bring out is that this is not a bid for power, but a genuine concern for something very dear to me: science fiction and science fiction fandom. I am bringing my observations forward as seeds so that some of the people in fandom (more capable of leading than I) may carry them, or something similar, out, to bolster and revive science fiction.

Since early 1950 Indiana fandom has slowly trod along, much as any fan organization in any other part of the country. That is to say, fans and general readers came and went. In our case, our mailing list ran twenty-five at maximum for the city of Indianapolis and surrounding areas. Attendance at the meetings ran (generally) between five and eight members, usually the lower number, although on one occasion we counted eighteen, including two children.

This is the story of organized fandom in Indiana in the past nine years. It has never been what I consider a good group, as many know, but it has always provided someone to discuss my favorite subject with. For some unexplainable reason I, and every other active fan I know (with few exceptions) wanted to build a bigger and better fan club.

I not only asked myself the question, "Why?" but proposed it to other fans. Never once did I get a serious answer. I did get answers ranging from more females, more sex, to more money or more liquor. These to me were hardly satisfactory. I have yet to find a proper answer. Perhaps we do need larger organizations to bolster the field. However, the fact remains that we did, and do, want a larger fanclub.

I always have an eye out for methods to achieve this goal. A friend at work tried to sell me a ticket to a local hobby show to be held at the Indianapolis fair grounds. This was early November, 1959. I turned him down on the grounds that my hobby wasn't displayed...and then the thing hit me! Of course it wasn't displayed, because we, the Indianapolis fan group, would have to be the displayers. I gathered the information necessary for obtaining a booth at the show and then contacted our group's president, Lee Tremper. She was enthusiastic and encouraged me to proceed. I made arrangements to get a ten-by-ten foot booth, free provided we tried to sell nothing during the show. This was two weeks before the show opened.

We had to get a display together and, to satisfy the local newspaper sponsoring the show, provide some sort of action.

The display wasn't too difficult. Between Lee Tremper and me, we managed a backdrop of five Dollens paintings, a cover painting from Astounding by Freas, and the Binkley original for the jacket painting on E.E. Smith's Galactic Patrol. Using some sheets of plywood wallboard I had in my garage and card tables collected from friends and neighbors, we set up tables. Lew Forbes provided us with Dick Lupoff's collection of first issues of all the sf magazines. We

displayed this along with representative fanzines, checklists, books published by fan groups, convention booklets and a set of the Heinlein future history. We decorated the tables with crepe paper and covered the more delicate items in the display with cellophane. We also put some original black and white illustrations up, around the back edge of the tables. Total cost of the display was approximately three dollars.

As for the action, Bob Madle provided me with five hundred copies of Nebula (covering five different issues) when he moved. We gave these away with the compliments of Nebula and the club, to people who could answer a science fiction question, such as "Name two science fiction authors!"

The show lasted a total of nine days, two Saturdays and Sundays and the evenings of the intervening five weekdays. Four of us volunteered to man the booth: Lee Anne Tremper, Jim Lavell, Susie, and myself. We didn't know what to expect, but we loaded up with a hundred 3x5 cards and sat down to wait. I jokingly predicted that we would sign up one hundred people. Before the show was over we had to buy more cards and at the end of the show we had signed up a total of 138 science fiction readers. Now this is startling when considering such things as the attendance of the average Midwescon. But stop to consider the population of Indianapolis, which is about 700,000 counting suburbs. Attendance at the hobby show was 86,000. This makes our yield 0.16% of the hobby show attendance. When you consider also the number of sf magazines sold in the area, it is not so startling. Our mailing list then stood at 157. We had to postpone our following meeting one week in order to decide what to do. A meeting notice was composed to "feel out" the people. It was strictly non-fannish.

The reactions we got from people at the show varied from the live ones who went into ecstasies and rolled in the aisles exclaiming that they didn't know any such organization existed, to the general reader who casually talked the subject over with us.

We found early in the game that it was up to us to break the ice by saying, "Do you read science fiction?" 90% of the people invariably said yes; then you had to ask them a question to find out if they were kidding. To one character who answered yes when I asked him the question, I asked what his favorite magazine was. "Well, 'Life' is pretty good," he managed after a bit of stuttering.

Then there was the guy who engaged us in conversation for a short while, deftly dodging the issue so that we could not tell whether he read sf or not. Finally, speaking very softly, he asked, "Do these magazines exploit sex very much?"

One group of teenage boys confronted me to have their knowledge tested. I asked the leader how many books were in the Skylark trilogy, emphasizing the last word. He answered twelve.

About twenty per cent of those who signed up were teenagers. One thirteenth year old was asked to name two sf books he had read. He

started out slowly, after a moment of thought, with "Danny Dutton and his Anti-Gravity Paint". I cringed. Then he said, "...and 'A Mile Beyond the Moon by C.M. Kornbluth'." He got a set of five Nehulas.

One delinquent-looking teenager in a black motorcycle jacket leaned over the table at me and said, "What kind of question?" I asked him to name two science fiction authors. He took the cigarette away from the corner of his mouth and said, under his breath, "How about Heinlein, Asimov, Sturgeon, Bradbury, or Hamilton. Now ask my mother," pointing at a woman nearby, "she reads more than I do."

We mailed out our meeting notice with the request to let us know if they could attend. We decided to take a chance and hold the meeting at Lee Tremper's apartment, as usual. I pictured people packed in like sardines. Lee thought we would have an attendance of about ten.

By Saturday, an hour before the meeting, we had heard from only seven people, five of whom would attend and two who could not attend that particular meeting. When everyone had arrived we counted 26 sardines. We had put away the liquor because we didn't know what our teenage attendance would be. Only one teenager showed up and he was a real fan. Ted Cogswell broke the ice by saying, "Where the hell are the bottles?" After those few words things degenerated into an oversized but otherwise typical fan meeting. It looked as though fans are fans no matter how new they are.

One gentleman brought in a bound volume of Electrical Experimenter from 1915 and 1916. There were several attendees who had read sf since the early days. As late as six weeks after the first meeting we still got calls from people who couldn't make it, asking to be kept on the mailing list. For about the next four meetings we had groups nearly as large or as large as that first one. The surprising thing was that in each group $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ were new faces who had not attended the first meeting or any other. Practically none have kept attending, which knocks my first conclusion all to hell. It should be restated to read "Fans are fans, all right, but not all science fiction readers are fans. Not by a long shot!"

I had intended to work out exact percentages by old-time readers, teenagers, and so on, but then I figured it would do no good. The fact remains that we acquired a hell of a large group out of our display; it should then have grown larger. In any event, we planned to display at next year's hobby show.

I have done some thinking about our response. Some of the people who signed our roster were from outlying towns in Indiana; in several cases several came from the same community. If we can do this well in the city, why can't they do the same, and have small groups in small towns? I remember, when I was a kid in Plymouth, Indiana, there was one newsdealer in town. The population at that time was 5,000. The newsstand carried about fifteen copies of Astounding, and by the end of a given month they were all gone. Now somebody had to read them. All I would have had to do was ask the newsdealer, who was a friend of mine, to supply me with the names of the people who bought

the magazine. But I never gave it that much thought at the time.

The Indianapolis fan club, even with its increased membership, has degenerated into an organization with an attendance equal to what it had been before the whole hobby show experience, solely because we persisted in maintaining a fannish organization. I am not criticising ISFA. I can not rightly call it criticism because I even advocated this type of organization at one time. It is ironic because even I got slapped down for this belief. But if we expect to hold a larger membership we will have to learn to operate a science fiction organization, not a fan party!

Several meetings after the hobby show a questionnaire was made up asking those who had signed up what type of organization they wanted. The greater percentage were for an informal group, but with a legitimate program and discussion of science fiction. This was ignored by the ISFA officers.

There are a lot of factors entering into the large organizations that would be beneficial to science fiction and science fiction fandom. I could not possibly list all of them, but one of the foremost benefit might possibly be the alleviation of the promag distribution problem. According to the percentage yielded from the Indianapolis hobby show, in a city of one million people there are 1600 interested science fiction readers. If they in turn yielded 50%, or 800 people interested in joining a science fiction organization, distribution could be checked easily and even controlled at almost any place in the city.

Fandom is not a youngster any more. It has long since passed the legal age of 21. And yet we still persist in playing around with our organization like a bunch of kids in a sandlot club house. Fandom, I believe, is a fraternal organization; why the hell can't we be on a par with other nation-wide fraternal groups? The first thing I expect to hear is that it takes money. I know this and I think it is a crying shame. Our world conventions have to beg, borrow, and practically steal to make ends meet. As many know, it sometimes comes out in the red. I don't think \$5. would be too high a membership fee for the world convention. This would afford the attendees a fine convention. Another possibility is the setting up of a national organization to support the conventions and at the same time keep tabs on the distribution of professional magazines.

I think we are capable of organizing a science fiction group and enjoying it along with a new crop of reader-members. I think the whole point is that we can build an organization of the size needed to bolster the science fiction field, but we cannot maintain it with our past and present methods. Science fiction fandom must sophisticate itself. I am not saying there is no room for things such as "the fannish way" because these are still needed to lead the mature group and also satisfy the older fans, such as myself.

I feel something should be done to prevent our dying of internal decay along with science fiction itself.

--- Ray Beam

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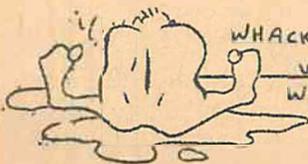
SPECIAL WESTERCON XX EDITION

We drove down to the Westercon in the '60 Lark with the lie-down front seats, and although the car was old and tired and overloaded, it behaved beautifully until the home stretch when something happened so that I had to keep it at 70 mph because as slower speeds it pooped out on the hills. I'm sure there is a simple thermodynamic explanation for this odd development, but if you do not ask for it, I will not force it upon you if I figure it out.

Our simple itinerary: left here June 27 (a Tuesday), 2½ days to Los Angeles. about six days in the LArea (including the Con itself), a day to the Barea and another staying there, and two more getting home.

FOR ME THE CON BEGAN WHEN Karen and Elinor and I got thrown out of the bar (of the Sheraton-West Hotel, 2961 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California) Friday evening around 8 pm. Pretty early for that sort of thing? I agree. Pretty early for a hotel to Siwash innocent fans for being Improperly Clad -- Karen had slacks and I had a shortsleeved sportshirt, whereas the hotel in its infinite wisdom had decreed that after 8 pm all persons wishing to pay 70¢ for beer (draft or bottled) would wear dresses or coats&ties, but probably not both at once, although this possibility was not put to the test. It may not surprise you that although the hotel bar saw lots of use as a handy passageway to the Wilshire Blvd entrance of the hotel, I don't think I saw fans there more than once or twice. Well any hotel can lose money when it really tries. (The part-time stand up bars, lower priced and unrestricted as to dress, in the Artshow room and at the Costume Ball, doubled the hotel's expectations as to receipts. But did they learn from that and change things downstairs? Forget it...)

That was about all that was wrong with the hotel this year, except for a lack of other bars (or bottle shops) within walking range for the average fan. (I didn't mind a 5-block trek to Carl's Market, or in the other direction to Charlies Restaurant with the bar; walking was simpler



WHACK
WHACK
WHACK

ONE
FAN'S
BEAT

JTS

than getting the car out of the lot and finding parking at the other end. But we led a group just once to Charlie's for dinner. You'd think we were leading them over the Donner Pass. Skip it.) In many ways the hotel was quite fine. Some of the employees may have grumbled surreptitiously at *hippies* invading the sacred precincts but the hotel seems to have cooperated very well with the committee on most things, and in general I'd say that the staff treated the fans with curtesy and consideration. The coffee shop was priced out of reason, but this was no hardship since the next block was loaded with feeding grounds including a health-food restaurant we were pleased to point out to Andy and Barbara Main (they said it was pretty good, too, but somehow we never managed to get past Tiny Naylor's restaurant which was first in line in that direction.

Apparently the original Westercon XX Committee hit snags of inertia for a while and the survivors (Mainly Brandon Lamont, Earl and Gail Thompson, and Bill Ellern) broke loose only a couple of weeks before the con and put the whole thing together with quick-setting cement. There are conflicting stories about all this, but since some of them contain enough bile or venom or character assassination to fill a thimble, I'll just leave it that (1) no one on either the original or final Committees was seen bleeding from the jugular, and (2) the quickie-produced Con came off very pleasantly and smoothly. The formal program was shockingly skimpy if you are used to the cluttered schedule of most Cons -- and I liked it. Usually I miss three out of four program items I'd like to see, because talk with old buddies seen only once a year or less is more valuable. This time I only missed only one thing I'd planned to see and that was inadvertent -- we got to dinner too late, and Captain Future met Gilbert and Sullivan as the waitress brought the entrees. I hear it was a great item and I'm sorry to have missed it, but at least it was sheer bad luck and not a conscious tortured choice as so often happens with Full Programming. All and all, Westercon XX was a very pleasant Con, is the main bit.

Before getting down to my detailed and voluminous notes on the Con -- I found the filecard and the match folder in the back corner of the suitcase, finally -- let's backtrack a little. After years of staying away from long-haul driving because 2-lane, 2-way in quantity is just too up tight, we found this trip (only about 150 miles of 2-lane left between Seattle and LA) much less strenuous than anticipated. Except that they forgot to turn off the oven throughout inland California, but that's standard. Unfortunately, Elinor has a sister in Fresno so we couldn't cut toward the coast from above Sacramento like sensible people; no sir, it was all the way to Bakersfield and over the hump, which is quite something on a hot day. The Lark required tender loving care on that stretch, but I didn't feel too badly since here were all sorts of new high-powered buckets sitting alongside the road boiling-out with their hoods up. O well.

Thursday night before the Con, just after arriving in LA and missing three successive decisions at freeway interchanges and miraculously getting back on the right track anyway, we spent the evening with old-time (pre-Busby) friends of Elinor's. I'd met them once up here 10-11 years ago. I guess you could say they were fannish types, because we spent the whole long pleasant evening standing up in the

kitchen drinking beer and gabbing as if we knew what we were talking about. I got just about as smashed that night as ever happened during the Con -- and had to drive back to the hotel anyway since Elinor was also relaxed and I am the one who keeps maps in my head. Luckily it was only a few miles and all streets, no freeways: nothing to do but stick with the traffic and watch for signs and signals at moderate speeds.

Friday was freeway day again, though. With a moderate morning-shadow of hang-over, we were off to Balboa where resideth my aunt and a girl-cousin and her clan who all used to home in Seattle until a little over a decade ago. The map got me cleanly to Balboa and the visit was fine, but the map was two years old and only my cousin's superior contemporary knowledge got us back to LA via the shorter route. But at least I didn't get lost any more; I had learned that in the LA area, "Exit" does not necessarily mean that you are leaving the freeway for streets, which had heretofore been my impression, the one that had lost me but good the day before.

Of course freeway driving is entirely a different breed of cat from oldtimey road-and-street driving where it never mattered much if you missed a turnoff because it didn't take hell and forever to recoup the goof. These days you not only have to know where you are going, before you start, but precisely how to get there. Or you are nowhere. Literally. There's nothing new or startling about it, except that I'd know it for years without realizing it fully until I tried to con the helm through LA interchanges in the rush hour without having been through them before. I mean, that does bring it home, even though we have equally-ambiguous signs here in Seattle.

Another thing that croggled me was the generally-high grade of driver skill in the LA freeway scene these days. Much superior to our local product. This was not true in '58 or '62, when LA drivers scared the ass off me by a disregard of all laws of momentum. I suppose it's a case of having to learn to cope with the scene over a period of time, plus a weeding out by natural selection. We here still have a lot of that to undergo, dammit. Many of our people do not know how to use an acceleration lane to blend into a stream of traffic, or conversely how to let someone come in without turnmoil. It takes time; ten years from now we too will have a majority of civilized freeway drivers. The survivors of the present lot...

OK, we are safely back to Friday night, first night of Con-parties before the Con opened officially. Poul and Karen Anderson had one of the lanai rooms across from the pool, #1515 in a hotel with 14 floors, and I hope that gasses you as it did me. Well, what is there to say about a good party? (And I guess that knocks several pages off this entry.) I won't blame the political discussion on Jerry Pournelle even though I could probably get away with it, but it surely wasn't my fault of Poul's or Karen's or Charlie or Marsha Brown's or Elinor's. Anyway, Karen and Elinor and Dave Widner and I sat around for awhile facing away from the political discussion -- oops, Bill Donoho, also -- and just sipped rum and chatted quietly. Other people, too, but my voluminous notes ran off the match folder and my memory is a little cluttered right now. Later on we were up

to the VALSFA party in 508, but aside from a pleasant impression, the details elude me. Anyway, this is turning out to be a Digression Report.

Like, the *hippie* influence. I hope Dave Widner, who may or may not consider himself in the category, will forgive me. But here is Art Widner, oldtime fan who in appearance could come on as the Minister of Finance from Ruritania but who is a nice fella, quite unstuffed of shirt. And here is his son, Dave, who could fill in at any time (by appearance) as Errol Flynn's second mate in "Captain Blood", but who is also a very good fella once you look past the piratical appearance and talk a little. Now here is the bag: Art was introducing Dave around with obvious pride, and it seemed to me that that worked both ways in the family, near as I could tell. So it appears that the generations are not as alienated as the papers say, and this is a nice thing to observe. Not that I base this all on one example.

There was quite a bunch of hippie-looking folks around the Con. It is unfortunate that they suffer from an appearance-identification with the Beat Generation of some time ago -- long hair, old clothes, etc. Because, from all I can tell, there are great diametric differences. The Beats were withdrawn, nihilistic, uninvolved, and laid great stress on proving this with obnoxious public manners (this is a generalization, mind you, on the overall behavior of the so-called "beatniks" over some years.) Whereas the current *hippie* movement is highly involved with current problems (whether I agree with them on any given point or not) and seems to consist of people who really prefer amity to hostility in daily life; I can't knock that. These longhair oldclothes persons do bring up a standard reflex and not only among hotel employees: "Why, that looks like a dangerous hoodlum", etc. But you talk with these folks and (and aside from a certain natural defensive reaction to the putdowns they generally catch) they run to a fine grade of courtesy. The more I see of them, in fact, the better I like them.

I don't know whether it is conscious or not, but I think these kids are trying to force the rest of us to look beyond appearances in judging people. Besides some political problems which this report shall resolutely ignore, the hippie group is solidly hooked on race-relations. And I wonder if just possibly the whole unorthodox group might not be a way of pointing out that it is just as stupid to get uptight about black skin as about long hair and old clothes on young middle class WASP kids.

If I were a philosopher, I'd hang a great punchline on that.

At least we are up to Saturday, July 1st. At the Con (you do recall the Con don't you?) Hooboy, I don't remember the daylight bit too well. Doubtless I talked to many good types upstairs at the restricted-hours bar in the Artshow room (it closed early and often). Lee Jacobs comes to mind -- he drinks, you know, like all right-minded people. Hey, we had a lovely long lunch session with Dick and Pat Ellington, up at good old omni-present Tiny Naylor's chowhouse, that day; Dick had just been robbed by a cat burglar the night before, so we all kept the chains on our doors after that (and one morning I

woke up and heard ours banging away, but it must have been the maid since cat-burglars are noted for quiet).

Then Burb showed up and after awhile we cut out for a little private chatter, tearing up a fifth pretty well while we caught up on current events and all. It was fine to see and hear this gentleman looking and sounding more cheerful and vigorous than ever; class tells, I always say.

Later were parties, of which the Benfords' stands out. Later still, after everyone had gotten lost a few times, I found myself sitting on the floor of the Town House Room on the 2nd floor, exchanging sips of hard booze right out of the jug and a little mild necking with a nice young lady who was equally disinterested in the surrounding singing and political arguments. Maybe that was the morning I stayed up until 5:30 and built a mild hangover for the early part of the next day.

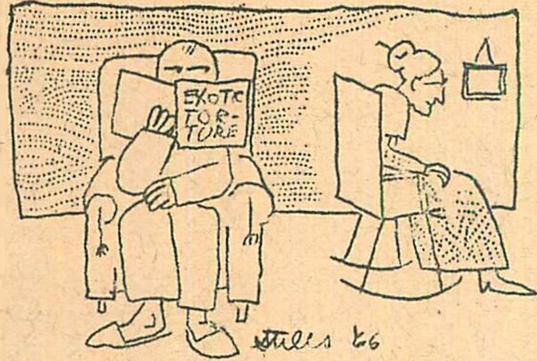
Digressionsville again: for once in my Con-going life I never did get really sloshed or really hung-over, and this with seven opportunities: one before the Con, five during, and one after. Of course, I did not crank on through until 1 pm or maybe 3:30 pm the next day as has happened now and then in the past -- 5:30 am was the latest and the average was more like 3 or 4 in the a.m. for about six hours sacktime before rising in time to hit Tiny Naylor's in time to be in the breakfast crowd rather than the luncheon crowd. Another nice change was the absence of the feeling of "personality pressure" and consequent tensions that has plagued me at most past Cons. No doubt the two phenomena are related -- and I'm not complaining at all; it is nice to feel that you are growing new stamina, and I'll settle for that. ...upon reflection, I think perhaps simply being with wheels (rather than dependent) may have a considerable effect on the psyche in the Conventional mob scene. For me, at least.

Sunday we cut out of the downtown area and quietly drank beer with Burb and a couple of non-fan friends of his who are exceptionally good types. Elinor drove back to the hotel just in case my blood-proof exceed the approval limit of John Law; I just read the map and navigated for her.

Next up was a high spot of the Con program: Karen's production of "H.M.S. Trek-a-Star" in which she played Mr. Spock. A veritable gas, and I look forward to seeing the script in FAPA (extra copies will be available from Karen at a modest price which I promptly forgot, so you too can grok some of those great lines, if you hurry). James Doohan ("Scotty" on ST) was present and visably broke up more than once. Incidentally, I glommed onto the man's palm for a quick hello and Appreciation, and he seems like one helluva nice guy.

This was the evening that Gregg Calkins showed up; good to see, The Town House Room was again our party scene; no booze at first except for private bottles being toted by several including this one, but later there was much beer, which was a goodness, largely courtesy of Milt Stevens, I understand. There was a certain amount of milling around and many people (of whom Jon de Cles nee Don Studebaker comes

to mind) before we and Gregg and Rotsler and Bjo and *I forget* were all standing in a little alcove alongside the john, looking at Bill Rotsler's latest cartoon&photo spread in KNIGHT, singing "Happy Birthday" to Rotsler and "Happy Fan Guest of Honor" across the room, and chattering like the original chipmonks. Later on, there was a table with us and Alva and Sid Rogers and Rick Sneary and George Scithers and (I think) Al Lewis and Len Moffatt, whereat all Con problems were solved (sort of). I have the sneaky feeling I've forgotten two or three people at that one (John? Ejo? No, you left earlier, I think); I hope not. Anyway, it started slow at first, but wound up as a great party, the last few hours.



Somehow out of three previous Con-trips to the LA area we had never before managed to visit the fabulous Ackermansion. This we remedied Monday, July 4th; Forrie announced an Open House and we made it. Fabulous I said, and fabulous I meant; Forrie doesn't live in a house as such; he is resident curator of a museum or exhibit that is unbelievable until you have seen it. And we didn't see anywhere near all; neither he nor we had the time for that, this time. We just saw a great mind croggling sample, I think, out of the whole fantastic lot. No wonder that he feels that he is owned by it rather than owning it; I would, too.

I'd like to say a couple of things about Forrie Ackerman. One is that aside from losing a little weight and getting contact lenses, he really hasn't changed a great deal from the amiable gentleman I first met at Portland in 1950. The other is that his brand of generosity is rare: to wit, at one point I exclaimed over one book because it appeared to be the first science-fiction story I had ever read. And awhile later, he gave me another copy of that book and inscribed it, too.

The bar at the Artshow was the waterhole at which all the denizens, carnivorous and otherwise, came to meet and drink and prey. If I have not given the Waterhole its just due, it is because everybody was in and out of there all the time and it is hard to sort out specific occasions after a lapse of time and milcage.

Monday afternoon: Elinor and I and Don Fitch went out to dinner at the Steak Hub, a place that had been highly and wrongly touted to us. It wasn't all that bad; it just wasn't all that good, either. We all asked for Very Rare steaks and they were a little bit pink in the middle if you looked closely.

Don was throwing a blast that night in 410, so I drove him to a boozerie and we picked up a nice large mess of assorted beer. He had already loaded his room with a variety of snack goodies on some theory

that fans will also eat if given the chance. (He's right, too.)

I'm ahead of myself again. Earlier in the afternoon we heard Harlan's speech on the iniquities of Gene Roddenberry and how the teevy is de-balling s-f writers if they don't watch it. Skipping the Star Trek disagreement because it is impossible to draw conclusions from even the best-stated one side of any argument, I tend to agree with the general Ellison thesis and am glad to see that he is still a jump ahead of that menace; obviously his balls are still in the original container.

Then came the Costume Ball -- extremely prolific and imaginative for any Con, let alone a mere regional bash. Others will tell you in detail who won the prizes and for what; I just enjoyed: Pelzes, Andersons and Dreens come to mind... The Ball was extremely well managed by Bernie Zuber, Al Lewis, and George Scithers, to name three.

Some Star Trek personnel turned up for the Ball. Captain Kirk/Shatner gave a short talk from the rostrum. I liked his pitch. Scotty was there for awhile, but not on stage. Producer Gene Roddenberry also, but I didn't get to grab his ear and ask questions. The lady who plays the nurse Christine was announced, but I missed her. I did meet Grace Lee Whitney who used to be Yeoman Janice Rand with the haystack wig and perpetual pout. She was with Harlan, so I upped to him like howcome they never let this young lady look as pretty on the show as she really is. If you think this hurt her feelings, you're dreaming. But it was true. And she's a nice charming kid; likeable.

Don Fitch's party turned out to be one of those rare quiet very gassy affairs for a long time after a late start. We only left because Ed Wood's in 1100 sounded good also, and it was. I omit all the good lines not only because this report is getting too long already, but also because I forget them. Sheer talent and no detailed notes. Later on, on the way home, I tripped over some corridor-sitters outside Don's room and sat listening for awhile to Mitch Evans' anecdotes until Don re-opened his party and we all trooped inside again, for another hour or so before I copped out.

Tuesday afternoon came the Tourney, by courtesy of the Society for Creative Anachronisms. In Lafayette Park, just east across Commonwealth Avenue, all these people donned helmets and shields and occasionally padding, and beat the bejeezus out of each other with wooden swords. It was great if you don't mind a little bruising exertion. I could yatter about this for some time, but I'm sure the aficionados will do it better elsewhere. Harlan got hooked into it as a rank amateur but learned fast. Poul Anderson made it to the semi-finals and ended up with one hell of a nasty bruise to show for it. Paul Zimmer came in second, and the winner was a guy who carted 40 pounds of chain mail through the day before he got three people to help him get it off, midway through the final match. This Tourney bit is not for lazy people, I'm afraid. Color me lazy.

Later Tuesday afternoon there was a business meeting. I determinedly avoided this because it was a Big-Dealer thing that could have spoiled my whole day. Luckily the major proposals were tabled

by the electorate; would that every business meeting could be so lucky.

Tuesday evening the Party was out at the Hill, the latest slanshack, at 508 S. St. Andrews Place, a mile or two from the hotel. Eight or so fans recently moved into this large house: Owen Hannifen, Hilda Hoffman, Phil Castora, and Bill Wolfenbarger come to mind immediately, and the other four do not at the moment. Parking semi-legally, we approached the house with our load of beer to find a few young fans milling around on the sidewalk in a quandary. "Where is the nearest gas station?" I had no idea; why? "The plumbing has gone out." "Isn't there a convenient bush handy?" suggested my pragmatic-minded spouse. No, this area wasn't private enough for that sort of thing. (Hmm, I still don't know where the nearest gas station is, but I suspect the backyard of The Hill is a veritable storehouse of Vauble Trace Elements, after that party.) We had missed the first two Kris Neville Sermons, and the third one got bogged down by entropy and some heckling by an attention-grabbing young chick, which is the worst kind. The beer evaporated like 212 degrees as usual but the hard booze held out fine: if you have hard booze and ice you can laugh at room service, and at people who are finicky about mixes. I was pleased to meet Ross Rocklynne, who was one of my favorite s-f authors so long ago that he had forgotten some of his stories that were favorites of mine. There were two poker games going, one with eight people and one with maybe four or five; I play poker like a hippopotamus skips rope so I didn't. Phil Castora was looking better than I've ever seen him, like fine; unfortunately he was nerve-wracked and had to cut out for snoozies. Don Simpson and Bob Schumacher are two more of The Hill's denizens (slow recall here). Someone kindly put "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" on the spintable and set "I Get By with a Little Help from My Friends" running through the auditory recalls for the drive home; it's a nice number. Finally it was time to cut out, back to a hotel that was fresh out of Westercon (you could tell by the empty parking lot). Poul came along with us and up to the room where I had a little excess bourbon to go along with our last conversation that could reasonably be considered part of the Westercon itself; there is always something uplifting yet melancholy about the end of any really good Con; and Poul is a good guy to share this feeling with.

A few odd notes before heading North: Bob Bloch looks good in contacts and did not recognise me in frames, at first. I would not have recognised Marion Breen at all, out of context; she has changed much in the past five years. Walter looks about the same. (We and the Breens just quietly ignored each others' existence without sweat, per a tension-avoiding suggestion I'd made earlier; it worked out fine. Karen had gone and chopped her hair again; it fit the Spock role quite nicely. We almost got out to Elmer Perdue's this time; but the Tourney lasted so long that by the time we looked him up, he was off to dinner with a young lady. Thanks anyway, and also to Dean Grennell; we didn't make it to Dean's the same day, either. Tsk.

Forgot to mention that when we checked into the hotel Thursday afternoon, I thought for a minute that I was back in Chicago: the clerk wrote "\$21.00" in the rate block of the registration card. "Er-

uh - we're with the Convention," I said. So he scratched it out and wrote \$15.00. I knew that wasn't right but couldn't recall whether it was supposed to be \$12. or \$14. Being hot, tired, sweaty, and parched of thirst, I figured I'd check with the Committee and argue it out later. Meanwhile I noticed the room number 1105. That adds up to a lot of slow elevators. So I asked if it would be possible to move down a few floors, and after some hesitation he came up with 418, which was an absolutely perfect location -- three decks above street level, two above the second-floor Convention facilities and directly across from the Down Staircase. Aside from arrival and departure, I don't think I was in an elevator more than three times during the Con (heading for parties on upper floors, from lower floors, all in one jump, etc.) Instead we dashed madly and happily up or down two or three flights of stairs at a time, and felt liberated from crummy ol' Slow Elevators. So that is how to beat the Elevator Problem at downtown hotels (yes, I know it wouldn't have worked at Pittsburg, with the Con-doings on the 14th floor or so...). At any rate, after this was settled, we went to 418. In about three minutes the phone rang. It was the desk clerk, apologising for having made a mistake and informing us that our room-rate was \$12. Not a bad way to start things off.

So Wednesday it was off to the Bay Area. Not early, though. We said good-bye to Poul and Karen via a chance meeting at Tiny Naylor's for breakfast, but it was about 12:30 before we hit the freeway north. Slow reflexes, I guess. So it was dark before we hit an exit to Oakland and located a motel with a vacant room.

Thursday morning (July 7), running short of pocket cash, I found a bank that would cash a personal out-of-town check in 30 minutes. Then we visited some other old chums of Elinor's in Albany, had a couple beers on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley (which I regret to say has a lot lower percentage of hippie types than our own local University District, and wondered through next year's worldcon site, the Claremont Hotel, which is positively Gormenghast Junior: the bar is big enough for the whole Con. Then we met Bill Donoho at his place and all went back to the Claremont for dinner, which will Get You Fat Cheap; free wine with the buffet dinner, and all. Back to Bill's where we picked up our car again, and Bill picked up Al Graham and Theresa, and once again I had the adventure of trying to follow Bill Donoho to a destination -- I'll clue you; don't try it unless you feel lucky. (In '63 on the way to a place of which I knew not, he ran an amber and turned left through it; by the time I got there, I had to go through a red and also left through a double-lane stream of traffic, because I was like LOST.) This time I knew, roughly, the location of Alva and Sid Rogers in Castro Valley. It helped a lot. There is a lot to be said for good old maps. Alva and Sid have a great place. It (the house) is by a fella named Eichler, I think, and it even has an atrium. In case you have forgotten your Latin from high school, an atrium is a big hole in the roof in the middle of the house, except that Eichler and the Romans planned it that way, which is harder than it looks and very pleasant in the successful execution.

It was a fine party. Also present were John and Bjo and chilluns

and Horice and Nan Robkin and one chile, who will be moving to Seattle around September And the next day we got off northbound around noon, again, and made it to Oregon that day, and home the next, spitting and sputtering in the motor as aforementioned.

So here we are. The garage put the Lark back into better shape than it's had for some years, let alone the start of the trip. I don't know whether to be happy or to be cheesed that I've paid them to do this before and they didn't. It hardly matters; with strong unions you have no choice, so you might as well enjoy the good breaks. So maybe we will take the Lark to Banff this year before its new joie-de-vivre breaks down under slowball traffic-light driving. Always make the best of things; right?

Ah, this was a great trip. Skoal to all of you who were there, and condolences to those of you who were not. (But there is always Next Year.)

--- F.M. Busby

If you have enough hard booze and ice, you can laugh at anything, Buz

THE XERO STORY (continued from page 39)

FUGGHEAD'S FREEHOLD



Question: would we ever do another? Answer: I know I wouldn't, and I think Pat and bhob (who had become a full co-editor by the tenth issue) feel the same way. We've been up that mountain. It's someplace to go; anybody who never climbs it in his fannish career is missing an important experience. But climbing it once is enough. From here on out I'll be content to publish modest personalzines myself, leave the fancy genzines to younger and more energetic fans, Terry Carr, Andy Porter, and the Q.U.P. gang. But the least that a retired genzine publisher can do (and the most I plan to do) is contribute articles when requested.

Or three years later.

--- Dick Lupoff

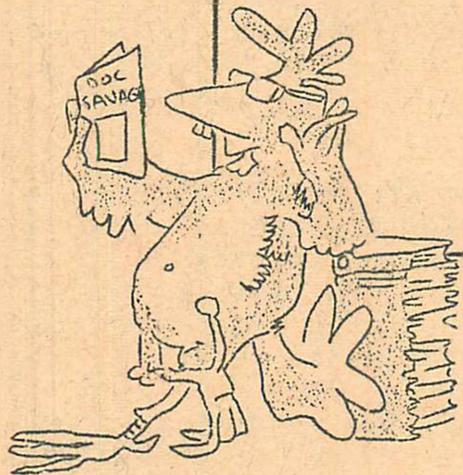
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COX

This may or may not appear in the Lucky 7th issue of QUIP... it's lucky to appear this year (it is still 1967 as I write this).

This column is the only thing that is almost later than QUIP. Now that I've endeared myself to the editorial staff, let us go into the more serious aspects of this time of year.

It is often a convenient source for the writer, this time of the orbit of our mudball. A fan columnist type can look back over the events which have transpired in fandom during the past 12 months... and in the case of 1967, with as many shudders of horror as of delight. Possibly more... Such delights as the Pickering Affair, the Pong Pleasantness, the 1968 Worldcon bid, the 1967 QUIPoll returns, and probably each of us can toll off some more. It's also possibly to bend one's brow over the ap-



HEAVILY TWICE

Jrs

parently pleasant, if less than galloping, TAFF race this year. If nothing else, none of us TAFF candidates hates one another. This doesn't appear to be the norm in a lot of other areas of fandom lately. But enough...

Rather than hash over the debris from the panting hulk of 1967, I would rather, better even, look toward the future. Three items of perhaps major interest to some segments of fandom suggest themselves to me, with the help of chance remarks by close friends recently.

One was in a letter from Rick Sneary not too recently. He sort of wondered into his beard, for he knew there was no word, on how the TAFF voting was coming along. Not as to who was getting how many votes, but how many people were voting? How were the funds accruing?

It has been the nature of the administration of TAFF that all voting be secret until the results are announced. This is a good and

logical reason. As far as actual ballots cast for candidates.

But I do have some ideas you might mull over a bit. If I win TAFF and become an administrator, I would institute some research into putting new ideas into the mechanics of the thing. If I do not win and am not an administrator, I still feel that I would like to help revamp some of the mechanics of it.

So I put it to you who are interested in doing something constructive in the coming year. For Fandom. Right! (I also make rash promises about the coming year at this time, but...)

I believe that interest in TFF has fallen considerably in the last few years. If only by counting the votes, look at the showing last year as compared to, say, the year the late Don Ford won. There is about a difference of five to one.

There are a number of possible reasons for this. When TAFF was first brought about, there wasn't much trans-Atlantic fan-traveling. The exchange of delegates from across the Pond (remember the Big Pond Fund business?) was a far more exciting and somewhat exotic concept years ago. Now an American fan in London, for instance, is likely to see many a familiar face...whether or not he's ever been there before. A lot of fandom is now tied up in its own local whirl and doesn't necessarily care about sending (or receiving) someone from across the Pond.

Then, recently, there hasn't been a lot of throat-cutting and haggling among the candidates and their supporting camps. I don't say that I miss this...any more than I shout happily over an income tax increase. Yet there is no doubt that when that sort of thing went on, people noticed it, and whether or not they voted they made a lot more ruckus and somehow, a lot more people did vote.

So there would appear to be, in the end, two major categories in running the TAFF campaign. First, how to choose the candidates. The second becomes exceedingly vexacious considering on how I suggest we change the latter.

Let the host country choose the candidate. By vote as is now done. There may be outcries as if heard in the Katz apartment when the QUIP headings haven't arrived yet. But consider: anybody who complains that it obviates the concept of sending a delegate over as opposed to a popularity contest should remember that it is both or it is neither. After all, the host country votes more or less on a popularity basis. And in fact, doesn't the fan win in the country of origin on something less than objective voting based on his qualifications as a delegate? Which cannot be helped, human nature being as it is. And no matter what them oldfans tell you, fans are still only human.

So, allowing that it is done that way, the host country voting for the fan they'd most like to have shipped over. The great outcry then following is where'll all the money come from? I'm not gonna put a money into it if I can't vote. And so on.

Frankly, I don't have any qualms on this point. Seems to me that a guy named Walt Willis...another named John Berry...and now one named Takumi Shibano...can attest to that. Not that each TAFF race will have candidates in exactly that circumstance which prompted the successful, if not over-whelming, conclusion to those campaigns. But it ought to work out. In an article I wrote for SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES some years ago, I commented on the success of the then-recent Berry tour de force on the part of Larry Shaw through AXE. TAFF, I thought, needed some sort of similar handling. Maybe not in the same high-pitched whine of white-hot effort, but in a manner that would generate considerably more interest. A running-account of the status, the upward climb of funds, contributions of auction materials, etc., and a gross figure of votes cast every few months. This would work whether the voting system was changed or not.

I feel that it would be a good job, and somewhat more demanding than administration has been. It might be more of a way to show real gratitude for having been a successful candidate than the traditional trip report, though the latter might prove more enjoyable to the majority. I shall certainly follow the tradition if I have the fortune to be elected, but shall also definitely continue this enquiry as to whether or not fandom, and TAFF, is ready for some new twists. TAFF is a wonderful idea and has been successful for a long time, but it appears to be slowing down. But only because of its current mechanics. And I mean no slur in any way on the current and past administrators. Certainly Terry Carr, for instance, has a lot of other things he has to do these days and needs no greater burden. Yet for the future, should these changes be approved, or even discussed greatly, future candidates would run with the knowledge of the commitment. It is one I should accept if the change comes about concurrent with my good fortune. If the future indeed holds that good fortune for me.

I invite discussion.

The second item came in a discussion, one-way as it were, in a letter from Roy Tackett shortly after the 1967 Worldcon saw the Los Angeles contingent lose the 1968 bid.

He mentioned that it saw pretty much the end, currently, of Los Angeles as any sort of focal point in fandom. Which in a sense is true, but in others, more like an accessory after the fact. Sort of the last wheeze of an organism long past the point of renewal. Even today there are faint hollerings from various hollows throughout fandom harking back to the days of the second great era of SHAGGY, and when will it ever come back?

Well, it won't ever. And Los Angeles fandom as any concerted whole, especially the L.A.S.F.S., is not, and has not been, any kind of a concerted focal point for years. It is active as hell, something going on all the time. Every weekend almost. It is, however, all of a local, social nature. One in-group in particular is bent upon a happy (and evidently truly enjoyable) course of semi-sports type activities with an undercurrent of continual companionship about it. Which is perfectly fine, if you dig that sort of thing. Of course, the group doesn't tend to interest fandom in itself, or interest it-

self, past this close social group, in fandom.

Which really doesn't matter much. Fandom is, of course, just a goddamn hobby, whether it's publishing a focal point fanzine or bowling. Yet there are some who with reason bemoan the gathering dust on the un-revived corpse of SHAGGY. It would be so great to see it flourish again. It would, too. If, of course, you could turn back the clock ten years and re-create the atmosphere, milieu and bring back all the fans, into their same circumstances, who were a part of what eventually produced that warmly remembered image that was SHAGGY.

I remember it well. I too had just more or less come out of extended hibernation (known as night skool) at about the time Bjo, then Wells, appeared on the L.A. scene. But even with a catalyst, there has to be material there to be sparked, and there was plenty. Such people as Ron Ellick, John Trimble, Ernie Wheatley, Al Lewis and many others gathered together and co-operated to do the work of issuing that fanzine. It was a lot like the Seattle crew putting out CRY, but unlike the latter, less a gathering together which, via proximity, reached critical mass and popped forth CRY. The SHAGGY crew kept accumulating material, getting it stenciled, illustrated, working on the lay-out all the while, until it got to the point where the actual mimeography started.

I could get all nostalgic and go ahead and look to the past, which I said I wouldn't do at the beginning of this column, and try to recapture some of the atmosphere of those times...such as up on the hill at White Knoll (the beginning of the Hill concept of slan shackery in LA) amidst the fannish clutter, getting the issue started, John and I walking down the hill to the small grocers, lugging up all the quarts of beer we could carry...

...the real and first Hill, where John and Ernie and Don Simpson (and somebody else) roomed together and worked on SHAGGY together, and wherein we consumed a lot of beer...from that same grocery...

...the transfer to what became the first large Fan Hill operation, the two-story job on West 8th Street, where the zine went into higher gear. In that immense, rambling old slan shack, material and letters flowed like wine, and beer flowed like beer, and the zine got great contributions from people outside as well as inside the L.A. area. It was a focal point and it had its own personality because of the cohesiveness of the effort. It was hectic and not always smooth-flowing, but there was a camaraderie which helped make it immensely popular. I happened to be assistant editor and conducted the letter-column under an improbable name, incidently writing articles, fiction and reviews under a variety of names while conducting said column. The zine was downright inspiring to fanac! And the letters came in in droves. I could've published 20 pages of them without resorting to the "I liked this--", "That was lousy--" business. It lasted this way for about 20 issues or more. Then came the decline and eventual dissolution. Redd Boggs did the last few good issues and there was a spasmodic, death-throes twitching a few years ago, and that was the end. It will never be the same. The people who made it are scattered to the winds.

Ron Elik is in Europe. Ernie Wheatley is lost in the labyrinth of Los Angeles non-fandom. John and Bjo live in the fog beshrouded Oakland raising two blue-eyed daughters. Al Lewis lives close by me lost in the world (fascinating though!) of model airplanes. I write a column for QUIP...and the others are mostly lost to the scene. The scene itself has changed and we've all got different, and more, responsibilities. Our tastes and habits have altered somewhat. And local fandom even more so. All of which adds up to SHAGGY as it was known, lost forever, and the LA fan scene not only no fulminating focal point in fandom, but caring less.

Harking back a bit, in QUIP #6, esteemed colleague F.M. Busby in his column (which I hope isn't as late as this one!) opens the forum for relative merits on bidding for the 1968 Westcoastcon of one site or another. Either or both. As it turns out, they became one and QUIP is somewhat tardy in plopping into mailboxes, maybe not making it ahead of the healthy increase we've been asked to pay to help bring junk mail to our mailboxes. But let me amend and further that clarion call. How about this? The way things are going, shall we not provide fun and games galore, with no sketchy inhibitions, by declaring it Open Season on worldconsite bidding? Damn the rotation, everyone bid! It can hardly get worse than it already is. And besides that, there's little danger of the same site bidding two years in a row, not if it got the con the first year...nobody in fandom is that much of a masochist! That I know of.

So much for underscoring twice with a number one pencil for this trip. That was the original intent of the title of this column, which has somehow been transformed by the current editors of QUIP. Whomever they might be now...So without making any further cracks about the Establishment (QUIP's own), this is probably a good place to wish all you people out there the very Best in the New Year. May your mailboxes remain full...remember you're paying for all that stuff!

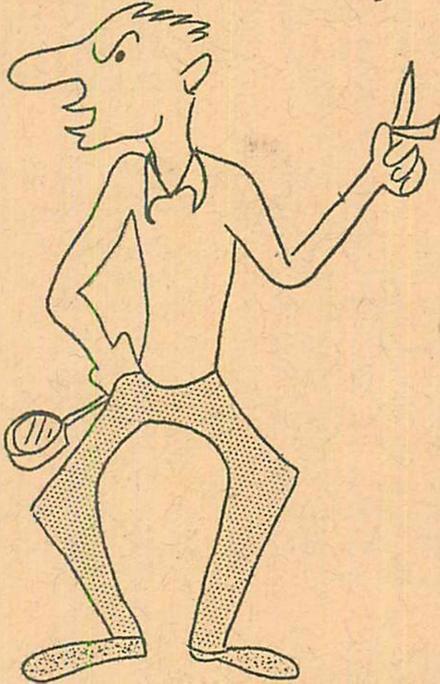
See you all in the 1968 issue of QUIP!

-- Ed Cox

Help fight the war on letter poverty -- send an LoC to QUIP

ST. LOUIS
in
SIXTY-NINE

BY, A CROOK



LIONEL
FANWORTHY

AN
INSPECTOR SLANSHACK - LIONEL FANWORTHY
DETECTIVE THRILLER

"A clue," Inspector Slanshack announced as he crawled from beneath the table, a bit of metal clutched between thumb and forefinger and a smile on his sensitive fannish face.

"It looks like an ordinary bottle cap to me," I said staring at it intently. He rolled it around in his hand with calculated slowness, scrutinizing it carefully. He brought it to his nose, took a quick sniff of the inner cork liner, and jerked his head back instantly.

"Not an ordinary bottle cap, my dear Fanworthy. Pepsi Cola. 16 ounces. Buffalo, New York. Made some time in late summer or early fall of 1966. A certain Fred Kringleman imperfectly mixed the formula during the months of September and October 1966, and the company didn't fire him until after the damage had been done. A sad chapter," the Inspector said, wiping several tears from his eyes brought forth by his meloncholy story.

The Inspector ran his gaze over every inch of the room, looking for additional clues. "Aha!" he exclaimed, pointing at the ceiling, "Someone has placed a picture hook on the ceiling, Fanworthy!" This was indeed interesting, since I could not imagine why anyone would want to hang a picture on the ceiling. The theory that the room had, perhaps, been prepared for Arnie Katz* seemed highly unlikely. I felt

*I allude to a rumor current in fandom that Arnie Katz has the photograph of a well known blonde femmefan affixed to the ceiling of his room. -LF

lost.

"She seems to be returning to consciousness," observed Inspector Slanshack, regarding the reclining form of Cindy Van Arnam, whose head was smothered in a huge icepack. Dave Van Arnam watched her worriedly.

"O-o-o-oh my head," she moaned. "What happened?" She still seemed dazed and rather out of things. Inspector Slanshack, ever unable to resist the temptation to Explain Things, crossed the room to stand next to the couch and looked down at her.

"Well, my dear, you have received two nasty cuts on the head and passed out in your hotel room."

"The covers -- where are the covers?" she cried, thrashing about wildly on the couch.

"I assure you, Mrs. Van Arnam," I said, gallantly, "that you are, uh, decent and don't need to be covered." The Inspector gave me a discouraged look. He is always giving me discouraged looks.

"You misunderstand, Fanworthy," he said, placing his hand on my shoulder consolingly. "The young lady alludes, not to her modesty but rather, if I am not mistaken, to the covers for the Special Convention Issue of QUIP."

"Yes," she said, nodding as much as the ice pack would allow. "I had the covers before I passed out, and now they're missing!"

"Gone?" I asked. The very thought of such a monstrous crime shocked me.

"No, it's by Ross, just like always." I winced, but I was to see that she was returning to normal.

"It is up to you and I, my dear Fanworthy, to make the recovery so that QUIP can be distributed on time," said Inspector Slanshack as he struck a dynamic pose, one hand waving eloquently in the air.

"Yes," I said. I hoped that distributing QUIP at the convention wasn't too critical. It seemed to me that even the brilliant Inspector Slanshack would be hard pressed to solve the case on the basis of such scanty evidence.

The Inspector lowered his arm and looked at me searchingly. "You look dubious, my dear Fanworthy. I see I shall have to unearth some more clues." He grabbed my arm and conducted me to the window. "Unlocked. What does that suggest to you?" The room, I noted, was air conditioned, so the window should have been closed and in all probability locked.

"The robber entered through the window?" I suggested.

"No, I don't think so," he replied. "I believe our adversary left through the window to avoid detection. There are no marks to in-

dicate that the window was forced from the outside, and it has most probably been closed and locked since the first warm days of summer." I nodded, somewhat awed by the logic and reasoning displayed by my dear friend. He walked back toward the center of the room, pulling me along behind him like the tail of a kite. "Do you see the piece of string on the picture hook?" he asked pointing towards it.

"The thief must have suspended something from the hook," Dave Van Arnam said. I tried to envision someone light enough to swing on a string across a room without either breaking the string or pulling down the hook. I couldn't. .

"Something small, and not too heavy," I ventured. Inspector Slanshack rewarded me with a smile of commendation.

"Correct. What else can you tell me, my dear Fanworthy?" He and the Van Arnams looked at me, the Inspector calmly, the other two expectantly.

"Mrs. Van Arnam received two bumps on the head. Perhaps whatever was tied to the hook was --" I paused, working the details out in my mind, "-- was what caused the bumps. One bump caused as the villain swung it toward her and the other as it swung back," I finished quickly.

"Precisely," the Inspector said.

"But who could have done this?" the comely publisher of QUIP asked. "Who would have a reason to do this?" She covered her face with her hands and whimpered.

"There, there, my dear. I shall check a few details and find your assailant and the covers." So saying, Slanshack pulled me over and whispered some instructions. With a wave farewell, he hurried from the scene of the crime.

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"I know the culprit," Inspector Slanshack said to the assembled editors of QUIP, whom he had instructed me to gather together, "Let me reconstruct the crime," he said dramatically. "The malefactor let himself in with a skeleton key. He fastened the adhesive-backed hook to the ceiling." The Inspector gestured in the direction of the hook. "He was going to tie the Pepsi bottle to it, but at the last minute he changed his mind. Perhaps he feared that the full bottle would do permanent damage, perhaps he was merely afraid that the hook would be pulled loose. It doesn't really matter. The bottle had to be emptied, so our man drank its contents...I found the cap earlier, and there was no evidence that anything had been poured into the sink. He tied the bottle to the hook and, when Cindy Van Arnam entered the darkened room, he swung the bottle catching her on the forehead near the hairline. She staggered forward, the bottle swung back, and hit her on the back of the head. Her attacker pulled down the bottle and string, leaving a little piece of string clinging to the hook. Evidently, the adhesive of the hook was stronger than our man supposed. He picked up the

package containing the cover and fled through the window, using a previously positioned rope ladder to reach the roof." Inspector Slanshack walked around the room, fixing each editor in turn with his piercing gaze. "The question is, who had the knowledge that Cindy Van Arnam had the covers. Only you QUIP kids had that knowledge!" I heard Mrs. Van Arnam gasp as the Inspector dropped this bombshell. "The evidence points clearly and unambiguously to one of you!" the Inspector shouted. The clues paraded through my mind anew.

"Arnie Katz," I murmured under my breath. "The Pepsi, and from Buffalo, too!" Inspector Slanshack's keen hearing picked out my mumble from the assorted buzzings which his latest revelation had engendered.

"Speak up Fanworthy!" he commanded. He pulled me to my feet.

"O only suggested that the use of the Pepsi bottle pointed to Arnie Katz."

"Me!" he shrieked. "You think I took the covers?" He might have jumped out of his seat at me, had not Inspector Fanworthy stepped in front of me protectively.

"No," said Inspector Slanshack, "that is what our felon wanted us to think, but he over-played his hand. No one -- let alone a connoisseur of Pepsi like Arnie Katz -- could have consumed 16 ounces of Pepsi, Buffalo, September-October 1966. No one but a wretch hardened by years of drinking Coke..." He seized one of the editors. "...like you, Len Bailes!"

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"Well, my dear Fanworthy," Inspector Slanshack said to me as we relaxed in one of the less smoke-filled party rooms, "the case is solved. QUIP has been collated and distributed to an impatient fandom, and justice has been done."

"What could have driven a fine, upstanding fan like Bailes to such despicable conduct?" I queried.

"He said that he couldn't stomach Katz' endless chatter about rock'n'roll in the apas. He feared it was only a matter of time until such discussion moved into QUIP. The theft was meant to discredit Katz with the other editors.

"When will his trial come up, Inspector?"

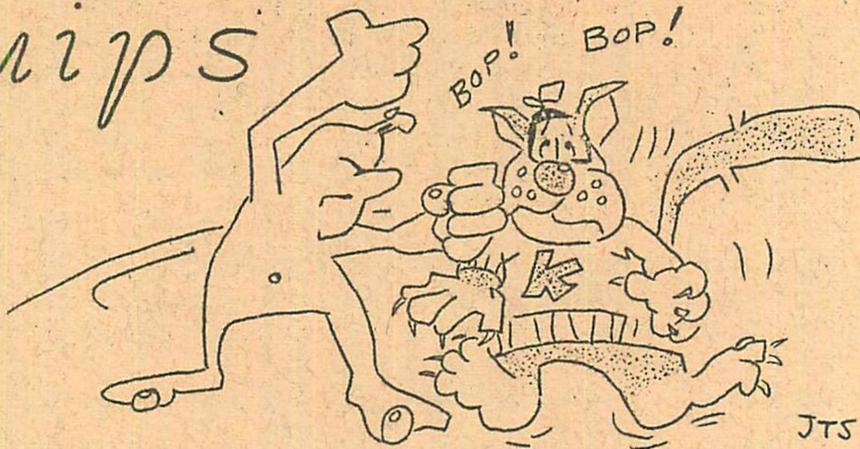
"The Van Arnams decided not to press charges. They said it was due to over-exertion in SFPA** -- seven pages in one mailing!"

"But Inspector Fanworthy, I thought you said justice had been done?" I asked, incredulous.

"And whom," he said with a sly wink, "do you think did all that collating?"

** Mr. Bailes is not, shall we say, the most prolific writer in SFPA-LF

Quips



FROM *readers*

TED WHITE: Ed Cox is strictly light-weight stuff until he gets to his section on the SFL. This is engrossing stuff, well done -- somewhat reminiscent of Tucker's occasional bits of fanhistory. I have nearly all the issues of WONDER and THRILLING WONDER, and when I originally bought them (in the early '50's), I eagerly read the features and lettercols in each and every one, so starved was I for fanac (this was before I'd started putting out a fanzine...). So there's not much in Ed's piece that was new to me. But what was new, and valuable, was the way he told it: in perspective, and from the viewpoint of a participant, of sorts, coherently and cohesively.

I found Greg's fanzine reviews bemusing. He reviews three fanzines: ALGOL, NYARLATHOTEP, and TRUMPET, all of which have parallel virtues and bad points, and he seems to miss, or misassign them all.

For instance, he categorizes ALGOL as lacking direction, sees the ghost of Ted Pauls in Ben Solon, and calls TRUMPET "now the best fanzine appearing."

All are debatable points, and most particularly that last. Criteria vary, of course, but I should say that, checking only among Award contenders this year, LIGHTHOUSE, HABBAKKUK and ASFR are "better" fanzines by my standards -- and I might allow YANDRO, spotty though its contents are, the same. (YANDRO is a fanzine one judges more by the year than by the issue -- of course, in the case of LIGHTHOUSE and HABBAKKUK, the "year" and the "issue" are too often synonymous....)

TRUMPET is not a beautiful but empty fanzine, but it is still too close to one. Certainly, if any fanzine lacks direction, TRUMPET is it. Reamy can't seem to make up his mind whether he wants a fannish fanzine, a lit'ry mag, or a film journal, or none of the above. Comparing all six issues, one finds no direction at all -- and, no indi-

cation of what the seventh will be like (although one assumes it will be attractive in appearance).

Actually, I'd say Reamy's problem is not so different from that of Dan Adkins and Bill Pearson, back when they edited (if that's the word I want) SATA ILLUSTRATED. Reamy is an artist of some talent and a designer of undeniable talent. TRUMPET serves as his vehicle in this respect most ably. But as an editor he isn't a cut above Ed Meskys, and after almost ten years in fandom he is still not an interesting writer. Adkins and Pearson printed fearfully bad stories just so they could illustrate them. Reamy has better taste. He has done a fearfully bad adaptation of Anderson's "The Broken Sword" for George Barr to illustrate.

I planned to mention this, if I ever had the opportunity to review an issue of TRUMPET in which an installment of this comic strip appeared, so I might as well bring the point up here.

In general, very few people have ever learned how to adapt a story (particularly a novel) to comic-strip presentation. The recent Ballantine DRACULA (adapted wretchedly by Otto Binder) is a good bad example. Reamy's notion is to simply synopsisize action, a la "Prince Valiant", in paragraphs of text over each panel. He has rarely taken specific scenes and treated them as such. There is no story-telling in his treatment at all.

George Barr gives him no help. Barr is a precious craftsman-type artist. One can imagine him languishing hours on tiny details in a picture. A recent art show exhibited a drawing, done in a variety of colors, that was entirely done with ball-point pens, and which looked like a rich painting. One stopped, admired, ooh-ed, ahh-ed, and exclaimed over the skill, the craftsmanship, the colors, everything -- except the content. The picture was a muscle-boy from a queer-bait magazine, transposed into a lush fantasy setting, vaguely reminiscent of the Arabian Nights.

The pretty-boys abound in most of Barr's work, and they crop up often in "The Broken Sword". So do a variety of other poses that are obviously taken from photographs directly, and have the same stiffness that Finlay betrays in his baldest photo-renderings. But the most important failure of Barr's art is that he too is not a story-teller, and he is sadly unaware of the most common techniques in comic-strip breakdown. The result is that each panel is drawn as a thing in and of itself. It betrays no relationship with the panel before or after it. There is no movement -- no flow -- from one panel to the next. Each is static, dead. Krigstein, back in the EC days, illustrated how closely allied the comic strip is to the motion picture. So, in their own ways, have Will Eisner and Harvey Kurtzman. There's not a comic-strip artist worth his salt who hasn't profitted enormously from what these men have done. And even the worst comic-book hack, devoid of ornamentation, isn't as clumsy and static as is Barr in this medium. I'm surprised Reamy, at least, hasn't noticed it. In any case, admire Barr's drawings as you will, "The Broken Sword" is some of the dullest comic-strip reading I've encountered in ages.

Back to Benford: In his review of ALGOL, I think he badly slights Andy Porter as an editor. Because Andy is an editor, and puts his fanzine together as an editor should, and not to serve as a vehicle for purty pictures or expensive offset printing gotten cheap. Greg also mistakes John Boardman's "Fatman" (a story I think about John's best) for a Cult reprint. The story is not specifically Cult-oriented (it's NYCfandom oriented), and is not a reprint. Which make his comments on the story curiously meaningless.

check

And if Andy thinks as an editor, I think Ben Solon thinks even more strongly so. Ben reveals in his editorials a strong personality: an interest in fannish time-binding, literate discussion of the events of the day, and a budding wit. This seems to carry out in his fanzine, each issue of which has been an improvement over the last. Already I'd rank it the best of the three Greg reviewed. (I'd rank ALGOL second, TRUMPET third.)

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HARRY WARNER: Greg Benford's fanzine reviews are as good as any now appearing. But I keep thinking that he's writing on the basis of an assumption that few of us really believe in. "Porter never has a clear idea of what he stands for, or wants to do" expresses this assumption in part. It's the expectation that a fanzine will have some definite pattern, a sort of purpose, the kind of cohesion that enables you to say of an article in another fanzine: "Now, that would have been right at home in THE BIGGER O." It's true that some good fanzines have attained this status, but I'm not sure that any of them got there through deliberate intention on the editor's part; more frequently, there seems to have been an accidental confrontation of two or three talented contributors who wrote in the same general vein or on related subjects, and then other people started to imitate them when contributing to that fanzine, and all of a sudden you had a RETIBUTION or QUANDRY. More frequently, the good fanzines have not had any pattern at all except for the very important pattern that results from mirroring faithfully the personality and interests of the editor: THE ACOLYTE is the perfect example, despite the stated purpose that accompanied its beginnings. Of course, there's nothing wrong with looking for fanzine editors who know what they want to do and then accomplish the goal magnificently. But if we hear too much about this, there's the danger that every new fanzine editor will set for himself some unattainable goal at the outset, then find that he can't get the kind of material needed to achieve it and give up quickly in disgust.

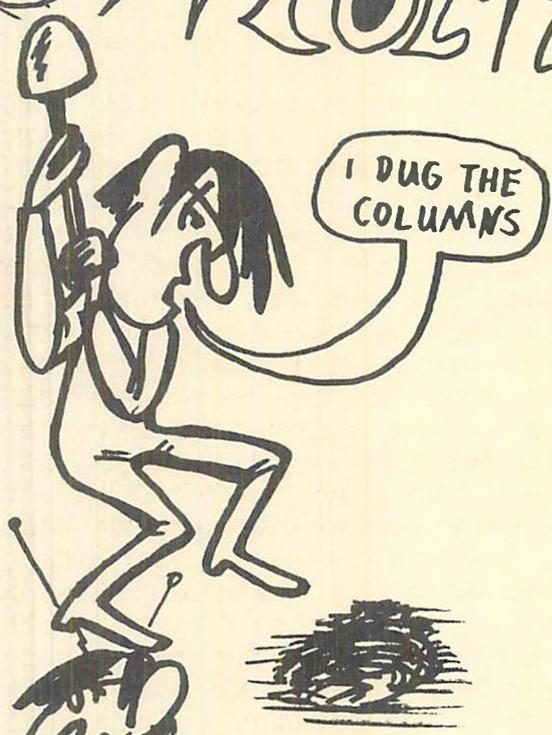
How much longer am I going to have to wait until people start to write fondly about my old fanzines as they do about VOID? I thought it was starting the other day, when I recieved a letter about a 1948 issue of HORIZONS. But the fan who had just acquired it instead complained that I shouldn't have confused him so badly by putting the cover for the never-published 31st issue of SPACEWAYS onto that HORIZONS.

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WAHF: Dick Geis, Jay Kinney, Steve Johnson, Al Snider, Steve Lewis, Tom Draheim, Dave Hall, and Johnny Berry.

WADSWORTH COLLEGE

From
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 606 WOODRIVER
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 60540



I DUG THE COLUMNS



THE PONG SECTION REALLY WAS SHARP



THE ART REALLY TURNED ME ON

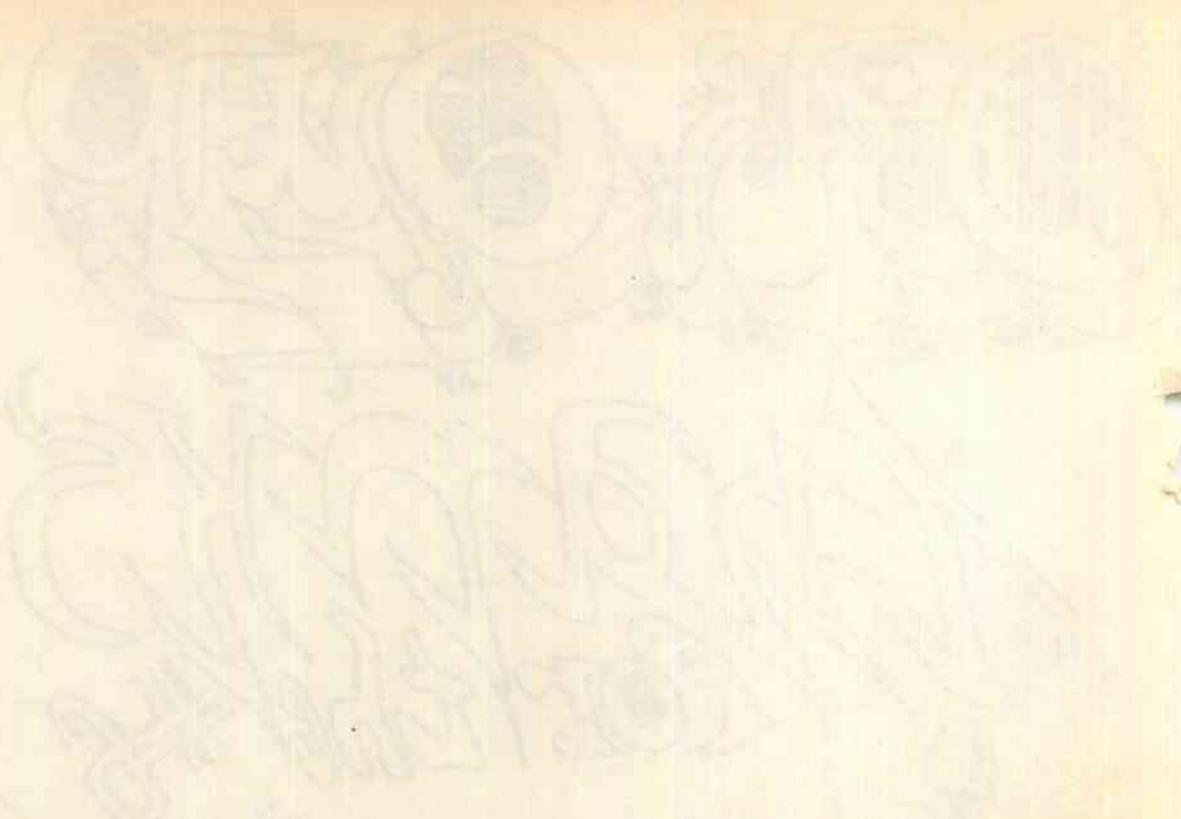


AND ALL THE FAANISHNESS WAS A REAL GAS

yerz,
 Jay Kinney

HEY...CAN I HAVE #7???

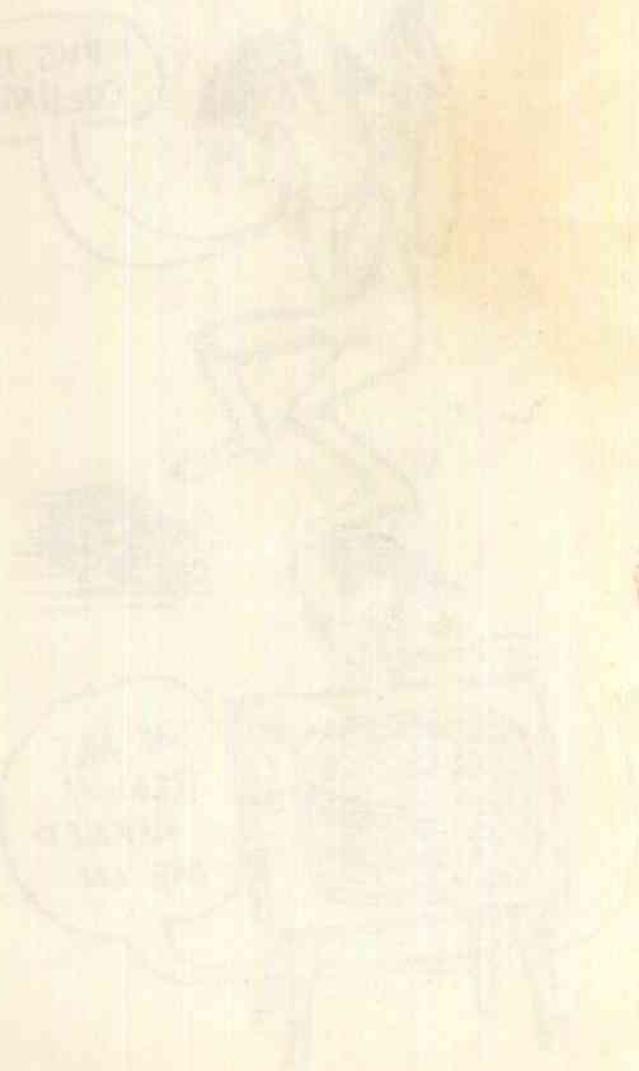
From



THE GREAT
REVEAL
WAS
SHARP



THE GREAT
REVEAL



AND ALL THE
CAPTIVITIES
WAS A GREAT
DAY



THE GREAT
REVEAL
WAS
SHARP

THE GREAT
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