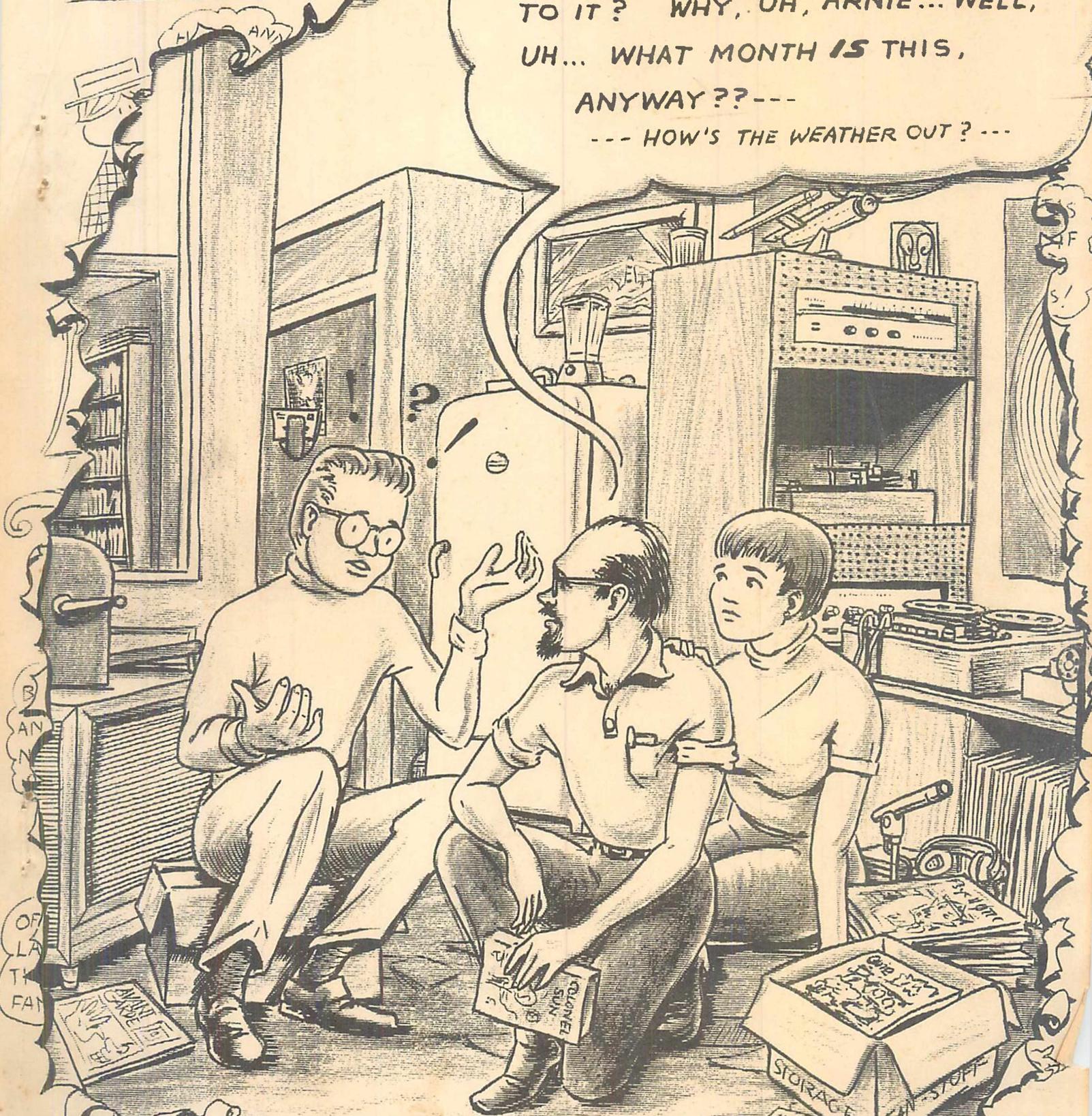


# Quip

NO. EIGHT SPRING 1968

THE QUIVER FOR  
**Quip # 8?** WHAT HAPPENED  
TO IT? WHY, UH, ARNIE... WELL,  
UH... WHAT MONTH *IS* THIS,  
ANYWAY?? ---

--- HOW'S THE WEATHER OUT? ---



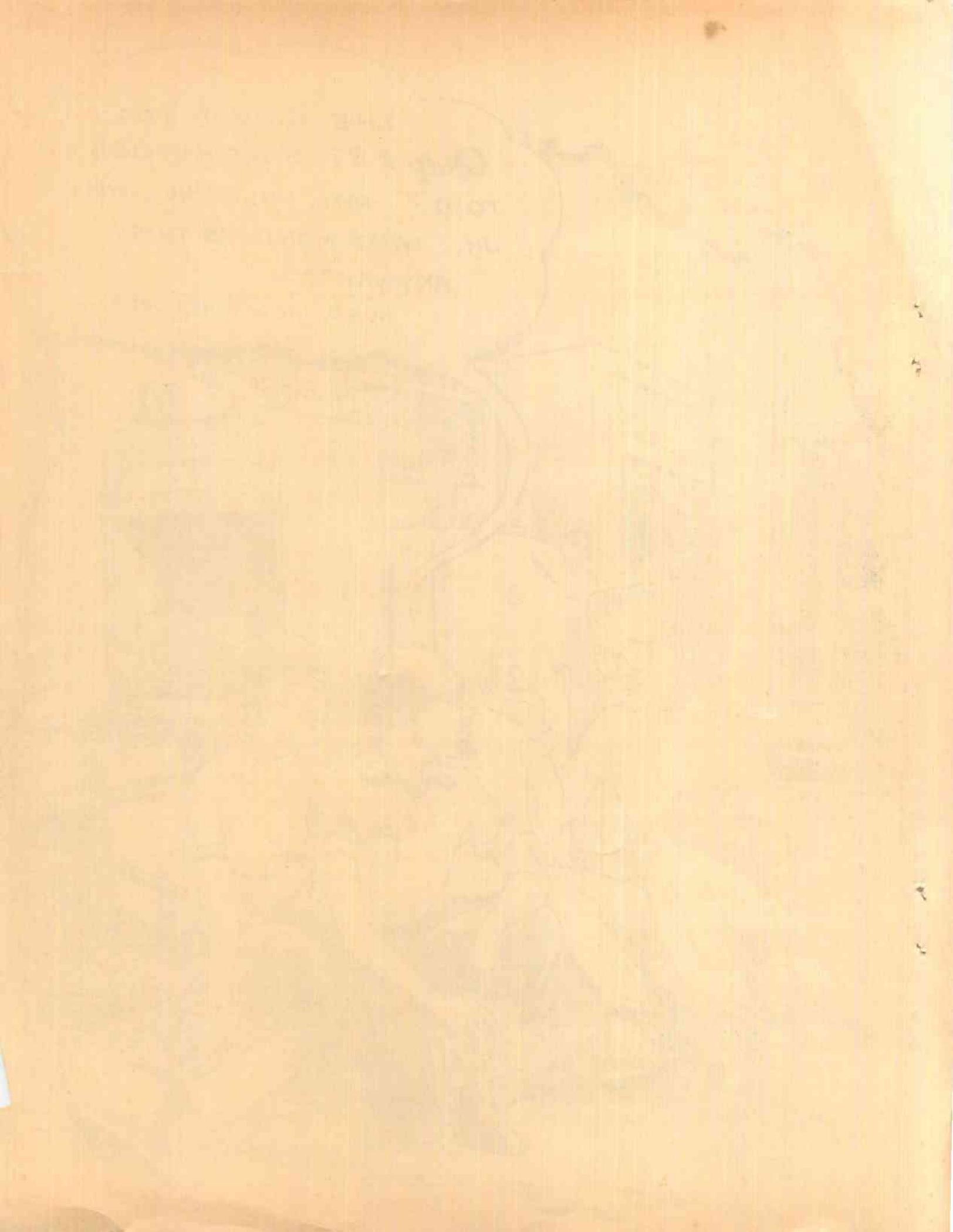
Gross Chamberlain

68

CLICK TAPPETY!

CLICK TAP!

TO THE  
QUIP KIDS?...



# QUIP

# 8

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## THE VULGAR AND OSTENTATIOUS FANZINE

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QUIP #8 is edited by Arnie Katz (98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY 11040) and Cindy Van Arnam (1730 Harrison Ave., Apt 353, Bronx, New York 10453) with a little help from their friends, such as Lon Atkins who did the headings for his and Burbee's articles and stenciled his own material. All other headings and stenciling by Arnie. Mimeography by Cindy. QUIP is available for LoC, contribution, trade (copies to both editors and No Monsterzines), and 50¢ a copy -- No Subscriptions. All LoCs, cash, and submissions should be sent to Arnie. QUIP is -- get this folks! -- more or less bi-monthly. 4 May 68

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\* \*

### EDITORS

CINDY VAN ARNAM  
ARNIE KATZ

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94550



# KATZENJAMMER

I was sitting around talking to myself the other day. Not, you understand, that I find myself such an irresistible conversationalist, but in Buffalo the old saw about it being a proud and lonely thing to be a fan works overtime, especially the "lonely" part. The nearest fans live in Rochester and Columbus, and my beloved coeditor is 'way down in New York City. Obviously, if I am to have fabulous fanish conversations to report for QUIP, I will have to generate them myself, at least until this June when I graduate from the University of Buffalo and return to New York City on a permanent basis.

In the aforementioned conversation, I brought up the fact that, in a world afement with Burning Causes, QUIP is essentially Uninvolved. Oh, we may castigate a fugghead or two, but as burning causes go, that is no more than a slight singe. People don't take QUIP seriously. They laugh when we sit down at the mimeograph.

So I pressed the issue and suggested to myself that QUIP should embrace some tried and true serious topic. This probably sounds a lot easier than it is. For one thing, I doubt if any of you realize how difficult it is for a young man (me) who has spent his entire fan-life joking and snogging to suddenly straighten up and be serious.

Then, too, most of the really good serious topics have already been seized upon by other fanzines. ASFR has science fiction, HONQUE has LSD, and HABBAKUK has the best and most serious topic of all (I'm jealous folks!) -- Rock and Roll.

After considerable thought, I came up with a topic which has, thus far, escaped the scholarly editors of LIGHTHOUSE and ALGOL; Theology.

Ghu was first proclaimed to the world by Don Wolheim -- the Moses of Ghuism. In the early fifties, even as memory of the Faith was slipping from the fannish consciousness, Lee Hoffman to become the Ghuish-Messiah. A new age of belief was ushered in through her proselytizing. But we have come a long way from those biblical times. We live, today, in an era of fannish cynicism. Fans often profess faith in Ghu, but I suspect they are merely paying lip-service to an out-moded and no longer satisfactory belief. In short: GHU IS DEAD!

This has been QUIP's seminal (that's this year's In Word, baby) contribution to fannish theology.

I don't usually consider "why-our-issue-was-late-last-time" a fit subject for Katzenjammer, since, I must admit, QUIP has been late more often than not. The circumstances surrounding QUIP #7, however, are a bit unusual. Cindy, after running Q#7 off (while battling a case of the flu, if you're wondering how the pages got printed upside down, etc), trundled them down to her local post office at the beginning of February. Somewhere around Valentine's Day I realized that no one had mentioned receiving QUIP, no less commented on it. I did some checking around, found that no one had received their copy, and called Cindy. She said she'd check the place where she'd handed over the 150 copy -mailing. The clerk told Cindy that they would "look around", but neither Cindy nor I were very hopeful. We decided that if no one received QUIP by March 10th, it would have to be presumed lost and republished.

The days crawled by, and anxiety over QUIP mounted in Buffalo and the Bronx, not to even mention Poughkeepsie where the Lupoffs were waiting for their long-promised egoboo.

"QUIP #7 is a hoax, isn't it?" Dick Lupoff asked me on the phone several times. I swore by St. Fanthomy it wasn't. (Actually, I didn't swear by St. Fanthomy at all, but it makes for a more colorful story.) Worried telephone calls from New York to the Bronx and from Poughkeepsie to both QUIP Kids multiplied as the deadline date approached.

March 10th fell on a Sunday, so it was March 11th that Cindy decided to return to the post office one more time before going through the QUIP #7 stencils to see which were in too poor shape to be re-used. She confronted the clerk and demanded her fanzines. Somehow she got the idea across to the clerk that she would do nothing to quiet her crying baby until the QUIPs were found. After a few minutes of searching, the pile of 150 QUIPs was found in some corner, exactly where it had been for about the previous six weeks. Seeing that it had been bested by the resourceful Cindy Van Arnam, the post office

reluctantly allowed QUIP #7 to enter the postal system.

"QUIP is not like VOID," I say every time I hear "QUIP" and "VOID" used in the same sentence. "QUIP is not like VOID," I say to myself as I stare into the bathroom mirror in the morning. I square my jaw, look myself steadily in the eye, and say it again as I go forth to start my day. In the morning, I believe it implicitly.

But sometimes, in the calm of night, a lurking fear comes over me. History works in strange ways, I remind myself in those times of doubt, and sometimes when I leaf through my file of VOIDS, I can see odd connections between VOID then and QUIP now.

There is this, for example, from "Happy Benford Chatter" in VOID #24:

"FOR THE SECOND TIME in a year I awaken from my  
mundane slumbers to find  
that I have a new co-editor.

Actually, I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised  
by it all, since VOID is noted for its rapid  
turnover of editors, assistant editors, colum-  
nists, and sundry other helpers. --- Greg Benford

QUIP, of course, has had more than its share of changes among editors and associate editors. From Arnie and Len, QUIP moved to Arnie and Lon with Len, perhaps identifying somewhat with Greg Benford, watching the New Boy from a point of detached safety. Cindy became an Associate Editor to make a foursome, but Len dropped out almost immediately. Lon, who to quasi-quote a Benford comment about Pete Graham, "seemed to have an air of permanence about him.", had to drop editorial work with QUIP #7. Columnists have been similarly transient; this issue QUIP loses one and gains another. Ed Cox, as part of an overall retrenchment in fandom, regrettably had to terminate "Twice Under Heavily" a column which appeared in seven consecutive issues of QUIP, probably its longest tenure in any fanzine. And a tenure that Cindy and I (and the readers, too) would wish could be extended through all the future QUIPs. Perhaps the wheel of enthusiasm will swing around and return TUH to us sometime. Our new columnist is Harry Warner, who is reviving his justly famous "All Our Yesterdays" with this issue. All too little is written about fanhistory these days, and I think Harry's column will help remedy this state of affairs.

The disturbing thought that QUIP is perhaps more like VOID than we would like to admit brought on by contemplating the similar rates of personnel turnover in the two zines is as nothing compared to the disturbing thoughts that come when I read the following.  
(Elipses are mine):

"...The point is, why in hell should anyone object to writing a letter of comment on an issue of VOID? I mean here is a fanzine coming out monthly, 24 pages at a time, featuring at least a modicum of good material -- and these

fans consider it rude of us to ask for some sort of acknowledgement! Do they for some reason deem it their privilege for us to waste time, effort, and money so that...fans may receive copies of VOID? Is VOID something they expect without payment?

You can see, this croggles me a bit. Our policy has been pretty lax. If you wrote us a letters every two or three months, or published a slim crudsheet once or twice a year, you got VOID...

...But it is a drag to send out copies of VOID to people who never reply. People who sit back and maybe read the issue and maybe don't... people about whom we know nothing simply because they never tell us anything... It's like shoveling communication out into -- you'll pardon the expression -- a void. No response."

---- Ted White, "Gambit"  
VOID #22, part 1

NOT BEING VCID we're sticking with the same lax policy in regard to response we've had right along, at least for the foreseeable future. I will admit that this decision partakes more of cowardice than beneficence. Cindy and I are not quite convinced that QUIP has won its way to your hearts sufficiently for us to turn on the screws

Since I'd considered writing a firey editorial exhorting people to respond to QUIP, much as Ted exhorted VOID's readership in the editorial from which I just quoted, "QUIP is not like VOID" began to sound very hollow indeed. The crisis was reached last New Year.

"Cindy," I said, beaming down at Cindy Van Arnam, looking bewitching at the Whites' New Years party, "there's something I want to ask you."

"Yes?" said QUIP's Final Salvation, ever ready to help. I put a co-editorly arm around her shoulder.

"QUIP isn't like VOID, is it?" She put her arm around me in a co-editorly way.

"No," she said. "Definitely not." Her voice held conviction.

"We're not VOID Boys, right?" I asked hopefully, pressing the matter. I looked down and was reminded that Cindy Van Arnam is not any kind of "Boy". I gave her a co-editorly kiss on the cheek.

"Certainly not," she replied. And then the Ultimate Realization hit me, and I was cleansed of my doubt. I gave Cindy a big co-editorly hug and kiss. If Ted and Greg had done that sort of thing, they'd have been arrested, or at the very least Excluded.

"QUIP is not VOID!" we say.

--- Arnie Katz

# BAYCON

## editors' quips

We are frankly aghast at the actions of the Baycon committee thus far. They seem to think that the way to recoup the mess that they made at their last convention with the Exclusion Act is to put on a convention that's even worse this time.

The Claremont may indeed be a beautiful hotel, but it is obviously unsuited for a convention of our size. Figures as to the exact size of the hotel are as numerous as empty glasses the morning after. What it boils down to is the fact that Andy Porter looked into his guide to convention hotels and found the Claremont listed at 175 rooms and something like 450 capacity. As of this date (April 15th) there are no more single rooms available, and none have been available since the end of March. The convention has claimed that there are slightly under 300 rooms available, but all other information, including conversations with hotel personnel contradicts this; perhaps the committee was thinking in terms of total capacity. A large number of younger fans who attended their first worldcon in New York last labor day, were so impressed by the Baycon bid that not only did they vote for it but are also planning to go to the convention. What is going to happen when these same fans who made it possible for the Baycon to win their bid try to get rooms at the hotel? And it isn't only the neos, of course; Andy and I (Arnie) have had to sign up for much more expensive rooms due to the lack of adequate accomodations for singles. Now granted under normal circumstances, this lack of rooms would not be all that bad (though not all that pleasant either) since one could get a room at a hotel across the street. But in this case there are no hotels across the street or even down the block, for that matter. According to the Claremont, the nearest hotel is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  - 2 miles away, and baby that's a long walk at 4:00 in the morning. The hotel has generously offered limosine service, but you can be sure that you can be sure that it won't be there when you need it in a hurry, ie, to get dressed in 10 minutes and join your friends for dinner, to grab that forgotten part for your costume.

Now we come to the bit about the Art Show. Here again we run into a conflict of stories. What it boils down to is that pros will not be allowed to enter the show. The convention rationalizes this in three ways

First, the Art Show is primarily for amateur artists, and having professionals competing for the awards is unfair. If this is true, it is a problem easily solved; just declare the pros inelligible for any

art show awards.

Second, pros are so good that they will make all the sales, leaving the fan artists out in the cold. This is just not true. There have always been, and I should hope there will continue to be, artists who draw "for the fun of it" who are just as good as the pros. Jeff Jones was as good last year when he was a fan artist as he is this year as a selling pro. I should think Robert E. Jennings, whose work appears frequently in ODD, could hold his own against anyone in the weird-horror field, pro or amateur. Both of these points we've examined are rendered even more specious by the committee's statement that pros who do not work in the sf field will be able to compete in the art show. Ron Cobb, in other words, could enter a stf-ish cartoon, but Jack Gaughan couldn't.

The third reason, which the committee did not trot out until the other two were scorned, is that the committee claims they need the cut they get from the auctions to finance the convention. Granted that the con needs money (it has the responsibility of providing rooms for the guests of honor, a room for the NZF, the program book, etc), but since it is already taking a slice from non-committee sponsored auctions (something no previous con has done, but a fairly good idea, what with the way such "cause" auctions have proliferated lately) it has already guaranteed an additional source of income. It should also be pointed out that, for example, Jack Gaughan, though he exhibited and sold at the artshow, contributed his best work (and lots of it) to the auction (the NYCon made \$600. from its share of Jack's auction sales. This year, the concom. expects a percentage (40%) on any pro's auction sales, and also an equal percentage of anything the pro sells at the con (the committee, talking out of the other side of its mouth said, "Of course Bjo has the final say on who exhibits in the art show." But apart from turning over a percentage to the art show (as do amateurs -- it is this money that makes the show possible) pros must give 40% off the top to the committee. This means that pros who depend on the Art Show sales to make con expenses may have to stay away; all because of an excess of greed on the part of the committee.

I(Arnie) will have to tell you of the failings of Progress Report #2 alone, since the Van Arnams have not yet received their copies. It's hard to believe that the same publisher-mimeo combo that produced the impeccable HABBAKUK could produce such a rag-tag PR. I was afraid I'd simply received a bad copy, so I checked a half-dozen and found them all the same. Show-through is ubiquitous. One page has an illegibly under-inked left-hand margin. A Deepsouthcon ad is botched, and the St. Louis ads are poorly repro'd and one is twisted on the page. It is probably just as well that Donaho discouraged strongly St. Louis' desire to offset their own material and send it out west for inclusion in the PR -- it would have shown up the committee's slovenly job.

We expect to have a good time at the Baycon, but we wish the Baycon would do something to abett it.Perhaps if they spent a little less time crowing over How They Won....

--- Cindy Van Arnam  
Arnie Katz

# WHO WAS THAT NEO LAST

THAT WAS NO NEO -- THAT WAS

Every so often a fanzine arrives in the mail with a letter or article in it in which a young fan delivers himself of all his pent-up frustrations with fandom as he sees it.

In ARIOCH! #2, a young fans named George Foster railed out in the letter column: "They're just getting more corrupt every year," he said of Worldcon committees. "It seems that BNFs get a lot more attention toward that kind of thing. It helps to have connections too. 'Neos don't deserve anything.' Look, everyone was a neo at some time or other. Why look down on someone who is struggling to get out /of?/ neoship when you were once in the same predicament.

And a few days later, at a party for Shelby Vick during his brief visit to New York, I found myself in a discussion of Neofans --- Their Cause and Cure, with Arnie Katz, Alan Shaw, and Johnny Berry.

Now, when you stop and think about the juxtaposition there, it might bring you up short. It did me. Because I was a neofan during Shelby's heyday, in the early days of Sixth Fandom. I never saw an issue of CONFUSION while it was coming out, principally because in my neoish shyness, I was afraid to send for a copy or try trading my little fanzine for it. I mean, who was I, among all those BNFs who wrote for and received zines like CONFUSION, OPUS, or QUANDRY?

Three fannish generations were spanned in my livingroom. Lee Hoffman was sitting on the couch reminiscing old times with Shelby, while rich brown and I laughed over our old fake/read feud in DISJECTA MEMBRA in 1959, and Arnie and Johnny were looking over a contraband copy of the latest QUILP. Alan Shaw was quietly grooving to himself while Van Dyke Parks was on the turntable... but

TED WHITE

# I SAW YOU WITH NIGHT?

## THE BEST NEW FAN OF THE YEAR

that's another fandom.

We were all neos. George Foster is so right. I remember rich brown's 1957 introduction of himself to the Cult: he talked about his membership in the Boy Scouts in a semi-legible letter. A bunch of us Cultists sat around the Wormwood, a Washington D.C. fan hangout of ill repute, and laughed raucously over rich's letter. Arnie Katz still recalls vividly an early Terry Carr review in an issue of my MINAC of one of his early fanzines. "It was awfully critical," he recalls, the Pepsi beading on his upper lip. And who can't recall some moment of trial or pain from his own days in the purgatory of neodom that preludes the heaven we call fandom...?

On the other hand, remember your first days in grade school? I recall that during Orientation Day -- that day a couple of days before school really starts and you're shown around the school and told where you'll report next Monday -- at the age of six, I was standing out in the playground of Falls Church's Madison School when a Big Boy swaggered up. He was one of the Tasker boys -- a family of roughnecks according to local legend, and a family that never amounted to much. (Later, John Tasker, who just might have been the boy of that occasion, got married in high school and later killed a man in a barroom fight before somehow managing to graduate...but I digress.) He might have been in third grade or in sixth grade. He just looked Big to me.

I was standing around with a friend, talking or doing whatever kids that age do to pass time, and this big Tasker kid swaggers over, a kid I've never laid eyes on before, never heard of before, and -- without warning -- he punched me in my stomach.

I'd never been punched, hard, in the stomach before.

The tears were in my eyes before I was able to draw that first gasping breath again, after a heart-stopping eternity of agony and breathlessness. And I was shocked. Why'd he do that?

Big boys traditionally beat up on little boys

Some people never forget. They fix each incident in their memory, find a pattern to them, and proceed to assign each new situation a place in the pattern, whether it fits or not.

Some neofans enter fandom with the predetermined assumption that the Big Boys are going to Pick On Them.

But the analogy is imperfect. By the time we're fans, we're not -- most of us -- sadistic kids flexing our muscles any more. We're -- supposedly -- adult individuals with at least a degree of maturity. Some of us may -- and do -- launch attacks upon that which strikes us as fuggheaded. But we don't pick on neofans as a class; we never have.

Back in the late fifties, the N3F was a traditional laughing-stock. And one of the main reasons for this was the outraged reactions of the "103% Neffers" to what ridicule they earned. Just as Sam Moskowitz, twenty years earlier, reacted with shock to Tucker lampoons of his pomposity, the Neffers of the fifties would periodically castigate "the BNFs" who laughed at them. It was the reaction of the humorless to being made fun of. It wasn't funny, McGee. Gertrude Carr, then a FAPAn of some duration, would periodically wonder out loud what possessed other FAPAnS to laugh at her fanatical defenses of the N3F. And then there was Racy Higgs... Well, I won't even try to describe him.

Later, Seth Johnson wrote angry letters to VOID after Greg Benford wrote an accurate but humorous editorial about the ISFCC, a Minor club that if anything upstaged the N3F for stuffed-shirt emptiness.

And more recently, Harriet Kolchak has been devoting herself to angry queries about why no one of any importance pays any attention to her Neofan Fund.

Which brings us back to neofans.

Some people outgrow the condition. Some don't. Those who don't are sometimes pathetic, often ludicrous, and usually touchy as hell about it. They see nothing funny about being failed six times and still being in the First Grade. Well, I suppose there isn't much that's funny about it for a loser, but can you see this skinny, gawky forty-year-old woman who buys all her clothes at the Salvation Army, sitting at a desk amid a row of six-year-olds? It's laughable. I'm sorry, but it is.

The real problem with these chronic failures at fandom is that they get bitter about it, and they start looking for someone to blame their own failures on. The whipping boys they usually pick are "the BNFs".

It's easy to resent those who embody what you want to be and aren't. Have-nots traditionally rail at the Haves. The next step is to begin thinking to yourself that the Haves have such a good thing going for themselves that they've become exclusive snobs and are deliberately keeping all the Goodies from you. And this way lies full-blooded paranoia. Yes.

You'll notice that for these people the Neofan's Bane is "the BNFs" -- rarely if ever specific people. They don't know any specific people that well. (I ought to make a disclaimer at this point: George Foster's quote was a nice peg to hang this piece on, but I do not consider him one of the above-typed perpetual neofans, and I'm not talking about him here. I'm not picking on you, George!) And what these strange half-world people do is seek out the company of newcomers into fandom.

How many fans have told me, "You know, I used to have a real big correspondence with X." (or Y or Z) "It took me a year and a half before I just lost interest in him." Or, "When I finally started meeting the people he was always warning me about and found out they were pretty good people, well..." Or, "Finally, I saw through him and I dropped him."

The Losers, the always-will-be neos, the forty-year-old women who consort primarily with young teenaged boys, their real damage is in the attitudes they attempt to instill in newcomers to fandom.

What good is a "Neofan's Fund"? Why should anyone want to occupy herself exclusively, obsessively, with young fans who have had little experience in fandom, even to the extent of (shudder) taking them to bed with her? For most fans, neofannishness is simply the first phase of learning about fandom -- it's the stage of inexperience. It means, simply, "new fan".

You can be -- you should be -- new to any area of activity for only a limited amount of time. I mean, after all, sooner or later the newness wears off. For young fans -- by which I mean early teenagers -- the process may take a little longer, because it is being combined with a growing up process that can't be hurried beyond certain natural limits. (Although the Jeff Wanshels of this world have always amazed me -- Jeff was a well known fan of evident talent when he was thirteen, and he outgrew us in another couple of years, unfortunately. Sometimes fandom shouldn't be coupled so closely with Growing Up...) Fans who discover fandom after they're twenty or so usually pass through the neo stage so fast you can blink your eyes and miss it. Dean Grennell burst upon Sixth Fandom as an almost instant BNF. So, later, did Bob Leman and (the Irish) John Berry. But then there are those who happen upon fandom after they've reached middle age and have (usually) made a failure of their lives. For these people, neofannishness is a state never outgrown, because they're seek-

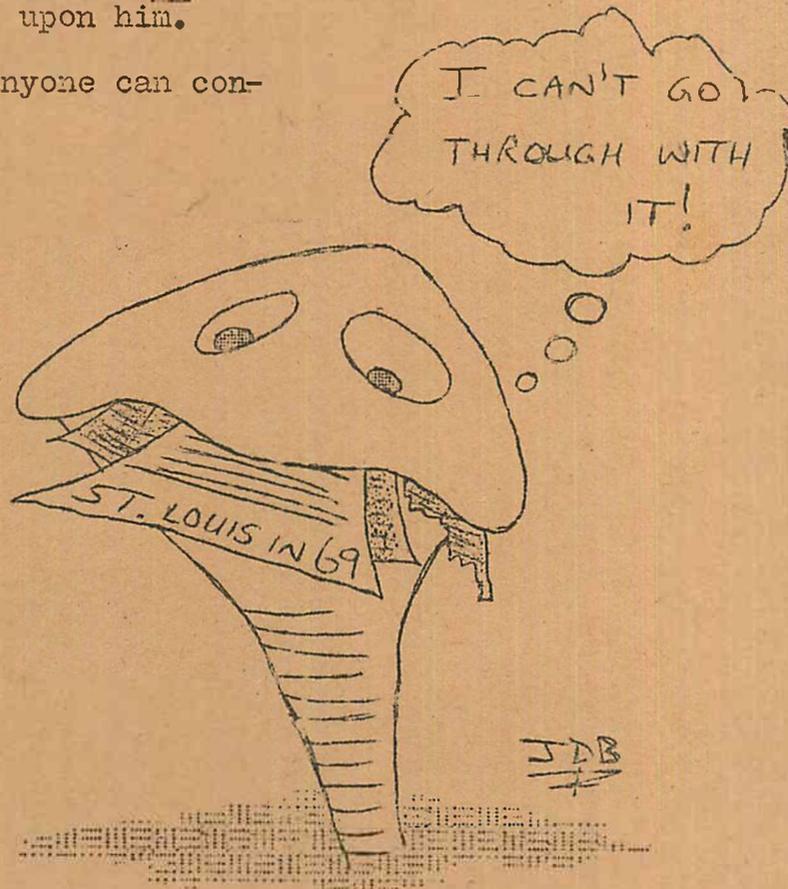
ing the smallest pond around. They maintain their ignorance and naivete about fandom at large for year after year, because they're afraid to get any closer to it, afraid of being losers again.

These people, as I've said, are pathetic, but they're also poisonous. They seize upon raw recruits and, in a false representation of themselves as Old Hands who can help the newcomers out, they fill neos' minds with garbage about fandom. They try to spread a festering sort of Underdog Paranoia. "See, those BNFs, they don't give a damn about you poor neos -- they just kick you under the carpet like dustballs or last week's garbage." "Those BNFs are clannish, they stick together, they scratch each others' backs, they have no use for the neofans. They've forgotten they were ever neofans themselves." Etc. And a lot of young fans believe this.

They believe it because they know no better. They never thought out just what a BNF is, what he has to be by definition.

A BNF is a Big Name Fan. Right? And what is a Big Name? A kind of microcosmic fame, a reputation based on some sort of valued achievement. Fans among whom? A reputation based on whose evaluation? Yeah, fandom's. Anyone who is a BNF is a BNF by dispensation of fandom as a whole. I've read in fanzine where a fan of six months' duration refers to the guy who preceded him into fandom by a year as "a BNF", and I guess that guy is -- to him. But when someone -- a Tucker, a Willis, someone like that -- is universally considered a BNF, it is because we all regard him highly. It's a status we, all of us, bestowed upon him.

Not a status anyone can confer upon himself.



BNFdom isn't a private club. It's not something you pay your money and join, not something those already BNFs can blackball you from. Each fan has his own mental list of those he considers BNFs. To me, for instance, the great BNFs all date to Sixth and Seventh Fandoms -- the periods when I was, respectively, a neo and a developing fan myself. They were the ones I looked up to. Some have fallen, some have gaffiated, but that's who they are -- fo me..

And if we all compared lists -- members of Apa L did this a few years ago at Bruce Pelz' instigation -- there would be many names in common. Those are fandom's BNFs.

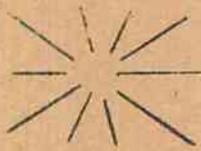
Neo A and Neo B enter fandom at roughly the same time. A year later Neo B is attending the so-called Closed Door Parties at the cons, while Neo A is still running for junior office in the N3F. How come Neo B got so far ahead? Favoritism? Palm greasing among the BNFs? (You laugh? I've heard just such speculations offered by the perpetual neos.) It's simpler than that. Fandom is a social organization. Every alliance of value in fandom is based on friendship. Every fan gets wherever he gets as an individual, based on the responses to him of other individuals. Some fans find themselves fitting in easily among older, more established fans. Neo B got into those parties because the others there dug his company.

All fans are not created equal. Equal opportunity is here -- more so than almost anyplace I can think of -- but each, like water, finds his own true level. Some of us have taken many years to grow to the positions we occupy now. Others among us have very quickly shot to the top. The same year I published my first fanzine, a fan my age -- fourteen -- named Joel Nydahl, had a story published in IMAGINATION and found his VEGA, launched from a hectograph only a few months earlier, the number one fanzine in the field. His VEGANNISH is still talked about -- although it was his last fan publication. One year, start to finish, from bottom to top, neo to BNF. And out. It took me ten or fifteen years to get where he got in one year, and I never did publish the number one fanzine. We each make our own way, and our own pace.

But it is all based on individual accomplishment. If QUIP is a good fanzine, it's because Arnie Katz has put in a number of years learning how to publish a good fanzine -- and the process isn't finished even now. If, a few years from now, QUIP is a number one fanzine, and Arnie is a BNF, it won't be because of anyone but Arnie.

That's the sad fact of it. Nobody is holding young fans back. So few have shown much promise these days that when I meet an Alan Shaw or a Johnny Berry, I encourage them like crazy, just because I don't want to see a vacuum develop between the fannish generations. (Johnny says he's going to publish FOOLSCAP on a frequent schedule now; Alan is going to MIT and has been restricted in his activity to an apa or two. That's the breaks. I'd like to see them both putting out monthlies, but there are Higher Realities and stronger priorities than fandom...)

(continued on page 19)



# CHARLES BURBEE

THE

DE

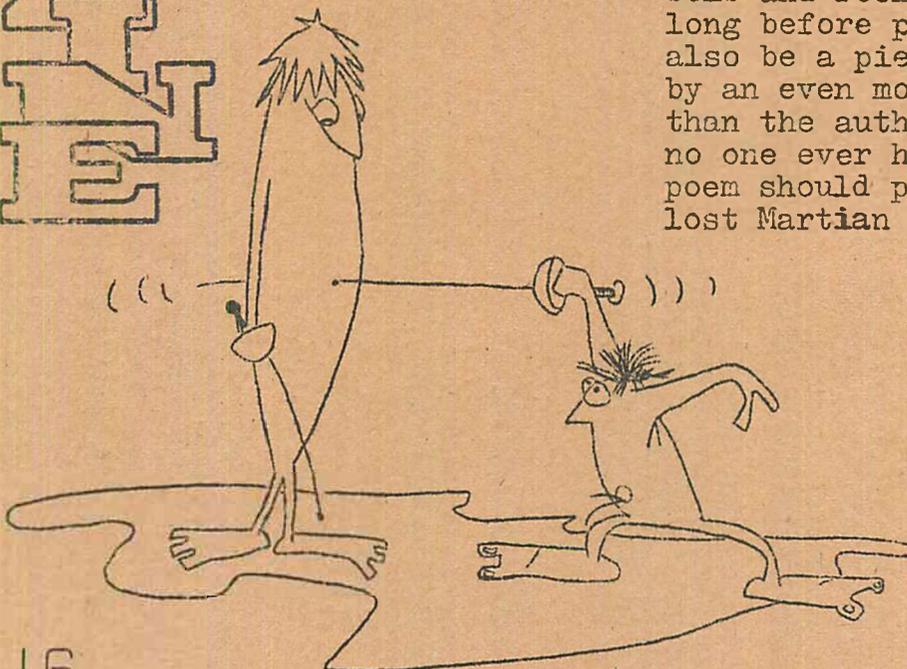
FANZINE

"The ideal fanzine," I said the other day to Laney, "should not run more than two issues."

He immediately began to marshal forces for a tremendous argument, but I forestalled his preparations by launching into a monologue on the subject of fanzines, and he listened carefully to me, as people usually do when I display my fine mind and null-A reasoning to them, and when I was through he said, "By God, you're right!"

I told him that the first issue of a fanzine should follow clearly defined and infallible rules. As a prime requisite, it should be hektographed, almost totally illegible, and the margins should run into the stapled edges. Grammar and spelling should follow the characteristic if inconsistent methodology of the editor, whose keen young brain is too wary to be trapped into the unsemantic rules of Webster and Roget. And somewhere among the non-typed portion (I hesitate to call it artwork) there must be a lop-sided slanted cylindrical thing blowing smoke out of one end against a backdrop of asteroids.

The lead article may have many titles in different first issues, but the gist of it is about the same. "Are Fans Human?" is one way of saying it, and the author will invariably conclude that while fans may be nuts they're still smarter than people because they are cognizant of the deeper significance of science fiction and knew about the atomic bomb and rockets and stuff like that long before people did. There should also be a piece of doggeral verse by an even more unknown character than the author of the article, whom no one ever heard of either, and the poem should preferably sigh for a lost Martian princess; though it is also permissible to lament nostalgically for the hell-roaring days of early spaceflight, or to chronicle the plaint of a Martian for more water. Somewhere in



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reprinted from  
FANDANGO #21, FT  
Laney's FAPazine.  
Spring 1949

the poorly scanning lines should appear the the phrases "rockets' soaring blast" and "space-dive on Rigel III", and there should be some reference to a blind minnesinger "of the spaceways".

The editorial, which obviously was written before the rest of the ideal fanzine took form, should contain a glowing account of the editor's plans, listing an imposing lineup of fan talent, none of which shows up in the final result. There should be an impassioned plea for material, material, MATERIAL! No matter what it is, the editor begs you to enter something in his big prize contest. He can use everything, though he is somewhat overstocked on fiction because he's writing most of that himself. And whether or not it wins one of the big free prizes, he'll be glad to send you a free copy of the issue your stuff appears in.

The editor also goes on to state that this is his first attempt at publishing. He didn't even know that there was this wonderful thing stf, which enabled sensitive young boys to view the past, present and future as part of one continuous roll or scroll, until just one year ago when he discovered Startling Stories (He bought the magazine on account of the naked woman on the cover, which he kept stashed in the bathroom until his mother found it the next week and burned it up.) ((I always wondered how Burbee got started reading stf -- ftl)) He's been reading stf for almost a year now and thinks it is the most wonderful thing he's ever been privileged to share. It is one of the few hopes of an ill world. He brags archly that he has a collection of more than 60 mags now and inquires if there was such a magazine as Unknown -- he's heard it mentioned but never seen a copy.

He says that HYPERSPACETUBE is going to appear on a monthly schedule. Already by the second line of the editorial, he has a nickname for the mag, calling it HY. And forever after, he refers to it simply as, HY.

In some obscure location near the back of the mag is a second editorial. This one is obviously written at the last, either to fill up a page or to supply the editor with a place to blow off some accumulated phlegm. This one says that he realizes the hektography is bad, especially on pages 6 and 7, but they were the first pages he ever ran off and he didn't realise that so much water would make it spot or that the pan had to stand 24 hours before putting on another master.

He apologises for such a scanty offering but says that next month's issue will show a real improvement. He is sick of hektography. It makes his hands purple. So next month's issue of HY will be mimeographed if he can get the use of the mimeograph at school. Or maybe he will buy one though he is experiencing a great shortage of cash at the moment. Next issue will have a lithographed cover and he wonders if some lovers of fanzines would send in contributions towards paying for it. Once again he pleads frantically for material and bids us adieu until next month when HY will again appear before an eager world.

Well, HY does not come out next month. In fact it does not come

out for six months. Since you haven't been waiting breathlessly for it, it seems no time at all before #2 is in your mailbox. The editorial, obviously written last of all this time, is both proud and apologetic. Proud because the magazine is mimeographed, apologetic because the mimeography is just above illegible. He explains that he is sorry about all the strike-overs but explains that he didn't know about correction fluid until he'd almost finished the magazine. And he asks the readers to bear with page 8; he didn't notice he'd forgotten to take off the ribbon until he'd gotten to line 37.

HY proudly presents a long and weakly written story by David H. Keller. There is also a book review by Forrest J. Ackerman, but internal evidence shows that it is well over a year old. In a less conspicuous spot is a story by the editor about a war in space. It stops in mid word at the bottom of the page and it takes an assiduous reader indeed to find the line and a half of continuation buried on a preceding page.

The editor of HY says that from now on he is going to feature his letter section, but he can't figure out what to call it. So he is going to have a big prize contest to select a name. (He makes no mention anywhere in #2 of the big prize contest for material mentioned in #1). Anyway, this letter department is going to be a big thing so won't you all sit down right now and write a letter to HY? He will personally answer each and every one. You turn to the letter department and find two long letters from two guys you never heard of, a postcard from Charles Burbee, and a note from Coswal giving his want-list of Weird Tales. None of these communications are readable because the editor has copiously annotated them with his own casual commentary, so you can make heads or tails of none of it.

Towards the end of the editorial he remarks that there is no lithographed cover. He says he has got to start charging a subscription price for this mag because the price of stencils and ink and paper has gone up. Besides he isn't sure that it is all worthwhile because some of the pro mags do not seem to realise that Science Fiction has a Mission. For further remarks on this topic see page 8 or maybe page 12 for the article, "The Future of Science-Fiction".

He closes by explaining that what with going to school and having final exams he finds it impossible to publish monthly as first planned so he is setting up a bi-monthly schedule. He artlessly but boldly announces that he is helling around a lot, too (coilyly mentioning that there is a big beer stain on the top of this very stencil) and so he find his time is limited to a great extent. But he wishes to thank those who have co-operated in his publishing efforts, and hopes that the next issue will bring about all the changes and improvements he is aching to see. And send him material, material, MATERIAL!

And that is the last you see of HYPERSPACETUBE, the Fanzine with a Future. The editor has discovered the thanklessness of slavering at typer and mimeo for the dubious reward of a few letters

of praise. He has dropped out for good. He learns in only two issues what some of us aren't aware of even after our 30th fanzine. He learns that fanzine publishing is thankless and messy and worthless, and he spends his time and money henceforth on beer and the pursuit of complaisant girls.

"Do you see why that is the ideal fanzine?" I said to Laney. "This guy is normal. He passes through the fanzine stage, catches on in a flash, and rushes right out again. The mag he published was done by a normal man with normal reactions. Do you see why we need more of these fanzines, instead of the mags we have now that are run by emotional and psychiatric fowlups who seek compensation for basic faults in fandom?"

"By God, you're right," said Laney.

So I wrote this article for him and he's going to publish it.

--- Charles Burbee

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What ever happened to Tired Humor?

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WHO WAS THAT NEO... (continued from page 15)

So you can't say that Neo B is apple-polishing his way up, or that Neo A is being deliberately held back. There are no cop-outs, only the blunt, plain truth:

If you've got it, you make it. If you don't, you won't. Some have it more than others. Some take longer to make it. And some never will.

But ignore the losers' sour grapes, Neo C. We're all waiting, all hoping that, sooner or later, you'll make it. We need you.

--- Ted White

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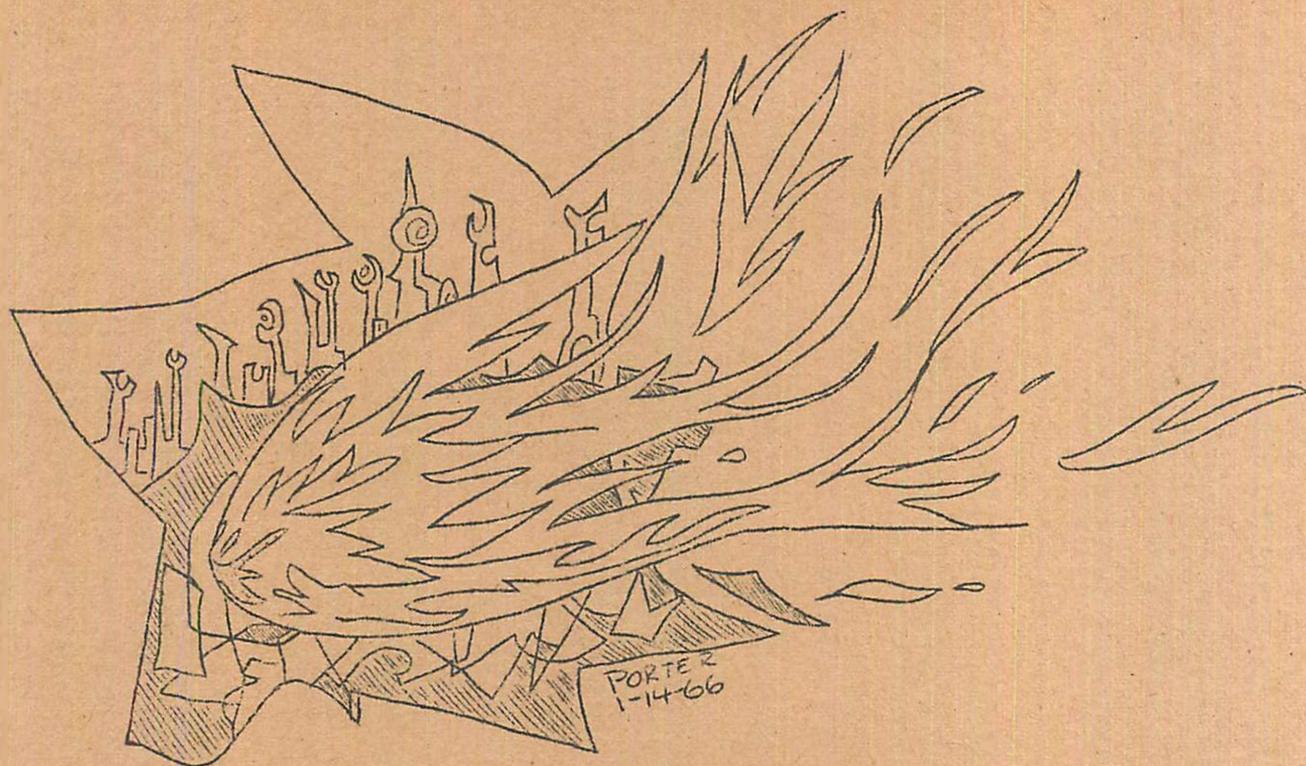
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#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

Ed Cox asked us to mention that his last column, in QUIP #7, dealing with the TAFF was written before the results of the TAFF election were known.

Note well the address for Arnie on the contents page. The Buffalo address will be no good after about May 20th. Provision for forwarding mail will be made, but we're not placing too much trust in the post office these days

--- Arnie and Cindy



When I was young, and eagerly making my first small splashes in the microcosm, I regarded being the only fan in the Mobile area as a sort of special personal tragedy. Fanzines were all very fine, but I longed to actually speak with these witty, incisive people whose transcribed thoughts dominated my reading hours and to look upon their sensitive fannish faces. I was too young to drive then, and the thought of letting me venture off on a hostile bus to visit total strangers horrified my parents. And of course no fans ever came to Mobile.

My first contact with fandom had come about thru Lin Carter's column in IF. My curiosity roused, I subbed to YANDRO, and then to a few zines praised by Buck in "Strange Fruit." After about six months of reading and assimilating, I cautiously wrote a few LoC's, all of which were printed in whole or part. Each letter had been thru three painful drafts, and it would have broken my heart to see them merely listed as WAHF. Encouraged by the sight of my name in print, I fell eagerly into the role of regular letterhack. I was neurotically careful of my image in those first days, afraid that fandom would laugh scornfully at a presumptuous fifteen-year-old. I worked hard to research and polish my letters and to remove all detectable traces of adolescence. I never discussed my age or circumstances.

# TIME ENOUGH

20 LON ATKINS

Birthday number sixteen brought me both a precious driver's license and pervasive thoughts of a trip to Birmingham (for a visit with Al Andrews, Hank Reinhardt, and the BOSROS). During the nine weeks remaining till summer vacation, I saved my money and refined my arguments. But the first week in June, when I delicately broached the subject with the Proper Authorities, a Definite No was the answer. (You may have guessed that I had good but overprotective parents.) Partially in reaction to this disappointing edict, I next summoned all my energies to the task of actually producing a fanzine of my own. Ironic that I would shortly meet my first fan as a result of that consolation fanzine.

The mailing list I chose was composed of good LoC'ers, BNF's, and current Southern actifen. I wanted a lively letterzine, but one that would bear the stamp of my personality. The urge to make a Name was influencing me -- already I had joined the waitlists of SAPS and SPPA, and my zine (to be called RIPOSTE) would furnish credentials for the FAPA waitlist. For Southern fans (and Traveling Giants) I included a short restrained editorial segment on my confinement to the Mobile area -- not mentioning why. Hopefully it might induce someone to visit the Mobile area, and me in specific, though I was a bit afraid of appearing a blithering young idiot. But I'd been well accepted so far, and I'd noticed that age meant relatively little to most fans. Desire to actually meet fans overrode my undercurrent of trepidation. I mimed the issue on the school machine, collated it, mailed it, and waited.

In an early LoC, from Harry Warner, was the electric message. "I'm wondering if you've attempted to contact Reg Stabolt. He was fairly active in the late fifties, basing out of 5493 Mill Road, your city. He gafiated rather suddenly in 1959, but he probably is your best chance for a fannish contact if he hasn't moved from Mobile."

Suddenly I was a dancing puppet. The letter propelled me about the room in a capering waltz. I reread the critical passage; there was no doubting it. I rushed to the phone book to find Mr. Reg Stabolt's number, but for all my desperate rechecking there was no such listing. Eight years had been too many. Overreaction dimmed my young soul -- I moped around listlessly the rest of that Tuesday.

Wednesday morning, in class, I struck the thought that he might have an unlisted number; after all, many people must have. Or he might have moved only a short distance away, so that he might easily come over if I could find his new address and write an intelligent letter. How swiftly hope was reborn. I resolved then to drive out to 5493 Mill Road, wherever it should be, and find out what I could. Getting the family car for a cruise around town on a Sunday afternoon would not be difficult at all if I approached it casually.

A friend, Johnny Phipps, worked after school at a filling station with a map of Mobile and surroundings on its wall. I found Mill Road -- it led far out into the sticks. 5493 must be near the end, I estimated. And I was right; civilization had thinned out considerably by the time I eased the Chevy into the driveway of 5493 the next Sunday afternoon. The house was comfortably spread thru a thicket of pines atop a gentle rise, well back from the road. It was old enough to predate the last expansion into the country around here, but new enough to not be pure farm. Back on the right was a garage with a late-model Cadillac showing thru the open door.

I trekked to the door and rang the bell. A good-looking woman in slacks and taut blouse opened the door. She looked Old But Fascinating to sixteen-year-old me (she was in her medium-late twenties, a fine age, but that was Old to as young a shaver as I was then). "Yes?" she asked in a courteous tone. "Does...uhhh...Reg Stabolt...errr.... live here?" I asked in embarrassment. "Why yes," she said and laughed a light lilting laugh. "Come on in." And turning her head toward the hall as she stepped back, she softly called: "Reg!"

He appeared quickly, a tall thin man with deep-set eyes that brooded even as they darted. "Yes?" he asked, seeing her first and me second. She motioned to me and I spoke swiftly, eager to get my plea in before I might be shooed away. My short fannish history sputtered incoherently before them both; I yearned for understanding with all the power of my eyes.

She was mystified; I could tell it by her opaque eyes. He was unsettled; I didn't know why but the evocation I brought had clouded his eyes with a mixture of emotions. "Please come in," he said, although I was already in the entrance hall. "Janice, this young man is connected with the amateur publishing I told you about once. Please would you bring us some coffee in the den."

I saw her start as if some old unused bit of obscure knowledge had suddenly slipped into the context of reality. She smiled -- oh how she smiled -- and nodded. "Yes, Reg. You two go on into the den and excuse me to get the coffee started."

Reg Stabolt led the way into a comfortable room lined with book shelves. He motioned me to a chair, but before I sat down I handed him a copy of RIPOSTE. I explained, not too well, that this was my fanzine, which had led to my finding him. I wanted him to have this copy.

He thumbed thru it politely as he spoke. "I'm afraid I haven't even thought about fandom for several years now. Been too busy with other things. Still, there's a little of the old magic left for me. Glancing thru your magazine revives a lot of old memories." He frowned, then looked intense for a brief moment before chuckling heartily. "Tell me again how you contacted fandom?" he asked to keep the conversation moving. "I'm afraid I didn't get very much out of your account in the hall. I was a bit confused at first."

I flushed, well aware of how incoherent I'd been. Marshalling my resources, I began a sketchy-but-cogent account of how the tenacles of fandom had subtly trapped me and then squeezed out of my schedule all the lesser ways to waste time. Halfway thru my discourse, she brought a tray of coffee and cookies in and served us. He, I noticed, had begun to actually read my fanzine. He seemed engrossed. Naturally, I took it as egoboo of a high grade.

"Please go on," she said, as I paused. "Reg was a ...'fan' once too, and I'm entranced by your ...'microcosm'." It could easily have been patronizing, but it wasn't. I could tell that she was genuinely interested -- not really in me or in fandom itself, but in this curious thing that he had once belonged to.

"Yes," spoke up Stabolt, "please continue. I'd like to know what fandom is like these days." I picked up the thread again; now slanting it away from myself and toward fandom in general. He was immersed in RIPOSTE once more within three minutes.

Suddenly, just as I'd started in on the present state of apa-fandom as seen by a waitlister, Reg Stabolt interrupted with what was to me a frightening question. "Just how old are you, son?" he asked.

The quick flood of panic that rushed over me evaporated under his calm eyes. "Sixteen," I confessed.

"You don't make any references to your age in here -- and this is your first zine. Have you elsewhere? Does fandom know how old you are?"

"No," I said in a tone of defiance smothered with sheepishness.

He just stared at me for a moment or two, and then when he spoke again he astounded me, as ready as I was for some sort of debunker. Softly he said: "Do you realize that you write like a well-informed, intelligent college graduate? Your put-downs in this zine are documented, mature, subtle... You're fooling an awful lot of people, I'm sure. That's not wise; it can even be dangerous. In fandom it's not much age or position, but what you say and how well you say it that counts. In fact, you'd command perhaps even more respect if people knew how young and gifted you are."

That was quite a lot to swivel ninety degrees and field without a bobble. I was silent too long because I wasn't able to say anything. I was too busy evaluating and reacting internally to risk any sort of external reaction.

He sighed. "I suppose I need to explain something," he said, looking at me briefly and then at her. "Why I gaf-- left fandom, that is." Then he hesitated, and I was sure that the reason for his questions and outburst lay in his gafiation. His wife thought so too; it was written on her face. Stabolt saw our expressions and chuckled deeply again. "It's no sordid confession. In fact it's rather ridiculous, but then Man is the ridiculous creature. That's the ability that separates him from the lower animals." He laughed a laughter that must have been fettered up for a long time somewhere deep within him.

"I entered fandom," he explained, "while I was still in college, but I was never more than a fringer until I graduated and was hired by a ship-building firm here in Mobile. The South puzzled me. I was a Yankee in a strange land -- the natives were kind enough, but I didn't understand them at first, so I sort of retreated -- hell, it was clearly a retreat -- into fandom. I began writing articles and LoC's and even bought a ditto to put out a small zine of my own with. When I could afford it I'd fly up to some East Coast regional or perhaps the Midwescon. It wasn't a very healthy existence, but I was stuck in it.

"At least I thought so then. Later I had my mind changed..... Well, on to that. In the summer of '58 I started sparring with a new fan in the letter column of SPACEDUST. Piddling details were all we argued about, but surprisingly we soon thought we hated each other. The feud raged thru practically all the remainder of our fannish lives. Things

seemed evenly matched; neither of us could put the other down for long. Summer of '59 I did some serious thinking about the feud and decided that there was no reason for it. I tracked down the original item of contention, and you're not going to believe this, but it was a disagreement on the relative merits of Coke and Pepsi. Honest. I was crogged. I wrote a long letter describing the absurd origin of the feud and sent it simultaneously to SPACEDUST and to my opponent. The letter referred to us as equals in wit and ability and called for a cessation of hostilities. I suggested a meeting at the Worldcon as an appropriate spot to exchange swords.

"He accepted, of course, with a letter to me and a carbon to SPACEDUST. I came to the Detention joyfully. I felt myself on a rising wave of faanishness, and I thought I'd discovered a strong new ally in an old enemy. I even decided to offer to him coeditorship of a new zine, naturally destined to become the focal point of fandom."

Reg paused and took a deep gulp from his coffee cup. It was obvious that he was stalling, delaying the unpleasant part of the narration. Intuitively I knew what he would say, but I had to hear him say it. Details would vary. He looked up at her. She was watching him with awareness and sympathy in her eyes, and something more. I realize now that it was love.

Reg spoke: "Pride is a strange thing. Make a man feel like an utter fool and he either retreats or fights. When I met my nemesis at the Detention I found he was only fifteen. But he was brilliant. He passed through fandom in a whirlwind on his way to more challenging things.

"I held my head up and carried off my fannish role for the rest of the con, but I felt like a fool. I retreated, breaking most of my more tenuous contacts immediately and phasing others out as soon as possible. I was totally gafia, though some letters came for several months and fanzines came for over a year."

He looked at his wife and continued: "Not that gafiation was bad. I pushed into the local social swirl and found Janice." When he was ready to remember me again, he said: "I suppose I'll have to edge back into fandom again, young man. I'd better see that you take a sane course through the madness of the microcosm and make sure that fandom knows how young and talented you are. We can't have you turning up at a worldcon and gafiating some poor fool who's got too much pride in the wrong things. I've had time enough to get over my own foolishness."

Yes, I remember well that first meeting with Reg Stabolt. I guess that was the day I first understood fandom. And other things.

--- Lon Atkins

## ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

On the second night of the Nycon, I met a wiry, lively, and happy fan who impressed me as an exact replica of the to-the-point, merry, and intriguing fanzine that he had published a quarter-century ago. He is Walt Liebscher; it was Chanticleer. After I got back to Hagerstown, I dug out all the copies I could find of that legendary fanzine. They made as fine reading in this ancient, disillusioned world as they did when I was very young and was preparing to enter an idyllic world that the end of World War Two was sure to produce.

You sometimes read about a composer's composer or a writer's writer, the sort of creative person who is appreciated and liked by his peers almost more than by the lay people. I suspect that Chanticleer is the closest approach we've had to the fanzine publisher's fanzine. It isn't sought out today as ardently by collectors as *Le Zombie*, *Acolyte*, and some other famous titles of the 1940's and it

## CHANTICLEER

didn't quite reach first place when polls of favorite fanzines were taken during its lifetime. But I know that I wondered when I read it why I hadn't been able to publish a subscription fanzine that was as tightly packed with interesting and funny things in such a small number of pages, and I suspect that most of the other fanzine publishers in that day found in it excellencies that weren't fully recognized by those who had never tried to do the same things.

What was Chanticleer like? If this were a question in an examination for a fannish doctorate, the student would list certain distinguishing things about the Liebscher fanzine. Everything was kept as short as possible: only rarely did you find an article or story that exceeded two pages, a book review was more likely to end in a dozen lines than to cover a half-page, and in the poetry, not only was the number of lines kept low, but the length of each line was sometimes startlingly abridged. But there was no sensation of chop-piness. Most of the big name fans of the day wrote for Channy, and they seemed to write tightly out of a spirit of emulation.

Then there were the incredible things Liebscher did with typewriter art. He specialized in little faces with subtle expressions

HARRY WARNER

which no fan to my knowledge has imitated since Ted Pauls used them in Kipple a few years back. The contents page was frequently a dazzling display of inventive borders and separating lines. Variety was imparted to some pages simply by running down one margin a repeated motif created from various characters.

A third distinctive matter was the consistent emphasis on books. The typical issue might have one-third of its pages devoted to book reviews and related writing about fantasy and science fiction between covers. Remember that this was before the great paperback explosion hit the United States, before hardcover reprints from the prozines had appeared in any quantity. It took some doing to find reviewers who would review books that hadn't already been reviewed in every other fanzine for the past six months; that's how seldom a new hardcover with fantasy as its theme came out.

Most of the issues of Chanticleer were published from Slan Shack in Battle Creek, although Liebscher moved to Los Angeles before the fanzine folded. The Battle Creek influence was obvious in several ways. It guaranteed a faanish element to alleviate any sercon impressions all this talk of books might have given. It also gave access to ample supplies of first rate artwork. There were beautiful airbrush covers by Jack Wiedenbeck, such as the first issue's black, red, and yellow rocster in an attitude that expresses frank exhaustion, or the impressionistic pair of spaceships spiralling over the cover of the second issue, in green with purple shadow areas. Examples of the faanish aspect can be drawn from the first issue. There is, for instance, a page of definitions. Some are jokes and others are puns, but a few are apparently genuine examples of fantalk that somehow failed to catch on as fanzine and bem did. "Foogie", for example, would be a useful word more specific than "mistake" and more inclusive than specialized terms like "typographical error". Liebscher defines it: "A grammatical error, a word jumbling. One can also foogie with the ears, i.e., misunderstand someone. Originated by the Slan Shack-ers." Here are some more:

"Glerbins -- the gremlins of fandom. They cause you to lose articles, make mistakes while cutting stencils, hide your correction fluid, tear magazines, etc., originated by Liebscher. Wudgy-- long and fuzzy, hence 'Wudgy Tales' means long and fuzzy tales."

Ah, and the Michigan report, which should be reprinted complete someday as a prime example of the old school of hysterical exaggeration of improbable real events. "Now if you, by any chance, think that we slept, you're crazy," Liebscher wrote, "Ollie, Speer, and Ashley pounced into Wiedenbeck's room, pounding bumps on each others' heads, arguing vehemently over some social problem, probably imaginary. Tucker, Connor, Robinson, and I began persuing 'Drawn and Quartered', a book of cartoons, and soon were cackling merrily. Frutches Robinson laid an egg. Over the cacaphony, one could hear a feeble voice belling, 'Will you mugs get to hell out of here so I can get some sleep?' This voice, we later learned, was Wiedenbeck's, who, at the time, was having another of his convulsions, to which everyone seemed unmindful.

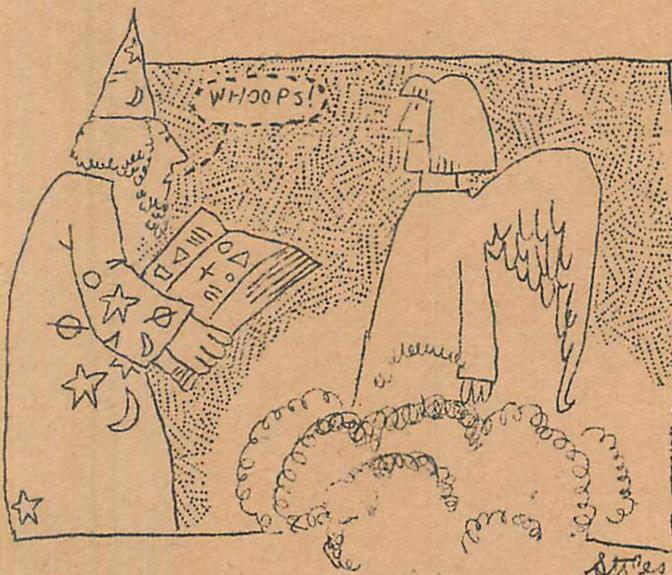
This hurt Jackie's feelings as it was a trick that usually worked, when he wanted something his own way."

One of the regular features in Chanticleer was a listing in each issue by some fan or other of his favorites in prodom and fandom: a few words on why he preferred above all others one novel, one short story, one fansine, and so forth. Most contributors seasoned their favorites well with disclaimers to the effect that they really liked other things almost as well or even better when it certain moods. But I'm sure that some mature fans today would feel dismay at their literary tastes way back then. The safest way to write about this without embarrassing anyone is to cite my own example. I don't feel too badly about choosing as favorite science fiction novel "The Time Machine", or the seance near the end of Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" as the best brief piece of weird fiction. But how could I have ever plumped for "The Circle of Zero" as my favorite science fiction short, or "The Blind Spot" as my favorite booklength fantasy? And why can't I remember at all today the story I chose as favorite fantasy short? It was Blackwood's "The Pikestaff Case".

Poetry in Chanticleer was never serious on the surface. Lieb- scher wrote most of it and sometimes said serious things behind a dazzling facade of wordplay, nonsense rhymes, and neologisms. How- ever I think I'll quote a poem by Charles Tanner, the old prozine writer who turned into a fan in Cincinnati. It strikes me as a mas- terpiece of some sort, although I wouldn't care to try to define the sort:

"how fantile is the cruden cry  
be so be so and make it done  
the scrubal answers i and i  
a lone alone all one alone

your round is square my fat  
is flat  
your red is white my greenish  
blue  
you seek nor see my simpen  
that  
and so I say to hell with  
you!"



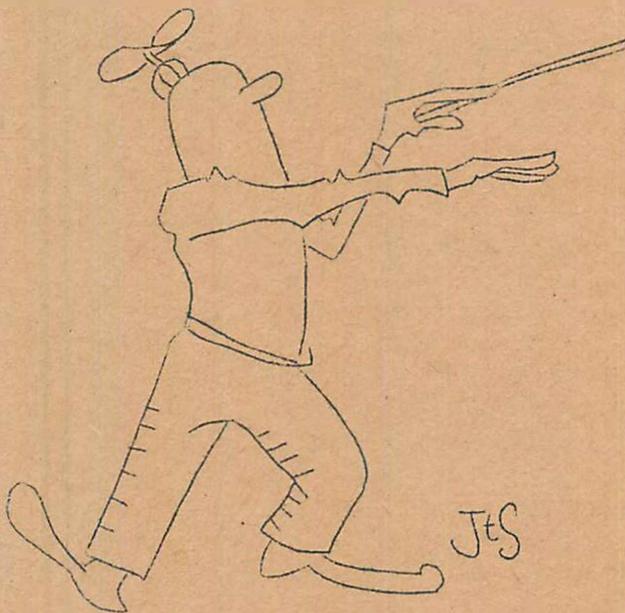
Anyone who is interested in fantasy books over and above what you can find in the paperback racks should try to buy up all the issues of Chanticleer the soonest possible. The book sections are treasure troves of information about volumes I've never seen mentioned in any other fansine. Real quick now, can you name the fantasy writer for pulp magazines who never did much fiction between hard covers but did get his autobiography

published in hardbound form? It's Arthur J. Burks. Do you think that fans got interested in children's fantasy only a few years ago when Los Angeles fans started to write about it? Not so. Liebscher published reviews of such items as Harry Collingwood's "The Log of the Flying Fish", which J Michael Rosenblum defines as "reminiscent of Jules Verne without the involved scientific explanations" or "The Princess and Curdie" by George MacDonald whose "sophistication both of vocabulary and attitude, makes this really more suitable for adult than for juvenile fare." according to Chan Davis. Francis T. Loney appeared quite frequently in a special book section called "Those Gay Deceivers": brief descriptions of books whose titles or blurbs or other manifestations gave a mistaken impression that they were fantasy instead of their real mundane selves. Rosenblum's "What They Are About" reviews were transplanted to Chanticleer from my defunct Spaceways. Liebscher did a lot of reviewing himself, and he even had a professional reviewer in his stable, someone who did work for East Coast newspapers, wrote for Channy under the name "Autolytus" and was apparently never unmasked.

Seemingly there were only seven independent issues of Chanticleer. (The Fanzine Index doesn't even know much about that seventh issue, which is undated, but arrived at my home on September 24, 1946.) The editorial, written from storied South Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, unwittingly may explain why the eighth issue never appeared. "I've tried to put out the whole issue in too short a time. I've gone the last four days with only two or three hours of sleep a night. Besides the magazine I have Tucker and Wheeler on my hands to enjoy myself as I always do when they're around, and I forget the mag. Right now there are about 35 fans running around the house; fanning, gabbing, playing poker, and rushing out every hour or so to meet some new celebrity. Then the next four hours are spent in introducing the new to lots of other celebrities." It's a particular shame that the eighth issue hasn't been published yet, because Liebscher had for it Tanner's list of favorite stories, a column by Bob Bloch, and the start of a new series in which prominent fans would list the ten fantasy characters they'd like to meet at a party.

All through Chanticleer's career, Liebscher kept reminding us to remember the rooster that wore red pants. I wish he'd remember the eighth issue and publish it, then many more after it.

--- Harry Warner



## FM BUSBY

The Topical Thing these days (assuming that the Kindly Editors follow through on their threat to publish promptly this time) is, unfortunately, the Year of the Jackpot in Los Angeles. Five deaths in two months: that would be a shock, certainly, even if they were all Just Names to us -- and Ron Ellik and Lee Jacobs were a great deal more than that. They were our friends; since this is not going to be an epitaph, let that suffice. Dale Hart was a "known"

fan; the other two were Barbara Pollard and another club-type fan whose name was not given in the report we received here. The total, so rapidly accumulated in just one local area, is rather a stunning jolt. The law of averages gone haywire...

After all, 1958 was named the Year of the Jackpot on the strength of three "major" fan deaths and three pro deaths, spread throughout both the year and the country. (Fans: F Towner Lancy, cancer; Vernon McCain, hospital blunder on a routine appendectomy; Kent Moomaw, suicide. Pros: Henry Kuttner, Cyril Kornbluth, and Ed Evans, all by coronary, I believe). There were one or two other deaths, fans known only in their local areas, but I believe Bill Courval's suicide missed 1958 by a very few days. Anyway 1958 jarred us all up, naturally. And equally naturally, the current series of disasters has jarred us even more. After awhile, a sort of numbness sets in on the subject, if you don't watch it.

By 1958, fandom and prodom had both mostly led charmed lives for so long that we had gotten into the habit of thinking we were Exempt; then it began catching up to us in an inordinate hurry, making up for lost time. In the intervening years, death has visited the microcosm on it's usual hit-and-run schedule, we've become pretty well used to that by now, taking each loss at its personal value. We've probably lost more fans in the '59-'67 period than in 1958 and 1963 put together, yet I doubt if many of us could name half of those who

ONE FAN'S BEAT

died over that long span. I won't even try; I'd be sure to miss one that it would embarrass the hell out of me to have forgotten, even momentarily.

Here in Seattle over the past decade we've had it mostly by the law of averages in reasonable working order. Four come to mind, three were expectable and the other one shocking

Fans seem to tend toward a superstitious belief in Fate or Destiny. This is not a very good idea. Things do not really happen to any mystic pattern at all; they merely come about according to prior causes that maybe we didn't know about ahead of time or even in retrospect. It looks weird when they bunch up, but that can't be helped; events do not wait upon our understanding of them. And I don't believe in Fate, as such. I don't think the Universe pays all that much attention to individuals. We make it on our own, or not. So all LA fans should relax and give themselves better chances. Tension Can Be Hazardous To Your Health, man.

They tell me that Gene Roddenberry reads fanzines; he sure's hell doesn't read or respond to letters, in my experience of trying to communicate postally. (In the days when I was infatuated with "Star Trek" I wrote nice upbeat letters with questions in them. I got one Blah form-letter and one note from the Legal Department to the effect that they only dealt with Recognized Agents, and since I didn't know any Recognized Agents, it would be nice of me to go away and drop dead. That was good advice, so I did; you wouldn't notice unless you've been downwind lately, I suppose.)

But you'd notice if you have been downwind of the program itself; it sort of stinks lately. And I'd like to say to Gene Roddenberry \*Wherever You Are\*:

How about putting "Star Trek" back in the future where it belongs? I am sick to death of alternate-Earth history as a substitute for good new ideas. You keep jamming tired old historical morality-plays into "Star Trek", and violating the valued characterizations that make the show, in order to accommodate these weary turkeys. Your main characters (Kirk, Spock, McCoy, Scotty, Ahuru, Sulu and Chekhov, are your stock in trade -- your meat and potatoes. Louse them up, as you have been doing lately, and you'll blow the whole bit.

The show began slipping when you turned the writing over to people who are more at home in soap opera or situation comedy than in science fiction. (Recently you and Coon have been the worst of the lot, and that's \*Bad\*. It's like the "I Spy" episodes written by Robert Culp; he obviously has no idea of what his own characterization is supposed to be -- all he wants to do is Agonize a Lot.)

The payoff came on 15 March 1968 in the "Bread and Circuses" episode by Gene Roddenberry and Gene L. Coon. Ancient Rome with machineguns, for CRYsakes! Apparently others had been jumping about the very over-done parallel worlds theme, because some member of the

poor abused cast was forced to mouth some bilge about "Hodgkin's Law of Parallel Development" to account for the fact that past-and-present Earth is in all the rooms lately.

And Mr. Spock, of all people, was unable to keep a straight face. He lost his cool; suddenly there was only Leonard Nimoy with pointed ears and a sheepish grin on his face. Don't fault Nimoy for this; there is a limit to the amount of sheer crap an actor can carry and retain verisimilitude. And you sort of broke the Garbage Barrier with that one.

My question is why can't the Enterprise find anything but parallel-Earths any more, for the most part? Why did you give up on the future to overwork the past and present. Do you think this will gain you the Mass Audience? (Do you think the Mass Audience will write "save the show" letters next year? Rots of ruck...)

I don't get it. You had a good thing going. Not perfect (what is?) but the best available on the teevy. Early in the season you ran several good ones and one really great one (Jerry Bixby's "Mirror, Mirror" with the alternate-Enterprise running by the rules of E.E. Smith's Boskonian Empire). And then it all started going down the drain. Soap opera by Coon. Situation Comedy by Whosis. And past and present parallel Earths by everybody. That little stinker about the Yongs and the Cooms, with Kirk winning the peace by correcting Whosit's pronunciation and syntax on the Declaration of Independence: I mean, Hodgkins-Schmogkins -- enough is too much!

OK, I know you're stuck with the stupid Rating System just like everybody else, and somebody got the brainstorm that maybe you could get the Mass Audience by presenting the future as merely the past in a clever plastic disguise. But I think you guessed wrong. You won't get enough of the Mass Audience to count with that all-time con-man, A.C. Nielson. And you will lose your hardcore articulate following that writes letters to the network. (Our local S-F group here wrote quite a few letters last year... and none at all this year.)

If Rick Whatisname in your office sees this, no doubt he will howl in anguish, "Why does this guy Hate The Show so much?" I don't hate the show; I don't hate you; I don't hate anybody. But I do hate, loathe, and abominate what you have been doing to the show for the greater part of this season.

Like mainly you sold out to the yucks. And they won't even pay off....

\*

\*

I was gonna comment on politics and Vietnam and gold and De Gaulle and the Edibility Gap (glop bread). But I might get my mouth washed out with soap again, and soap is really the Edibility Gap. So for now...

--- F. M. Busby

# MY FRIEND ALAN SHAW

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Alan Shaw, boy Fanoclast, is my friend. As I am several years his elder both fannishly and chronologically, I have been a guide and mentor for Alan as he saunters through fandom. I would not, however, want to give you the impression that our relationship is all one way. Alan not only provided a memorable incident which indelibly fixed the name "QUISH" on my mind and his hand on the middle of my face, but sometimes he has come up with the most original observations imaginable.

Alan and I were talking on the phone, the day after he and Johnny Berry had visited me in New Hyde Park. I fell into a philosophical, introspective mood during that phone conversation. I told Alan about the time a mutual acquaintance and I had temporarily ceased to get along. Not that we had a feud or any such thing, but we just stopped enjoying each other's company and found each other grating. This fan, after a sojourn in a more westerly fan center, had returned to New York a hyper-intense person. As I told Alan, I couldn't stand the fellow's non-stop staccato harrangue. "I know why you don't like him," rich brown had said to me one day after I had grumbled a bit about this fan.

"Why, rich?" Rich brown did (and does) have opinions which I do not take lightly.

"Because you and he are a lot alike," rich had replied.

"And from that day on," I said in my best moral-at-the-end-of-the-fable voice as Alan listened breathlessly to my story, "I tried to be a hell of a lot less intense." I paused, waiting for the applause I thought my program of self-improvement merited me. There was no applause.

"You know," Alan said instead of applauding. "you're still getting less intense."

"Huh?" I riposted eloquently.

"Well, yesterday, when we were sitting in the livingroom, you seemed to get, well, fuzzy around the edges."

"Fuzzy around the edges?" I echo'd.

"Yes. By about 10:00, I noticed that I could see your nose, eyes, and the central part of your body, but the rest kind of -- faded away."

"Are you sure, Alan?" I was beginning to worry.

"You're going at the fingers," he intoned with the air of a doctor informing his patient that he has terminal cancer. "You looked like," he paused, searching for the Perfect Metaphor, "like the Sylvia Tolliver illo in the copy of 'Pen and Stylus' you loaned me." I remembered the illo vividly. It faded around the edges. I examined my hand critically. It was a little fuzzy, I decided.

"Sylvia Tolliver? You mean like Dave English illos?" I could hear him flipping through "Pen and Stylus" looking for DEillos. He found them.

"Yeah. Exactly. You looked just like Dave English illustrations," he said finally.

"I don't want to diffuse into the atmosphere!" I protested.

"Let's get Arthur Thomson to fix you up, " Alan offered in the spirit of helpfulness.

"Or Steve Stiles," I added brightening. "He could put heavy black lines all around me!"

"Atom draws really good heavy black lines," Alan reiterated. I was touched by Alan's desire to see me have the best possible care. "Better get someone to draw those heavy black lines in a hurry, Arnie, you're fading away. I said a shaky good-bye. I am sitting before my typer, curled up into a ball to keep myself from leaking off at the edges, hoping Stiles gets here before I become amorphous.

Alan Shaw, boy Fanoclast, is a true friend of mine.

--- Arnie Katz

# ARTIFACTS

It's a chancey business -- pawing through the ruins of memory, looking for bits and pieces of old glory and hard fact. But I'm inclined to try it at least once in the hope that the results will be mildly entertaining to whoever reads these words.

I entered in the usual way -- then. Then is sometime in the early fifties. And "the usual way" was the reading of letters in ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, FANTASTIC, THRILLING WONDER STORIES, STARTLING... At first, I wrote letters to the magazines, had a few published, and got to be a regular in the TWS and SS letter columns. (I didn't dare presume to write to Brass Tacks.) I became aware of the fan press via the fanzine reviews in those same pulps. I sent for some fanzines, and -- as the ancient bromide goes -- was HOOKED!

A pro editor was a God. A fan editor (a BNF) was a minor God.

I had to be one, too (A BNF). Being a pro editor or writer was beyond my wildest.

So I looked into the business of hectography, because I didn't have the money to buy a mimeo, and it was so messy. But a dollar or two later and one pan of hectograph jelly later and much fussing and puzzlement later (How could anyone make those monsters work?) I began thinking of alternatives.

Ditto? All those colors! Not too messy. YEAH! But the cost...

I saw in the window of a small stationery store a curious little machine, a flat-bed spirit duplicator. How many fans have heard of these things? How many have even seen one? I may have been the only fan to ever use one. I published the first two or three issues of PSYCHOTIC on it. The flat-bed cost me, as I recall, about \$32.00, complete with a can of fluid, masters, and paper. Ten dollars down, and the rest in five dollar payments.

What to name my zine? I pondered. I came up with ABERANT. And then, for no good reason then or now, I suddenly changed to PSYCHOTIC. I remember being puzzled as to why I had changed titles at the last minute, but my subconscious must have had private reasons. It still does.

# DICK GEIS

I got names and addresses from the prozine columns. I imitated other fanzines; lousy fiction, an article, a review of "It Came From Outer Space". I don't remember much beyond that, except that the editorials and columns had to have "compatable" names with PSYCHOTIC, again in imitation of other zines. So began "The Leather Couch" (now shortened to "The Couch", "Second Session", "The Violent Ward", "Section Eight" The ruins of memory are crumbled beyond these. Was there a book review section?

I pushed the roller-feeder across that flat-bed ditto fanatically, evening after evening in my kitchen. And I produced how many copies of PSY? Fifty? Not more than that. A thin zine...16 pages... stapled it, mailed it...

#### AND GOT LETTERS BACK!

I particularly remember a letter of comment and mild praise from Gregg Calkins. Bless you, Gregg. It doesn't take much to make a faned continue.

Then Vernon McCain agreed to do his column for PSY -- and fanish history was made.

I've changed since then, since revving up PSY, changing it to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW and then dropping it. I've changed and fandom has changed. How? Let's fumble through the ruins a little more and see.

In those days, there was FAPA and SAPS, and an upstart called the Cult. A couple fans and myself tried to start a pornographic amateur press association, but it died aborning. The time wasn't ripe. Now may be a better time, perhaps, but I don't think I'll try and organize it. Now, of course, there are apas all over the place; apas for regions, counties, cities...neighborhoods. Apas for specialized enthusiasms.

Way back, fandom was fandom, and that meant science fiction fandom. The specialization virus has taken hold and we have ERB fandom, sword and sorcery fandom, comics fandom, Tolkein fandom, monster fandom, even little sub-movements like "Star Trek" fandom. And probably others I'm not aware of yet or have forgotten to mention.

And the fanzines! God, the fanzines! They breed like tribbles. I don't remember having a trade list of more than thirty in the old days. Now I'm up to sixty.

Why all this expansion and activity? The answer is simply that the baby boom during and after the war has brought an invidible increase in the numbers of fanzines, fans, and fandoms. And the economic boom has made it possible for many of these fans to buy mimeos, typers, paper, ink...

Do I view with alarm? Nope.

Do I see a trend? Nope.

Do I have anything else to say? Nope.

--- Dick Geis

THE  
SAVING  
OF THE  
QUIPS



Old Arnie cut the stencils, man,  
Then Cindy made the run  
An eightly page edition, man,  
Collating can be fun;

Then Cinoy and her woman-child  
They might have looked some odd,  
They took one hundred fifty  
Copies to the U.S. PCD

DICK LUPOFF

It was a day in Feb'ry drear  
An ill-recalled orb  
Was gleaming sadly in the dome  
Its rays could not absorb

The cold of winter in the Bronx  
When girl and mother twain  
Sent forth those hundred fifty Quips  
Across the fruited plain;

And then began the weighted days  
Of hope that turned dispair,  
For all across the fruited plain  
Quip could be found nowhere;

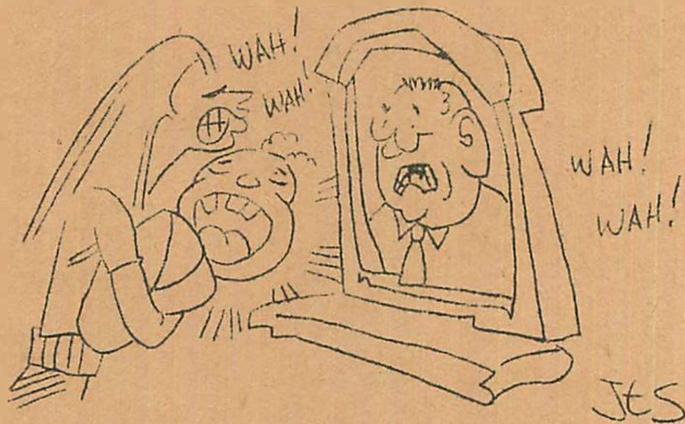
Have patience, lads, give up not soon,  
The watchword did resound,  
In Buffalo and Bronx alike  
Saint Fant'my heard the sound

Of faithful fans their prayers loud voic-  
ing through each 'ternal night,  
That with the break of dawn's red rays,  
One Quip would greet their sight;

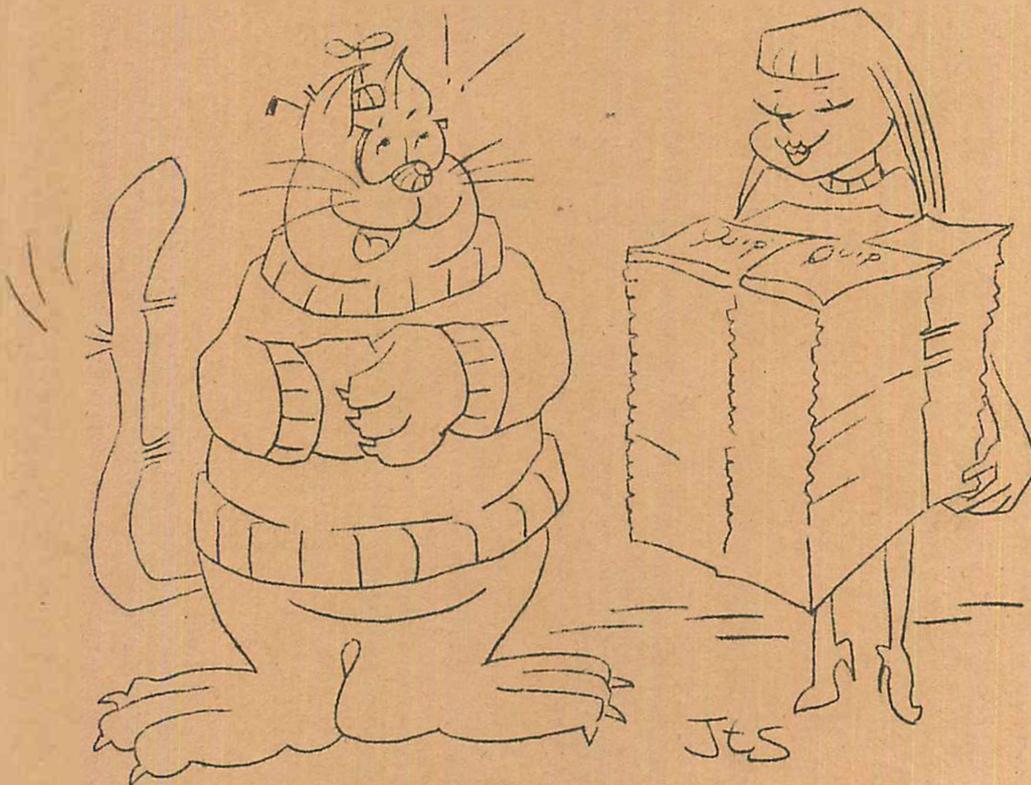
And then a month or more ha'ing sped  
That gracious Lady C.,  
Her baby clutched in warming arms  
Against the treach'rous lea,

To face the furious postal mein  
Advanced, smile on lip,  
"My fanzines, Sir," demanded she,  
"I won't give up the Quip!"

O'Brien's minions scurried round,  
At last arose a cheer  
"Beneath this dusty tarpaulin,"  
They cried, "The Quips are here!"



The rest is known through fandom wide,  
March 'le'en that famous date,  
When seventh Quip last hit the mail  
Than never, better late!



# QUIPS



*from readers...*

John Berry: I am extremely pleased by QUIP 6; it is a good issue of Q and a damnfine fanzine. If you could only get onto some semblance of a regular schedule (I should complain...), the zine would be improved though. Too many of the best fanzines these days come out with 80- or 90-page issues at unpredictable intervals of many, many moons and then disappear again into the dark fannish night. I think if someone could churn out a small zine every month or two that would maintain a fair standard of quality and be of some interest to most fans, he would very quickly have an extraordinarily popular fanzine by filling that wide gap. The only fmz that approach this today are YANDRO, a

monthly, and CØSIGN, which just went from monthly to bimonthly; the Coulsons, however, are actively trying to keep down Yan's widespread popularity instead of building it up, and CØsign is consistantly too mediocre and Columbus is the object of many a controversy. (Pause to plug ST. LOUIS IN '69!) Certainly NIEKAS would not have won the Fan Achievement Award if there had been a frequent fanzine with the same quality and type of material and half the drive that Ed Meskys has put behind Niekas.

If you have any desire to establish the QUIPoll, you should have included the results regardless of how many people voted. I'm sure that most of the readers would be interested in seeing how it came out (I know I would -- what were the results?), and seeing the poll in operation and dominated by a small group of voters would probably induce the other readers to vote next year (which may not be too many issues away...). Now I doubt if the QUIPoll could get back off the ground, and I don't believe that the Fan Achievement Awards fulfill "most fans' desires for fan polls."

"The Rumor" consisted so nearly completely of dialog that it was hard to get a sense of perspective on the story. Arnie did a fine job of bringing out personalities through the use of conversation, but a Ghood Thing can be carried Too Far. This story is more or less an exact opposite of the story Lon ran through SFPA and N'APA a year ago (was it called "The Encounter"?), in which he presented everything quite well except that there was no dialog. Some kind of balance between the two would be idea. Descriptive passages are necessary to a short story in much the same way an editorial and lettercolumn and informal comments are to a fanzine; both serve to achieve a balance and give the reader some perspective.

Felice Rolfe hits on a very important point shen she remarks on New York's "essential isolation from the rest of fandom." New York is probably the most vibrant, active fannish center today, and it would seem on a casual glance that the Fanoclasts in particular would be a guiding light in fandom. It certainly cannot be denied that the Fanoclasts are well-known as a group, and many are among the top talents in fanwriting, editing, and art. The snag is that the fannish currents flowing around New York fandom are filled with arguments and the taking of sides. There was the controversy over bidding for the '67 Worldcon, all of which was happily ahead of my time; there has been an incredible uproar over the Pong awards and Ted White's contempt for fannish business sessions; there is the general opposition of the Fanoclasts to Columbus's bid for the '69 worldcon, which was kept scrupulously in check while the F'clasts were in an official capacity as the NyCon committee; and just lately SFWEEKLY reports that false rumors are being spread in the Midwest about the committee absconding with the funds from the NyCon.

I don't know just why there is so much controversy surrounding the Fanoclasts and New York. Part of the problem is obviously a natural clash of personalities between extremely out-spoken Fanoclasts like Ted White and Arnie Katz and easily-aroused fans such as Bill Mallardi. Perhaps this is a symptom of how seriously we take things in today's fandom. Whatever the reason, it has certainly kept New York from being the center of a fannish renaissance, as it most

likely would have been in a similar situation with a similar collection of top fans five or ten years ago. I personally wonder what the general opinion of the Fanoclasts was in 1965 or earlier, when the NyCon3 was just a vague dream and the chief yelling match in fandom was centered on Walter Breen and Berkeley, clear across the continent.

To return to Quip: Greg Benford's fanzine reviews are excellent, although I had to readjust myself after being used to long critical reviews coming in the somewhat different style that Ted White and Arnie both used in earlier Quips. Greg covered three fanzines fairly representative of the best in fanpublishing today; it's interesting to note that ALGOL, NYARLATHOTEP, and TRUMPET are all more or less irregular and come out with thick issues many months apart. Greg gives a good perspective on parts of the fanzines he reviews, but the one objection I have is that he doesn't draw his paragraphs together and relate them well enough to give an overall picture of what the fanzine looks like to him. He did wind up the Trumpet review quite well, but the other two were left dangling. After reading the column, I felt that Greg had made a lot of good points, but I had trouble tying them all together in my mind.

I wish indeed that you would heed ShelVy's words and print addresses with the letters. If you are going to go to all the trouble to resurrect Faaanish Greats like ShelVy and Gregg Calkins, the least you could do is give us their addresses so people like me can reach them too.

And where is "Cross Words"? I'd like to see some more of Ross's writing.

A couple of paragraphs ago I mentioned Ted White's fanzine reviewing style. His style of writing a letter of comment is very similar. (It's egoboo time, Ted.) He goes through the fanzine piece by piece and gives his critical evaluation of each part; in an loc, of course, he doesn't have to worry about describing the zine for those who haven't seen it, so he can spend more time talking on each article or item. On a 102-page annish, this comes to two-and-a-half elite-typed pages of loc. Usually you will hear Older and Wiser Fans telling neos that one of the first things you must learn to write good letters of comment is not to go down the list of everything in the zine, but to pick out a few points that caught your interest and expand on them for a paragraph or two. Ted pretty successfully violates this rule, but then he isn't just listing what he liked and disliked; still it is that same system that he's using. Ted brings to it a considerable talent and raises it to the heights of quality in a lettercolumn. I've been trying to figure out now whether the system of taking a fanzine item by item is really poorer or if it's perhaps the most comprehensive method of discussing a fanzine. It has the advantage of giving some egoboo to every contributor to the zine, and in the hands of a writer like Ted it certainly produces a good loc or review.

yrs,

John

