

# Quip

No. Eleven  
Jan. Feb. 1969

THIS IS  
**JOHNNY  
BERRY--**

WORKING ON  
ANOTHER  
FABULOUS  
ISSUE OF  
**FOOLSCAP!**



**...BUT~**

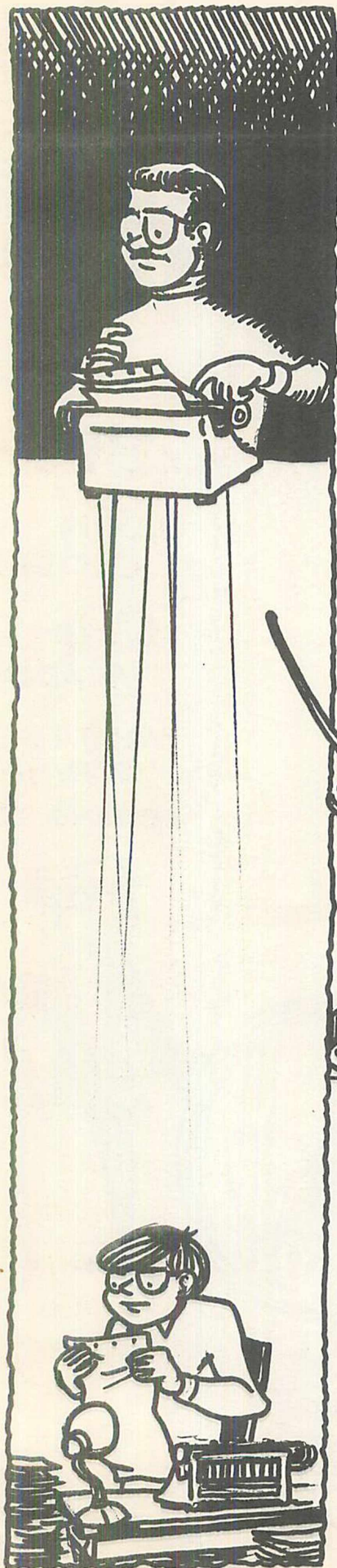
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READERS!

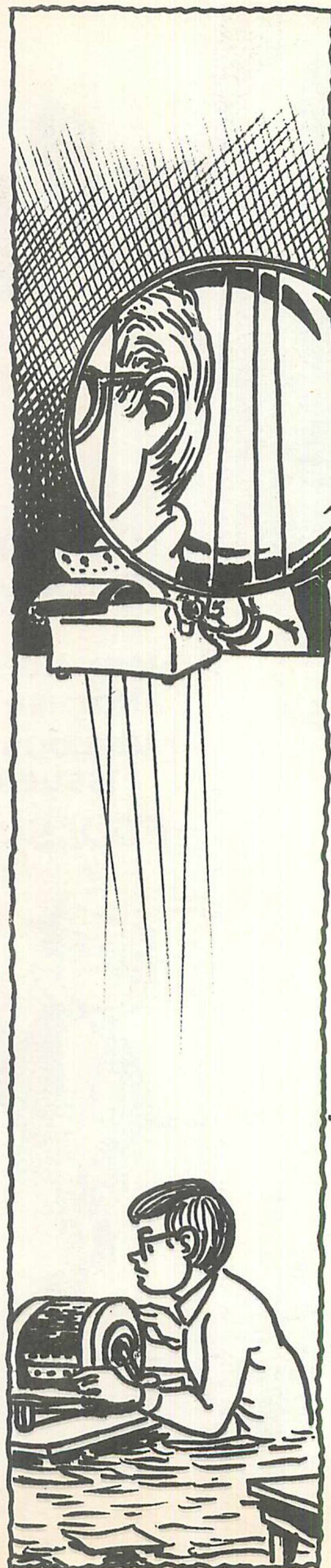
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...**ARNIE  
KATZ,**  
WORKING ON  
ANOTHER  
FABULOUS  
ISSUE OF  
**Quip!**



...**BUT!...**  
LOOK  
CLOSELY,  
**Quip**  
READERS...

...**INVISIBLE  
STRINGS!**  
LEADING  
TO ~





**...TED  
WHITE!**

WORKING ON  
ANOTHER  
FABULOUS  
ISSUE OF...

... OF

**Void  
?!?**



WELL,  
**Quip**  
READERS...

... WAITING  
FOR THE OL'  
MAGNIFYING  
GLASS TRICK  
AGAIN? ...







# QUIP

# 11

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The Trufan's Home Companion

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## CONTENTS

KATZENJAMMER	
Arnie Katz .....	6
HARRISON COUNTRY - Part Two	
Steve Stiles .....	13
SCALPEL	
Greg Benford .....	21
ALL OUR YESTERDAYS: FANTASY ADVERTISER	
Harry Warner .....	24
THE LONG SHADOW	
Arnie Katz .....	29
DUSTY ANSWERS	
Walt Willis .....	33
QUIPS FROM READERS	
conducted by Arnie the K ....	40

## ARTWORK

Ross Chamberlain: Cover	
(script by Arnie, must- ache on page four curt- esy Andy Porter)	
George Foster: 29, 41, 44, 46, 48	
Jack Gaughan: 21	
Doug Lovenstein: 36	
Jay Kinney: 11	
Bill Rotsler: 6, 25	
Joe Staton: 40, Bacover	
Steve Stiles: 13, 16	

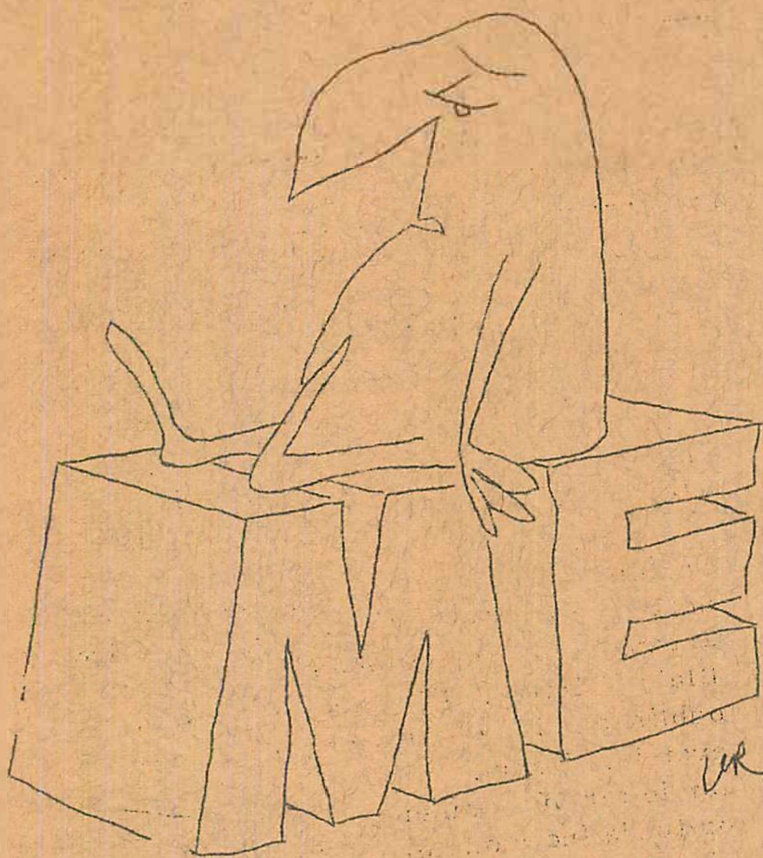
QUIP #11 is edited and published by Arnie Katz, Apartment 3-J, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, New York 11201 with a little help from his friends. Johnny Berry stenciled the Rotsler illos, Steve Stiles stenciled his own artwork, and Andy Porter not only supplied the necessary Katzian mustache on page four of the Quiver but also arranged to have the cover printed by Blair Printing. QUIP is meant to be published bi-monthly and sometimes even is. Truly. QUIP is available for letter of comment, contribution, or trade (no monster or Star Trek fanzines, please). Reluctantly, QUIP is also obtainable for 50¢ a copy and no subscriptions! Money received in excess will be deemed a contribution. Also distributed with this issue is THE FANNISH WORRY BOOK also known as QUIP #11.5.

Greg Benford still reviews fanzines sent to him at 874 Juanita Dr., Walnut Creek, Calif 94529.

QUIP #12 is intended to be published sometime in March, receipt of dozens of brilliant letters of comment permitting.

Published on my Gestetner 260 on February 6th, 1969. (And sorry about the botched date in the last colophon, gang.)





ARNIE  
KATZ

# KATZENJAMMER

## FANOCLAST FANLOG

Sandy Sanderson, in APORRHETA, used to do a column called "Inchmery Fan Diary", which was a day-to-day account of his fan activities. Though I'm sure I couldn't tell you exactly why, I find those columns of considerable interest even after so many years. To judge by its success in the first couple of FANAC polls, fans liked the diary pretty well at the time, too.

In my usual spirit of trail-blazing originality, I thought I'd try my hand at something similar. If it meets with approval, the "Fanoclast Fanlog" will con-



tinue, at least intermittantly. If it bombs, I, for one, intend to pretend it never happened.

Dec 25th: It was a terrible temptation to stay home today, ignore Andy totally, and begin this experiment with the entry "nothing happened today". Actually, I intend to skip the less interesting days completely. I'm giving you all the Best Days of My Life, and I hope you're all appreciating like crazy.

I went to rich and Colleen brown's for Christmas Dinner. For the benefit of foodfans like Johnny Berry, Colleen served pork roast, sweet and mashed potatoes, green beans, corn, and white cake, all of which was quite excellent. I'd expected to be eating the equally excellent cookery of Pat Lupoff, but Monday, the day I was supposed to go up to Poughkeepsie, I still had the tail-end of the Hong Kong Flu and cancelled out.

I gave the browns a record for Christmas, "The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter" by the Incredible String Band. Those who are familiar with both this wonderful record and the browns' not-so-wonderful \$50 stereo are probably going to write me off as some kind of sadist. While the delicately constructed music of the ISB would certainly have sounded better on the Whites' magnificent stereo, the three of us were in a properly mellow mood to appreciate what little sound the set was able to deliver.

The Incredible String Band, it occurs to me, is a group quite possibly more familiar to UK readers than to American fans. Mike Heron and Robin Williamson who comprise the band play about two-dozen instruments between them, as well as writing and singing all their own material. The music is very hard to categorize; it draws from such diverse musical idioms as blues, folk, calypso, Scottish ballad, Indian, rock, country and western, and music hall -- often simultaneously. Sometimes their songs even have stfnal content, if that will lure anyone into giving them a listen. This album, for example, has a rousing, G&S-ish song about a Minataur.

We were all strangely tired and let the records of Dylan, the Cream, and the Beatles make most of the noise. Conversation was rather lack-lustre; we went "Thurb!" a few times and discussed A. Graham Boak.

Dec 26th: OSFAn #43 December 1968, from Hank Luttrell, The Basement, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Mo 65201. 12/\$1.50

Chris Couch reviewed QUIP #10, though he didn't really say very much. Which is the obvious defect of short reviews. I'd love to see some critic dissect Q at greater length, but I'm well aware of the fact that the ranks of fanzine critics are appallingly thin. The only two who come immediate to mind, Greg and I, are hardly likely to review QUIP, either.

Dec 27th: A new "underground" newspaper has debuted in New York. Tipped off by Ted, I managed to pick up the second issue of SCREW. SCREW bills itself as "A Sexual Review". They cover books, magazines, plays,



movies, and park benches.

"PLAYBOY: Magazine for Fags?" is the featured article, and unfortunately it's pretty old hat. The whole bit about the antiseptic air brushed nudes and the look-but-don't-touch key clubs has been said before and said better. The PLAYBOY conception of the female is so obviously pitched at adolescent males that to say this and nothing more is a waste of space as far as I'm concerned.

One interesting feature of SCREW is that it uses interlineations, though most of them are placed around the margins, MAD fashion, rather than between the lines. Examples: "Richard M. Nixon is an Edsel with a nose." and "Jackie Kennedy has kinky hair.", Interesting, as I said, but unfortunately not very funny.

Dec 28th: My visit to the browns was considerably enlivened by a fire in their apartment building. We had been talking about the Year of the Jackpot when Colleen announced that she smelled smoke. I concurred, so we checked out the stove and the ash trays and found that all was well.

"Just think," I philosophised, even as the smell of smoke perceptably increased, "of the headlines in the next LOCUS -- 'Three Fans Die in Fire!' What a great finish to the Year of the Jackpot." The smoke of getting thicker. "Why, the Fanoclasts might even do a memorial fanzine for the three of us!" The smoke was really becoming bothersome. Colleen opened the front door; smoke billowed into the apartment from the hall. She grabbed the baby, and we rushed down the stairs. We'd gone about two flights when we met a man coming up the stairs who told us that the fire was already out. Just as we re-entered the apartment, we heard the fire trucks drive up.

There were a few anxious moments as rich, Colleen, and I stared out the window as firemen armed with axes and hoses who charged into the building. "Is the fire really out?" we all wondered. My heart didn't stop thumping until the three engines drove off.

Dec 29th: While looking over a copy of L'ANGE JACQUE #2 (Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Conn 06902, 35¢, 3/\$1, or the usual) which I received a week or so back, I noticed an ad for the Fanzine Clearing House. Ed suggested that fans send copies of their fanzines to Seth Johnson, who in turn makes up bundles of fanzines which he sends to those who reply to his ad in F&SF. Except for the fact that Seth's customers generally either ignore the fanzines (considering the fanzines Seth sends out that is exactly a point against them, I suppose) or subscribe, neither of which is particularly desirable, I've nothing against the FCH. Seeing the plug did, however get me thinking about Seth Johnson and the N3F, subjects which I confess have not been overly upon my mind these last few years.

Dick Lupoff, in the Thompsons' COMIC ART, did an article in which he described how to become the hate object of a Special Fandom. All one has to do is pick out the sub-fandom's basic underlying assumption and declare it false in a



loud clear voice.

The N3F, if you think about it, is really a Special Fandom related to, but not synonymous with, sf fandom. The N3F is a microcosm apart, with its own government, traditions, fanzines, BNFs, and even apa. And the Basic Assumption of N3F Fandom is "The N3F recruits neofans for sf fandom." Not only is this believed within the fandom, but many non-members have accepted it as true, too. In my loud clear voice, I would like to suggest that this assumption is actually false. Imagine yourself a fairly bright young person who has just contacted the N3F, which tells you that it is the Gateway to Fandom. The first five people you meet in the club are Art Hayes, Seth Johson, Janie Lamb, Alma Hill, and Ned Brooks, which is actually a fairly realistic possibility, all things considered. At best, these people are nice in a bland way, and at worst they are arrogant fuggheads. Unless you are the persistent type, I think the normal reaction is to back off and cast about for some other way to spend your spare time. I made it through the N3F during 1963, but then I knew there was a general fandom before getting involved with the N3F (I just didn't know how to contact it, until I chanced on a copy of MINAC at the Discon...), and I'm stubborn as a mule besides. I wonder how many people just give up?

Dec 30th: I went over to the Whites' to help collate Johnny Berry's FOOLSCAP.

Not that I'm that fond of collating fanzines, but John is a friend. Besides, now I can shanghai him into helping put Q together next time he's around. Ted had to go down to 55 Pineapple to do some carpentry for Andy, so John, Robin, and I put the 62 page issue together ourselves.

One of the things we talked about was FIAWOL. "Fandom Is A Way Of Life" invariably conjures up images of pimply teenagers crouched over their typers, engraving their souls on stencils. Robin pointed out that, at least for us, fandom is a way of life. It's not all of life, naturally, but a significantly large part of it. John and I hastened to agree. I pointed out that the crux of the matter was the way in which one defined fandom and the nature of one's life situation. If "fandom" means only publishing fanzines and attending the Midwestcon, then I think anyone who says fandom is his way of life has grave personality problems indeed. Likewise, anyone who believes in FIAWOL while living in Bent Crutch, Kansas needs a few kinks straightened. There are so many fans in New York (also in LA, the Barea, and other metropolitan fan centers), on the other hand, that it is quite possible to have a full social life among people who are pretty much all fans. Which is not to say that fandom per se is the ruling topic in all one's social relationships. But it definitely is there as a background context, even when a bunch of friends (who are fans) are doing something outside the nominal scope of fandom. When you add the element of frequent day-to-day social contact to fanac in the more usual sense of the term (fanzines, conventions, correspondence, fan clubs) fandom can (and does for most Fanoclasts) cut a wide swathe through life.

Dec 31st: The rain made little plopping sounds as it splashed on my head as I stood uneasily on the corner of 42nd Street and 7th Avenue, waiting for Nancy Lambert and friend to come in from Princeton so I could conduct them to the Whites' New Years party. Though it was only 9:00, people were already filling



the streets, wearing funny hats and tooting horns incessantly. Nancy finally showed up with fellow Princetonian Andy Campbell, and I rushed them into the subway.

Ted and Robin had told me previously that they intended to make this year's party somewhat different than its predecessors. Robin had been busy making candles, the livingroom would be decorated in black crepe, weird music would issue from the stereo, and Robin was planning to wear her vampira costume. "Wear all black," Ted had counseled me. Being easily browbeaten, I decided to indulge him and follow his instructions and did indeed show up in all-black. The Whites, on the other hand, copped out. Their only concession to the macabre was allowing Jim Sanders and Sanford Zane Meschow to attend.

Picking the highlight of the evening is easy, even though there were so many of them (including a candle about a foot from the ceiling). As midnight approached, Colleen announced that she had made a marvelous discovery: I have a great lap to sit on. She, Nancy, and Robin all took turns trying it out and were all properly warm, soft, and cuddily.

Also of more than passing interest is that Johnny Ted and I somehow decided to publish VOID #29. I really don't know how this happened, but suddenly there we were in Ted's basement scrounging around looking for the pages that had already been run off so many years previously.

Jan 2nd: Andy is in most respects a pretty decent roommate, but he has one shtick which is somewhat exasperating. Every day he tells me (or any other fan who happens to be handy) the Very Same Anecdote. "And every time Rick Brooks saw me at that convention," the story finishes, "he always said, 'Here comes Andy Porter turning up like a bad penny!'" I sympathize with Andy, having that creep Brooks say something as dumb as that every single time they met. I also sympathize with me, having Andy say the same thing every time we meet, for about the last six months.

Jan 3rd: Instead of forgetting VOID once the heat of the moment passed, Ted Johnny, and I spent a busy afternoon writing, organizing, and stenciling VOID.

Rich and Colleen brown, Alex Pansin, and Cory Scidman joined us at the Whites' in the evening. We got on subject of Ed Meskys. Ed is stone blind, and yet he attempts to drive a car, many times while inebriated. Cory mentioned that Ed had already destroyed about five Volkswagons in accidents.

"He gets wrecked," I elaborated, "then goes out driving, and the car gets wrecked. He steps from the mangled auto as effortlessly as a snake sheds his old skin and climbs into a new Volks."

"Like the 'Fancy Pants' commercials," Robin suggested. She was alluding to the disposable paper panties now made for women. The jingle of the company that makes "Fancy Pants" goes: "Put them on, take them off. Throw them away."



15 cents!"

"Exactly!" I said. "Volkwagon; put it on, take it off, throw it away, throw it away. \$1,833. FOB Port of Entry."

Jan 4th: After a daytime VOID publishing session in which Ted, John and I were aided by Terry Carr and Steve Stiles, there was a not-meeting of the In Group at the browns. Hal Hughes was attending his first In Group gathering and enlived things considerably by bringing a whole shopping bag full of keen instruments. He had records, flutes, a flute organ (for want of the thing's real name), jews harps, and a kazoo. Hal is quite an accomplished musician on a variety of instruments, but he said he wanted to bring only things anyone could play. Although skepticism was rampant at the outset, play we did. There was one long jam, featuring Hal on some kind of flute, Robin, rich, and I on jews harps, and Johnny keeping rhythm superbly on a pepsi can and chair-back that ctually did sound good.

Nor did we neglect vocal music in our total assault on the muse. After indulging Robin's faunch to sing "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" as a round, we did splendidly (or so I thought) with the Hare Krishna. Hal had the best voice, but the whole bunch of us somehow managed to negotiate (and even initiate) all kinds of complex harmonies and variations.

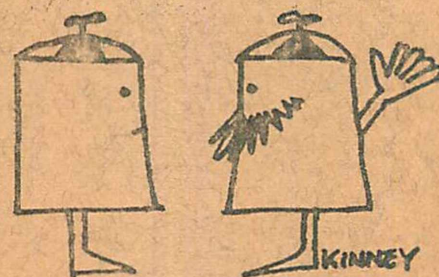
Jan 5th: Johnny Berry returned to Stanford and so missed the moment he'd done so make happen; the assembling of the first collated copy of VOID #29.

Jan 6th: My mother sent all the mail that had accumulated for me in NHP over the past few weeks. Since the regular mail was also unusually full, this was really fanzine day.

WHAT ABOUT US GRILS #1 from Joyce Fisher, Pam Janish, and Sue Robinson, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo. 63108. 40¢ and no subscriptions. Also available for the usual things.

Very promising first issue from three new faneds (though Joyce has done considerable work on ODD). All three editorials, particularly Joyce's show considerable promise; perhaps a VOID-in-embryo. Pam, who illustrated the whole thing herself, is yet another fine new cartoonist. We've been getting quite a spate of them over the last year or so, what with people like Lovenstein, Foster, Berry, and Kinney.

GRILS shows more care and planning than 90% of the fanzines that show up here, including some supposedly "top" fanzines. I wish more fanzine editors would put the kind



"ROBERT HEINLEIN? WELL... WHO'S  
ROBERT HEINLEIN? MY FAVORITE  
SF AUTHOR IS JIMI HENDRIX!"



of work into their zines that these three did.

The mimeography, by the way, is easily the best I've seen in the last five years. I have't bothered to actually compare, but it may well rank up there with Boggs'.

TOMORROW AND... #3 from Jerry Lapidus and Mike Bradley, 54 Clearview Dr, Pittsford, NY 14534. 50¢ or the usual.

*with some cream*  
Attention Berry and Raeburn! Harriet Kolchak, in the letter column, says, "I like Neos and serve them and so want to be one of them for the most part,

Dec 9th: TIGHTBEAM #53, from Gary Labowitz, 1100 Betzwood Dr., Norristown, Pa. 19401. N3F only and bootlegged to me by the editor/publisher.

This carries a letter from a Bill Marsh of Sparks, Nevada announcing the formation of the Society for the Preservation of AMAZING STORIES Magazine. Or, as Bill continually refers to it, SPASM. The Spastics want to do things like build a library to house a collection of AMAZING and attendant memorabilia. I can see the main concourse of such a library, decorated with majestic statues of all the magazine's editors, Harry Harrison standing cheek by jowl with Ted White.

Dec 10th: Andy showed up a little later than usual at the Fanoclast meeting.

"It's Dr. Strange," Andy said to Darrell Strange. "Hello there, Dr. Strange!" Darrell hardly looked up from his copy of VOID #29. Andy had said precisely the same thing to him at every fanoclast meeting Darrell has attended. If Andy is not exactly the master of the quick verbal thrust, he at least hangs on tenaciously to those he does come up with. Some would say too tenaciously. After you've heard Darrell called Dr. Strange for the sixth consecutive meeting, it pales.

"Go away, Andy," Darrell suggested pleasantly.

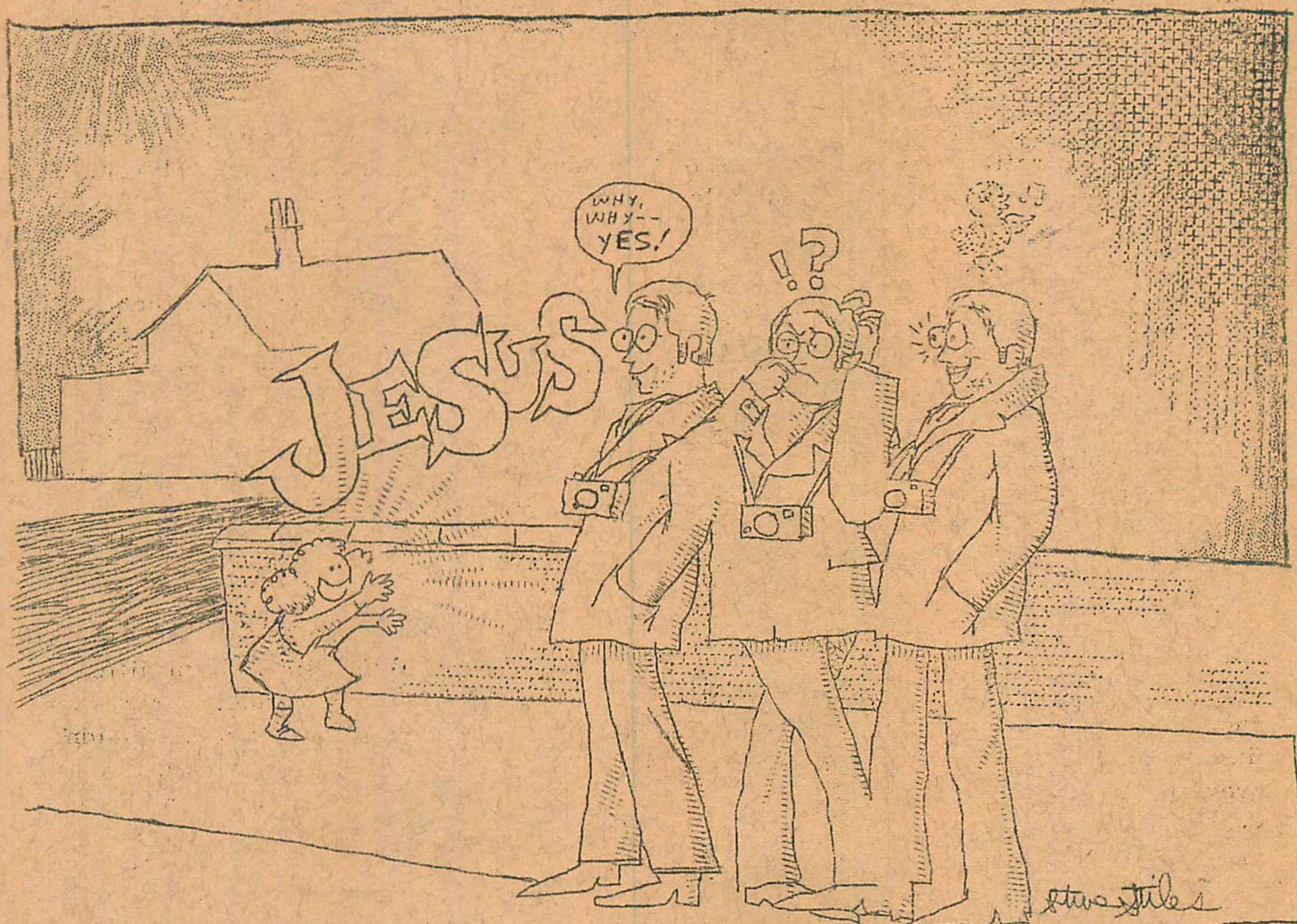
Thus encouraged, Andy followed up with, "Have any Strange Adventures comic books?" Darrell twitched almost imperceptibly. This was, you see, a New Line for Andy, and Darrell doubtless saw the clear prospect of hearing it at every Fanoclast meeting from now till the St. Louiscon.

"You know, Andy," he said, "you do turn up like a bad penny."

-- Arnie Katz



# HARRISON COUNTRY



(What Has Gone On Before: In the closing scene of the last chapter ERIC BENTCLIFFE'S daughter, LINDSAY, rushes down to greet STILES with the words, "JESUS! It's Jesus from America!" And now, on with the story...)

Lindsay, however, was mistaken.

I'm of two minds about children; sometimes they are very nice to have around -- and, on the other

# STEVE STILES



*Should have  
called it  
Jesus in England*

hand, many of them seem cunning vicious, bent on leaving gum on the railings. I was a child myself once, and I recall memories that now seem too embarrassing. For example, leaning over the roof ledge to drop a balloon full of india ink (!) on a Big Kid who happened to be dressed in a fine, brand new S. J. Kleins \$47.50 suit that his mother had saved for months for, scrimping for months so that her Michael Patrick could around that street -- right under my balloon full of india ink. Pow! Chuckle.

Be that as it may, there are good kids out there who have managed to transcend the basic rottenness so common to their lot, while still remaining children. Lindsay was one of these; I was shortly charmed. Calling me Jesus was the first big step.

In the last day or so of perparing for my trip, it suddenly struck me that somewhere in the stores of New York were items that might be sought after in the United Kingdom. It was far too late to think up a list and do some shopping. I later discovered that there were a few people interested in the underground press -- kicked myself for not having brought copies of the S. F. ORACLE, the world's most beautiful newspaper. In my last moments, however, I had managed to parcel away from Marvel Comics. Lindsay thought these were fascinating articles, and I wound up reading each of them to her. Eight times each, I think. She liked the Hulk best: "If I gave him a sweetie, would he be good?"

It had been getting warm and muggy in New York, and the chill of the evening reminded me that I was in England, another country (my first); the Bentcliffes and I retired to the livingroom and settled down in front of the fireplace. Eric showed slides from previous conventions while I looked for familiar faces. Couldn't find any. (I had a mild feeling of apprehension the first few days of my trip; I had grown cozy with NY fans, Californians, and even a few from the Midwest and South -- how would things go with an unfamiliar fandom?) Eric also played a few tapes for me, in particular "First and Last Fen". This is, for any who are unfamiliar, a taped historical epic of fandom in its most trying times, from Marc Fanthony's speech on the steps of the vomitorium (starting our tradition of long talks at the con banquets), to the dread inquisition -- faans being put to the question after being forced to listen to long talks at a banquet. The tape was fun. I wish we had more of that in the US, but then we never had the Goon Show as inspiration.

I think that if I had a year in England, I'd spend my first week curled up in front of a television set in order to get the feel of the culture -- tuning in certain channels just to enjoy the novelty of experiencing the absence of commercials and perhaps a presence of mind. For, after all, those who have seen American flicks know that our land is infested with cowboys, gangsters, and weird and pervery psychopaths. At any rate, I was curious to see what BBC was all about. Eric turned on his set for me just in time to catch a situation comedy. The scene; the interior of an aristocratic manor house, furnished in the Victorian style. A butler leans against a fireplace mantle. In strides Col. Blimp.

"Jaspers!" he yells. "What the hell are you standing about like a bloody nance? Get down to the damned cellar and fetch me my bottle!"



That was a cultural shock. Like turning on Ed Sullivan and watching the Fugs sing "Saran Wrap". Tuning in another station, I learned that when Godfrey Cambridge is in England, he affects a marked English accent. Amazing.

And then Martin Luther King's funeral was on the news. We watched the end of the last of the New Frontier, said the same kind of things you probably did -- it seemed trite and hollow. I had a curious feeling of apathy that comes from deja vu; another name on the long list of people who have sweated to build something, only to be toppled by mindlessness. It struck me that as the American representative at the coming convention I would be called upon to do some explaining. I'd be hard pressed.

April 10

Lindsay popped into my room at some unholy hour (I had forgotten to wind my watch), bounced on the bed and announced breakfast. After bringing the room into focus and trying a few experimental grunts and gurgles, I discovered that Lindsay was offering me my camera. "You said you'd take my picture today!" said Lindsay. So I agreed, and she jumped into a large cardboard box at the foot of the bed, posing.

Eric was engaged in profane activity that morning; jiggling at the top of a small ladder, he would reach into a small dark hole above him, disappear momentarily, and reappear clutching a bundle of yellowed fanzines. These he passed down to me. I was supposed to arrange them in artful piles for sorting. I'm afraid I wasn't that much help -- still enough of an addict to give a glad cry every few minutes, pause and paw through some rare old treasure like CRY OF THE NAMELESS #87, or a 30's political tract by one Don Wolheim. It was Bentcliffe's mad plan to auction off these irreplaceable treasures at the ThirdManCon...

Eventually the fanzines were straightened out in even, if dusty, piles, and after one of Beryl's good lunches, Eric and I drove out to an area known as Bramall Park. Bramall Park turned out to be a picture postcard type of place, with gentle, sculptured hills and grassy slopes. Children gamboled on the lawns, young lovers strolled under shade trees, old people nodded on benches. Off in the distance, swans and geese glided over a glassy lake. Come to think of it, I believe there were some picture postcards of the place being sold.

A tranquil place, and very green, but the chief attraction was Bramall Hall, home of the Davenports ... the Davenports... for over nineteen generations or '00 years. And it looked it. Oh, this isn't to say that the place was run down; quite the contrary. No, it looked quite presentable, and gaping with history, and I was taken with the concept that here was a very sturdy place that was older than the United States itself. I mean, we don't have too much that's really old in the US, unless you count dinosaur bones and Indian arrowheads, and those don't have much personality.

It certainly had Williamsberg beat all to hell.



How to describe it? You know, I can see the place as clearly as if it stood before me, but words, words... At times like this we can be gripped with the inadequacy of words -- or more to the point, the inadequacy of this writer (who is really just an artist). If I had a canvas, I could paint a picture, but I only have this stencil ... and you can thank Arnie Katz for that. He had the option (although I was too polite to point it out) to use halftone photo offset process to duplicate this really great painting I was thinking of doing.

How to describe it? Well, it was big, and it was brown. With a thatched roof, white-washed plaster worked in with dark wood. Something like a ranch house.

While waiting for visiting hours to begin, I took a photo of Eric and he in turn took one of me. After a few minutes, the door opened, and a small grey-haired woman ushered us inside. If the outside had been interesting and historical, the inside had it beat in spades. The large room we found ourselves in was floored with stone, the four walls and low ceiling covered with intricate paneling. Crests and other carved ikons stood over doors and windows and what had to be the world's largest fireplace --- a bit bigger than my own bedroom, I'd say. They didn't have central heating in those days, and I could see small stone benches within the fireplace; I suppose when whole oxen weren't being roasted and the coals were low, family and retainers would sit inside to be warmed by the hot stones.

Our hostess turned us over to a gentleman acting as guide. Leading us through



the many rooms, he gave detailed accounts of furnishings and the function of each room. Evidently a great deal of attention had been given to religion with the four walls, for a lot of the structure had been given up to a chapel and private prayer rooms, as well as religious frescoes. I only listened with half an ear, as the lavish wood-carving and works caught most of my attention; truly beautiful. I suspected that Eric hadn't ever visited the place either, for he seemed as absorbed as I was. Later Bentcliffe confided that he had been contemplating the possibilities of the place as a future consite...

As I mentioned, the building had been in one family for generations, but as the twentieth century rolled around, the family fortune dwindled, and the last surviving member had found it necessary to sell it to one of the vulgar newly rich; one Neville by name -- a modern renaissance man of the Victorian era



who had made his fortune through the manufacture of leather girdles, horse collars or some such thing. Neville in his generosity had in turn left Bramall Hall and all the grounds -- considerable acreage -- to the government, to be set up as a public attraction.

Such being the case, I couldn't help but wonder at the faint tinge of loathing and scorn in our guide's tone whenever the name Neville came up. I soon caught the gist; Neville, in the throes of the wonders of the new age of science, had enthusiastically remodeled whole rooms in the Victorian style, converted the family prayer room into his pool parlor, set up apparatus for electrical experimentation in the priest's vestibule, sealed up hidden rooms (they still haven't found one), and in general handed the historians a tough job of restoration. Time and again, our guide would point out some vanished relic, explaining that that cretin Neville, in his ignorance... I felt sorry for the man; here he had donated the place, and daily his name was being ritually reviled. He must be whirling like a turbine.

Lindsay had gotten out of school, so we returned to pick up the rest of the Bentcliffe family in order to visit Jodrell Banks Observatory, site of one of -- if not the -- the world's largest radio telescopes, an instrument that had picked up and deciphered Russian moon photos... much to the Soviets discomfort. Glued to the window, digging the beautiful countryside, I was soon able to spot a bowl-shaped object in the distance. At first the size of a pepsi bottle, it loomed to cow size, then as big as a house, then bigger still it seemed to cast a shadow over the road along which Eric steered. By craning my neck, I was able to catch glimpses of its uppermost rim whenever the clouds broke; this, however, was merely an appendage to the real Jodrell Banks telescope -- which was much larger.

The plan was, I believe, to ride to the top of the thing, but as luck would have it, visiting hours had been changed, and we had to turn back... Next time, Eric!

According to prearranged plan, I was to be dropped off at Harry Nadler's, the chairman and prime mover of the ThirdManCon. Briefly detouring in the outskirts of Manchester, we dropped some camera equipment off at Tony Edwards' home. It was his job to film events at the con and an ambitious plan -- to make a newsreel to be shown on the last day of the convention -- was also in the works. Tony's wife Margie popped out to say hello, and I was taken with the similarity of her personality to Miriam Knight's -- that is, a Golden Goojie Girl. (I met many opposite number types later at the convention, and it helped me in getting along with first meetings). I was able to see more of the Edwards'es at Buxton; a fun couple those two, we were dropping balloons full of india ink on the mundanes.

Harry Nadler reminded me of rich brown, Bill Burns had the aura of a Jon White or Alan Shaw. Nevertheless, both of them were ink-stained, hard at work at a strange clanking device when Eric and I arrived. Resembling a Rex Rotary in that it was both big and complicated, it shook the house madly as Nadler furiously whirled the crank, Burns feeding the beast paper and ink. At odd intervals the machine would grind to a halt while Harry swore and Bill offered up ~~such~~ consolation as "It isn't half bad, y'know" and "Two days to Buxton, Harry -- could be closer!". A leering poster of a vampire bem loomed over the whole attic room.



I knew that these were trufans.

The convention was two days away, and the two committee chairmen were hard at work on the con program booklet, a profusely illustrated multi-colored affair. The machine was photo-offset; Harry worked as a printer and had been able to get it at a bargain rate. In recognition of my timely arrival, Harry selected a certain "stencil" -- metal plate, actually -- placed it on his duplicator and spun the handle. Paper crinkled and flew into the receiving tray, trailing black ink over surfaces. It was a mess. By careful translation, I was able to make out the message: "Weclome Steve Stiles, T.A.F.F. Man '68!" it said.

"Drat!" said Nadler. The plate was ruined. There was only one thing to do! I did it. I carefully redrew the surprise Welcome Steve Stiles message. So there wouldn't be a blank page in the program booklet, of course...

By about 11:30, both of them had collapsed in a heap of prozines, and we eventually made it down to the livingroom to have some tea with Harry's wife, Marie. Marie seemed to be a jovial type, but it was obvious that the last-minute activity of putting on a con had put a strain on her. "Never again, Harry, never again!" she kept repeating, a slightly dazed look on her face. Having been around committee chairmen and their wives at moments like these, I could only sympathize with all parties.

After rapping a bit about my trip, Bill revealed that he had a spare bed at his home, and that I'd be welcome to try it on for size. I still hadn't completely adjusted to the changeover in time zones, felt pooped -- it sounded very good.

#### April 11

On Wednesday mprning I got up at ten and banged around until I was sure that Bill Burns was aware that I was awake, dressed and stumbled out looking for him. A smell of coffee, ham, and eggs greeted me, and I discovered Bill and his mother in the kitchen with a third place set for me.

The plan that day was to set off for the center of the city of Manchester in search of various last-minute items for the convention. These items included film, take, and -- I'm sure I don't know why -- clothes pins. As this would be my first look at a city in England by daylight, I was eager to make the trip. Eric had lived in a very suburban type area, and my only other look at the city proper had been by the failing light of evening.

By eleven we were ready and assembled on the sidewalk. A short stroll brought us to a bus stop, and it was here that I discovered a curious aspect of British habit; like, they line up in first come-first served order for buses and such., rather than making a mad dash with murderous elbows flying, devil take all. It was an awesome concept for a New Yorker to take in, and I stood numbly by absorbed in a minor satori. "It isn't half bad," said Bill Burns.

I had been rattling about in my pockets for what I thought might be the nec-



essary coinage, but when we got on board, I looked in vain for any kind of change box. Instead I followed Bill to the (get this) second story of the bus. And instead of tipping over from all that excess weight, we rolled merrily along; the view was marvelous. Ride double-decker buses all you can...

A conductor came up and asked us our destination. Two 1/6d tickets were purchased, and I wondered at that as it seemed that there must be easy ways to beat the system, getting more mileage for your money. Bill replied that indeed there were a few deadbeats now and then, but an occasional spot check, recently instituted, had all but discouraged them.

By then my mind was fairly reeling with new and radical concepts, but the biggest surprise was yet to come -- Burns producing a cigarette and calmly lighting up. It seems that you can smoke on public transportation, and the buses were well enough ventilated so as to prevent stuffiness. I puffed contentedly on a Newport while wondering about spitting, littering, and creating a public disturbance.

I'm a city boy. I dig cities of all kinds, and Manchester pretty much conformed to the universal layout and appearance of one. It wasn't as big a turn on as London was going to be for me, but it still had that difference in personality that kept my nose glued to the window. We passed residential areas, business sections, and slums for the poor and the black; the last looked pretty grim, worse than what I remembered from my few daring expeditions to Harlem. I would guess that Manchester is big in the coal business (I didn't have any guide books to tell me so), the worn buildings and streets were black from coal dust.

After some difficulty in locating the right kind of film, we finally collected all the wanted items at Lewis' Department Store, biggest in the city (I didn't have any guide books, but Bill Burns told me so), and headed back to Harry Nadler's place.

Harry and Marie were sitting in their living room, pale and wan but satisfied; the program booklet had been finished.

Two more of the Delta Group, Manchester's fan club, Charles Partington and Brian Marshall had also arrived, and we had been talking for a bit when there was a knock at the door. It was Gardner R Dozais, destined to be known as "Doozie" in the days following.

Gardner was a tall, heavy-set American GI with the look of a young Alfred Hitchcock. A new sf pro with no contact with organized fandom, he had read about the coming convention and cut out for greener pastures and like minds. It was his unasked-for claim to fame to have been written up in the ARMY TIMES in one of those cute "he believes in flying saucers" articles.

Gardner was affable and we were benign, but it was a classic first contact with fandom situation -- many awkward gaps in the conversation as if all concerned weren't quite sure about what kind of people they had fallen in with. Perhaps sensing this, Gardner made self-conscious observations on the differences



between the American Way of Life and foreign nonsense; nothing too sophisticated, as like on double decker buses, but bombshells like, Gee, everyone drives on the wrong side of the road here. And those Germans may be Efficient but they sure build bad roads. . . . Gardner appeared to think that Europe should have known better; in short, falling into the same tourist bits that had tempted me. I righteously decided he was a schmuck.

I was wrong, though. I later reversed my opinion. In fact, I later enjoyed his company exploring London -- but that's another chapter. . .

Harry took us on a tour of the Delta Group clubroom, an industrial loft filled with printing presses and type fonts. Unfortunately, most of these acquisitions had yet to be sorted out and put in order, but the place had a potential. . . During the visit, Harry had made a few vague but interesting references to a fan in the neighborhood, Jim Rowbotham. I got intrigued, and soon we were knocking at his door. It seemed that Jim Rowbotham had a flying machine.

Well not exactly a flying machine. It sat in his backyard and looked rather like an inverted bathtub. It was a homemade hovercraft, and Jim was obviously proud of it.

Built of lightweight wood, a gigantic fan had been placed in the center of the craft. A fringe of rubber material ran all along the bottom, and the power source was a small motor. Jim turned it on and, with a tremendous racket, his creation rose four inches above the ground. As I understood it hovercraft are becoming quite a hobby in England. Basic plans for their construction are available, materials are relatively inexpensive, and there is a spirit of competition in making and improving them. Jim had been working on his for a few months and hoped to have it a foot off the ground in time for the annual hovercraft rally. (I would have loved to attend.)

Back at the Nadler house, we started collating the program booklet. I believe there were more than six hundred of them. Round and round a table we went; it took me back to XERO days. "Never again, Harry -- promise me that!" said Marie. The night was young, would get older. Tomorrow I'd be taking the train to Buxton.

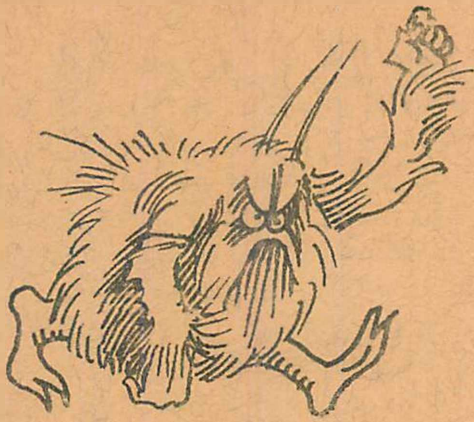
To Be Continued

-- Steve Stiles

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Keep on Chooglin'!  
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Included with this QUIP (at least for many of you) are the first of the promised freebies. Most of you will get FANHISTORY #4, and a somewhat smaller number will receive. THE FANNISH WORRY BOOK. Copies of TFWB are incredibly overpriced at \$2. a copy because I don't want to be bothered.





# GREG BENFORD SCALPEL

Over the last week I've been thumbing through the fanzines I've collected on the "For Review" shelf, and not yet mentioned in QUIP. My first reaction was a very real awe at the quantity of them; why is it that nearly every fan publishes? Secondly, I reeled away, aghast at the dreck that fills most fanzine pages. Surely 1968 should have had fewer reviews of "2001", fewer editorial insertions in letters ((like this)), less artwork on the DEA level, fewer "I liked this, I didn't like that" style reviews, fewer wordy editorial commentaries.

1968 was also a year for some furious fanzine competition between Columbus and St. Louis, a contest that produced some fine material and interesting insights into the differences between the two groups. St. Louis betrayed a tendency to spew out reams of material, thus diluting their impact. Columbus relied on KALLIKANZAROS to some extent and did quite well. Their best material was the transcripts of speeches by Fred Pohl and Kurt Vonnegut, plus some poetry by Roger Zelazny. John Ayotte, who edits KAL, made a real find in Sandra Miesel; she does quite erudite and penetrating criticism. (Ayotte's own artwork and layout was one of the best features of the fanzine, as well.) St. Louis, with the Fishers, the Couches, Ron Whittington, and others publishing seemingly bi-weekly fanzines, certainly inundated fannish fandom with ample evidence that they were a strong and interested local fan group. Alas, they achieved this at a cost in quality. Seldom did they feature anything as light and engrossing as the transcript of Vonnegut's speech. Still, the quality was kept fairly high. And St. Louis won the worldcon after all.

Most fanzines didn't aspire to even the standards of St. Louis or Columbus, but drifted through a few issues, fishing in whatever material was handy and throwing it into the prescribed 30 or 40 page package. HUGIN AND MUNIN #5 was pretty typical. Editorial ramblings, a terrible fiction piece by Charles Grey (a weak beginning and no ending at all), seemingly endless reviews, miscellaneous letters, and an attempt at humor by "Susan Phillips, who wants to learn how to write." The real trouble here is not that anything is so bad, but rather that no one item rears its head and demands to be noticed. There is a bland sameness to it all that can bore more than the material really should, if the pieces were considered individually. Maybe one reason for this is that fanzines are getting long-



er. HUGIN & MUNIN runs 42 pages. FLIP #1 is 32 pages. TOMORROW AND... #3, which is somewhat better but has the same faults, runs on forever in small type for a total of 44 pages, STARLING #12, a St. Louis zine, is 30 pages. TANSTAAFL #5, which manages to raise itself only slightly above the crudzine level, comprises 46 half-size pages packed with type. (TANSTAAFL #6 isn't much better.) WRR Vol 4 #2 is an incredible 44 pages, when editor Pfeifer didn't have enough good stuff for 20. In 1955 a 30 page fanzine was a big deal. Now, it seems, either paper has gotten cheap or there are a lot more fans of only average ability who like to write. Any of these fanzines could've been improved by cutting and severe editing of the contributors. I would suspect that few of them are really edited at all; rather, the material is thrown together, without too much attention to balance or tone, and that's it. Bang, another fabulous issue out, gang! But of course, care for balance won't improve badly written material, and there's a lot of it in the above fanzines. They have their saving graces (good illos in TOMORROW AND ..., for one) but they're big and cumbersome, all of them, and they could be improved if their editors would say "NO!" once in a while.

On the other hand, 1968 saw quite a few fanzines of good quality. There was one revival -- WARHOON -- which seems to be better in this incarnation than before. It's truly one of the great fanzines, a production of matchless taste. PSYCHOTIC was the big gaudy attraction of the year; Geis seems to be flying through the same phases as he did in the mid-1950's. The really spectacular improvement of the year, I think, was QUIP. Under one editor, it has finally become a top-quality fannish fanzine, the first in some years (excepting LIGHTHOUSE and HABAKKUK, both of which have become pretty stf-oriented). ALGOL has impressed me very much since I gave it a tough review in 1967. All the doubts I had about Andy Porter's abilities as an editor have been dispelled. ALGOL's stf articles are among the best in the field, if only because they're quite different. The usual fan tack is to print lots of book or magazine reviews. ASFR, SPECULATION, and now SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW are trying this with mixed results. Porter doesn't. He culls articles on the background of prominent books and authors, and these pieces are generally worth five good reviews in reader interest. ALGOL #14 carries McCaffrey on the Dragonrider series, Piers Anthony on Chthon, and numerous comments on the styles and techniques of such as Zelazny and Lafferty. Writing about writing instead of another damn review, is a vast improvement. Coupled with such goodies as the transcripts of the Nebula Awards Banquet speeches (Pohl and Ashmead), and some interesting reviews of old books by Dick Lupoff, a good editorial balance with a specific orientation is struck. ALGOL doesn't seem to pull as many of the fan-pro crowd as PSYCHOTIC/SFR, but I think the level of discourse is higher and more rewarding. Two years from now, ALGOL 14 will be worth rereading; I have trouble drumming up interest enough to look into a PSY that's a few months old.

There was a lot in the year to be thankful for. Jay Kinney published some freewheeling humor in NOPE, reminding me of the FLYING FROG days, and putting on the best display of ditto cartooning in a long time. Ted White and Johnny Berry revived MINAC and called it EGOBOO. Berry's review of SOPHISTICATED was one of the funniest items of the year. COF from Mike Ward carried some interesting sf conversations and articles. Vera Bennett published a few is-



sues of PERIPHRA-SIS and made some cogent observations on the sf scene; I wonder if he's still publishing? If not, someone should get him for a columnist.

TRUMPET continued to publish some excellent artwork and rather hohum material. I reviewed an issue of TRUMPET over a year ago that seemed to me to mark a real advance by Tom Reamy, but but every issue since has been something of a disappointment. He could do so much more with his technical abilities; his contributors are holding him down. Still, in some areas it is quite good. A lighter touch occasionally, some solid editorial personality from Reamy (who really writes quite well) and more frequent publication could make it a Hugo contender.

Immediately after I reviewed SHAGGY, Ken Rudolph came out with a superior issue with a great cover -- #74-- that at last brought out the most sparkling side of the Los Angeles personality. I hope they can continue it. Atmosphere is a subtle thing; SHAGGY's half-size photo-offset is unusually warm and welcoming for that medium (color helps) and the Bjo cartoons tie it all together. NYARLATHOTEP made an appearance, a bit dated, but came on quite solidly. NYAR is a finely edited, high-quality fmz; it has everything it needs to garner the best material in fandom and create a real gestalt. Everything, that is, except the ambition of the editor, Ben Solon. I hope it comes out more regularly in the future; Solon is a born editor and an interesting writer. NYAR has a lot of good material in it; more interesting than the battleground of PSYCHOTIC/SFR or the slightly dry analysis of SPECULATION. More power to it.

There is more than just a physical resemblance between NYAR and ARIOCH! from Doug Lovenstein. Lovenstein has just as sure a touch as Solon, though he's younger and inexperienced. The last issue I saw was #3, June. It had the same taste and natural ability, but with a shade more exuberance than Solon shows. The flavor is close, too, though ARIOCH! is more fannish. It captures the much-valued fannish spirit without descending into the navel-picking stages as did, for instance, the old DAFOE. That's a tough path to follow. Fannish writing is harder to do than most stfnal material, because it has to spring from a fairly wide area of interests, and it entertains not because of the reader's special interest (sf) but because the writing is good enough to hold attention. The people today who are writing soulful book reviews probably won't write stf. That's a weighty prediction, but I wonder why else all those reviewers and collectors of the fifties aren't appearing in the magazines today, and people like Terry Carr, Ted White, and Dick Lupoff are. ARIOCH! has fannish writing that flows and FMZ, from Alan Shaw and rich brown, does the same. I wonder if Doug and Alan are going to follow the Jeff Wanshel pattern and drop out after a few fine issues. I hope not.

In this rambling summary of 1968 I've omitted several fanzines, because I want to consider them later in detail: GRANFALLOON, which seems to be improving, SPECULATION, a decidedly underrated journal, CRY, an oldie that has the same faults and virtues as ever, SFR, a mixed bag of insights and egoism. Altogether, the year was full of surprises: revivals, sudden spurts of interest, a gathering momentum that has lately begun to convert quantity into quality. Stick around.

-- Greg Benford



# FANTASY ADVERTISER

AOY

Once upon a time there was no hucksters' room at the worldcon. For that matter, there hadn't been a worldcon for five years, when a sort of two-dimensional hucksters' room, capable of extending itself through time long beyond the chronological confines of a worldcon, unlimited by the physical dimensions of a hotel room, was born in fandom. It was FANTASY ADVERTISER, the first big success of the market-place fanzines, and one of the all time record-holders for high circulation maintained over a long period of time.

Gus Wilmorth, who still appears at an occasional convention, began FANTASY ADVERTISER in the spring of 1946. It was a symbol of the fannish times. World War Two had prevented fans from staging worldcons, where big audiences could bid on prozines and other treasures at auctions. Meanwhile, wartime jobs and increasing salary scales had made fans more prosperous than ever before, there had been a boom in the number of prozines, and wartime paper drives had decimated the quantities of stocks in back issue magazine stores and second-hand book shops. All over fandom, prices were going up, people were hunting harder for items that used to be easy to find, fans were returning from the service with the collecting urge goosed by knowledge they'd again have a safe place to keep their books and magazines, and conditions were just right for a regular publication where people could advertise their wants and offerings to a large readership.

If you are tensing yourself for awful disclosures about how cheap science fiction rarities were in those days, you are invited to relax to a state of semi-repose. The pages of FANTASY ADVERTISER disclose that there hasn't been the inflation in collectors' costs that you might expect over the twenty-year span. Because interests and tastes change, it's impossible to compare lots of old prices you'll find in today's advertising fanzines, then calculate from those comparisons the exact rate of increase in prices. But I'd guess that only the extreme rarities and fanzines have shown manifold doublings, triplings, and quadruplings in prices. The prozines that were old in 1946 can probably be bought today for not more than twice what dealers normally charged then, maybe not quite twice as much, and you must remember that the cover price of a new prozine is today three or four times greater than the prozines cost new in 1946. Run-of-the-mill science fiction and fantasy books may have been a trifle cheaper just after VJ-Day than they

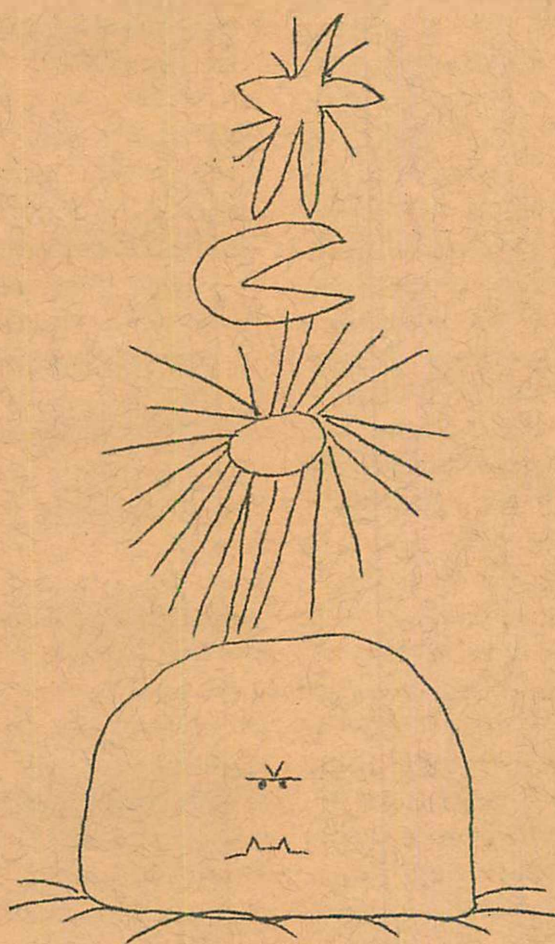
HARRY WARNER



are now. Naturally, comparisons in book prices can't be made right down the line because of special circumstances. paperbacks had not blossomed in great profusion then, while the semi-pro publishing houses' books weren't rare yet because they were so new.

The first issue of FANTASY ADVERTISER was dated April, 1946, and didn't look as if it would amount to much; it was just a normal-looking thin fanzine, with a dozen pages mimeographed on brown paper, selling at five issues for a dime, and able to go through the mails for a penny postage. That first issue contains some indications of how much money was wanted for stuff in those long-ago days. F. Lee Baldwin was offering \$2 for a 1939 issue of DETECTIVE AND MURDER MYSTERY MAGAZINE, Ackerman's was asking \$3.30 for Werfel's then-recent fantasy novel Star of the Unborn, and E. Everett Evans was trying to sell a batch of 15 PLANETs for \$10. Burroughs fandom wasn't very active that long ago, but two of the ads in this first issue were devoted to trying to find copies of his books.

From that unimposing start, FANTASY ADVERTISER prospered rapidly and mightily. Before 1946 had ended, its mailing list stood at 1,000 copies, including many bookstores. By the next summer it had discarded the lowly mimeograph in favor of a form of offset printing known as plnography. The first issue of 1948 announced a new policy for the magazine which was now calling itself "the amateur professional for professional amateurs". It intended to pay \$5. for each article accepted for publication; material of interest to collectors was inserted between the advertisements in the ancient tradition of luring



WHY GO THERE? WHY  
NOT BE SAFE? WHY  
NOT JUST IGNORE THE  
WHOLE DAMN THING?



readers to look at pages more lengthily in this manner. Gus was talking about raising both advertising and subscription rates because of a prospective circulation increase to 1,500 copies. In its octavo format the January, 1948 issue contained lots of splendid little illustrations, including a batch by Lin Carter, and advertisements whose messages make the reader of 1969 weep and smile and sometimes shiver. An Omaha bookstore was asking \$3. for the first issue of CAPTAIN FUTURE, then only eight years old, and \$2. or more apiece for early issues of STARTLING STORIES, \$30. for a one volume edition of Poe's works, but mysteriously only \$50 for a complete set of Verne's works in a limited edition. On the other hand, someone whose name was listed as Robert Degler of New Castle, Ind., had many issues of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES available for 35 cents apiece and wanted only \$1 for a copy of Pilgrims Through Space and Time. So you see, it isn't safe to decide just what you'd pay for stuff in those days. Ackerman had a slightly unusual advertisement; he wanted to sell the original manuscript of Weinbaum's The Mad Brain, but there was a stipulation. "The purchaser must publish the story!" Forry was quite honest about the quality of the manuscript, quoting Weinbaum's widow on the topic: "The Mad Brain was hacked out for a newspaper syndicate -- we planned on someday rewriting it as a serious novel. But if his readers want to meet Stan in a slightly different phase of his earlier work..."

Elsewhere in this particular issue is good evidence about what I meant about changing tastes. Claude Held had a batch of issue of UNKNOWN for sale. Each of them cost \$2.50. This is still a very rare magazine which brings good prices from people really anxious to collect it. But I doubt very much of issues of similar size in a hucksters' room would bring prices substantially higher today, a quarter-century after the magazines were published. Held was reflecting the tremendous current demand for back issues of UNKNOWN, because other prices in the same advertisement are quite reasonable, like \$2.50 apiece for some of the first issues of the Clayton ASTOUNDING and \$3 apiece for 1928 issues of WEIRD TALES.

If you're a collector today, leafing through these old issues of FANTASY ADVERTISER can be a frustrating experience. You see so many things you would desperately like to own today at the prices they were offered for in the 1940's -- despite my general thesis that inflation has not been excessive, there have been lots of exceptions for individual items, and there were occasional big bargains advertised when someone was unloading his collection or didn't know the worth of rarities. Then there are the laconic listings of items you've never seen anywhere, which might be altogether impossible to track down today without decades of hunting. For instance, does anyone reading this know The Far Place by Willis A. Boughton? It was offered for \$2. by the Kaleidograph Press of Dallas, Texas, identified as "a poetic fantasy of every man's future". Whatever its worth or worthlessness, it had five Finlay illustrations. Then there's the advertisement from something called the S. F. & S. F. Photo Bureau of Kings Park, NY, offering "complete sets of photos of the Cinvention". You could get 25 4x5 prints for five bucks, and I felt bitter thoughts about my failure to invest in that September of 1950, because they would have been so useful when I was hunting illustrations for the first volume of the fan history. And who owns today the boxed copy of an autographed Ornaments In Jade by Arthur Machen, which Donn Brazier was ready



to sell for \$7?

Sometimes, when I get tired of worrying about the way humanity is exhausting the earth's petroleum or silver reserves, I find some variety by fretting over the depletion of collector's items as the years pass. Nobody to my knowledge has ever tried to calculate the rate at which the stuff becomes permanently unavailable. If a small semi-pro publisher issued and sold a thousand copy edition of a science fiction novel in 1944, for instance, what percentage of that edition was destroyed by 1950 because the purchasers threw away books they had no room to store and no patience to try to sell after a few years? What lower rate of destruction has ensued in the years since then, as copies that managed to reach the hands of collectors were burned or sold for waste paper after the collectors lost interest, or died without leaving instructions to heirs about the importance of saving the fantasy items? And now there's a new source of depletion, insignificantly small today, but certain to gain as the years pass: the copies that are transferred into collections where they will be preserved but will remain permanently. Here and there a public library or a university library is taking interest in building a collection of science fiction or fantasy, and when one of these institutions buys a collector's item, that copy will never again go on the hucksters' tables. And as you leaf through these old issues of FANTASY ADVERTISER, you're suddenly struck by the realization that the collector in the late 1940's and early 1950's could buy or trade for things which may be close by now to total unavailability. An article, rather than an advertisement, in the September, 1950 issue illustrates my point. Malcolm M. Ferguson was writing about the works of M. P. Shiel, and he cited the difficulties of building, even then, a complete collection of his works. How long would you look through second-hand bookstores before you'd find a surviving copy of a paperback Lippincott edition of The Man-Stealers which sold in 1900 for 50 cents? Or How The Old Woman Got Home in a blue cloth binding used on a leftover batch of sheets to save money? Or A Mysterious Disappearance, which Shiel serialized in THE HOUSEHOLD in 1913 under a pen-name? (Ferguson might be a collector's item himself by now. He had an absolutely unique career in fandom. He was an American who did nothing in fandom until he went to England with the armed forces, immediately became famous as a bibliophile, then disappeared almost as rapidly when he returned to the United States.)

Even though the advertisements are the part of FANTASY ADVERTISER that can arouse the emotions most readily, the fazine's non-advertising matter holds a lot of interest, too. The January, 1950 issue, for instance, contained articles by Lin Carter on Lord Dunsany and George Martindale on James Branch Cabell, 165 entries for a checklist of fantasy books in print, a checklist of all issues of pro-zines that were on the stands dated 1949, and a group of book reviews. The July, 1948 issue contains the only detailed obituary known to me on W. Paul Cook, one of the pioneers of Lovecraft fandom, and an amateur publisher from 1901 until his death, culminating in five superbly printed issues of THE GHOST, each containing 50 quarto pages filled with magnificent material of fantasy importance. "Already this file of THE GHOST is difficult to obtain," Earle Cornwall wrote in the obituary notice. "Aficionados clung tenaciously to their copies, learning soon after Cook's death the owner of the Driftwind Press could find no copies among



Cook's effects."

In general, there wasn't room in FANTASY ADVERTISER for exhaustive-type articles on scholarly topics. But sometimes the reader got the impression that this encouraged better writing, without the padding and the meanderings ~~from~~ the topic that sometimes bob up when someone wants to act learned in a fanzine. THE FANSCIENT and FANTASY COMMENTATOR are probably the only other fanzines of that general era that equalled FANTASY ADVERTISER for long-term publication of hard-core writing about fantasy and science fiction with high quality standards. Roy Squires, who had taken over the editorship of FANTASY ADVERTISER at the end of 1949, somehow managed to get 10,000 or more words of non-advertising text into a typical issue.

The last issue with its original title appeared in November, 1951, and I lost touch with the publication after its change in name to SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISER. I don't see FA mentioned very often these days in locs and articles where fans reminisce about the great old fanzines of the past, perhaps because it seemed too commercial, too closely linked to the filthy pros and the hucksters to win affections. And yet, I can think of many legendary fanzines which are less fun to read and less useful to own than this one. Quite aside from the masochism you can get from looking at lost collecting opportunities, you can find several ways of using those closely packed pages. They would provide raw material for a dozen articles tracing the trends that have occurred in how much fans will pay for stuff and the ways that fans have altered their fields of interest. (Who bothers to collect Blackwood these days, for instance? His books were enormously sought-after at one time.) If you were doing bibliographic work, you might find a line-by-line search through every issue justified by occasional clues to the existence of editions or titles which you hadn't previously suspected. There's also the faint possibility that a few lost collections, neglected in attics or cellars for decades might be put back into circulation by some vigorous police work. Many of the advertisers in FA are still active in fandom today and it's common knowledge that other advertisers' collections were broken up and resold after death or gaffiation. But countless dozens of names and addresses represent individuals or small firms that drifted unnoticed out of fandom's awareness. It might still be possible to trace down some of them after all these years and discover some dusty rarities that have been forgotten but not annihilated as yet.

After all, it was just a few months ago that I got a letter from a collector of standard gauge Lionel trains, asking if I had any equipment for sale. He'd found my name and address in a promotional magazine Lionel published in 1928 when I was six years old. We can't let old prozines crumble to dust while model train collectors are saving old Lionel locomotives from rust.

-- Harry Warner

Ask Ted White about the Plaster Casters



Late evening turned into early morning, and all but the core-group, the innermost circle, had gradually drifted out the door and home. Don Rush was there; it was, after all, his apartment. Besides me, there was Pete Stevenson, Roger Kaufman, and Joe Walcott.

Roger had just finished telling us about ~~the~~ recent escapades of his new secretary down at Token Books. The girl, as he explained with much laughter, was out to hook a husband, and she had selected her new boss as a likely candidate. "It's not that I don't like the girl," Kaufman explained, "but I always have this feeling of being, you know, hunted."

"I don't mean to pry or anything," Don Rush said, "but Rog's talk of life at Token kind of reminded me of a question that's sort of been hanging around the back of my mind that I wanted to ask you about, Joe."

"Go on," Joe replied.

"Well, I know you were kind of out of fandom for a number of years, right?" Don paused. He seemed to me still undecided as to whether he should have begun this line of inquiry at all. Accordingly he was quite obviously intending to proceed, by small measured steps, directly to the back door.

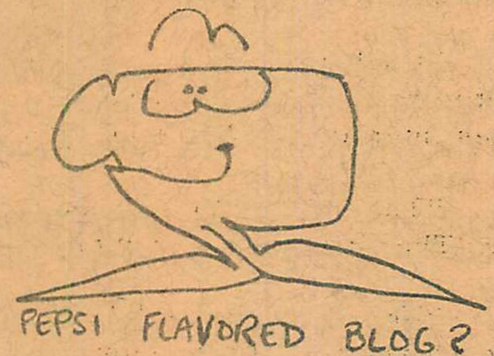
"Yes, that's true."

"And I remember you said you'd had to give up fandom for school. Then after you finished grad school ---"

"Law School," Joe corrected. "Columbia Law School."

"--Law School, you get back into

# THE LONG SHADOW



fann fiction

# ARNIE KATZ



things, more or less."

"Come to the point, Don. Your question." Joe made it sound like a suggestion rather than an order. It was better than I might have done. Don did seem to be prolonging things unduly.

"Anyway, when Roger was telling us about his job, I realized that I don't really know what you do." His speed of delivery noticeably increased. Having reached the crucial point, he was anxious to be past it. "I'm sort of curious. What do you do, Joe?"

Joe became very still, as though he had turned inward to carry on some debate. Finally the silence in the room grew so noticable that Roger and Pete glanced away from its focus out of sheer nervousness. I leaned forward, frankly anxious to hear the answer. Curiosity, once piqued, demands to be satisfied. Joe came back into the world, reached out for his pepsi, and took a hefty swallow. We watched his throat work.

"I, uh, didn't mean to offend you," Don said hastily. "It's not really my business. I was just kind of curious."

"Don't worry about it, you didn't offend me. It's just that, well, my job is pretty much secret, not something I'd care to tell just anyone." He studied our faces intently. "Please keep this DNQ, but I'm an FBI agent."

"The FBI?" Roger echo'd, drawing out the "I". He said it the way one might say "The Communist Party?" "But you're so -- so --"

"Normal?" You didn't really think that FBI agents had two heads, did you?" The secret out, the tension seemed to drain from the conversation. "I'll admit there are some strange guys in the bureau, but it's really just a job to me. Not too different from being an insurance claims investigator, I suppose."

"Are you going to make the FBI your career?" Roger asked. He made an FBI career sound only slightly more inviting than a pact with the devil.

"Oh, probably not. I hope not. I'd like to get out and actually practice some law. Takes money to do that, though. I figure I can swing it in another couple of years."

We talked for another hour, and then Don threw us out so he could get some sleep.

## II

"You want to light the pipe, John?" Randy Albert asked me. I shook my head. I watched Randy carefully load the pipe with pot. He took a big wooden match, struck it on the side of the matchbox, and held it above the pipe bowl as he puffed. He passed it to Don Rush. Rush passed it to me. We were silent as



the pipe made its rounds, the increasingly fluid passing gestures mute testimony to the grass's effectiveness. It burned out, and Don refilled it. The pipe took up its circular journey.

"Good stuff," Don approved. I nodded agreement. Don switched on his stereo. The bluesy throb of Paul Butterfield's harmonica pulsed through the room. My mind played with the complexities of Bloomfield's guitar.

"Kind of nice," Don reflected. "Butterfield Blues Band. Yes."

"I had a friend," Randy said, "who once debated for two whole weeks about whether to buy a brand new stereo or \$300. worth of pot to make the one he had sound good."

"Which did he finally do?" I asked.

"He bought the stereo and an ounce of grass and got the best of both worlds!" Our talk continued in this vein; nothing monumental, nothing unpleasant.

"How come Joe never comes by when we smoke?" Randy asked after a lull in conversation.

"It's kind of just as well he doesn't," Don said. Randy sat up a little straighter in his chair, evidently surprised that Don had failed to elaborate.

"Huh? I thought you liked Walcott," he said to Don.

Don looked at me. He didn't have to speak his question aloud. I'm as careful of my d's and "q"s as anyone, but I didn't want to put Joe in a funny position in the future; being invited somewhere to commit a felony. Not that Joe would be so gung ho as to turn in all his friends, but there was no reason to make additional problems.

"Randy, I'll tell you a secret for your own good. Joe's an FBI man. Don't spread it around."

"But don't, you know, offer him any cannabis, either," Don added.

"Oh-h-ho-o, now I understand why he isn't around for this sort of thing."

We went on to other topics.

### III

The mail. Got to see the mail.

Bill.

Bill. Those long distance calls.



Leeter. From Harry Warner. Read it later.

Fanzine. HYPHEN! Hoax? Uuuuummm...Real! Read it with dinner.  
Wow. HYPHEN.

Fanzine. Ecchh. GONAD #183. Fred Fenster. Fat Fred Fenster. Norky  
Fat Fred Fenster. NFFF. Shitty Green. Slimy Green. Read it in the bathroom.  
Shit goes out, shit comes in. Shit.

".....American atrocities against the peace-loving people of the National  
Liberation Frent..." Blah, Blah, Blah.

"...The Neo-Fascist Republican Party..." more Blah Blah Blah.

"...And now even Fandom has come under the scrutiny of J. Edgar Hoover  
and his American Gestapo. It has recently been discovered that a one time fan  
has been recruited to keep tabs on us. Needless to say I will henceforth send no  
more issues of GONAD to Joe Walcott, this Judas in our garden. The long  
shadow of Samuel Davenport..."

Oh shit shit shit. Dumb Fred Fenster. People won't... Never. Shit.

Dumb, dumb Fred.

Shit.

#### IV

"I just can't hack it, John," Joe said. His face was oddly distorted, with  
deep vertical lines on his forehead and a tight-lipped non-smile dominating his  
face. "The letters and the questioning looks and all the rest of it."

"It'll blow over, Joe, it'll blow over," I said because I wanted it to.  
"Who listens to Fenster?"

"I know, you're going to tell me 'no one', but you're wrong. I am an agent;  
I can't deny that. I did drop out of fandom and pop back in years later. I can't  
deny that either. Or that while I was gafiated I joined the bureau. It's true.

"But you're not a spy," I said, or -- must admit -- maybe asked.

"See what I mean?" He let his shoulders slump and began fiddling with  
his key chain. The keys absorbed his total interest. He made them clank to-  
gether and shoved them into his pocket. "Always a nagging doubt," Joe said  
as he wheeled to face me. "I'm in fandom mostly for the people, John, you know  
that. And now I don't think I can get close, really close, to any of them." He  
stood abruptly and headed for the door. I followed him.

(continued on page 38)



# DUSTY

## ANSWERS

21.

One evening in March 1953 James White arrived at my house in great excitement clutching a letter from John W. Campbell Himself disclosing that he was willing to pay \$285. for a story James had sent him called "The Scavengers". This was a fabulous sum to us in those days, but even to mention money in the context was misleading except in that it lent an air of reality to the incredible glory which had descended on our humble fan group, born and nurtured on Astounding. Our feelings were more like some country vicar who receives out of the blue a tablet of stone announcing that his sermon last Sunday has found such favor on high that henceforth it is to be included in the Bible.

*Walt-*  
*Walt.*

Before James's apotheosis could be confirmed it was necessary for his signature to a contract to be witnessed by a notary public, and his problem was that such creatures did not seem to exist in Northern Ireland. Momentarily sobered by my responsibilities as leader of the fan group, I brought my fine mind into action, examined my

WALT  
WILLIS



broad mental horizons, and deduced that the local equivalent must be Commissioner for Oaths. I even remembered that somewhere down the road there was a brass plate with those words on it. So we walked down the Upper Newtownards Road, disturbed an amiable old gentleman called Norwood and assured James's immortality. I felt equally godlike myself, for had I not discovered James and encouraged him to write and insisted he send that story to Astounding? All he had contributed was talent and industry.

After we had put in some more serious gloating James cycled home again, and I hurried to the nearest telephone kiosk to send a telegram to Chuck Harris with the awesome news. Like Robert Bloch, Chuck Harris plays a role in present-day fandom reminiscent of that of Yorick in "Hamlet", but in those days he was the friend and confidant of all the leading fans in what is now known as Sixth Fandom, admired by them as some writers are more admired by other writers than by the general public. He was a fan's fan, a confidant because of his sympathetic and generous nature and his isolated situation, and admired because of the wonderful letters he wrote. We all felt that if Chuck could only make the jump from letters to general communication, he would be a better writer than any of us. But he never did, and indeed it is curious how permanent seem the attributes which first revealed themselves in all of us as young fans. I see that on St. Patrick's Day 1953 I was writing to Chuck about Harlan Ellison.

34 5 I like Ellison. He had a short piece about himself in Vanations and he seemed for a minute to slip into sincerity with a story about his youth and how he coped with antisemitism in the Cleveland slums. Besides anyone with that much energy and enthusiasm is a real asset to fandom. Just figure how much work he must put into SF BULLETIN -- 0 or 50 pages, 300 copies, monthly and every margin justified, sometimes in double columns. It just isn't possible.

Those impossible issues of SF BULLETIN were muddily mimeoed on coarse absorbent paper, and ever since then I have been unable to read anything by Harlan Ellison, however elegantly produced and professionally praised, without thinking that it shows signs of over-inking.

Here is Harlan Ellison, the young faned, seeking material for his fanzine:

Dear Unca Walt,

34 5 ... Whether you are aware of it or not, you dirty low-down sneaking slob, I've been holding up my annual since February on the promise of an article from you. And I will keep my 400 subscribers waiting until I do get that



article. I already have Willy Ley, Tucker, A. Charles Catania, Paul Cox, Gregg Calkins, Mack Reynolds, Venable, Elsberry, Ridley, Wells, Nydahl, and about eight others of equal note, but I want a real BNF (bloody-nosed fan) and will stay on top of this stack of mouldy fanzines, eating nothing else but stale chicken-fat sandwiches until I get that piece of material (of decent length too, you louse) for the damn thing... Please, please Walt.

...Beastley's was a complete flop. Read the con reviews in my next issue of SFB after #13. They will, I contend, blow fandom wide open. Everyone was potten ((sic)) and lascivious. A thoroughly nauseating spectacle.

Yours very birdbathly,  
Max J. Runnerbeam

"Come now, Harlan," I temporised, "I'll have to speak to you like a Dutch Uncle. Luik, Mynheer, you can't expect me to believe you've been holding up an annish on account of me, especially as I didn't promise you anything..." But even gags pinched from S. J. Perelman were of no avail against a natural phenomenon like Harlan. He came right back:

NOW HEAR THIS! NOW HEAR THIS!

This is 100%, gold-plated, pure-bred truth. I have been holding up the SFB annish since February in hopes, in hopes mind you, of getting from you something. I've pleaded, I've cajoled, I've coaxed, I've threatened ... I have done them all to no avail. Over four hundred readers and fans have been waiting for this momentous tome to leave in the dust all such annishes. I have been, to put it bluntly, sweating my testicles off trying to get something out of you.

+ NOW LIVE STROPPED FOOLING AROUND!

+ Here it is Willis, you creep: if I don't get one of your best articles (or stories, if you so choose) in less than three weeks, you can expect to receive a visit from a certain short young man with a large pipe, an even larger nose, horn-rimmed glasses and portable birdbath cleaner. You think I am kidding? How wrong you are! I swear by all that is holy that I will come to Ireland to GET that damn material from you. And



since I cannot afford to come at all, I will work over on a HMS garbage scow ro something for fare. That is the truth!

I don't lie about things of such seriousness.

So if you don't want to wreck my life, you'd better send that mss. in QUICK-LIKE, brother.

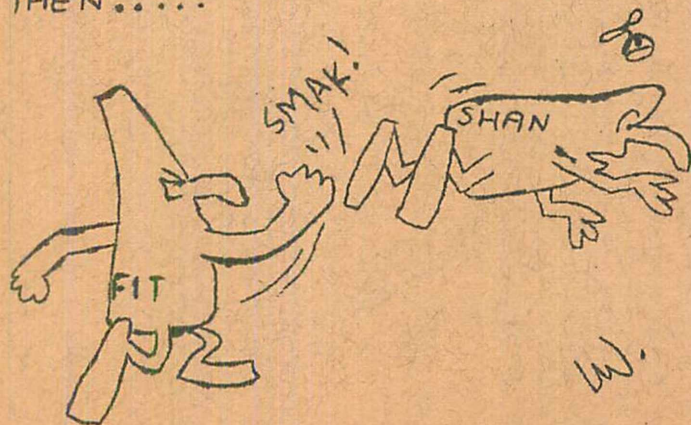
I still love you like a nephew, however.

Actually the main reason for my refusal was one I hadn't mentioned to Harlan at all, a profound distrust of annishes. I had learned that either they never appeared at all, or if they did appear the editor promptly went gafia with exhaustion, or if it did appear and he did survive the readers were so stunned there were few loc's anyway. So while I did write something for Harlan's annish, purely because I had liked him so much when we met at Chicago in 1952, I sent the same piece to the editor of a London fanzine, and told both of them what I had done. Harlan telephoned me about this, presumably to expostulate: I don't know for sure because the conversation never took place. Only Harlan Ellison would have tried to call up somebody who wasn't on the telephone. He got my father's house, some few hundred yards away, and by the time my sister had come round with the message and I had reached the phone, Harlan had gone. The only outcome was an additon to fannish mythology. Chuck Harris was staying with me at the time and was in the very act of crowing over the fact that he had got more mail than I had, when the message arrived that a Mr. Ellison wanted to speak to me from Cleveland, Ohio. Do you often get phone calls from American fans, asked Chuck, chastened. Only when it's something important, I explained with calm effrontery.

The only further contact I have had with Harlan was another meeting in Los Angeles in 1962, and yet I feel, and I think he feels too, that we have always been close friends. It is one of those undemanding but wholly satisfactory relationships which can continue to exist between people who never write to and seldom see one another, rather like a family relationship. Lee Hoffman, whose fantastic esotericisms often concealed startling perceptiveness, brought Harlan Ellison into her imaginary family tree as our nephew while he was still the enfant

terrible of Seventh Fandom, and her intuition was sound. (this family true business, incidently, arose from an article by Burbee describing how he tried to disabuse Francis Towner Laney of the fixed idea he was supposed to have that Les and Es Cole were 16-year old twin brothers, a useful technique for writing humorous articles that I've used once or twice myself). The Hoffman/Willis family tree included Bloch, Tucker, Keasler, Vick, Ellison and a few others. There were

THEN.....





quite a number of other leading fans of the day whom we liked and respected, but for some reason they did not seem to qualify. It was one of the disagreements between Lee and myself that she always seemed to me to be trying to form elites, using esotericism as a sort of wall to exclude outsiders, and the family tree worried me from this point of view. But when I tentatively nominated candidates for inclusion and she firmly turned them down, I could see that in some subtle way these people differed from the family. Eventually I accepted the situation, and now after 15 years I am coming to believe that she was wiser than I was, for none of the members of the family has ever fallen out with another.

Even the relationships still seem valid, although my nephew has become so famous. I admire Harlan for all the qualities I lack myself, just as if he were the child of my complementary twin.

I was right about his annish, because it never did appear. Dire forebodings were being heard on other fronts too. On 30th March 1953 I was writing to Shelby Vick:

+5 Don't tell Peter Graham, but I've been very ill. No, not his "diphtheria" --- when I do die of some disease it will be one that's properly spelled --- but influenza with some newfangled version of pneumonia. Also gafia, but the doctor couldn't do anything about that.

+5 ... Had an unusually sombre letter from Bloch yesterday bemoaning the apparent demise of Sixth Fandom, where he mentions the silence of you and Max and Lee and seems to pin his hopes on the European side of Sixth Fandom. But to carry on as a living entity, and the most fun there's ever been in fandom, we need an American wing. This is where you should come in and CONFUSION should come out... Unless you and CF can carry on for a few months we're all in real danger of losing something valuable that we've built up over the last year or so. Remember what happened when SPACEWARP folded? All that wonderful crowd... Nelson, Singer and the others... just disintegrated. Fandom was plunged into ineffectual chaos for years until QUANDRY built up another world. And yet all during the interim between Warp and Q the potentialities were there. For myself, I was entering fandom just as Warp folded. If it had carried on or if Q had started earlier I'd probably have started The Harp two years earlier than I did. I'm sure the same goes for other people. Bloch for example had been



hanging around just waiting. It was us that made him active as a fan. And now that Q is folding ... or looks like it from here... it's left to CF to carry on our type of fanzine until some neo appears to carry the torch. Then you'll be able to retire and become a legend, like Tucket's Great Fan who was automatically sent a copy of every fanzine, like the British Museum or the Library of Congress.

I want very much to keep in touch with everything myself, but I've got to cut down my fanac. People tend to forget that in a sense I have been the first world fan, fully active on both sides of the Atlantic. I only kept up that pre-Chicon output with quite a severe strain.

Whatever happened in the States it seemed a safe bet at the time that European Sixth Fandom would continue to exist. Chuck Harris, Vince Clarke, and myself backed by the rest of Irish Fandom (which had no separate foreign policy of its own) seemed a group so congenial and happy that it could continue forever without dissension. To describe the holocaust that destroyed the Second Foundation of Sixth Fandom, and which is one of the few calamities of the sort which was never reported in a fanzine except in the suppressed issue of ORION, of which I believe I have the only copy, would need at least one whole installment of this series. But perhaps I can start by reintroducing American fandom to Vince Clarke. He was one of the most talented fans of all time, but he was a perfectionist and his output was small, and inclined to be literarily oriented. It consisted largely of his news fanzine, which started off like this:

((continued next page))

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Will A. Gordon Pym replace the Pickle?

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THE LONG SHADOW (continued from page 32)

"Joe, Joe."

"I'll be around," he said as he slipped on his coat. "I'll, uh, give you a call maybe next week or so. See you, John." He ducked out the door before I could think of anything to say. I heard his car start and watched it accelerate down the street from my livingroom.

I never saw Joe Walcott again.

-- Arnie Katz



"I have thought of my story," announced Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. "Pass the marmalade, dear."

Percy looked vaguely around the breakfast table. "Marmalade...lade...laden? Ah!... 'That orb'd maiden with white fire laden, Whom mortals call the Moon, Walks....no, Flies...no...ummmm'"

"Allow me, my dear Mrs. Shelley." Lord Byron passed the marmalade, and shook his curly head at Percy. "Tut, Bysshe, you'll no more go aroving by the light of the moon, and the sound of revelry by night ill becomes a married man. But pardon, my dear lady. You have decided to enter our little contest of ghost tales?"

3  
"Yes indeed, and I have a tale that is truly horrifying. I could not sleep last night and my imagination, unbidden, possessed me, going far beyond the bounds of reverie.....I saw a pale student of unhallowed arts knelling beside a thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half-vital motion. Frightful."

She shuddered. Tea dripped into the marmalade.

"His success must terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handiwork, horror-stricken. He would hope that its transient life would fade...he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench the hideous corpse for ever...he sleeps, but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold! The horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes....."

Lord Byron nodded reflectively. "Almost," he murmured, "you might be describing:-

## SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS

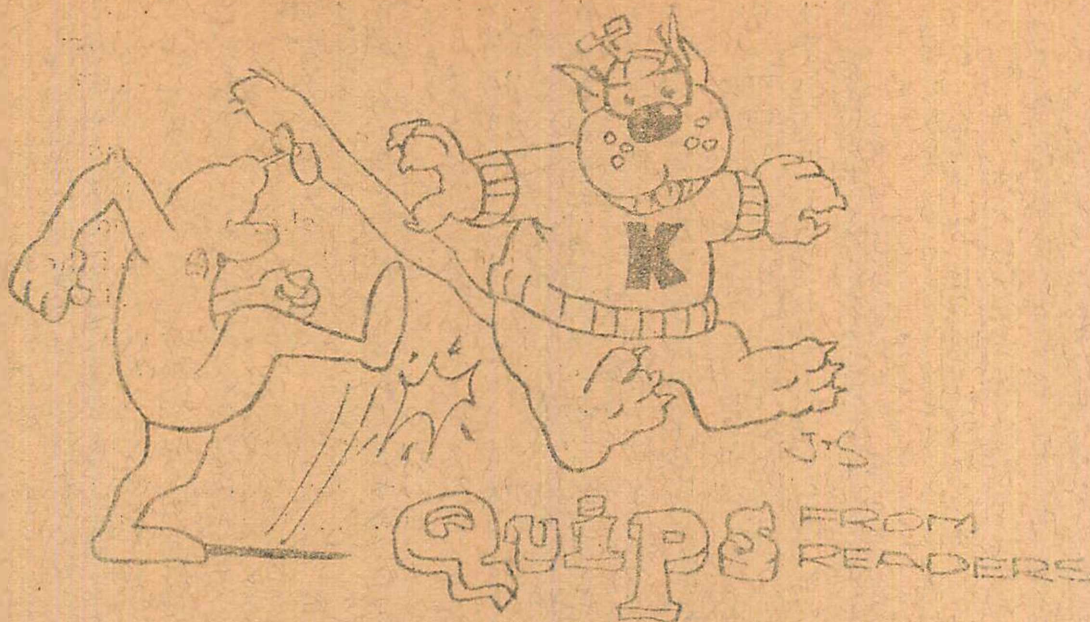
-- Walt Willis

---

A. Gordon Pym's first name is "Arthur"

---





LEIGH EDMONDS  
PO Box 19  
Ferntree Gully,  
Victoria 3156, Australia

I can only assume that VOID was one of those great fan-zines from way back. Of course I've never seen a copy of it, I would probably be right in thinking that copies of it never reached our fair shores.

////// This was a comment that got WAHFed in the letter column in QUIP #9.  
Now you've gotten VOID #29, Leigh, how's that for service?

\*\*\*\*\*

RICHARD BERGERON  
11 East 68th St.,  
New York, New York  
10021

I note your honest enjoyment in "flipping through that first collated copy of a new QUIP". In the last issue of WRHN, I quoted Boggs quoting Burbee on precisely that syndrome, and in a recent letter from Larry Williams (one time editor of CINDER) it pops up again:

"I loved nothing better than collating and stapling the first copy of an issue, fresh off the Wilimczyk Press, and then just sitting down and looking it it again and again and congratulating myself." Larry tags this as a young fan's reaction, but I must confess I find the first collated copy of a new number of WARHOON positively hypnotic, and it's with some difficulty that the rest of the FAPA copies get put together in time for the mailing -- "I've got my copy, to hell with the readers!" Eventually, somehow, the rest of them do get collated, but I can leaf through the current issue for a full three months until the following issue appears, deriving great enjoyment from the relationships of its various elements. And I sometimes find it pretty unbelievable, because I'm still as impressed with some of the people



who appear in it as I was back in my neofan days in Sixth fandom. I'm sure no one gets as much fun out of the magazine as I do.

Warner provides an example of the pure gold of insane fannishness that keeps us all fascinated for years by fandom in "All Our Yesterdays". I hadn't realized my stack of Cosmic Circle publications contained such wild gems as Helen Bradleigh's description of the Degler Hell Hole. In her remark "We were young and foolish then" one gets the feeling that the hole was worked on at about age 13, and that she is now a mature and reserved 14. This is the stuff that Tucker Hotels and other legends are made of.

Benford's chatter naturally pleased me -- inasmuch as part of it may be a result of my request that he review WRHN in your pages. Before I go any further, I'd like to say that his is one of the only three worthwhile fanzine review columns which immediately come to mind -- the other two being your own in ODD (I share Greg's high opinion of it, as you know) and Warner's in RQ. There seem to be millions, but these may be the only ones that consciously try to take the fanzine as they review apart to see what makes them tick -- a valuable demonstration for editors who are learning what not to do and for the editor under the knife. If I may slither out from under it for a moment, I find myself in a bad position for disputing anything Greg has said about WARHOON. After all those nice compliments that are passed off as "given" it's not easy to argue over anything without sounding like an egomaniac (and it's especially difficult when you are an egomaniac). I liked his approach in discussing what's wrong with the magazine, but I'm not convinced this approach does the job Greg claims it does: "a treatment from the point of view of: how do they form their total impression, their gestalt, and does it work?" Pointing out the failures (in his opinion) of the WRHN approach doesn't demonstrate what the approach is -- even in reverse. Which leaves us with a set of opinions to which he is certainly entitled, but I don't think they really tell us much about where the ticking is coming from. This sounds like I'm trying to find out something when in actual fact I know full well where the ticking is coming from. A not improper response from the irate reviewer would be that I write "How To Publish WARHOON" myself. One of these days I will. In the meantime the attitudes of WRHN's second incarnation continue into the third, but I think people will be surprised at the ultimate direction the third will take. The clues are in issues 24 and 25 (#23 is in the mold of the WARHOON of the early 60s) and Greg could have astounded us all by successfully predicting what the new WARHOON will be like. But WRHN is actually an attitude, and just what that attitude is is the lesson Greg failed to reveal in his review.



///// Collating the first copy is a gas, but I'm right with you when it comes to putting the rest of the run together. It's gotten so that



I almost enjoy running the Gestetner, but I quail before stacks of unassembled QUIP pages. My (and your) distaste for collating may go beyond the fact that it is monotonous drudgery. One possibility is that collating is anti-climactic in producing a fanzine. Once the first copy is collated, that issue is a closed book, and yet there's still several hundred more to assemble.

To judge by your comments, my feeling that WARHOON was changing was well-founded. To take up your challenge, WRHN has shifted toward humor and fannishness, I think -- the Willis biography by Harry Warner and the new Bob Shaw column being the most obvious signs. It might be that you are going to add a column by Chuck Harris and de-gafiate Vince Clarke and publish an American edition of HYPHEN. More likely is that the latest incarnation of WARHOON will evolve into something loosely resembling COPS LA!

\*\*\*

JAMES BLISH  
579-A Sixth St.,  
Brooklyn, NY  
11215

I guess Rick Sneary will be even more surprised to hear that I started out in science fiction, in my early teens, with a horrible fanzine called THE PLANETEER, which saw two hecto'ed issues, three mimeo'ed ones, and one (incomplete) letterpress issue before being taken over by Jimmy Taurasi. In

VAPA, in addition to more than a score of issues of TUMBRILS, I put out an occasional magazine called (...), pronounced "Three Dots", the very first issue of which was circulated in FAPA just before VAPA was born. And these days I am editing a magazine about James Branch Cabell, called KALKI.

\*\*\*\*

LEE HOFFMAN  
Basement  
54 E. 7th St.,  
New York, NY  
10003

There is a historical footnote to the Claude Degler story. An INS dispatch dated Nov 1, 1950, from New Castle, Indiana, read in part: "A 30-year old factory worker committed suicide in his New Castle home and left a note confessing he killed his mother 11 days earlier. . . Robert Degler was found yesterday with a .32 caliber revolver on his chest. . . ." As Harry mentions, DoRo had a brother named Robert.

I tend to disagree with Greg Benford about a lot of things. I am not exactly disagreeing with his statement: "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 just wish he'd cite some examples -- name the "few fans" he refers to. I've known various fans like Max Keasler and Ted White and Dean Grennell who did not serve lengthy apprenticeships writing for fanzines before trying to publish their own, who turned out quite well. Their first issues certainly weren't distinguished, but they learned and grew quickly under the pressure of reaction to those first issues, as well as to exposure to fandom in general. Maybe if a fan isn't willing to make a fool of himself at his first few tries at publishing, he should serve out some time writing for others and learning his way around first. But if he doesn't mind looking back at his own name on the masthead of some ghod-



awful crudsheets, I can't see any harm in his jumping into publishing feet first. I pubbed my first zine after six weeks of being aware of fandom, but survived anyway.

Writing and editing/publishing are two rather different things. Writing items for other people's zines is different from writing editorials for your own. Some people who don't have any particular genius for article-writing can turn out to have a knack for editing and publishing. For some people, attempting an apprenticeship writing could be detrimental. Geez, if I'd held off publishing in the first fit of fannish enthusiasm, I might never have tried it at all.

///// I wonder how many fanzine publishers didn't start publishing until they'd been exposed to fanzines (and contributed to them) for, say, two years? Outside of George Locke, no examples spring to mind. It might be that if one hasn't sufficient enthusiasm to do a fanzine Right Away, one doesn't get very far in fan publishing.

Limiting it to fandom, I think there does seem to be a connection between writing ability and editing/publishing ability. I don't think there have been very many first-rate fanzines edited by fans who weren't also good writers. A list of the editors of the best fanzines (QUANDRY, HYPHEN, INNUENDO, WARHOON, VOID, etc) would be composed entirely of names that could just as easily fit an all-time best fanwriter listing.

\*\*\*\*

VONDA MCINTYRE	I received QUIP 10 this afternoon, in reasonably good condition.
3014-135 NE	Being a gentle young fan, fraught with savoir-faire,
Bellevue, Wash	I immediately opened it carefully. About half an hour later,
98004	I found the zine unharmed, among the tooth-torn shreds of its covering.

Hmm. Did I send for this fanzine? Noo... I don't think so, because I didn't have the address when I had money, and I didn't have money when I had the address. I flipped through it to see if it had been sent because someone, perhaps, had decided to take out BNFish sadism on a poor ignorant neofan. But no, apparently not. I couldn't find my name anywhere, and CRY wasn't even reviewed.

Painstakingly I pieced the envelope together, remembering that sometimes incomprehensible codes come attached. If this were the case, I could get one of my Nameless friends to decode whatever I might find, they being more familiar with the working of fannish minds than I, as yet.

What ho! There, after mine own name (spelled right, even), a code I actually recognize! "LoC"! But... I have never met nor corresponded with Ye Editor... hmm... what is that? A question mark?! Yes!

Could it be... my Ghod! Great Ghu! It is! I have been asked to write a (an) LoC! Could it be that... at least in some small sense... I have arrived?

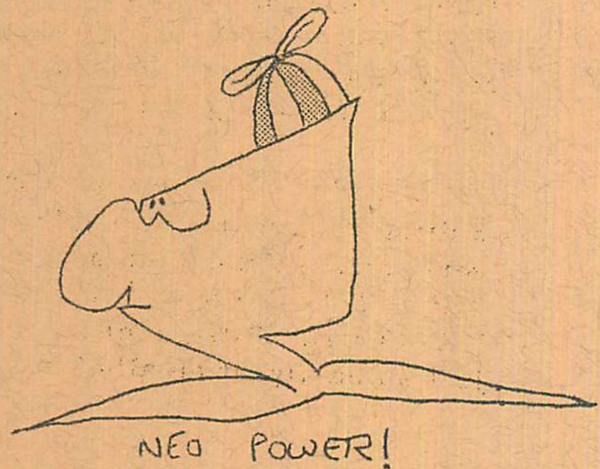


Please forgive dishonorable ignorance, honorable sir, but who's Calvin Demmon? (And how do you fly a frog? It sounds like almost as much fun as digging a hole to hell, and easier, too.

////// Calvin W \*Biff\* Demmon grew up in Los Angeles, but this didn't ruin him very much. He published some issues of a person genzine, \*SKOAN\* which introduced Biffables and asterisks to the world. Calvin also used the editorial "We" a lot and called people "Mr." Eventually, Calvin migrated to the Barea and co-edited THE CELEBRATED FLYING FROG OF CONTRA COSTA COUNTY (really!) with Andy Main bem. FROG was a small weekly fanzine and extremely humorous. (Calvin is incredible.)

After the Discon in 1963, Cal moved to New York and did many wonderful things at Fanoclast meetings and other places, often in company with Warren Brick. He returned to LA just prior to my joining the Fanoclasts in Spring 1964. I met Calvin twice, in '64 and '65 when the Fanoclasts made cross-country treks, and I have somehow conceived the idea that Calvin and I are friends.

Calvin did a rider called GRUNT that was mailed out with Ted White and Les Gerber's MINAC. GRUNT was continued as a column in FRAP, published by Lichtman, Benford and Demmon. It got Lichtman calling everyone "Mr.". Greg continues rude, but lovable. When someone pointed out that Gina Clarke (when she was Georgina Ellis) had once published a fanzine called GRUNT, Calvin obligingly changed the name of her fanzine to POMADE.



Mr. Demmon currently resides in Los Angeles, where he has finally achieved a street number that doesn't include a fraction, with his wife Wilma, son Peter, and car Morris. His hobbies are raising frogs, FAPA, and remaining silent when I send him QUIP.

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JOHN BERRY      I believe this installment of "All Our Yesterdays" is the best  
Mayfield House      Harry has written for QUIP. But I'd like to take this place to  
Stanford, Calif      make some comments about his writing. This is perhaps a poor  
94305      example because I found this "AOY" quite fascinating, and in  
USA      addition this time Harry let Degler carry the burden with his  
own words. There has long been a general sort of agreement in  
fandom that Harry Warner is one of the top fanwriters. This is quite true, and  
Harry probably deserves the Best Fan Writer Hugo as much as anyone I can think  
of. But this assumption has been accepted so long that very few people bother to



apply a critical eye to Warner writings. There are indeed things that are censurable in Harry's prose. He writes an incredible flood of locs, to virtually every genzine he receives, and in such a number of letters and in such a quantity of prose, there is bound to be some mediocre material. And there most certainly is. Harry has the skill to maintain a certain level of superficial competence in anything he writes, but sometimes he doesn't rise far above this minimum level. When he's writing about a basically uninteresting subject, and he isn't feeling inspired with a Cosmic clarity of vision, he has been known to produce some poor work, with very little spark of life. The only reason I point this out is that Harry is an excellent writer, and he produces some outstand writing both in articles and in letters, but he deserves to be praised for these in contrast to the bad (or the less good), rather than garnering compliments merely through habit.

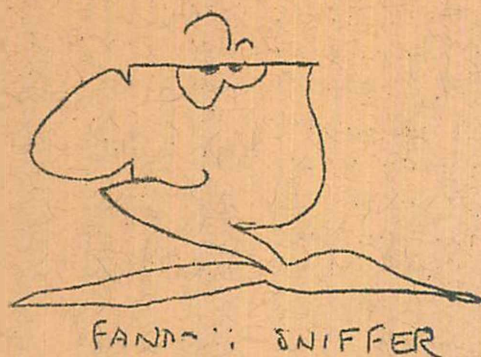
Steve's TAFF report is magnificent, a fine piece of Stiles writing. I'm rather curious at the almost total lack of reaction to the TAFF trip from the British fan press. Or maybe I just haven't seen it. Oh well, Bob Shaw For TAFF!

Archie's letter brings up some more oblique questions about the impressions that fanzines leave. To Archie, who as far as I know has never been to California or met more than a handful of California fans, Shangri-LA is a living reality, or at least it was when LA was more of a center of fannishness than it is today. To me, it is little more than a harmless myth. As I've become more acquainted with California and with the California fans, I've found all the names that appeared so magical in print reduced to mere flesh-and-blood people, many of whom are disappointing or downright dislikable. (This is not meant as a slur on the current gestalt in Los Angeles or anyone else in particular.) Whenever one knows the people behind the words on the printed page, it is much harder to submerge oneself in whatever aura the fanzine leaves. I can begin to understand people like Geis and Bergeron who insist on remaining fannish hermits; knowing the people involved often spoils the enjoyment. Your impression may not be bad, but it is always different; if I had never met the Fanoclasts, I'm sure my impressions of the fanzines and fanwritings of yourself, Ted, Andy, Steve, et al would be very different, indeed. In the specific case of Los Angeles, I found when I visited LA fandom a couple of times last year that I do not like Los Angeles. There are certainly people in the area that I like, and there are even things I like about the city itself, but the gestalt of Los Angeles -- both fannish and mundane -- turns me off. Consequently, it's quite impossible for me to read accounts of the Fabulous Fannish Fandom in LA (such as Ted Johnstone's fine article in FOOL#6) without some negative reaction. Because I know that behind the very attractive paper image is a reality that I don't like.

///// Your comments concerning Harry Warner (which I printed solely because of your repeated pleas to do so) belabor the obvious unnecessarily. Why all the hoopla over the fact that everything Harry Warner writes is not as brilliant as "AOY" or the Willis biography? Every writer has his minor efforts. And even as you suggest, Harry at his "worst" -- even when writing to an undistinguished crudzine -- is at least competent. I seriously doubt that anyone really thinks that Harry (or any other fan) never writes a less-than-scintillating fan piece.



RICHARD LABONTE    The publication of Harry  
 971 Walkeley Rd.,    Warner's fan history  
 Ottawa 8, Ontario    should appease the peo-  
 Canada    ple who complain that  
                                  new fans don't know what  
 fandom is or could be all about. It will at least  
 make the history of fandom available for them  
 to read, if they want to.



Steve Stiles report is great writing and fun reading, but I have to question his desire to be given a window seat on airplanes. The aisle seat, which he got -- lucky chap -- is really the one preferred by aficionados of flight. It allows easy entrance and egress, it provides more space for the stretching of the legs (provided you don't trip a stewardess as she traipses down the aisle) and it permits protrusion of the elbow (again into the aisle).

And it has the added advantage of making it nearly impossible to see out the window. By sitting in the aisle seat, I often manage to convince myself that we haven't yet left the ground and therefore there's no reason for me to get sick. If I can't convince myself that there's no reason to throw up, then there is the advantage of easy egress.

///// The rap against the neofans of the last few years hasn't been their ignorance of fanhistory and tradition -- we all start fannishly ignorant -- but rather their lack of interest in learning about such matters. The greatly increased concern with fanhistory over the last year or so is one of the most hopeful signs that good times may be again in the offing.

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KAY ANDERSON    I submit that New York Fandom is overflowing with Big  
 4530 Hamilton Ave.,    Name Fans /Kay refers to the opening section of "Robin  
 Oxnard, Calif    White BNF" / because no one else is counting. Just what  
 93030    is it with all the status seeking there?

Why do you call your zine QUIP, pray tell? (I'm not being obtuse; I don't know. I'm sure it's a famous fannish saga, but...) It more resembles a rabid hedgehog to me.

///// I submit you wouldn't say Dumb Things like your first paragraph if you remembered to polish your Shield of Umor before reading.

That's an amazing coincidence. Len Bailes (co-founder of QUIP) and I were going to call it THE RABID HEDGEHOG originally, except that neither of us wanted to have to spell that out in lettering guides all the time.

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ROY TACKETT  
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"All Our Yesterdays" was, as usual, excellent and illuminating. Juffus says that the theory that Degler was putting fandom on is like the conspiracy theory of history. He remains satisfied with the conclusions reached as the result of his investigations.

If Cosmic Claude can claim credit for anything, it is for destroying the Star-Begotten theory of fandom. Certainly no one, after Degler, would seriously advance the suggestion that fans are anything but hobbyists, and that fandom is anything but a literary hobby.

I see that Kay Anderson is still having at Ted White. This grows more and more amusing. It all began, as I recall, when Ted put down "Star Trek" and Kay, being a trekkie of the first order couldn't stand for that. She grabbed her phaser and hastened to the fray.

////// George Modole, in the late forties, tried to convince fans that they were the nucleus for a new political movement called the Animist Party. Most of fandom disagreed, and George left our little group to found the National Renaissance Party, a fascist group.

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JERRY LAPIDUS  
54 Clearview Dr.,  
Pittsford, NY 14534

Archie Mercer's letter brings up a question -- why are there "regional" fanzines? There definitely is a New York and a California fanzine (though this doesn't mean that every fmz coming from these areas has to be part of the genre); there just as definitely is a St. Louis fanzine, and there's very quickly getting to be a Minnesota fanzine. I realize there may be similarities between many fans in a club or group, but the overwhelming similarity between huge numbers of regional zines stumps me.

////// What similarity there exists among fanzines published by the members of any particular fan group probably do stem from the fact that fan groups tend to be composed of people who are fairly similar. The fan group which produces fanzines with the most obvious similarities, the Fanoclasts (QUIP, EGOBOO, FMZ, LIGHTHOUSE, FOOLSCAP, etc), is one based purely on the friendship among its members. The similarity among St. Louis fanzines can be accounted for in the same way, with the added factor that most of the St. Louis fanzines are produced by a very small group of fans. ODD and GRILS aren't really very much like the rest of the St. Louis fanzines, most of which are published by various Couches and Hank Luttrell.

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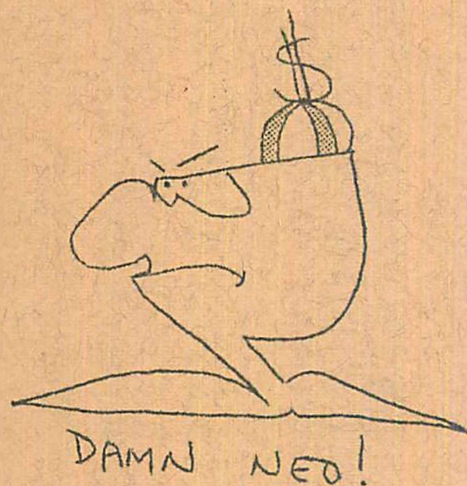
RON SMITH  
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Medina, Ohio 44256

I strongly agree with John Berry when he says that younger fans should attempt to get in step with fandom instead of demanding that fandom conform to them. The problem, I feel, is that new fans have never had the opportunity to



learn the old traditions of fandom, to learn about the history to which they have to live up. The fan histories that have been done in the past are sitting on the dusty back shelves of older fans, generally unavailable to the neofan. All he can learn is what he can scrape up through corry and the fanzine scene. Many times, older fans are reluctant to "lower themselves" to answer the million questions of the young fan and tell him about the past. This is only natural, I guess, and can be expected. That is why fan histories are so important; here is an easy way a neofan can learn about fnadom in a short period without thoughts of being embarrassed about asking such "stupid" questions -- a fear which I think plagues most new fans.

///// I don't know whom you approached, but I found, as a neo, that fans to whom I addressed questions were usually willing to answer them. In fact, asking a well know established fan about some fan historical point is rather egoboosting to the BNF (assuming the question isn't asked with surliness of a Kay Anderson). Fan historical questions have been known to make Ted White Beam.



I hope that QUIF, with its two fine fanhistorical columns, is helping to fill the need you've mentioned. Future issues of FANHISTORY, by the way, will contain classic fannish reprints and will be sent gratis to those who respond to QUIF

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JOYCE FISHER  
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St. Louis, Mo  
63108

Harry Warner's column dealing with the Cosmic Circle and Claude Degler added a great deal to my scanty knowledge of the whole affair. I wish Harry had lengthened his column by several pages; I would have liked to have learned more about this particular section of fanhistory -- I'll

admit that the Degler story has always held a certain amount of morbid fascination for me. What ever became of Degler? Does anyone know for sure? ... Not that I doubt that he could be located if some misguided fan decided to search him out. This seems a particular threat now, with the trend for revival of long-dead almost-forgotten zines. Yan you imagine what a sinking feeling you would get if you went to your mail box one day to find the resurrection issue of THE COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR?

I've given a great deal of thought to that Wild Tale you told me in a letter, that Degler was (supposedly) born in Poplar Bluff. After deep meditation and reflection, I've come to the conclusion that it's all a terrible lie designed to Shake my Tranquility (or something). Impossible. I think it's much more likely



that Degler was born in Arkansas which is as we know a Dreadful Place. I refuse to accept the possibility of his ever being in Poplar Bluff, which is, after all, the birthplace of Max Keasler, Ray Fisher and, of course, \*me\*.

Kat Anderson says that she knows nothing about the Fanoclasts, nor is she a fan of New York Fandom... a fact made obvious by her previous letters. Since she admits her own lack of knowledge of those elements connected with and most closely surrounding Ted White, her judgements of Ted would not seem to have the best of foundations.

Personally, I disagree violently with some of Ted's opinions. Occasionally they may even leave me frothing at the mouth from the frustration I feel if I oppose something he has said, but feel myself too tongue-tiedly uncler to successfully counter his arguements. In the few times that I've tried (haltingly) to contradict him, it should stand as some kind of testament to his graciousness that he has not only patiently listened to my stammerings, but even tried to coax more words out of me. This is a strange way for him to act if he is as Kay would have me believe. My opinion would have one-half of a similarity with Kay's final remarks: certainly I have no need to know him better. But I differ from Kay in that I would certainly desire to know him better. The very least of the benefits that would come from knowing Ted better would be that I would then feel more at ease around him, and might argue with him more comfortably.

Ted White's articles usually concern his own opinions and views. Ted's willingness to put his opinions in print and his generosity to fan editors has frequently been used (by the faneds' encouragement of feuds in response to Ted's opinions) to turn a mundane letter-col into a hot-bed of interesting discussion. It is difficult to separate Ted's fanzine articles from his letter responses to his villificators; both represent equally sizable contributions to fanzine fandom. In the latter, the fact that he is dealing with his own opinions is probably made more clearly than in his articles, as is proper. (Now Really. Wouldn't it make a stupid-sounding article if he were to say, "In my opinion, such and such, etc... In my opinion;" and end every article with a disclaimer which said, "Of course you realize this is my own humble opinion, not meant to be fact, and my opinion might change as I learn more facts, and all you folks should recognize this is only opinion." Wouldn't that make a really great article?! -- Every article represents, to one degree or another, the opinion or interpretation of the writer. It would be redundant for any writer to fill his articles with statements to that effect.)

It is interesting that in fandom today there is a tendency for some young fans to attempt to gain BNF status by saying, as it were, "Please, Mr. White, won't you step on me?" in locs written after the appearance of a White article. Does Kay feel that Ted should refrain from defending himself against attackers? Why doesn't she have equally strong feelings about the fan editor who will faunch for Ted's material, and then deliberately encourage someone to attack him in the next issue? Why doesn't she saying something about the fans who try to respond to a Ted White Article in the most antagonistic way possible, filling their LoC with insulting names and accusations, in order to thereby insure a greater liklihood that their letter will be published and to get their name more well known because of their dubious connection with him.

///// Unless someone has something new to say, I think this wraps up the Ted White Discussion -- you've summed it up so well, Joyce, that I see no reason to continue.



