

# Foolscap

Nov., 1967

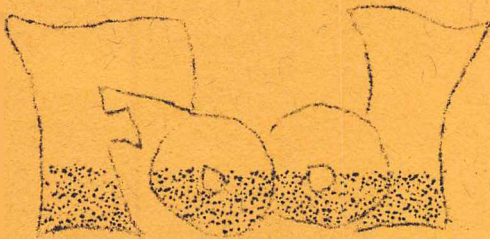
WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA!



JDB



This is FOOLSCAP 3. It is the Official Sept. Issue, dated Halloween, 1967. At the moment I type this, only a small number of the copies of Fool 2 have been mailed out, but such minor considerations do not phase me. Foolscap comes to you through the gracious dispensation of the Ghods of the U.S. Post Office and from John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York 10708 (college address: Box 6801, Stanford, California 94305; this address will be good until June, except that I'll be home for Christmas).



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(The illo on page 21 is by Doug Lovenstein. Foolscap 4 will probably be in the mails sometime in January; #5 will be the annish. (That's not too bad; only four months behind Official Schedule then.) Vote for STEVE STILES for TAEF and ST. LOUIS in '69!)

Foolscap is published by the stars; the only consistent thing about its schedule is that it's always trying to catch up to its alleged "bimonthly" publication. Fool is available for 25¢, trade, letter of comment, contribution (if it's artwork, either keep it simple enough for me to trace or put it on stencil yourself), old fanzines, or a review of this zine; I will not accept subscriptions, because I always forget who has sent me money. In fact, I tend to forget people who send me money very readily; it's much safer to contribute or something. Freeloaders are being generally cut off with this issue (an empty phrase if I've ever heard one!); a lot of the people who decided not to bother responding to the last two issues I've decided not to send this issue. It's a pain in the ass to collate and mail a lot of copies, so I'm trimming the mailing list as much as possible; I also intend to keep future issues shorter and hopefully more frequent, so that they're less trouble to collate.

Artwork this is all by me, unless otherwise indicated. I've never worked with mimeo before, so don't be surprised if the illos look scratchy. This is Deimos Publication #18. \*Let's Go Mets!\*

# NyCon!

"Conrad Hilton Meets the Fannish  
clasts" -- by John D. Berry

The NyCon 3 was something special to me: it would be my first worldcon, and it was being put on in New York City by people who were probably my best fannish friends. When I flew into Kennedy airport on Thursday, coming from my family's summer home on Martha's Vineyard, I was tense and expectant about something which was quite new to me, and I was also going to see my friends for the first time in two months.

At 6:00 pm, the time beyond which the hotel would not hold reservations, I was hurrying through the subway station at Penn Station, not knowing how literally to take that statement; I didn't want to lose my room because of the difference of a few minutes. When I got into the hotel, I glanced about looking for fans as I searched for the check-in desk. The lobby of the Statler Hilton is well-plastered with signs for the restaurants, barber shop, rent-a-car facilities, etc., but I found it almost impossible to discover where to check in. At last I found it, one section of a long counter, and stood briefly in line with my reservation confirmation in hand, looking around to figure out where to go after I had checked in. When I saw a large yellow button marked "NyCon" on one of the other people in line, I remarked to him, "So you're here for the NyCon too?"

"Yes," he agreed, and we continued to stand in line without further comment. I have no idea who he was now. It occurred to me later that accosting every person wearing a NyCon badge was a pretty silly thing to do; it is an interesting feeling to sit in the Main Ballroom in a convention and realize that everyone else there is a science fiction fan too, but as I soon found out, most of them are not fanzine fans and couldn't care less about most of fandom. Or don't even know about it. A worldcon just is not an extension of the fandom that consists of people reading and publishing fanzines and all the attendant circumstances.



I met the first person I knew when I spotted Ross Chamberlain in the lobby; when I talked to him, though, he seemed as vague as I was as to where everybody was. It hadn't occurred to me yet that there was a central registration area.

It was after I had checked into my room and found it not unlike other hotel and motel rooms that I saw a sign saying "World Science Fiction Association -- Mezzanine" and took the elevator to the mezzanine. (It isn't too important that there is no such thing as the "World SF Association," but I am glad they didn't say something like "World Science Fiction Society." That would have caused a helluva mess.)

As I stood in line at the registration desk, I began to see people that I knew and to look at the name tags of those I didn't. I did see Andy Porter, Ted White, John Boardman, Dave Van Arnam, and various others briefly, but they were all working their tales off and had no time to more than say hello. I wondered if Arnie Katz were around; it turned out that I would continue to wonder that until very late that night. I met for the first time Alan Shaw, and when he managed to get out from behind the Registration Desk, we got to talking and eventually found out that both of us were starving. So we asked of the various knots of people milling around if anyone wanted to go get some supper; and that's how I met Jean Berman, who was leaning tiredly on Jock Root's shoulder.

The four of us found what was to become a famous name to NyCon members: Childs restaurant, which specialized in pancakes and other assorted delights. (On later visits I had an urge to try their waffles, but the waitress effectively discouraged me by explaining that there was only one waffle iron and lots of orders ahead of me. In the face of this disaster I achieved a moral victory by settling for "Pigs-in-a-Blanket," three sausages wrapped in pancakes. That night was my first meal of Pigs-in-a-Blanket.) If I were a truly dedicated conreport writer, I would have immediately written down all the fabulous fannish banter that occurred at that meal, but being less than perfect I failed to record it, and it has been lost to posterity. I now believe Jean's statement that she gets high just on people; she managed to be dead tired and almost drunkenly high at the same time. Jock finally called a halt to our conversation in order to let Jean stop laughing long enough to finish her coffee so we could get out of there.

Alan and I then began a practice which was to continue intermittently for days: we started walking around looking for a party. People used the most devious means to find parties; all one had to do was wait around by the elevators or some other strategic spot and listen to the conversations of the people passing. A room number is dropped, the hounds get on the scent, and the cry goes up: "There's a party in Room &##!" I believe Alan and I were on the way to follow up one such scent to the Los Angeles bidding party when we finally ran into Arnie. I was of course glad to see him again, and in the process of our parading through the halls between a mediocre LA party and a dead Columbus party on another floor, collecting and dropping

hangers-on as we went, I met Ray and Joyce Fisher, publishers of ODD and two of the most prolific fans from St. Louis. At the LA party I also met Al Lewis, who ran around the entire con in lederhosen, and at one point I found something like half a dozen current members of N'APA together in one room: Hank Luttrell, Lesleigh and Chris Couch, Ned Brooks, B. Phillip Walker (who may or may not be a member, but who was going to join), Lee Carson, and myself. Ben Solon, also a N'APAn, I don't think was there, although I probably met him that same night. He and the Fishers were friends that I made at the con and whom I saw a lot of during it.

When we had become disgusted with the parties, which had cooled off any life that they had had by then, and most of the people with us had disappeared, I went with Arnie to his room to pick up a copy of QUIP 6. We got to talking at length, and Arnie decided to call the Fishers and get them down to his room, so eventually the four of us ended up talking way into the wee hours of the night.

\* \* \*

Friday morning I woke up lazily and wandered down to the Grand Ballroom in time to see John Boardman, the Black Wizard of the NyCon, open the convention with an invocation and a little help from his familiar--his daughter Dierdre, dressed in a little red devil suit. Dierdre will undoubtedly go down in con history; in years to come, instead of telling her Strange Stories of things she did as a baby, John will be able to just show her all these moldy old convention reports in which she's mentioned. Beats the hell out of baby pictures

Ted and Dave got off to a weak start introducing the notables at the con; for one thing, most of the people weren't in the convention hall, and it was obvious that both Ted and Dave were nervous and unaccustomed to such a task. They didn't hold the crowd very well, but since no one was expecting anything other than what they were doing, they pulled through all right. As Dave went along the row I was sitting in, introducing Dick and Pat Lupoff and whoever else it was I was sitting with, I was rather surprised when he introduced me as well. Goshwow, I'm a BNF now. You may touch me. I know I sat through most, if not all, of the program on Friday, but unfortunately I don't have my program listing with me, so I don't remember what it was I sat through. On the whole, I did feel that the idea of dialogs instead of panels was a good one, although in future cons I expect to pay even less attention to the program than I did this time. The high point of the afternoon was the Ellison Auction, in which Bob Silverberg auctioned off an hour of Harlan's time, Harlan tried to auction off Bob Silverberg, Bob tried to auction off Harlan's pipe, and Harlan did auction off the girl who bought him. (The Girl in the Yellow Hat--a huge pseudo-Australian bushman's hat in bright yellow--turned out to be just the representative of a whole syndicate of Columbus fans; I noticed that it was only she, however, who was with Harlan for most of the rest of the con.)

I remember Ben Solon and I think Arnie sitting with me for the NyCon Galaxy of Fashion Show; although most of the costumes didn't



really strike me as that fabulous as clothing, they were interesting, and there was a thoroughly enjoyable display of attractive femmefans. The mastermind behind the Fashion Show was Cindy Van Arnam, who deserved much more credit than she ever got; she was busy almost constantly right up until the show itself--I think I saw her once, briefly, before that--and it was her efforts that brought off the Galaxy of Fashion.

I'm not exactly sure what I did later Friday night, except that it consisted of partying of some sort and that I got to bed damn late. Los Angeles put on another party, which was one of those completely-jammed parties: wall-to-wall people. I followed Arnie into the room and milled around amongst the throngs for awhile, but eventually common sense got a whole group of us out. Arnie and I, the Fishers, Ben Solon, Alan Shaw, and maybe someone else managed to find our merry way to the Columbus party, which consisted of a bunch of people sitting around talking feebly and watching The Avengers on a distorted color tv. I remember when we sent Ben into the other room to find out where the cans of soda were coming from and to get some to relieve our incredible thirst, and Ben disappeared. I ventured into the other room to look for him, saw that he wasn't there, and quickly got back to the others; it entered my mind that perhaps Those Who Go into the Other Room for Sodas Do Not Return. (In the interests of dispelling superstition and promoting modern science, it is only fair to say that Ben had gone out to find the source of sodas--and he did bring some back. Ghood man, that Ben Solon, even if he took a helluva long time.)

I really have no idea what else I did that night. We must have done something, and there are minute experiences that I recall but can't place that might go into that night, but I really don't know. I do know that Alan Shaw slept on my floor that night because he couldn't get into the NyCon suite (or was that Saturday?).

\* \* \*

On Saturday I arose around noon to go listen to a few panels and dialogs, although I ended up talking with people outside the Grand Ballroom most of the time. The most important thing in the afternoon was the consite voting, for which I was present with Arnie, Ben, the Fishers, and various and sundry others. I was undecided up to the very last moment, and I suppose the infinitely superior presentation of the Baycon bid may have swayed me; I ended up voting for Baycon over Pan-Paeificon. Before the con and up to that time, I had been worried that the voting would be ridiculously one-sided against Berkeley; I didn't like the idea of LA winning just because it was Los Angeles, the Shangri-LA, so I sort of backed the BArea as the underdog. I really was undecided, though, and I didn't consider that it made all that much difference.

I was very much soured by the attitude that came out later. It wasn't until after the voting, when we discovered that Baycon had won after all, that I discovered that LA was supposed to have been the Trufan's Choice. Arnie and Dave Van Arnam and practically everyone we met discussed it as if it were a crime against humanity that Baycon-

the Pan-Pacificcon hadn't won. I was feeling literally guilty about voting for LA; it made me feel much better when we encountered Ted White and Ted said he had voted for Berkeley too. If I had realized how much it would shake up the LA people to lose, I probably would have voted for them--but then maybe I misjudged the Berkeley Rhoy's, too; maybe it would have been as much of a blow to them to lose. I think that Ray Fisher profited a great deal by seeing the examples of consite bidding and voting at this con; he will be putting his knowledge into practice in boosting the St. Louis in '69 bid, of which he is chairman. One of the big troubles is that a large percentage of the voters are non-fans who come in off the street and have only the actual presentation at the con to judge by. I had thought Berkeley to be the underdogs because LA had so intensely captivated fanzine fandom, but just the same the margin of votes was very wide in favor of Berkeley. To win a bid, you don't only have to convince your friends and fanzine fandom, but you have to have a presentation that will draw the votes from the marks at the con. The demonstration at the NyCon was rather graphic.

Eight of us left the consite voting early, so we didn't hear about the result until we got back. Arnie, Ray, Joyce, Hank Luttrell, Alan, Ben, Doc Clark, and I went to Macy's to get booze for the bidding party that the St. Louis group was planning for Sunday night. After getting loads of bottles of gin, vodka, and whisky, we wandered around for blocks trying to find a grocery store or something to buy bbeer (in New York a liquor store does not sell bbeer). We happened on one little store just as the owner was closing it, but when he discovered how much we wanted to buy he cheerfully opened up and was very helpful. Eventually the six of us (somewhere along the line I think we lost two people, but I'm not sure just who) stuffed ourselves into two taxis and carried armful of bags of bbeer and soda into the hotel. It is impossible to be surreptitious about stocking up on bbeer, especially when the bags had an appalling tendency to split wide open. There were a lot of dented bbeer cans by the time we got them all upstairs.

We then split up, and after eating supper somewhere, Alan and I lay on the floor under the movie screen in the ballroom and watched the season's first Star Trek episode. It doesn't look half as good on a movie screen as it does on television, but it was a fair show; it was the episode in which Spock returns to Vulcan to "marry" his "wife." This was followed with what was billed as a film of Star Trek bloopers, although it turned out to be entirely a planned film. It was hilariously funny, though, especially through juxtaposing incongruous scenes and dialog.

We didn't stay for the experimental films that were to follow, but rather we went out and ended up in the Lupoffs' room in the midst of a fannish party. Besides various Fanoclasts such as Arnie, Alan, me, Dick and Pat Lupoff, Ted and Robin White, and maybe Van Arnam (I don't remember), I also met there Greg Benford and his wife, Jon White, and Boyd Raeburn. Boyd, a Canadian fan (and pretty much an inactive fan as far as fmz go these days), was one of my most fascinating NyCon acquaintances (Hi, Boyd!), and I spent a great deal of



time talking to him. Boyd is of course most Well Known in fandom for his famous remark to Steve Stiles, that he didn't look like Steve Stiles, which Steve of course dutifully recorded in his Tricon report in THE VILLAGE IDIOT. Boyd was mistaken, naturally; the truth is that Steve Stiles looks exactly like a Steve Stiles cartoon. Now think of the implications of that revelation!

It was a typical fan party, about which there is nothing to record here. I got to bed around 4:00.

\* \* \*

Sunday morning dawned bright and early; I, of course, roused myself considerably later, in time to catch another brief glimpse of the Scheduled Program. It turned out that I had missed the business meeting, but I had decided the night before that my sleep was of infinitely greater importance than getting in my say at the business meeting. I found out sometime that day that various people had brought up various silly ideas, and that the Hugo had been officially declared the name of all awards given, although each con committee was also given the right to institute two extra awards. The Baycon is, of course, awarding Best Fanwriter and Best Fanartist.

I may well have had Pigs-in-a-Blanket at Childs for the second time that evening.

The event of the evening was the Costume Ball; I ended up sitting with a large group of fannish fans: Boyd, Arnie, Steve Stiles, Andy and Barbara Main, and Maybe Others. (I don't remember where or when I first met Andy and Barbara--you can tell that I have a capacity for Total Recall--but they are two more friends I made at the con.) Andy Porter snapped a mug shot of the bunch of us, which I saw the next week at Fanoclasts. The Costume Ball was interesting, but unless you were close to the stage (which no one seated was), you couldn't hear anybody except George Scithers, who had a microphone. There were a few really outstanding costumes--and some lovely moments, such as when Harlan Ellison and Isaac Asimov paraded across the stage--but unfortunately most of them were not worth looking at. Of course anybody is allowed to present any kind of costume that he wants, but that means there are always some rotten ones. There were.

The Lupoffs' room got another workout that night, as a large number of fans ended up there at one time or another. The Benfords were there, as was Boyd Raeburn, the Lupoffs, Arnie, Alan, me, Bob Tucker, Jon White, Lee Hoffman, the Meisners, Steve Stiles (I think), and later the Fishers, when they left their own crowded party in the hands of the other St. Louis people. (Arnie and Alan were both at the St. Louis party for a while, but I never got down there; I was having too much fun at the Lupoffs', and Arnie said it was crowded as hell there. I felt somewhat guilty about paying for some of the liquor and helping carry it up and then not helping drink it, but I managed to overcome my remorse and stayed at the Lupoffs'.) We spent the evening examining nudist magazines, drinking Dick's Scotch, and for me, talking with Boyd a great deal of the time. Eventually we all decided to go out to get something to eat, and it was then that



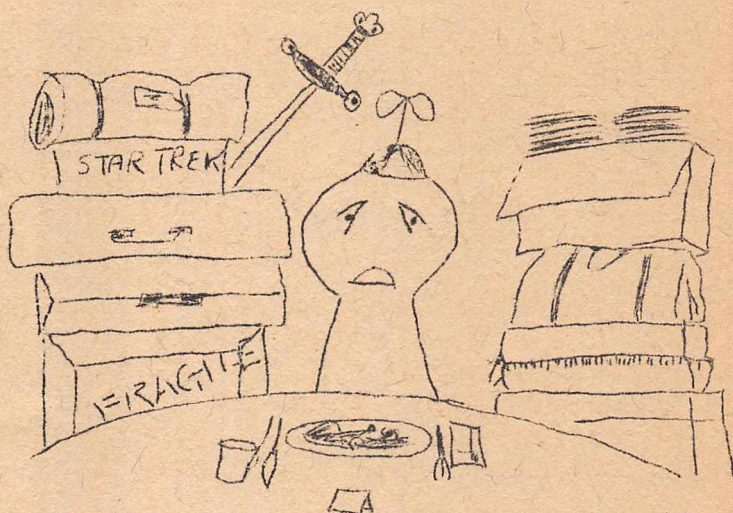
the Great Elevator Fight took place. We were standing in front of the elevators on the floor that the Lupoffs' room was on, watching them pass us by again and again. Occasionally an elevator would stop, but it would already be full or almost full, and we wanted to go down together. One elevator stopped twice going up, both times full, without stopping on the way down; on the second stop, Ted White (who was also in the group, and in fact was leading us) stopped the elevator operator and chewed him out considerably. As Ted said later, he had suddenly realized that here he was, the chairman of the convention, and by damn it was his business to see what was going on with the elevators. (One of the more memorable aspects of the NyCon was that it was another Elevator Con; veterans of the Tricon tell me that this was even worse. Carrying a suitcase from the 14th floor to the mezzanine is no picnic, especially when we discovered that there were about three floors of offices between the mezzanine and the first floor of hotel rooms.)

The operator remained obstinate, so Ted called the management, and eventually the assistant manager took us down in one of the service elevators. The assistant manager was one of the few employees of the Statler Hilton who really deserved praise; even when he acted on complaints of noise at a party another night, he was extremely polite and didn't act as though the convention were a personal insult to himself and to the hotel, as some hotel officials have been wont to do at past cons.

\* \* \*

Monday afternoon found me dashing down to get to the Banquet by the listed starting time of 1:30; I knew I was supposed to check out by 2:00 in order not to pay for another night, but I had gotten up at about 1:20, so I decided to ignore that directive and leave my bags and stuff in

the room. Happily enough for me and others like me, Ted announced at the Banquet that the hotel had extended the check-out time to 4:30, which would be after the Banquet was over.



"... AND THEN THE CHECKOUT

TIME WAS CHANGED TO 4:30. \*SOB!\*

When I reached the Grand Ballroom, I found a thin crowd of milling people, and most of my friends seated at a long table on the stage, because they were on the committee or somesuch. I finally ran into Steve Stiles, and we two eventually seated ourselves at a table of young stf readers who carried on enlightened conversations over Isaac



Asimov and science fiction films of the 50's. (Which is not to equate Isaac Asimov and science fiction films of the 50's,...) Steve and I of course carried on a High Faaanish Cultural Conversation; actually, we discussed the fact that Hugo Gernsback had edited and magazine called SEXOLOGY at the same time he was founding sfandom, and we speculated about the possibility of his being the mentor of another, entirely different sub-culture, centered around SEXOLOGY. The answer to our questions is now dead along with Hugo Gernsback, and there is no hope of our ever discovering this Sex Pandom, if it exists... unless, someday, our trails might happen to cross.... Steve and I were definitely Intellectually Stimulated at that Banquet.

The Banquet itself was an interesting affair; the food was something less than rubber, and the talks and presentations were punctuated with moments of pure Harlan Ellison personality. Harlan's sharp, vivacious character did seem out of place, though, when he introduced a moment of silence in memory of Hugo Gernsback. A number of people I've talked to since have criticized Harlan for lousing up the moment of silence, but I think it was just that Harlan felt out of place in such a situation; he didn't know quite what to do with it. As it was, he pulled it off without too much mishap.

The true memory that will stand out in my mind from the Banquet is the astounding show put on by Sam Moskowitz--and this is an unfortunate note, to realize that this farce was the most memorable thing there. I don't even remember now what award it was that Sam was presenting, but whatever it was, he had asked for ten minutes to present it. Harlan was willing to give him three, and they traded remarks on it with Harlan at the podium and Sam in the audience. Sam insisted that he couldn't cut it shorter than ten minutes, but Harlan let him do it anyway, with just an admonishment to shorten it or else. I timed it; the incredibly bad joke that Sam opened his speech with took up three minutes alone. Sam seemed aware of his own verbal diarrhea, but that didn't stop him or even slow him down; he plowed on in wave upon wave of pedantries, while Harlan paced back and forth and urged him to shut up and finally turned on his recording of electronic music in the background. Nothing stopped the imperturbable Sam. When he had finished his speech and was about to present the award, he held it up and said, "There's a small inscription here that I'd like to read; it's only 600 words." I thought he was making a joke on his own verbosity, but no! It really was 600 words. And he read every one of them. Terry Carr later remarked that that was the closest he had ever seen a Banquet audience come to rioting. Ted was particularly upset that, because of Sam's wasting time, Lester had to cut short the speech he had been preparing for most of a year on the so-called "New Wave" in sf. I hope someone will print the text of the expanded version of Lester's speech, because my mind was so numbed by then that I don't remember much of anything about it. I think that's the last time Sam Moskowitz is going to speak at a convention in a long time.

During the Banquet, Steve and I discovered that the Balcony Insurgents--Boyd Raeburn, Andy and Barbara Main, Alan Shaw, and some others--were sitting in sloppy luxury almost directly above us. I waved to Alan's legs, which were stuck casually over the railing. I



think that if the arrangement is similar in the Hotel Claremont in Berkeley next fall, I'll join the Balcony Insurgents, but of course that will depend somewhat on what my other friends do; this time, most of them were on stage all during the Banquet.

After the Banquet was over and I had checked out officially, I started to put into operation my plan to stay another night; I started by asking Andy Porter if I could stash my suitcase in the NyCon Suite. He said okay, so I wended my way there, and lo and behold I found a whole group of people wearily lounging and conversing in the NyCon Suite. As it turned out, I spent most of the rest of the evening there and slept on the floor that night. When I arrived, Robin White and the Weisners and the Mains were there of the people I remember, and we listened to Andy expound on languages and Judaism in a relaxed group. The group started growing, though, as other people tended to show up in the NyCon Suite, and eventually a full-scale party was in progress. Alan and I accompanied the Mains, the Benfords, and the Lupoffs to the Kashmir Restuarant somewhere in midtown Manhattan for dinner, where we had platters full of incredibly delicious Indian food. I had never had an Indian dinner before, but it is an experience I intend to repeat as often as possible.

We returned to a crowded two rooms, where all sorts of people circulated and talked and drank bottles of Scotch...I got slightly potted by the end of the party, so I can't say I remember all of who was there. I do remember meeting Forry Ackerman, and seeing Harlan and the Girl With The Yellow Hat drop by; I guess the main thing that stands out in my mind is the long and intense discussion between Ted, Terry Carr, and Lester Del Rey over the "New Wave." They briefly had Judith Merrill and a sleepy Mike Moorcock around to question and debate with, but Judy soon dragged Mike away again; just when he was starting to say a few concrete things.

I remember the party dwindling down until finally there was just a bunch of us: Arnie, Alan, me, Ted, Terry, maybe Lester, Jean Berman, Alex Panshin, and whoever else might have been there. We carried on a couple of sleepy conversations, then eventually everyone disappeared and Alan and I prepared to do some serious sleeping--him on the couch, me on the floor. Believe me, a floor is not a place for a civilized fan to sleep; I was still wide awake and writhing when Jean came by at 6:00 to give Alan a couple of ostrich



TED WHITE, LESTER DEL REY,  
AND TERRY CARR IN TOURNAMENT.



feathers or flowers to give to somebody-or-other. In fact, I probably only got about two or three hours of fitful sleep that night, spending the rest of the time reading the piles of fanzines I had accumulated and the copy of the final issue of A BAS that Alan had gotten from Boyd. (Boyd later sent me a copy myself.)

At some hour of the late morning, Alan woke up, and we called around trying to find where other people were. (Andy and Barbara Hain were in the other room, but they were still asleep.) Eventually we found Ted and company, and we helped look at Hugoes and things (actually we were supposed to help carry them, but then someone hauled them off on a cart or decided to leave them there or something. My memory of the last few hours of the con is obviously not too good. Arnie and Alan and I then ate breakfast in the hotel cafeteria, then we finally split up in the subway station, as they had to take an entirely different train from mine. I grabbed the 7th Ave. subway and began the trek home.

It was a great con.



TDB AND  
Jerry Finks

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# BAUBLES AND

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/This issue, I am going to list fanzines by groups, either geographical or by subject, with miscellaneous zines coming at the end. Next issue I may have to be selective in what fmz I review at length, in order to save space./

## NyCon Materials:

NYCON 3 PROGRAM AND MEMORY BOOK (Distributed to NyCon members; the NyCon 3 Committee, Box 367, Gracie Sq. Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10028 (which box has been taken over by Andy Porter for the NyCon 4 bidding committee, I think); 120 pp.) This is just about the Official Publication of the con; it has information on program and hotel services for attendees, information on past cons and past awards and such, and an incredible number of ads by both fans and professional companies. The major articles are two on Lester Del Rey, by Robert Silverberg and Alex Panshin; a highly amusing article on Bob Tucker by BNF, Ret., Lee Hoffman; "How I Learned to Love Fandom," by Dave Van Arnam, which explains a vast amount of the morass that is fandom and chronicles the fannish career of DAVE as well; Terry Carr on the "Literary Midwife," the writer's agent, rewritten from an article in LIGHTHOUSE 10; and Ted White, "From Fan to Pro-- and Back Again." There is also a portfolio of Steve Stiles' artwork; it's the sort of stuff that appears as illustrations in prozines, and it's interesting to see Steve's distinctive style combined with the conventions of prozine illustrating. When Steve starts working professionally, the prozines are going to gain something in their artwork. There is also some lovely artwork and layout in the ads, but there are some terrible ones too; the cover of the P&M Book is by Gray Morrow, layout presumably by Ted White.

BAYCON PROGRESS REPORT (#1; Sept., 1967; free to Bay-Con members; the Baycon Committee, BAYCON, P.O. Box 261 Fairmont Sta., El Cerrito, Calif. 94530, published by co-chairman Bill Donaho, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley, Calif. 94701; 12 pp.) This was done before Berkeley had won the bid; that shows confidence. It is multi-color, like unto Donaho's HABAKKUK, with art by Johnny Chambers, and it contains pertinent information and a "tentative" program for the Baycon. I'm sure this program pulled a lot of votes; I'd like to see it become reality now. Next PR in Feb., much too late.



Fmz from Bidders for the '69 Worldcon

ODD (#17; Sept., 1967; quarterly; 60¢, 4/\$2, trade, loc, contrib; off-set; Ray and Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo. 63108; 88 pp.) With this issue the appearance of Odd has improved, with some fine layout and very nice artwork; I still don't like R.E. Jennings' work, nor does the portfolio of DEA art really grab me. The things that struck me the most were Ray Nelson's account of his sex and acid life all wrapped up in "The Art of Morality". Richard Gordon's column on English university life and environs, which is always entertaining; Arnie Katz's new fmz review col, especially since he praises Fool 1 so highly; and the lettercol. Ted White's article on "Paranoia in Science Fiction" seemed useless, and the fiction and poetry varied in interest. This is the zine to rival TRUMPET, although the two are very dissimilar.

SIRRUISH (#5; fall, 1967; approx. quarterly; free to members of OSFA, or 25¢ (thish 35¢), contrib, or loc; mimeo, I believe; Leigh Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo. 63010; 66 pp.) For a thick fanzine, with occasional splashes of color, there is an awful lot of bad art in here. There is also some dross in the written material, but this is more than canceled out by the Ozarkon report (Hank Luttrell and Chris Couch) and Midwescon Report (Luttrell and Lesleigh Couch) and the lettercol (although that could use a little more forceful editing). There's also the text of Roger Zelazny's Ozarkon speech, lots of reviews of things, plus the usual paraphernalia.

STARLING (#10; July, 1967; irregular; 25¢, trade, loc, contrib; mimeo; Lesleigh Couch, and Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Sta. Rd., Kirkwood, Mo. 63010; 24 pp.) A fine fanzine. The art is mixed--and often color--but Hank's (at least I think it's Hank's) layout sense and interesting lettering gives the zine a good appearance. There are editorial natterings on the St. Louis in '69 worldcon bid and Incidents in the Life of Hank Luttrell, Fan., plus the NyCon and St. Louis doings. There is also Richard Gordon (whom I met briefly at the NyCon) on the English University (but then what was he writing on in Odd? They're both interesting, anyway.), Leigh Couch on Comstockery and censorship, Joe Sanders on three Utopia books, and another goddam good lettercol.

CØSIGN (#12-3; July & Sept., 1967; bimonthly now; free to members of CØSFS, 35¢, 8/\$2.50, trade, published locs or contribs; mimeo; #12 by Larry Smith, now edited by Rod Goman, 160 Chittenden Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43201; 50 & 42 pp.) CØsign is improving to the point where #13 isn't too bad. #12 was the annish, and it featured articles on Lovecraft and SF, a piece of rank faaan humor in the form of another Phoenie, and a 22-page lettercol that needed a lot of trimming. #13 has an article on time travel, a review by Dick Labonte of European prozines, some rather less nauseating humor (with a damn fine ending), & a better lettercol. Both issues feature all the usual columns and stuff, like fmz and prozine reviews, book reviews, Star Trek trivia, editorial, and now an uninspired column by Bob Gaines (who once wrote their uninspired editorials). The artwork by Katuzin carries the zine. Unfortunately, the appearance has improved much faster than the text.

## Fanzines from Monster Fandom and Environs

FANTASY NEWS (#4 & 5; irregular; 35¢, 3/\$1, trade, contrib, loc; mimeo; Harry Wasserman, 7611 N. Regent St., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53217; 54 & 50 pp. respectively.) The items I enjoy in FaNews are the lettercol and the fmz reviews; things such as news of new films, articles on EYE OF THE DEVIL and MYSTERIOUS ISLAND and Blackhawk, and most of the paraphernalia of film fandom leave me cold. On the other hand, I've already said all this is previous reviews, and FaNews is one of the best monsterzines. Harry's Pompidore Flank serials are the vehicles for a truly incredible number of rank puns. The fight in the lettercol which I'm involved in (yes, I do respond to some monsterzines) is interesting, although the other letterhacks seem prone to misunderstanding what I've said. FaNews has atrocious interior art, badly stenciled, but the covers are not bad; the bacover of #4 shows that Gene Klein has a fair talent as an artist.

AD ASTRA (#3; August 1967; irregular; 25¢, contrib, trade, loc; mimeo; Paul Crawford, 505 N. West St., Visalia, Calif.; 32 pp.) "Ad Astra is the fanzine devoted to the discussion of visual science fiction in art, the theatre, films and any other manifestation at which a fan can stare delightedly and say, "Wow!'" Crawford produces a tight little fanzine, albeit one with a highly erratic schedule. In his editorial he remarks on finding four types of buttons based on Stranger in a Strange Land this summer; it's rather sad when a book like that or the Tolkien trilogy become the object of a fad adulation. I nearly threw up when someone mentioned the idea of Lord of the Rings as "camp." Crawford's lettercol could stand some editing--eliminating things like "Forgive this letter in handwriting..."--but the zine as a whole is enjoyable. There are also an article on prozine cover illustration, film reviews by the editor, and fiction by Don D'Amassa.

ECCO (#2; July, 1967; quarterly; 20¢, trade, contrib, loc; mimeo; Randy Williams, Box 581; Liberty, N.C. 27298; 36 pp.) I found Ecco remarkably uninteresting, and I probably wouldn't have gotten it if Randy hadn't written me one day and asked for a faanish poem as a contrib; I wrote it, so you should all go out and get the next issue at least. There are articles on films and comics, fiction, and a lifeless lettercol; one story is reprinted from ALIEN in 1964. With some better layout and appearance and some really interesting written material, Ecco could be made into a decent fanzine. I wish film and comic fmz wouldn't include "ready sheets" in their pages; they are an abomination.

ARUA (#4; summer 1967; irregular; 25¢, trade, loc of over 1½ pp., published art or contrib; ditto; Dick Flinchbaugh, RD 1, Box 403, Seneca, Pa. 16346; 50 pp.) Arua is unusual in that its main feature is art; it is not a comiczine, although it features two of what might be called "comic strips"; it is a fanzine produced by an artist run wild. A good artist, with good contributing artists. The work done with color and form in ditto is beautiful, as is Flinchbaugh's imagination in layout. Of the written material, the lettercol is not too fascinating since it is concerned with the former, comics-oriented, issues, by some of the profuse poetry is good; I would enjoy the fmz reviews



even more if they weren't mostly concerned with comics fanzines. The last page is missing on my copy; the letter at the end of the page begins: "What follows is a cold, hard criticism of your Smasher 3 /Arua was formerly Smasher 7. I suppose I will sound rather arrogant, but the truth generally hurts, you know." Cut. Gee, I would have liked to read the rest of that letter.

SANCTUM (#9; Feb., 1968 (huh?); quarterly; 2/25¢, trade, contrib, loc; mimee; Steve Johnson, 1018 North 31st St., Corvallis, Oregon 97330; 24 pp.) This fanzine consists almost entirely of reviews; the only other things in the zine are a slightly fragmented editorial and a lettercol (in which even the comics fans manage to have interesting letters--sometimes). Steve Perrin's review of Soldier, Ask Not gave me an unexpected insight into the world background of the novel and the other stories connected with it, but I still am entirely unsatisfied by the two novels of Gordon Dickson's that I've read (Soldier included). There is considerable space devoted to some lengthy and interested record reviews. The zine has a delightfully light, fan-nish flavor.

GORE CREATURES (#12; Sept., 1967; quarterly; 25¢, trade, contrib; ditto; Gary Svehla, 5906 Kavan, Baltimore, Md. 21206; 80 half-sized pp.) This is the kind of fanzine I can easily do without; in future issues I think I'll ignore this kind of thing. Total neoishness, shown in titles like "Giddy Gore," "Terror Flicks in Review," and "The Fan Corner" (fmz reviews), coupled with dull film material and an awful format--if you are going to do a thick half-sized zine, you've got to trim the edges. There's even a "summary sheet" for those too lazy to write a letter; maybe I'll use it.

COSMOSTILETTO (12; summer 1967; irregular; 25¢, trade, contrib, loc; mimee; Gene Klein, 33-51 84 St., Jackson Hts., N.Y. 11372, and John Kusalavage and Vin Mansfield; some several pages.) The incredibly bad repro masks a rather unimposing fanzine; what some glorify as "informality" is really lousy organization; there are things such as one-line acknowledgements of late fanzines stuffed into the space left beside an article title. The comic strip this time, not being by Bob Malisani, is worse than previous ones; the only article of any real interest is Mansfield on Jack Vance. The fanzine reviews, even those included in the regular column, are merely dashed off remarks, and there is a monstrous lettercol. Klein used a one-page piece of "humor" that I wrote so long ago I didn't feel it worth trying to retrieve too. At least the cover by Cawthorn is good.

### N3F Publications

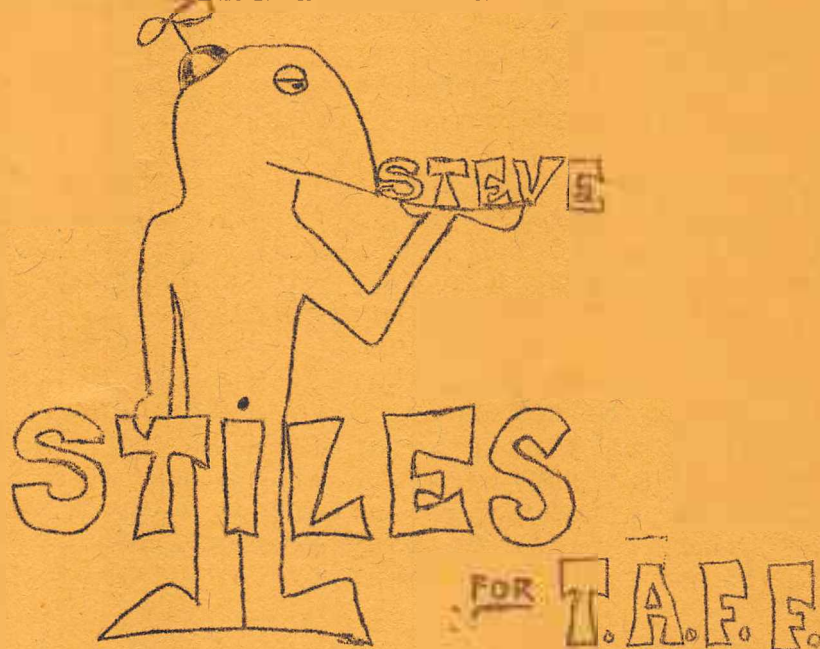
THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN (vol. 26, nos. 4 & 5; July and Oct. (by postmark), 1967; bimonthly; free to Neffers; Stan Woolston, 12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, Calif. 92640; 16 and 12 pp.) The Official Organ of the N3F, TNFF features official doings of various bureaus and news tidbits from Outer Fandom as well as the N3B; the latest issue is primarily concerned with elections for Pres. and Directors, Gary Labowitz's column on problems of fanzine publishing, and a truncated Ny-Con report by Elaine Wojciechowski.

TIGHTBEAM (44-5; July & Sept., 1967; bimonthly; free to Neffers; #44: Jack C. Haldeman II, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21212, #45: Gary Labowitz, 362 Prince Frederick St., King of Prussia, Pa. 19406; 16 & 14 pp.) The official letterzine of the N3F. There are the usual squabbles over what the N3F is or is not doing that it should, plus discussions of science fiction, election platforms from some Neffers running for office, Fred Lerner's proposal that only fans who had attended previous worldcons should be allowed to vote on consites, Roy Tackett with a genuine Fan Letter of the old school on A. Merritt, and John Boardman's exposing Eric Blake as his own creation. Interestingly, in #45 there is a rebuttal from Blake claiming that he is not a hoax and castigating Boardman. I asked John if he had written that letter as well, but he was evasive and said he "thought he remembered doing it." #45 is the better of the two issues, in respect to appearance, with some excellent Adkins artwork, but #44 has far more meat in the letters.

### MITSES Fanzines

BIBLIOGRAPHICA FUTURICA FANTASTICA (3; Aug., 1967; monthly; 25¢, 6/ \$1.50, 12/\$2.50; mimeo; Edwin W. Meyer, Box E, MIT Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139; 20 pp.) I think this is somehow connected with QRM-- possibly a retitling of it. I keep getting sporadically on the MITSES mailing list. This zine is an attempt to list all the newly-appearing sf and fantasy books; it seems to be at least filling the gap left by the death of SPECULATIVE BULLETIN a while back.

INFINITE FANAC (9; Aug., 1967; irregular; trade, loc, contrib, or \$1 for all of Mike's publications for an indefinite period of time; mimeo & ditto; Mike Ward, 116 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass. 02142; 38 pp.) An enjoyable personalzine; besides editorial stuff, there is the wacky MIT humor; Ray Nelson's "Acid Afterthoughts," on his graduating from LSD, part of which he has written in some other fanzine too; fascinating dittofaxes of maps of the Boston-New York trolley line in 1903 and a Time article on the sf pulps in 1939 and the NyCon I; and a lettercol in which he dittofaxes the letters, including letterheads from Bill Danner and Al Kuhfeld and John Kusske's handwriting and...scrawls.



STROON (6&7; April and July, 1967; irregular; trade, loc, contrib, review, subway or transit tokens/maps/transfers/timetables, or free; ditto; Anthony Lewis, 124 Longwood Ave., Brookline, Mass. 02146; 30 & 28 pp.) More MIT humor (math in verse!) and a concentrated run-down



on the continent's major transit systems in the cities, plus Sherlock Holmes parodies and book reviews. I find the material on subways and such fascinating, but occasionally the MITSFSers get too caught up with statistics for me. The color artwork in #7 is nice.

### British Fanzines

LES SPINGE (19; Sept. 1967; irregular; trade, loc, contrib, or ask; mimeo; Darroll Pardoe, 95 E. 12th Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43201 (note his move to the U.S.); 32 pp.) Spinge is the best fanzine coming out of England that I get (I'm qualifying that because I haven't ever gotten SCOTTISHE, except for a back issue I picked up at the Lunacon). The multi-color mimeography is reminiscent of HABAKKUK, but not a copy in any way, and it provides a setting for some good artwork. I find that Spinge gives me a picture of the best in modern English fandom; maybe now that Darroll is in the U.S. it will provide better contact between American fandom and the newer English fans. The columns are better than usual (and they are usually pretty fair)--Rob Wood's burst of nostalgia for the pop tunes of the 50's provoked me to dash off a page of loc on that alone--and the gem of the issue is a reprint of "The Didn't See Scrolls," a mock-epic poem by the late Doc Weir dealing with the BSFA national convention of 1960; would that such Scribes of Note were writing in British fandom today.

BADINAGE (2; June, 1967; irregular; contrib, trade, loc plus postage, or 1/- plus postage, or a sample copy free; mimeo; Graham Boak, c/o 9 Cotswold Rd., Bedminster, Bristol 3, ENGLAND; 44 pp.) Archie Mercer's contempt for artwork hinders this clubzine of the Bristol And District (BAD) SF Group, as does poor mimeography (or maybe my copy was just one of the dregs). The material is promising, though, and the talent centered in Bristol fandom should make this into a good zine. There is a conreport on Briscon '67, fiction, two items on Germany--one an article on Herman Goering, the other an account of Herr Winter's war of catapult-&-dumplings vs. the Luftwaffe in Munich--and a lot of discussion of Bob Dylan sparked by Archie's critical remarks lastish. I hope this keeps coming out, as it could become a fine clubzine.

THE SCARR (120; May, 1967; irregular; trade, contrib, loc, or ask; mimeo; George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave., Bangor, N. Ireland; 20 pp.) Possibly the best British fanzine (note the distinction). Formal structure suffers a few setbacks in the course of George's producing a fabulously amusing fanzine, although he has finally instituted a regular lettercol instead of including letters in "Peeps into My Diary," in which he reviews books and fanzines and rambles, day by day. Bob Shaw has a fun column in which he exposes The Truth about Irish passengers on British airlines, and Charters anecdotizes and finishes off with a raft of incredible Irish puns. What artwork appears is Tom cartoons.

HAVERINGS (29; Sept., 1967; bimonthly; trade, \$1 or 7/- for 6 issues; mimeo; Ethel Lindsay, Courge House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, UK, or USAgent: Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701; 6 pp.) Haver is devoted to reviews of the fmz Ethel gets, although this time there is only a listing and the briefest of comments because of the

death of her mother in August. Ethel comments on Fool 1 by recommending it for "a very good description of how it feels to be a neofan." I always like egoboo anyway, and I'm glad to see I succeeded in my summary of the beginnings of my fannish career in Fool 1's editorial.

### New York Fanzines

QUIP (6; Aug., 1967; quarterly (ahahaha...); trade, loc, contrib, or 50¢ (no subs); mimeo; Arnie Katz, 42B Oxford Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 14226 (college address), and Lon Atkins, Box 1131, Canoga Park, Calif. 91304, plus Len Bailes and Cindy Van Arnem as Associate Editors; 66 pp.) A highly enjoyable issue with lots of readable material: columns by Ed Cox, F.M. Busby (but terribly dated), and Rich Mann; humor by John Berry; appearances by Shelvy Vick, BNF of the 6th Fandom era, in both the lettercol and humor areas; and a section of divergent opinions on the Pongs that didn't really present much new and failed to impress me very much; another interesting lettercol; another 4-page Quiver by Ross Chamberlain which is particularly good on the first page; and a column of lengthy fmz reviews, well done by Greg Benford. Arnie's editorial contains one of the best pieces of humor he has written, & the issue is rounded out with a fair piece of faaan fiction by Arnie, in which he examines the generation and effects of rumors by writing about characters who comprise composites of characteristics taken from New York and California fans that he knows.

SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY (4; Nov., 1966; published twice a decade; FAPA, trade, contrib, or ask for it; mimeo; Lee Hoffman, Basement, 54 E. 7th St., New York, N.Y. 10003; 40 pp.) This may be slightly dated, but considering the schedule I don't think it really matters; I just got Lee to send me a copy, after perusing one in Ted White's apartment at Fanoclasts once. The humor by Bob Tucker, Dean Grennell, Robert Silverberg, Harlan Ellison, and Robert Bloch, plus LeeH's editorial and odd insertions and Cindy Van Arnem's faaan poem are all in the tradition of QUANDRY and the fannish writing of the time when SFFY began, and as such should be approached in the proper frame of mind; Ted White's article analyzing the problem of numbered fandoms since 6th Fandom impressed me the most because of my bent for fannish history and tradition. A slightly fabulous fanzine; I await the next issue with bated breath.

LIGHTHOUSE (15; Aug., 1967; a great intervals (sometimes even quarterly); trade, loc, contrib, or 50¢...a subscription is hardly feasible; mimeo; Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201; 96 pp.) Terry's moving the editorial to the front of the mag has balanced Lthe better; now it is 90-odd pages of Great Stuff bounded by a contents page and editorial on one end and a long lettercol at the other. Terry and Carol Carr and Joanna Russ and Harlan Ellison are all superior in humor, Damon Knight's Project Boskone speech is reprinted, and Dick Lupoff explores speculative thought around the turn of the century in depth. Gahan Wilson discourses knowledgably on history of professional cartooning, Pat Lupoff describes the dime novels of the 19th Century, Fritz Leiber has an article on some psychological aspects of sf&f that I haven't read yet, and Samuel Delany weaves a fascinating tapestry of his experiences in London, Greece, Istanbul,



and the U.S., in which he also gives some insights into what went into the writing of The Einstein Intersection. (See? I needed two sentences just to list the contents.) Lths features excellent layout and fine artwork and should be on the Hugo ballot again next year.

### Fanzines That Have Escaped My Pigeonholes

YANDRO (171; 173-4; May, July, Sept., 1967; monthly; 35¢, 3/\$1, 12/\$3; mimeo; Buck and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348; 32, 30, & 34 pp.) I haven't been reviewing Yan because Coulson doesn't want to increase the circulation and the labor involved, but I've changed my policy. The almost-monthly fanzine features pedestrian (but interesting) editorials by both editors (or rather, editor and publisher); book, prozine, and fanzine reviews; one of fandom's best lettercolumns; and lately a lot of material on Star Trek. Of the articles, which are giving way sometimes to regular features and lists, Alex Panshin delves into juvenile sf--in what was inspired by his Master's Thesis, although the article isn't written like a college paper--and Ted White's irregular column appears to discuss the prozines' book reviewers. Dammit, my subscription's run out again....

SAPSAFIELD (7; June, 1967; quarterly?; SAPS, APA 45, 10¢, trade, loc, or "favorable reviews"; mimeo; John F. Kusske, Route 2, Hastings, Minnesota 55033; 22 pp.) Kusske is trying to turn his personal apazine into a genzine; perhaps in an issue or two he will succeed. His faaan fiction is good when it's meant as humor, but the attempt at a serious piece is a failure, and he persists in writing strange articles on things like professional wrestling. There are minor bits by Alton Thermak and rich brown, but by and large I wish Kusske would do what he advises me against in Fool and get some good outside contributors. The zine would be much improved by a little layout.

GASLARK (4; Sept., 1967; irregular; available one way or another; ditto; Don D'Amassa, 327 Hillcrest Dr., East Lansing, Mich. 48823; 25 pp.) Gaslark is a not-terribly-fannish college fanzine, in which Don and various inhabitants of his native Rhode Island write musings and fiction on the sort of themes that occur to college students. (At least that's the impression it gives me.) 'Tis somewhat interesting.

HIPPOCAMPELEPHANTOCAMELOS (6; Aug., 1967; irregular; trade, loc, contrib, 25¢; mimeo; Fred Hollander, c/6 The Hill, 508 S. St. Andrews Pl. Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 40 pp.) This may be the last regular (ha!) issue of Hippocamp, due to college work and work-work, plus plans for a genzine among residents of the Hill. This issue features natterings by the editor (describing the Hill), Terry Jeeves, and Greg Shaw; another Tom Digby humor piece, "The Auto-Monk"; an article by James H. Schmitz on the Gray Lensman; straight fiction by Daniel Villani; and weird fiction/satire by myself. A remarkably balanced table of contents, although layout and artwork could improve.

TRUMPET (6; June, 1967; quarterly; trade, contrib, printed locs, 60¢, or 5/\$2.50; offset; Tom Reamy, 2508 17th St., Plano, Texas 75074; 44 ppl) Trumpet is fandom's fanciest fanzine, and this issue is absolutely superb in appearance and layout. There is an overflow of fic-

tion, none faaanish, and Alex Eisenstein's fmz review column is missing, but it is still a fine issue. "Mr. Tambourine Man," a short group of photographic impressions, is impressive, and George Barr's illustration job on "The Broken Sword" is fabulous. Jerry Pournelle discourses in his column this time on democracy, and Dan Bates starts a column on films. (I preferred Reamy's film reviews of past issues, which at least had the virtue of being damned funny.) Trumpet is the kind of fanzine I'll show to a non-fan to impress him a great deal,

Egad, they're done! Now I'm certain I'll be selective in the fanzine reviews next issue, but then, I hope to have the next issue out quicker, so that fewer fmz will pile up.

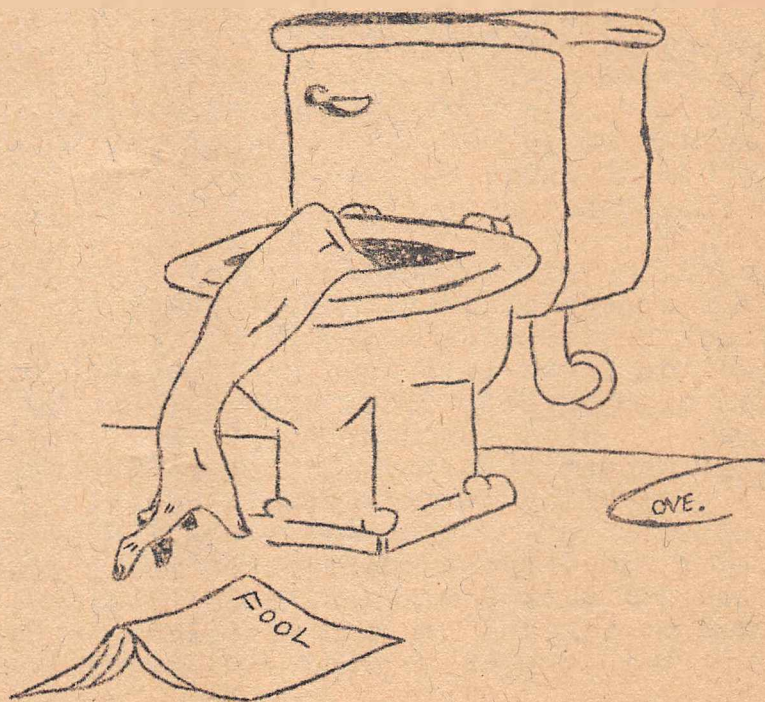
Urk, there is something else; two zines arrived together the other day:

SEWEEKLY (205; Nov. 13, 1967; weekly; news or 14/\$1; mimeo; Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., New York, N.Y. 10028; 2 pp.) The most reliable fannish information sheet now operating. (It almost wasn't operating, but Andy got Dave Van Arnam to help out with addressing and mailing, and the zine seems to have gotten back above water.) With this came Van Arnam's FIRST DRAFT 190, which Dave hands out at Fanoclasts and FISTFA and doesn't usually mail out. Dave discusses the possible series coming from his just-published book, Star Gladiator; the main news in SEW is a summary of the Phillycon and a report from the NyCon Committee that Dick Schultz is "irresponsibly spreading false rumors" about Ted White's delving into the NyCon funds to buy a car, which is rather unfortunate and got the Fanoclasts justifiably stirred up.

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Fandom is to keep postmen on their toes.

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# LETTERCOOL



Bob Lichtman  
112 Lundy's Lane  
San Francisco, Calif. 94110

Katz's comments in his letters concerning the fact that the first group of fanzines one receives as a neofan having an influence on the neofan's initial publishing activity is quite true, by and large. The first few fanzines I was exposed to were things like GRUE, OOPSLA, the revived SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, and CRY OF THE NAMELESS, and the influence and example of these high-quality journals is quite obvious in the early items I published. Over the long run, and with a wide range of fanzines having been subject to my eyetracks, including many from "before my time," I would say that the fanzines that still influence me (or would if I published a general fanzine anymore) are A BAS, GRUE, HYPHEN, and INNUENDO. I think what these fanzines taught me chiefly is the importance of not publishing second-rate material either by yourself or your contributors, of running a tight and significant letter column (that is, not letting it take over the magazine and not printing too much of the "I liked this, I didn't like that" portions of letters), and of a good, fairly loose and readable layout. And also they influenced me in the general types of material I wanted to print, and that led me to seek out contributions from particular people in a preferential way. This policy worked out pretty well over the years and I have a number of what I regard as publishing coups (or "gold stars") to my name, such as Bjo's "Supersquirrel," a group of contributions from Elmer Perdue, and so forth.

Regarding pre-arranged trades: I never kept a trade list. I only kept a general mailing list which was reviewed every issue in a pretty subjective way. Subscribers I was stuck with, though I discouraged long term subs and later wouldn't accept them. Others got my zines on a variety of grounds: they sent me enjoyable trades, they commented or contributed or they entertained me and made me happy they were around even though they never responded (or seldom) to the stuff I sent out. I got my share of unsolicited and awful fanzines, and generally sent out at least one trade in response to them, but I am not and was never a monster fan and when I started getting unsolicited and awful monster fanzines I simply didn't acknowledge them. With science-fiction neofans I felt there was every chance they would turn out okay or just go away, but monsterzines didn't interest me

good or bad. /That sounds about like the way I do it, except that some of the better monsterzines do interest me enough to trade. I wonder if having a number of outstanding subscriptions spurs a faned to try to turn out his fanzine more nearly regularly. Most of the genzines today discourage or flatly refuse subs; most of them also are highly irregular.7

On response to fanzines: Although, as I said in my last letter, I got relatively little letter response to FRAP, this was not at all the case with the earlier genzine, PSI-PHI, which I published jointly with Arv Underman (who goes to Stanford, too, by the way) from 1958-1960. The circulation of PSI-PHI was always between 90-120, but I can recall receiving upwards of 40-50 letters of comment, plus trades, on a couple of the issues, and except for the first and last issues, response was always at least 25% of the mailing list in letters, quite aside from the trade fanzines it generated. But the main point here is that fandom in 1958-1960 was more genzine-oriented and by the time I was editing FRAP, it had gone over to being apa-oriented.

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A fan is not a trufan until he is a Mets fan.

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Darroll Pardoe  
95 East 12th Ave.  
Columbus, Ohio 43201  
/Note the CoA.7

I could go on from the end of your fmz re-views: maybe WAW will bring out HYPHEN 36; Dean Grennell will bring out GRUE 30; John Berry (the Irish John Berry) a new RETRIEUTION.... even Francis Towner Laney might return to the fold. To Ghu, all things are possible. /That last would require Ghu's whipping up a mighty powerful miracle; Laney died in 1957 or 1958.7

I am intrigued at finding myself in the centre of a Katz/Berry argument (over LS layout). The truth of the matter is, I don't give much thought to layout--just type out a stencil with a hole here or there for an illo, and print it. So I suppose any good layout that might ever appear would be accidental.

What are the reasons for the lack of white space in British zines?

\* \* \* \* \*

John F. Kusske  
Route #2  
Hastings, Minn. 55033

Bob Vardeman is a Major Find. Evil old Roy Tackett hoarding Bob to himself all this time. I bet he had Bob locked up in a high tower (like Rapunzil, who let down her hair every time the Nasty Old Witch wanted to climb up into the tower). Only Bob doesn't have long hair, so he had to use his...(is this a family fanzine)? (In APA 45 we used to be able to make jokes like that...but now we have three female members (one of whom is under 18) ...but you don't have any female readers, one of whom is under 18 . do you John?) Yes. Anyhow, Bob's story is funny. I had been toying with the same idea myself, but now I'll have to wait five years until everyone forgets that it Has Been Done Before.



Did Arnie originate the term "second-line fanzine"? /I have no idea./ If so, I salute him. Yes, it's a major addition to the language of fandom. We need second line fanzines; there should be many more of them than first line fanzines. Does Arnie's system allow for third line and fourth line and fifth line and Beta Eta Zeta line fanzines? If it does, I'd be interested in seeing how he divides up the current fanzine crop. I suppose he'd put YANDRO into a second line spot. I wonder where he'd put FOOLSCAP? /In a class by itself./

It's good to see a Bob Lichtman letter. His statement that up to 2 of his mailing-list never responded also croggles me. As a matter of fact, I have trouble getting rid of 100 copies of MANTRAP (50 copies of which go thru various apas) without sending it to people who I know won't respond. Maybe the sad state of current genzinedom is due to lazy readers rhather than to poor editing talent. One has to be either remarkably fuggheaded or remarkably competent to stir his mailing-list to life these days.

\* \* \* \* \*

Harry Warner, Jr. Much of the material in the editorial was  
423 Summit Ave. paralleled by stuff in other fanzines that ap-  
Hagerstown, Md. 21740 peared in the interval between writing and dis-  
tribution, but it was interesting to get this  
particular angle on New York fanac. Of course, the adventure involv-  
ing the drive through New England was completely new. The double  
standard for driver's licenses is a new one to me, too. It doesn't  
make much sense in one respect, because New York City impresses me as  
one of the easiest places to drive without getting killed in a motor  
vehicle crash. Incidentally, the school system ran a survey some  
years ago to prove the effectiveness of the local driver education  
course. The results showed that kids who had taken it had a worse  
accident record than those who had obtained licenses through other  
kinds of instruction. /More recently I've discovered that California  
doesn't honor any out-of-state licenses for minors; states' sovereign-  
ty finds strange ways to assert itself these days./

The Tom Swiftie story was amusing and a trifle guilt-provoking. I still am somewhat sensitive to any Tom Swift references, because of something I did a few weeks back. I didn't buy a big stack of original Tom Swift novels, in good condition, for a nickel each. Some of these titles are buried somewhere among the junk in the attic, so it wouldn't have added much to my collection to make this purchase. But I don't like to think that they may have gone to the paper-baler after the AAWW closed up the book sale where they were offered.

The Ballad of the ~~NYCON~~ Nycon 3 was an ingenious explanation for one of the most noticeable features of the worldcon. Previously, I had assumed that the missing elevators had fallen through one of the subterranean traps that were so vividly depicted in Nycon Comics. For the elevators that remained in existence, hardly anyone at the con seemed to know the simple way of getting on an upward bound journey from the mazzanine: just walk down to the first floor and get on there.

I agree that your layout is improved in this issue, but I am not certain that it is wise to spend too much time or to lay too much reliance on superlative layout as a means of winning favor for one's fanzine. A few fans seem to enjoy ingenious and artistic layout for the same reasons as a person appreciates a fine photograph or painting. But for most of us, I think that layout is something that works subconsciously, luring the eye to linger on the page long enough to bait the mind into reading the words. Obviously, the fanzine need not normally have need for this recourse, because the recipient is probably going to read the whole thing anyway, except for some type of material or a certain writer against which or whom he is prejudiced. [That is not necessarily true, and attractive layout can induce the reader to read even things he would have ignored otherwise. The appearance of a zine can also have an effect on one's enjoyment of the material and certainly on one's opinion of the zine; you're right that it's subconscious, but that's all the more reason to try to have attractive layout. Don't worry, I know the legend of STELLAR; I won't go nuts over layout, just try to keep it interesting and good-looking.]

I must have been dozing during the half-hour I spent writing my loc on the previous issue because an important word is missing from one paragraph. I meant to say that I don't regret the decision to rate Habakkuk the best fanzine, and it came out just the opposite. [I don't have your letter here to check, but I believe the mistake was mine.] This particular kind of typo is somehow inbred in journalists, anyway. Most newspapers, you'll notice, say that a defendant was acquitted or found innocent, instead of describing him as not guilty. The habit stems from the frequency with which that "not" will get omitted from the news story.


My dubious thoughts about layout above are no reflection on your illustrations, which enhance enormously the enjoyment of reading the issue, and have added effectiveness from the ample borders you've given to most. Somehow, these quarter-page and eighth-page pictures are more effective in a dittoed fanzine than in one that has mimeograph or an even more expensive means of reproduction. Probably it's a case of the eye working a bit harder on the purple and emitting stronger pleasure reflexes after the brief vacations to look at the cartoons.



WAHFs: Ray Fisher, Bob Vardeman, Randy Williams, Jay Kinney, Dwain Kaiser, Greg Benford.



As you can see from the cover, I have been suitably welcomed to Sunny Northern California. Felice Rolfe's house in Palo Alto is within easy bicycling distance, so between the Rolfes and Jerry Jacks, who is living with them, I have been pulled bodily into Barea fandom. I met loads of local fans when we went to the Lamplighters' production of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe" and the theater party at Emil Petaja's afterwards, and I have toured the Black Hole of Calcutta, a new local slan shack, and attended a Little Men meeting. And by the time most of you are reading this, I will be back in New York going to Fanoclasts and things. Thanks are due to Felice for letting me use her styli, drawing plate, and shading plates, and to Jerry for giving me the...er, inspiration?...for a number of cartoons. Luckily only three of the cartoons made it into the zine. This is a Fake Barea Fanzine. (Dec. 1, 1967.)



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IN '69

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- REVIEW -

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