

No. Ten  
October-November  
1968

# BOB SHAW FOR TAFE



With apologies to  
**The Fanoclasts**

...to those I left out inadvertently... and to those I didn't... CRC







# QUIP

# 10

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Another Vulgar and Ostentatious Annish -- The Quish III  
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Johnny Berry: 23(3), 24, 25(3), 26(2),  
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Jack Gaughan: 39, 41, 43, 45  
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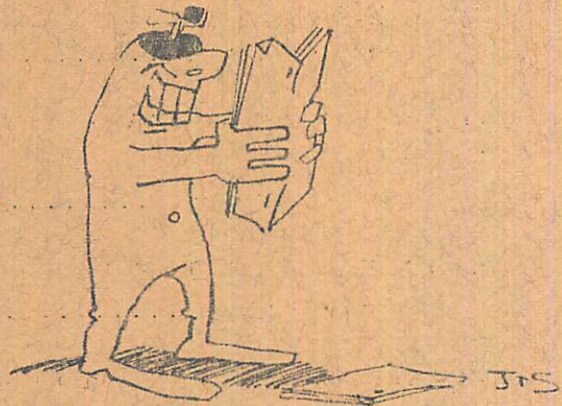
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QUIP #10 is edited and published by Arnie Katz, Apartment 3-J, 55 Pineapple Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201 with quite a bit of help from his friends. Johnny Berry stenciled his whole article, Steve Stiles stenciled his illo on page 19, and Ted White ran off about ten stencils for me on the Very Nice Qwertyuiopress. The rest was run on my own Gestetner 260 -- the machine's maiden effort in my service. Different typefaces curtesy of the felon who stole my Hermes 3000; he didn't exactly speed up the production of this issue, either. QUIP is normally published bi-monthly (yes) and is available for letter of comment, trade (no monster or Star Trek fanzines, please) or 50¢ each. No subscriptions! And I'm not really that keen about personal checks for 50 cents, either. It is also very much available for contributions.

The next issue of QUIP, which will be a non-annish in response to all those who've written in to say that they appreciate QUIP more when it isn't an annual, will be out on time or most probably several weeks early, since work on it has already begun. #11 will be out as soon as a lot of letters come in.

Published 10/15/68





Though this issue is not exactly in the Big Fat Annish tradition, it is nevertheless the QUISH III. Three years (and ten issues) at the same stand being a milestone of sorts, I've been taking stock of late, trying to figure out what keeps me plugging away. My first conclusion, one which I don't expect to cause any shock, is that there is no singular, special reason to explain my continued fanzine fanatic. I did, however, come up with quite a few partial reasons, and I thought I'd throw them out to you.

I've heard many fans who doubtless pride themselves on their cynical and hard-headed approach to things laud the primacy of Ego-boo. In their eyes, fandom could be considered as a mechanism for the dispensation and collection of egoboo. Much as I dislike putting down anyone's motivation for engaging in a hobby, I think fans who claim egoboo as their sole motivation are putting themselves down. But I give them credit. If I were so unsure of my self-image, so deficient in self-esteem, and so "other directed" that I was willing to go through the whole publishing bit just to earn a few pats on the head, I wouldn't have the nerve to admit it. But if Ego-boo isn't my sole or even primary motivation, it definitely does have a place in there somewhere.

# KATZENJAMMER



QUIP is a chance to exercise whatever creative abilities I have. Though having no co-editors has increased my work, it's the last few issues of Q which have been the most personally satisfying, because I've been able to express myself in a greater variety of ways. Lon Atkins probably could have laid out the last issue better than I did, but I get a kick out of experimenting with the graphic side of QUIP. It is in relation to creativity that egoboo enters the picture for me; egoboo is the feedback element. Some people have claimed that the act of creating something furnishes them complete satisfaction. Great for them. Flipping through that first collated copy of a new QUIP is honestly quite an enjoyable experience. It doesn't seem complete, though, unless QUIP gets distributed to the rest of you and (hopefully) finds favor. So by all means write that letter full of kissy comments.

Another reason for publishing is my desire for communication. QUIP allows me to communicate directly through exchanges in the letter column. QUIP has also helped me indirectly. It has served as a letter of introduction to and point of contact with many fans whom I might otherwise not have known. It's possible that, even buried within the nameless crowds that watch conventions from the Shadows, my worth would have shone forth like a beacon, pulling the people I wanted to meet to my side. In our ever enlarging fandom it doesn't (and didn't) seem too likely. To look at it another way, fanzine fandom basically is fandom to me. I've met very nice club fans and con fans, but most of the fans who interest me are fanzine fans. So Q is, partially, a calling card and a set of credentials for initial consideration.

It was Johnny Berry who first formulated in print another of my reasons. John pointed out that fan publishing has a handicraft aspect. A fanzine is something that can be produced (granting the cooperation of the wonderful contributors) by one person. In an age when creation-by-committee (and a generalized de-personalization) has become the rule, this is not something to lightly shrug off. I despise collating, and I'm not really thrilled by mimeographing, either. Yet if you lump all the various bits of work involved in publishing this vulgar and ostentatious fanzine together, it's actually pretty kinky.

Finally, there's the challenge. Somehow I can't imagine myself sitting by watching everyone else try their hand at putting out fanzines without wanting to take a turn. When and if there's no challenge left for me in QUIP, I'll probably start publishing something else. Meanwhile, you're stuck with me.

Well, that wasn't so bad, was it? It could have been a nostalgic issue by issue review, you know. If I'd taken Archie Mercer's advice and moved to California (see letter column) it might even have been a list of miniature golf scores. Why, if this were ODD instead of QUIP, there probably would have been an obituary (with appropriate poem and spot illo) Right Here.

Please (pretty please) note the new address, make use of it and send letters, and watch for QUIP #11 around Christmas.

--- Annie



ALL OUR  
YESTERDAYS

So you've tried to forget the Breenigan? And you've been making efforts to think as charitably as possible about Steve Pickering? Besides, you've been in fandom too short a time to remember when the mad dogs were on the point of kneeing Harlan Ellison in the groin? Then you've heard about only the minor ripples that have recently swept across the calm waters of fandom. For listen:

"And so, tho the black clouds have been gathering as Fandom knows -- for a long time -- yet I feel a singularly deep sadness inside me tonight as I finish this, my closing Oration or Address to the LASFS on the eve when perhaps all fandom will be plunged into a "war" that will parallel the war in the outside world!!

"I hope it is not too late that this may be averted! Certainly if a vote is taken here tonight, it would be a black dishonor against all democratic ideals in Fandom to be a signer, and I would hate to have my name connected with a similar procedure in any way! \*\*\* In the outside world we are fighting a war for freedom and democracy -- in fandom the P.F.F. has always stood for Democracy and the rights of newer and younger fans, as well as the old timers. I can only say that if this monstrous farce takes place here tonight, it will be a victory for the forces of totalitarianism and reaction all over fandom -- this concerns every reader of sf and fantasy fiction on this planet!

"What about the scores of other fans who may want to join this, or any other club, in the future? It is the Futurian-New Fandom fight and Nycon exclusion act all over again! I hear the horrible laughter of Czechoslovakia, Poland, France and all the others that fell before the dictators!! I see the shades of Wolheim, Lowndes, Michel, Pohl,

# THE COSMIC CIRCLE

HARRY  
WARNER



Kornbluth, Gillespie!

"Will fandom be free?? Will fandom continue to grow and prosper in peace, or have only bitter war and feuding for ages to come!???"

I've taken the liberty to do something analogous to the way Lovecraft used to spare his readers the more awful details, by disguising them under such adjectives as "certain" or "curious". Several words in almost every line of the original were either capitalized or underlined. I didn't designate those emphases, for fear of scaring you as much as Claude Degler shook up fandom when he wrote that speech late in 1943. It was published in the second issue of Futurian Daily Planet, a single-sheeter. It's a good thing that this Cosmic Circle publication exists, because the speech would otherwise be lost to the world. Degler, then referred to most of the time as Don Rogers, had just been kicked out of the LASFS, prepared a farewell address, but never delivered it 'due to circumstances arising near the last minute'.

Laney once defined Cosmic Circle publications as bowel movements postmarked Newcastle. For a year or a little longer, they flourished incredibly. Most of them were slim, rarely running to as many as a dozen pages. They bore a staggering profusion of titles. Almost invariably they were stenciled on the same elite typewriter, usually mimeographed on a darkish hue of paper, and squeezed an improbable number of words onto each page by dispensing with artwork and offering only the most grudging of margins.

Perhaps the most famous of the titles Degler published was Cosmic Circle Commentator. Its first issue, dated September 1943, contained in its four legal length pages a summary of the Cosmic Circle as Degler then imagined it to be. It listed ten local CC organizations, 22 state CC organizations, fifteen sectional CC federations, and an eleven point program for fandom. Excerpts from this program include:

"To work toward the attainment of such an increase in membership publicity, prestige, influence, and public recognition, so that Cosmic Fandom will actually be some sort of a power or influence in the post-war world of the near future.

"Cosmic Camp...a tract of land in northwestern Arkansas, owned by Cosmic Circle. This tract in the mountains of Van Buren County, near fishing, hunting, and other recreational facilities may be used free by vacationing members of Cosmic Circle....Club room-laboratory-library for members' use. An apartment in Indianapolis where an 'open house' is always maintained for visiting fans. Food and lodging and true slant hospitality for all hitch-hiking, vacationing, or visiting fans and members. Free storage space for books, fanzines, records of members going in service or moving away to new jobs...The owner of a large ranch in Arizona has granted us permission to conduct rocketry experiments there after the war!

"Immediately after the war, the purchase of a tract of land (or even an entire city block) and construction of futuristic (taking advantage of the latest developments in building and prefabrication technique) homes for fans, with gorgeous landscaping, provision for



playground and recreation centers, set in the midst of an incredibly beautiful park, making use of hydroponics and the latest agracultural discoveries."

But that was just the start. Later in this issue Degler-Rogers explained: "We have created a fannationalism, a United World Fandom. Someday soon we will have our own apartment building, then our own land, our own city of Cosmen, schools, teachers, radio program -- later; our own laws, country perhaps! Our children shall inherit not only this earth -- but this universe! Today we carry 22 states, tomorrow, nine planets! We can and will help to make a better world of the future -- have influence and be an active force in the furtherance of scientific democracy in the postwar world! -- attempt to conquer space travel and see another world -- in our own lifetimes -- while we of the council are alive! Our children will carry on this organization after we are gone -- The Cosmic Circle now exists for all eternity."

The second issue of Cosmic Circle Commentator looked back at more immediate matters, like one of Degler's famous good-will tours of fandom. These were hitch hiking expeditions, during which the CC gospel was spread in every fannish home where Degler wasn't denied admittance. Let's look at some of the laconic descriptions of one of these trips:

"Thence to the remote mountains of New Hampshire, there after some of the most toilsome searching and walking 31 miles found an old time fan in a remote hamlet who promised to organize a group in the White Mountain State... A hectic trip across fantastic and isolated wildernesses, up through Maine and Quebec North Woods to the city of old Quebec. Here Rogers visited friends in the Mountain Police and a French doctor at CHRC. He also rescued Jodine Fear, a girl from Frankfort, Indiana, who was in some minor trouble with the Canadian authorities... Following the unsuccessful attempt in Virginia, Rogers met up with a guy heading West and helped him drive to Oklahoma. Some rather weird, fantastic and almost unbelievable occurrences preceding a noteworthy visit with Red Gale and the subsequent forming of an Oklahoma and North Central organization. Don thereon proceeded to get stuck out on the Gila desert, near Yuma where the thermometer stood at 120° in the shade, (no shade).....finally the weary pilgrim arrived at his Mecca...the crowning achievement...the high spot of the whole trip... Rogers was in Shangri-La after 5200 miles of crossing deserts, mountains, and seas. The Quebec-Los Angeles Goodwill Tour of Fandom was finally completed."

As you may remember or guess, Degler was a fan whose enthusiasm exceeded his judgement, who took literally the high-sounding nonsense that is published in fanzine editorials and spoken in worldcon speeches. When a fan or a pro speculated that fans were different because of their interest in the future, Claude assumed he could count on them to rule the future; when he read about a feud between two fans and then got angry at someone, he threatened a feud far beyond the poor capacity of the Hatfields and the McCoys. His Cosmic Circle caused at least one heart attack, engulfed prozine editors and the most obscure fans, caused chaos in staid groups such as the LASFS and FAPA, and was accompanied by an impressive assortment of subsidiary and auxiliary



groups. (The P.F.F. mentioned above was the Planet Fantasy Federation) Nobody knows for sure if Degler wrote all the material in CC publications not obviously the work of established fans. He listed associates and friends who with one exception remained completely unknown to general fandom. The exception was Helen Bradleigh, a name under which a young girl was introduced to several fans; but internal evidence indicates that the Helen Bradleigh who bobs up throughout CC publications cannot have been bound by normal limitations of space and time. The first extended manifestation turns up in what is not exactly a CC publication: the second issue of Infinite, dated November, 1941, which was co-edited by Degler and Leonard Marlow. It alleges to tell about an early adventure of Degler, his "actual -- believe it or not -- attempt to reach Hell!"

"Just why we decided to dig the hole was not precisely clear at first. There were three main reasons. Degler had a radio tube device with which he had detected a metallic object of some sort below the ground. We wanted sand to make some concrete. We also thought we might hit water at that spot. I am greatly afraid that we had read overly much of fantastic literature concerning the probable nature of the earth, underground cities, etc. We had no intention of having anything but a little exercise and fun at first. Then as progress was made we became more enthusiastic. We were young and foolish then."

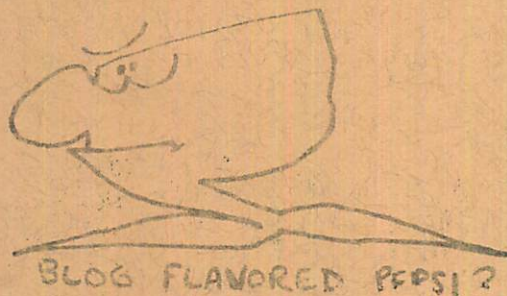
Helen describes their digging a hole four by seven feet at the top, "heading for the nether regions at incredible speed." She says that Claude and his brother, Robert, wired the hole for electricity, created a bucket brigade to get rid of the excavated material, and used a phonograph to speed work. "More and more distant people whom we had never known came over to see who was digging a hole to Hell. They got in the way and hindered the work horribly. So many people came to see the Hell Hole, as it came to be called, that it finally caused us to erect a sign at the top saying 'Hell 12ft' and an arrow pointing down. When people were standing around watching, we would heave buckets of dirt out and work ferociously, while yelling things like 'On to Pellucidar, on to Hell!' The main shaft finally went down to twenty-three feet or a little more. Of course when we were in our tunnel the people standing around the shaft could not see us at all. We built large fires, many times for fun, in the bottom of the shaft while we were back in the tunnel, and let the smoke and flames roll out the top." The narrative halted there with a promise that a second installment would make fans "understand why Degler's back yard was given as wide a berth as possible, and why no longer would anyone use the alley in back of the house after dark if this could possibly be avoided." But the third Infinite never appeared, and the remainder of the manuscript very well could be lost to posterity.

Things around Degler's home had changed considerably a few years later. The 12th issue of Cosmic Circle Commentator, dated December 4th, 1943, published a dispatch from Oakgrove, Ind., which I believe it would be wise if I copied in an unexpurgated form:

"Special meeting of the New Oakgrove Fantasy Society called! (This has only recently been taken over by Frank Stein and has no connection with the old O.F.S.) A banquet was staged for the surprised, half-starved Rogers. who had went over 22 hours with nothing



to eat (only a few hours ago). Rogers was surprised no end -- not yet having learned that ghu-ghuists (and Martha's Carthaginian Government in Exile) had shortly before superceded Taliaferro's Rome-inspired, pro-Ashley, pro-Axis regime in the Pakgrove Fantasy Society. Notable innovations were: that the 16 x 22 picture of Sykora had been removed from above the speaker's platform, and had been replaced instead by a smaller photograph of Wolheim! Kinney came dressed as Bruce Yerke, complete with horns and tail. The little plaques on the walls with slogans on them: such as 'Blessed are the Damned, for they shall inherit fandom' -- Stein. Frank trying to improvise something known as the Slan Shack Stomp (a definite takeoff on the Michifans who invariably hate anything but classical music!) but failing because he hadn't had time to work on it.



"Newcastle, Ind. Nov. 2 -- Rogers developing cold from exposure, general debility and lowered resistance due to the Ashley Atrocity -- and was feeling quite sick today. Nov 4 -- Rogers is suffering from what was described as a 'bad chest cold with complications developing' Has been confined to bed for last three days. Bradleigh, Mathews, Raymond Kinney, Rosy Jenkins and others carry on the CC publishing projects and try to catch up on the mounting correspondence and clerical work of the Planet Bureau. Nov. 5 -- Rogers condition is critical. This was the only information given out today at HDQ."

Claude, you see, had not entered the Al Ashley home, at Ashley's insistence, and blamed this event for his declining health.

The second issue of Fantasy Forum, dated February 27, 1944, really shook up fandom which might have expected anything from Degler except the headline in this single-sheeter: "NEW C.C. POLICY -- NO MORE FEUDS!" The explanation:

"Larry Shaw has written a card, intimating that he 'might join again' 'if we could have him -- now'. Certainly, he may if he wishes! And you are already paid up, too, Larry. It is we who are louses -- we hadn't even refunded your money! And Degler has said that he wants to apologise to Larry and to Suddsy, for some of the things he said about them!!! Larry was right about the feuding. Bob Tucker has written us a very long and well-thought out letter, it also mentions that persons have been 'villified' in certain sheets. Not Bob, of course, who is as nice a fan as one could care to know. His letter of constructive criticism to Raym and Don, will help the organization and quality of the pubs a lot. Bob said he hoped that Raym might be able to accomplish this result. We wish to thank Bob Tucker for his letter, even though not complimentary.... We hope it is clear to all that the Cosmic Circle (Planet Fantasy Federation) considers it beneath their dignity to regard any other organization as a 'rival club' and wage competitive feuds accordingly (or to carry on feuds with any fan or fans)!"



Raym was Raymond Washington, Jr., a youthful fan in Live Oak, Florida, who inherited the Cosmic Circle when Degler finally decided that he was offending the more sensitive members of fandom and tried briefly to salvage something from the organization's putrefying cadaver. One envelope filled with CC publications bears Raym's name as return address, is postmarked Live Oak, but contains publications that are unmistakably from the hands of Degler. These were inspired at least in part by the investigation Jack Speer had made in Newcastle, Ind. (Officially, it's New Castle, but Degler and most of the rest of fandom always wrote it as one word.) Degler promptly announced the forthcoming publication of "Investigating an Investigation" and "Conversations at an Asylum" by Don Rogers "a true account of the Speer affair in Newcastle". (Speer had discovered that Degler's background was what we might describe today as troubled.) The World Science-Fantasy Association, yet another Degler organization, "wishes to announce its complete independence of the promags, of the rest of fandom, and of any other group, as of July 4, 1944. We support the pro mags, we buy 'em, but we are completely independent. We would keep right on existing whether there were any pro stf mags or not." Palmer had said some nasty things about the CC. This batch also reprinted a letter from Dr. C.L. Barrett, who confessed inability to understand the fan situation in Oakgrove. Helen explained: "There were two Oakgrove factions that fought bitterly; it was worse than the Outsiders vs. the LASFS. But it's over since last Sept, October. Frank Stein who fought for democracy and the right to even hold any fan meetings at all in Oakgrove finally won, though some of his over-enthusiastic Ghu-Guerillas were jailed for fighting, when carrying the flag of General Draja Mihailovitch (and his Chetniks), they stormed the old Oakgrove Fantasy Society, armed with slings and brickbats!"

There's just one other thing you should know about the Cosmic Circle, over and above the detailed narration which you may soon be reading in the first volume of my history of fandom. When in the mood, Degler could write as calmly and as well as the average good fan. Rarely but often enough to show that it was no accident, the hysteria, obvious hyperbole, and near illiterate syntax disappeared from a Degler publication. It happened once in a set of mailing comments he wrote for FAPA, and again in reply to the Speer investigation and his claims that most events and people in and around Newcastle were Degler's imagination. Degler pounced on weak points in the Speer report: an undocumented statement by Speer that he was speaking for hundreds of fans, for instance; and Degler unerringly and accurately countered Speer's complaints about sloppy reproduction of CC fanzines by recalling some Speer publications in early FAPA mailings.

So where's the real truth? Was Degler a fan with a sort of manic-depressive fanac, who ran the Cosmic Circle during an unusually long dominance of the hectic phase? Was he a different kind of Steve Pickering, rarely allowing his real personality to appear in his fanac because he discovered that he could gain notoriety by this method of making himself conspicuous? Did he take his own claims about fandom and the CC at face value? Or at some point in his fannish career, did he realize that fandom was taking something seriously he was doing for a lark, and then proceed to pull fandom's leg out of sadistic delight



# ROBIN WHITE FUTURE BNF

New York Fandom, it just occurred to me the other day, is overflowing with Big Name Fans. If one is at all active in local fan circles, one can hardly avoid encountering veritable legions of the microcosm's great and famous. Allow me to sketch in what might be a typical Friday afternoon. I ride the subway to mid-town where I drop in on Dave Van Arnam (a BNF!) at his office. Before I can say six words, the phone rings; it's Dick Lupoff calling from Poughkeepsie to say "hello!" Already that's two BNFs. Before I can even say, "Give my love to Pat!" Andy Porter comes through the door. Three BNFs in as many minutes! And once actually arrived at a Fanoclast meeting -- well, BNFs are so thick that all one's energy is needed just to keep from stepping on them. In case there be some confusion, by BNF I don't mean some confan who bought a beer for Joe Doaks at the last con and received passing mention in Joe's con report for TRUMPET. I mean BNF as in "Lee Hoffman is a good humored and condescending BNF".

Into this bastion of big name fandom came, in late 1965, our heroine, Robin White (or Robin Postal, as she was then). Robin was not then and is not now a BNF, and it is upon this fact that this article hinges. You see among her many fine qualities, Robin has a drive to excel in whatever activities she engages in.

She started her fan career by attending a few East Coast regionals. She immediately became a sensation. Hardened fans like rich brown spoke of Robin in hushed tones of awe, so strong was the impression she made in her initial appearances. Switching the focus of her fanac, Robin began to attend Lunarians meetings. I met her for the first time the week after Ted White had attended his first Lunarians meeting ever, when he brought her to FISTFA on the way to going to hear Cool Jazz (or possibly Hot Jazz. It's been a while since all this happened). While I wouldn't want to give those who haven't met Ted White the idea that he perpetually wears a dour expression, I must admit that he is not usually wont to walk around wearing the lopsided

## ARNIE KATZ



grin he sported that night. Nor, in fact, do his eyes generally roll around in his head as they did on that occasion. "Wonder how she'll like hosting the Fanoclasts?" I mused to a fellow-Fanoclast who also happened to be at that FISTFA meeting.

"Huh?" he replied. Sometimes the surroundings of FISTFA cause the level of conversation to suffer a bit.

"Well," I said, "she's going to marry Ted and..."

"Ridiculous!" snorted the Fanoclast. He went on to detail Ted's long career as a libertine and lecher.

"You'll see, you'll see," I said airily. And he did.

And by and by, we did, too. Lots of firm, ripely curved Robin is what we saw as Robin proved she could more than hold her own in the Skimpy Clothes Contest that takes place at every worldcon's costume ball and/or fashion show.

But wearing sexy clothes (and clothes sexily) does not make a girl a BNF, though it probably insures invitations to all the closed door parties. This fact was not lost upon Robin, obviously, since her most recent effort has been in the intellectual realm; her article "Are Femmefans Human?" in ALGOL. That article was excellent, a piece of which any topflight fan writer could be proud. For a first effort, it was well nigh marvelous. In the face of the almost universally favorable reaction to "Are Femmefans Human?" and the encouragement of her friends (me among them) to write more, it seems only a matter of time until Robin writes again.

Here we reach the pivotal question and, admittedly, enter the area of speculation: Will Robin White decide to enter fanzine fandom in a serious way?

I can see it now...

First, another article, and then perhaps a letter of comment to PSYCHOTIC. Articles begin to spew forth from her typewriter in an accelerating stream as Robin-mania sweeps fandom.

Then one night, as Ted and Robin are relaxing in their living room, she turns to him and says tenderly, "Ted, I have something to tell you.

"Yes?" Ted replies, looking up from the latest issue of Rolling Stone.

"We're going to have a little Bundle of Joy." Ted stares at her, slack jawed, perhaps even speechless for the first time in his life.

"Are you sure, Robin?"

"Certainly," she says, smiling.

(continued on page 22 )



# INTRODUCTION

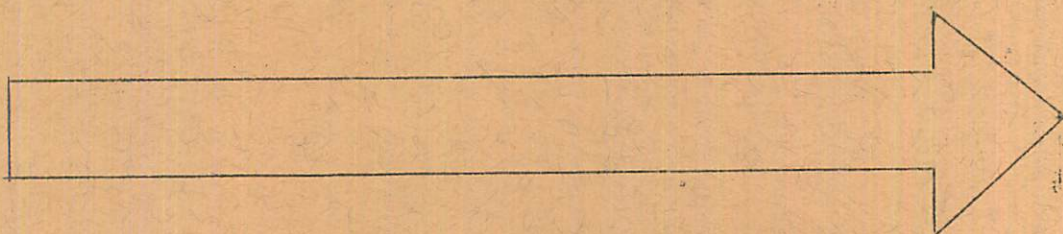
Time passes by. This is a truism. Why it seems like only yesterday when I first refused material for Arnie Katz' still-aborning whelp, QUIP. "For," as I then explained to Arnie, "surely nothing will ever come of it."

How wrong I was, fans...

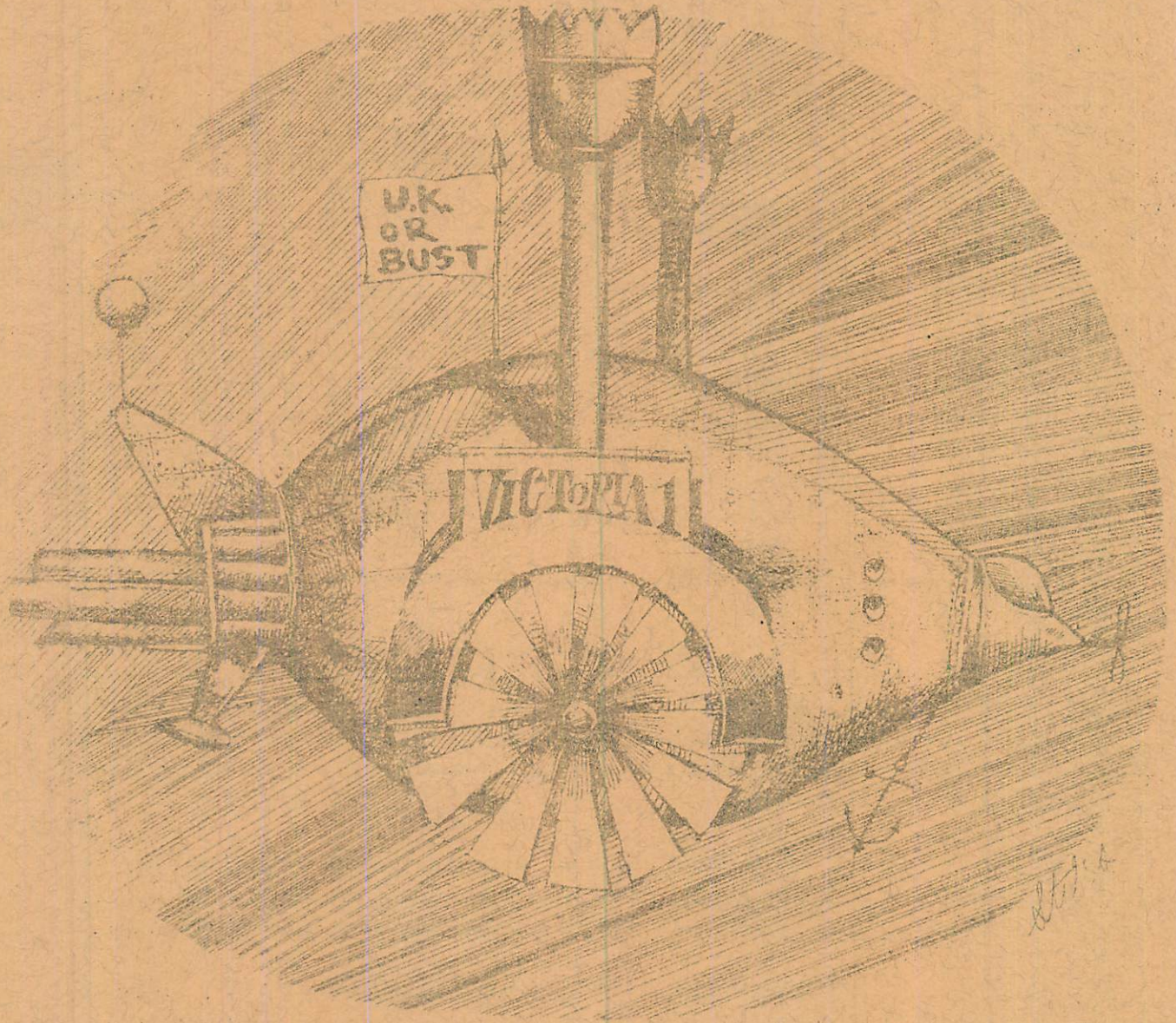
As the years rolled by, I continued to refuse to aid Arnie, for, although I find him a likeable fellow, there is something in the man that seldom fails to conjure up that dark streak of sadism buried deep within my selfconscious mind. This is a fairly common phenomenon; with the tension and frustration of everyday life, we tend to seek scapegoats for punishment. For some, the victims take the form of employees, employers, gas station attendants, and members of different races creeds and nationalities. For me, it was Arnie Katz. I must confess that I would take a cruel delight in missing those crucial deadlines, thus earning a look of hurt reproach at the next Fanoclast meeting. And although the good side of that incredibly complex organism of brain tissue and heritage and environment that is Steve Stiles would feel a pang of remorse, the bad side would chortle gleefully. Sigh. (I'm ashamed to admit all this, but I need the emotional purification). So it is that the human race is a strange mixture of Jekyll and Hyde, God and Devil; a subject, I might add, for innumerable theologians, psychologists, and novelists: this paradox that we may yet transcend. And then the very stars will be within our grasp, and we may rightfully call upon God and say, "See, God -- see what Man has wrought!"

Why, the possibilities are endless.

But I digress.







# HARRISON COUNTRY

## steve stiles

It was in the spring of '67, it was, when great armies crashed in steaming jungles, and the history of man was being molded on Asian battlefields. In the cities of the United States, history was being written in the streets. Plans were made to put a man on the moon, and, in the Mideast, little David challenged the combined armed might of the Arab nations. Walter Cronkite one-upped Chet & David.



As for me, I had just recovered from pneumonia

I was totally unaware of my tremendous good fortune to be a member of the United States Army. Indeed, it seemed a drag. In the idyllic quiet of the barracks, listening to the good natured shouts issuing from the showers, Earl Rogers And His Country Rangers issuing from my roommate's radio, all I could do was curse the fate that had brought me to this. "Damn!"

Considering the circumstances, this was a pretty ungrateful attitude to have; I was stationed at Ft. Monmouth and had all the free chow I could eat. (Amazing how many different ways meatloaf can be prepared.) Fort Monmouth is a mere hour's travel from New York; logically my last eight months in uniform were spent in heat for weekends. And on those weekends I would happily board the special Greyhound bus to ride through the flatlands and petroleum plants of New Jersey. At the end of the trip I would never fail to feel smug at the sight of the spires of Manhattan glistening through the blanket of mustard yellow smog.

Everyone else at Fort Monmouth seemed to be from Arizona, North Carolina, Korea, or West Germany ...

As I mentioned before, there was a war on. Such being the case, slackers and traitors would make it a habit to cluster around the Port Authority building to bring the word to the ignorant soldiers on leave or pass. There were also fat vets in little caps, and it was their function to shout at the other group or at the ignorant GIs accepting their pamphlets.

I would try very hard not to look like a GI when leaving the building. My sympathies were with the anti-Viet people, but I never managed to be detached enough not to feel like an object to be reformed. The vets would wave their little flags.

On a Friday pass, my phone rang. "Why don't you run for TAFF, Steve?" asked Andy Porter on the telephone. My mind telescoped back to the times that Dave Van Arnam and Arthur Thomson had asked the selfsame question. In those cases I had chalked up the query to generosity rather than objective reality; I had always placed high as a cartoonist in the polls, and people seemed to like my fanzines, but TAFF was for people like a Willis, a Bergeron, a Geis. The Big Leagues....

"Sarcastic swine!" I shouted, slamming the receiver down. Good old surrealistic Andy Porter, pulling my leg...

"Why don't you run for TAFF, Steve?" asked Mike McInerney at the FISTFA meeting that night. Ted White arrived a few minutes later, asked the same thing. The matter was settled: yet another Fanoclast Plot.

Some day, when you least expect it, we Fanoclasts will take over fandom. Then you'll be sorry.

I won. It was a terrible blow, and it took many weeks to get over the shock



-- such was my conditon that I took to dazed wanderings about the city of New York, wondering if our skyscrapers were as big as theirs and stopping strangers in the streets to tell them, "I am going to England!" Then having them hurriedly press coins in my hand and furtively hustle off; for such is the index of paranoia in our marvelous city of grey concrete. In one hour I made \$3.25.

I think that this might be an appropriate place to thank my nominators. Any place in the report would be, for, when you stop to think of it, if I hadn't been nominated -- why, I never would have won! Choosing these people was important to me; Ted White, of course, is an old friend; F.M. and Elinor Busby were responsible for getting me into fandom with CRY OF THE NAMELESS (now happily revived); Bill Rotsler is a cartoonist's cartoonist; ATom had suggested that I run years ago; Willis is Willis.

There's also an unsung hero in this story; Buz' letter of nomination dragged through the departments of the United States Post Office, meandering through each state at a leisurely pace, mailed two weeks before I received it. And the nomination deadline grew closer. I took my problem to Bill Donaho -- the day after I mailed the letter Buz' nomination arrived in my mail box. Faster than a speeding bullet, Bill sent a letter to Terry Carr plus a fiver for the nomination fee. It was a puzzling situation, calling for tact and grace, and what was I to do? In any case, juggling around with ethics and morality, I decided that since I had asked Buz first, and since the PO had been to blame, I'd have to, uh (it seemed to me) shaft Donaho! Christ, how embarrassing... Fortunately, Bill wasn't miffed and even gave me quite a few good plugs in HABAKKUK.

Studying for the trip: 5L equals \$12.00, L equals \$2.40, 1/ equals \$.12, 1d equals \$.01, 6d equals 1/2 /, 12d (therefore) equals 1/. Whew!

April 6th:

Flight 102 was to leave from Kennedy Airport at 7pm. At 7:30, I was waiting at the departure gate, looking through the plate glass window at the loaders throwing the luggage on the plane. There was an ease and a grace in their movements as they threw the luggage onto the conveyor belts. Even the bulkiest suitcases would describe graceful arcs through the air as they descended to meet the rough metal edges of the conveyor belts, landing with a soul-satisfying "whump!". My suitcase described a graceful arc through the air to land with a soul-satisfying "whump!" as I wondered for perhaps the thousandth time if I had packed enough clean underwear. Idly, I wished that I could be a plane loader -- they seemed to take great pleasure in their work -- but I reminded myself I would be disqualified from the job as my left foot is somewhat flat. This is something the U.S. Army had brought to my attention when they informed me that the deformity would not keep me out of the U.S. Army.

It was my experience to march once with a man with one leg three inches shorter than the other. The about-faces gave him trouble, but he was very game.

I had asked the ticket man to give me a seat next to the window, but they were



all taken; I was stuck with an aisle seat, and the two people next to me seemed to be newlyweds whose greatest pleasure in marriage was to look through that window, cheek to cheek. Fortunately, there's a hollow between the jawbone and neck (orbicularis oculi and sternomastoid), and I was able to peer through this space and check out Kennedy Airport.

It's maudlin, I know. But I've always been gassed by the concept of flight -- in fact several years ago I used to be obsessed with dream of flying. I mean, for centuries man has watched the birds and wondered how they did it. And our legends are laced with people jumping off cliffs in feathered outfits. For a science fiction fan, flight is a natural. So I sat there, my mind spinning with excitement as our mighty engines "revved up", and the sweat spread out from my armpits, leaving a dark stain on my J. J. Klein's suit. I was on edge. We're all going to die. The ants on the ground looked like people.

A plane takeoff is fun, though. The plane coasts along, rolling over the concrete with an awesome grace, gradually picking up speed, faster and faster, picking up speed, until the pilot finds another runway and slows down. The whole process is repeated three or four times, until, surprise!, they're actually going through with it, and the whole place is vibrating madly -- we're all going to die -- as in a Keystone comedy, there is a small slight bump -- and the ground drops away in smooth slow motion. It does give me a fantastic sense of wonder, I always feel like cheering.

Aisle seats are a drag. The men's room was right behind me. Elbows would catch me as I dozed off to sleep while reading Brian Aldiss' "Breakthrough Planet". I was really too excited to sleep, and midway over the Atlantic we ran into a storm -- and all that yawing and pitching reawakened my sense of wonder... By that time we had passed through time zones, it was the 11th of April.

We landed at London Airport at 9:55. There was some time to kill before my flight to Manchester, so I wandered around the grounds, eventually winding up in the restaurant/lounge. As luck would have it, there was a bookstall... I picked up "Tunnel in the Sky" and two books by Colin Wilson my favorite mystery writer, but rather scarce in the states. It looked like a good omen. After getting my change from the counter girl, I asked her how many pence in a pound. As I walked away "E's not too deep, is 'e?" drifted back to me... Sigh. To hell with omens.

Martin Luther King had been murdered a few days earlier. The New York I had left behind had the look of an armed camp, the local government fearing that many blacks would feel that this had been the last straw. The impression was by no means subjective; in my own neighborhood, armed police stood on every street on Second Avenue in twos and threes for an area of about ten blocks, and the tension was hairy. Away in the Southeast for two years, I hadn't really emotionally grasped what was happening in the cities...

And while riding the shuttle bus to my Manchester plane, I was surprised to notice that the British had also been gripped by the latest assassination -- people sat talking about it, and an Irishman from Boston assured a London relative that



A hand-drawn illustration on aged, textured paper. A large, multi-engine airplane is depicted in flight, angled downwards towards the right. A speech bubble originates from the front of the plane, containing the text "Welcome aboard FLIGHT 102!". Below the plane, the word "ZOOM!" is written in large, bold, block letters. In the lower right corner, a small, stylized figure of a person stands on a raised platform or rooftop, looking up at the aircraft. The background is filled with a dense stippled pattern, suggesting a sky or a cityscape. The overall style is that of a quick, expressive sketch.

A stylized, woodcut-style illustration of a person with glasses sitting in a chair, holding a book or paper. The person is wearing a dark jacket and light-colored trousers. The background is simple, with vertical lines suggesting a wall or window. The illustration is framed by a decorative border.

A black and white line drawing of a man sitting in a chair, looking to the right. He is wearing a suit and glasses. The drawing is simple and sketchy, with some text visible in the background.

...totally eliminated...

totally eliminated.





"King was a good man. I was sure he wasn't a Communist," and "the blacks back home are really happy, it's these troublemakers..." Blah, blah.

I got a window this time. It was hard to stop looking; the sky was clear and cloudless, and I had great pleasure in reminding myself that it wasn't New Jersey down there, but, indeed, foreign soil -- I was the first Stiles to leave the country in many generations (traditionally my family suffers from a phobia against boats, planes, and travel rates). Sometimes I would thumb through Wilson's "The Glass Cage" and gloat over such names "Keswick", "Styhead Pass", "Scarborough", and "Wasdale Head".

It had been years since I had last seen Eric Bentcliffe. I had just gotten into NY fandom at the time, and had been quietly overwhelmed at the party held in his honor at the Dietz'; so many BNFs, not to mention Harlan Ellison. That had been in 1960.

Such being the case, I was a bit worried that I might not spot Eric, who had generously offered to meet me at the airport. I pictured a milling throng of people hustling about, while I scanned the mob for a fannish face. I needn't have worried; the airport was empty, and there stood Eric, bedecked in a St. Fanthony jacket for purposes of identification. And while it was the jacket with emblem that first caught my eye, Eric was easily recognizable -- a warm, friendly-looking sort who didn't seem to have changed a bit after some eight years. I had the feeling that the years had just been weeks, and here we are again: Hi!

After a conversation over drinks, we drove out to meet Norman Sherrock, host for the Liverpool Group (LiG) that evening. Norman is another winner; a quiet, good humored fellow with a distinct talent for wine-making. This was something that appeared to be widely practiced in Great Britain as a necessary adjunct to fanac. And rightly so, for Norman's wine -- he has won \*Awards\* -- was marvelous; an ingredient, to my mind, which greatly contributed to the success of the ThirdManCon (Like water, fans, flowing like water!).

We talked a bit over the usual pleasantries -- my flight, Anglo-American fandom, the political situation, and listened to a tape that LiG was in the process of making -- a fannish "This Is Your Life" to be presented to the victim, er, subject Harry Nadler at the ~~convention~~. This is another type of fanac that we Yanks haven't indulged in; the making of humorous little taped plays. I heard quite a few during the next two weeks, a lot of them quite funny, and the whole idea seems like fun -- I suppose we lack their inspiration, "The Goon Show".

It had been a long flight over, and I suppose Ina, Norm's wife, noticed that my eyelids were beginning to droop. At any rate, I was having increasing difficulty in following the conversation... Ina made up a couch for me in the dining room, and the last thing I remember was my head touching the pillow.

Waking up, I followed the sound of voices, and walked into a room full of Liverpool people. The Liverpool Group, I'm told, is one of England's oldest fan groups, and as I surveyed the crowd I could tell I was in with a fannish lot; Eddie



Jobes, John Ramsay Campbell, Norman Weedall, John Owen, and a pleasant looking woman named Marge. Puns and jokes were flying furiously as the group continued with the tape, mouths watering at the prospect of a stupified Harry Nadler.

Dinner: pickled octopus. This is Liverpool tradition.

(You know, as I write this I can't recall a damned thing we said -- certainly a shame because there were a lot of funny things said that evening. That, however, is your loss. On the other hand, later during the week I began taking voluminous notes so as the report continues the events as they happened will take on frightening detail, down to the very last glass drained. At this point, though, everything is an invention and a fraud. Thank you.)

As it was getting late after the fantastic feed (we had more than octopus -- each member of the group is supposed to bring a favorite dish to the meeting), Eric and I drove home... And got lost. Eventually we found Thorn Grove and I met Eric's wife, Beryl. I think that Beryl is a non-fan, but well-used to fannish ways, and a charming hostess. We sat and drank tea over a roaring fire, watching Martin Luther King's funeral, and wondering what was happening to the U.S. That and John Kennedy's assassination was a favorite topic while I visited in England, and I often found myself acting as a spokesman, although I was usually at a loss to explain the intricacies of American politics. George Wallace, as seen abroad, must be croggling.

April 8th:

Up late that morning, I had tea with Beryl. Eric had gone on to work, and Lindsey, their daughter, to school, so I decided it would be a nice idea to take a long walk and have my first proper look at England. Wild horses couldn't have stopped me; I've always enjoyed talking walks while in new convention cities, the sensation of being in a different part of the world is delicious. Beryl armed me with a map and telephone number in case of emergencies, and I set off.

It was a hot brisk and overcast, perfect weather for a stroll. The area was dotted with suburban dwellings, but lacked the overall sameness that ours have; each house of brick and stone had its own individual look, and, gollygee, there was a genuine horse in one backyard. A woman stopped me to ask for directions, noted my accent ("I'm a stranger hyar mahself"), blushed, laughed, and hurried on.

After a few hours of strolling, I decided to head on back to the Bentcliffes'. As I walked through a small village, I noticed that a bobby seemed to be trailing me on his bicycle. I slowed down a bit, and soon he was at my heels with a "Pardon me, sir, could you stop a moment?" "Must want the time," I thought to myself.

"Er, what are you doing in this area, sir?" he said with his mouth, taking out a small notebook, pen in hand poised to take down the gruesome details.

I explained that this was my first day in England, and I had been walking around soaking up the atmosphere. My mind was whirling like a turbine as I thought



back on my last few hours; hmm, I had dropped a cigarette wrapper on the street, and on one occasion had jaywalked. Perhaps I had photographed a vital defense installation, disguised as that Old Folks' Home. Visions of explaining things at the stationhouse, frantically phoning Eric, the Embassy, missing the convention, and a variety of things I had read in Brendan Behan's "Confessions of an Irish Rebel" flashed through my brain. I'm one of those stiffies who always feels vaguely guilty around blue uniforms.

"I was jaywalking, right?" I guessed.

"Well, I wouldn't know, sir," bobby replied. "It's just that some girls complained of some stranger making improper remarks and gestures, and he answered your description."

I'm 5'9", 140 lbs, brown eyes, brown hair, and a slightly receding chin caused by improper tooth-grip while teething. The type, in other words, who stands out in any crowd. Needless to say, I was innocent as a newborn babe and hadn't made any improper remarks since that redhead in the sixth grade had thrown a hammerlock on me. I hastened to point all this out, smiling earnestly and waving my passport. Fortunately, he believed all those lies, and I was let go with a cheerful "Enjoy your stay, sir."

Seriously, I was quite impressed with the British bobbies; they are both friendly and polite, and a NY cop would've handled the situation with a gruff "Okay, hold it right there, bub!".

As I walked down Thorn Grove Lane, Beryl's car pulled into the driveway. A little bundle of energy leaped from the seat, zoomed down the road, and threw her arms around my knees. It was Lindsey Bentcliffe, the cutest blonde I've seen in years.

"Jesus!" she whooped. "It's Jesus from America!"

To be continued.

--- Steve Stiles

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Vote for TAFF

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ROBIN WHITE FUTURE BNF (continued from page )

"I'm going to be a Father!"

"What father -- I've joined SAPS!"

Robin White -- placing second in the SAPS Pillar Poll. Robin White -- reviving the Monthly VOID and doing impeccably mimeography. Robin White -- being nominated for Best Fanwriter, and winning!

And finally, Ted White being introduced thus: "This is Robin White's husband, Ted. He writes, too."

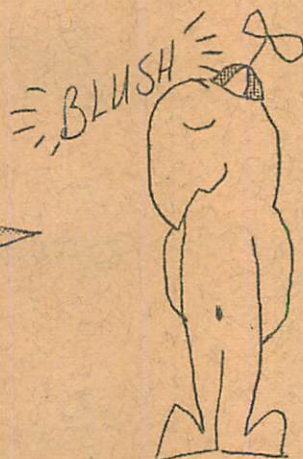
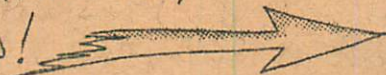
--- Arnie Katz



# HOW TO RUBLISH A FOCAL POINT

AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE BY JOHN D. BERRY

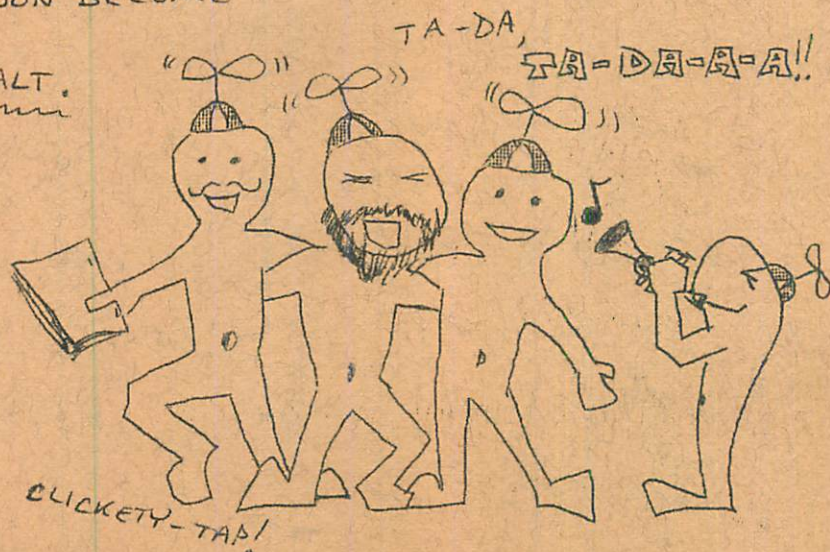
FIRST, WE MUST FIND AN  
EAGER YOUNG ACTIFAN. AH,  
THERE'S ONE NOW!



AROUND THIS YOUNG ACTIFAN  
WE MUST FIND CLUSTERED A GROUP  
OF TALENTED BUT SEMI-INACTIVE  
B.N.F.S.



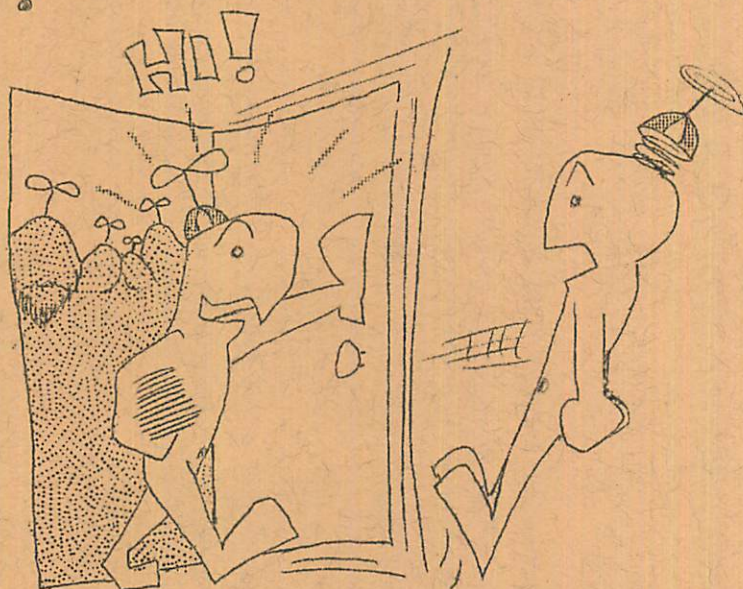
THESE FANS WILL SOON BECOME  
THE FANNISH GESTALT.





**B**ETWEEN THEM ALL THESE FANS HAVE A DECENT MIMED, MANY ~~LETTERING~~ GUIDES + SHADING PLATES, AND A GOOD DEAL OF TALENT FOR WRITING, CARTOONING, LAYOUT, AND ALL THE OTHER GOOD THINGS OF FANZINE PUBLISHING.

**H**AVING INSPIRED THEM MIGHTILY, THE ACTIFAN GETS THEM ALL TOGETHER IN A CENTRALLY-LOCATED FAN HOME WHERE ALL THE SUPPLIES ARE. HERE BEGINS THE FUN!

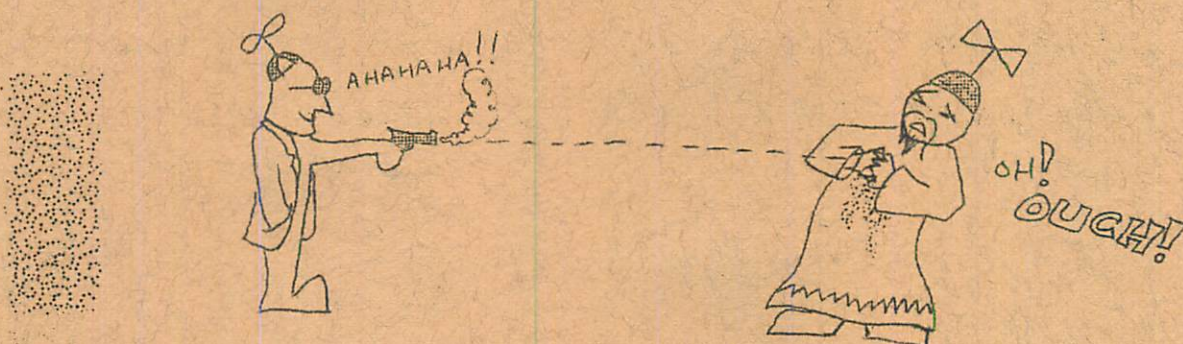


WE'VE COME TO PUBLISH THE FIRST ISSUE!!

**A**FTER ADMINISTERING A SEDATIVE TO THE HOST AND CALMING DOWN HIS WIFE, THE FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS IS TO DETERMINE THE FORMAT OF THE FIRST ISSUE. HOW TO COME ON TO FANDOM, IN OTHER WORDS.



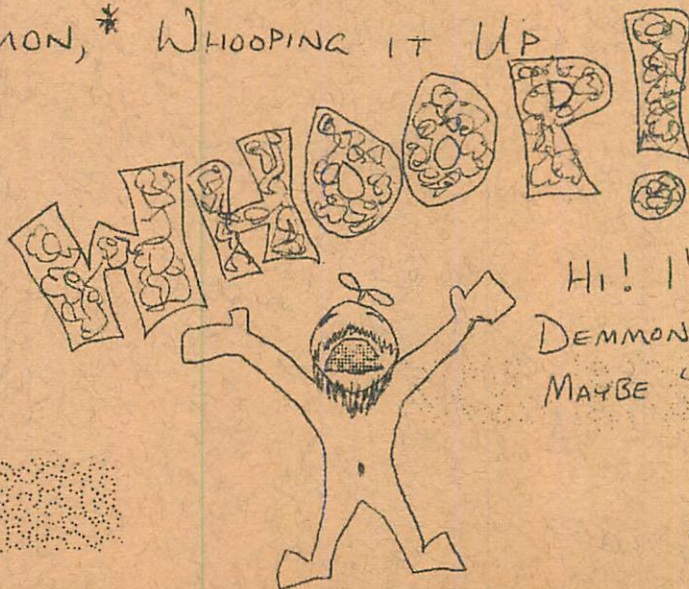
**A**ND WE HAVE BIG NAMES, LIKE \*BOB TUCKER\*  
ON "WHY ROBERT BLOCH SHOT HOY PING PONG,"



AND  
\*HARLAN ELLISON\* ON "HOW I KNEED HOLLYWOOD IN THE  
GROIN,"



AND A HALF-PAGE SOMEWHERE OF \*CALVIN  
W. BIFF DEMMON,\* WHOOPING IT UP

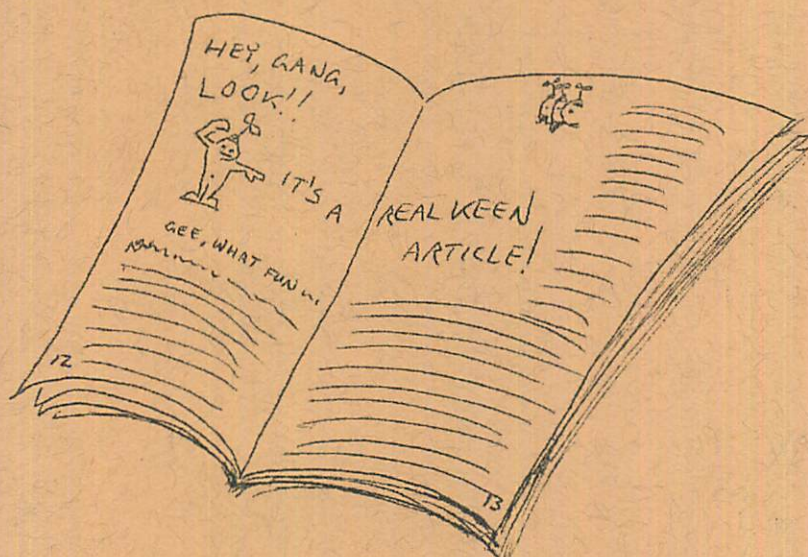


HI! I'M \*CALVIN  
DEMMON\*! ONLY  
MAYBE "NOT"!!!

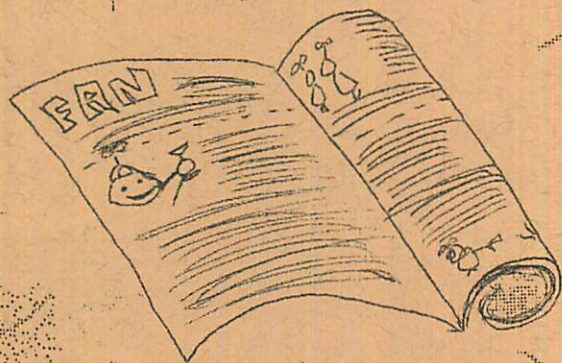
I FLY FROGS.



WE MUST HAVE A LOOSE, OPEN FORMAT  
FOR ONE THING, WITH LOTS OF CARTOONS, AND LOTS  
OF HAPPY FROTH ABOUT EACH OTHER.

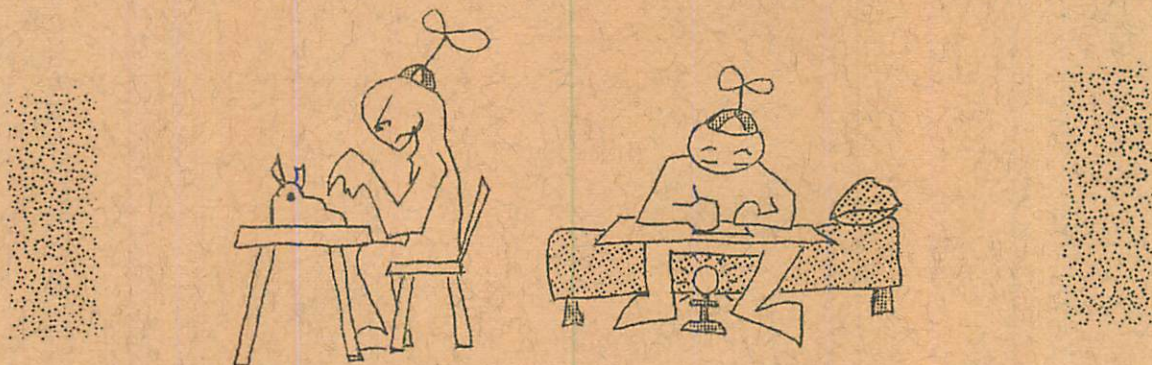


THEN WE MUST USE A MICRO-TYPER OR ELITE  
TYPEWRITER, AND WE GIVE THE ZINE A MESSILY  
CROWDED LOOK, SO IT SEEMS CRAMMED WITH  
GOOD THINGS.

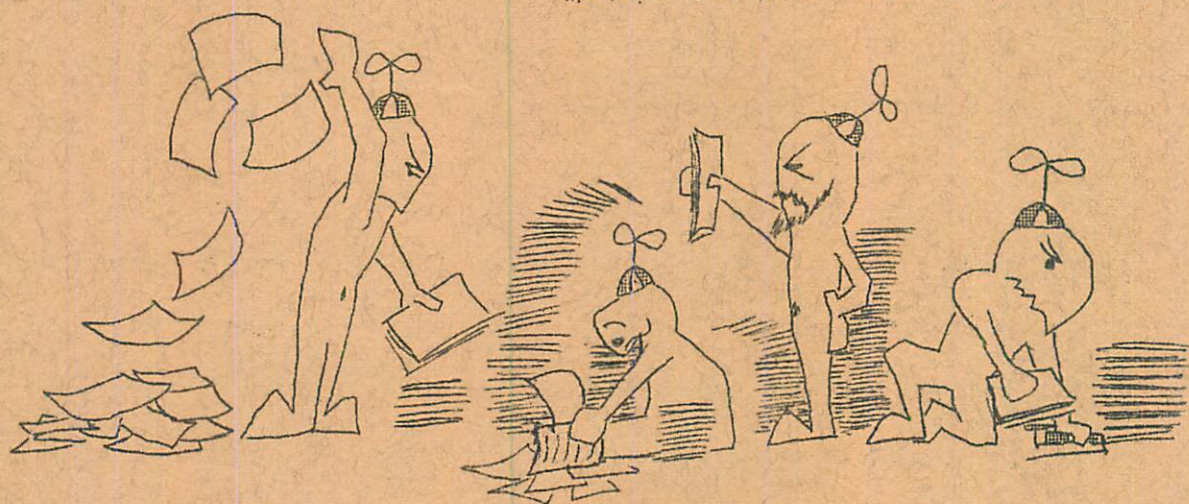




THEN WE STENCIL ALL THIS STUFF,  
~~~~~



AND WE RUN IT OFF AND COLLABORATE IT,  
~~~~~



THEN IT GETS MAILED OUT. EVERYBODY WAITS FOR  
THE LETTERS AND REVIEWS. AT THIS POINT ONE OF  
THE BNFs WRITES A SQUIB FOR HIS COLUMN IN THE  
OTHER LEADING FANZINE, ABOUT HOW MUCH \*FUN\*  
~~~~~  
IT IS WHEN THE GANG GETS TOGETHER TO PUT OUT  
THEIR FABULOUS FANZINE.



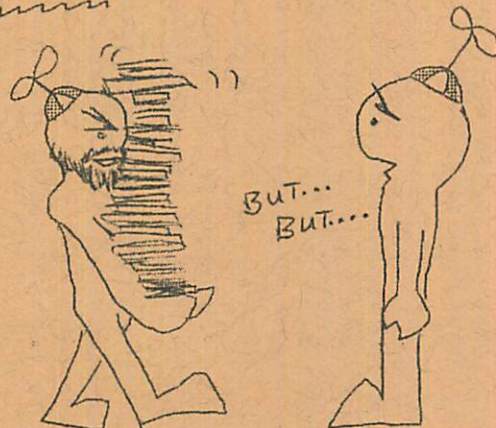
NEXT EVERYONE GOES AROUND AND ASKS ALL THE OTHER FANS IN THE AREA TO WRITE LETTERS OF COMMENT IMMEDIATELY



THREE WEEKS LATER, THE FANS GATHER AGAIN.

WE SEE THAT THERE ARE THREE OLD ARTICLES LEFT OVER FROM THE FIRST ISSUE, PLUS ONE OF THE OUTSIDE FANS WHO WAS ASKED TO DO A COLUMN HAS COME THROUGH WITH 3 PAGES OF TOPICAL COMMENT.

YOUNG ACTIFAN, WHO IS BY NOW CO-EDITOR WITH THE OLDEST BNF THERE, SETS EVERYONE TO WRITING MORE FROTH, COMPOSING DIATRIBES ABOUT THE LATEST CON-BIDDING SCANDAL, AND DRAWING MORE TOPICAL & WITTY CARTOONS. SOMEONE IS GIVEN THE MICRO-TYPER AND TOLD TO EDIT THE LETTERCOL.

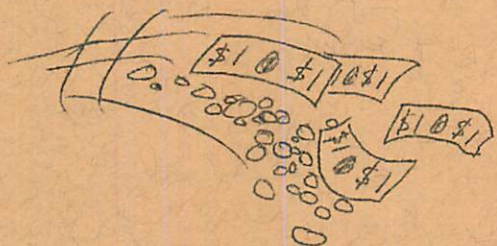




IN A BURST OF FANNISH ENTHUSIASM, AND ONE LO-O-O-ONG NIGHT, THE SECOND ISSUE IS PRODUCED, FILLED WITH UNABATED FANNISHNESS AND TOPICALITY.



WHEN THIS ONE IS IN THE MAILS, LETTERS ARE STILL POURING IN ON #1, AND THE THIRD ISSUE WILL HAVE A GIGANTIC LETTERCOL. WHEN FANS SEE THE FANZINE COMING OUT MONTHLY, WITH SUCH A CONCENTRATION OF FANNISH TALENT IN IT, IT IS IMMEDIATELY THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT FANZINE, AND IT HITS 10 IN ALL THE FMZ REVIEW COLUMNS. EVERYONE SUBSCRIBES.

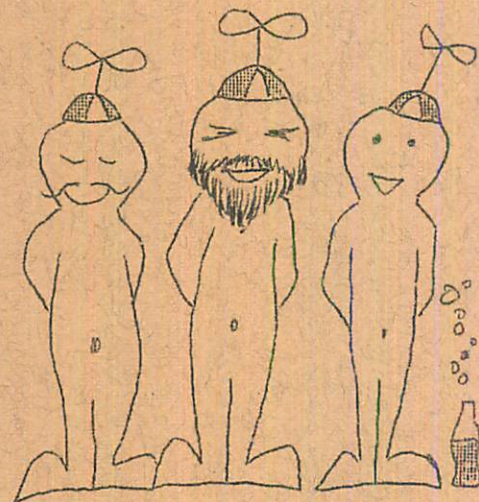
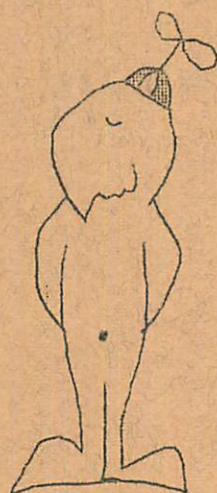


BY THE THIRD ISSUE, THE FANZINE IS ACCLAIMED AS THE \*FOCAL POINT OF FANDOM\* !!!

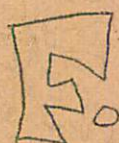




HERE, THE LESSON IS FINISHED. WE HAVE LEARNED  
HOW TO PUBLISH A FOCAL POINT. WE HAVE SPARKED A  
FANNISH RENAISSANCE, AND WE HAVE HAD THE ACCOLADES  
OF FANDOM HEAPED UPON US.



HERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW.

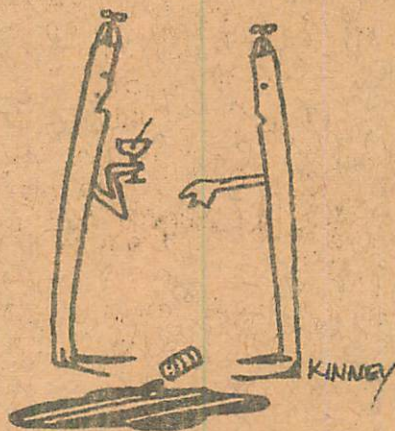


FOLD IT.



FANDOM DOESN'T NEED A FOCAL POINT.





"WOOPS! SORRY..."

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT... WE  
HAVE LOTS OF OLD KIPPIES  
AROUND..."

HAPPY BENFORD

FANZINE CHATTER

BEABOHEMA #1, Frank Lunney, 212 Junniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951

I remember getting Cliff Gould's OBLIQUE #1 and thinking "Gee, most of this stuff is pretty bad, but still, it's got something." Subsequent OBLIQUES showed that a lot of other people got the same faint tinge of things to come, too; Gould started drawing letters and columns immediately from Bloch, Grennell, Raeburn, Vernon McCain, Tucker, et al. I can't say I've gotten even that much from BEABOHEMA #1, but there is a trace of judgement in these black-on-pink pages and it might blossom forth.



Seldom have I ever gotten a fanzine with such contradictory parts. Lunney leads off with a fantastically neofannish bit about what he calls "Bohema" fandom and how you too can be admitted and this fanzine will be its guidepost and WHO WILL BE ADMITTED NEXT??? For a moment I thought he was doing a rather good job satirizing the Secret Clubs of early adolescence and their fannish equivilents, but it slowly dawned that Lunney is in earnest. Apparently he thinks it is a good way to introduce a sort of running gag into the fanzine. Reading Lunney holding forth on "Bohema fandom" at various places in his fanzine is almost enough to evoke a sense of timebinding -- with a little more of this, BEABOHEMA might enter the ranks of the truly monumental crudzines.

But of course he can't keep it up. The rest of his editorial follows almost perfectly the time-honored program outlined by Burbee in "The Ideal Fanzine". Requests for material, material, MATERIAL! followed by severe constraints like "write letters that say something" and "no short book reviews". Next is one page of gush about comic books by Lunney's younger brother (I hope he's younger). But here Lunney loses control of his art and things deteriorate.

Ed Reed write a reply to Norman Spinrad's PSYCHOTIC columns, using a totally unjustified condescending manner that almost ruins the piece. If you can overcome your annoyance at seeing Spinrad referred to as "poor Norman" every other line, Reed has some interesting comments to make. I would almost suspect that Leo P. Kelley is Ed Reed as well, because he also has some reasonable, almost original things to say, and he says them in just about the same way (without the condescension). He argues that the usual defense of characterization in sf -- that there isn't space to do more than stick figures -- is invalid. He may be right. Good characters don't necessarily take a lot of space to develop. Len Moffatt has pointed out John D. MacDonald as a paperback writer who has strong characters, but in the opinion of most people who're widely read in the mainstream, MacDonald is heavy-handed in his treatment of people -- his technique is essentially to tell you a hell of a lot about everything a character does, the roots of his opinions, and even whether they're good or bad (MacDonald never lets you judge anything for yourself) -- and adoption of his view might retard sf characterization as much as the one dimensional people we're reading about now. Reed doesn't make his point well, and it's clear he hasn't thought it through well enough to give more than superficial examples, but he may have indicated the way sf is going to have to go to become more readable. It's a rather discouraging thing to see Larry Niven giving us the same stick men he used four years ago, in his latest novel, A Gift From Earth (serialized as "Slowboat Cargo" in IF) when he had all the room in the world to expand them. I don't think bad characterizations are a corollary of good sf, or even of good "hard" sf. Rather, I think most sf writers just don't have a feeling for people and their relations at a level higher than the commonplace and mechanical. The fault lies in the writers, not the medium. It's encouraging, on the other hand, to see Ted White producing real, flesh-and-blood people in his books, instead of the robots we've seen by the hundreds over the last 40 years. So it's not impossible to do the job -- it just demands a sort of talent we don't get very often.



The rest of BEABOHEMA is neofannish and inept, with a slight exception of a note about the similarity of Roger Zelazny's plots and old movie scripts by Gary Hubbard. It isn't expanded or developed in any way -- not surprising, because it isn't a very good observation, and doesn't lead anywhere -- but at least it's organized. The remainder of the zine is on the level of Lunney's editorial.

Still, BEABOHEMA is fairly well laid out for a first effort, the illustrations are decently rendered, and it's stenciled with respect for the virtues of white space. The Reed and Kelley articles elevate the zine. Lunney showed judgement in getting them, so he might have enough taste to get better material than he can write in the future, too. That's the promise this fmz holds out. Traditionally, a fanzine never becomes great if its editor can't write rather well. Pick a top ten fanzine and you'll find its editor was usually one of the best writers around at the time. Perhaps one can't judge writing -- or convince contributors that you can -- unless you have shown some talent yourself. I don't know if this is a fixed rule, but the recent spate of neozines from all over seem to follow it; their editors might consider this in the future. Certainly the few fans who've entered fandom and written for several years before attempting a fanzine have done better than the common herd. I wish Lunney had tried it that way.

ODD #s 16-19, Ray Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo. 63108.

I guess ODD is intended as a fanzine that combines the usual verbal orientation of fanzine fans with the visual, sensory effects that are in right now in the McLuhan pop world. To some extent it works out, but not nearly as well as it could. The layout is oddly disjointed. Poems and artwork appear in a visual vacuum of white space that, being neither balanced nor in proportion, fails to add anything to them. Yet at times the layout is excellent, and doesn't give the thrown-together feel found in other parts of the magazine. It's almost as though it were put together by a committee.

Certainly the material seems to have been selected that way. I'm not well-trained to criticise poetry, but Joyce Fisher's has seemed to me to be superior to the usual standard of fan work. So I'd assume that Joyce has some editorial say on the rest of the poetry in ODD, and yet it is of far lower quality than hers. She should have been called in to referee "Look Homeward Beggar" by Bill Bowers, an "epic length pseudo-poetic Scripture" that is probably the worst imitation New Wave thing I've seen in a fanzine. (Strange, too, to see it in ODD, since Ray Fisher wrote an anti-NW editorial in #19, calling it doom-obsessed, and generally the zine hasn't been NW in its orientation.)

ODD, despite its size, doesn't give a coherent total impression. There are comment hooks, and high spots, but there's a definite feeling of uncertainty in direction or taste. Sometimes it reminds me of NIEKAS. Maybe this is why Ray gets rather dull letters of comment. His LoCs don't give him a chance to edit, it would seem. When he does get an occasional controversial letter, like Spinrad's in #19, it stands alone and usually goes unanswered by the other letter writers.



It's interesting and perhaps indicative that White and Spinrad came to blows in PSYCHOTIC, not ODD --- and not only because ODD is less frequent than PSY.

The best regular contributor to ODD is undoubtedly Arnie Katz, who is conducted the best fanzine review column I've seen this year. His discourse on the Total Fanzine (example: LIGHTHOUSE) in #18 is instructive. I agree with it, and Arnie says these things better than I ever did. His reply to Bob Vardeman in #19 on the subject of why fanzines should be worth reading, if the editor gives a damn, is a little long, but sensible. He follows it with some thoughtful reviews, occasionally devastatingly to the point (on CØSIGN: "It is a sad thing indeed to see an author beaten to death by his own Straw Man.").

Richard Gordon has several long, rambling tours of the British scene that sometimes make interesting observations, but generally needed a lot of editorial pruning. Joe Haldeman in his letter from Vietnam somehow manages to bring home a lot of the background and reality of the war that doesn't come through in the more polished professional reports. Ted White has several articles on sf, lurking among the full-page illos, that make sensible points without the usual fan vice of being overly general. In fact, Ted's principal virtue as a fan writer is the way he can squeeze in a lot of interesting detail, off-the-cuff nomenclature and incident that is damned well to the point and doesn't slow up the progression of the article. He may not in fact know anything about the subject, but he appears to know, and that's what makes him so convincing.

But the rest of ODD isn't up to these standards. Artwork and cartoons sprawl around. Writers ramble on with not much to say. A sort of fatigue sets in after a while. I really think Ray would be much better going to the smaller size SHAGGY has adopted in its latest issue, just to get some tightness and coherence into ODD's appearance. He might also cut more than he does, and utilize the editor's prerogative to say "no" to some contributors. The general quality of ODD stands about halfway between the better moments of BEABOHEMA and the dizzy heights of WARHOON. But Ray Fisher is just about as able a writer as Richard Bergeron, and he has taste, so I expect ODD will continue to improve.

WARHOON, Richard Bergeron, 11  
East 68th St., New York, New  
York. 10021

Any review of WARHOON has to start with the realization that, whatever its faults, it is one of the most literate and tasteful fanzines to ever appear. It's a common complaint of really fine editors that their fanzines are never given

"OF COURSE IT'S A  
CRUDZINE — GHOD!  
I'VE ONLY HAD  
120 ISSUES —  
GIVE ME A CHANCE!!





extensive reviews and sometimes don't even draw many letters, because they are so damn good it's hard to say anything about them. WARHOON traditionally has fallen into this class, so in this review I'm going to treat just what I think is wrong with it. All the good things have been said, but some of the bad one haven't.

I've always been bothered by the tendency of some WARHOON columnists to let their erudition run away with them. The two notorious examples are Jim Blish and Walter Breen. Some of Blish's best criticism has appeared here, but he has also ladled in mounds of abstruse detail, meandering paragraphs, and side comments that are almost unbearably boring. This isn't usually very bothersome, because one can skip over such potholes and go on with the point of the article. But occasionally I stop and ponder on what Blish could do if he were able to bring his formidable knowledge to bear on problems without the needless dissipation he too often shows. It would be marvelous. For years I've wished he could do it, but I'm beginning to realize that this flaw is probably something in the cast of the man that won't go away. I've sensed this in his fiction, as well, and perhaps it will always be true: all his erudition has failed to give him wings. Seldom am I ever startled or intrigued by a new idea from Blish. His extapolations are a touch mundane, however well thought out; seldom do we see the flash of insight one gets from Heinlein, the subtle but amazingly apt detail that makes the society spring into life. Blish has trouble relating his knowledge to people. Bertrand Russell once remarked, after hearing a long discourse on the minutiae of some insect life, "How wonderful it must be to know things." With James Blish, all too often we see a man who knows things, and wonderfully so, but he doesn't know what to do with them.

In WARHOON 23 he goes into great detail (as William Atheling) about his own books and the question of whether or not knowledge is in itself a form of evil. It is fascinating to watch the detail and background of Blish's knowledge come forth, but in the end he has not taken us very far from anything that we didn't already know. Lowndes spends five pages in the next issue trying to straighten all this out, and succeeds somewhat, but he seems to feel, as I do, that Blish's approach to the problem was not to clearly think it through, to give us an insight, but rather to bury it under a pile of obscure terms and cross-references to his own books.

And of course there's Walter Breen. He shares, I think, many of the faults of Blish, but he adds a certain grim humorlessness as well. (I wonder how many people got a laugh out of his line in WARHOON 24, "We have here an instance of what in my UC Berkeley thesis I called the 'Law of Pejoration', hitherto unpublished but practically universal.") Even with his weakness for footnotes, though, he manages to show intuition that Blish seldom attains. His interpretation of Kubrick's 2001, "The Blown Mind on Film", is the best job of tying together the many layers of the film I've yet seen. His reviews occasionally tend to read things in that aren't there in the first place, and in this particular article he runs a little wild on occultist and astrological symbolism toward the end, but in general he's one of the best of WARHOON's stable.

As long as I'm emphasizing the weak points of WARHOON, I must



mention the layout. Terry Carr calls it, "Never less than functional, sometimes extremely attractive." But I've found it also cold and forbidding at times. It could be better.

Well, my energy has given out. I can't find much else to criticize. I applaud the increasing pressence of Irish Fandom; they bring with them the dry wit that the fanzine needs. And I applaud Bergeron for resurrecting WARHOON; we need it.

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These three fanzines -- BEABOHEMA, ODD, and WARHOON -- I've treated from the point of view of: how do they form their total impression, their gestalt, and does it work? On the simplest level, Frank Lunney tries some childish business about "Bohema fandom" and doesn't seem to be aware of what his contributors are doing; they're generally much better writers and are much more adult than he is. Most fanzines fall into a continuum between BEABOHEMA and ODD. Ray Fisher is obviously trying for something, but the result is scattered and diffuse. It has little focus and most of ODD doesn't represent a unified sense of taste. Bergeron, of course, is one of fandom's masters at this game. But still there are pitfalls, and he doesn't always avoid them. A fanzine can get carried away by its own virtues and almost turn them into faults.

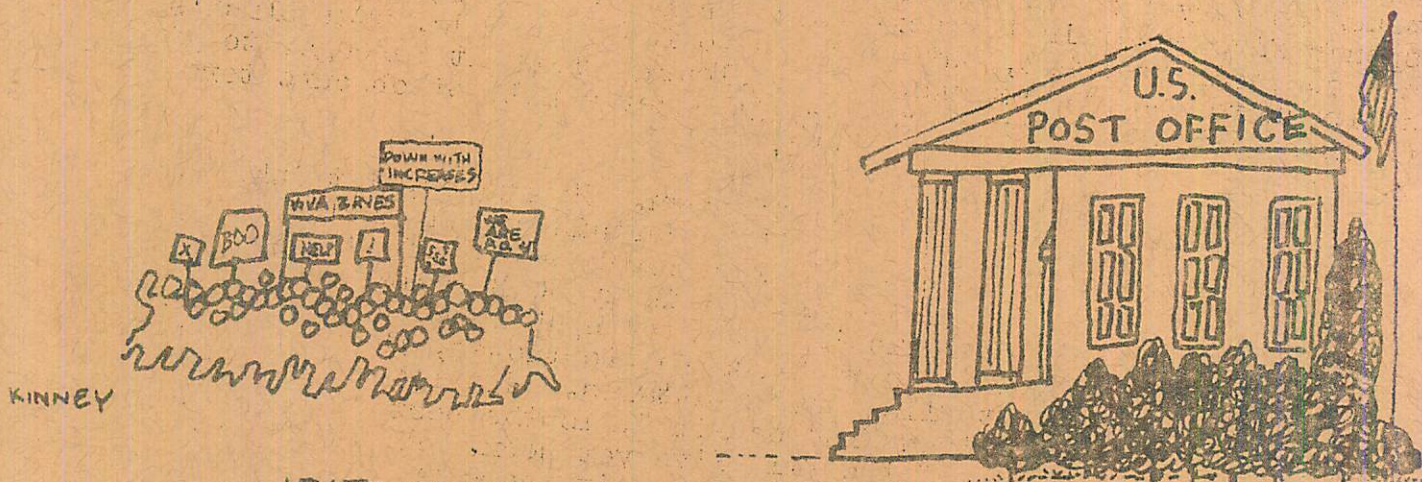
---- Greg Benford

....in staid groups like the LASFS....

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS (continued from page )

in seeing fans hop around and howl in anguish? I wish I could promise the answer in my fan history, but I can't

---- Harry Warner



IRATE FANS AND FANEDS STORM THE POST OFFICE!



# QUIPS FROM READERS



ARCHIE MERCER

10 Lower Church Lane,  
St. Michael's,  
Bristol BS2 8BA UK

You having been good enough to send me QUIP #8, I read it the same day it arrived. A fabulous fanzine, I promptly categorised it. Specifically, a fabulous New York fanzine. Which, while still fabulous, is (apparently) inevitably less so than would be an equivalently fabulous California fanzine. So I started cogitating -- even ruminating, perhaps -- on the precise difference between New York and California fanzines.

To start with, there certainly is this difference -- which is on the face of it surprising, because in the long run they're very often produced by the selfsame people. More surprising still, perhaps: take this eighth QUIP as an instance. It contains a Burbee reprint -- and few if any fans are more California than is Charles Burbee. Then Harry Warner writes up a fanzine that finished up in California, and whose titular perpetrator I always think of as very much a California fan. FM Busby may not emanate from California quite, but he's certainly more closely adjacent to those parts than he is to yours. And yet: the Burbee piece is, somehow, just the sort of thing a New York zine would reprint; the Warner piece is written for a New York fanzine rather than for a California one; and Busby's too, even more so.

I continued to cogitate, and eventually came up with a reason for the difference. It may well not be the only reason -- but it is a reason, and an important one. It is, basically, that New York is an Indoors sort of place, and California is an Outdoors sort of place. And it shows up all over strongly. The two are not opposites, exactly. Strong contrasts, though. I'd express it after this fashion: in New York, Outdoors is simply a zone through which one passes between one Indoor location and the next. Whereas in California, Indoors is simply a roofed-over continuation of Outdoors whither one periodically resorts for one specific purpose or another.

And the latter being closer to my Ideal, other things being equal I will always be liable to enjoy a California fanzine more than a



New York one.

There is, in fact, only one possible hope for you. Move, at once, to California. The next QUIP after your move will contain backlog material, LoC's on the last NY issue, and so on, and will be a New York fanzine in exile. But once it sinks into people's that you are now publishing from California, everything you receive -- LoCs and contributions -- will be subconsciously slanted towards California.

And QUIP will then be in a position to reach the Very Top.

///// In view of QUIP's history, don't you think suggesting a move to California is skating on thin ice? The mind boggles (and the stomach rebels) at the thought of moving to L.A. (which is probably what you have in mind by "California" to judge from your comments). Why, out there my Insurgent impulses would run riot. Within two issues you'd be begging for a return of those affable old New York QUIPs.

=====

CARL BRANDON      Ted White's article was interesting, personal, and controversial, as Ted's piece always are. This time  
Sällskapsvägen 7      I agree with him completely, and this is unusual, but  
112 64 Stockholm      I'm always glad to read his things since I consider  
Sweden      Ted one of the foremost fanwriters and, specifically,  
since he is both opinionated and willing to debate and give reasons  
for his opinions.

The problem he discusses this time is probably one of all fandoms except Swedish fandom. Certainly we've had insufferable neofans as well as highly talented neofans in the past, and certainly there have been controversies between neos and older fans, but our present problem isn't how to get along with new fans but to find any new fans to get along with. As you might know, the last of the Swedish pro-zines folded in early 1966, and since then only occasional new fans have turned up -- at the rate of one or two a year, with the spectacular exception of a whole new club founded last autumn. Still, the most probable course of events is that new fans will become still rarer as the available stf in this country diminishes and as information on existing fanzines and organizations disappears entirely.

I'm very happy you managed to drag "All Our Yesterdays" back out of oblivion after I don't know what time. I've read it in VOID, and before that in INNUENDO, and I've always liked it: Harry is one of the few really brilliant columnists in fandom, along with Walt Willis, Terry Carr and a few others.

///// I certainly agree with you about "All Our Yesterdays". I'd have been overjoyed to see it revived anywhere -- much as The Harp's revival in WARHOON gives me great pleasure -- but to have it revived in my very own fanzine.... Total Bliss.

=====



KAY ANDERSON  
4530 Hamilton Ave.,  
Oxnard, Calif  
93030

I don't belong to FAPA, so I don't know what profound views of Vietnam Ted has put forth there. Nor do I know anything about the Fanoclasts or their activities. I certainly didn't say Ted views them as a lower form of life. This is all news to me...I'm not a fan of New York fandom and am woefully poorly informed on their fascinating activities. I certainly couldn't say whether or not the Fanoclasts are Ted's yes-men. Since you brought the subject up, maybe you could tell me whether they are or not. I'm not particularly interested, but you evidently think I should know and care much more about New York fandom than I do.

It seems that Ted's attitudes are revealed in his writings, and I have no need to know him better. I have still less desire to.

///// Why do you feel it necessary to play so obtuse, Kay? I merely cited the Fanoclasts as an obvious example of a bunch of people who certainly don't agree with Ted all the time yet retain his friendship.

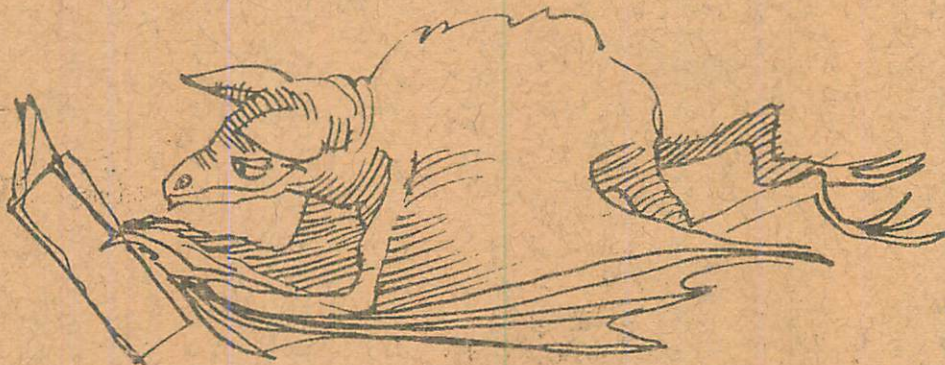
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LEE HOFFMAN  
54 E7th St., (Basement)  
New York, N.Y.  
10003

Harry Warner's column was doubly enjoyable. First because it was an interesting and readable piece of writing -- as Harry's works usually are. Second, because it contained that item of Jim Blish's about the Nature of Art.

For years, I've been trying to figure out this Art jass. I kept hearing the Arty types scoff at people who knew what they liked but didn't know anything about Art. And I kept encountering these sort of mystical definitions of Art which involved its having something "transcendent" and "universal" and stuff like that there.

I couldn't reconcile the notion that a good Work of Art was "universal" and "eternal" with the fact that so many people don't dig so many Great Works of Art, and that last century's Great Works of Art





so often have become this century's Trash.

Now I understand. Jim says, "...anyone who is thoroughly familiar with music as an art-form -- a field involving vast areas of knowledge outside the emotional twinges of the uninstructed -- is aware that there are definite standards of judgement in the weighing of a musical composition..."

Pondering that, I concluded that Art is not some kind of mysterious mystical thing to be held in almost-religious awe, the way I was led to believe. It is a craft or science or some such, like mathematics, or astronomy, or tool-and-die making. The emotional twinges of the uninstructed are insignificant. A knowledgeable music lover appreciates a fine performance of a great work, the same way an advanced mathematician appreciates an ingeniously-developed demonstration of some theory, or a good electronics man appreciates a well-designed bit of circuitry, or an auto-mechanic appreciates a well-ground valve. Art isn't supposed to be "universal" in its content. It isn't supposed to have some sort of deep meaning for the average man. It is some kind of intellectual stuff for specialists. The fact that a lot of uninstructed people have emotional twinges in response to pretty pictures or music or dance or whatever, is a happy coincidence that helps to keep the specialists financed.

Okay, I can accept that.

====

MARK DAVIS About QUIP and VOID ("What's VOID?" he asked openly) and  
Box 154 resemblances between them: in a situation like this, the  
Loyall, Ky obvious thing to do is call on the Secret Wisdom of the  
40854 Ancients (no, I don't mean Tucker). Using the ancient  
and infallible science of numerology, we see that the  
number the letters V-O-I-D give us is 5, whereas Q-U-I-P gives the  
number 9, conclusive proof to all with open minds that QUIP is not  
VOID. No t even a Clever Plastic Disguise (and there is no truth to  
the wild rumor that QUIP's "Q" is VOID's "O" out of drag), nay not e-  
ven a Q-type helix of pure force can insulate against the mystic vi-  
brations that make the universe go round and round. Of course there's  
somesuch business about some numbers being in harmony with others and  
not giving a damn about others, but that info is in an old copy of  
FATE and my copies of that periodical are all in a box that is under  
another box which contains my copies of ASTOUNDING/ANALOG from 1947  
to the present plus my STARTLINGS and THRILLING WONDERS (it is a big  
box). The next step, obviously, is to determine the exact times of  
birth of QUIP and VOID and establish their horoscopes and prove once  
and for all that QUIP is not VOID.

///// At last, incontrovertable proof!

====

FM BUSBY Bob Tucker: As I recall it, the first evening of the  
2852 14th W '57 Midwestcon, just before the party in Nameless Name-  
Seattle, Wash less's room, there was some talk about throwing GM Carr  
98119 in the pool and the Toronto Trio were among those of us





who were discussing the project. But I think you came closer than anyone to actually doing it. That is, you and Gertrude were sort of wrestling or having a tug-of-war with her towel and laughing a lot, and then she broke loose or let go or whatever, and turned and dove into the pool as she'd been planning to do all along. Do I have that about right?

///// All right, Bob, Did She Jump -- Or Was She Pushed?

=====

BILL KUNKEL  
72-41 61st St.,  
Glendale, NY  
11227

I feel somewhat uneasy about New York fandom in general. Nothing concrete, just bad vibrations and a worldcon, I suppose. I knew that John Boardman was somehow allied to the money part of Nycon which robbed me of my banquet money, so I said, "Boy, do I hate that John Boardman!"

And then I liked LEFTOVERS, so I decided to hate Ted White because he told me I was stupid to send for the banquet tickets so late. "Boy, do I hate anyone who calls me stupid!" And I find that I can't help but smile at Ted's nastiness and general stirring of stagnant waters.

So I decided to hate you. I don't even know you, of course, but you were as good as anybody. And I think I thought the shirt you were wearing at the aforementioned worldcon was stupid. Yes, that was it, you were a stupid dresser. "Boy, do I hate Arnie Katz. What a stupid name. And not only that, but I hate New Hyde Park, too!"

And now I like QUIP. Sonovabitch.

Actually, aside from its attitude of ignorance toward the world in general, the best I've been able to do against fannish fandom is the arousing of mild indifference toward the first issue of FOOLSCAP.

///// I'm certain it couldn't have been any shirt of mine which aroused your wrath at the Nycon. Due to a mix-up, all my shirts were at the cleaners that weekend, and I attended the entire convention bare-chested.

=====

JOHNNY BERRY  
Mayfield House  
Stanford, Calif  
94305

An inspired bit of phraseology appears in Tucker's piece. He speaks of "used books, magazines, or fan-zines," which he was bartering away at the Midwest-con, and it makes me wonder why no one ever speaks of



"used fanzines". If we can have used books, why no used fanzines? I collect phrases and juxtapositions like this, albeit mentally: at the convention Andy Main remarked that when they were living in Berkeley, he and Calvin Demmon would go down to the "used bread store" to buy all their groceries. It may be that Andy Porter (who is not green and lumpy) will be the next purveyor of fabulous sayings. While he and Ted and Robin White were staying overnight at Felice Rolfe's house in Palo Alto after the con, Andy wandered bleary-eyed through the kitchen with a pile of soiled clothes in his arms, looking for "the dirty laundry machine".

I am flattered that Greg should compare my writing with Terry Carr's and FOOLSCAP with INNUENDO. If there were any single fan that I would pick as having the greatest influence on me in both writing and editing, it would be Terry. Despite the humorous tone of my comments in the last FOOL about influences on my writing style, I really am influenced heavily by fans or fanzines which catch my interest at one time or another. Just now I've been rereading an old issue of Andy Main's BHISMILL'AH! (#5, I believe), and it has influenced me slightly toward producing a similar type of fanzine. Anyway, as I was saying above, Terry Carr is a consistent influence, and I heartily admire both his editing triumphs (JNN, FANAC, LIGHTHOUSE) and his superb writing style, as evidenced in the editorial of the last LTHS.

As one who has just proven himself to be a fan living in the past, I must take trumpet in hand to call Harry Warner back from his dire musings. I fail to see the supposed "brilliance" of today's younger fans, as a whole, and I most heartily agree with you, Arnie, that older fans like Harry who are not just passing through fandom are among our most valuable people. Fandom is an established thing with a long history, to which neofans should mold themselves, adding something where they can. It is not the older fans who should mold themselves to the whims of bull-headed newcomers with schemes and Daughterty Projects of their own dancing before their eyes.

///// I find it hard to pinpoint my fannish influences, because my writing has also been heavily effected by at least one non-fan. The oral monologues of Jean Shepherd (as distinguished from his writings for PLAYBOY and other magazines which started appearing after my style was pretty much formed) were very important in the development of my technique of humorous narrative. Within fandom, the Demmonesque writers such as Norm Clarke, Gordon Eklund, Steve Stiles, and Andy Main were early influences, as was John Berry. Over the long haul, the Oblique Angles (especially Walt Willis), Terry Carr and Ted White (and Terry and Ted's fancestors Burbee and Laney) have contributed much to my writing. One would think, with such a fine roster behind me, that I would write a lot better than I do.

=====

RICK SNEARY  
2962 Santa Anna St.,  
South Gate, Calif.  
90280

Warner is Fascinating as usual.. Though the subject matter was so little known at first I thought it might be a hoax. I'd never heard of Blish doing any fanzines before --- but if they appeared in VAPA, it is understandable. I won-



der if Harry has kept track of where all his "All Our Yesterdays" have appeared. Even if his Fanhistory is going to come out, it would seem to me a worth-while project to collect . all these columns -- n.w, or later when there are a few more -- and re-issue them in one collection.

There is something about Benford's fanzine reviews that makes me want to argue -- but I can't find anything of importance to take off on. Mostly it was his remarks about SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES which I found un-setting, as while I will go along with most of the direct comment, I don't agree with the overall view. To me and a number of other old members there was an "alieness" about the issue, which was more in feel than in fact. Sort of that while it was a good fanzine it was not SHAGGY. It is not surprising as Ken /Rudolph/ wasn't even a fan when the last previous issue came out, so he has no idea of what it

should look like. -- I am not saying I think SHAGGY should have the same style and material of the late '40's, but that the current active LASFS crew is somewhat in the same role as the crew was in the 40's, with an older element standing outside the circle, and if not exactly insurgent, at least semi-detached from the hippy, hoppy, swingies who attend meetings. -- Maybe what I'm trying to say is that while I agree with Greg about the changes in SHAGGY, I'm sorry he likes them (But not that he likes SHAGGY.)



///// Since you brought it up, I might as well mention that I hope to get an anthology of All Our Yesterdays out in the near future, perhaps by this Spring.

====

FELICE ROLFE  
1360 Emerson  
Palo Alto, Calif  
94301

There's one way to get more letters -- increase Q's circulation. Of course that means more work, more collating (collating is a special subset of work, as far as I'm concerned, one of the very lowest), more postage, etc. And the letters begin to fall into the "What does 'LoC' mean?" catagory... Seriously, I should think that the lack of LoC's is pretty definitely related to your PO problems. However writing to QUIP is a habit I'd like to get into...

Question raised by your con report: What is your kind of fan? We have 4 or 5 general types of fan in the Bay Area. One is tempted to define them as fanzine fan, club fan, con fan, tournament fan, etc., but as a working definition this fails on about the second sample. What's your definition?

///// I don't think I can come up with the sort of catagory you have in mind which would equate with "my kind of fan". The subset "faanish fanzine fans" would include a lot of them, but by no



m means all. My kind of fan is simply my kind of person; someone with whom I would like to be friends (or at least close acquaintances). Which is not, of course, to say that I dislike all those who aren't My Kind of Fan. I'm just more interested in those with whom a more meaningful relationship is possible for me.

====

CREATH THORNE I am completely astounded (hmm, good word that; someone  
Route 3 Box 80 ought to name a magazine after it) by all these fan-  
Savannah, Mo nish projects that seem to be coming up all over the  
64485 place. There's this fannish novel by rich brown, the  
biography of Walt Willis now running in WARHOON,  
Stiles' TAFF report (and let me add here that I am glad to see that  
his report is going to be published in QUIP -- it's about time this  
fine old fannish tradition was brought back -- and it may help bring  
back interest to the TAFF) -- all this energy makes me feel completely  
dissipated. If things keep increasing soon we will be to the point  
where it will be hard to carefully read all the things fans produce  
that are worthy of being read.

====

REDD BOGGS Atkins' profile of Hank Reinhardt in the same column  
PO Box 1111 with his FUNcon report makes Reinhardt (of whom I  
Berkeley, Calif had heard before -- does this make me a better than  
94701 average fan?) sound more like a sap than a fabulous  
character. A series of stories about what a big mark  
he is hardly gives one a well-rounded picture of Reinhardt. Atkins'  
sketch is in the tradition of the Burbee-Laney slanderous tales of  
Walter J. Daugherty, Forrest J Ackerman and so on, but it is hardly  
as painfully funny.

Ross Chamberlain's cover is of course superb. Inside I especial-  
ly like Joe Staton's cartoons, such as the one that heads "Katzenjam-  
mer". Staton is becoming quite a first-rate fan cartoonist. I look  
forward to great things from his pen.

///// Not having checked it out with Lon, I can't be sure, but I  
think his stories aren't much influenced by Laney-Burbee. My  
guess is that the Reinhardt stories are patterned after Berry's  
Irish Fandom stories, with their strong use of hyperbole.

====

BOB SCHOENFELD I like the artwork (Ross Chamberlain's) on the cover  
9516 Minerva much more than the punchline. I dunno...it might be a  
St. Louis, Mo riot to someone more hip to sf and the fanoclasts...or  
63114 as Maggie Thompson suggests, maybe I just have no  
sense of humor. But I do like the art, very much, in  
fact. Ross shows a great deal of feeling for the layout and balance  
and general fluidity that make for a comic strip type of panel se-  
quence. His techniques are handled with professional aplomb (maybe he  
is a professional artist, for that matter, I don't know).

Coming to Andy Porter's defense, let me state that he accompan-



ied me to lunch one afternoon at the SCARP con /for comics fans/ and, even though I had purchased a small kosher pickle with my hot dogs, Andy made no amorous advances toward me or the pickle. He made no attempts at conversation with anyone besides myself and, all in all, conducted himself most fittingly.

////// Nice to know that Andy hasn't taken to cruising delicatessens looking for an available pickle to replace the one he left behind in Ohio. Wonderful to hear that he didn't make any amorous advances toward you, either. You see, I'm his new roommate, and it nice to know that I won't have to spend a lot of time fighting him off.

=====

RON WHITTINGTON I must confess to an inability to see any validity  
308 Park Dr., behind the remarks you directed to Kay Anderson.  
Festus, Mo. Basically you say saying that you wish she'd shut  
63028 up until she knows what she's talking about; ie, Ted  
White. This is peculiar, it seems to me, inasmuch  
as Greg Benford, your fanzine reviewer, says essentially the same  
things as Kay albeit in less biting terms. And Benford says that he  
knows Ted fairly well.

////// My impression, reinforced by Kay's letter this issue, is that Kay and Greg aren't merely saying the same thing in two different ways. Kay, in her comments in QUIP and other fanzines, seems to be criticizing Ted White's personality as she knows it through a handful of fanzine articles. With Greg's comments (and Greg certainly does know Ted far better than Kay), I think what was being discussed was a discordant element in Ted's style which Greg is encouraging him to modify.

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There were letters from a whole bunch of people which were left out because of space limitations, including Bill Donaho, Boyd Raeburn, Mike Deckinger, Archie Mercer, Leigh Edmonds, Mike Ward, Jerry Lapidus, Buck Coulson, Lesleigh Couch, and Pete Weston. Thanks to all these and all who had their letters cut to the bone. Keep those cards and letters comin', neighbors....

Again, take note of the new address. And please, don't send just one copy of your tradezine addressed to Andy and I -- you really wouldn't want to cause a big fight. We're still separate people. (One zine's already come that way, which is why I mention it.)







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