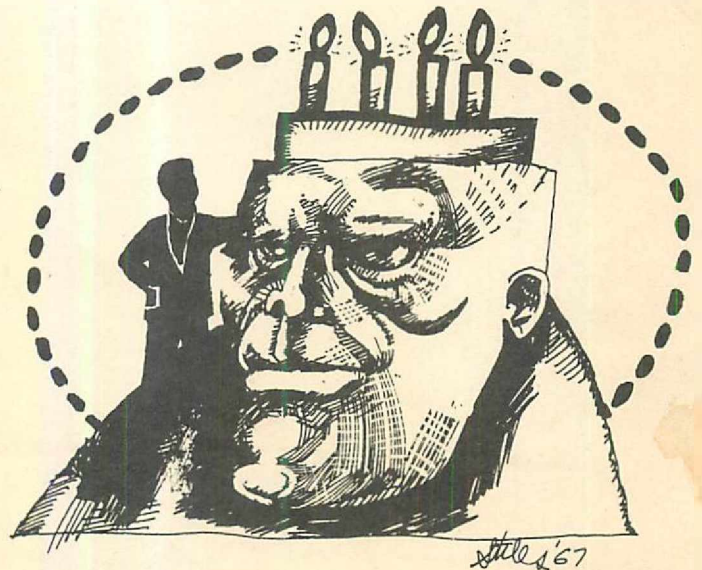


QUIP 13



QUISH IV

QUIP

13

THE TRUFAN'S HOME COMPANION

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ART: John D Berry (25, 26, 27, 28), George Foster (39), Jay Kinney (25, 26, 27, 28, bacover), Doug Lovenstein (8), Bill Rotsler (16, 19, 20, 33, 34, 36, 42), Joe Staton (5)

COVER: Steve Stiles, which has, as its theme, Annishes.

QUIP #13 (QUISH IV), a New Insurgent Publication, is edited by Arnie Katz, Apt 3-J, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, New York 11201 with a little help from his friends. Principal aid this time came from Ray Fisher who very kindly did quite a bit of electrostenciling, particularly the cartoon section. The cover described in the last QUIP was not a hoax, but Steve's cover seemed more appropriate for this issue. The licture will come up next time.

QUIP is published bi-monthly (or even oftener) and can be had for letter of comment, all-for-all trades (no monsterzines), contributions, or 50¢ (no subscriptions!).
Stencils finished 18 October 1969

Four years of QUIP. Four years, if you will pardon the expression, that's not too many. At least it isn't too many in the real world; four years in the microcosm is nearly two fan generations. How many of those who were neofans with me in 1963 and 1964 are still around? Surprisingly few. As I pointed out to fellow survivor Hank Luttrell at the '68 Midwestcon, our bunch was not a hardy one. Why, the co-founder of this very fanzine, Len Bailes, is today an embittered old fringe fan who occasionally takes pen in hand to tell us that the magic has gone out of fandom. I remember a Len Bailes of far different aspect. I can still see him at our very first convention, the 1963 Lunacon, all goshwow and running pell-mell after such professional titans as Randall Garrett.

It was a different fandom than today's to which QUIP #1 was sent in 1965. In L. A., marriages and friendships ruptured at each swing in fortune in the Diplomacy games that were then the rage of the LASFS. Edgar Rice Burroughs fandom was in full swing -- ERBdom was to win the Fanzine Hugo at the Tricon. Apas were the big thing in 1965 fanzine fandom. I don't think there were even a dozen reasonably frequent genzines when QUIP started. Today, all this is as never was. Diplomacy is played at safer distances through the mails, low brows and juveniles have forsaken ERB for Roddenberry, Shatner, and Nimoy, and the emphasis in fanzine fandom is once again on genzines. A veritable torrent of new genzines courses daily into the inadequate mailbox of Apartment 3-J, each one filled with the Essential Serious Constructive material for which every fan eagerly faunches. Fanzines crammed to the bursting point and beyond with articles on Hip Culture by rustic teenagers a year or two out of date, capsule reviews of "2001", and hymns of praise to Piers Anthony, sometimes not even written by Piers himself.

While mulling over the four years gone by since the first QUIP, the outline of a New Theory of Fandom outlined itself in my mind. I call it the Devolution Theory of Fandom. Let me explain. When I was a raw young neo, everyone knew that amateur poetry was No Damn Good. Twenty years of sermonizing on the evils of fan poetry had accomplished a feat which would have brought a tear of joy to the eye of Laney himself; the virtual eradication of this fannish blight by 1965. Oh, poetry persisted in a few of fandom's mustier corners like YANDRO (it once occurred to me that the apparent sole criterion for YANDRO material is that it should exactly fit a blank spot on a corresponding Coulson stencil), but was otherwise rarely seen. Then poetry began to appear again. Now fan poetry in all its shallow, hackneyed glory is a major category of fanzine material once more. Eight or ten pages of leaden verse in a single issue of a fanzine is not uncommon. The shadow of Orma McCormick lies heavy on fandom 1969. Perhaps because fan poetry was almost dead in 1965, the most virulent derision was saved for amateur science fiction and fantasy stories. Why, amateur sf was as much a hallmark of the abject neo crudzine as the cover which depicted a spaceship, jets blasting, being grabbed by a space serpent (or maybe a giant hand). Parodies and faan fiction pieces were considered usable, but non-professional sf was



KATZENJAMMER



verboden. Today amateur sf, including the special category of closet stories abandoned to fandom by good-natured pros, infects much of fandom. I mean deal-wth-the-devil yarns, imitation Conan stories, and, occasionally, amateur "Star Trek" scripts. Similarly, sf crossword puzzles, bibliographies of hack writers no one reads let alone enjoys and Science Fiction Quizzes are all with us once more.

Briefly, my theory is that fandom is retrogressing. I point to the spate of fanzine revivals as one more sign of this phenomenon. As fandom devolves, those who found some particular period of fandom congenial are stirring to activity. Soon, I predict, those rustic teenagers I mentioned will plunge backward to found Discussion Fandom all over again. The retreat of fandom will be in high gear.

Armed with this new insight, I have hit on a way to finance future issues of QUIP, once fandom has backslid sufficiently. I intend to introduce, for direct mail sale to fans, a low-cost publishing outfit I've discovered. I am going to let Terry Carr in on this with me, and next issue I'll present his article on the subject "The Hektograph, Fandom's Salvation". Watch for it.

I believe there are a number of what one might call Occupational Diseases associated with being a faanish fan. My co-editor-that-almost-was-one-time, John Berry, as you will notice from the first installment of his column this issue, has fallen prey to one of them. When he did his illustrated guide several issues ago, I thought it might indicate the onslaught of faanish illness, and this has now been shown to be definitely the case. John has contracted Focal Point Fever. While Focal Point Fever is not, perhaps, as serious as Demmonitis (in which the patient compulsively imitates the writing style of Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon. Ask Bob Lichtman about it.) it is curious in that it is endemic to the faanish breed though highly non-communicable. That is, though all faanish fans seem to go through a bout of Focal Point Fever, it rarely happens that large numbers of them are infected simultaneously.

Unlike more mundane illnesses, Focal Point Fever cannot be caught off a toilet seat, though infection from a pile of late-fifties fanzines is extremely common. The disease also possesses a strange property which greatly aids its spread through the ranks of the faanish, the "time-bomb" effect. For no explicable reason, a veteran faanish fan, believed long-cured of Focal Point Fever will suddenly become a carrier and infect a younger faanish fan.

Usually the disease burns itself out quickly, but occasionally outside therapy is necessary to hasten the recovery. For the milder forms of the disease, several hours of fanzine collating will turn the trick, but a stronger regimen is necessary in more serious cases. Allowing the patient to read a selection of current fanzines combined with reduced intake of old fanzines, particularly VOID, will often place the stricken fan on the road to health.

"So you finally got here."

"Yes, I just got in from the coast."

"I guess we can begin now."

"I heard a rumor about you, Katz."

"About me?"

"Right. I heard you've become a Dirty Pro."

"In a manner of speaking, yes."

"In a manner of speaking'? What does that mean?"

"It means that I'm not much of a pro. Just Assistant Editor of Amazing and Fantastic."

"That sounds like high powered stuff."

"It isn't really. Believe me, there's more egoboo than cash involved."

"So what happens to QUIP now?"

"What should happen to QUIP?"

"Well, you're going offset, of course."

"No, the only offset in QUIP is on the backs of the pages that are gestetnered."

"How about changing the name to FANTASY CRITIQUE and having thirty pages of capsule book reviews every issue?"

"I think I'll stick with QUIP and fans like Harry, Greg, John, Steve, and Walt for contributors, thanks."

"But if you don't change the name, those display ads I've done up will be worthless!"

"Display ads?"

"Sure. Display ads listing everyone who's had so much as a letter in QUIP for Amazing, If, The Worldcon Program Book, and The Sunday New York Times! How else are you going to get the circulation up to 1000?"

"Who needs that?"

"You do, so FANTASY CRITIQUE can win the Hugo it will so richly deserve."

"Now wait..."

"Vote for FANTASY CRITIQUE!"

"Now stop that! Do you think that readers are so stupid that they'll allow such transparent self-advertisement?"

"They always did, the last place I worked."

"That was a different scene, I'm afraid."

"What the hell are you doing now, Katz?"

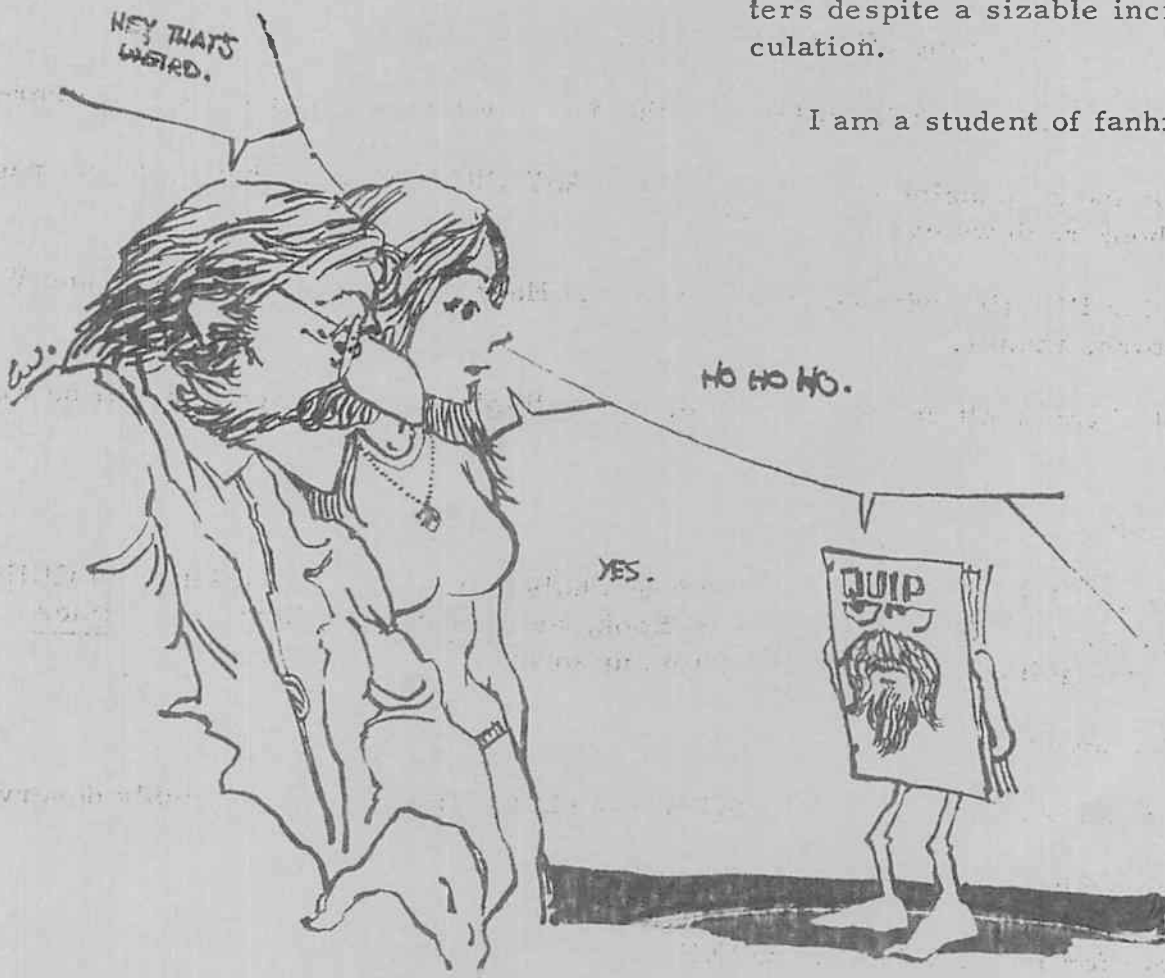
"Making a phone call. Hello? Geis? Dick, I'm sending him back. No, he just didn't work out. Thanks anyway. That was Geis, I'm sending you back."

"I could have made you the Secret Master of Fandom."

"Uh-huh. Good-bye."

This issue of QUIP would have been out a lot sooner if there'd been more in the way of reader response on #12. I know it was something of a let-down after QUIP #11 c/w FANHISTORY #4 b/w VOID #29 c/w THE FANNISH WORRY BOOK, and I realize that it arrived at worldcon time, but I didn't get more than a half-dozen letters despite a sizable increase in circulation.

I am a student of fanhistory, as you



all our yesterdays ROCKET TO THE MORGUE

Fandom is never easy to understand. But it presents particular comprehension problems of unusual difficulty every so often. One of these times of bafflement has existed for more than a year. Anthony Boucher has been dead since April, 1968. Obituary notices and expressions of regret appeared in many fanzines. But to my knowledge science fiction fandom has not yet done the proper things, and this puzzles me. Here was a pro who behaved like a fan part of the time, he delighted every fan who met him and starred at many worldcons, he wrote fine science fiction and edited one of the best prozines, and he was the first to write a piece of faan fiction and sell it as a successful mystery novel. And only those hasty brief notes about how much he'll be missed have appeared in fanzines. We haven't had a thorough discussion of his fantasy fiction, nobody has traced the influence of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction on the other prozines, and I've seen no extended accounts of what Tony was like and the good things he did. Instead we have had endless rehashes of Heinlein's philosophy, the meaning of 2001, and eighty-seven denunciations of Star Trekkers.

This column normally treats of fannish productions. But I want to do what I can to remedy this neglect. I didn't know Boucher, I lack the time to do for his prozine what Alva Rogers did for Astounding, but I can say some things about that faan mystery novel, Rocket to the Morgue. It isn't too bad a subject for this column, because it couldn't have existed without fandom of a past day. (In parentheses, I can also point sadly to the way mystery fandom has done much more than our fandom for Boucher's memory. THE ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE, edited by Allen J. Hubin, ran a "Boucher Portrait", a compilation by Lenore Glen Offord. It contains many reminiscences by big and little people of this "modern version of the Renaissance Man", followed up by a bibliography.)

Fiction about fans had appeared in fanzines before Rocket to the Morgue saw print, and one or two prozine stories had used fans as characters in science fiction adventures.

harry warner

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But Rocket to the Morgue was a stunner when Duell, Sloan and Pearce published it in 1942. Here was a story in which you could read about science fiction fans, filthy pros, costume balls at conventions, fanzines, and many other trappings of fandom and prodom. One of the murders was committed with the help of a rocket. There were in-group references of the kind fans love so well: the book was published under the byline of H. H. Holmes, but it contained references to Anthony Boucher. During your first reading, there was the added delight of uncertainty over the locked room puzzle: was there a mundane explanation or was a science fictional element responsible?

By page 27, the mundane reader was learning about us. In the middle of a brief history of fantasy fiction, Boucher wrote: "It has its aficionados, as intense and devoted as the audience for mysteries or westerns or hammock-romances. And the most loyal, the most fanatical of these followers of fantasy are the devotees of the fiction of science -- scientifiction to its fans, or more simply stf." A few pages later, more respectable segments of the literary world discovered that the filthy pro who got more than a penny per word for his science fiction stories was doing quite well. In unmistakable words, it became obvious that agents for science fiction are not always the world's finest people. Then, about one-fourth of the way through the book, the reader was plunged into an extended description of a gettogether of a bunch of pros and one fan. "The science fiction fans are highly organized, and they have Annual World Conventions," one of the pros explains. "The last one was in Denver, so the fans, ever incorrigible neologists called it the Denvention. The next one's here in Los Angeles, and I'm afraid it's called the Pacificon." "Fanzine" is used in what I suspect was its first appearance in any professional publication outside the prozines.

The entire plot would be impossible without science fiction and its traditions. It's basically the story of an heir to the literary legacy of a series of scientific detective stories, best thought of as what we might have had if Arthur Conan Doyle had written about Professor Challenger as frequently and as successfully as he did of Sherlock Holmes. This heir seems to have been the only major character outside the police people in the novel who had no model in reality. By a weird and curious fate, however, a modern generation of fans might imagine a resemblance to one of the Bob Stewarts of recent fannish fame. I can't say more without spoiling part of the plot for anyone who hasn't read the novel. Various people have traced the characters to their prototypes. T. Bruce Yerke, a Los Angeles fan of that era, apparently was the fan named William Runcible in the book. His big moment comes more than halfway through the novel: "Gribble bent over the rocket. There was a flare of exhaust and a loud explosion. All eyes turned, tennis-wise, to watch the rocket shoot past. But those eyes saw something else. They saw a plump figure topple over the lip of the trench into the immediate path of the Aspera IX. The ears heard a crunch of bone and flesh, and sharp ringing screams..." It happened right under the eyes of a detective who was afraid there would be a murder. A now-forgotten Californian named Tom Wright was another fan who turned up in the book. As Arthur Waring, he refers to one of the eternal points of debate when he discusses Runcible to a detective: "He kept saying that fans ought to support pro writing instead of fandom." He accidentally provides an important clue to the mystery's solution by giving the detective a sample of his artistic accomplishments.

~~THE ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE~~'s survey speculated that Boucher appears under two names in the book: Boucher is used as the name of a subsidiary character, and Matt.

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Duncan may also be Boucher, as a novice prozine writer. L. Ron Hubbard, who had not yet become famous as a dianetics exponent, is credited with being the prototype of D. Vance Wimpole. Some extracts from stories about Captain Comet, a creation of Joe Henderson, leave no doubt that it is Captain Future and Ed Hamilton under the thinnest of disguises. Don A. Stuart doesn't appear in the story but is used to refer to things that John W. Campbell Jr. obviously is doing off-stage. One puzzle I've not seen explained is Ackerman's identification of the important character Matt Duncan and his wife with Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Cartmill. He mentioned it only a few weeks after the novel was published, he was in the middle of the science fiction people Boucher knew, there must have been grounds for that identification, and yet the Duncans are holdovers from a previous Boucher novel which has nothing to do with science fiction. Austin Carter and his wife are listed by ~~THE ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE~~ as Henry Kuttner and C. L. Moore, but Ackerman when the books was published and George Locke many years later both considered Heinlein as Carter's model, possibly because Carter is described as creator of a future history around which his stories are modeled. The Califuturians is a club that is presumably the LASFS, although some reviewers have listed that organization as prototype for the Manana Literary Society. The book is dedicated to the MLS and to Heinlein and Cartmill in particular, and one of Heinlein's pennames, Anson MacDonald, is mentioned in passing in the story. (The actual MLS came into being after the book was published, and was named for the book's creation.)

I'm on the shakiest ground when I try to assess the book's value, because mystery fiction is a field in which I've read only sporadically and intermittently. Tentatively, I'd say that the strength of Rocket to the Morgue is the superb way in which Boucher brings science fiction people to life and the remarkably accurate, condensed descriptions he inserts about the history and traditions of prodrom and fandom. As a novel in its entirety, however, I don't find it as entertaining as Boucher's fantasy fiction. A couple of things about the novel seem to me to be flaws. One is the curiously minor attention paid to the first murder; it's almost ignored during the first two-thirds of the novel in favor of the narrow escapes from death suffered by the literary heir. The other problem is a great deal of plugging for a previous mystery novel featuring some of the same characters, Nine Times Nine. I know that mystery writers like to call attention to their other books in this manner, but I'm afraid it's overdone in this case.

Nevertheless, it's a fascinating book, one that I acquired in both pulp magazine and paperback editions long ago, then just recently in its hardcover format. I read it again not long ago, for the first time in fifteen years, and found myself thoroughly puzzled by the course of events; over that long interval, I'd succeeded in forgetting the identity of the guilty person.

To those who actually knew Boucher in person, Rocket to the Morgue should provide reminders of many phases of the man. His enthusiasm for Sherlockian lore obviously helped to create the fictional Doctor Derringer cult. His gourmet qualities show up in various places through the novel. He was a devout Catholic, and the most important continuing character in the series which includes Rocket to the Morgue is Sister Ursula, a Catholic nun.

And if you have a good memory for names, but have never read Rocket to the Morgue

((continued on page 24))

LON ATKINS

Send a QUIP columnist to Dallas for four months and you might expect to get reams of Fabulous Dallas Fandom Stories, along the line of the superb Benford editorials in VOID. It would be a reasonable assumption if the columnist wasn't also a computer programmer working twelve hours a day, seven days a week. Then you get one skimpy column just loaded with bitter comments on the Lone Star State and the inhabitants and customs thereof.

In all my four months there as a resident, and in the three months of heavy trip-scheduling there, I never met a single member of Dallas Fandom, Fabulous or not. I did meet Texas. I became painfully familiar with the very fabric of the state, small town and city.

To start the story let's go backward in time to October 4, 1968. The place is Los Angeles, that magic city of infinite variety, blessed with perfect climate, stretching like a carpet of exotic splendor over thousands of square miles. Los Angeles, home of the fabulous LASFS, the fan capital of the universe*. On that October day in incomparable Los Angeles, a small band of bewildered computer programmers stared at their plane tickets and wondered why they had been chosen to do the on-site systems integration in Greenville, Texas.

Our gallant crew landed in Dallas at 9:30 PM local time. The night was mild. Our leader rented a car and we embarked onto the treacherous streets bound for Greenville, fifty miles to the northeast. It was our first exposure to regular Texas driving. We observed that the famous spirit of independence was vigorously practiced by the drivers. Such devices of stifling conformity as stop-lights, lane markers, speed limits, right-of-ways, one-way streets, and common courtesy were totally scorned by the Texans. Somehow we survived.

Our luck held up, and so did our motel reservations. Staggering into our rooms, we discovered that a floor show was in progress. Dozens of cockroaches, trained in various exciting and intricate dance steps were frolicing on the carpet. Lida, the lady programmer in our group, called the manager. "Your cockroaches are strictly small time," she said. "Cancel 'em."

*The Editor wishes to point out that the delusions of this columnist do not necessarily reflect those of QUIP**

**The Editor wishes to point out that the above footnote was written by the columnist himself. Talk about delusions!

 *bheermutterings*

Now the manager was a man dedicated to the comfort and entertainment of his guests. If his trained cockroaches were not filling the bill, then he himself would have to help out. Almost instantly he appeared, wringing his hands and drawling apologies. Aglance told him that there wasn't enough pazazz in the act to please a sophisticated show-goer from California. He pirouetted to the vanity, snatched a handful of floral kleenex, and began his famous interpretive folk dance.

Hopping about on his hands and knees, keeping a quaint refrain apparently in some foreign language, he swatted at the cockroaches with the kleenex wad. They responded like the real troupers they were, scooting in complex patterns designed to fascinate the audience. Even up the walls they sped. The manager entered the second phase of his dance, sort of tap and soft-shoe combined. He added percussion by pounding on the walls in close coordination with the cockroaches that were performing there. Then he was leaping on the beds, on the dressers, and on the chairs in a magnificent crescendo of activity. Some unique special effect was turning his face a stunning shade of blue. The insects themselves also went wild in this great finale. One by one they surpassed themselves, then modestly vanished into cracks in the woodwork. Suddenly the manager was left alone at stage-center.

That marvelous performer was so overcome by the loyal effort that his cockroaches had made that he was actually sobbing. His breath was coming in huge gulps. With an effort he controlled himself and spoke to Lida. "They're gone, ma'am, we'll spray tomorrow."

We've always wondered if the spray show could match the incredible dancing that went on that first night, but we were never to know, for the spraying apparently went on during the day while we were at work. Later we were to learn that our motel was known locally as the "Cockroach Inn" and was famed for the antics of its trained roaches. The competing motel (yes, Greenville had two motels) was noted for its performing tarantula, which had left an Air Force contingent literally speechless only a few days before our arrival. Unfortunately, we never got to see it.

After the excitement of our arrival, we fully expected the customer facilities to be an anticlimax, but again we hadn't counted on Texas. In the 19th century, the Texas Rangers were a rough, tough force of lawmen who daily dealt with rustlers, bank-robbers, horse-thieves, and other forms of outlaw. Today the tradition of the Texas Rangers is carried on by the security force of our customer. We discovered this when we arrived at the first guard post which bars entrance to the plant itself. Out stepped a grizzled guard, a pair of forty-fives hanging low on his hips. He came towards us with the measured tread of a gunfighter expecting a shoot-out. Instinctively, we raised our hands and reached for the sky.

"Strangers in these parts, ain't y'all?" He spat a glob of tobacco sideways. His hands hovered over the notched butts of the forty-fives.

"Err, we're programmers from Los Angeles come to integrate, errr, I mean do the final installation and check-out of the data processing system. Sir." Our leader was taking no chances.

"Los Angeles, huh! I hear tell that place is full of pinko comsymps, Hell's Angels, and dirty preverts!" The guard's hands were twitching reflexively toward his holsters.

"We're really all from Orange County!" rescued our leader. "America: love it or leave it." Hearing this simple bit of homespun philosophy seemed to lull the guard's suspicions. He checked our security clearances, our places of birth, and our Captain America fan club cards. Then he frisked us for concealed weapons, issued us badges, and directed us on into the plant.

The facilities were divided into several classes of secure areas. Since we had Secret clearances we were allowed into the lowest level areas. Unfortunately, the computer lab was in a "closed" area to which access was strictly controlled. We were not allowed in.

Our leader was prepared for this sort of circumstance. "Get us the clearance we need within an hour or we'll all be on a plane back to L.A. this afternoon," he said to one of the customer management types. Since they were incapable of integrating the system themselves, the Texans got on the stick. A system was worked out whereby we could enter the lab and work there as long as we were escorted by a qualified Texan.

It's impossible to discuss the problems that lab had without going technical, so I'll just say we managed. Then came Saturday and we were almost killed. It was a perfect football weekend and all the locals that could had flocked to the stadiums. The guards remaining were notoriously ill-tempered. Our escort, our one escort, wasn't happy, either. We were running our routines, absorbed in debugging, when the escort quietly vanished. We didn't notice, but the guard did.

Came a nasal drawl: "You boys shouldn't ought to be in here without no escort." The guard was standing at the far end of the lab with his guns in his hands. He was grinning a mean grin. We were frankly scared shitless.

In that same slow drawl he told us we were in trouble. "I'm sposed to shoot any one sneaks in here."

"We didn't sneak in! We came with an escort! We didn't know he'd left! Sir!"

"I reckon a bunch of commie spies would be slick enough to make out like they didn't notice a fellow leaving, so they could steal all the good American secrets in the lab."

"Migod, this is our equipment! There're no secrets here for us to steal!"

"Now ain't that just too bad. You commie spies ain't too smart if you didn't realize this was your own stuff. Didn't reckon with me, neither." He twirled his pistols expertly.

"Listen, guard! We're patriotic American programmers! Our escort will be right

back. He probably stepped out to the john." We all burst into a ragged chorus of "It's A Grand Old Flag".

"You rats want a running start? I'm a Sharpshooter, so I'll try for a kneecap shot. Makes it fairer that way. Say, any of you spies got a gun? I can go for a gut shot, then."

We were panicked. There was no way out of the lab. Just as we looked like a pack of bounties for the guard, our escort returned. "Hey, Pecos, what's the trouble? I was just out to the john."

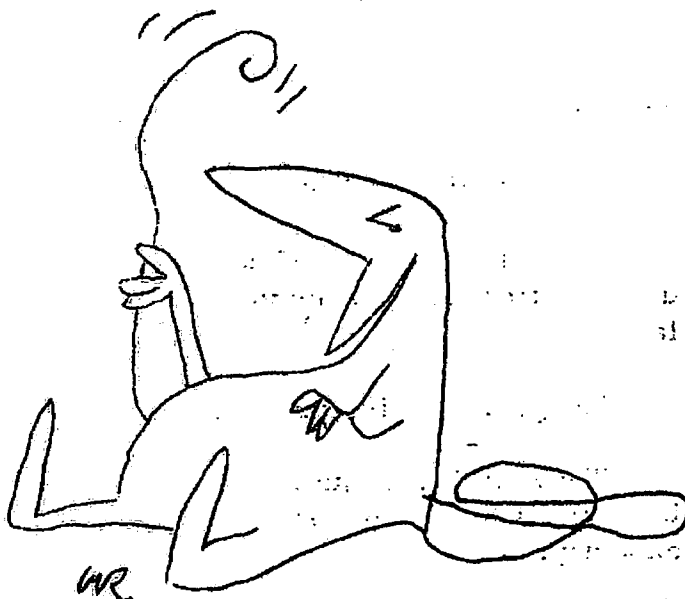
So salvation. In the next few months the guards grew less leary of us. But it was still bad, oh, so bad. So why, you ask, did I in February accept a four-month tour of duty in that very same state of Texas that I disliked so much? The answer, friends, is that little word that means so much to us all: money. For double-salary Kathy and I figured we could endure four months of Texas, especially as we were to be living in Dallas -- a city!

We took a luxurious apartment on the northeast edge of Dallas, and I began commuting forty miles to and from work. But it was still better than living in Greenville, which is one of the most ignorant, bigoted, and backward small towns I've ever seen. (And remember, when I say that, that I grew up in Alabama.)

One midnight, a couple of weeks after we had moved in, we were officially welcomed by the city of Dallas. A fantastic racket hit our apartment, blasting us out of bed. "Somebody's tearing down our building," said Kathy. "The Russians have bombed Fort Worth," said I. Rachel slept on unperturbed. "It's coming from downstairs. A boilermaker who brings his work home," said I. "It's coming from the street. It's the Dallas Department of Public Works," said Kathy. And she was right.

A water main had broken and the dauntless Texans were on the spot to locate and repair the break. Being interested in the fine points of such an operation, such as when the jack hammers were going to cease, I sat by the window and watched. The foreman had a long metal rod clutched in his paws. He would direct the drilling of a hole through the pavement, then probe with the rod to try and find the leak. It was immediately apparent that this man was experienced and competent in his work. When one hole proved useless he would choose the spot for the next hole by a subtle method that he obviously learned only after many years on the job.

In my ignorance I would have thought that the optimum method involved drilling a few widely spaced holes, bracketing the



leak, then closing in on the break. After all, the main ran downhill. The rod test was either wet or dry. The geometry seemed clearly simple.

But not so! That courageous foreman had a better method. Tirelessly, from midnight until five o'clock in the morning he drilled a line of holes forty feet long, six full inches apart. When he had finished his night of overtime labor, he had not only found and repaired the water main break, but had reaped innumerable side benefits. He had kept the apartment dwellers awake the whole night with his damned jack hammer. He had rendered the street undrivable, thus necessitating the later appearance of yet another city crew. He had left an open hole ten feet for kids to fall into. He had helped to justify high tax rates. A man like that is going to go far in government work.

Each day I would arise at 6:15 and drive to work in Greenville. Every evening about 7:00 I'd drive home, on the super highways Texas maintains, with unbanked curves and hump-back overpasses. During my working hours I'd fight off the customer programmers who were busily "testing" our operational programs. It was no wonder that at infrequent intervals I'd take off early (5:00) and take Kathy out to dinner and a show, or maybe just a long dinner. We'd found several very good places and one really superb one (Dominique, which I recommend wholeheartedly to anyone visiting -- or living in -- Dallas). One night we tried another place which had been mentioned as first-rate. We found it merely good so far as the food went and excessive in price. The decor was quite opulent, but not at all in bad taste. What was in bad taste was a portion of the clientele.

When Kathy and I were halfway through our Tournedos Bearnaise, a party of twelve was seated at the long table opposite us. Half the men were in stodgy business suits, and the other half were in garish cowboy outfits. The women were all dressed with a maximum of expense and a minimum of taste. There were so many diamonds dripping off them that I thought we'd been invaded by a covey of chandeliers. Squawk! Squack! They came in like so many ugly, raucous birds. (Lyndon birds?)

It's possible to shout in a narrow room, even one with velvet wallpaper, and dim all other conversation with your own. That's exactly what this bunch of drunks did. They screeched at each other.

"Hey, Joe, get a load of this cigarette lighter!" One of the women grabbed a butane candle off the table and lit her cigarette with it, closing the flame as she did so. "Hey! This goddamn thing went out! Boy! Hey, boy! Fix this bastard!" Pure Texas gentility.

"Damn it, waiter! We need some drinks!" I was hoping that they would get some drinks: they might pass out.

"Hey, look y'all! There's china platters on the wall. Haw haw haw!" Ming dynasty porcelain.

"Y'all hear about Charlie-boy's wife catching him with some little filly from San Antone?" Abstruse social commentary.

"Yahooo!!! Whatever that is, it shore is good!" Mature appreciation of gourmet cuisine.

Despite a couple of conferences, the owner and the maitre d' did nothing. The rude rich diners continued to make utter jackasses of themselves. Kathy and I left without haste, but without delay.

As the weeks passed, I was getting to know the people. Individually, they were mostly nice, simple-hearted human beings -- "just plain folks" they called themselves. Collectively, they radiated what a colleague of mine calls "the four virtues of Greenville" -- ignorance, stupidity, bigotry and chauvinism. There's no point in going into the long list of incidents and observations that yielded these conclusions. Rather, I'll describe a fellow named Joe who found a home in Texas.

Joe was raised in Michigan and came to Los Angeles as an electrical engineer. He told me that he lived in "Garbage Grove" for awhile, being laid off twice. Then he moved to "Culvert City" and was laid off twice more. He said he'd had to take pay cuts, an irritating thing, and that he finally located a job in Greenville, Texas, at a raise. He settled in Garland, a suburb of Dallas. The first couple of years were difficult ones, he told me, but eventually he began to see what a marvelous place Texas was. Let me quasiquote from a few of the many conversations we had.

Joe knew that I had a lamentable opinion of Texas, but he was sure that I would come around, just as he had, with enough exposure. He was also fond of bringing up the area's "strong points". For instance: "Wow! That was some game last night! The Spurs came from behind with a four-run ninth inning. Beat Albuquerque."

"Yeah, Joe, I know. It's plastered all over the first three pages of the sports section. Makes it hard to find major league scores. This paper is bush as hell."

"Bush! Why Dallas is the sports capital of the world!"

I laughed. "Joe, be realistic. Dallas isn't bad for football, but it's strictly from hunger for anything else."

That got his back up. "Now you're gonna go plug L. A. aga'n!"

"Since you mention it, Los Angeles has Dallas beat six ways for one."

"Ha! Take baseball. Last night the Spurs played in an exciting 17-16 win over Albuquerque. You can't find that sort of baseball in L. A."

"No, you don't find that sort of baseball in L. A.," I said as I opened the paper to the Dallas box score. "The Spurs scored their 17 runs on 12 hits. Albuquerque pitching gave up eleven walks. Albuquerque fielding gave up nine errors. You can't find that sort of baseball in Los Angeles. You find the Angeles, an American League team, and the Dodgers, a National League pennant contender."

"Well, the Cowboys are better than the Rams!"

"The Cowboys? I didn't think Dallas had a pro football team. Bland innocence on my face.

"They sure beat the Rams last time they played 'em!"

"But I'm not a Ram fan, I'm a Facker fan. Are you sure that Dallas has a pro football team?"

There was hatred in his glare. It was easy to mop up by comparing Dallas' ABA team to L. A.'s NBA and ABA teams. Dallas' Central Hockey League team to L. A.'s big league NHL team. SMU to USC and UCLA. Etc.

Then the subject of entertainment came up. "When there's too much to do you just get confused and never do anything," said Joe. "Dallas has the perfect balance."

I claimed that he was using fuzzy logic. "It's great to be able to spend one weekend in the moutains hiking or skiing and spend the next at the shore, swimming and boating.

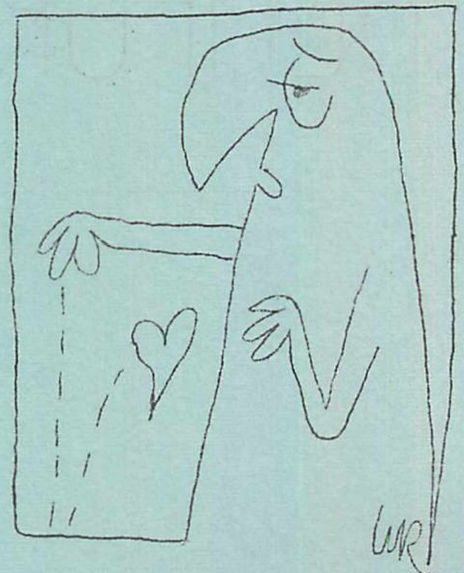
"That's another way Texas is best," replied Joe. It's dangerous to ski, so you can't do it in Texas. (Who wants to, anyway.) And we've got a bunch of big fresh-water lakes that beat the Pacific Ocean all hollow.

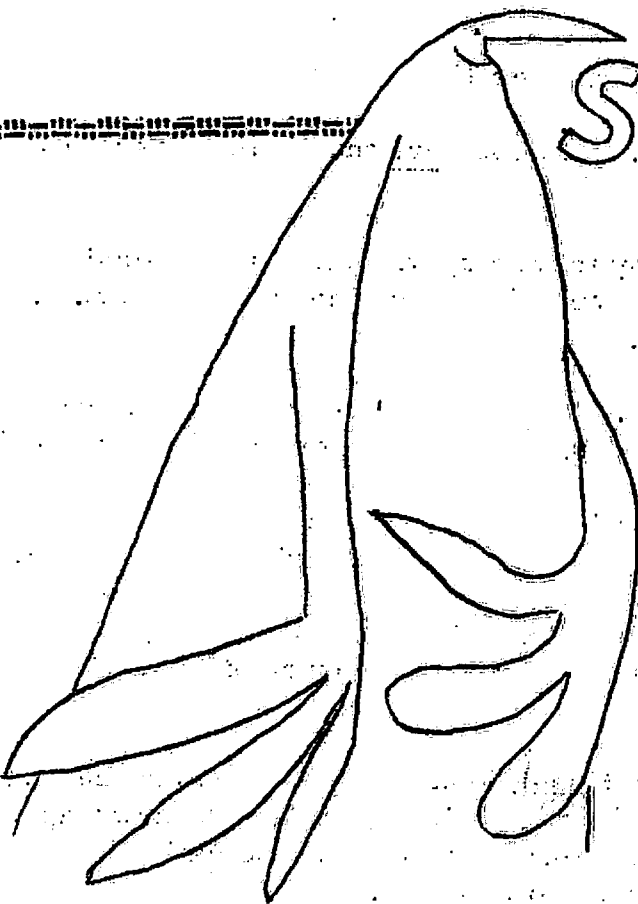
Among other amazing facts I learned were these: "Bad roads are better than free-ways, because if you can't go fast on a road, you can't kill yourself." "A newspaper should print all the local news first and use any space left over for the dull stuff like world news." "Long hair and communism always go together."

Joe had made it. He was now a Texan.

--- Lon Atkins

Have at ye, Dallascon!





Scalpel

GREG
BENFORD

DOUBLE:BILL #119, 20, and 21. Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi (PO Box 368, Akron, Ohio 44309. Irregular. 75¢ a copy, 4 for \$2. or the usual.

It has taken me three issues to find my way around in DOUBLE:BILL, mostly because it is incredibly diverse. This threw me for a while. Genzines, I realized, have been getting more and more narrow since I first started reading them in 1955, and maybe they've been getting worse. The best "genzines" of the last fifteen years have usually been at base humor fanzines, with other material to add a semblance of balance -- and thus, not really genzines at all.

The strictly general fanzine has declined. I'd never seen a DOUBLE:BILL until #19, and I felt like a biologist who has just run into a living animal he'd previously assumed was a fossil. The big, sprawling, Midwestern genzine was, I thought, a pretty dead institution. Even apparent counterexamples like KALIKANZAROS didn't have quite that open-faced quality I remembered from... when? the fifties? Has it been that long?

While variety is DOUBLE:BILL's strength, that's also one of its weaknesses. There's something comforting for an old-time fmz reader in jumping from one article to the next and knowing that some of the same flavor or mood will be maintained, that one can slip right into it without trouble. One loses that in DB, though. Thus I get half-way through "A Fannish Christmas Carol" by John and Sandra Miesel without realizing that it was supposed to be a parody of Dickens, and its sole redeeming virtues were, I

guess, the fannish references and atmosphere. Pieces like this don't work any more. Maybe the times have changed. I remember the long faan fiction pieces which started with the "story idea" of all fandom moving to one town, and spun out a remorselessly inevitable plot from that thin basis. The "fan town" type stories won't make it now because fandom isn't that much of a gee whiz thing any more. Fans have clearly defined other identities, FIAWOL is a joke. And a piece like the Miesel's, with a minimal level of humor, won't cut any ice. It's perhaps a sad fact, but subject matter won't carry an author unless he's got imagination and wit. But maybe this judgement is too harsh, for in the same issue (#19) Vernon McCain's reprinted "Padded Cell" (from PSYCHOTIC 1954) doesn't strike any sparks, either. I'd like to think this represents an off day for Vernon, and that his usual work was better. I hope so.

DOUBLE:BILL's best asset is the solid rank of sf reviewers Bowers has corralled. In #20 Richard Delap writes a thorough and competent putdown of Spinrad's The Men In The Jungle, and for once Delap is on target with virtually all his points. Delap has shown a lamentable tendency of late to lapse into the suddenly-successful reviewer's vice of coming on negatively with the majority of what he reads. I suspect the usual cause -- it's easier to be critical than it is to examine just how a good writer constructs and implements his ideas -- but here the scalpel Delap waves lands home and the subject is suitable. Banks Mebane, on the other hand, is more intellectual and has a better grasp of technical matters; I think he has a tendency to be more tolerant toward hack writing, however, than I would ever be. Mack Reynolds escapes with only minor scars. (My own feelings are more nearly echoed by Sandra Miesel in the letter column, when she says, "Careful reading of 7/8 of Poul Anderson's entire output had revealed exactly three minute historical errors. You could find that many in one Reynolds novelette." I think ever this is altogether too kind to Reynolds. Sandra is also one of the few fans to correctly label Randall Garrett as "trivial". Hear hear!) Tucked into the reviews in #19 is a marvelously funny item by Banks Mebane about Asimov's incredible diversity and productivity. A short, witty piece with only minor lapses; it comes off very well.

Immediately after it comes some fan fiction, but it's not a total bringdown. If Robert Weinberg would drop unnecessary complication and some stiff writing, and move more action on-stage instead of just describing it through the mpuh of a character, he might put together a salable piece from this. Even minor work would bring it up to the If level, God knows. A touch of the same heaviness of technique runs through "May All Your Enemies Go To Hell!", a mildly charming bit of fluff about Xmas. Most fan writers don't know when to stop on something like this, and Stricklen is no exception. Brevity, friend, brevity.

To complete a typical eclectic issue of DOUBLE:BILL there is a poem by Mark Schulzinger (which has its moments), editorials, and a strange (fake?) letter from a paranoid in Pennsylvania who thinks the sun is a giant face. The more I look at this, the more I'm sure it's a hoax. But why print it?

DOUBLE:BILL's #19 and 20 are both in this vein. Bowers and Mallardi have always liked polls and surveys, and in #20 the results of their 2001 poll are exhaustively detailed. The comments are interesting, but fragmented, and although this technique certainly mirrors the diversity of response to the movie, it also doesn't allow much

room for insight. A collection of essays might have been more to the point -- but in retrospect I wonder how many people would've read them, given the glut we've had lately? Luckily, the separately printed DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM of pro writers doesn't suffer from this because the responses are much longer and more detailed. The SYMPOSIUM in fact is probably one of the best items of its type to ever appear in fandom.

I've given a somewhat rambling review of #'s 19 and 20, because that's the only way to take them. A wordy peace march description by Mike Deckinger falls next to some cogent paperback reviews, followed by an Eddie Jones portfolio, next to a... There's not much of a feeling of anything going on in DOUBLE:BILL, despite the clear personality definition Bowers and Mallardi have in their editorials, because the thing is so big and varied.

All this may have changed with #21, though. I'm not sure quite what one is to make of this issue, because it is admittedly a rushed job to make a St. Louiscon deadline, but to me it certainly gives off an aura of old-timey stf. It's photo-offset, neatly laid-out and attractively packaged, and it reeks of 1943. I almost expected to find a poem titled "Ad Astra" in here somewhere. This isn't a bad thing, but it's certainly different. There are numerous illos that could've fit into pulp Astoundings -- the elaborate and unfunctional space ships, posturing voluptuous women amongst sinister ancient religious trappings, space ships zipping and zooming around like WWII fighters. There's even the traditional argumentative article, "SF is Mainly Juvenile Trash and Rightly So" by S. A. Stricklen, Jr. Here he says strong characterization equals maturity in literature, sf is mostly gadgets and ideas, therefore sf is immature, trash, etc. In some respects this reminds me of a Campbell editorial. Stricklen slaps a half-right definition on something and then uses the wrong half to deduce a pet conclusion of his. The many objections one can raise to his points (why should we accept the rules of thumb of English professors? How does Stricklen know sf won't last as Literature -- could it be just because it doesn't resemble what was in the past considered to be Great Literature? Why is escape juvenile?) are brushed aside with the same attitude, or ignored. And in the end, Stricklen never does make clear why this is "Rightly So". I guess he just likes it that way, though of course he never says why.

Two articles on "space war" are linked together to make a special section, but both are inadequate in several ways, and they don't round out their discussions enough to make a complete piece of work. Terry Jeeves writes about what space war in the future will be like, but his extrapolation is crippled by a basic weakness. He forgets that military tactics are dictated by both terrain (space) and strategy. Thus he thinks in terms of engagements between rockets, without ever considering what those rockets are supposed to be defending. What he says about this small corner of the problem is basically okay -- except that he still thinks in terms of fighter-planes, however much he denies it, and he underestimates the potential of lasers as weapons -- but since he never defines what the level of technology is, where the war takes place or what constraints on both sides might be, he necessarily and probably unconsciously slips back into the context of the only wars he knows much about, WWI and II. This is a good idea for an article, though, and I would like to see Terry do more with it. Too bad the same can't be said of Rick Brooks' rehash of the novels of Smith and Campbell. It's a long, tedious advertisement for old-timey, super-hysics sf. I don't object to Brooks' preferences, but I don't like being bored by a plot outline of those novels which adds virtu-

OUT

ally nothing. In a postscript Brooks says: "I hear sf fans defending the wave of experimental writing and saying that the rest of us ought to work on understanding it. This is perfectly fair... as long as they are willing to study science textbooks, etc., until they get to understanding my superphysics stories." If Brooks thinks the Smith and Campbell stories reflect real physics, he hasn't read many textbooks himself. They are all infested with simple-minded giantism, surfaced with only the vocabulary of physics. Even today Campbell knows little physics. (Engineering, yes; but not science.) If the New Wave is to be attacked for its ignorance of science -- and it should be, in many cases -- then use Heinlein, Anderson, Clement, or Niven on your banner.

This issue has more theme and continuity, less feel of being out of control, than the earlier ones. It still carries a hell of a lot of stuff -- 100 pages of it -- and mixes fine Rotsler cartoons with antidiluvian Steve Fabian sfnal visions. But the most effective binding element in a still-disjointed fanzine is the editorial personality. Mallardi particularly radiates warmth, an urgency to communicate, a touch of loneliness. Both seem somewhat romantic, and I get the feeling that they are opening up to a lot of experiences (perhaps aided by fandom, of all things). In an editorial that touches on the New Wave Bowers says "I'm not asking for 'pretty alternative futures' ... (but rather) ... that you out there open your oeyes, and look around for a few Good Things... and that you do me the favor of prodding me when my eyes start closing in on nightmares." These seem to me to be admirable sentiments, and typical of the good-hearted, though somewhat sloppy and far-ranging way DOUBLE:BILL is edited.

L'ANGE JACQUE #3 and 4, Ed Reed 668 Westover Rd, Stamford, Ct 06902. 35¢

LJ #3 was a non-linear fanzine. As a conscientious critic, I tried rearranging the unstapled pages in some order that would atrike resonnances in my inner being, etc. I savored the feeling of unexpectedness I got from never knowing, when I took up the next page, whether I'd still be reading the same article. For about five minutes it was okay. Next I got bored. Then irritated. I never finished the issue.

The reason it didn't work, I think, is that the material wasn't up to the medium. One of the things brought out by those ol' non-linear techniques we hear so much about is interconnections. Things link up and make sense on more than one level.. Resonances, yeah. But ordinary fan hack writing hasn't got multiple levels of meaning -- often it doesn't even seem to have one level. So the morass of book reviews and dittoed : art and editorials about people's mimeographs, when rearranged at random, didn't add up to anything more than what it was. Maybe it was even worsened.

The next issue, though, is somewhat better. Maybe the material has improved, or maybe I'm just a hidebound fmz reader who likes to have his reading matter in approximately serial order. There's talk about rock in here, and talk about local fan stuff, and just ordinary talk. Not much of it is written with any verve or wit. "Planets Beyond Pluto" by John Boardman, is informative, concise, and readable. It told me something I didn't already know and the physics was right. This is unusual in fan science writing. I remember a fmz about six months back that carried an article by Bob Vardeman about how to determine the speed of one's near-c space ship by using the apparent displacement of stars as one speeds up. The article was, strictly speaking, correct. But it was also dumb, because no navigator in his right mind would fly

that way. The Dopler shift of the target star's spectral emission lines is easier to measure and less subject to error. So what purported to be a how-they'll-do-it article was misleading, but not in an obvious manner. This is true of most fans who write about science, and I suppose the only cure is checking the sources. John Boardman is obviously qualified, but few others are.

I guess LJ is basically a watering-hole fanzine. People gather there to natter at each other. There are occasional highlights that are worth one's time -- some MGilbert illos, a reprinted Boggs column -- and low points like a godawful Conan poem. Basically though, LJ is a fanzine like the thousands before it which have vanished in the mists -- they never get much better or worse, always have something worth reading, and seldom gain very much identity. I'd like Reed to prove me wrong in future issues, but I don't think he will.

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A last note: ENNU1 #2 from Creath Thorne, 706 Hudson Hall, Columbia, Mo 63201 is a fairly good fanzine that shows promise. It has the feel of a Boggs fanzine of the fifties, and Thorne has a plain writing style that can occasionally surprise you.

--- Greg Benford

Pickle Bloch for Posterity!

Greg Benford is still reviewing fanzines at 1458 Entrada Verde, Alamo, California. Review copies, perhaps with something to indicate that that's what they are, should be sent to him there.

Thurb

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS ((continued from page 12))

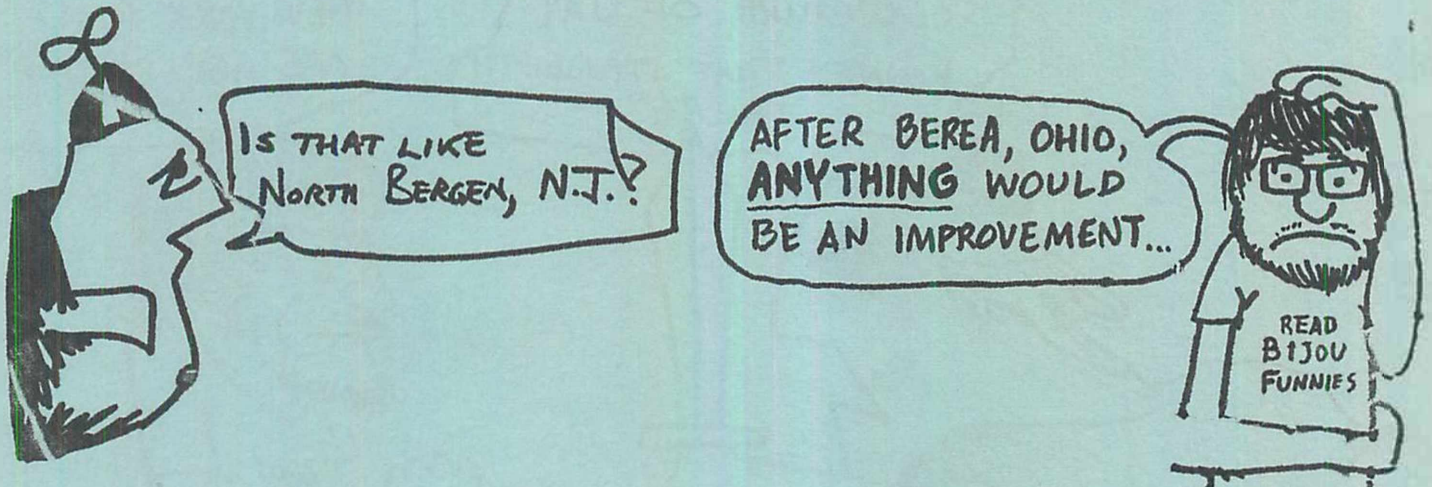
you may be wondering about a vague familiarity you sense in characters' names. You may remember them vaguely from their appearances in other Boucher stories. Dr. Derringer turns up in "The Barrier", first published in that same year, 1942, in Astounding. Henderson, Carter and Duncan bob up again in "Transfer Point" first published in Galaxy in 1950. Both have been reprinted in anthologies.

Rocket to the Morgue was the first of a lot of professional stories in which fans appear. Mack Reynolds' "The Case of the Little Green Men" topped it by having a murder occur in the middle of a worldcon. Robert Bloch's "A Way of Life" became infinitely more celebrated with a later fandom, one former fan even got a lot of money as a commission for a serious novel about fandom that never did get published, but Rocket to the Morgue was first. There has never been anyone else quite like Tony Boucher, and I doubt that there'll ever be another piece of faan fiction exactly like Rocket to the Morgue.

--- Harry Warner

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WELCOME TO JAY KINNEY, NEW YORK!



Out of the Great Midwestern heartland of America came, in Mid-September, Jay Kinney, a trufannish gleam in his eye and a stylus in his hand. Jay, well known to both readers of the underground comics and QUIP, has come to New York to study art at Pratt Institute for the next four years.

Jay made his New York fan debut the day after his arrival by coming over to visit. I also invited John D. Berry, who had not yet returned to Stanford U, in the far off Barea. The results of their meeting are on these four pages. -- Arnie



I DUNNO JOHNNY...
FEMME FANS ARE
FINE, AND BEARDED
FANS ARE BROOVY
TOO... BUT BEARDED
FEMME FANS ???



J.K.



J.K.



THE FANS FROM YESTERDAY

I'm pretty sure it was Rick Sneary, the old time West Coast fan, who once said that things every bit as interesting as those that happened at Oblique House (Walt and Madeleine Willis' residence on Upper Newtownards Rd., abandoned these last dozen years or so) happened at the LASFS circa 1951, except that no one knew about them because LASFS had no Willis to write them up. There is a great possibility that Rick Sneary was right, and I think I know exactly how he must have felt. That's just how it is with the Planetarians.

You would think, if you were to judge only by what is written in the general run of fanzines, that the Planetarians must spend all their time stoofing around, listening to their beards grow. Absolutely wrong. Fabulous things are always happening at Planetarians meetings. I mean really fabulous things; things so wildly improbable that, if there was someone to recount them to fandom, "Planetarians" might become a household word.

ARNIE

KATZ

I'm no Walt Willis. Ghoo knows, but I'm no Walt Willis. I'm probably not even another Rick Sneary, if I may judge from the admittedly scanty selection of his material contained in my collection of fanzines. We might as well face it; few fans can write the way fans used to, and no one else is the equal of the sublime Willis, either. I thought I might as well try to tell you about what happened just this past New Years' Eve to give an example of the sort of story which is never reported. I hope the incident itself is interesting enough that no one will become unduly depressed with my lack of writing polish. I have to admit that if there is an area in which the Planetarians are something less than fabulous, it is fanwriting. Which, after all, is why there has been little in fanzines heretofore about New York's Oldest Informal Fanclub (established 1970).

Now that the Year of the Jackpot Mark III (Does anyone know from whence came the term? I think it might have been an sf story, but I don't know the name of the author.) has finally ended, I hope you all won't think me in bad taste if I discuss an incident in some way connected with it. I want to tell you about the fantastic finish it had, or perhaps almost had.

To ring in 1979, the Planetarians had a New Years' party at Perry Miller's place down in Brooklyn. I arrived a little early -- the Second Avenue PF subway was running with unusual efficiency -- and found, much to my surprise, that a number of old-time New York fans had crawled out of hiding for the occasion. Besides a few other early-arrived Planetarians, there were some six members of the old Fanoclast club. Alan Shaw was there. He looked impossibly young for one who had fanned so long ago. Steve Stiles, the famous comics artist, had shown up also, and he had brought with him his old friends Bob Stewart and Gary Deindorfer. John Berry and Arnie Katz rounded out the cast of visitors. We were all quite naturally impressed by the mere fact of their presence, but I remember Pete Cohen was even more impressed than the rest of us right from the start.

"By God," Gary Deindorfer told Pete about 11:30, by which time the Fanoclasts had gathered in the kitchen, taking a few of us Planetarians with them, "You certainly are a good man, Pete Cohen. Dean Grennell was a Good Man, don't you know, and I think you are a good man as well. I truly do." He gripped Pete's shoulder firmly and looked him right in the eye. "You must be a real trufan. A real trufan."

Pete just blinked back at Deindorfer a few times. Though it was still relatively early, it was already a long evening, if you know what I mean. Young kid like Pete. He was just the tiniest bit under legal age then -- he's since passed 18 -- so he seized upon each opportunity to smoke or drop carnations as though it would be his last. I don't mean to fault Pete here, by the way. I remember when I was 17 plus and it was drinking I was faunching to be old enough for. Anyway, he was pretty skyed on a carnation and some Acapulco Goldpouch, and everything a famous old fan like Deindorfer had to say was written on stone tablets (pardon the pun) as far as he was concerned.

"You really mean that, Gary?"

"Certainly do, certainly do. Mean it absolutely. Ought to publish a fine fanzine. Make your mark on fanhistory. Go right down in the next Fancyclopedia," Gary said.

"Pub an ish!" Alan Shaw said, seeming to imitate Deindorfer's voice the slightest bit. If you want to know the truth, I think Alan and Gary had seen too many WC Fields movies or something like that. Those old fans -- crazy! "Have you ----- pubbed your ish?" Shaw asked. Katz started to giggle and then to stomp his feet as if Alan had just said something too funny for words and stamping around would make the giggles go away. He lapsed into some sort of silent laughter, his right hand smothering his face.

"Pub an ish!" Katz sputtered. "That-that's the ticket! Remember old Fred with the Jonathan Winters imitations, John?" He made some funny noises -- at least they were supposed to be funny. I think they might have been, but he had trouble getting them past his laughter, not to mention his fingers.

"I kind of thought about doing a fanzine," Pete said, "but these guys all said it was too much work and not to bother." I guess we hadn't been very enthusiastic when Pete had broached the subject of a fanzine at the previous meeting.

"Steve, do you remember the good old days of fandom, Steve?" Stewart asked. "We used to help Ted White do VOID. Do you remember, Steve?"

"Oh sigh, fandom." Stiles gave forth a real sigh. "I used to do a lot of that. I don't have much time these days though. Boy, I sure do remember those fan art things I used to draw. Oh wow!"

"If I published a fanzine, would you do me a cover, Steve?" His eyes pleaded. Stiles mumbled something about not having the time or materials to stencil it himself. "I'll have it offset! All you'll have to do is draw." Pete was catching the enthusiasm.

"You see, Alan," Gary said, gesturing in Pete's direction. "Told you he was a trufan. Why, I think I'll write Pete here some brilliant little piece of humor. A little light-hearted fun for your fanzine, there." Pete positively radiated joy. I was riding a carnation, and I could almost see the visions of fannish glory dancing in Cohen's head.

"If he's such a trufan," said Shaw, possibly trying to put the brakes on Deindorfer, "let's see him do something trufannish."

"Something trufannish, you say," Deindorfer reflected. "My friend Peter will be glad to do something trufannish. Glad I tell you. Certainly will."

"Sure I will," Pete put in eagerly.

"You see? Told you so." Deindorfer looked satisfied.

"So what are you going to do, Pete?" John Berry asked. There was a silence. Everyone looked at Pete.

"What should I do?" he asked at last.

"Can you jive?" Alan asked. He jived a little to demonstrate. Jiving consisted of shaking and quaking like an india-rubber man, snapping his fingers, and repeating "All reet! All reeterooni!" over and over. It was actually impressive, in an off-wall way.

"I don't think I can do that like Alan." Pete looked around quickly for signs of disapproval.

"Neither can anyone else," explained Arnie Katz. "Maybe you can put your foot behind your ear."

"Bhob Stewart can put his foot behind his ear," Alan said. Stewart quickly did just that. He put his left foot behind his ear and hopped around a few times on his right. The other five Fanoclasts clapped briskly to show their appreciation.

Pete waited until the applause subsided. Setting to the task, he gripped his left foot firmly by the ankle and tried to hoist it up, to no avail.

"Don't give up," Stiles consoled him, "maybe you can do it with your right foot."

Pete switched and grabbed his right ankle. Surprisingly, undoubtedly even to him, Pete got the foot wedged securely behind his right ear.

"Good man," Deindorfer intoned. He started another round of Fanoclastic applause.

I can't imagine why Pete didn't leave well enough alone. Maybe he just wanted to match Stewart. I don't know. I do know that it is hard enough to stand on one leg when you're really skyed, let alone hop around.

That's just what Pete did, though. Or tried to do.

Hop. Thunderous applause from the six.

Another hop. Applause and a "Huzzah!" from Deindorfer.

Hop! Hop! Hop!

And then I guess Pete lost his footing. He careened across the kitchen, trying to gain balance. His left foot buckled, and Pete landed on the linoleum, head first.

Deindorfer rushed to him and bent over the prostrate form, blocking Pete from view. The words "Year of the Jackpot" hung over the tableau. I thought I heard Deindorfer murmur something under his breath as he knelt there.

Gary looked up at the rest of us. I could see a trickle of blood ooze from Pete's mouth. "A real trufan. Gave his trufannish life. Gave his life, Ghoo bless him, to end the Year of the Jackpot! May Ghoo have mercy on his fannish soul."

No more applause. We stared at Deindorfer and the fallen Peter Cohen.

"Happy New Year!" shouted Pete Cohen. He wiped away the bit of blood on his mouth.

"Bit my goddamn tongue. Did I do all right, Gary?"

I sighed heavily. I think the others did, too. Alan Shaw started to laugh. The rest laughed, also. Deindorfer helped Pete to his feet. He seemed a little sore from his fall, but otherwise all right.

"Have a pepsi, you old trufan Cohen," Katz offered, thrusting a bottle forward. As I wandered toward the living room to tell Perry and the rest of the drama that had just taken place in the kitchen, I heard the Fanoclasts retelling the incident to each other as though none had been present. "You're a regular nut, Gary!" I heard someone say just as I passed out of earshot.

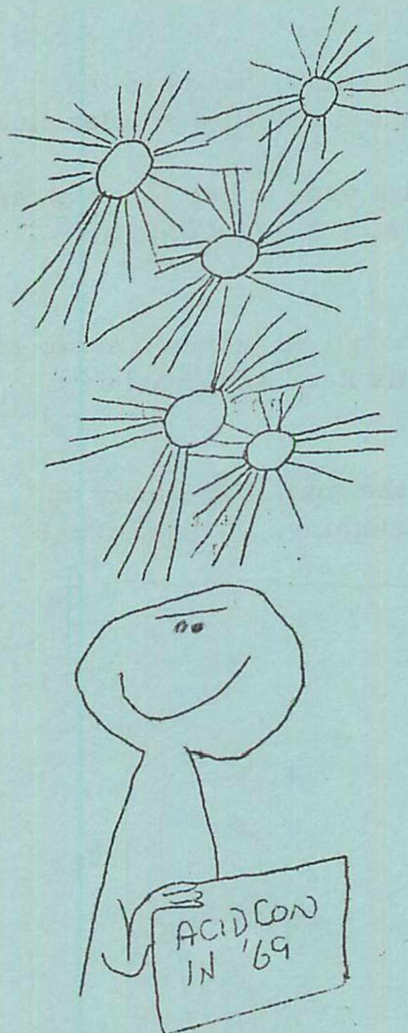
Last night at the Planetarians meeting, Pete gave me a copy of his RESURRECTION #1. Nice Stiles cover.

The weirdest things happen at Planetarians meetings.

--- Arnie Katz

SF: The literature of tomorrow in the prose
of yesterday

ROTSLER
FOR
THE
HUGO



THE MIND OF CHOW

CHARLES BURBEE

Directly at the head of Francis T Laney the mallet came flying.

This is the same Laney who edited the #1 fanzine ACOLYTE, the #1 FAPazine FANDANGO, who was a one-time dignitary in the NFFF, and besides being an office-holder in FAPA a couple of times, was more than once the Director of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

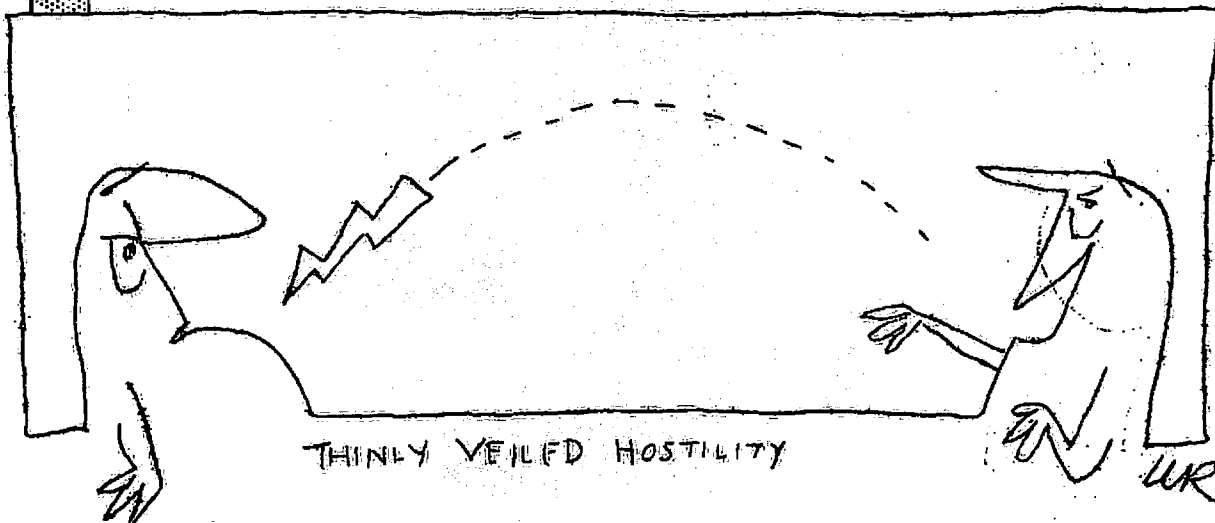
If I could remember the exact chronology of this affair, I might even discover that he was Director of the LASFS at the very moment that the mallet came flying at his head. Can you imagine anyone throwing a mallet at the head of the Director of the LASFS.

This happened back in 1946 or 1947 when Laney and I worked in the same shop and each working day was like a protracted meeting of a fan club

A fan club with only two members. For about a year it had three members. Gus Willmorth, founder of the adzine FANTASY ADVERTISER, worked there for a while.

Laney, in response to a loud warning shout, looked up just in time to see the mallet and to duck. The mallet whizzed over his head and crashed into a partition.

Chow, the Chinese machinist who had thrown the mallet at Laney and shouted the warning at him also, came up to him laughing. "Old Chinese



THINLY VEILED HOSTILITY

WUR

joke," he said. "I almost kill you.

Laney, shaking his head, laughed, too. It was an incredulous, wry laugh, the laugh of a man who, not quite understanding, was trying to be a good sport. Chow demonstrated his sense of humor in peculiar ways at times, Laney knew. And so he laughed, without much humor in his laugh, because he could scarcely believe that this thing had happened.

I could hardly believe it myself and I had just witnessed the entire sequence. Chow had picked up the mallet, and standing a dozen feet away, had swung it underhand at FTL's head shouting "Hey, Laney!" as the missile left his hand.

For a long time afterward that was a standing shop joke among the three of us. Nobody else could see anything humorous about it. In fact, several people said that they hated having Chow tell them jokes because they could never tell when it was time to laugh. On the other hand, when they told him jokes they could never tell whether he would look at them blankly or laugh uproariously. There seemed to be no pattern.

Laney claimed it was the fault of us inscrutable Occidentals.

One day Chow came to work fairly bursting with a story to tell us. He could scarcely wait to tell us what had happened the night before.

It seems that Chow and his sister lived with their father. Every night the old man came home around 11 o'clock after closing up his little grocery store, and he entered the house by the back way in total darkness. He had a system for finding the dangling light cord on the back porch. From the door he reached for the washtub, followed along the washtub so many paces, and having reached a certain spot would reach up into the blackness and grasp the light cord without a miss. He was very fond of telling people how he could do this every time.

One day Chow noticed, in changing the light bulb, that the outside metal shell was electrically live--he got a shock from it. So he attached a wire to it and ran the bare wire down in place of the switch cord. That night his father came home late as usual, felt his way along the wash tub as usual, reached the locating point, reached up and grasped the light cord... Chow said his father's yelp of fright and pain could be heard most of the way down the block.

"My golly," I said when he told me the story. "He was grounded to the washtub! He must have gotten a terrific shock. You might have killed him."

"Old Chinese joke," laughed Chow. "I almost kill him."

"Did he find out you'd rigged the light switch?"

"Sure, I tell him. I say, 'Oh boy, old Chinese joke. I almost kill you.' So he laugh too."

I guess the old man saw the point.

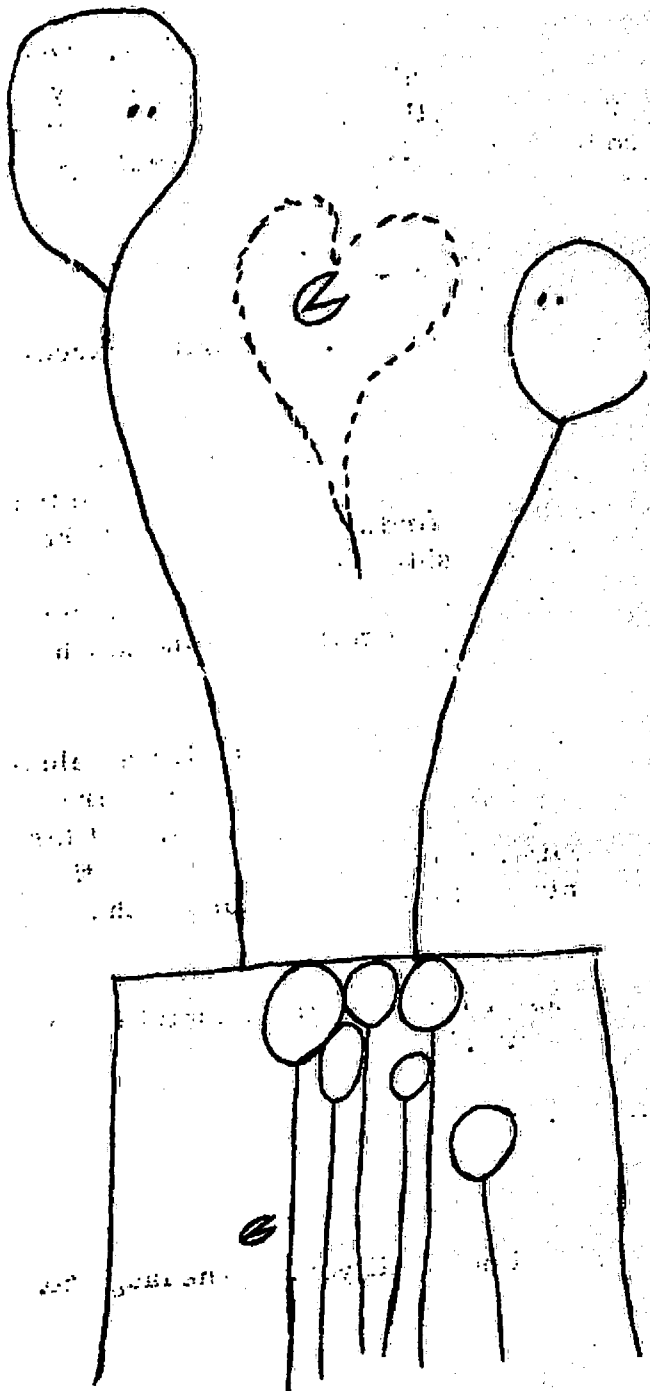
(continued on page 38)

john berry

NUTMEG IN THE EGGNOG

There's a certain satisfaction in writing a column for QUIP. A certain rightness, if you know what I mean. Like going to heaven and finding out that God really does have a long white beard and all that. After all, this is the fanzine that I was co-editor of for so short a time that my name never even made it on the masthead. It's interesting to speculate on what direction it might have taken if I hadn't backed out. I doubt it could have done much better; the last few issues of QUIP have been solid issues of a top fannish fanzine, and I'll be very happy in future years to look back on my complete QUIP file and reminisce and tell lies to young neos about my part in the whole affair.

Now I publish two fanzines of my own, but writing for QUIP produces a different effect entirely. It gives me a certain freedom that I don't have in my own fanzines (while, of course, limiting me in other ways). I think it's the fact that I know I won't have to stencil it and mimeo it and go around begging help to collate the thing that makes the difference. I hate mimeoing and collating, just as Arnie does; indeed, just



COURTSHIP

ROTSLER

asmost faneditors do. I suspect that if fannish mythology were to find a great need for a devil, he would be a horrible being who forced all his unlucky victims to stand before brimstone mimeographs and collate sticky, inky pages for eons on end. I once started a story about a young boy who loved to assemble pieces of paper in proper order; he discovered fandom and learned about collating and loved it, and overnight he became a publishing giant and took over fandom. But it was a bad story, and I never had the ambition to finish it.

One of my fanzines EGOBOO, which I co-edit with Ted White (well-known editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC and GREATEST SCIENCE FICTION EVER WRITTEN ON A PICA TYPEWRITER(copyright 1969, Greg Benford)), is an intriguing phenomenon. We began it last summer as a continuation of my own letter-substitute MAVERICK, and although it acquired a more set format, EGOBOO remained basically a letter-substitute for its first four issues. But #5 wasn't published until Christmas, and by then it had evolved and definitely taken on a life of its own. Also, Ted had taken on the handling of the Sol Cohen Prozone Factory, and I started becoming publisher as well as co-editor. Now a similar thing's happened to another letter-substitute, Jay Kinney's NOPE. Jay said (just about this same, too) that NOPE had gone beyond the letter-substitute stage and was becoming a Real Fanzine, and so he folded it, not much wanting to take the time to keep a Real Fanzine going. But when the same thing happened to EGOBOO, I got intrigued. You see, I have some ideas for EGOBOO, some of which I've already started using and some of which I haven't, which would turn it into a type of fanzine that I don't think anyone has really done before. I don't think that many people have explored the possibilities of a fanzine of about a dozen pages, frequent, compact, and perhaps most important in this day of Post Office Atrocities, small enough to be mailed out first class. Ted's earlier effort, with Les Gerber, MINAC, started in that direction, but I don't think they exhausted half the possibilities of such a fanzine. I don't know that I will with EGOBOO, either, because my life isn't settled enough for me to sit down and turn it out month after month. But it seems to me that, if I had the time and enthusiasm, I could make EGOBOO into a top fanzine.

Remember the "Illustrated Guide" I did a couple of issues ago? It was all a light, humorous account of how to publish a focal point, but it emerged from some serious thought on what makes a focal point. After observing PSYCHOTIC, and reading old fmz and stuff, I figured that I knew how to publish a focal point. With the talent and cohesiveness of the Fanoclasts, I'm quite sure that if we wanted to we could do just what my fictional group did in that Guide (minus the exaggeration, of course) and produce a fanzine that would become the Focal Point inside of six months. (It would have been especially possible when I wrote that, at which time the fanzine scene seemed to have a bigger vacuum in it for such a zine; now there are a couple more good fmz that would make the competition rougher.) We could even make QUIP into a focal point, although its editorial outlook would have to change a bit and loosen up.

But what I had in mind then was a standard focal point: a monthly, thick, fannish fanzine, rather like the old VOID, except with enough wide appeal to become the #1 fanzine. Now, however, my thoughts run in another direction, toward the EGOBOO ideal. A big, thick fanzine, besides becoming a drag on its editor's resources takes a long time to make it through the mails third or fourth class. On the other hand, you can publish a fanzine of 12 or 14 mimeod pages, depending on the exact paper weight, and send it out first class with a 6¢ stamp -- exactly as much as you'd pay at the minimum

third class rate. This is what I've been doing with EGOBOO. So, given this, you could publish a very frequent fanzine -- it would be small, not so much work that it would kill you, but you could still fit a lot into twelve pages with an elite typer, and it could be monthly or even more frequent and still get to its readers in time to get response back with very little delay. If someone came along who had enough talent and could give the zine the proper atmosphere and format -- then he could publish a fanzine along these lines, and it would become a focal point. Mark my words, as they say in the old movies, it most certainly would.

Now if you're looking for EGOBOO to become a focal point of fandom, you're probably looking in the wrong place. As I said, I don't have the time or the money, and more than that, I don't have the desire. I have very little patience with stenciling other people's comments that aren't directed at me or something connected with me. I could never keep up the enthusiasm to publish a real focal point. The obvious question comes up: which is it better to publish, a fanzine with outstandingly good material or one where everything happens (a focal point)? Of course the ideal is to do both, and any real focal point has to be a repository of some pretty fine material -- but still I think there's a dichotomy there. For myself, I have ambitions in both directions, but not the patience for the latter. So I have great ideas and occasionally carry them out, and in the mean time I publish fanzines that most of the time are pretty much to please me.

--- John D Berry

The Road To Hell Is Paved With Good Conventions

THE MIND OF CHOW (continued from page 35)

The other day in the shop the foreman started feeding a piece of material through one of the table saws with the direction of rotation. This not not common practice, and this foreman has been running these saws for more than 20 years, but there he was, feeding the strip the wrong way. Of course the saw seized up and shot the piece through the air at a speed we later estimated to be 100mph. It screamed past six inches away from the ear of Chow as he sat operating a drill press. It struck the wall with a sound like the crack of a rifle.

The foreman went over to Chow. "I'm not hurt. Are you?" he said.

Chow said, "I didn't even have to turn around to know who did that. Only one man in the shop stupid enough."

The rest of the day Chow would come over to me at intervals, usually announcing himself by throwing something sharply against my machine or the wall, then coming up and saying quietly to me, "I'm not hurt. Are you?" Then he'd tell me the story all over again.

About the fourth time he told me the story, I said to him, "What are you so annoyed about anyway? Old Chinese joke. He almost kill you."

To Chow's eternal credit it must be admitted that he laughed. It was a laugh that reminded me of Laney's laugh, so long ago. A sort of wry laugh, without much humor in it at all.

--- Charles Burbee

((As promised last issue, here are the rest of the letters on QUIP #11))

JOHN BERRY Your typos continue to
35 Dusenberry be matchless: QUIP is
Bronxville NY meant to be "oublished"
10708 bi-monthly, eh?

"Their only concession to the macabre was allowing Jim Sanders and Sanford Zane Meschow to attend." Indeed, indeed. There certainly are some strange characters who pop or crawl or bounce out of the New York woodwork when anybody lets them. I remember sitting with Robin at one time during the New Years party and asking her, "Which one is Sanford Zane Meschow?"

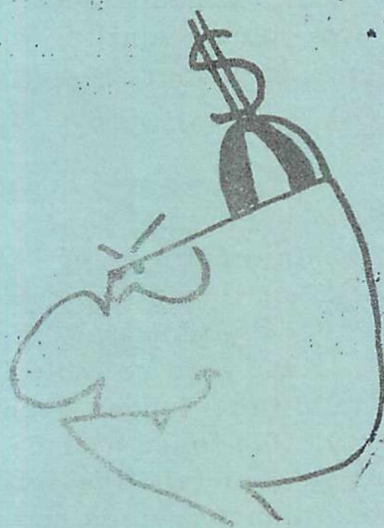
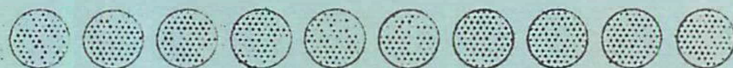
"He's the giant marshmallow crouched in the corner," said Robin.

"I thought that was him," I replied. "I was never sure." Sanfprd Zane Meschow has billowed his great white way through one or two FISTFA meetings I had the misfortune to attend, and he appeared to be some sort of Big Wheel in places like TAPS and the SHAGGY lettercolumn. One FISTFA meeting sticks in my mind. The only interesting people there were Mike, Steve Stiles, and Elliot Shorter, as I remember, and two or maybe all three of them disappeared eventually to go find a Pepsi store. And there I was, sitting in the middle of the disaster area that is a Mike McNerney apartment, surrounded by strange beings, the most attractive of whom was John Boardman. I appeared to be sitting in on a social gathering of the Masters of TAPS, for they were all trading verbal mailing comments and discussing the Waiting List and other goodies. It was all very weird, and I left before I felt exposure could cause permanent damage. I never did attend another FISTFA meeting.

QUIPS

FROM

READERS



It's interesting to notice how TAFfmen writing about their trips to England all seem to pick up British manners of speech in many parts of their reports. "It was Bentcliffe's mad plan to auction off these irreplaceable treasures at the ThirdManCon..." for convenient example. Anyway, Steve's "Harrison Country" is again good, although not as good as the first part in my estimation. He succumbs a bit to the "I went here and I did this" syndrome, and a bit more emphasis on creating anecdotes would be useful. His comments about being a city boy struck me, because I, too, have long felt that I was city people at heart. I've lived all my life in a rather attractive suburb of New York City, but as far back as I can remember the city held a deep fascination for me, and I always wanted to live there, right in the center, right where things happen. Now, though, I'm finding myself less interested in cities, as I become all too familiar with thick smog and grime and dull greys and browns and grim-faced people hurrying along the sidewalks -- things that never bothered me when I was younger. Now I know what it's like to stand on top of a peak and be able to see the entire Barea or to take an afternoon and go climb one of the hills/mountains that forms most of the land north of NYC and reach the top without aid of any trail. And I prefer blue sky and green grass to dirty concrete. I wonder how far the change will go?

Willis' column is superb. (I was searching for the adjective to describe it; when I espied a set of children's blocks spilled upon the floor, spelling out S-U-P-E-R-B.) It conjures up vivid pictures of some of the less well known corners and niches of Sixth Fandom, and the writing, both Walt's and that of the fans he quotes, is extremely fine.

Another reason for similarity of fanzines from one local area is that quite often one or two people do most of the mimeographing for the local fans. And supplies may come from the same place; people complain about the fresh-mud brown of quip, FOOLSCAP, EGOBOO, LOCUS, etc, but they don't consider the fact that we all get the paper from the same place, which is infinitely cheaper than any other source of supply, and we take what we can get.

////// Oh, QUIP is indeed "oublished" bi-monthly. As one with an interest in France, I'm sure you're familiar with the French verb "oublier", to forget. We Insurgents don't merely publish fanzines, we oublish them. We publish...and Forget.

Yes, it always bugged me a little when people made cracks about our brown masterweave paper. I'm sure that they would not be so high-minded as to abstain from using 89¢ a ream paper just because the only color which has been available for approximately the last three and one half years is *brown*. Unfortunately the little old deaf man who runs Pace Paper is getting less and less reliable in his senility. He closes so early during the week (and is no longer open Saturday mornings) that I can't get there. Fortunately, I've found a place in Manhattan which not only has prices only slightly higher (and the stuff I'm using now is something like \$1.20 a ream for less than 30 reams and is much better than the brown stuff) on paper, but is very cheap on all supplies. Terry Carr is Official Good Man lately, since he's helped me pick up my paper orders.

MIKE DECKINGER Chamberlain's Quiver on QUIP #11 was the best of all the ones
25 Manor Dr., you've used. I can accept his whimsically constructed revelation
Apt 12 -J with absolute plausability. From what I've read by you and John-
Newark, NJ07106 ny Berry there have been countless indications that you two were
just extensions of Ted White's personality. Neither of you display
any true character, everything that's said seems like a shadow of one of Ted's opin-
ions, less perfectly manifested, because neither have quite the talent nor the experience
that Ted does.

This is not to suggest that I dislike what you or Johnny have written throughout fan-
dom. I don't. I haven't read a great deal of it, but I can count on anything appearing
under these bylines to be crisply constructed with a noticeable lack of cliches and a
frequently fresh approach to an old subject. But I find it impossible to tell the two of
you apart, printwise. Under all the skillful prose are opinions and biases that have
been delivered with greater thunder and more ferocity by Ted.

Look Arnie, I liked WHAT ABOUT US GRILS? also. I enjoyed reading it and
would enjoy receiving it again. But does it really "show more care and planning than
90% of the fanzines that show up here..."? Is the mimeography honestly "the best
I've seen in the last five years..."?

///// (I'll bet all you readers are thinking that I'm playing "Terry Carr, Style Mas-
ter" and writing letters to QUIP from people like Mike Deckinger. Nonsense.
I would never have made good old Mike Deckinger come across this fugghead-
ed. I like Mike Deckinger.)

Would it crimp your theory, Mike, if I pointed out to you that Ross
"only" does the drawing on the Quivers as has been stated plainly on the con-
tents page of every single issue? I wrote the script that revealed that John
and I are the puppets of Ted White, little dreaming that anyone would take it
seriously.

If you can't tell John Berry and I apart in print, you must be style-
deaf. Our writing isn't really that similar.

REDD BOGGS Ross Chamberlain's art-work on the four-page cover was as usual
PO Box 1111 first-rate, but about the "script", which -- alas -- you concocted
Berkeley, Calif I have some reservations. Robin White is the Secret Master of
94701 Fandom because she can get Ted to take out the garbage? I hate
to seem to pick on Robin, who, after all, had nothing to do with this cover -- but to
go from the sublime to the odious, I suppose from the same premise, one could ident-
ify Eva Braun as the Secret Master of the Third Reich. And it's really no compliment
to the woman in either case. The man is doing man's work, and the woman is doing
woman's work, but once in awhile she can get the man indulgently to do some small
task.

What's the message we're supposed to derive from your fan fiction yarn "The Long
Shadow"? That we should be tolerant of a fink like your character Joe Walcott in case

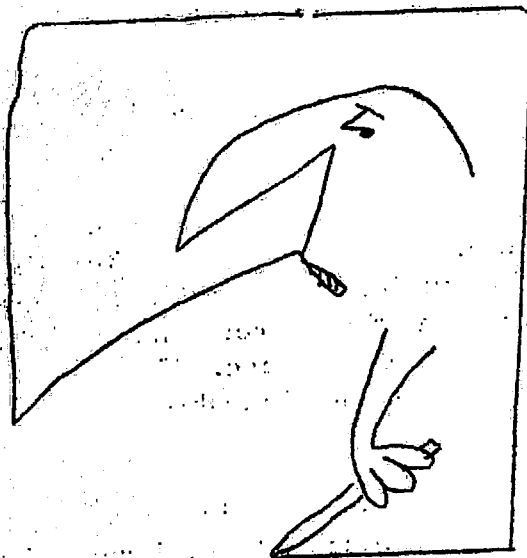
we uncover one in fandom? I presume there 's such a government spy in fandom, probably a number of them: Not FBI men, but only paid finks who report to the FBI on fandom and other such groups. Fandom is an innocuous place these days, full of right-wing maniacs, but perhaps the FBI worries about such a group of intellectuals who write and communicate and own numerous duplicating machines. I'm sorry to say that I waste little sympathy on Joe Walcott, and do not mourn -- as you apparently do -- his abrupt departure from fandom. Good riddance, say I

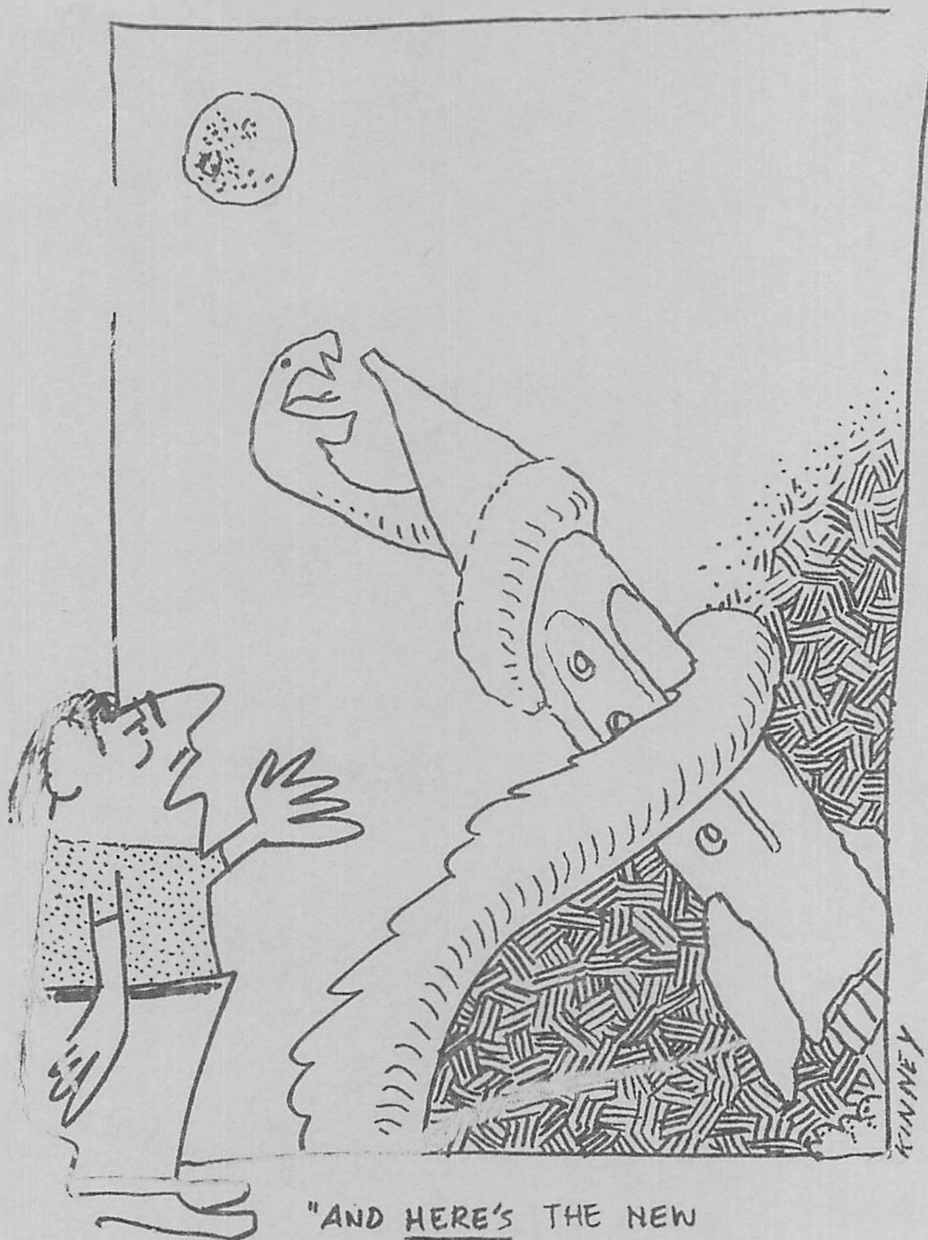
As for Johnny Berry's complaint in his letter that the "mere flesh-and-blood:people" behind the "paper image" projected by letters are often "disappointing or downright dislikable", I must confess that I have not found this to be the case. I have met some "dislikable" fans, but I'm bound to admit, not very many, and I can't offhand recall any "disappointing" ones. Unlike Johnny, I generally find that the whole man is a lot more interesting when confronted face to face, avid tendrils looking, than the "paper image", which is often rather insubstantial, that I have met through correspondence. There are a lot of weird people in Los Angeles, and even a few "dislikable" ones, but surely very few are disappointing. A fan population that harbors such individuals as Bjo Trimble, Bruce Pelz, Roy Squires, Jim Harmon, Ed Baker, Elmer Perdue, Gail Knuth, and Henry Stine -- to name just a few -- strikes me as infinitely fascinating. Fie on John D. Berry and send him to Bent Crutch, Kansas, where he never needs to meet fans face to face.

////// They told me back in 1963 that Redd Boggs was one of the reigning intellectuals of fandom. "A man of rare perception," they said. And just as I was beginning to doubt what they had said, to think that they were mistaken, you have proved them right. You have vindicated their judgment. You are the very first person after all these issues of QUIP, after all the installments of "Quips from Readers", to realize the true nature of the Quivers. While everyone else has blandly accepted the Quivers as simple faanish fun, you, Redd Boggs, have Pierced to the very core of truth. Only you have grasped that they are intended as serious sociological documents. Moreover, you have caught me fairly in an erroneous conclusion. I yield abjectly to your greater wisdom and perspicacity in this matter; Robin White is not the Secret Master of Fandom because she can get Ted to take out the garbage. Robin White is the Secret Master of Fandom because I Said So. We at QUIP salute you, Redd Boggs!

The message you are supposed to derive from my fan fiction yarn is that those who do not read carefully can totally misunderstand the essential point in a fan fiction yarn and therefore make Stupid Comments. We at QUIP salute you, Redd Boggs!

And that's the letters on QUIP #11 left from the last issue. The only letter (not note) on #12, Rick Sneary's, will be in the next issue. Write!! -- Arnie





KINNEY

"AND HERE'S THE NEW
QUIP COVER..."