

going to press, and that he should have his editorial in Real Fast. This is a hoax, as is the rest of Greg's editorial in VOID. In reality Greg was not home in Walnut Creek, but down in La Jolla, visiting his brother Jim, on New Years Eve, and even if we had been able to reach him he could hardly have had an editorial in before our deadline. So Ted and Arnie wrote Greg's editorial, and we stencilled it with the rest of the issue, and we published VOID 29.

Now we could have just sent Greg a copy, but I was about to return to the Barea myself. And I expected to see Greg in the near future. I couldn't resist the urge to be the one to present Greg Benford with his copy of VOID 29. Ted did not finish the laborious job of mimeographing before I left, but he did get it done Sunday afternoon, and I received two airmail copies Tuesday morning.

I called up Greg, chatted about the news of NY and Barea fandoms, and asked him if I could drive up to visit the next weekend. I made several phonecalls that week. It seemed that Greg's free time was pretty well taken up for the next week or so. "You'll have to wait til the weekend after next, Johnny," said Greg; I was trapped by being unable to tell him why I wanted to see him so urgently. Instead I just kept at him, trying to find some time when I could drive up there and deliver his copy of VOID.

Finally my opportunity arrived. A hole opened up in Greg's schedule, and he and Joan were going to be at Bill Donaho's new house in El Cerrito Sunday afternoon; why didn't I meet them there in the late afternoon and go out to dinner in Berkeley? Fine.

Sunday dawned cloudy and cold. I was involved in a seminar at Stanford in the early afternoon, but after I had concluded that I put on a raincoat and left for the East Bay, at about 5:00. I crossed the San Mateo bridge in the rain (discovering that my car is small enough that it does get buffeted about by the wind on open bridges) and drove up the freeway amid a torrential downpour. Past Berkeley, where I stopped to consult a map in a service station, and off an exit in El Cerrito. Around street after street in that town, realizing slowly that I had taken the wrong turnoff. I stopped at another gas station to ask directions, and I was told how to get to northern El Cerrito, where I wanted to go. More bewildering cross-streets, and then I found the road I wanted, which Ganges St., the street Donaho lives on, was supposed to run into. Supposed to. Yes. I followed the road, and the incline grew steeper. The rain was pouring down and my windshield wipers were spreading a layer of grease across the windshield each time they swept across it, so that I had to stop the wipers every time I wanted to read a streetsign. The road I was on started going up a 45° hill; I put my car in extra-low and followed it, still looking for Ganges. I came to the top and the end of the road, but I still hadn't found it. So I turned around and went slowly back down the hill, again reading streetsigns at every corner. Nothing. So when the road ran back into a main thoroughfare, I stopped at yet another gas station and tried to call Donaho for directions. No luck; Bill didn't have any phone number listed. I asked the station attendant how to find Ganges, and he told me that it ran into the road I'd been on just before the hill got steep. I thanked him, a bit dubiously, and went back to try again. I still found no Ganges St., although I examine each streetsign as I drove up the hill and back up to the top. I turned around one more time, and once more I went carefully down the hill. By the time I reached the bottom, I was inventing new curses in

an unending stream of invective against the weather, the windshield wipers, the gas station attendant, and anything that came within my field of vision. I decided to try One More Time. I turned around and drove slowly up the hill, stopping when I came to the block where Ganges should have been. The street before it was supposed to be the street before Ganges, but this street was named something entirely different. In a mood to try anything different, I turned down the street anyway and drove down to the next intersection.

On the signpost at that intersection, the sign that identified the street I was on read "Ganges."

I was elated. I was also mad, at the incredible mess of a street system that El Cerrito seemed to possess. After this it was anticlimactic that I ended up parking two blocks down Ganges (which also went up a steep hill) from the proper house, and that I looked like a wet puppy by the time I rang the doorbell.

Greg answered the door. "You look wet and lost," he said. "Yes," I replied, ripping off my soaking raincoat.

But once inside the warm house, I begin feeling considerably better. Greg and Joan and Bill and Danny Curran were there, as well as a girl whose name I forget, who I believe was living with Danny; we sat around and drank wine and ate snacks and hors d'oeuvres.

I faced Greg. "Here, Greg," I said, "here are the books you lent me; and here are the fanzines." I handed them to him. "And here is your copy of FOOLSCAP 6." I handed him that also, and he looked interested; that was ostensibly what I was there to give him.

"And now, Greg," I said, letting an air of mystery gather about me, "I have something else to give you."

I handed him a copy of VOID 29.

He looked at it; fondled it. He gazed at the cover. "What's this?" he asked, looking up. "What does it look like, Greg?" I said.

He opened it to the contents page. He stood silent for a moment. Then he looked at me again. "Why, that's incredible!" he said.

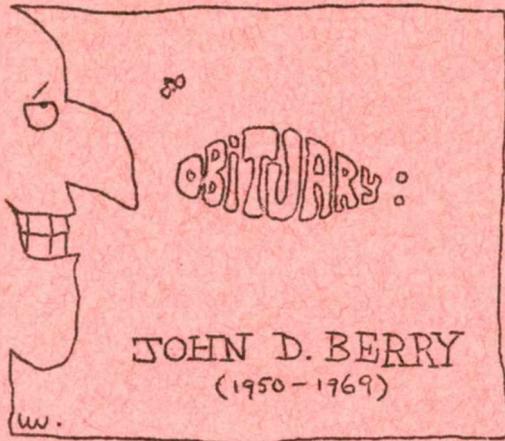
In that moment Greg came the closest to sheer surprise that I have ever seen him attain; he sat down and commenced to pore through the issue, handling it almost as though it were a precious gem or a rare old book that he expected to fall apart any minute. He punctuated his perusal with exclamations of "Incredible!" and "That's fantastic!" for several minutes.

We talked and Greg and Bill read parts of FOOLSCAP, and the Benfords and I went to a Japanese restaurant for dinner, but it all seemed anticlimactic. Greg was flabbergasted at the fact that we had finally published VOID 29, and he told me later that he took two weeks to read it, savoring it slowly like a fine wine.

And when Greg called Ted the next day via the government-paid phone connections at his job, his first words were, "I got this fanzine, Ted...."

A PARAGRAPH FOR BOYD RAEBURN & ALL LIKE THAT: Today I went into the Stanford Bookstore and I found a whole long table full of records on sale. Now Stanford record sales tend to be rather uninteresting, comprising long runs of a few

(CONTINUED PAGE 13)



It is my sad--nay, truly sorrowful-- duty to tell you of the demise of one John D. Berry, of unknown origin. (There is some controversy surrounding his background, with certain fans claiming that he was a New York fan, others that he was a BArea fan.) He was the editor of FOOLSCAP and EGOBOO, and is survived by his coeditor, Ted White.

Mr. Berry died at the Fanoclast New Years Party, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ted White, at 339 49th St., Brooklyn, where he collapsed at approximately 12:00 midnight on the evening of Jan. 31. According to the accounts of his friends, Mr.

Berry had embarked two weeks earlier on what he called a "hunger strike," refusing to eat any food or consume any drink that was placed before him. This was a great sacrifice for Mr. Berry, who was very fond of large and exotic repasts.

The reason for his hunger strike, said Mr. Berry after five days of non-eating, was to force fandom to return to a higher plane of fanac. "I'm striking for better quality in fanzines," he told a friend. "I will not eat or drink until the dismal quality of the material in fanzines today is raised to the pinnacles of fannishness that they once achieved."

It is not known to what period he referred, but a close associate reported that Mr. Berry had been hard struck by a fanzine mailed to him from Britain some months ago. It had sent him walking around in an agonized stupor for days. "He always was a sensitive young fan," said Arnie Katz, when questioned by your reporter. "He couldn't stand the sight of a rank crudzine."

Mr. Berry evidently carried through his threats. When he appeared at the Fanoclast New Years Party, his usually-robust 6'3" frame was wasted to a shadow of its former self, and his eyes stared redly from the sockets of a skeletal face. Friends later reported that he had seemed on the point of collapse all night, but he could not be induced to give up his fanatic crusade. When the guests at the party were all celebrating the stroke of midnight with a toast to the end of the so-called "Year of the Jackpot," Mr. Berry was given a glass of liquor for the toast, but he fell to the floor before it touched his lips. He was pronounced dead only moments later, and the coroner's report eventually gave the cause of death as malnutrition.

There is some debate over whether or not Mr. Berry gave utterance to any remarks before he died, but Robin White insists that just before he fell, Mr. Berry made the following statement: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for fandom. Only thus will they heed my call." No one else who was present can confirm this.

Ted White has said that he will erect a bronze replica of the Enchanted Duplicator on the spot where Mr. Berry died. "He was a great fan, and his was a great Cause," said Mr. White, snuffling into a polka-dot handkerchief. "We can all learn from his example."

Spin-the-bottle is an awfully slow way to have a gang-bang.



EASY COME... As I mentioned two issues ago, my lovely Weiss Rak VI, a Lincoln Continental, was totalled when a truck leased from Hertz ran into its rear end.

Some people have asked me recently if my claim against Hertz has been settled. The answer is "no". Hertz does not carry insurance, but vouches for itself -- Hertz is what they call "self-insuring". This means, practically speaking, that Hertz has no intention of settling my claim until I sue the company. Which, *sigh*, I must do.

In the meantime, how about wheels? Well, this is a question I myself asked, and the answer was the Grey Goose, the

Weiss Rak VII, a lumbering old (1955) Cadillac sedan. (Not having a convention to fall back on this year, pace Richard Schultz, I couldn't rush out and buy a new Cadillac.) Answering an ad in the local BUY-LINES PRESS, I drove out Long Island with Terry and Carol Carr and snapped the beast up for \$75.00. This may or may not have been the wisest move I ever made. In many respects the car is ideal, having vast amounts of interior space, a rugged engine, etc., as well as having the appearance of having been well kept up.

Appearances can be deceiving. When I drove it home that night I found at least twenty degrees of play in the steering. My mechanic the next day noticed both rear springs were broken, and both front shocks disconnected (they'd torn loose from their mountings). He fixed this, and I drove the car blithely about for two months. Then I drove with Robin down to Virginia for Christmas with my folks. No problems going down except that the mufflers blew out. Christmas Eve, pattering down a local street in Falls Church, the left front tire blew out. I drove it into an Esso station, left a note saying I'd be back for it the day after Christmas, and phoned my mother to pick us up.

The tire was not worth repairing--indeed, it was impossible to repair, having gone through its threads over a considerable part of its surface. It was remarkable it had travelled as far as it had, in fact. More remarkable, however, was the fact that it had looked almost new when I'd bought the car.

At a local Goodyear store I found two used (but near-new) tires in my hard-to-find size, for the low price of nineteen bucks, which made me feel a little better, but an alignment check (I knew the front wheels must have been out of alignment) revealed that the entire front end was shot, each wheel having considerable play in every direction.

The mufflers (if I may skip back a little) had been installed, new, by the Midas Muffler people, in 1965, three years earlier. The previous owner had given me his set of guarantees (Midas had also put in those front-end shock absorbers -- incorrectly), which I had glanced at but not read. Midas advertises extensively, and claims it guarantees its mufflers for the lifetime of a car, and will replace them free (but for labor) if "for any reason" they should fail. So, blithely, I drove my grey monster over to the local, Falls Church branch, of Midas Mufflers.

"Did you own the car when the mufflers were installed?" a bantam little man who looked like a fifty-year-old Larry Smith asked me.

Honestly, I answered, "No."

"Then get the hell out of here," he said to me with a smile on his face.

It seems that the Midas guarantee applies only to the owner who had the mufflers installed. If he sells the car, he voids the guarantee. Clever, huh? Most cars are turned over every three years or so. Midas mufflers seem to last very little more than three years. In the vast majority of cases, Midas can get away with installing shoddy mufflers, confident that they will never have to honor their guarantee.

"You're telling me, you guarantee the owner, and not the mufflers, is that right?" I asked. "You're saying that there's nothing I can do about the fact that these mufflers didn't last but three years?"

"You're gonna have to spend money," the man said.

"This guarantee isn't worth the paper it's printed on, is it?" I said. More exchanges followed, culminating in his calling me "You're a damned fool!" and my yelling back "You're a crook!" in a rising crescendo.

I revved the engine before I pulled away, making a deafening amount of noise, but it was scant satisfaction. Moral: don't buy your mufflers from Midas unless you expect to be able to call their bluff at frequent intervals.

Well, the car got us back to Brooklyn, but just barely. The vibrations of the unmuffled exhaust beat at our skulls, I had to fight constant road-wander in the steering, and when we left the New Jersey Turnpike we found the brakes nearly flat. I am now wondering how much longer I'll be able to get any use out of my \$75.00 "bargain."

THE PHILLYCON: Before giving us all those problems, the Grey Goose proved entirely adequate in transporting six of us down to the Phillycon the second weekend in November (FAPA deadline weekend). Alan Shaw joined Robin and me in the front seat, while Arnie Katz, Alex Panshin and Dave Van Arnam found plenty of room for themselves in the backseat. It was Dave's first con away from NYC in years, and we plied him with descriptions of all the lovely femmefans from Pittsburgh to convince him he should come.

Well, they were all there, plus a few new ones. I am just now really sorting out names and faces, and discovering the personalities of this sudden invasion of girls. A few more regionals, and I should be able to place them all.

It's curious that this is the first fangroup in which the males are all (apparently) nonentities or fuggheads, while the girls form the most active, intelligent, and fannish contingent. I believe it is a first for fandom, and it seems a shame that Steven Pickering, our only Certified Sociologist, is no longer around to remark upon the phenomenon.

A side benefit for me in trips to Philadelphia is the fact that I have a publisher (Westminster Press) there, and an editor who delights in wining and dining us when we're in town. So Saturday evening Barbara Bates took the del Roys, the Silverbergs, and us to a private club for an excellent dinner. A good thing, too, because we suddenly found ourselves on a shorter-than-expected budget.

The Sylvania is an old-ladies' hotel. Every year except this one, its lobby has smelt of that cherry-flavored disinfectant so often used in seryi-station restrooms. It has two automatic elevators, and rooms long for renovated in style and furnishings. It is, not to put too fine a point on it, a genteel dump. This was all right, for as long as its prices reflected this fact, and it made an ideal location for the Phillycon. But this year, inspired by some form of avarice, the management raised the roomrates by over thirty percent, instituted a room-key deposit fee (I'd never heard that one before), and generally made itself snotty and overbearing. And now the Sylvania's rates compare (unfavorably) with those of the Bellevue-Stratford across the street.

To top it off, this year the Sylvania began harrassing the room parties. The party at which we spent most of our time was forced to move three times.

Nonetheless, the program items were moderately provocative (the topics were Sex and Violence; the catchphrase was Joanna Russ's coinage of "pornoviolence"), the parties were fun, and the company good. Not too surprisingly, we Fanoclasts found ourselves spending much of our time with the Pittsburgh fannes...

NEW FANOCLASTS: Periodically, someone remarks in a fanzine somewhere about the exclusiveness of the Fanoclast group, of our cliquishness, or etc. Yet, in the eight years and over two-hundred meetings of the club, the complexion of the membership has evolved considerably.

The club was started in November, 1960, by the Lupoffs, the Shaws and the Whites -- the six of us, as founders, are about as close to being "officers" as the club has ever had. Today the Lupoffs live in Merry Hell, upstate, and rarely make meetings. The Shaws live out on Long Island (after a sojourn in Chicago's environs), and find it difficult to attend meetings. And the first Mrs. White now lives three thousand miles away as someone else's wife. Which leaves me. As the club's present host, I provide Continuity and A Sense of Tradition. Yes.

The early membership of the club included Bill Meyers (who supplied the name)(we ran into Bill, after a lapse of some years, at the Baycon), Ajay Budrys, the Silverbergs, Bob Stewart, and Steve Stiles. (Steve also supplies Continuity on occasion, and it is part of the Fanoclast Tradition these days that he is always applauded upon his arrival at a meeting.) These first meetings were held in the Lupoffs' penthouse eyrie on East 73rd St., and were small, rarely including more than a dozen attendees (and sometimes half that number). When the arrival of small Lupoffs made it difficult for Dick and Pat to host meetings; they were briefly held (summer, 1961) in Towner Hall, on West 10th St., in the Village. Then Lin Carter volunteered his apartment in the Bronx, and hosted the meetings for the next year or two (through summer, 1963). It was Lin who introduced Dave Van Arnam to us. (Meetings at Lin's were sometimes very small. Steve, Dave and I like to reminisce about those meetings where only three of us showed up. Clearly, one of the four of us--counting Lin--was absent, but we all remember being there at such times.) Then Lin got married and moved Queenswards, and in the late summer of 1963 the meetings came to my home in Brooklyn.

By this point the Lupoffs had moved (I think), the Shaws were out in Evanston, and the club's membership had known an almost complete turnover. Regulars were now Les Berger, Calvin Demmon, Bill Meyers, and Dave Van Arnam. Few of us who were there that night will ever forget the moment when Les kicked a plastic ball (a baby's toy) at Dave, and it shattered, showering Dave with mineral oil, head to foot. It was an early landmark in Fanoclast history.

Since then, a multitude of fans have become regular attendees, including Lee Hoffman, Ross Chamberlain, Mike McInerney, Rich Brown, Alex Panshin, Arnie Katz, Andy Porter, et al. (We don't talk much about Al.) But this is not intended to be a catalogue of Fanoclasts, past or present. I can't remember them all.

When Lee became a member, she brought along two friends, Don and Jo Meisner. Don and Jo are not precisely fans, but not precisely non-fans. They fit in immediately, and set a precedent. Since then several quasi-fans have joined the group. The defining qualities are the easy ability of these newcomers to fit in with the group. We call the aggregate of these qualities "friendship".

A couple of months ago Alex brought by a fellow he'd met working in a Times Square record store, Hal Hughes. Hal turned out to be a groovy guy, albeit a bit puzzled about fandom, but he returned each time to the next Fanoclast meeting, and now we regard him as a regular. More recently Hal brought by a friend of his, Darrell Strange. (Darrell Strange says he's heard them all, already.) Darrell became an Instant Fanoclast at his first meeting, when he sat down and picked up a fanzine from the pile on my coffee table.

I should explain that Darrell (who pronounces his name "Derrell") stands around six feet tall, has shoulder-length silky black hair (which Robin admires, and which makes him the third male longhair in the club after Mike McInerney and Hal), watery blue eyes, a narrow face vaguely like Tiny Tim's, and a drawl. Like most New Yorkers, he comes from North Platt, Nebraska.

The fanzine he picked up was the last issue of BADINAGE. He thumbed through it, feeling the paper between thumb and forefinger, and then pointed to a name. "I used to know that guy in college," he said.

He was pointing to the name of A. Graham Boak.

"That's remarkable," Arnie Katz said.

"A name like that," Darrell said. "You don't forget a name like that."

"What was he like?" Alon Shaw asked.

"Well," said Darrell, waving his arms expansively, "when I was a college student he used to work the circus that passed through town every six months. A. Graham Boak was one of the clowns. But he always had his smile painted on lopsided. That's how you could tell it was him."

By now he'd collected an audience. "Yeah?" said Arnie. "How did Boak leave the circus?" Rich Brown asked.

"One of the acrobats caught him fooling around with his wife. The guy took him up to the trapezes and tied him up and left him hanging from a rope by his teeth. He dropped off and died."

We all sat around in a moment of voiceless silence, contemplating this new facet in the personality of our brother fan from across the sea. Finally Alon Shaw spoke for all of us.

"You're putting us on, Darrell," Alan said.

"Why, yes," said Darrell. "Of course."

Instant Fanoclast

LAUGH-IN WITH ARNIE KATZ: "If Lee Hoffman married Piers Anthony," Arnie Katz said to me the other day, "She'd become Lee Jacobs." He sat back to await my reaction.

Johnny and I were visiting Arnie. Arnie was, ostensibly, sick with the Hong Kong Flu. We were worried about his health.

Flushed with success (or maybe "fever") Arnie plunged on. "If Al Lewis married Bjo Trimble," he said, "He'd be Al Trimble."

Johnny and I looked at Arnie.

"Listen," Arnie said. "If Colleen Brown married Elliot Shorter, she'd be Colleen Woo Brown Shorter." Arnie broke up with laughter.

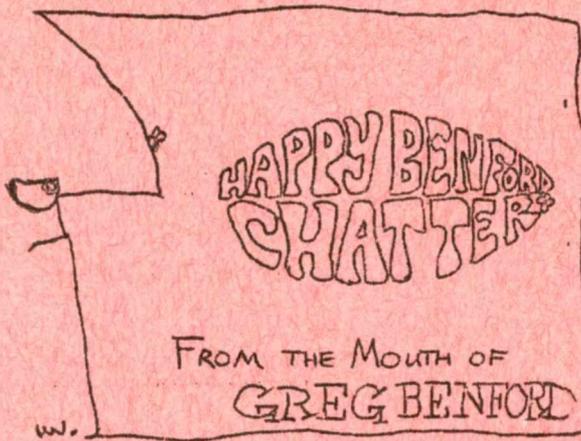
Johnny and I exchanged looks.

"Once more," gasped Arnie, between chokes of laughter. "If Noreen Shaw married Alan Shaw, then divorced him and married Bob Shaw, she'd be Noreen Kane Falasca Shaw Shaw Shaw!"

He was still screaming hysterically when we tiptoed out the door.

ROCK NOTES: The second Blood, Sweat and Tears album, BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (strangely enough), is one of the gassiest albums I have recently heard. A fine blend of jazz, classical and rock, with muscles. Good stuff. Dig it.

-- Ted White



Fandom is changing. New faces, new fanzines, new problems. For me this isn't much trouble; I've been in fandom since 1955, but I'm still not over 30 now so I can be trusted. I'm flexible. For older fans it's not so easy. I went to the Little Men meeting last week and Mike McInerney and Earl Evers were there. I could see Alva Rogers' features contort as he struggled with the concept that the Little Men might turn into a gathering place for fannish heads. It's the sort of thing that makes you think.

But as I said, I'm flexible. When it became obvious that the fans of my generation were all turning pro, I decided to follow their lead. Run with the pack, you know. Write an UNCLE book, edit a book, maybe. But those things were hard so I didn't try. After all, I shouldn't have to go up the ladder the hard way. I had friends at the top. They'd recognize my name. So I mentioned my plans for a book to Terry Carr at the Nycon.

"Sure," he said. "Bring it around sometime." He blinked at me owlishly.

"Well, gee, thanks, Terry," I said. "I don't want to trade on my name alone, of course, but it still helps--"

"Yes, yes," he said urbanely. "By the way, what is your name?"

About this time the new wave was washing in so I decided the way to quick success was a good experimental short story. I tried to read up on the field but didn't get very far because about that time I began to go blind from reading hippie newspapers. Gradually the plot began to take form in my mind. Not a short story -- only a novelette or novella would give me scope to treat this idea. I needed room. So I called Andy Porter, who is becoming a big time cigar-smoking editor at F&SF. "It's a great concept, Andy," I said. "Shoot, kid, I haven't much time." "Look, it's got everything. War, romance, intrigue, famine, death. It's about the royal family on a colony planet--" "Yeah, yeah, but what's new wave about it?" "Well, I've decided to tell the story from the viewpoint of a minor character--" "Something like a servant, you mean?" "That's it! You're close. Actually, the story is told from the point of view of a refrigerator in the kitchen of one of the stable boys."

Silence.

"Andy? You there? I know it's experimental--" "Refrigerator? Really?" "Well, yes. It would give me a good chance to use background detail. I could get Ted White to help me with that. You remember how Melville had every other chapter about whaling and all that in Moby Dick? I could ring in a lot of stuff from Ted, you know, about frozen foods, maybe do some hard science about freon and cycle changes--" "Refrigerator? Really?" "Okay, look, maybe that's a little too experimental. I've been talking it over with some fans around here and some of them feel the stove is a more central figure-- Hello? Andy?"

So it was with great pleasure and anticipation that I greeted the news that Ted White was now editor of AMAZING & FANTASTIC. I got a cover assignment from him for only a minor kickback arrangement. The cover I was to build a story around showed a negro against a strange stfnal background

of rocket ships and what looked like machine gunners out of World War I aeroplanes. A difficult theme. I decided to zero in on the negro. The race problem is big these days; what will it be like in the future?

"Hey, Ted," I said over the phone. (Phone bills are tax deductible for pros like us, you know.) "I've got just the plot for this story. It'll rock the sf world. Even Harlan would be afraid to touch it." "Shoot, kid, I'm busy." "The guy on the cover is black, right? Looks a little mean. Tough. There are a lot of stars and stuff in the background--"

"Yeah, okay, what's the title?"

"I'm going to call it Honkies of Venus, Ted, and-- Ted? Ted?"

-- Greg Benford

I'll let you be in my dream, if you'll let me be in yers. (The theological implications alone are staggering.) --anon. wall-writer

D.N.Q. → LETTERS 'N' STUFF

PETE WESTON: British fandom has in my opinion long been cracked-up, a casualty of inertia, and it seems to me that I am one of the people to blame; fandom is, to me, an excuse to publish my own serious-type SPECULATION, and I'm afraid that pre-occupation with the zine has meant no time for anything else. Now, I think, I ought to try and do something about the chaos, and now I've taken on an assistant editor for SPEC, Bob Rickard, I may have a little more time.

From being accused of driving the older element from British fandom in FOOLSCAP, I'm now praised by Ted for having some sense of fanhistory. Thank you, and flushed with pride I think the second picture is a little more correct. I've already told you something about the British new wave in my recent letter to FOOL, I now ought to add a few things.

You see, it is all very well for Ted to advise the BaD Group to look at the work carried out in Anglofandom by their predecessors. But where does Ted suggest they look? There is, over here, almost no way of obtaining old fanzines. The ones that were good, such as APE, HYPHEN, etc., are probably only to be found in the attics of a few fen who do not any longer write or correspond with fandom. The only exceptions are people like Ethel Lindsay and a small circle who congregate in the pages of SCOT (and I think Ethel is doing a fine job with HAVERINGS and SCOT at the moment, deliberately angled towards the newer fans).

The snag, of course, is that one person can only do so much. There is almost no one else save Ethel who has made any attempt to help the new British fans, just like, in my time 5 years back, there were very few anxious to help the famous New Wave.

I am in a particularly fortunate position, because I once was able to look through the entire collection of the BSFA Fanzine Foundation. This is a little digression, but about 3-4 years ago, I was associated with the old Brum Group who were then mostly comprising the committee of the BSFA. One of the things which I thought important was that the BSFA Fanzine Foundation should be set on a proper footing, and I managed to persuade Charlie Winstone to take over the collection as it was.

I took Charlie up to Liverpool, where the then-librarian of the BSFA had the Foundation. It was, as I remember, an uncatalogued series of piles, thick with dust and in 6-foot high mounds on the floor of the chap's house. I was able to just get it into my car, which was at the time a 1960 Ford Popular, along with Charlie and myself. We drove back, boot full, back seat and floor jammed full so I had no rear-vision, fanzines under my seat, falling on me as I drove down the M6, piled on Charlie's lap....

Back in Birmingham we unloaded, put them into Charlie's house, and I left. The following weeks I went through every stack and picked out everything I wanted to read from an assortment made up from the collections of many fans. (The BSFA was formed in 1958, I think, and the Foundation's core must have been donated at that time from the collections of many old fans - probably Terry Jeeves, Eric Bentcliffe, etc.) I read all issues of HIPHEN, etc., at that time, but of course the collection ended at about 1960-61 when interest in the Foundation had ceased. So I added all of my own back-issues (from when I entered fandom as a neo in October 1963 with Zenith 1). I then went over to Stourbridge and persuaded Ken Cheslin to donate his collection of fanzines to the BSFA. He had nearly as many again - I filled my car, again, and took them away.

I remember that night, I sat in my car outside my home in Porlock Crescent, which you may remember, and went through all of the zines. I couldn't unload them into the house for some reason, and Charlie had got a bit annoyed at anyone entering his house by then (you must remember, the Brum Group was a bunch of adolescents, dependant upon parental good-will). Submerged with fanzines, I read WARMOON, CRY, etc., from the Cheslin collection, which went back a long way. Together with the BSFA Foundation, these were presented to Charlie Winstone, who then gaffiated completely.

So, then, as far as I know the BSFA Foundation is still in the Winstone residence. He may have burned it - if so, a pity. When I move into a house of my own, next year, I may take the collection on, if I am able to, on a temporary basis. The problem at the moment is that no one, not even the BSFA, wants to know about the Foundation because no one has time, energy, or space in which to store it, catalogue it, and make it available to fandom as a whole.

I think this is a great shame, and it allows British fans to go on in ignorance, as Ted has complained of about BaD Group. It has been my contention for some years that in Anglofandom there is no "standing on shoulders" - no one has the benefit of days gone by, and is able to learn by experience. The Bristol fans, so far as I know them, are a young, enthusiastic lot who simply had insufficient guidance. I suppose I'm to blame, as much as anyone, but I doubt whether anyone else has helped a great deal. Graham Boak, whom I know fairly well and who Bob Rickard tells me he corresponds with a lot, is certainly an extremely pleasant fellow, and very intelligent to boot.

Thinking about all this, I'm less inclined to excuse the BaD people than when I began writing. You see, I've just realized that they do have one very great advantage which they have not exploited to the full. In Bristol, they have the Mercers. Beryl Mercer is a comparative newcomer - I ~~discovered~~ discovered her myself when she was living up in the Birmingham area. Archie is an old fan, one of the few who consistently takes an interest in the newer fans. He also has an excellent bound library of most fanzines of the past 12-15 years. (I have prevailed upon Archie to lend me copies of Oopsla and Void, those missing from the BSFA collection.) I know some people - like Harry Bell - have in

fact borrowed material from Archie; so it is a valid question to ask why no one else has bothered, or if bothered, has not learnt a few lessons.

What I sometimes wish I had done myself, instead of taking the sercon-path, is to publish a fabulous fannish zine. I believe this could still be done in the UK, beginning with lavish use of old material from Hyphen, Ape, etc. There are other magazines, like Needham and Turner's 1950-ish N&T, which contain some first class material. With a keen editor and a lot of help from the older British fans and existing US fandom, I believe there could still be a first-class fannish fanzine from this country.

Darroll Pardoe might have done this with LES SPINGE, but he didn't, quite. Nevertheless, when I used to print SPECULATION and help him with Spinge, up in his attic at Stourbridge, we had long talks about a revived British fandom. With a ruthless policy of reply- or else, Darroll got percentage response to Spinge up to 60 or 70%, which shows there is still a lot of potential interest.

Britain needs a core of fans with the light-hearted and sufficiently flamboyant approach to fandom to succeed. They must be capable editors, well-read in fan-history and very keen indeed; where we will find them I just don't know - what a pity since in the USA you seem to have so many recently-emerged people like Arnie Katz and yourself who are brinful of enthusiasm. I think possibly Graham Charnock has the right inclination, people like Mike Ashley have the enthusiasm, but whether the two will come together remains to be seen.

Damn it all, who knows, I might even give up SPECULATION and have a go myself!

Much as I'd hate to see SPECULATION go, I wish you would start a fannish fanzine yourself, Pete. :: This seems a good time to mention that I think the question of what is wrong with British fandom has been hashed out enough by now in FOOLSCAP and EGOBOO, and from now on I will not print comments on the subject unless they break wholly new ground. -jdb/

(81, Trescott Rd., Northfield, Birmingham 31, ENGLAND)

FELICE ROLFE: I think fandom can use several focal points, don't you?

We have the New York fanzines--which, though definitely different, do have the same flavor about them, possibly because the editor of one will do a column for another, & so on; the St. Louis zines, quite different from NY but again with a common feeling among themselves; SHAGGY (or LA fandom). D'you think BArea fandom will coalesce into anything able to put out a local focal point, or will we remain an amorphous blob? (If I know you, you'll vote for the amorphous blob. You have the greatest urge toward disorganized organized disorganization of anyone I know!)

If you think the phrase "electric telephone" is a gag, get a Trimble to tell you about the California Water & Telephone Company.

(1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301)

+ + + + +



EGOBOO, in this special once-in-lifetime offer, presents YOU free of charge with one Genuine, Guaranteed Pure, All-American Trading Stamp. EGOBOO, where you get the Very Best! Accept no substitutes!

(MAVERICK cont'd from page 3:)

bad lps, but in this case it was different. There was a great deal of variety, and while you still found multiple copies of some records, they seldom exceeded half a dozen. There was less classical, but vast amounts of jazz and rock, including some good stuff. I picked up two Thelonius Monk albums (both stereo), a Charlie Parker lp, and The (original) Animals' ANIMALS, the total for just under ten bucks, and I left several other interesting possibilities untouched.

But the wealth of crud was astounding. Working my way up one side of the table and down the other, I found myself esconced in more crap and sheer benumbing mediocrity than I normally encounter in many days. The mediocre far outweighed either the truly good or the truly bad; I have mercifully forgotten most of the really worthless titles, but names that seemed to dominate the proceedings included Jan & Dean, The Chad Mitchell Trio, The Ventures, The Oscar Peterson Trio, Stan Getz, The Kingston Trio, Chad & Jeremy, Lawrence Welk, and a host of lesser lights, as well as a smattering of bad movie music. There was one album that has to win some sort of boobyprize for all-around horridness of idea: THE IMMORTAL SONGS OF BOB DYLAN Played by the Gotham String Quartet, which featured a jacket picturing a fancy, imitation-Bach-type bust of Dylan, surrounded by a menagerie of musical paraphernalia. Oog.

I've really been turning on to jazz lately. I had absorbed references to it from Ted White, and some of the old fanzines published both by him and by Terry Carr, so I checked out the Stanford Audio Library for jazz. It has quite a lot; I started listening to Mingus, and one of the albums, MINGUS AN UM, impressed me a great deal. The sheer artistry of what Mingus and his musicians do with the music is amazing. There's one cut, "Fables of Faubus," where the drummer cuts out and lets the beat continue just in the heads of the musicians--and the listener--while he lays down a counterpoint to it. Great. So I've been listening to jazz when possible, and I snatched at the Monk and Parker lps mentioned above when I saw them. The "Best of..." type album in the Audio Library on John Coltrane is impressive, too, although perhaps a bit too religious-oriented to suit me.

I've also been getting more into the underground, "art" rock music. When I was home over Christmas, I got a chance to listen to a lot of stuff at Ted's, as well as a lot of discussions of it; he turned me on to Al Kooper, Mike Bloomfield, and Blood, Sweat & Tears, and the album he mentions at the end of his column is the next on my list of records to buy. When I went up to the Fillmore in San Francisco for the first time last weekend, I was looking forward to hearing Bloomfield and the band with him. They were very good, with Bloomfield playing a frenetic guitar, a thick-set lead singer who ripped out some fine bluesy stuff, and a couple of guys on saxes who added a great deal. But what surprised me was that the attraction that turned on the crowd, and me, the most was not Bloomfield & Co.--it was Chuck Berry, also appearing there that night. Berry has been in the rock field for something like fifteen years, and after all that time he has not lost any of his touch. In two sets, he sang songs of many vintages, mostly his own old hits--"Nadeen," "Maybelline," "Johnny B. Goode," etc. Remember them by name? You'd remember them if you heard them. And Berry had the audience in the palm of his hand; when he went off after the second set, there was a thunderous cry for "More! More!" and when the manager came on stage to close the place and thank everyone, the sighs of disappointment were audible. A great performance.

