

GRILS

WE'D LOVE TO COME
OVER TONIGHT; BUT, HOW
COME YOUR CALL...TONIGHT?
WE HAVEN'T SEEN YOU
IN AGES.... UH..JOYCE

WELL, RAY AND I
WERE JUST SITTING
HERE, YOU KNOW, AND WON-
DERED HOW WE COULD
HAVE LOST TOUCH.....

SAY, JOYCE.. NOT
TO BE SUSPICIOUS, BUT
ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME FOR
A GRILS MAILING, AND
AHH... O D D, HUMM..





Special Thanks to Ray for helping with the repro of this issue, and to the kitty, who gave fullest assistance, every step of the way.



GRILS 2

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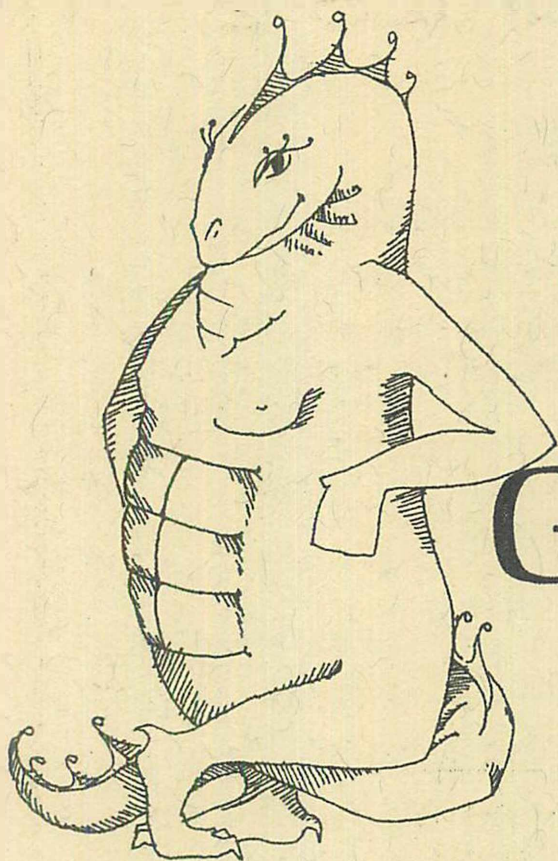
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GRILS is available for letters of comment, trades and contributions. Tradezines must be sent to both Pam and Sue, but not necessarily to Joyce. You can buy one copy, if you dare risk corrupting our present unmercenary moods, for 40¢ but we'd rather you didn't. No subscriptions, at any price, and any subs received will be either refunded or thrown away, as the mood strikes us.

Publication schedule is non-existent — when we get the material and if we're in the mood. Confidentially, we have hopes this combination of events happens frequently.



It has long been a tradition of fandom, so I have been told, to relate to one another fannish happenings. For two years, I have waited for a fannish happening. Pam had the earthquake. I didn't realize there had been an earthquake until someone asked me if I caused it. Joyce has Ray and the cat. But now I have a fannish happening: THE FLOOD. What could be more fannish than the psychological effects of THE FLOOD on the enterprising community of McDonnell employees?

GRINDLE

SUE ROBINSON

On Tuesday, April 29, 11:30 am, a water main burst and began filling up the basement. Someone immediately called the fire department - not the water company, but the fire department. Someone closed the doors at each end of the hallway. By the time

the fire department came, there had accumulated six feet of water behind the closed doors. (I do not know this for a fact and at the time I didn't feel it was necessary to prove the situation fact or fiction; therefore I took someone's word for it.)

Some of the water was seeping beneath the door, causing about three or four inches of water to gradually move towards our office. Our office is located in the middle of the basement, which didn't help matters any, as the water was seeping beneath both doors leaving us with the decision of which way we would like to evacuate to get our feet wet. When the water was about three feet from our door, we were told we could power down and evacuate. I was a bit upset about the situation, since we have a lot of electrical equipment and the fact that I can't swim and if the doors would have broken. . .

It was bad enough to stand at the door watching the water gradually seep toward me and think about the doors breaking, but someone had to say, "Don't worry, Sue. We'll all go together."

After we left the office and knew that we were out of danger of being drowned, I stopped to listen to others watching the stairwells fill with water. Listening to their various reactions to the flood was more fun than thinking about what to do on my two hour lunch break.

In a time of disaster, the intelligible witticisms of onlookers are quite amusing.

"Look at this water, Margaret. Go get Ethel. She's gotta see this."

"Lester, let's make a wish." (They actually dropped a penny down the stair well.)

"Hey, man — that looks like the same kind of stuff in the streets after it rains."

The hard-working engineers never cease to utilize their technical training and ability as the inventors of new and better ways of living. They search for tomorrow's better living, striving to be practical, even in a time of disaster. These hard-working practical-minded engineers had managed to salvage some paper with which they built sail boats to have races in the water.

Walking from one building to the next, we happened to notice a large hole and mud all over the sidewalk and the side of the building and windows. There were two men standing around the hole, marveling.

"Look at the hole, Charlie."

"Yeah, George. I wonder how it got there?"

Continuing our journey through the vastness of McDonnell, we finally came to another computer terminal. In this particular computer room, there is a small computer, Model 25, and a plotter. A plotter is a computer that is programmed to etch pictures of whatever a particular program is; such as airplanes, a space ship traveling over the moon, or — as it was doing while I was there — a nude girl, accompanied by the Model 25 playing Anchors Away. I never thought the day would come — 'Computerized Sex'. It was bad enough that Hal, in "2001", had a sexy voice. But, now, one that draws sensuality!

Such are the wonders of science and fannish tales.

All layout and design this issue are by Pam; in fact she worked so hard on them she decided to forego an editorial. She'll be editorializing again next issue, though. All fanzine reviews this issue are also by Pam; however, this will not necessarily continue to be true in the future. Zines for review should be sent to both Pam and Sue (and note Pam's CoA) as should zines for trade. Since our mailing list is lifted from the Fisher's files, Joyce is probably already getting it, so it's not necessary to send to her for Grils. Although we won't guarantee date of future issues, we can guarantee that our when-and-if schedule will never again be interrupted by a worldcon. (Keeping material from becoming dated is, believe us, only one reason for this.)

BLUE JAUNT

Since Sue mentioned, in her last editorial, The Chair and the perpetual contest for its occupancy, it seems appropriate to tell the most recent chair-connected activities. Despite the affection that the entire group of Saturday People have shown for that one seat, it should be recognized that there are other chairs in the house. Why these others have never met with the overwhelming popularity of the first I can't say; in fact, it's always seemed a bit sad that all the fannish favors have been bestowed on the one, instead of being more equally distributed.

A most momentous decision was made: we would have to discard one of the unloved and unlovely chairs, and replace it with one that would capture the affection of the chair-fans.

Armed with money, credit cards, identification, insurance coverage, names of next-of-kin, and boundless enthusiasm, Sue, Pam and I set out to find a chair on Saturday morning. Not just any chair..certainly not ..but a chair worthy of our favors; a chair designed to share in the destiny of St. Louis fandom; a chair that would fit in the trunk of Pam's car. Our confidence in our ability to buy a chair was beautiful, as were the eager expressions on our faces when we walked into the first store. And the second...and the third.

"Next Friday at the soonest." "We don't have that in stock." "A month to six weeks on special order." "Oh, no, Ladies. We don't sell the chairs you see here...they're just samples."

Five or six stores later, our confidence had waned. We sadly sat in a booth at the Woolworth lunch-counter.

"I just can't understand it. Why won't they sell me a chair? What is it about me that makes them turn me away?"

"I'll take a fish platter" said Sue.

"Is it because the wind has blown my hair into Medusa-like snarls?" I said, studying the Medusa-like snarls in a make-shift mirror.

"That's the design on the napkin-holder" said Pam, gently easing the

continued
on page 12

joyce fisher



The Trufannish Collating Girl *



*by arnie katz

"What's this plaque next to the collator?" the neofan asked the BNF.

"That plaque there honors one of the heroes of fandom from 'way back in the good old days. The days when fans were giants and Ishes were Pubbed at the drop of a beanie. Ah me."

"But who does it honor?" the neofan persisted.

"You can see that for yourself." The BNF leaned forward to read the inscription on the plaque. "'In Memorium; Robin White' it says, 'who gaffiated upholding the Trufannish Way.' Stirring words, son, for a Great Femmefan." A tear slid down his cheek as he remembered the way it used to be.

"Please tell me about it," the neofan pleaded. "Please?"

"Well, if you'll make a BNF happy and fetch me a pepsi, I'll try and remember exactly the way it all happened." The neo left the room and returned from the kitchen almost immediately with a pepsi. "Thank you kindly," the BNF said as he settled down in his rocker.

"You've heard about Trufans," the BNF began, "about Laney and Burbee and such. They were great Trufans all right, but they weren't the truest of the Trufans. Real Trufans like everything about publishing fanzines."

"Like mimeographing?" the neofan interrupted.

"Oh, sure. Lots of fans like mimeographing. I remember old Andy Porter. 'Let's mimeograph something,' he used to say. When there was nothing around that particularly needed mimeographing, why he'd type his name on a stencil about twenty times and run that off. Sometimes he used two colors. Oh, lots of fans like mimeographing."

"But fans who like collating are a mite rarer. There was Feckless Fred Patten. He used to bring 100 page fanzines to conventions to collate. He loved to collate so much he couldn't bear to leave off even for three days.

"There was 'Rubber Thumb' Van Arnam. Now there was a fan for you! He used to publish a fanzine called FIRST DRAFT, which was one page only and didn't take any collating. So he up and started FANOMATIC just so he'd have something to collate.

"But the greatest of them all was Robin White.

"Robin White learned to collate at her daddy's knee. One day — and this was told to me by her own father himself — when Robin was hardly more than a baby, she picked up three sheets of paper, put them together, and bound them together by tearing a notch in the corner. Her daddy looked down at his little girl and said,

'Robin, you're going to be a collating girl.'

"She came from a family of Lunarians, but they must have done all right raising her, because she up and married a fabulous fannish fan named Ted White. Now Ted White was counted a trufan even in those golden days, but not so trufannish that he enjoyed collating. He was more the Publishing Jiant kind of trufan.

"One time Ted had to trek up to Brooklyn Heights, but there was a fanzine back at home that needed collating. Johnry Berry was there, because it was his fanzine that all the fuss was about, and Arnie Katz was there, too. And so, of course, was Robin White. Why, when she got down to collating, she cut-collated both of those big strong BNFs.

"When they published VOID #29 — praise Ghu the glorious day — when they drove those two silver staples into the first copy, Robin White was right there collating. That day she out-collated Terry Carr Himself. 'Robin White,' Terry Carr said to her after she had whipped through that VOID like Bob Shaw going through a plate of coffee kisses, 'you are a Real Trufan. A collating girl.'

"So Robin White kept right on collating whenever she heard the call of Trufandom. And the more fanzines she put together, the more her reputation grew. Soon every single fan everywhere knew that Robin White was a trufannish collating girl.

"That was about the time me and Joyce moved to New York and brought that electric collator along. We had a big publishing session one time. We published QUIP #21, GRILS #8, and EGOBOO #17 all in one day. It was getting on toward evening by then and it was time to start collating.

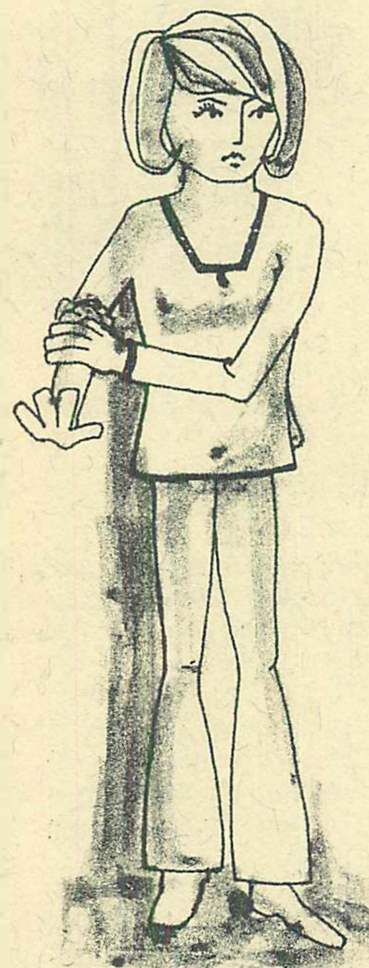
"'Stand Back,' said Robin White, 'and give me room to collate!'

"You don't have to do that,' Joyce said to her. Robin looked at Joyce like she was sure she was hearing wrong. 'We have this electric collator to do the work.' Joyce gave the machine a pat. Now Robin White was a trufannish collating girl, and she didn't like the situation, not one little bit.

"'I am the best collator in the whole fan world,' Robin said looking at the machine scornfully. 'I am the best collator in the whole fan universe!' Now I realize that might sound like bragging, but it was no more than Truth. A trufan never lies.

"Everybody got more and more excited. Some said the machine was the best, and others held that no one or nothing could beat Robin White at putting a fanzine together.

"They loaded up the electric collator with a hundred copies of each of the eight





sheets of EGOBOO #17. They set the other half of each pile in front of Robin White for her to work on.

"'All right now,' said Rich Brown, who was going to be the judge of the contest, 'you know the rules. Whoever gets the hundred copies collated first is the winner!' He dropped a crudsheet, and the second it hit the ground, the machine started to rumble.

"Robin White got off to a flying start. Flickflickflick and she had ten copies collated before the machine did five. A few there made jeering remarks about the machine then, but they spoke too soon, because by the 25th copy, they were all even. Fans stood around and shouted them on as they breezed through the thirties like they weren't even there.

"They went copy for copy. Why, I could hardly see Robin White's hands, she moved so fast. But as fast as Robin was moving, that collator fed out collated copies to Joyce.

"At the half-way mark, a blister broke on Robin White's finger. But she never stopped or even slowed down, not that trufannish collating girl. She just gritted her teeth against the pain and kept on.

"Little by little, the machine started to pull ahead. It was 66 copies to 65. Then it was 72 to 70. Robin White was breathing hard by then, and I saw that she fumbled picking up a sheet now and then. But she never stopped and she never complained, even though she knew she was losing.

"'Give me a trufannish song,' she called out between gasps for breath, 'to help the work along!' So Ted put 'Palm Desert' on the record player and for a time Robin White picked up in tempo and started collating faster. At 85 they were neck and neck again, the machine and that trufannish collating girl.

"And then at the 90th copy, it happened. Robin White cried out, 'My back!' She had the bad back, you know, and it had picked that precise moment to start acting up. But she didn't quit nor nothing like that. But the machine really started to get ahead of her. And the faster she tried to collate, the more her back was bothering her, we could all see that.

"The machine finished copy number 100. Robin White looked over at the machine

which had just beaten her. Then her eyes rolled up into her head and she fainted dead away. She was still clutching the first four sheets of her last copy, and fainted as she was, there wasn't anyone strong enough to pry them loose from her hand.

"Ted White picked her up and carried her out to the car to get her to the doctor, and we later heard that she was all right after awhile. All the fans took their beanies off in respect when Ted carried her out the door that night.

"And that's why we have this little plaque here next to the collator. It marks the spot where Robin White collated her last fanzine. That Robin White, she sure was a trufannish collating girl!"



BLUE JAUNT, continued...

reflective surface out of my hand.

"And an order of French Fries" said Sue.

"Is it because I don't have on enough makeup" I said, turning my purse upside down in my search for cosmetics.

"You're spilling everything" said Pam, taking it from my clutching fingers.

"May I have another order of bread please" said Sue.

"It must be how I'm dressed. They don't like my hippie-like costume and my carefree look of rebellious youth."

"I'd like another order of fish" said Sue.

"They're prejudiced against mocassins; they don't sell chairs to Indians" I said.

"And some more potatoes" said Sue.

"They think I'll grind it up and make it into firewater."

"Maybe if you'll sign the temperance oath..." suggested Pam.

"Strawberry pie" said Sue.

"They've learned all the guilty secrets of my wild and abandoned youth" I cried.

"With whipped cream" said Sue.

"They know I put salt on my grapefruit, and they hate me for it" I sobbed.

"And another order of fish while I'm waiting" said Sue.

In measured tones, carefully weighing each word, disliking to reveal exactly how serious the situation had become, Pam said:

"Perhaps someone has learned that you're a fan."

Aghast at the horrible implications of this, we stared at one another. Sue looked at us, tears welling in her eyes, and shook her head sorrowfully. Mournfully, she intoned: "More bread and butter, please".

"Each store calls ahead to the next, to warn them about you" said Pam, drawing aside slightly, afraid the contamination would spread to her: "No one is going to sell you a chair...not ever" she said, horror lurking behind every word.

"Is there more cole slaw?" said Sue.

"Oh, Woe..." I cried, ignoring the stares of other diners. "What can I tell Ray? How can I face my friends?"

Sue, heart touched by my pitiful tones, said "You can have a strawberry off my cake if you want it."

"We'll try again" said Pam, patting my shoulder in a comforting gesture. "We'll find you a chair...don't cry."

My sobs quietened at these evidences of the boundless good that lies in humanity.

"You're as good as anyone," said Pam. "I'm certain you can do it. I have faith in your ability to buy a chair" her voice rang with inspirational conviction.

Confidence restored, Sue said "Could I have just one more small piece of fish before we go?"

After a few more futile expeditions into the stores in that giant catalog that was misnamed a shopping center, we left the area. Driving to another part of town, we reassured ourselves that we would be certain to meet with better luck.

"After all, whoever it is that's been calling ahead and telling the storekeepers not to sell things to us thinks we're in the shopping center. They won't know we've left that section of town," I logically explained to Pam.

"You'd better buy something fast, tho" she said, "before they get wise to the fact you've located another store."

"I'm still hungry" said Sue.

A salesman came up to us. "Before we go too far" I snapped at him, "there are a few things you might as well tell me now. Do you sell this furniture, or do you only take orders? Can I get a chair today?"

"Well, well...it's chairs we're interested in" rubbing his hands together. "These right here are our Weekend Specials; I can order one from the warehouse ... they have a 20% discount..."

"That isn't what I asked you" I interrupted in my most hateful tones..."I asked you if it's possible to buy a chair and take it out of here today. I didn't ask for a discount, and I'm not interested in discussing price. I simply want to know if you sell these chairs I see on the floor, or if you only take orders."

Backing off slightly, he said "Yes..we sell chairs. All these chairs are for sale. You just look around and call me when you find what you want." And he wisely went away.

We all were suspicious; we all felt certain it was a hoax. But, we continued our search for the chair that would mesh with St.Louis fandom. Finding one, we located our salesman; we all glumly looked at him, waiting for him to whip out his order book and tell us it would be a week or two. Instead, most surprisingly, he said "How big is your trunk? I'll have someone take this out for you and load it in...we'll put cardboard around it so it won't be damaged... we'll take care of tying the trunk so it won't fly up while you drive home...will that be cash or charge please."

Even after I had the receipt in my hand, and the chair was loaded into Pam's trunk, I didn't really believe it. I sat on the curb, reflecting on the afternoon, looking at the chair in the trunk, feeling the texture of the receipt. Any moment, I knew, they would come out of the store and say "It's all been a terrible mistake" and they'd take my chair from me.

When we reached home, the rest of the Saturday People were already gathered. With great excitement, they vied for the privilege of holding the door open while someone else carried it in. They all stood around and looked at it; they praised its texture; they remarked on its design; they discussed its merits.

"Certainly is big, isn't it." "And it certainly is a chair, isn't it." "Yes it certainly is a big chair." "That's what it is alright, it's a big chair." "Certainly does look comfortable." "Yes it sure does look like a big comfortable chair." "Sure is square and box-shaped. Symetrical, isn't it?" "Yes, and it's black, too." "It really is a big, black, square, box-shaped, comfortable looking chair." "Yes, it's a chair alright."

I can't say that the chair has exactly won the devotion of St.Louis

fandom yet; nor has it relieved the strain of popularity that continues to be demonstrated on the favorite. That's one thing you gotta say for St. Louis fans...they sure are loyal to their favorite chair, and slow to change.

Meanwhile, the new black chair, regal in its symetry, sits in the corner. And the contest for occupancy of the old chair continues each Saturday evening.

Having climbed the mountain, what is left but to go down the other side? Having killed the dragon, of what use is the sword? Having seen Jerusalem, what can the pilgrim do except return to his home?

Plenty, I find. The most well-kept secret in convention fandom; the most little talked about phenomena; the most skirted-around subject is the length of time it takes to finally end the convention. The St.Louiscon Committee, after waving goodbye to the Hotel Staff we had learned to know and love so well, returned to our homes, prepared to collapse into a heap, willing to let the world pass us by, ready to become part of fandom's history. We knew of one or two trifling things to be done, of course: bills to be paid, pass-ons to be sent, programs to be mailed to non-attending members. Things that could be done any Saturday night. (Past convention committees may pause here and laugh hysterically.)

I know now, of course, why the subject has been treated so evasively by past committees: it's an act of kindness to let new committees think the work is substantially finished when the last guest leaves.

It's undoubtedly true, though, that in spite of the shock of realization that came to us, it was of theraputic value to be faced with massive amounts of work that couldn't be postponed. Otherwise, it's likely we'd all still be collapsed on the floor. However, having rallied our energies to do those necessary things, and therefore never having been completely ertia-less, we've actually induced some enthusiasm about continuing our fanac. In answer to persons who have asked, this is to tell you that St. Louis fandom is still alive.

In fact, there seems to have developed an interest in fighting dragons. A number of St. Louis fans have developed a liking for Significant Things; local typers are busily clicking away, and there is indication you can expect a rash of Constructive articles (and even entire fanzines) to be traveling toward your mailboxes.

Grils, however, isn't one of them.

With a copy of "Sense of Fapa" clutched to our bosoms, our path illuminated by the light of the mimeoscope, and our eyes fixed upon the cross-hatched shading plates; we continue Grils on its Search for Trufandom — taking our preparedness from the grasshopper, our seriousness from the loon, and our approach from Wrong-Way Corrigan.

And that's the way it is.

— Joyce Fisher

Another monstrous fanzine arrived today, another large, gigantic, hollow, gutless wonder nearly eighty pages thick and filled to the gunnels with tinsel, fluff, witless wonderings and space-wasting doodles passed off as "art". It fell into box 506 with a plonk that shook the postoffice walls, causing postal workers to turn pale and stare fearfully at the ceiling; someone was heard to mutter "earthquake" as he edged toward the door. The postmaster scurried through the back-room calming his serfs, and then retreated to his office to check the seismological reports.

The poor man was not to be faulted. I stared at the fanzine an hour later as I tore it from the cramped confines of the box. Great Hugo! Was the United States Treasury subsidizing every fan with a mimeograph? Had the price of paper fallen to Depression-time lows? Were the merchants giving away out-dated ink? Almost every week now, the mails deliver fifty, sixty, seventy and eighty-page fanzines as regularly as Detroit rolls tin-plated cars off the assembly lines. And they are filled with mediocrity. Many fan editors --perhaps most of them in 1969--could well learn the same lesson which could profitably be pounded into the thick skulls of the automobile makers: the car with the longest wheelbase is not automatically two or three times better than the other car with the shortest.

I am tempted to wish that fan editors would suddenly find their sources of supply drying up, that the government would clamp a ban on ink because of a suspicion that fan editors were buying cans and tubes for ink-sniffing jags, or that they would fall upon evil days and be forced to zip shut their wallets. The lean, sparse fanzine of times gone by would be a blessing. Those editors guilty of vapid, eighty-page wonders are blind to the warnings in their own letter columns. Joe Fann has just said: "I skimmed through the pages looking for my name. No time to read it now." Not now, or later. Joe is a wise old bird. He has learned that giant issues guarantee mediocrity.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS IN THE MAIL



by
Bob
Tucker

Lugging the monster home on a packmule which I keep tethered there for the purpose, I remembered a slim little fanzine which had only recently arrived from St. Louis. It was a joy to read and the thought occurred that I should show my appreciation and encourage the editors in their modest efforts. Phone fandom being what it is, I called a St. Louis number and a man answered.

I said: "I want to talk to your wife."

He said: "Why?"

I kept my temper and kept a civil tongue in my head, despite his obvious rudeness. (There seemed to be the sounds of a party in the background.) I said: "I want to congratulate her, for her slim little production."

"Who are you?" he demanded angrily.

"I am a faaan," I answered proudly.

The surly fellow hung up.

Waiting for a careful space, and contemplating the thought that it may have been a wrong number, I telephoned again. There were no party sounds in the background, and a woman answered.

"Are you Joyce?" I asked hopefully.

Joyce said: "Yes."

"I am a faaan."

Almost under her breath, she said Oh Ghod! but aloud she asked: "So?"

"I want to talk to you."

Joyce said: "You are."

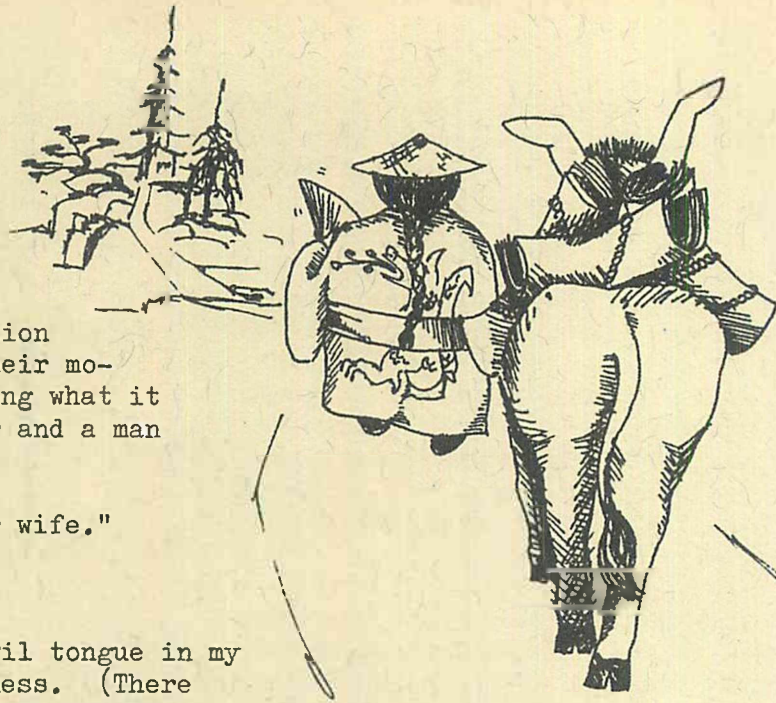
"I want to talk to you about Between Us Gulls."

"Grils," she corrected.

"What?"

"Grils, not gulls!"

I said: "Oh. It sounded like a typo."



She said: "It was, but what the hell, stet, stet."

I said: "It was a splendid little issue, slim and lovely."

She muttered: "Thanks, I guess."

I said: "I like slim, lovely little issues and things."

"Hey--- Are you sure you're a fan?"

I said: "Oh, yes! I was dubbed by Great Hugo himself."

"You're a fan," she replied dourly. "So what's this all about? Why are you spending your money?"

Perhaps she hadn't heard me right the first time. "I want to congratulate you and your associates on the first issue of Between Us Gills. It was a slim, lovely little production most exquisitely molded and I like slim, lovely little productions which are exquisitely molded because those big fat fanzines are filled to the gunnels with tinsel, fluff, witless wonderings and space-wasting doddles passed off as art and they are jammed with mediocrity and shake the walls of the postoffice when they plonk into my mailbox and I keep a packmule tethered there to haul them home. That is why I am calling."

Joyce held her breath for a long moment. "Is your name Claude?" she asked after a while.

"No," I said truthfully. "I am Joe Fann."

She said mysteriously: "It beats the hell out of me."

I asked: "Are your co-editors there?"

She said: "Certainly not. It's three in the morning."

I said: "That's too bad. I want to congratulate them."

She said: "They can live without it."

I said brightly: "Pam wrote me a letter."

Joyce said: "Why?"

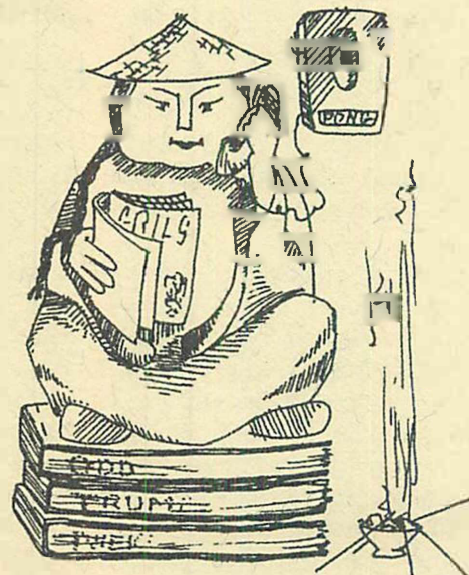
"Well, I don't know why. She just did, that's all."

Joyce said: "The woman must be out of her head."

I said: "Perhaps it was the earthquake, the shock and all."

Joyce sneered: "That was a lousy pun."

I felt resentment. "I just wanted to jolt you awake," I said. "You missed my best one back there





on the first page."

She said: "Lucky me."

I said: "I'm coming to St. Louis next Labor Day."

She asked: "Why?"

I said: "Well, to attend the big con, of course."

Joyce said: "It's been cancelled. Rained out."

But I persisted: "I'm coming to St. Louis anyway to see Pam. I want to congratulate her on the slim little production that was not filled with tinsel and fluff and mediocrity like the big fat fanzines that are carted home from the postoffice on a mule."

Joyce said quickly: "She won't be here. She's leaving for Australia in the morning."

I said: "Oh! Do you think I could catch her if I started now? I've got a pretty good car."

Joyce said: "No. Her plane left an hour ago."

"That's too bad," I said. "What will happen now to Between Us Girls?"

She said: "Grils."

I said: "You keep making funny noises."

She said: "It's the company I'm keeping at three o'clock in the morning."

I said excitedly: "Fans? Goody! Who else is there?"

Joyce said: "Only my husband."

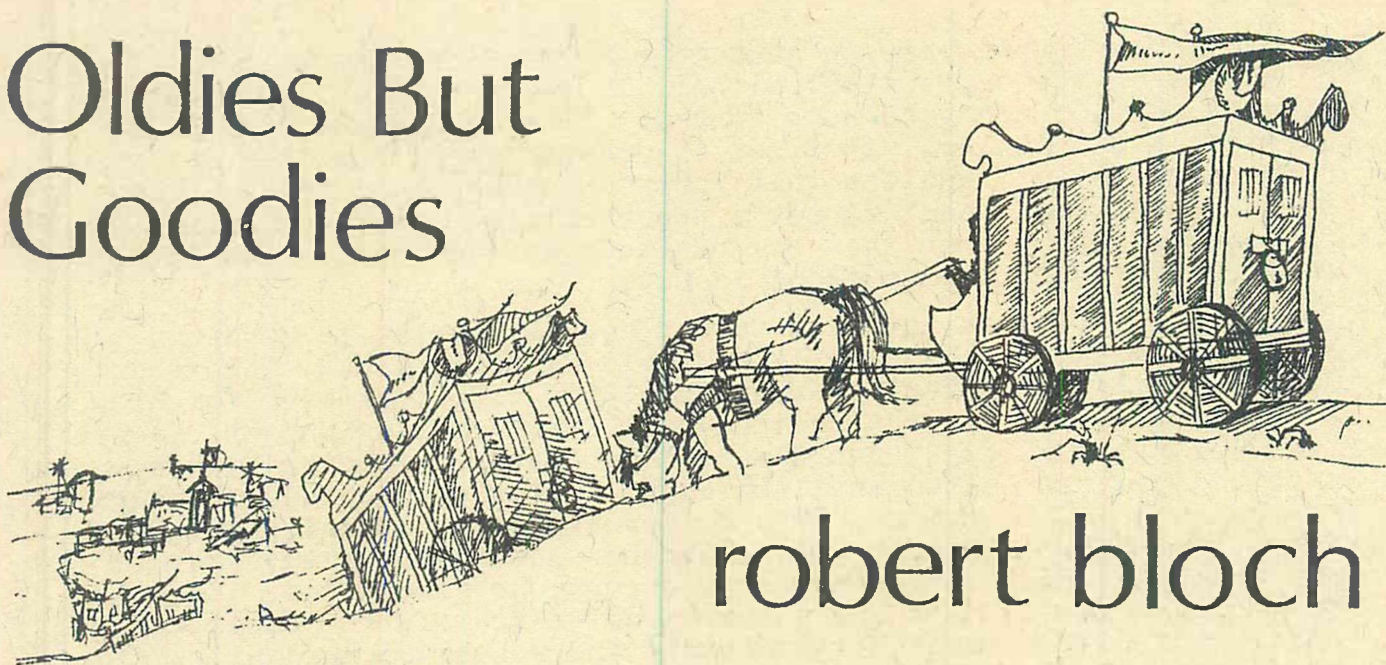
"Is he a faaan?" I asked.

She said: "Yes, he is. And what's more, he produces monster ninety-page fanzines filled with tinsel and fluff and doodles which pass for art. I think it's great. But you won't like him and he won't like you. Bug off, now."

I said quickly: "Ask him to send me a sample copy." And hung up.

It saddened me to learn that the husband of the woman who had produced such an exquisitely molded slim little fanzine turns out large monster-sized fanzines in his own spare time which she admired. I suppose that now Between Us Gilrs will go BIG with its second or third issue, cramming fifty or sixty pages between the staples, and my postoffice walls will finally crumble. Joyce will watch those great, behemoth issues rolling off the presses and will be bitten with envy; she will secretly confide to her impressionable co-editors that they stand an excellent chance of winning the next fanzine Hugo if only they can compete with the juggernauts raging around them. Up, up, up to fifty pages! It will be a sad day for slim little fandom.

Oldies But Goodies



robert bloch

I have written elsewhere that a science fiction convention is like an oldfashioned traveling circus. It comes into town, sets up, and over a period of four or five days creates a little world of its own; then, suddenly, it's gone again and there's no evidence that it ever existed. Except, of course, in the memories of the audience.

We who attend conventions can remember - as circus-goers do - the glamor and the glitter, the star performers, the feats of daring, the ballyhoo and fanfare, the wild animals, the clowns. And believe me, science fiction has its share of these items, very definitely including wild animals and clowns. To say nothing, in recent years, of freaks.

But for most of us, personal memories are our only source of satisfaction. A few Worldcons have printed résumés (the 1962 Chicon's Proceedings is perhaps the most outstanding example) but aside from individual con-reports in fanzines there's little else to show what took place at one of the three-ring circuses which annually celebrate the existence of science fiction fandom. The regional conventions — many of which are now as big or bigger than early Worldcons — fold their tents and fade away. Again, one must rely on recollection.

Somehow, whenever I attend a Worldcon and see familiar faces once again, my own recall is stimulated, and I begin to evoke visions of the past. Oldies but goodies, as the record albums put it.

Here are some of mine:

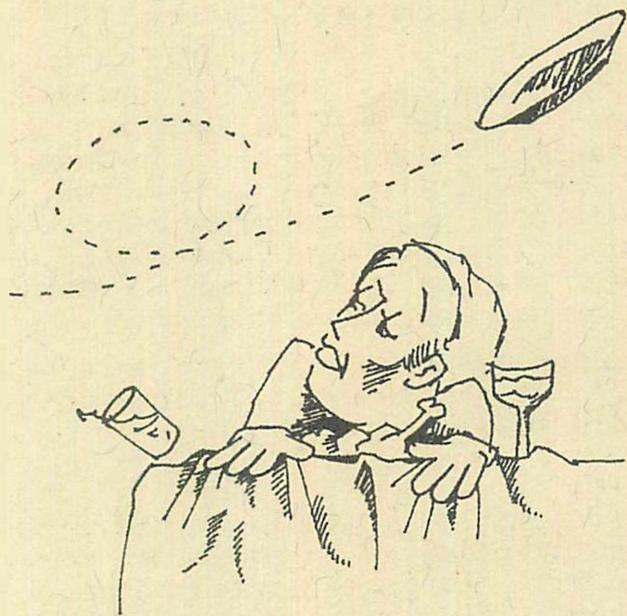
Los Angeles, 1946. My first Worldcon. I attended mainly at the urging and insistence of Forry Ackerman. When my plane was grounded by an air strike I took a train and arrived two days later — largely because I wasn't going to let Forry down. After all, he was the Convention Chairman and I'd promised to see him. When the train pulled into the sta-

tion, eleven people were on hand to meet me. Ackerman wasn't there. He wasn't at the convention, either. It seems he'd collapsed at the opening session and gone home to bed. I never did see him during my stay in Los Angeles. At first it seemed tragic and then rather humorous. Today I realize that Forry was just ahead of his time. I'm sure that he meant to set a precedent for other Convention Chairmen who look over that sea of faces at the opening session and realize they should have stood in bed.

Toronto, 1948. I was involved rather heavily in the proceedings here, but not quite as heavily as David H. Keller, M.D. The good doctor really took over — or, rather, his wife took over for him. Whenever he came into the meeting-hall during a session, Mrs. Keller preceded him and loudly announced, "The Doctor is coming!" whereupon the program halted until David H. Keller was seated. During various panel discussions, Mrs. Keller would get up and proclaim from the floor, "I'm sure the Doctor has something of interest to say about the subject" — and, sure enough, he always did. Bob Tucker, George O. Smith and I were drafted to help the Canadian contingent with banquet entertainment and we worked hard at setting up a last-minute program. We needn't have bothered. Midway through the affair, Mrs. Keller rose to her feet and said, "I have persuaded the Doctor to tell us an amusing Shakespearean anecdote he has often related." Whereupon the program halted once more while the Doctor delivered a lengthy monologue concerning that eminent sf writer, Wm. Shakespeare. Today, in all fairness, I realize that if anyone was entitled to be Guest of Honor at that convention, it was David H. Keller. But at the time I was just a wee bit sorry for the actual pro Guest of Honor, who happened to be — me.

New Orleans, 1951. After travelling 900 miles I arrived in this faraway city and was promptly informed that I was in charge of publicity and press-relations for the convention. Inasmuch as this

was the year when two major motion picture studios — Paramount and Twentieth Century Fox — decided to screen their major new sf films for the convention, and sent their personnel to make sure they got sufficient news coverage, the publicity job was a bit more sticky than usual. We couldn't settle for one of those "Ha ha, the Flying Saucer nuts are in town!" treatments. Well, thanks to Dan Galouye, the newspaper stories worked out on an adult and complimentary level. But my fondest memory of this particular con involves the banquet entertainment which — as was the case in Toronto — was impromptu. Declining the dubious



honor of serving as toastmaster for a non-existent program (which request was made of me exactly one hour before the affair began) I did agree to a speech. By default, the toastmastering fell to a toastmistress — Judy Merrill. And I shall never forget her words as she arose to take charge; smiling sweetly at the audience, she said, "I really have nothing to say." For some reason or other I admired the lady's utter candor, and wish others were as truthful under similar circumstances.

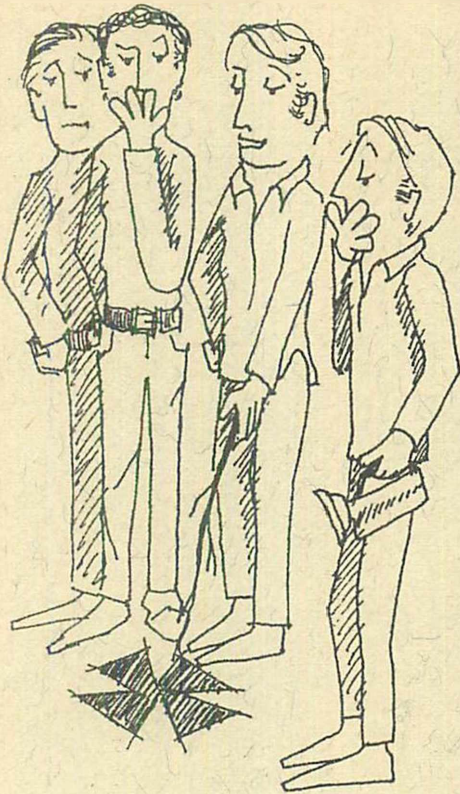
Chicago, 1952. Willy Ley made a speech denying the existence of flying saucers; his chief point was that none had ever been photographed or observed from above, only from below. When I was unsuccessful, this time around, in bowing out of the toastmaster chores at the banquet, I called Willy up to the platform from the audience. "You never saw a flying saucer?" I asked. "Well, here's one." And I threw a saucer at him. Willy, bless him, delighted me by grabbing the mike and retorting, "Yes, but I still saw it from below!"

Midwescon, 1953. All of the Midwescons through the '50s provided memorable moments, but this affair offered one incident I'll always cherish. Arthur C. Clarke turned up, fresh from his Book-Of-The-Month triumph with THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE. Little did I realize the fun I would get through the years heckling the supposedly dignified and proper Mr. Clarke; not until the second morning of his stay, that is. We were down at the shore of the lake and Arthur was describing the flamingoes he'd seen on a recent Florida vacation. "Great, awkward creatures," he said. "They go like this." Whereupon Arthur rolled up his trousers to display his legs, stuck his hands under his coat and flapped the sides like wings — and waded out into the water, shoes and all, squawking happily. From that point on I loved the guy.

Philadelphia, 1953, of course, was memorable for meeting Isaac Asimov. I saw him again in Cleveland, 1955, and at the Second Nycon, 1956, and Detroit, 1959. I have many favorite memories of Ike — particularly those times we shared the platform together. In Detroit, he managed to fix things so that, in announcing the Hugo winners I opened up one of the envelopes and discovered my own name. So help me, in those far-off naive days before campaigning for votes, I didn't even know my story had been nominated until I arrived at the Con. But they'd told Asimov, and he made the most of it.

San Francisco, 1954 gave me a chance to really get to know Tony Boucher. There's another who, like Willy Ley, I shall miss, because both men contributed so much to the pleasure of convention attendance. It was Tony





who, in Cleveland, led a group of us late at night into the wilderness called Jackass Hill to search out the site of the Cleveland Torso Murders.

Los Angeles, 1958 was a wild one; that was the year this 6'6" actor Did His Thing at the masquerade ball in a grotesque monster outfit and then led a parade of fans through the streets of downtown L.A., ending up by creating a near-riot in Pershing Square. And there was Chicon 1962, with the crowd walking up the down escalator; the hotel management went a little berserk over that spectacle.

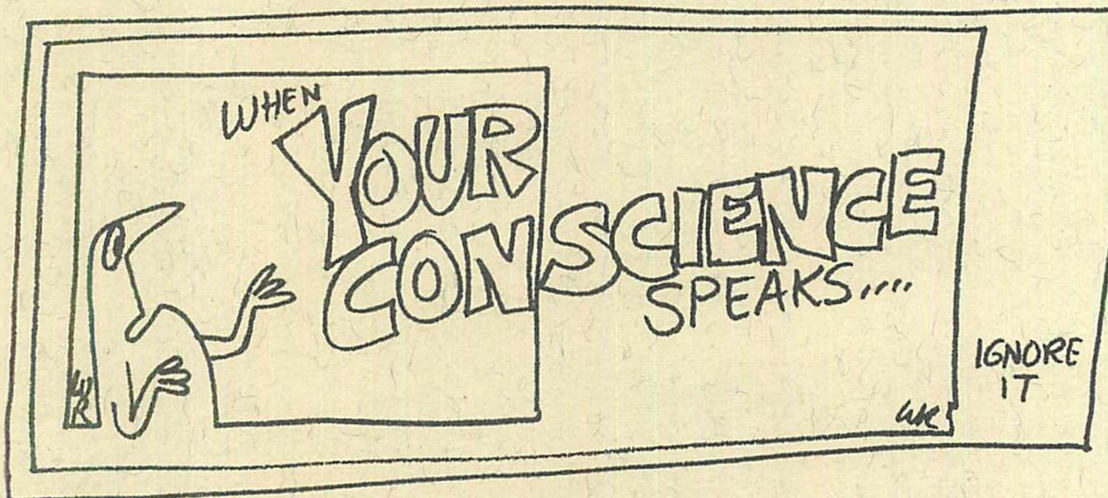
London, 1965 was my wife's first taste of conventioning. She didn't quite know what to expect until Peg Campbell stopped me just before we went into the banquet and asked if I was going to speak. I said yes and she smiled. "Please promise me to insult John," she said. "He'll be insulted if you don't." My wife did a double-take, and I never did manage to explain the situation.

Baycon, 1968 was the time when Judy-Lynn Benjamin — but enough, I'm quitting before I grow lachrymose. I'd hate to do that, because I'm not sure of the spelling.

All I'm sure of is that I treasure my convention memories — and hope there'll be many more.

For the lowdown on St. Louis, 1969, read my report in a forthcoming issue of IF.

For the real lowdown, see me at the next Worldcon...



[The reviewer for this issue is Pam Janisch. For next issue, zines for review (or trade) should be sent to both Pam Janisch, 5960 Downing, St. Louis, Mo. 63134; and to Sue Robinson, 2627 Sims, St. Louis, Mo. 63114. All zines received by any of the editors will be subject to review, unless specifically requested otherwise.]



ENGARDE #5 An Avengers zine, the best of its type published. A lot of material (84 pages), some entertaining art, nice photos, and a synopsis of every show for the last 2½ seasons. 70¢ or usual.
Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich. 48234

CRY #178 VERY enjoyable. Light humor, interesting editorials and articles, consistantly good art, good repro, and a cartoon calling for Bode's return that echoes most of fandom's sentiments. 40¢ or usual.
Vera Heminger, 30214 108th Avenue S.E., Auburn, Washington 98002
(Honest gang, this is a *Good Thing* to have.)

BEABOHEMIA #2 A little too long for me. A good con report by Leo P. Kelly, and an article about "Journey to the Unknown" by Bob Bloch. Fairly decent repro and mediocre art. 40¢ or usual.
Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakerstown, Pa. 18951
Bill Marsh, P. O. Box 785, Sparks, Nevada 89431

MONSTROSITIES #2 Some of the material shows promise, but lay off the movie transcripts, Argee art, and do tighten up on the layout and editing.
Doug Smith, 302 Murray Lane, Richardson, Texas 75082

HARPIES #1 A slim first issue by Dick Schultz and Howard DeVore. A rather sarcastic editorial by Dick, book and movie reviews, a few notes on the Avengers, mediocre repro. No price, maybe the usual.
Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan 48234
Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel, Dearborn Heights, Michigan 48125

DJ #1 I found it very easy to read. Two articles, one on movie serials and the other about films of horror, (written, by the way, by Ima and Ura Nonymous. OOOH, Come on now gang, REALLY!) were of special note. Not that I'm a sercon movie fan - I'm not, but they were written more emotionally than with scholarly detachment. They left a good taste afterward.
Joe Bob Williams, 8733 Boundbrook Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75231

STAR TREK CONCORDANCE The Star Trek reference book. A complete synopsis of the past two seasons' programs, and an alphabetical listing of the people, places, objects, and terms used. The artwork is consistently good, with much of it falling into the 'excellent' category. George Barr, Alicia Austin, Tim Kirk, and Greg Bear. 84 pgs., and offset. \$5.00
Bjo Trimble, 417 N. Kenmore Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90004



SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #75 Covers and interior art by George Barr; "Do You Believe In Dragons?", a lovely cartoon analysis of the interpersonal relationship between man and dragons, by Tim Kirk and Bill Rotsler; a collage art folio by Bill Bergeron; fine articles; a scathing review of Barberella, and a concise synopsis of all of last season's episodes of "The Prisoner". Excellent repro (offset.) Good layout. A whole hell of a lot of genzine for 50¢ or the usual.
Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

FOOLSCAP #6 A nice rambling editorial/con report by John, humor by Arnie the K, a few hints and some background material to the fanzine publisher by Ted White, good articles, fiction, and fan history. The lettercol is edited well and is interesting; the repro is good, and the layout is pleasant. Good interior art by Rotsler, Gaughan, Lovenstein, and the cover is by Steve Stiles. It was one of my favorites

this month. The usual.

John D. Berry, Mayfield House, Stanford, California 94305

TRUMPET #9 Uniformly excellent repro, offset. A cover and interior art folio by Hannes Bok was very interesting. Three reviews, in depth yet, of 2001 can be boring or fascinating depending on how you feel about 2001 and/or reviews. 75¢ or 5/\$3.00. The usual.
Tom Reamy, Box 523, Richardson, Texas 75080

QUIP #11 Arnie uses a diary style of his editorial that is quite refreshing. There is an enchanting article by Walt Willis about his 'nephew' Harlan Ellison and the annish of SFB that never appeared, that is one of the high spots of this issue. Greg Benford makes quick and pleasant work of a whole flock of fanzines. Part two of "Harrison Country" by Steve Stiles, and "All Our Yesterdays, Fantasy Advertiser" by Harry Warner, round out this issue and help to make it one of the best fanzines you could receive this time around.

QUIP #11.5 Better known as the Fannish Worry Book was enclosed with this mailing. If any of you have seen the original "Worry Book" by Benton and Schmidt, or Dick Lupoff's "The Xero Fun and Games Book" then "The Fannish Worry Book" is a must. The writing is clever and the artwork is lovely. Jay Kinney has a nice, easy-to-look-at style, and the style fits the mood content of the writing like a glove. They're perfect compliments.

The above two publications are from Arnie Katz, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn, New York 11201.

QUIP #11 is 50¢ or the usual, with no subs. QUIP #11.5 is \$2.00 because Arnie would rather not be bothered.

FANHISTORY #4 is also enclosed with QUIP, and is available from Ted White, 339 39th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11220, for 50¢. This is the near-legendary VOID #29. Edited by Ted, Arnie, and "watched over benevolently by Lee Hoffman". For me, Ted's bitter-sweet editorial was the high point, but for you that don't like bitter-sweet editorials to the exclusion of all else there are articles by Benford, Carr, and Warner, a "lettercol" to Avram Davidson, and fiction by Dick Geis. Nice layout, good repro & interior art by Bjo, Stiles and Adkins.

DJ #2 Different colored mimeo paper for each section/article!
 Wow My favorite this issue was a 10 page interview
with Harlan Ellison. Reviews by Tom Reamy (movie), Howard Waldrop
(books), and Larry Herndon (fanzines); a long letter col, and
articles are all interesting. DJ is a very readable zine, easy to
get into.

Joe Bob Williams, 8733 Boundbrook Ave., Dallas, Texas 75231.

DMSFF #2 "On every bird/there shines a star/it don't say much/
 it only are." This verse and a small illo, both by
Alexis Gilliland greet the reader as he turns the cover of DMSFF 2.
I could tell right away that I was going to like it. I do, and
look forward to receiving future issues. One thing, though: a
"satire" of Amazing. My opinion? Bad taste. 35¢ - 3/\$1, or usual
David T. Malone, Bacon Road, Roxbury, Connecticut 06783.

CORR #2½ A special worldcon issue that was published as an intro-
 duction. Articles, poetry, fiction and plenty of art
are included. I doubt that CORR 2½ is for sale but future issues
may be interesting to check into. 30¢ or 4/\$1.00
Perri Corrick, 126 N. Orchard St., Apt. #2, Madison, Wisc. 53715.

LOVE #9 Billed as the "*Annish*Special Convention Issue*Getting
 Married Issue, Even*" it's the 2 year annish and is one
of the best issues in recent months. A long editorial, fiction by
Sunday Jordane, a long lettercol, and plenty of art by Ken Fletcher
comprise the issue. The cover is most interesting; it is a com-
posite of drawings by all of the Minneapolis artists - quite nice.
25¢ or subscription, or usual.
Fred Haskell, 2109 South 9th St., Apt. #2, Minneapolis, Minn. 55404

LIEM #1 A personality zine from Minneapolis, published by Karen
 Haskell. It contains local fan news, personal comments,
Apa 45 reviews, fiction, and Fletcher art. 21 pages, good repro,
colored paper. 25¢ or usual.
Karen Haskell, 2109 South 9th St., Apt. #2, Minneapolis, Minn. 55404

ID #5 This is a fine issue, with good (better than good,
 almost excellent) repro and art, a great deal of well-
above average columns and articles to choose from. There's a some-
what critical but humorous column on fandom and fans by Bob
Tucker, "Stuff" by Dean Koontz, and numerous goodies. This is the
final issue of ID; I find that a shame. It seemed to me that ID
has always been a very sercon fanzine: sercon in that it was very
concerned with events happening around us. Sometimes the layout and
articles meshed perfectly; sometimes not. But it was always inter-
esting reading. Jim has decided to move on to something different
and I hope he has as much success as he did with ID. 50¢
Jim Reuss, 304 South Belt West, Belleville, Illinois 62221.

Your reviewer has
been Pam Janisch



Counting Coup

LEE HOFFMAN:

...I am pleased at your mentions of the Battle of the Hemp Bales, and of the New Madrid Fault, both of which I am rather fond of. I have managed to get a reference to the Battle of the Hemp Bales into a forthcoming book, but so far haven't sneaked the New Madrid Fault into one. (Betty Morrow, who comes from that neck of the woods, taught me to pronounce New Madrid properly, which gave me rather a sense of superiority to the local radio newsmen who reported on the recent unpleasantness...)

[a later letter] My Missouri Western should be out soon. It's scheduled for February [1969] release from Signet, but so far I haven't rec'd my "advance" copy (these usually arrive not long after the books are on the stands). It is a Post-War Novel (Civil War, of course). The final episodes take place in St. Louis, but in the suburbs...

[[Funny...I am not so fond of the New Madrid Fault. Here's hoping that nothing happens to put "New Madrid" so much in the news that everyone knows how to say it. — Why didn't you give the name of your book? Now Mike Montgomery (who is also a Hemp-Bales-Battle Fan) may never be able to find it...JF]]

HARRY WARNER, JR.:

...you shouldn't have been so deliberately cruel about your title. You will have fans all over the nation racking memories, trying to remember if that four-word question has figured in some significant way in a big moment in fandom, or if it's an in-group joke which nobody outside St. Louis can be expected to recognize. I can think of two or three fans who undoubtedly began leafing through Joyce, on the theory that it's the climax of an episode in Finnegans Wake.

[[It wasn't meant to be so obscure; it's from a piece of graffiti that appeared (I think) in the New York subways. It seems that in one handwriting was scrawled "I just love grils". A few days later, a second handwriting added the sentence "It's girls, stupid. G-I-R-L-S." About a week later a third person had written in "What about us Grils?". — I certainly hope that there aren't too many people who decided to postpone writing a loc until they found the source by pouring through the works of James Joyce.JF]]

The earthquake adventure was exciting. I've always felt that it would be nice to go through a small, tame earthquake, just for the sake of knowing

what it was like. But my career as a hermit makes this difficult. Hagerstown has apparently never even come close to having an earthquake,...the closest thing to it is when a house falls out of sight once in a while because the roof has given way on one of the limestone caverns which underlie a great deal of this valley.

[[Considering the tons of fanzines in your attic, the roof of the cavern under your own home must be weakening. It must be a disconcerting bit of knowledge to know that any morning you may wake up to find yourself, your home, and all your belongings in a limestone cave. JF]]

BOB TUCKER:

The strangest thing to strike my fancy about the new fanzine was the number of times Pam Janisch used the word "groove" or some variation of it: nine times in one article. Is science fiction in a rut? Does that word

have a secret meaning to the initiated? Is it a code? Am I out of it? I believe a writer in a recent Los Angeles fanzine used the word sixteen times in one article, so I suspect it is a secret code and these groove people are communicating with one another.

I liked the inside back cover best, but then I'm backward. I also think you have very neat titles, and envy them. I have title-envy, but otherwise I'm not hung up too much. They let me into all the best rooms at conventions including the snooty pro parties. My friends have to stay outside, but I get in.

MIKE MONTGOMERY:

I assume you weren't putting us on when you mentioned that Sunday public eating of pickles is prohibited in St. Louis. ... Any court or official would of course throw out any such offender, but I suspect that technicalities like those make it particularly easy for police to hassle selected individuals.

[[The Sunday Blue Law governing pickles is According To Whittington; he says it's for real. Being cautious, I haven't given it the acidic test; it seems reasonable enough, tho, when compared with some of the other things these laws forbid. — I can't be so certain a court would automatically throw out arrests made under these Strange Laws. What if the judge felt it to be his duty to protect society from dangerous pickle-eating radicals? JF]]

MIKE DECKINGER:

I should point out that the last all feminine fanzine I received was FEMIZINE edited by Joan Carr. Miss Carr ultimately turned out to be the very masculine Sandy Sanderson, a wolf in sheep's clothing. Am I justified in questioning the femininity of your staff?

[[There is only one circumstance that would cause the femininity of the staff to be of any concern to anyone. (See Dr. Asimov's article on the subject in a late prozine.) Under the existing circumstances: No. JF]]



RICH BROWN:

One thing I liked a Whole Lot about GRILS was that, being a first issue, it did not have a letter column. This saved me the trouble of looking eagerly through the letter column to see if, perhaps, I had written a letter I'd forgotten about and it was printed there. I do this, you see, even though I realize that, as I've said before, I haven't written a letter to a genzine in three or more years. Old habits die hard.

By now Pam will have some idea as to how much egoboo will have to play in her reasons for publishing. The "Egoboo vs. Personal Pleasure" controversy was a going concern in Apa-L a few years back, when Apa-L was a going concern. Doggone if I can remember how, or if, it was resolved.

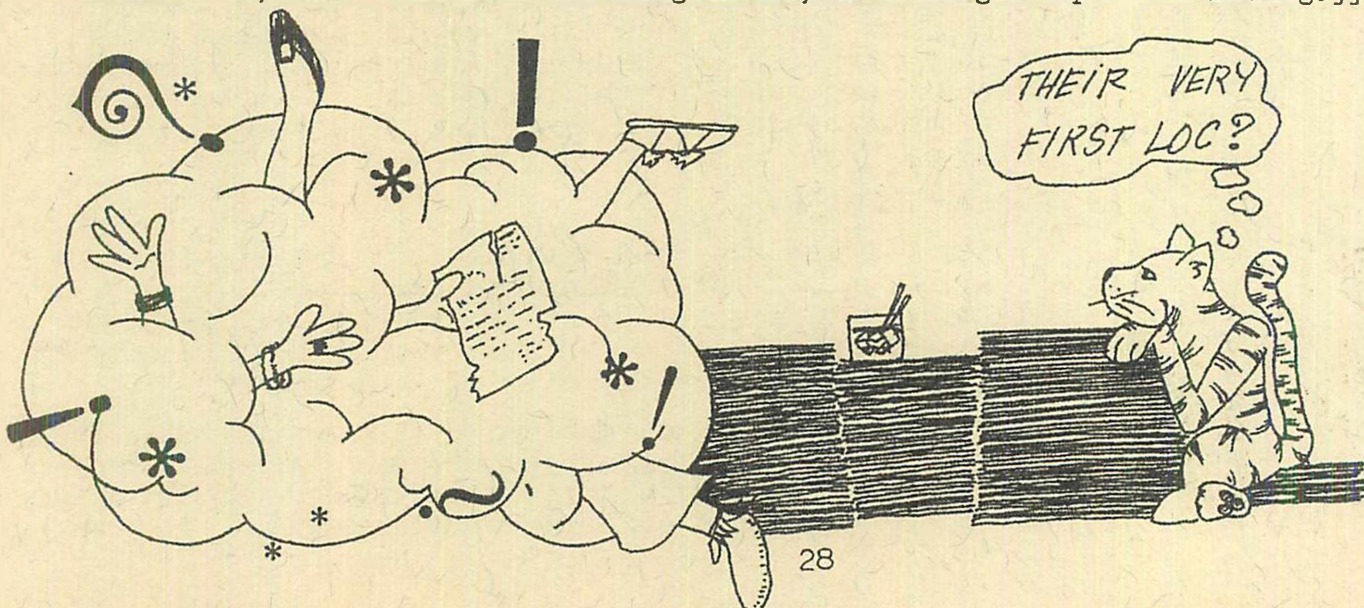
Personally, the two have always been so intertwined for me that I've never been able to separate them, and I tend to suspect that the same is true of others no matter what they say. I offer you, Pam, this test, to be answered truthfully: would you have been just as satisfied, after finishing this issue of GRILS, to keep all copies of it yourself, showing it to no one? Would you have done something to make that issue worse, in your eyes, if you thought it would make GRILS more popular? If you can answer either of these with a "yes", you can claim pure personal pleasure (for the first question) or pure egoboo (for the second)... If you answer no to both, you'll either have to grant some other reason, or accept a combination of the two as I do.

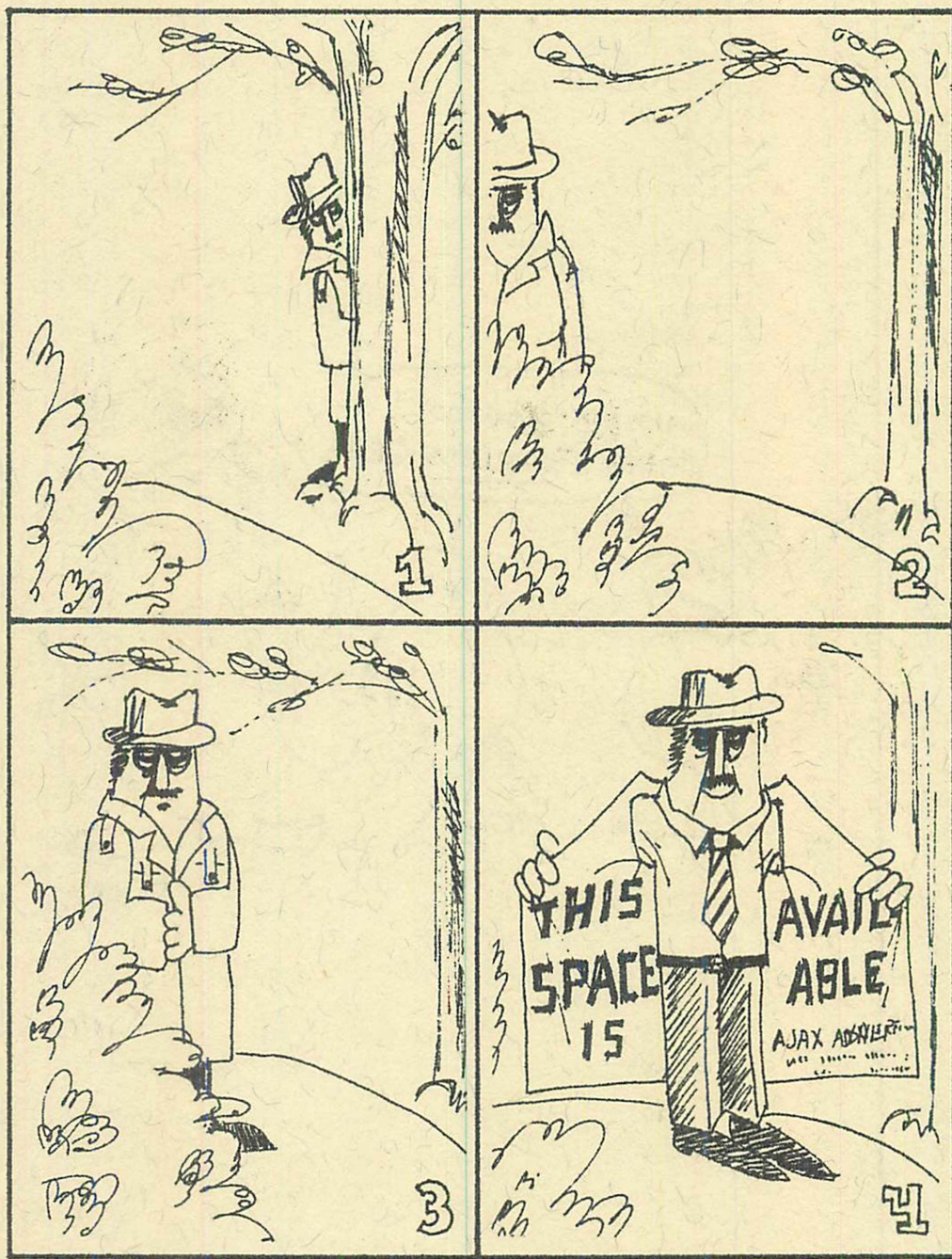
[[Then again, we may be in it for the money. Oh, not the money we get back...of course not. For the money we spend on it. Women are notorious for enjoying the spending of money. And, either-or logic seldom works with women, anyhow.]]

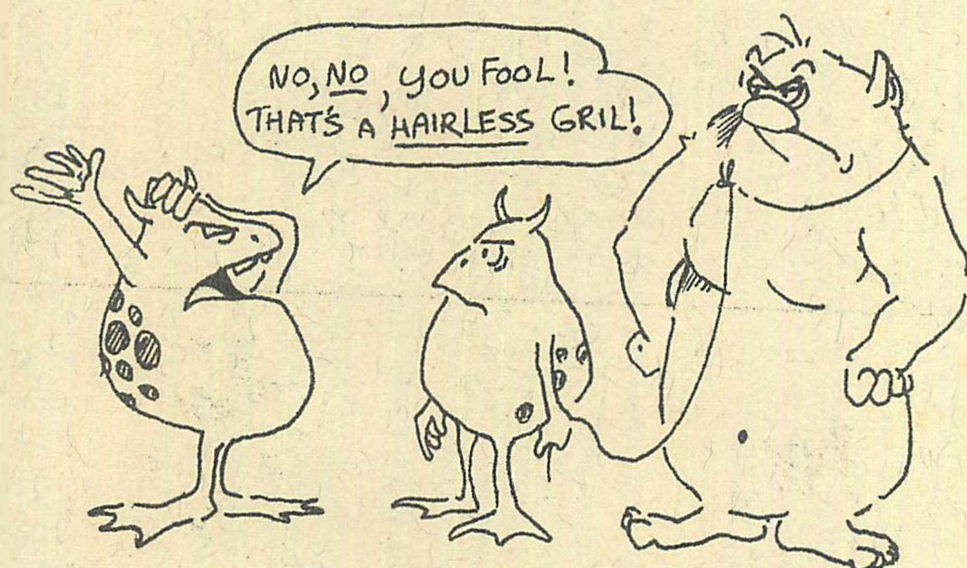
Grindle: Sue Robinson, you are really quite clever. You introduce yourself by talking about other people, but this is really a better introduction than anything you might have written that was considerably more autobiographical.

Arnie Katz, incidentally, is a Lecher in Image only. What I mean is, he is sometimes not a Lecher in reality at all. Naturally, being male and human, he is a Lecher part of the time. The Full Time Lecher Image, however, is something that he once faunched for, and like Ted White in days of yore, Arnie has begun to find that once labelled is hard dispelled. At least that is what he told me night before last when he was over here. And my wife, Colleen, who was sitting on his lap at the time, had to agree.

[[Whew. Great sighs of relief. For just a minute, you had us worried. Arnie not a Lecher? Oh, that would be a sad thing indeed, if Arnie gave up his Lechering.]]







T. KIRK