DOWN WITHI

From the fall of 1972 to the summer of 1976, Toronto fans met in a greasy spoon twice a month and it was called CHIPS AND COFFEE. Then came the Summer of Changes. And the Autumn of Changes. Then a Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall, of Changes. Lots of changes, but a lot of the Derelicts are still here and we figured maybe Chips and Coffee was due for a revival. So a handful of cynical, drawn-visaged, derelicts dragged themselves to a greasy spoon on Jan 24, 1978 to revive a Gestalt. And these are the OFFICIAL NEWS, TRANSACTIONS, and PROCEEDINGS of the New Chips and Coffee Club.

DOWN WITH! #1: The newsletter of Chips & Coffee / Thish covers the Jan 24 1978 meeting and will be distributed Feb 7 to attending folk and subsequently to friends in and out of town. Perpetrators: Phil Paine / Victoria Vayne. This issue baptizes in fanac a 40 year old Gestetner 26 (yes, Twenty Six). Opus 35.

DERELICT DEROGATIONS being a true and accurate record of conversations held at Chips and Coffee, January 24 1978.

JANET SMALL: Well, here we are.

BOB WILSON: We are here, indeed.

PHIL PAINE: Yes, we are here.

VICTORIA VAYNE: Indeed, yes, we are here.

BILL BRUMMER: Is this like it was in the Golden Days of Chips and Coffee?

PHIL PAINE: Er, ah, ahem, well, you see, all revivals of informal institutions must, ahem, er, must perforce suffer a certain initial awkwardness because of the non-spontaneous nature implicit in the concept of revival...

BOB WEBBER: Well, Bill, it isn't quite like the old days, Taral isn't here yet, for instance.

JANET SMALL: Well, here we are...

BOB WILSON: We are here indeed.

PHIL PAINE: Yes, we are indeed here.

BOB WEBBER: Yes, indeed, truly we are here.

BILL BRÜMMER: Yes...

BOB WILSON: Well, we seem to have re-created one aspect of chips and coffee pretty accurately. Let's go home.

MOSHE FEDER: Already? I moved to Toronto for this?

PHIL PAINE: You're not understanding the spirit of it, Moshe. The Gestalt.

JANET SMALL: The Weltenschaung.

TIM KYGER: The Anschluss!

BOB WILSON: The Leidenschaftliche Anhänger Geschichtswissenschaft!

BILL BRUMMER: The Tscherkessechromkauer!

PHIL PAINE: Huh?

PAT MUELLER: Doesn't "Tscherkessechromkauer" mean "Circassian Chrome-chewer"?

BOB WEBBER: [thumbing through a German/ English dictionary] so it does... BILL BRÜMMER: Is it just like the Golden Age now, Janet?

ZANE W. SCROGGINS: Here comes Taral!

JANET SMALL: Not quite. Bob hasn't
squished his paper napkins into the
creamer yet.

TARAL: Here I come to save the day!

MOSHE FEDER: You know that MIghty Mouse
is on his way.

TARAL: Yes, and I have brought with me several items to help us recreate the mood. First of all, this three-thousand year old Coca Cola glass in which the vitrious substance, acting as a super-cooled liquid, has flowed miraculously into a shape resembling an avocado.

PATRICK HAYDEN: Resembling a spanish lawyer? MOSHE FEDER: Gimme!

BOB WILSON: We've just been talking about the Tscherkessechromkauer of Toronto Fandom...

TARAL: Why would anyone want to chew chrome?

VICTORIA VAYNE: I don't know, I like to kick chrome.

BILL BRUMMER: Why?--he said, expecting a rational reply.

be it's just a quirk of mine, but I
hate chrome. Back in Brockville my
parents had tons and tons of chrome
and I couldn't stand it. I used to
tell my parents "Shit! Chrome!
Yeach!" Now I avoid chrome entirely.
I tried to get the car dealership to
remove all the chrome from my Dodge
Swinger, but they wouldn't. So now

TOO MIGHTY FOR VAMPIRES, Taral has lost his job manufacturing antibodies for a medical supply firm. His mercury-rich blood, it turns out, coagulates too rapidly for even the enormous needles used to collect it. A souvenier blood collecting bag, complete with leftover blood, is possibly still on view to interested parties at 415 Willowdale Ave., Apt. 1812. Phone for appointment.

HOPING TO RECOUP HIS LOSSES in this financial set-back, Taral will travel to Rhode Island a week before BOSKONE to be the guest of Bonnie Dalzell and collaborate with her on drawings for sale at the con.

A RESCUE PARTY comprised of four stalwart Toronto fen will journey eastward a week later to make merry at the con, and, if they survive, to snatch Taral from the jaws of the five hungry Borzoi at Bonnie's and return him to Toronto. Attempting this mission will be Bill Brummer, Phil Paine, Victoria Vayne and Bob Webber, or subset thereof.

ON THE FANAC FRONT here in Toronto, Jennifer Bankier is using what time she can spare at the moment to put the finishing touches on ORCA 2. With help, this 120 page giant should be ready in the not-too-distant future; and parts already completed look good.

PRUNECON, meanwhile, has grown from the original concept of a small faanish relaxacon to a larger, more general type of regional. Budgeted for 200-300 people, the concept of the con is now flexible enough to take in as many as 500 members. Fortunately, unlike the woefully poor facilities "enjoyed" by \$BUMMERCON, the Lord Simcoe has the needed space.

A FAANISH RELAXACON might be held in Toronto in 1979. This event, being planned by Victoria Vayne and Taral and a few others, will remain small and unstructured, a "Symposium-in-a-hotel". a con to invite and have good times with out-of-town fannish friends.

THE JANUARY OSFIC MEETING was an unexpectedly enjoyable, low-key event featuring
the heckling of nostalgic convention
slides shown by Gordon Van Toen, and
chips 'n coffee at the pizza place, where
politics, fan and mundane, were discussed
with spirit. Six diehards continued
walking and then driving, around the
east end of Toronto and Scarborough,

finally finishing up at Harvey's when the tri-level McDonald's on Bloor & Bedford turned out to be closed at only midnight.

CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE FIRST KIND? Taral, walking in the evening of the January 26 blizzard/gale, reports seeing a bright flash up in treetop height; origin and character unknown. His account of this led to a discussion of mysterious bright sky-filling flashes seen over the North Atlantic all through the last week of January.

I have to cover all the chrome on my car with masking tape.

TARAL: To resume my list of items I have brought to recreate the atmosphere of the Golden Age of Chips and Coffee, I have...pass them around, Phil...seventeen gross cartoons scribbled on napkins!

[Wild applause]

TARAL: And a copy of a rare \$750 book found by Bob Wilson in a vegetable bin for fifteen cents!

[Wild applause]

TARAL: And a complete script for us transcribed from a secret tape recording of a genuine Coffee and Chips meeting of yesteryear. We don't have to recreate anything. We just read the lines.

[Scripts are passed around and participants read their parts]

JANET SMALL: Well, here we are.
BOB WIDSON: We are here, indeed.
PHIL PAINE: Yes, we are here.
VICTORIA VAYNE: Indeed, yes, we are here.

[aside]

BILL BRÜMMER: Is this like it was in the Golden Days?

BOB WEBBER: I'm afraid so.

GARY FARBER: Well, that's Leidenschaftliche Anhänger Geschichtswissenschaft for you.

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