

Quip

NºTHREE SPRING 1966

HI THERE,
Quip #3
FANS!



In response
to the overwhelming
reaction to our last
show, we are departing
from our regular policy...

YEAH, DAVE, SETH JOHNSON THOUGHT
IT WAS SO BAD. HE CANCELLED
OUT!

...We have planted a
candid camera in
the offices of
the QuipKids!

Yes! we're
going to let all of you out
there see a real **EDITORIAL
CONFERENCE !!!**



OK, LEN, IT'S TIME FOR OUR
QUARTERLY EDITORIAL
CONFERENCE!

I'LL GET THE
DARTS!

NO... THIS
TIME
WE'RE
REALLY
GOING TO
EDIT!

YOU'VE BEEN HITTING
THE PEPSI AGAIN,
HAVEN'T YOU?

SERIOUSLY, LET'S
GIVE IT A TRY. YOU DON'T KNOW
WHETHER YOU'LL LIKE SOMETHING
TILL YOU TRY IT ONCE!

ALL RIGHT, LET'S SEE WHAT
WE HAVE IN THE
BACKLOG

HERE'S AN
ARTICLE ABOUT
ANTI-ROYALIST
PERSECUTION IN
REVOLUTIONARY
RUSSIA!

HOW
DOES
THAT FIT
INTO A FABU-
LOUS FANNISH
FANZINE LIKE
OURS?

IT FITS IN BECAUSE THE RUSSIAN
ROYAL FAMILY WAS
VERY FANNISH!

ARNIE, WHATEVER GAVE
YOU THAT IDEA?
FANDOM DIDN'T **START**
UNTIL THE 30'S!

I KNOW THEY
WERE FANNISH,
BECAUSE THEY
WERE **CZAR-**
BEGOTTEN!

GLUG!

YAH-TA-TA-TA
DAH-DA
CLICKETY-
TAP

CLICKETY-
CLICK!
TAPPETY-
TAP!

HOW ABOUT
THE ART?...
HEARD FROM
ROTSLER?

YES, HE
HAD AN OFFER
FOR US...

...HE OFFERED TO TRADE
ONE OF HIS MODELS FOR
A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION!

OF COURSE
YOU ACCEPTED!

NO, I TOLD
HIM NO!

How could you do this to a
great guy like me??

WELL ... IF YOU FEEL
THAT WAY ABOUT IT, I'VE
GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU!

I FORGOT TO MAIL
THE LETTER! SHE'S
IN THE NEXT ROOM!

SHE'S ALL YOURS,
ARNIE!

WHAT?

FOR
SOMETHING
THIS VULGAR AND
OSTENTATIOUS,
QUIR ISN'T BAD...



Quir Chamberlain

QUIP

The Vulgar and Ostentatious Fanzine

C O N T E N T S

KATZENJAMMER	
Arnie Katz	6
SHTICKSHIFT	
Len Bailes	10
THE WAILS OF IF (reprint)	
John Berry	13
OUR MANN IN QUIP	
Rich Mann	17
ONE FAN'S BEAT	
FM Busby	20
SOUTHERN ENCOUNTER (fiction)	
Arnie Katz	22
THE WORLD OF TOMORROW (SOME ASPECTS)	
Gary Deindorfer	26
TWICE UNDER HEAVILY	
Ed Cox	32
THE WAILING WALL (fmz reviews)	
Ted White	36
QUIPS FROM READERS (lettercolumn)	
Edited by LB	39

A R T C R E D I T S

Ross Chamberlain: <u>Cover</u> (dialogue by ye eds)
Andy Porter: 32
Steve Stiles: 13
Joe Staton: 6, 10, 17
Bill Rotsler: 39

N E W Y O R K I N ' 6 7 !

QUIP #3 is published by Len Bailes and Arnie Katz. Quip is published quarterly, more or less (but rather less than more in recent months). It is available for trade, LoC, contributions, art (on stencil if possible) or 30¢ per issue... no long term subs. This issue published on the LASFS Rex by Len, who stencilled it. Next issue to be run by Arnie. LoC's and written contributions to QUIP go to Len Bailes. Everything else to Arnie. We faunch for LoC's and fmz in trade, and those who respond in that manner will be Looked Upon With Favor. This is the 16th in a never ending series of Fugghead Publications.

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Note the changes of address...anything sent to either of our college addresses is likely to be Lost Forever.

KATZENHAMMER



Even as Len Bailes, intrepid West Coast Editor, was putting himself into a mood for stencilling the second issue of QUIP, your intrepid East Coast Editor was enjoying his Intercession Vacation. Part of this enjoyment was talking to Cindy Heap.

"Arnie," she coo'd as she moved closer, her husky voice raising shivers up my spine, "why don't we ditch our co-editors and put out a combination of QUIP and Zarathustra together?" She moved even closer. I stood there, looking down at Cindy's pert faaanish face upturned toward mine. Her back arched slightly as she gazed up at me, her eyes shining with an ethereal insurgent light.

With awesome willpower I wrenched my thoughts away from this flower of femmefaanishness to Len Bailes. Len Bailes, boyhood pal, co-editor of my First Fanzine, and co-founder of the most Vulgar and Ostentatious fanzine extant. I returned my attention to the actifan's dream of a fanne who stood before me. I wondered if Cindy would get a crick in her neck from looking straight up for so long. I stepped back a pace and sat down in a chair. Almost immediately I was holding an armful of Cindy Heap, Girl Fanoclist on my lap. At least, I told myself, she wasn't getting a crick in her neck any more.

Then I realized that I owed Len Bailes a debt, a tremendous debt. There was only one thing I could reasonably do.

"Cindy," I said tenderly, "I-I owe Len a tremendous debt." She nodded. "The least I can do is type him a little note telling him he's canned." She nodded again. "On the other hand," I said as she snuggled closer, "Len never answers letters anyway. I think I'll just put a little note about it into my editorial."

Goshwow, Quip Readers, have I got a surprise for you next issue, not to even mention Len.....

* * * *

Readers who haven't seen Lin Carter's articles about Fandom in IF probably think it sounds like a Good

Thing. IF is, after all, the top adventure SF magazine, and the only prozine that appears to be growing markedly in popularity. Lin Carter is an ex-fan, and, if one will believe his fawning acolyte Dave Van Arnam, a rousing good man.

After having seen two articles, the nicest thing I can say about IF is that its editorial heart is in the right place. I appreciate Fred Pohl devoting space in his prozine to us. The nicest thing, perhaps the only nice thing, I can say about Lin Carter is that he has a fawning acolyte named Dave Van Arnam.

When I was told that Carter would be doing these articles, I didn't expect literary excellence. Ghod knows, I don't expect much from someone who is moved to write pastiches of Edgar Rice Burroughs. I do expect at least a workman like job, and I don't think Lin did even that well. He tried to be witty and ended up just this side of blithering. The tone of the articles is, "Goshwowgeeeoboyoboy!", if I must distill it into one pithy phrase.

Fandom has often suffered from the reportage of mundane journalists, and I should think Carter would have gone out of his way to do a good, factual job of reporting. Instead, both articles are strewn with inaccuracies, exaggerations, and conscious falsehoods. The article is done with all the heavy handedness of the typical "the Martians have landed in our city for a convention!" newspaper article that appears in the local paper of the city playing host to the Worldcon. Frankly, I would be embarrassed to show Carter's articles to parents or friends who want some idea of what I do with all those stencils I keep buying.

As with everything, there is a reason for the overall ineptness; Carter is ignorant of his topic and didn't bother to do any research. Well, that is not strictly true. He did call Dave Van Arnam and talk for several hours, but this still doesn't seem quite enough for someone who has been out of touch with fandom for four or five years. He didn't read any of the current fanzines or current apa mailings or attend any of the NY fan clubs; things that would be necessary for someone going to write a series of articles about fandom. I can see Lin Carter writing an article on New York City newspapers in a similar manner; calling up Dave and saying, "Tell me something about New York City newspapers, Dave." And then in the final article would appear a phrase something like, "I'm not sure if the NY TIMES is still being published." The very idea that someone professing to know enough about fandom to write a series of articles about it for a prozine not knowing if SAPS is still in existence would be funny if it wasn't so sad.

I mentioned deliberate falsehood, and I discovered one quite by accident. Before I got the issue with the second article, Mike McInerney told me that Lin Carter had substituted Ted White as the founder of apa f (and in turn the whole weekly apa craze) in place of the actual founders, who were, by a strange quirk of fate, Mike McInerney and Arnie Katz, along with Dave Van Arnam, who was listed in the article as co-founder. I felt slightly bad about missing my Grand Chance for egoboo in a prozine, as did Mike, and the subject came up in a conversation with Dave. He informed us that he had tried to get across to Lin the idea that there were three founders of apa f, none of whom were Ted White, but that Lin had insisted that he was going to change the facts to work in the name of another pro. Mike and I were, he intimated, just fans and so didn't count. I still don't care all that much, since the distinction in the eyes of non-fen is, after all, slight, but it strikes me that that is one hell of a way to write an article. I assume that if Lin Carter ever gets around to writing an article for Saturday Review explaining Science Fiction, he will credit The Space Merchants to J.D. Salinger so that he can work in the name of someone who will be known to the non-SF reading public. Fred Pohl is, of course, just a Science Fiction writer, and so wouldn't count.

* * * *

I don't exactly know how to break the news to Buck Coulson and the rest of the anti-con report brigade. The Fanoclasts are again going to be making the Midwescon-Westercon trip, and I'm one of the group. As Buck no doubt remembers, last year's

two week trip resulted in a 17 page report. This year the trip will be three weeks long. I wonder if that means that the report will also be 1/3 rd longer. However long the report turns out to be, we'll try to get it ready for Quip #4, which I'll be sending out in late August.

* * * *

Evidently, the best thing fans can find to do these days is form new apas. This pastime has replaced such all-time favorite trufannish recreations as wine, women, and puns. Even discounting two comic book apas and one for Forrie's little monsters, there are at least a baker's dozen of apas, though the number could easily double by the time this article gets into print. I find, along with a good number of others, considerable interest in this latest phenomenon in your microcosm.

"How did we get here?" is a good place to begin. One cause has nothing to do with fandom per se; the ever increasing standard of living. Today, more fans are financially solvent than at any time in the past. Further, duplicators suitable for fan publishing, dittos and mimeos, primarily, are easy to come by, and usually one can be found to fit the pocketbook of almost any fan. Exceptions can always either use some nearby fan's duper or avail themselves of cheap mimeograph services such as Bruce Pelz. Increased affluence has placed more and more fans into a position where they are financially able to publish. I think that many who would have been stalwart genzine contributors in bygone days, now publish for the apas. This type of fanzine fan is more interested in seeing that a good sized group reads his material than in playing editor and putting out a genzine.

Letter writing, as nearly everyone agrees, is a dying art. No longer do most fanzine fans maintain long detailed correspondences with upwards of 20 people. Mailing comments, the backbone of apa publishing, take up the slack and allow apa members to keep in direct communication with 10-50 people, without writing separate letters. Except for the few really close friends one may collect in fandom, mailing comments serve quite well in lieu of letters, and they have the added attraction of perhaps sparking discussions with fellow apans to whom the comment was not directly addressed.

The decline of the prozine field is also a contributing cause. There just aren't as many prozine completists as during the boom periods of the magazines. Anyone who wants to can easily get every prozine as it comes out, and paradoxically, really old ones are difficult to obtain, and then only at astronomical prices. The collecting urge is a strong one, and many have turned inward and become Fanzine Completists, or at least collectors rather than accumulators. Fans who would walk right past a complete set of Galaxy with not much more than a nod, will fall upon a run of Quandries with hot eyes and hanging tongue. The more avid collectors almost immediately realize that they have to get every current fanzine or else they will fall behind. This leads the lazy to try to buy mailings from the more blase apans and the foolhardy to multi, if not omni-apanism.

The near abandonment of the genzine field by all those capable of putting out a superior fanzine in the early sixties left the horde of young, eager neofans who joined during this period without a flourishing genfandom upon which they could model their own fanac. Instead, most neofans came into contact with multi-apans, particularly Bruce Pelz and Fred Patten. They may, some of them, have published genzines, but they also got on virtually every waitlist in sight. When one is in four or five apas, the urge to put out a genzine is practically non-existent.

The eventual outcome of having all new fan publishers move directly into the apas has been a drastic increase in multiapanism. Widespread multiapanism de facto decreases the number of available apa memberships. Together with the increased demand for apa memberships, new apas are the inevitable result. And, of course, each new apa provides only small relief for the demand, because the multiapans will inevitably take most of the memberships.

There are a number of people who seem to be utterly blind to the advantages and benefits of apa memberships. Buck Coulson, I am almost certain, just can't see it. There are, however, many such.

I have already mentioned completism. Besides being a reason for the commencement of the apa boom, it is one of the factors that keeps it going. Take, for example, the Cult. There are a number of Cultists who have hung around, literally, for years just because they want to collect the publications.

An apazine requires much less work than a genzine. And I don't mean the writing. That isn't supposed to be work. (If it is, you ought to quit fandom. This is supposed to be a hobby, not a non-paying job). However, the publisher of an apazine doesn't have to worry about subscriptions, keeping track of reader response, and getting each copy ready for individual mailing. In my experience, this is the part of publishing that fans like least. Fans who will cheerfully crank away at the mimeograph all day, turn white at the thought of addressing and stamping 100 copies.

Return for effort is another thing fans get out of apas. Very often, publishing a genzine is like throwing each issue into the garbage. With Excalibur's #5-9, with circulations of over 120 copies an issue, Len and I got about three letters of comment an issue, with about six tradezines. Except for OMPA, someone who publishes an apazine will find that about 2/3 rds of the apa will make some kind of comments on it in the next mailing. And of course, you get the zines of the other members in trade.

Apas also provide a good deal of fellowship. Even the Cult, famed for its bitching and feuding has a perverse sort of camaraderie. SAPS is quite closely knit, with many of the members being reasonably close friends of each other. In such a milieu, publishing is a way of exchanging ideas with a bunch of friends. Besides friendship, there is also the In Group Feeling that any good apa engenders among its members. Such things as Private Jokes and common nostalgic memories spring up in an apa much more readily than such things grow about a genzine. Some zines, like Flying Frog, do manage to equal apa in group spirit, but such are exceptions.

The communication in an apa is, generally speaking, of a different type than in genzines. The editor of a genzine presents a selection of material for the perusal of the readers. He wants them to respond. This response can be another fanzine in trade, money, a contribution of material to a future issue of the fanzine in question, or a letter of comment. An LoC is basically different than the mailing comment in an apazine. The LoC is an editor-reader relationship at bottom, and extended debate, elaborated at length is certainly the exception in such a relationship. In mailing comments, the relationship is editor to editor, each participant having his own speaking forum unaffected by the other. Thus, in any discussion, each can present arguments in the fullest form possible, subject to their own interest in furthering the discussion. It is almost impossible in a genzine that goes to 100 other people for the editor and even two or three of his readers to take up any considerable amount of space to argue back and forth on a subject which is only of vital interest to the participants. People who want relatively direct and personal communication are naturally attracted to the apas.

Some young impressionable fan said, in one of the apas, that the apas were currently in their Golden Age. As in the prozine booms, however, the quality of the apas seems to run inversely to the number of apas. Such formerly prosperous groups as the Cult and OMPA have fallen on evil days, while N'APA, apa 45, and InterApa are, in that order, abominations on the fair face of fandom. The only apa that might be said to be in its Golden Age is SFPA, the Southern Fandom Press Alliance. SFPA had a history of having seven or eight members in a 20 place group. Despite such thin ranks, the material that did circulate in the mailings wasn't too bad. The apa boom has resulted in a dramatic increase in the number of Southern Fanzine Fans, some of

QUIP 9

(continued on pg.38)

LEN BAILES



SHTICKSHIFT

"Help!" cried Bjo Trimble as she jumped into my lap, "protect me!"

"Grrr-rmph," John Trimble growled as he bombarded the back seat of the Orkmobile with ice cubes. Bjo writhed and shivered as she clutched at a strategic area.

"Foul Villain! Desist!" I exclaimed as Bjo clouted her husband over the head with a sandal. JT laughed nastily and parried other blows with the sandal's mate. One final riposte sent Bjo's weapon flying. Al Lewis cowered in the driver's seat, scrunching up to avoid stray blows.

Travelling with the Trimbles is always a fascinating experience. Usually, the excursion itself is more fun than the activity at the destination. Since we happened to be en route to San Francisco to see the Lamplighters do Gilbert & Sullivan's The Sorcerer, I rightly anticipated that the trip would be a total Gas.

For once, we were due to get into the Bay Area reasonably early, and I had anticipated getting a good look at San Francisco. As usual, we were to stay over at the Rolfe's, whose ~~foolhardiness~~ kind hospitality toward commuting Los Angeles Savoyards is well-known. Several stop-overs held us up a bit, and by the time we reached Palo Alto I was dead tired. I conked out in a borrowed sleeping bag, and my next conscious impression was of hunching over a cup of coffee in the Rolfe kitchen listening to Bjo tell Felice why the binary system couldn't possibly be related to Real Mathematics because she understood its principles.

Felice, after listening for awhile, suggested that Bjo give up being an artist. "After all," she said, "Think how much more money you'd make as a computer-trainee."

"You mean learning to run a computer?" I asked.

"No," said Felice, "I mean learning to be a computer."

I don't know," Bjo added thoughtfully, "can you see a bunch of programmers drawing straws at 8:00 in the morning to see who gets to wake up the computer this time?"

Felice nodded solemnly. "That is a point."

"Do not fold, bend, staple or mutilate," cautioned Jerry Jacks, a transplanted Baltimore fan who works for IBM and had accompanied us on the trip.

"How about spindling?" I asked, leering down the table. It was my second best leer and I was happy to find an occasion to try it out.

"Sorry," said John Trimble. "This computer is company property. If anyone does any spindling it's going to be me." He chuckled.

"Aw," said Bjo, "this whole thing is ridiculous. Who would ever hire a freckled computer?"

* * *

We didn't really get to see much of San Francisco, owing to the fact that our trusty native guides (a crew of BArea neofans) didn't know any more about directions than did Felice (the trusting native) or the rest of us. We got a nice tour of all the oneway streets which lead away from the city's main points of interest, however.

Another thing I got to see was San Francisco's rapid transit system. I'm a fan of busses, surface trains and subways, so I thought the steady 9.5 miles per hour of SF's most beloved and beleaguered means of transport was delightful.

"Hey!" I said as they dragged me off the cable car after our fourth circle around Chinatown; "This is delightful." For some reason the others preferred to browse in Chinese souvenir shops. I reluctantly accompanied them, my mouth watering at each clang of the cable car's bell.

It was getting late, so we returned to HQ to change clothes for the performance and had just enough time to catch a fast dinner.

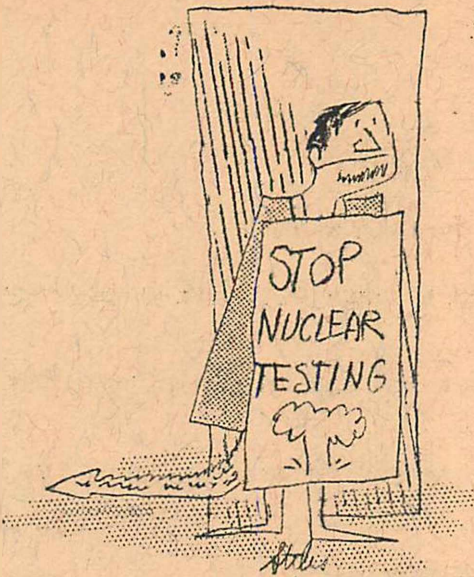
As it turned out, the performance was excellent, although the material the players had to work with was not nearly up to standard Gilbert and Sullivan quality. The Sorcerer was only their third collaboration, and the first of the full length comic operettas. Several stereotypes upon which Gilbert was later to draw make their first appearances here. The most notable, of course, is John Wellington Wells, of the Wells family sorcerors, whose patter song I will sing for anyone who asks me at the drop of a hat.

Or anyone that doesn't ask.

The Lamplighters are a first rate repertory company, certainly the best I've ever seen, and possibly the best I've ever heard. (When D'Oyly Carte makes its tour of the United States next year I'll have an opportunity to compare their performance with them)

Unfortunately, most of the lyrics of the libretto and the accompanying music is relatively uninspired. The players did the best they could with the piece, and in spite of the flaws in the composition, everyone had a good time.

The party after the show was enjoyable, although not notable for any pieces of Brilliant Fannish Wit. It lasted long enough for us all to be rather sleepy the next morning and on the return trip to LA. I'm looking forward to seeing their Mikado (which is the next scheduled work) and comparing it to the one put on by the



THE WAILS OF IF

by

JOHN BERRY

Reprinted from Smoke #4, George Locke

The man was reading the Monday Evening Ghost.

Nothing really strange about that if you happen to be broadminded.

The fact that it was just outside the Gent's lavatory in Little Fortingale Street (designed by Bob Shaw; the lavatory, not the street) added just the right amount of mystery. I mean, I know the fans resident in Belfast (Willis, Bob Shaw, James White, George Charters, and Ian McAulay), so I presumed him to be a neofan who had yet to discover us.

He was well dressed, had a rolled umbrella, a bowler hat, and was about 45 years old; rather too ancient for the average faan.

I was a mite fearful of addressing him outside a lavatory. I mean, Our Man in Havana was still fresh in my memory. Another thing, I'd just had a tooth out, and spoke with rather a lisp, and another thing, I'd sprained my elbow playing ghoddminton, and it was affixed by a bandage to my right hip, and the fingers sort of shot out like the leaf of a chestnut tree. That wasn't so bad. I'd also got a nail in my boot, sticking up through a hole in my sock, and I had to tread very carefully, rather like a ballet dancer worked up in the passion of Les Sylphides, and trying to earn his egoboo.

But heck, a faan in Belfast, and we of IF didn't know him.

I sidled up, trying not to let my arm sway so provocatively.

"Nithe evening," I said.

He gave me a steely look and continued with page 17.

I walked round him, wishing I didn't have to glide so delicately. "I'd like to talk to you," I said, trying to gain his confidence.

"If you don't stop annoying me I'll fetch a policeman," he said.

"I'm thorry," I said, "but I'm a fan."

"I've read about people like you in the Sunday papers," he gritted, "but I never thought it would spread to the provinces."

"I'm a faaan.... Willis means nothing to you?"

"Oh, is he another one?"

"Yeth, betht one in the Bwitith Isleth, thome thay."

He walked away, and I had no alternative but to follow him.

Crumbs, he didn't half walk fast, and I couldn't catch him, but I noted his address.

Of course, I told Walt Willis all about the man who had been reading a SAPSsine, and naturally, he was interested.

"When that lisp has gone, your elbow healed, and you've got that boot fixed, we'll go up to see him," he promised.

Willis pressed the bell-push. A butler opened the door.

"Who shall I say?" he asked with a typical butlerian sniff.

"Mr. Willis and Friend," said Willis.

We stood in the hall, looking at the collection of Ming Dynasty mugs along the glass shelves.

"Posh place, Walt," I said.

"This'll be great," he enthused. "Pots of money, and a butler. Wait until the Americans get to hear of this. We can hold our fan meetings here when visitors come."

"Mr. Snitchworthy will see you now," said the butler, and we followed him over a tiger-skin rug, through a dining hall as big as the banquet hall at Fort Pick Shelby in Detroit, and into a book-lined study.

"Yes?" he said rather superiorly.

"I'm Walt Willis," said Walt, and I rushed forward in case the man fainted in such august company.

Snitchworthy wrinkled his nose.

"Willis...er....I'm sure I have...."

"Slant, Hyphen, Woz and Pamphrey," I said simply. He looked at me and screwed his pince-nez this way and that.

"I'm sure I've...."

"Ret, Pot Pourri, and Veritas," said Willis, giving me as much egoboo as I'd dared to hope for in the circumstances.

"Yes, but I still don't...."

Walt looked at me and nodded. I walked over to the bookcase, sorted through his books, and picked out a hefty encyclopedia. I walked back to Willis and handed it to him. I ruffled up the immaculate parting in my hair, pulled off my bowtie,
QUIP 14

my smart black jacket, my white shirt, and wrapped my braces round my trousers. I looked at Willis. He nodded approval. I looked at Snitchworthy; he was sort of white looking, if you know what I mean. Like, he seemed thunderstruck. When he poured the whiskey into the glass, the decanter chinked against it like the climax of a carillon contest in St. Marins in the Fields.

"Excuse me," said Willis. He ripped a curtain off the French Window, a red, plush affair, and tied one end of it to a big mahogeny standard lamp, and told Snitchworthy to hold the other end.

"This is it, John," said Willis, and he tossed a shuttlecock over to me.

I let out a scream of pure raging insanity. I gripped the encyclopedia, and tore it in half. I let the shuttlecock almost reach the floor, and I flipped it up vertically with a clever slice of my brogues. It hit the ceiling, and dropped down, oh, so slowly. I leered; and folks say it has impact. I curled myself up, and uncoiled. The half-encyclopedia caught the shuttlecock a superb clout, a sort of ostentatious 'THWACK' and at the same time, in a horrible raucous scream, I shouted, "DROP IT!"

The decanter shattered into a thousand pieces as Snitchworthy dropped it. The shuttlecock took the glass out of the other hand. I bowed low, and Willis murmured: "A superb performance, John," and bowed too.

"Ghoodminton," said Willis, modestly.

Snitchworthy, with supreme athletic grace bourne of utter desperation, leapt across the room and pulled down an elephant gun from the wall, just below a lion's head which I thought looked a bit worried, too.

The bore of the rifle was about three inches, and Snitchworthy, stuttering insanely, pulled back the bolt and started to stalk towards us.

"Chee, he's certainly got the fannish spirit," breathed Walt, "but he's too damn keen."

With that, Willis drew a zap from a shoulder holster and let fly an accurate arch of H₂O, which disappeared down the barrel. Not to be outdone, I let fly with two plonkers, and, as you know, I've had lots of practice.

Snitchworthy pulled the plonkers off his forehead and sank back in his chair.

"I..er..what...or...???"

"Your turn, Walt," I hissed, and Willis strode across the study, stood on top of a china cabinet, and looked upwards, his noble features glistening with rapture.

"THE BIRDS AND THE BEANIES, by Art Rapp," said Willis, and continued:

"Mother, may I become a fan? Oh yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your hopes on a mimeo, but don't touch firewater!
For Big Name Fen are frenetic men who drink like thirsty camels
And leer like BEMS and wish for femmes to prove that they are mammals.

So if a fan should ask you in to see his Astoundings and Futures,
It's best to look for a weighty book and boat it on his cranial sutures.
And perchance should you be tempted to ignore your inhibitions
Reflect that even a mag gets left when it's not in mint condition."

I clapped loudly, and Willis got down and bowed a couple more times.

I don't think I've ever seen a fan like Snitchworthy. Never did I see such thick blue veins on anyone's forehead before. Like pregnant worms, they were. The corners of his mouth were drawn downwards, and his eyes were bloodshot and glazed.

"Hell, he to HOCUS," breathed Walt, then looked at his watch.

"Five, four, three, two, one," panted Willis, and opened the study door. Madeline staggered in with a big teapot, and Bob Shaw came behind her with a green track suit on and a hat with a feather in it. Bob turned round, and on the back of the track suit in red letters, were the words "NORTHERN IRELAND". He turned around, and quick as a flash, he sort of whizzed his arms about, and an arrow parted Snitchworthy's hair and quivered as it embedded itself in the middle of a tulip on the embossed chair back. Bob bowed, and waved George Charters in. George shouted: "Yippee, I'm in FAPA," and took his place beside Willis.

"Where's Ian?" murmured Willis, and Ian came in at that precise moment with a bucket and shovel. He stopped at the desk, and ladled a lump of horse manure out of the bucket. He sat down at the desk, pulled out a magnifying glass, picked through the manure with a pencil, and said with finality, "This horse is 14 hands high, has a pasture in the townland of Bellymatuffett in Conty Down, and has too much liver in its diet. Trinity University, failed B.Sc."

The door opened, and James White strode in. He whipped a tape measure round Snitchworthy's shoulders, and whispered, "Come to the Co-op tomorrow and I'll fix you up wholesale."

Walt waved us together in a semi-circle, and said to Snitchworthy, "Say something."

I've always thought that fans are a bit queer, but Snitchworthy was definitely the funniest. It wasn't so much the sobbing that got me, but the way he seemed to be praying.... and those pitiful eyes, pleading, hoping...

"Please..." he said.

"That's a thing which hops on your combs," said Willis.

"No, that's a talented American fan artist," said McAulay.

"No, that's what happens to water in the winter," said Bob Shaw.

"No, that's a collection of words, or a part of a sentence," said James White.

"No, that's where an important battle was fought in Normandy in World War Two, a gap you know?" I said.

"No, that's a symbol venerated by some obscure southern Malayan tribes," said Willis.

"No, that's where a king lives," said Bob Shaw.

"No, that's where you can see the Follies Bergers," said James White.

"No, that's what....."

The fist was of iron. It was clenched with ferocity. It was a thing of super-invincibility. It cracked the teak desk top.

rich mann



Not too long ago, first for an arcane faanish group known as the Cult and later for an even more obscure batch of fans under the collective name of STOBCLER, I published a fanzine. One of my most worrisome tasks in fanzine publishing has always been the choice of a title for my efforts -- I come up with some really great titles, of course, like Yandro or Retribution or Innuendo, but somehow I get the impression that they've already been spoken for. Anyway, the fanzine for the Cult and later STOBCLER, bore a curious name, and I'd like to tell you about how it came about. Pay attention, now, I intend to ask questions at the end of the lecture. Anyone who can't answer them will be deluged with Rich Mann crudzines for the rest of his life, so you really had better be on your toes. Yes.

As I told you last time, Last year I was at Michigan State University for a spell of time, roughly corresponding with the school year. Among the many things found there was one peculiar denizen of the area known to the inhabitants as Dave Heal, an astoundingly faanish young man who hates to write anything, but makes quite a club fan. Also found there was a large and somewhat faanish (in a neoish sort of way) building, known to the natives as Bryan Hall, named, curiously enough, after a fellow known as "Bryan Hall". Probably old Robert Hall's brother, since I couldn't figure out any other reason for naming anything after him. Anyway, this edifice had a third floor (and no elevators, puff, puff) upon which I kept a housekeeping. In one corner of the third floor, I kept this housekeeping, that is. That corner had been dubbed B331 by some orderly-minded chap with a mathematically oriented mind, and the nickname stuck for some reason. Imaginatively enough, the area next to my little

OUR MANN IN QUIP

housekeeping was known as B330. In my room, there were four walls. One of these walls, above my desk, was known as the ceiling. Or the floor, if you were one of those blokes living up on the fourth floor. In case you're wondering about there being only three walls left to enclose a four-sided dwelling, let your mind be at ease. The other one was a big bulletin board arrangement pasted onto what would have no doubt been another wall were it not for the bulletin board arrangement.

And on the bulletin board, many things were kept. Mostly big things. Pictures of girls with big *things* mostly. However, at one time, just coincidentally during a local religious rite known as "open house", the pictures of girls with big *things* were relegated to the relative safety of my desk drawer, and the bulletin board arrangement was covered with a large scale drawing of a large land mass. We called it a Map of America, because it seemed the Faanish Thing To Do.

This "map" included a large frozen land mass known as Alaska. Alaska is inhabited by people called "Alaskans", which in loose translation means Frozen People. (Hey, how am I doing, Gary Deindorfer?)

Now that the scene is set, enter the characters. To the aforementioned Dave Heal add one Rich Mann and one George Fergus, roommate to the Rich Mann I mentioned. Night Time. Very late night time. Picture the Fergus in his cozy little bed reading some space opera stuff. Picture the Rich Mann at his desk, trying not to look in the drawers while he thinks. Picture one typewriter on the desk, and one mailing from a curious group known as OMPA. Picture a naked and unprotected ditto master in the typewriter. Picture the typewriter, sitting there in all its glorious electricity, humming at the poor Rich Mann, telling him to get one with it or go to bed like a good little fan.

Now let this picture we have in our minds turn to movies and listen to it: Rich turns, slowly, as our movie projector, just a little overworked and decrepit after all these years, works up to full speed. He speaks to George. "Hey, you cruel savage boenth (a local term, meaningless not only to the Outside World, but to us, too), you, what's a *keen* title (or perhaps just "A keen title"; the fannish * hadn't penetrated to backward Michigan State fandom yet) for my new OMPA zine that I'm going to start on as soon as I can think up a title?"

Putting down his space opera for a moment, and slowly polishing his glasses, the Fergus slowly intones, "Gee whiz. Hey, how about something flashy and nice like. 'WHOMP-A'? Or maybe 'KLOMP-A'. No? How about 'STOMP-A'? No. Well, ...'KABLOMP-A'?"

Rich turns back to the typewriter. Try not to look at the expression on his Sensitive Fannish Face. He turns off the typewriter and its accompanying hum. "*Sigh*" he says. Or perhaps just "Sigh." At that moment the door bursts open with a crash, and in sidles the aforementioned Heal. "Whatcha doin'." he asks. He is succinctly informed by Rich, while George resumes where he left off in the space opera, confident that he has contributed the accumulated wit and good sense of 27 years of reading science fiction to the discussion.

Dave, as is his wont, climbed up onto the desk, turned to the bulletin board arrangement, and with a slaver, commenced his nightly examination of the big *things* normally found on that self-same bulletin board arrangement. Please note the exquisite expression on the mobile Heal features as he realizes suddenly that his favorite girls are gone, and in their places, he is slaving over the round and nicely contoured land mass known as Alaska. That's where the Alaskans live, you know. Granting Dave about three hours to recover from this shock and reorient his thinking, let us fade back in as he begins to decide to take this colossal blow philosophically and make the best of this Map of Alaska he is so intimately face-to-face with.

"What was that you said you were jabbering about when I made my dramatic entrance?" The famous Heal mind in action. "Oh yeh, thass right. Fanzine names. Hey, I've got

a keen idea. Or what will be a *keen* idea here as soon as we get around to rediscovering Calvin W. 'Biff' Demmon's beloved asterisks. How about getting fanzine names from maps?" Watch carefully now as the Heal falls flat onto his "face" as he attempts to descend from his perch atop Rich's desk. Ahahahaha. (That was the comic relief.)

"Well, I suppose you could deem that a ~~*/keen/*~~ keen idea, if one were wont to over-react outrageously to the simplest of stimuli, as I have noted you are. Luckily, I'm just as dumb, so let's see what you've got there." Observe the awkward Heal attempting to regain his footing atop Rich's desk, but don't try to watch Rich's efforts to gain a similar position. That would be embarrassing.

Diligent searching revealed such sonorous names as Kotzebue, Alakakek, Ninilchik, Metlakatla, and the curiously named Unalaska. While recovering from a severe buffeting around the head and ears (offstage, this is a family fanzine movie, y'know), Dave asks, "Well, I like Alakakek. Why don't you?" Further buffeting causes this strident tone to subside. Fade out.

Fade back in three days later. We still find Rich Mann slumped over his humming typewriter (he also has a whistling mimeograph), still searching for a title. Dave Heal has since crept off to his own dwellings. George Fergus is off attending some class or other. Rich, true to fandom, will not budge until he has a title. In a moment of forgetfulness, while no one is watching (no one but us, that is), he climbs onto his desk, muttering "All the better to see you, my precious little bunnies..." Again, try not to notice his Sensitive Fannish Face as it breaks into bitter tears upon being confronted with a Map of Alaska.

Fade back in two hours later. Rich's recovery time is better than Dave's. Even when he's been slumped over a humming typewriter for three days. Now you can look at Rich's Sensitive Fannish face, for it is lit up with Trufannish Joy. He has found a small town located right near something denoted on the Map as the "Veniaminof Volcano." Population is nearly 200 poor Frozen People (also known as Eskimos). Accomodations consist of one degslettel-- an igloo motel of sorts.

The name of the town is Chignik. "Chignik, Chignik, Chignik." Laughing somewhat hysterically, we witness this Rich Mann creature running and stumbling down the hallways of Bryan Hall. By this time, the introductory clause on that last sentence could refer either to the observer (that's you) or the Rich Mann. We meant the Rich Mann, though. We see the completely decomposed Rich Mann, beating upon a door behind which cowers a Dave Heal. "Chignik. Chignik. CHIGNIK! CHIGNIK! CHIGNIK!!"

Luckily for poor Rich Mann, the time is about 4 A.M. as he goes through these antics -- otherwise someone might see him and thereby increase the somewhat odd reputation of Rich Mann in Bryan Hall.

Fade out, thankfully.

Fade back in two weeks later for a short take of Rich Mann leaving the hospital, even yet in a somewhat wasted condition, but almost sane again. Then Fade Out once more.

Fade in on Brian Jordan, Official Editor of OMPA as he opens a jet-pak of fanzines from Rich Mann, some months later. "Timpanogas. Gorblimey! What a strange name for an OMPazine. I wonder where he got it." That with a British accent, please.

Then Fade Out again. Permanently.

--Rich Mann

ONE FAN'S BEAT

FM BUSBY

Paging Mark Twain. Not too long ago I received a phone call from my redheaded sister-in-law. She wanted to know if Elinor and I realized that I had been dead for something over 4 years. It seems that the POWWOW, the alumni journal of Washington State University, had reported that I had died in 1961. I did not receive that issue; I can't imagine why.

Naturally I was curious as to howcome WSU had assumed the usual prerogative of coroners and pronounced me kaput. Certainly 1961 had been a rough year, what with the SeaCon and all. And it could be said that I was dead on the campus even before graduating from that sterling and reverend institution. Besides, I do not pay Alumni Dues, nor do I intend to. But still and all...

So I wrote the POWWOW and asked for the score, citing the above points and also wondering about the cause of my death in 1961 "so that I can do my best to avoid it in the future." You know the kind of thing... Eventually I was informed that the info had come from a search of the cardfile in the Electrical Engineering Department, and no one knew how it got in there. (That figures.) The young lady who answered my letter thanked me profusely for not getting all cheased about the goof. Since my readheaded sister-in-law had mentioned that this was the third such boner to her own certain knowledge within the year, I suppose the young lady at the POWWOW was pretty well in practice at soothing ruffled feathers among the resurrected.

I rather enjoyed the whole thing. But I'm worried, too. What bothers me is: just who is lying in my grave? For one thing, he's 4 years behind on his rent.

* * *

Those of us who disagree with Senator Wayne Morse (who was once kicked in the side of the head by a horse) are enjoying quite a lot of the news these days. I use Morse here as typical of the sort of pundit who bleeds at the eyes when faced with any development that would not delight the likes of Marx, Lenin, or Mao. And of late, his eyes must be badly bloodshot. First we see Indonesia (of all places) bucking its Peerless Leader, ol' One-Name Sukarno, whose apparent death-wish led him to support the local Communists even after they'd tried to coup him out. It is strange and wonderful to read of Asiatic students mobbing the Chinese embassy; isn't it though? Sueky is still pulling strings, but does seem to be essentially neutralised at the moment; this comforts me not a little. Then there is Ghana, which threw out this fella Nkruma at the psychologically-satisfying moment when he was visiting Peking. That makes two longterm thorns out of our national paw. And to top it all, Fidel is having a clawing-contest with Mao, and recent Red Chinese news releases for internal consumption have laid it on that some days it just does not pay to get up in the commune. All this is rather heartening to those of us who do not see Communism as the Wave of the Future—or see it, period, for that matter.

There is still the problem that Senator Morse was only kicked on one side of his head, by that horse. The suspense is dreadful, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

* * *

Department of Sidelights: Speaking of world events, who could have guessed, say 20 years ago in the immediate aftermath of WWar2, that the Japanese would now
QUIP 20

be challenging the Germans' unquestioned pre-eminence in sales of smaller automobiles in the U.S. market? I wouldn't've believed it myself, even I, who read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff; - in retrospect, the advance of the Volkswagen in this country so soon after the hostilities is, itself, somewhat incredible.

But now comes the capper. After about a decade of VW dominance in the small-car field Stateside, the Japanese have come up with an entry and a push for nationwide dealer coverage that may well give the Volks a run for its money; the Toyota Corona, a 4-door sedan of roughly the same outer dimensions of the VW, 1/3 more weight, and about twice the HP-- for as near to VW price as makes no difference.

Anyone interested in a go-buggy in the VW-Hillman-Cortina-Simca-Volvo-etc. size range, who does not at least test-drive the Toyota Corona, is missing a bet. There is nothing new about small cheap cars, and there is nothing new about small powerful cars. The new thing is getting all that power for the cheap price; it is a liddul bomb, and I kid you not at all.

Our own Corona was a month old yesterday, as a matter of fact.

* * *

It's Great until they Catch Up with you: One of the perils of working for your government and mine is that you go along and you go along, and suddenly you are faced with an interview with the Hatchet Man or "position classifier", a species that is apparently dedicated to the proposition that whoever you are and whatever your job is, you should be reduced two grades and paid less, accordingly. Oh, I've heard some sad bloody laments after the passage of these ravagers, I have; people run all out of Band-Aids and line up at the Blood Bank for withdrawals.

So last Monday, somewhat short of sleep and nursing a mild and not entirely unpleasant hangover (and Ol' Buddy had shown up unexpectedly that Sunday afternoon), I was crogged to find this Position Classifier pulling up a chair, spearing me with his eagle eye, giving me a Friendly Grin like unto an alligator to a plump pullet, and Interrogating me. Now frankly, I am not accustomed to discussing the mechanics of my paid hobby with hostile invaders; I went all tongue-tied at first, and filled in with such as "Well, just to give you an idea.." while hauling out complicated circuit drawings and blathering in Technicalese to gain time and get my breath, sort of. I'm happy to say that this worked fine; soon I was in gear to work on the principle that he knew no more about my job than I knew about his, and from there on I enjoyed myself: the guy was so busy trying to impress me with his own great knowledge that it would have been impolite to interrupt him too much with the info he was supposed to be gathering. No, that's not quite fair: I should say that the man did a good job of probing except that he did get in his own way by tooting his own horn when he was probably supposed to be listening, more. Occupational hazard, possibly: it must be rough to feel all that Sense of Power

But I probably couldn't have worked a raise out of him, even without a hangover. To quote him, about another office problem: "That's not in my area". So it goes: there are experts in what you have to do and what you cannot do, and these are utterly ignorant of what you just possibly can do. It takes all kinds, I guess...

* * *

Help celebrate Be Kind to Communist Spies Week: As a goshwow engineer in the employ of the Department of Defense, I keep seeing these moompitchers about these nice stupid young fellas who are subverted by pretty girls and spill Military Secrets. Just like any other good fantasy addict, I try to Identify with these imperilled young guardians of our national safety (especially with the sexy bits). But I keep getting hung up on the prosaic mundane hurdle that I don't know any Military Secrets. Well, that's not exactly true. I do know one, but I will leave it to you as to whether this would get me any place with a sexy lady Spy; I think not. It is this way: I know by personal rumor-hearing just how one Infantry major got the Purple Heart on Amchitka Island (in the Aleutians) late in 1943. He was not wounded by Enemy Action. He happened to share an outdoor latrine with a can of unslaked lime when the whole kaboodle got blown off the top of the hill by the usual high gusts of wind, and while the lot was rolling down the hill, the lid came off the can. Having spent a year on that rock, I believe the story, but somehow I can't see Sonya the spy plying me with good booze and sex for that tid-bit, so I guess I'll just have to stay chaste and loyal and sober and all. --FM Busby

* * *

southern encounter

ARNIE KATZ

Steve Myers walked down the driveway that curved off the main highway and ran past the motel lobby. The heat of the southern summer, and even the short walk to the highway raised a sheen of sweat on his forehead. He stood at the side

of the road, shielding his eyes and trying to see as far down the highway as possible. Still no sign of the Greenbrier that meant the Insurgents of New York had arrived. Steve, being a relative neofan and until the Southcon, a virtual faaanish hermit, had never met the clique before, but he was looking forward to the experience. He admired the fine faaanishness that flowed out of New York in a seemingly endless stream. Oh, you could talk about Los Angeles Fandom, and they were good guys, but the New Yorkers were something special in Fandom. He waited hopefully for a few more minutes, but at last he gave up. With slightly dragging steps, he retraced his steps to the motel and returned to the con suite, where most of the early arrivals were gathered.

"Have they come yet, Steve?" asked Carter Little as soon as the young fan poked his head in the door. Little, like Myers, was on tenterhooks waiting for the New York crowd to arrive. If anything, Carter was more eager than Myers to have them get to the con. After all, the Insurgents were His People. Up to a year ago, he'd been a NYFan himself. He was dying to see Frank, Dean, Bill and the rest again. Of course, he was a Fan of Stature, and couldn't let himself goshwow like Myers, but he had to admit that he really felt goshwow over the reunion. After all, he thought, to Steve, Franklin Ford was probably like a myth or a faaanish ghod, but Frank was his friend; and that made a big difference.

"Naw, no sign of them," Steve replied. "There's still plenty of time yet, it's hardly noon." Steve was obviously trying to talk himself out of a "down".

"Why y'all making such a big fuss over those yankees?" asked Barry Kane.

"Those Yankees are some of the top fans going, Barry," said Steve.

"And they're my friends," added Carter.

"They're just smart-ass snobs, is what they are," insisted Barry.

"Stupid neofan," Little muttered. Barry turned red.

"Who y'all calling a stupid neofan?"

"I thought it was pretty obvious," Little replied and pointedly got up to leave. Kane clenched his fists and started to follow him. Sandy Mason placed a restraining hand on his arm. Barry made a small effort to shake loose, and, finding it more difficult than he had thought, he subsided.

Carter thought about Kane as he strolled back to the room he was sharing with Ken Reed. "Damn racist," he said. And that was the reason for Kane's hostility. Kane was Southern Fandom's Boy Racist; they were only too happy to argue loud and long with Barry and communicate their distaste for the Southern fan. Not that Carter

was inclined to blame them any. His thoughts were interrupted by his arrival at the room. The door was unlocked. He walked in and slammed the door behind him so that the whole room shook.

"What's with y'all," asked Ken, looking up from a pile of fanzines. "Look at these zines, Car; Rets, Crys, even an issue of Quandry. Dean and Harry will be green when they get here. Almost makes me glad they're a little late." He saw the anger flash from Carter's eyes briefly. "Anxious for them to show, eh? Don't let it get you down and kill the con for you."

"It's not that they're late, though that is beginning to worry me a little. That jerk Kane really gets me. Just because the Insurgents tried to argue him out of hating Negroes..." He let his voice trail off; the rest of the sentence was obvious.

"Of course Barry is wrong, Car, but you have to realize that it's different living here than in the North."

"I'm living here, and I don't shit on everyone with a black skin."

"You live here now, but you didn't grow up here. You grew up in New York. Barry's beliefs have been drummed into him since he was a kid...for that matter, he's still only 17. Dean and Harry ought to know better than to badger him,"

"Look, Ken, don't give me that Victim of His Environment jazz. You don't hate Negroes. Myers doesn't hate Negroes. Sewell doesn't hate Negroes. You guys have lived in the South all your lives, and none of you are racists."

"But I'm not marching in the streets for SNCC, either. I believe I'm a Liberal, and I feel that Integration and equal rights are important and desirable, but you know very well that I don't always agree with things the Civil Rights people do to promote the cause. Maybe if I'd been brought up without being indoctrinated with the idea that Negroes should be kept in their Place, I'd be an activist, instead of a passive supporter. So maybe if Barry had been reared in New York City, he'd have ended up as a middle of the roader or a mild conservative. Environment isn't the whole story, but you can't tell me it doesn't count, especially when you're 17 and still dependent on your parents, like Barry."

"I wish you'd stop making excuses for the little louse, Ken. You've already admitted he was wrong." Ken shrugged his shoulders. "Ok, ok, I shouldn't take it out on you. Let's go see what's going on back at the consuite."

"I want to look at these fanzines awhile, Car," Reed replied.

"You can read those anytime, but you can only see fans on Special Occasions. C'mon."

"This is true," the other said. He put down his zine, tucked in his shirt, and ran a pocket comb through his black hair. "Let's go meet those people you're talking about." They walked into the superheated day, Ken locking the door behind them.

They were nearly to the door of the consuite when Ken noticed the Greenbrier lumbering up the road. "Look, Carter, I think it's the Insurgents." Carter ducked his head into the consuite to spread the word.

"C'mon, Ken, let's go down to the motel office. That's where they'll probably stop."

"This is true." The two fans broke into a trot. They reached the office just

after the Van lurched to a stop. The rest of the Southcon attendees were right on their heels.

The Greenbrier disgorged its complement of tired Insurgents, and Carter immediately found himself the center of attention. He reached out for Franklin Ford's hand. "How the hell are you, Frank? This is Ken Reed. Ken, this is Franklin Ford. You'd better be careful; his eyes shoot death-rays when he gets angry." Frank smiled and extended his hand to Reed. Carter noticed that Ken somehow looked stunned. He didn't have time to wonder, because Fran Waner, petite femmefan, was looking up at him, presenting her mouth for a kiss. It was a pretty long kiss.

"You going to ignore me, you overgrown shit," asked Bill Waner, her husband.

"Gee, Bill, Fran is so much sexier than you are. Besides, if I kissed you, Jerry Jackson would probably write it up in Fanworld," Carter replied.

"Right. And I'd also use an electrostencilled photo of the Unnatural Act." For the first time, Carter noticed Jerry Jackson and understood why Ken had looked stunned. He wondered how he'd missed seeing Jerry in the first place, a thing which he would have regarded as only slightly less improbable than Void #29 coming out. After all, Jerry Jackson was 6'4", weighed 240 lbs, and was the only Negro fanzine fan. Although Jerry's career as an Insurgent had only slightly overlapped with the last days of Carter's New York residence, they'd always gotten on well.

"I'll bet you would, too," Carter replied. "Why don't you people get your rooms and get settled. We can talk later.

"Fine idea," said Harry Wild. The Insurgents filed into the Office.

"Hey, Sandy, you're the co-chairman, is this motel integrated?" Steve Myers whispered as they trailed along.

"Hope not," said Barry Kane, who had been eavesdropping. Myers stopped in his tracks. He slowly turned to look at Kane.

"You really are low, aren't you? Even if Jerry Jackson wasn't publishing one of the top zines, he's still a fan. And even if he wasn't a fan, do you have to be a full time bigot?" Without waiting for an answer, Myers pushed forward to see what was going on at the desk. Mason decided he'd better get to the desk, too, and bulled along in Myers' wake. Mason was pretty proud of the way Myers had spoken up for Jackson. He hoped he'd do as well, if the occasion warranted it.

The desk clerk was a 30-ish type, and as soon as Carter saw the look he gave Jerry, he knew there was going to be trouble.

"He can't stay here," the clerk said, pointing at Jerry.

"What do you mean, he can't stay here? This is a convention, and he's one of the attendees. Besides, you ought to know you've got to let a room to anyone with the money to pay for it.

"We're full up," the Clerk said. Mason had come up to stand beside Carter, who was turning many odd and frightening colors.

"Don't hand me that line. You've got lots of empty rooms." There was much muttering among the assembled fans.

"Look guys, he says he hasn't got any rooms--"

"Shut up, you little racist!" said Frank Ford over his shoulder to Barry Kane.

"The young man is right," said the clerk, "There aren't any rooms. All the rest have been placed on reserve."

"Since when? Since we came here, I bet," said Bill Waner. They were at an impasse. No one knew where to go from there. Carter was on the point of calling a little conference when Steve Myers stepped up to the desk.

"Now, sir," he said to the clerk, "I want to make sure I have this right. You won't rent this gentleman a room."

"That's right, because there aren't any available."

"All right, in that case I'd like my bill." He took out his wallet and laid the fee for one day's rent on the desk. "Now you have a room to rent. Rent it." Everyone stared at Myers.

"You never know," Carter thought, "who'll rise to the occasion."

"Nope. That room is now on reserve." The clerk, confident that he had won, allowed himself the luxury of a little smile. Ken Reed pushed to the desk. "If you won't give Jerry a room," he said, "I'm leaving." He turned to face the rest of them. "Are you going to let this bigot keep out Jerry? There are plenty of other motels, and even if we can't find one, it would be a damn sight better to get out, rather than allow a fan to be kept out." Carter looked at his friend.

"I thought you weren't an activist," he said. As Ken threw down his half of the room rent he said:

"I guess there's a first time for everything." One by one the fans checked out.
* * *

"Well, Ken," said Carter, as he unpacked in their room at the new site of the Southcon, "that certainly was an Experience. Sort of makes you proud to be a fan." He smiled at his inadvertant use of the cliché.

"This is true. Why, even your old friend Barry checked out." He paused for a moment, as if wondering how to phrase the next sentence. "That reminds me. Barry was awfully quiet and had a weird look on his face all the way over here. You didn't say anything to him, did you?"

"No, not me, Jerry." Ken sat bolt upright.

"Jerry?"

"Right. You know how all the Insurgents were watching us check out, not exactly knowing what to do with themselves? Well, Barry was standing off to one side watching people check out, too. As fewer and fewer fans were left, he got more and more nervous. By the time he was one of the only two left, he was white lipped and shaking. He was twitching so badly that you could hardly help looking at him. I think Jerry must not have known who he was, because he sidled over to Barry and asked him if he'd lost his money and needed a loan or something.

"You're kidding? What did Barry do? Hope he didn't insult Jerry. Things were probably bad enough for the guy, being the focal point of the whole scene."

"You'd think he would've called Jerry a few names, but he just stammered no, threw his money on the desk, and hurried outside. In fact, when we got here, I think he went right up to his room."

"Maybe he's doing some thinking."

"I doubt it. Or if he is, it'll be the first time." Carter checked himself in the mirror.

"As I said before, there's a first time for everything, Car. Let's get moving." They left the room.

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW (SOME ASPECTS)

-gary deindorfer

I was telling one of the editors of this fanzine (Arnie Katz, I think it was) how the world of tomorrow is going to be an amazing place. In a letter, I was telling him this. How there will be things that will astound us just as our fathers have been astounded by television, lasers and other wonders of the past thirty years. I have worked out a pretty good system for extrapolating present day events into future developments, and I'm damned excited about it. It's that good! I mentioned it to Katz (or maybe it was Bailes) and one of them wrote back and said, "Well, write us something about the wonders of this world of tomorrow you have envisioned." Fair enough.

Maybe you'd like to know something about my system. I hope to make a pile of money out of it, so I don't want to give away too much, but I'll allow that I use a number of methods that serve sort of like cross-checks. There is a lot of work involving plotting certain points on graphs of my own devising. I also resort to a little numerical divination, and I have found the mysterious I Ching (Book of Loose Change) to come in handy more than once. I prefer using coins to fooling with all those stalks, by the way. I also refer to almanacs (there's a lot to refer to in almanacs), and I use a number of other sources of information I don't feel I should reveal, lest I be telling you too much. And as amusing as this will sound to some of you skeptics, I learned a most extraordinary thing from a Ouija board. I'll go into that later on. You'll really be amazed at what it told me, you can believe that.

Scoff you may, but my system works. I have been using it for two months or so, and already I find it has made me enough extra money that I don't have to skip lunch at work any more. And what of my record of right guesses so far? Well, I predicted a month ago that the much maligned Dean Drive will turn out to be no pipe dream after all, that we will begin to discover that there is a principle involved and it will prove a stepping stone to greater things to follow. And just last week I made a drawing of nuclear power wearing a harness. A symbolic drawing, with a man labelled "Nuclear Power" in harness and another man holding the reins labelled "Mankind." Something there involving the peaceful uses of nuclear power, as I see them. I stand on this record.

But enough prideful talk. Let's consider this world-to-come as man will make it. Let's start out with food. I have to laugh at all these science fiction stories where people are eating synthetic food or else they are eating algae, seaweed (both processed) or maybe soybeans, with meat a great rarity costing to high heaven, perhaps seen on the family table once every ten years to mark some extraordinary occasion. Well, nonsense! There will be some interesting vitamin injections administered to breeding stock pretty soon, and somehow this means that by 2010 A.D. meat will be available to everybody, even peasants, at 10¢ a pound for the choicest cuts. No fooling!

What about the sea, said to be the source of enough food to feed ten times our present population? The next frontier. Pooeey! The sea will prove worthless.

Nobody wants to eat algae and seaweed, even processed. I predict that comes 2010 A.D. the only people eating this stuff will be a couple Japs and a small group of health nuts, and they are going to have to haul it up out of the sea with their hands and eat it as is. That's what I say, based on the best information I have available here. Wait and see!

How about our friends the dolphins? They may well be as intelligent as we are and surely they will be our companions in the world of the sea in days to come -- so goes the story. I think dolphins are pretty stupid. We have nothing to learn from dolphins, and they have nothing to learn from us. Well, that eliminates dolphins.

What about fresh fruit? I see it replacing the staple grains as the basis for the diet of most of the world's peoples. People are getting tired of eating rice, particularly Orientals. And corn and wheat are on the way out, what with all this television saturation advertising of bread and cereals. You might add oats to that, too. Fresh fruit will be raised through a process sort of like hydroponics, but not as expensive. Everybody will be eating fresh fruits with every meal. You'll see.

You may be wondering whether we will draw fish from out of the sea, as we now do. I don't think so. And regarding soybeans, nobody will be eating soybeans. If you have ever eaten a soybean you know why. So much for food, for after all, this is only one aspect of a civilization. There are many other things just as important!

What about communications? We always hear today about the lack of communication between people, how we each live in our own world, shut away from others, and how words are at best a faulted medium for expressing thoughts. Well, be that as it may (or however that phrase goes), you will be able, in your own home, to type up a letter and have this letter received through a teletype set-up in the home of the addressee at the same moment. This will certainly have quite a revolutionary effect, but then we have come to expect each major innovation to come with revolutionary effects. I could write a page on the things the invention of movable type has brought about down through history, and I'll bet you could too. Why, had Gutenberg died as a child, perhaps there would now be no Los Angeles, California! Alternate time track. Francis T. Laney would have had to find some other club to write about! You see what I mean, but let's get back to the communications. In line with the teletype set-up in your own house, there is something that involves writing out your order for the grocer and getting back your groceries in a matter of minutes, but I see no reason to go into that.

You have to take an ever-all view with this stuff. I envision the cities of the world in constant radio communication with each other! And coated cables two or three feet in diameter will criss-cross our great globe. Fixed communications satellites -- perhaps as many as a dozen in all -- will beam down at us television shows designed to appeal to the broadest ethnic base possible, so that people as diverse as the African bushman, the Laotian field-hand and the Madison Avenue account executive will be able to enjoy the same television show, incidentally on tiny sets which they will carry with them at all times. This will, of course, lead in time to a uniformity of thought and action around the world, but this will make people more predictable than they are now, and hence much less of a threat to each other. I once read in a book that we hate the people we can't out-guess, and that this -- along with economic cycles -- has been responsible for all wars. It was a weird book, but maybe he has a point.

There will be a standard language that will be formally adopted for use by the world television satellite network sometime in -- oh, let's see -- 1995. This standard language will draw upon the words and grammar of English, Spanish, German, Chinese (peasant dialect, not Mandarin), Greek and many other tongues, to please everybody. No favoritism here. This language will confuse the very hell out of everybody for about twenty years until around 2015 people will start getting the hang of it, and they will finally be able to follow the dialogue on the television shows, besides looking at the moving images projected on their little viewscreens. About this time

-- 2015 A.D. -- the hundreds and in fact thousands of languages and dialects of the world's people will disappear through lack of people who will still be able to speak them, and everybody will have one language, one world language. There will be an hilarious twenty years there when this new standard language will be mixing people up, what with having to try to follow it and still trying to speak in their own regional tongues. I hope you follow my thought here. I spilled coffee all over the charts and notes I used to predict this stuff about the languages, and frankly I'm sort of confused myself.

I could mention that some bright guy will invent a matter transmitter around 1990. This will in its small way, have its effect on communications, not to mention freight, travel, and so on. I should have mentioned that a while back, to tie it in better with the communications angle. But I work a double-shift down at the embossing mill and I also have a weekend job selling shoes, so I don't get much time for this hobby of amateur writing. So every word has to count in the first draft, and if it doesn't, that's the way it goes. But I don't want to talk about my troubles. I want to speak of the world!

Yes, this matter transmission will be something. Or, actually, and to be honest about it, it may be more trouble than it is worth. Imagine what might happen if you arrived at your destination with your insides on the outside and the surface of your body making up the inside of your body! Somebody mentioned this once in a science fiction story, and it is a horrible thought, to be sure! Let this happen a couple of times and I see the inventor -- who so far as I can tell is now twelve years old and lives somewhere in Iowa -- set upon by an enraged populace. But come to think of it, I'm not sure it is a matter transmitter he is going to invent. It might be a matter duplicator, which in its own way would have its effect upon our world. Well, that's enough on this subject. As Sprague de Camp once said, "It doesn't pay a prophet to be too specific." But then Sprague de Camp has always been kind of a wise guy.

Let's turn to something we can grasp, by God! We can all imagine a monorail system, I should hope, even those of us bad at visualization. Well, by the year 1985, you and your family will be able to travel from Boston to Washington D.C. via a monorail set-up, not in a matter of hours, as now, but in a matter of minutes! Yes, I know this sounds incredible, but imagine trying to explain a phonograph to an Australian bushman who has never seen one! Or you might show him a cigarette lighter and he will think you a god!

But I don't want to get off the track here, or, if you will permit me a spot of humor, off the rail. Hahaha. Think that one over. Not so much a play on words as on concepts, and that's subtler. Well, back to the monorail system. It will not be aboveground, but it will be sunk into the soil at a depth of many feet, a single rail many miles long, surrounded by a glistening, highly polished tube. Your car will travel along this rail enclosed by the tube on the same principle that the bullet uses to make its way down the bore, or barrel, of a rifle and out into the surrounding air, though in the case of our monorail system there will be no surrounding air to complicate things. More like the rifle barrel stretching all the way from Boston to Washington, if you follow me. It looks very simple on paper. I label one point "Boston" and the other "Washington" and draw a line between them, but the use of words is a factor I hadn't counted on. If you were here in my room I could explain it to you with gestures pretty well. Maybe words are as inadequate a means of communication as all the plays these days tell us. Or at least with some of us who do better with lines on paper. Something about being verbally oriented there.

"Why sink it into the soil?" you may say, referring to the monorail system. Well, you see, at the incredible speeds involved, your mono-car would run right off its track if it were running above-ground. It's a matter of dynamics and forces. And if some kid put a pebble on the track even at lower speeds (though still by our

standards here in 1966, fast speeds) he could really foul things up, you see. So we sink it into the ground where nobody can get at the rail and the glistening sides of the tube prevent the car from leaving the track. You have to plan ahead. These cars will feature the ultimate in comfort! Reclining seats and foot rests! A late movie for your enjoyment and relaxation, or rather a couple minutes of it for the trip will, as I said, take but moments. Why so fast? We Americans are always in too much of a hurry, that's our trouble. You hear people saying that. Well, that may be, but we get a lot done; you can't deny that! And consider the Washington lawmaker who will leave his home in Boston, arrive moments later in the Nation's capitol for a day's work and then return home to a fine meal cooked by his wife or perhaps the maid. But of course, you realize I choose the Boston--Washington run as, for my purposes, a convenient example. There will, to be sure, be other routes involved here, perhaps even a line beneath the sea between London and New York City. Wouldn't that be something! Who can say?

I really shouldn't waste so much time with this underground network but I can't help pointing out that the tremendous accelerations involved, speeds many times the speed of sound, involving a great number of "G's," could be very bad for people with heart trouble. Maybe they'll have physicians who will give you a check-up before you buy your ticket to stop the sick people. That's a thought.

Oh. An interesting side aspect of travelling many times the speed of sound is, of course, that you would have to wait many minutes before your conversation partner could hear the words you speak to him and vice versa. Perhaps you could write out messages back and forth on notepads provided by the line. It's that little extra bit of thoughtfulness that keeps customers coming back. This is a principle of good business and it will apply in the world of the future just as it does now. People will still react as people do now. There are certain basics which will never change, among them, love, hate, fear and the survival instinct. But enough philosophy. I don't want to get too deep here.

Hey. About that movie they show on the monorail system. Maybe you could see the first few minutes of the movie on the first trip, the next few minutes on the next trip and so on. Each rider could have his own movie viewer. Well, enough of that, but I hope I have shown how there are responsibilities and problems attendant upon our scientific advances, and I suppose there will never be a scientific advance which does not also mean new problems of one sort or another. Gee. More deep thought there.

But let's move on! The world of tomorrow won't wait upon my dilly-dallying! Such is the rate of change and discovery that before I have finished this article which you read, somebody will have patented a new invention, and dozens of people will have died in automobile accidents. But not for long, this disgusting rate of highway death! Soon we will have great automated highways! Your car will move down this highway in a manner analagous to a peg moving down a conveyor. You will be able to settle back and read books or make love to your girlfriend for your car itself will do the driving for you. You just program your destination ahead of time. It's as simple as that.

And if this is not enough, our cities will have moving pedibelts or footway things, carrying you on foot from place to place. There will be a lot of people getting their legs mangled in the gulleys between belts until they get the hang of it. This I see likely. So why not eliminate the gulleys between the belts? Simple. The friction of the adjacent belts moving at different speeds would lead to snarls, tangles, and possibly fire, since friction generates heat. Mankind has met the challenge of his environment before, though, and I think he will do it again! We'll work something out.

Overhead there will be great rocketships carrying your mail, crashing into each other all the time, what with faulty guidance systems. Register all your mail. There may even be rocketliners that will take off from New York City, where you have

enjoyed a light breakfast, and land you in Bombay in less than an hour, in time for a very early lunch! It's going to be wonderful.

It is in the realm of play that things really become something, though. People have always felt the need for play, and in fact, the Dutch historian Huizings traced play through history. Quite a thoughty work. I'll bet Huizings had a high i.q.

Imagine great arenas, one to every 100,000 people around the world, not only the usual baseball and football games, but such things as electronic bouts, featuring robots pit one against the other, with great electronic scoreboards, since we're being automatic, with lights of many colors indicating position of combatants at any one time, as well as the score; for school groups, the miracle of birth down there in the arena, both animal and human (play can be educational); water fantasies, public executions, mass "shouts" and "stomps" and other things I dare not mention, they tear at the mind of the man of our time so.

Drugs. Mescaline will be old hat, if it isn't already. There will be new drugs such as junkies and experimenters now only dream about. There will be an opium derivative so addictive that whole families will get themselves hyped for life with a single grain taken by the head of the household, the rest of the family group looking on. And if you wish, there will be a certain hallucinogen that will be administered when you are an infant, and you will be thrown into a closet where you will live out a life of the mind until you die. How about that! Isn't that terrible? (oh! oh! I must watch that! It is my place but to tell you of the world ahead, not to give my own opinions on this and that. And come to think of it, I apologize for my remarks about soybeans and dolphins. Maybe it would be fun there in the closet.)

War. Sometime soon a couple small towns will be accidentally destroyed by the fearful atomic weapon, but nobody will have much to say about it. Then in the year 1998 a mysterious force -- perhaps divine, who can say? -- will cause all nuclear weapons to be inoperable for reasons scientists will never be able to determine, though nuclear power for peaceful purposes will go on as before. Kind of a miracle, like in a movie I saw recently starring William Bendix where the voice of God came out of radios around the world. Quite an inspiring film.

Clothes. Men and women will wear flourescent clothes that will cover up everything but the face and the primary and secondary sexual areas. This may strike you as odd, but to the people thirty years from now it will seem most natural. After all, if we wore what we wear today to the beach on an American beach in 1915 we would be arrested, or we would have been arrested. All this skipping back and forth in time, what with historical examples, is fouling up my tenses.

In the year 2002 there will be a revolt of the machines, not against mankind, as people always seem to think, but machines against machines. Things will become so nasty on the surface that mankind will have to hide out in the monorail tubes for awhile, eating what canned foods he is able to bring with him. By the summer of 2004 the machines will be fed up with the whole mess.

"Oh! Oh!" they will say. "What have we done?" The machines will call down to humanity in high, clear voices to Come out! Come out! Men will again see the blue sky and feel the warming sun on their faces and eat of fresh food and there will be rejoicing.

By 2010 for some reason each human being will find a "conscience" riding his or her left shoulder made of relays and rods and sending devices. This will shake people up for a bit until they get angry and dash the consciences to the ground.

But that was silly, wasn't it? How about pure science? Life, artificial life, will be created in the laboratory sometime in the early twenties of the next century. Not mere simple life, but complex life, nay, intelligent life. This intelligent artificial life will be the darling of the society set for a while until this fickle

group tires of its ways, and then it will go away and live harmlessly in a remote spot of the world, pursuing its own interests, whatever they may be. Except that an especially beautiful girl of society will mate with a member of this strange new life, bearing a child who will have strange powers, and who comes the year 2035 will be the ruler of the world. It's interesting what a couple of charts and a reference to the I Ching will have you coming up with.

How about space? I should have mentioned earlier that we will hit Mars in the late 1980's and we will in a matter of years throw up towns and eventually we will come upon the remains of a long-dead Martian civilization that will be so alien that it will send all Earthmen who look upon these remains raving mad. You take certain chances out there on other worlds.

We will also discover furry Martian critters who will be --who knows?-- the decadent result (though cute little devils) of this once great alien world spanning race. We will enslave some of them and stuff the rest as toys, those of us on Mars who are not driven mad upon seeing remains, that is. Man is ruthless, you might say ...this race which has hauled itself up from the ape in the space of a mere million years, unlike the general run of intelligent races in the galaxy which science fiction stories tell us need a much longer period to traverse the route from primitive creatures to civilized, technological world-wide cooperation. So say two dozen science fiction writers. Maybe it takes everybody else ten thousand years.

But, my, I range far afield here. Let's be immediate. What about birth control? Contraceptive devices will be found generally unworkable through the next years and eventually the world's people will be using the Rhythm Method. All you have to do is get your dates right and it works fine.

I could mention that there is a small colony of supermen in our future. They will be beyond us as we are beyond the dog or the cat, and they will be hopelessly paranoid and More Super Than Thou, and we will destroy the stupid little island they repair to. So much for supermen! But this is not very immediate.

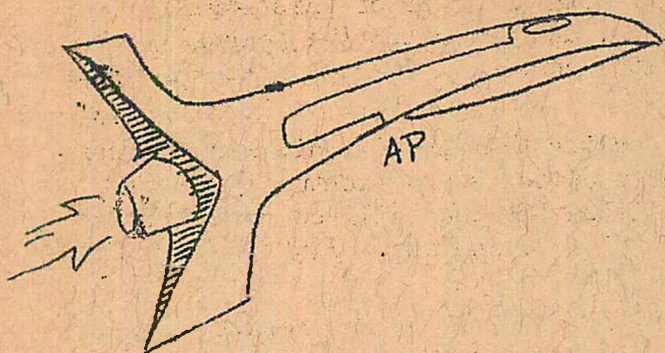
Toasters. That's immediate. Hello, housewives! There are new toasters on the way that will give you more toast, faster. And soon you will no longer have to spend a whole day baking bread. You'll be able to buy it at a store of metal and plastic, featuring a myriad array of strikingly packaged food products. There will also be a new floorwax that will make all your floors transparent like in the television commercial, and if you live in a multi-family apartment house this will make for a few laughs.

But all this is mere prelude to the extraordinary thing I learned from a Ouija board last week. I was as skeptical as most of you probably are about Ouija boards, but there is this girl who for a long time has been telling me that her Ouija board possesses a consciousness of its own and that it has told her many things, and they have all come true, or at least so far. "Well," I finally said to her, "skeptical that I myself am, let's give it a try." So we bumped our knees together and allowed our fingers to vibrate to the other-worldly frequency of the board, and I asked of the thing, "Ouija, what is in store for us, that is all of man, in times to come?" That is my favorite question, and to me the most important one of all.

After some agitation on the part of the counter, it spelled out: "Year 2046. Cloud of virus consciousness from deeps of space will come to earth and make of men great groupmind. Mankind will possess new cosmic consciousness and move out into space, filling it up with its new glory and also toasters, shiny metals and of course many Ouija boards. That's the way I see it."

If it all works out that way, I'll have to laugh. I guess we can only wait and see. Well, for me it's back to the embossing mill where I work surrounded by clods who are unaware of the complexities and depths of my mind. Or maybe they have depths and complexities too, when they are at home; perhaps writing deep stuff (and complex) of their own. Well, that's a thought. You should end with a thought.

HEAVILY TWICE



The other day I was reflecting on the item Felice Rolfe had in AUSLANDER... Holy Fanzine! That might be construed as an unadulterated plug or something, so maybe I'd better not talk about Machine vs Man in Science Fiction or, as it seems to be, Science Fiction Writer vs Machine Technology. I mean, like, Computers are not as bad as we're led to believe. Like, a computer that can make a mistake adding four and four can't be all bad...

But since this is a faaanishly oriented fanzine...say that reminds me, how come we don't have columns from any Japanese fans, fellas..Editors, I mean. Well, what I was going to say, I ought to write something oriented toward faaans rather than strictly science-fiction. I wouldn't want to feel out of place here.

I was reminded of this particular facet of what might be called Other Fandoms by Buz' reference to the fact that Civilization had hit Seattle, but the City Fathers were going to fight it. Not that he put it quite that way. Anyhow, as you might have read, in what presentation in your local papers I know not, Sunny California has had a wave of toplessness going on. Since the aforesaid toplessness was prohibited on the beaches, it suddenly has bloomed indoors. In bars, actually. Here, in a place where minors aren't even allowed, the local pressure-groups that take offence against anything they don't like (which other people might enjoy), immediately started screaming and hollering that nobody should look at bare breasts, because, by ghod they didn't like it! I have my suspicions about such people. The human form, female configuration thereof, is evidently ungodly or something in their eyes. But why should they tell me I can't look at it just because they don't want to?

So possibly because I don't mind paying extra for beer when there is good reason, or because I felt that Topless Bars is an Other Fandom, or (mainly) because Dave Hulan kept dragging me out to the places. Maybe he considers Toplessness an Other Fandom, and, in an effort to diversify, decided to sacrifice some fanac time for this Other Fandom.

In the Valley -the commonly used reference for this area in which we live- one can find any number of places where nubile young females are to be seen in various stages of undress.

These range from beer bars to regular cocktail type places, where the girls "dressed" in bikinis serve from the bar or at tables; Or the places which flaunt signs such as "Go-Go Girls", "Topless Watusi Dancers" or whatever. Despite the message, these are definitely human type girls, whatever "go-Go", or "Watusi" or other place names may indicate...

You go in the front door of the place and immediately hear noise emanating from the juke-box which sounds very like the Top Fortyhundred stuff that the teenagers shriek over whenever the Animals or Monsters or whoever do the same bit on the Ed Sullivan show.

The clientel is mainly young men, some older semi-business men

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types in suits and a couple of other, suspicious-looking types. That's Dave and me.

In the center of the area is a sort of makeshift stage and a couple of spots clamped onto the ceiling making an ungodly glare into the eyes of the girls up there on the stage. In this particular place, she is wearing a semi-bikini, longerie type outfit... sort of black, almost lacy bikini bottoms and a half-cup uplift type bra which rather emphasizes the mammillianess of her. Especially when she does the semi-dance steps that appear to go with the type of stuff hooting out of the juke-box speakers. You've seen the highly polished, professional dancers' version of this teen-age fad on shows like "Shindig", "Hootenanny" or whatever each of the three big networks call their offering. These girls, for the most part, are far from professional dancers, but they present rather interesting gyrations, which, in their unclad state, cause certain of the audience to feel that this is something better than turning a mimeo crank...

But this isn't where the real action is. It's just one of the first places we went while showing Billy Pettit that Lee Jacobs had indeed been telling the Truth... So there is a place right near where I live called "The Classic Cat" which has a rather extensive bevy of dancers on two stages, one on either side of the wide, expansive bar area facing the audience which probably consists of a hundred on a good night. Sort of topless stereo... And most of the nights there are good nights. You can always tell by how hard it is to find a parking place near it, in what is a rather large parking lot in the rear!

Here the girls are topless, although, as Buz mentioned about the places in Seattle, the girls "wear" or have affixed unto themselves, what in the burlycue biz have been known for years as "pasties". Sometimes these bright ant tinsely things, which barely cover the nipple area, are more likely to be lewd (or whatever word can apply) than the bare nipples unadorned. Then, of course, there was the girl at the Classic Cat who kept grabbing herself and running for the dressing room, evidently because the ...uh... paste was losing its potency. She declined all kind offers of assistance in this little difficulty, however. One quickly apparent fact about these places is that if you habituate them, you notice that there is some turnover in the girls. Like anything else, the same ~~sure~~, there, is likely to pall. So they rotate (if you'll pardon the expression) in and out (~~it's a bit of a~~ oh, th'hell with it) of the various places. There is this one tall and rather large bosomed blonde at the CC, however, who we found was still there. While there was evident pectoral breakdown (and no wonder!), she was still eminently lookable. She didn't do much in the way of dancing, but she was a fun-type and there was a certain amount of banter among the girls (especially one of the waitresses). Which reminds me, in these places the waitresses are almost always even better looking than the dancers, though they tend toward net-stockings and semi-skimpy skirts, and things like low-cut blouses. The boards behind the bar are built up so that the girls must lean toward the customer to serve him. This, we found, was rather interesting and we tended to order frequently. However, we usually sat at a table since we could see the dancers better from there. Some of them were rather worth looking at, since an obvious effort was evident to be somewhat artistic in use of costume. There is one small, dark-haired girl at the CC, exquisitely built, with breasts obviously apple-firm (a phrase I picked up out of a "Jules de Grandin" story in WEIRD TALES, So there). She had gone to Frederick's of Hollywood or some such place since the last time we saw her. She wore a tight-fitting sheath-like outfit that was bikini like around the hips and left great expanses of her back bare, covering all of her front, except of course her breasts, neatly presenting a sight that would cause any fan to forget about stencil-cutting.

This is all very good fun for a Friday or Saturday night (since one does not have to go to work the next day...), sitting there, splitting a pitcher of beer; observing the entertainment in a detached, remote way, of course, and talking about things fannish. I...think...we talked about things fannish. But this, my friends, is not the Ultimate. No, the really Topless Bar which flourished in the San Francisco area (and for a while in the LA area) has been rather restricted due to the efforts of, of all agencies, the State outfit which grants licenses for the dispensing of alcoholic

goodies! How they get into a moral matter is beyond me. Since a, minors aren't permitted in a bar in the first place, and b, any adult who doesn't like girls doesn't have to drink there, of course, nobody's morals get hurt.

In non-Los Angeles cities, somehow, there are real topless places. Gardena and environs (home of the famous Gambling casionos!), still has them and they are evidently going strong. No wonder. For once there was such a place right near where Dave Hulan used to live...

One night, Dave and I were doing fanac of some sort. -Maybe getting our AFA L zines run off or something useless like that. We looked at our watches, synchronized them, mentally ran over our pre-arranged stories and sauntered casually out into the living room where Katya and Anne were knitting, sewing, and talking about babies and other female Other Fandoms things. "What are you up to?" Anne asked immediately. Katya gave Dave a rather diffident look.

"Why, we're just going to go out and have a couple of beers, since we've run out here," we assured them. They didn't buy it, of course, for this was many months ago, before they got used to us galloping off to topless bars, to spend money we might better have spent on stencils, ink, paper, and such things. So we went out and got into the Volvo and gleefully drove east on Parthenia until we got to the intersection at Reseda Blvd. Sure enough, the place Dave had spotted after having heard about it was indeed there. Especially since the name of the place fitted in with the fanzine title series Dave uses...

I quickly managed to navigate the intersection and get into the small parking lot. We got out, went up to the front door, and went in.

It was sort of a dump. I mean, like the upholstering was falling off of the bar stools, and it was grimy, ill-kept, and the cushioned armrest for the customers nearly precipitated me onto the floor when I leaned on it. It was a beer bar, and the flashiest thing in the place was the Anhauser Busch "Watch" hanging from the ceiling behind the bar.

But the nicest looking item was behind the bar. The bar girl. Dave looked at me and I looked at Dave.

No pasties.

All she was wearing, besides her welcoming smile, was bikini bottoms, and rather scanty at that. She was maybe five feet four or five inches tall and extremely well poured into her skin. "Wow," I thought. "Jules de Grandin was right!" She was exquisitely shaped, delightfully rounded and pink in the right places. When she moved in a certain way, there was started such a taught quivering and almost imperceptible jiggling that one was forever nearly pouring one's beer into one's ear...

I could go on about such things, but this might already be more than a family-type zine, or Arnie or Len can stand, so I'll get back onto the more faaanish topics one might come to expect in a column like this.

It's all FM Busby's fault, of course, for mentioning it in his column... but I can't help remembering that such bars still abound in the South of Los Angeles...

Hey, Dave, do we know any fans in Gardena...?

ANTI-CLIMAX (If you'll pardon the title). Almost anything might be sort of anti-DEPT OF: climactic after the previous subject matter, but there is an aspect of this year's HUGO awards that opens a few doors of thought, the "Best Series" category. There are some who feel this is an opening for the EESmith stories

or the Tolkien stories. The latter, I feel, is all one novel, but be that as it may, there are certain other aspects of a "series" award.

What's your guess as to how many series stories there have been in science fiction? Somebody with more time and patience than I have will have to research it, but no doubt, a couple of hundred wouldn't be too far off the count. The Tarzan, Mars, Venus, etc., series by Burroughs are obviously out, of course, since they hardly classify as straight science-fiction. Fantasies, adventure-fantasies, yes... But what of such series as "Professor Jameson" by Neil R. Jones, or the happy, whacky, "Gallagher" by Henry Kuttner? Or the far-out, current, stuff by Cordwainer Smith? My personal favorite, all-time, would be Clifford D. Simak's "City" stories. Equally important but less nostalgic would be the "Baldy" series, again by Kuttner. I guess nobody but Bloch would nominate the "Lefty Feep" stories, yet they were fun, if you went for that stuff. How about the "Toffee" series, Charles F. Myers' latter-day Thorne Smithian effort? All of which tends to date me, no doubt, because most of these come from the same, older, era of science fiction. Certainly the younger generation of fans, those who have read much stf, would come up with others ("such as Piper's "Time Patrol" series, Anderson's "van Rijn" stories, and so on). So it looks like the common denominator is likely to be just such a thing as the Lensman stories, since a greater percentage of fans of all eras have read them.

Of course, for next year, we could make it really difficult. How about a category of the best series of faaanishly written stories? Are there any or many? Does anybody, for instance, remember "Morgan Botts" and who wrote this, probably the longest and most numerous series. This is probably almost as futile as a category for "Best Apa" ...

YESTERDAY'S TEN THOU- isn't with us this trip. Next issue, however, will no doubt
SAND REAMS DEPT: be devoted entirely to it. I've been running barefoot through
my fanzine collection again... One of these days I'll have
it all put together, alphabetized and all, and then I'll chain Len Bailes in the doorway of my den, just out of reaching distance of them...

I see I'm at just about the point where, if I wrote anymore, some of you might become even more bored than you already are, and there wouldn't be space left at the bottom of the page for Len to put in a plug for BALTIMORE IN '67....

2067.

THE WAILS OF IF (continued from page 16)

Snitchworthy stood up. He was ten feet tall. His jaw was hard, and the muscles gritted so hard I swear he spat out powdered molar.

"WHO ARE YOU?" he screamed.

"Irish fandom," said Willis, seemingly rather bewildered. "Er- who are you?"

"I'm the consultant psychiatrist at the City Hospital; please go through all that again whilst I take notes," he hissed. He seemed to have regained his composure.

We sat supping tea in the front room of 170.

"Choo, John, right mess you got us into there," said Willis.

"How in hell was I to know it was the Saturday Evening Post he was reading?" I asked. "looked like 'Ghost' to me."

"Promise...PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER WRITE IT UP," he hissed. But I mean, it's in the British Medical Journal, and, well, I think I've given a much more unbiased account.

THE WAILING WALL

OTED WHITE O

TRUMPET #3: Tom Reamy, 1709
Debbie Drive, Plano, Texas,
7504; 50¢, 5/2.00, trade,
contribution, published LoC.

Back around 1960 or 1961,
I wrote an article in which I
suggested that a fanzine had the best chance for fannish acceptance, all other
things being equal, if it were well mimeod on different colored sheets of toilet
paper. I based this assertion on the well-known fannish liking for casual, informal-
looking productions -- and upon my own experience in producing fanzines which var-
ied from the informal in appearance to sartorial excellence.

TRUMPET is a fanzine which breaks every rule I set down, and in the process
has outdone even the classic typeset fanzines of the legendary Thirties (which, for
all their vaunted typeset perfection were often pretty scruffy in appearance).
TRUMPET, since its first issue, has been printed, offset, on slick paper, and pro-
fessionally bound and trimmed. Editor Reamy has taken advantage of this to publish
a number of wash drawings and photographs in fine half-tones, and, indeed, has been
speculating about the use of color.

Here, obviously, is an opportunity for a fan to go all-out, and to produce a
fanzine which is in every respect, "professional" in appearance. Here, indeed, is
many a fan's dreams, realized. My memories slip a cog, and I am back in 1953 and
1954, when Warren A. Frieberg was changing BREVIZINE into FRIEBERG'S MAGAZINE, and
going after "an audience much vaster than what you can find in fandom, Ted."
And when Peter J. Vorzimer talked of putting his photo-offset issues of ABSTRACT
on the newsstands, "for extra sales." And there was Bob Johnson's ORB, a patchwork
sort of production, printed on many different kinds and shades of paper, with tip-
ins and gatefolds, featuring lit'ry poetry and flashy offset printing -- in its
own way, the closest thing fandom has produced to TRUMPET.

But when I saw Reamy this last year at the Westercon, he confessed he hadn't
given any thought to newsstand distribution, even in his own home town. He wasn't
trying to put out a "little magazine," he assured me -- just a good fanzine.

With its third issue, TRUMPET seems to be much further along towards that goal.
It is certainly less a "little magazine" (with the orientation the first two issues
showed towards films) and much more fannish in content.

The contents include the following:

"Salvarzan of the Apes," by Greg Gabbard, is a satire reprinted from THE TEXAS
RANGER. It is immediately followed by a brief filler, "Emphasis, Emphasic" by
Stephen Barr, and a page of comic strips, "Og" by Irwin & Lawrence, whoever they
may be.

"The Pandemonium Theatre Company Arrives," is a reprint (uncredited) of Bradbury's
program notes for his "The Wonderful World of Ray Bradbury," which closed almost
immediately after opening here in New York, but ran for months in Los Angeles, where
apparently the theatre-goers are less sophisticated. Bradbury is gushingly patron-
izing in these notes. "Why did the Pandemonium Theatre Co. have to arrive?" he
asks in conclusion. "Because, I arrived first. I looked at the Space Age. I made
it come along with me."

Jerry Pournelle's "The Bohemian Tory" is an angered diatribe directed at the student demonstrators who've been making headlines at the various branches (although primarily in Berkeley) of the University of California. I can't help agreeing with Jerry that these 'professional students', many of whom are too occupied by their political activities to attend classes, are both loudmouthed and naive, but Pournelle's own reactions seem to be both conventional and without depth. He writes as though he'd never been a student caught up in a movement himself, and his contempt for political opinions which disagree with his own combined with his tone of determined expertise leaves me with the feeling that what he'd really like to say is, "You dumb clods, listen to me!"

"Zen and the Art of Cooking" is a Ray Nelson article in some respects similar to the one he wrote a few years ago on Pataphysics and Cooking; the overlap includes the triangular hamburger. Basically light Ray Nelson, opaque in all areas, but not overdone.

"The Broken Blade" is an unusual item: a never-before-published column of fmz reviews by the late Kent Moomaw. Reamy says that they were "written March 22, 1958, from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon. They were intended for CRIFANAC 7, but CRIFANAC 7 never appeared... They are being published at this time for several reasons: fan history, memorabilia, nostalgia, or perhaps only as a curiosity."

Kent wrote these reviews when he was seventeen. The following fall, just turned eighteen, he killed himself. Those of us who knew him were surprised and shocked. We regarded him as a promising talent within fandom, although we knew little of his depressing mundane circumstances.

These are not bad fanzine reviews, although they suffer in comparison with those printed later on in this TRUMPET. There are some curious misspellings -- "fued" being the most common among them -- and the tone of these reviews seems inappropriate for their slick-paper presentation. Nonetheless, I think Reamy was wise to publish them. These reviews express his determination to keep TRUMPET a fannish fanzine more than any other single item.

Andy Offutt's "A Chatty, Preferably Controversial Column," struck me as largely waste space. His affectation of not capitalizing and scorning some punctuation (inconsistently, at that) made the going more difficult, and when he began his rambling discourse into movie muscle-men, I stopped reading. The only justification I can see for the column is the excuse it gave Reamy for running a page and a half of movie stills.

This is done more legitimately in "The Science-Fantasy Film Revisited" by Tom Reamy. Here he reviews at some length "Day of the Triffids" and "She," and, not too surprisingly, finds them wanting. What I appreciated in these reviews is that instead of following the tired formula of saying "It's cruddy," and leaving it at that, he has buttressed his criticisms with knowledgeable quotes from the books in question and (in the case of "She") previous filmed versions.

After a brief editorial, Reamy launches into an eight-page trip and Westercon report. This report is typically done, and will undoubtedly provoke a creeb or two from Buck Coulson. There are some nicely written sections, however, and I found myself in two of the three published photos.

"The Compost Heap" is a fanzine review column (current, this time) by Alex Einstein. His reviews are cogent and interesting, and my only quarrel is with his rating system, which runs from * to *****. Counting the little stars is bothersome -- if one actually bothers at all. A simple numeral would be much more readable.

There is yet another film piece, by Dan Bates, and then the lettercol.

The cover of TRUMPET has a line of names under the title logo. They are "Ray Bradbury - Robert Bloch - Robert W. Lowndes - Ray Nelson - Jerry Pournelle." Despite this, one does not find the names Robert W. Lowndes or Robert Bloch on the contents page until one reaches the listing of letterwriters under "Persiflage." Both the Lowndes and Bloch letters are good ones, but neither is long enough to be presented as a separate article, nor are they organized in that form. Blurbing them with the names of article contributors seems to me the only fuggheaded thing Reamy has done with this issue of TRUMPET -- and while publishing names on the cover in the first place is of questionable value in a fanzine aimed solely at fandom, I think that Tom can be allowed this one goof in an otherwise well-presented issue.

Dealing with the issue as a whole, I think the presentation is outstanding (although there is still room for improvement, for fancier presentation, even without going to color), and the contents much more rounded and of general fannish interest than the previous two issues. Reamy seems to be hitting his stride, and seems to have a surer grasp of what he wants to do with the zine. If he (and his pocketbook) can keep it up, I think TRUMPET will definitely be a Hugo contender in a short time. What he needs to concentrate more on now is the quality of his contributions. Less grotching about bad films, more solidly written articles of the Tucker, Boggs, Willis calibre. Once he has these in his pocket Tom Reamy will Have It Made.

Material: 5; Appearance: 10; Personality: eclectic, but increasingly well-rounded in fannish terms.

-Ted White

KATZENJAMMER (continued from page 9)

have gravitated to the apa. Mailings have been running larger than 250 pages each, with the quality, apart from some woeful efforts like STARLING, is as good or better than anything it has ever seen. Still, SFPA is an exception. The main reason is that expansion has gone too far. There was room for one or two new groups, perhaps, but not the multitudes that have been formed, with little or no thought behind them. Multi-apas, often the best contributors, are finding themselves spread too thin, and they end up giving each of the apas to which they belong less than their fullest efforts.

That's the situation now; the question is where are we going? Probably back to genzines. Not all the way back, because the apas do have the numerous advantages I mentioned, but eventually even the thickest headed of the new apa entrepreneurs is going to realize that maybe His Baby is a waste of time. The downward trend of the weaker apas ought to be accelerated by the appearance of some good genzines. By the same methods as the neofen were lured into the apas, future neofen will be lured back as good genzines prove more alluring than watered down apas.

And three years from now, QUIP may carry an article about the genzine glut.

* * * * *

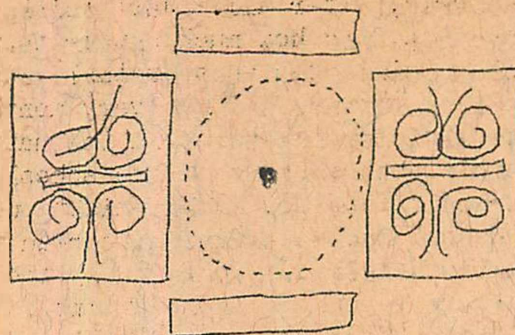
Before I get into anything else, my address reverts to 98 Patten Blvd, New Hyde Park, New York, 11043 with this issue of Q. I strongly doubt that things will get forwarded to my home from Eggertsville, so be warned.

--Arnie Katz

* * * * *

Like Haley's comet, Claude Degler had reappeared for a brief moment and then returned to the unknown regions from whence he had come; and it had fallen upon me, an unknown and amateur observer, to be the first to observe his mysterious volations. I have met and talked to Claude Degler; I have walked through a glass door; what more can life hold for me?"

--John van Couvering, WILD HAIR #7



SYMBOL

WR

quips from readers...

HARRY WARNER: The only fault I can find with the multiple cover on the second Quip is the way it increases my dissatisfaction with television. If the RCA Victor set in the front room could produce equally clear pictures on its screen, of such alive-looking people saying such remarkably wise things, I wouldn't be sitting here writing a loc.

After initial flabbergasting over the mentions of me in the predictions (after all, if I'm acting senile and looking decrepit in 1966, who else would be willing to suggest that I'll still be able to lift a finger in 1971? Up until a few weeks ago, I would also have been dumbfounded at the assumption that the fan history will be published by that date, but things are finally moving at Advent, and I have hopes that the first volume will be reality within a year) I found nothing impossible about the future situations as described. Maybe I would have risked somewhat different guesses: for instance, I'm almost certain that the apa situation in the years to come will show greatest popularity and prestige for the small ones with a dozen or so members, and I wouldn't be surprised if all the big apas are dead or dying five years from now. But we shall see, and meanwhile I'll be careful to remember the importance of choosing Top Genzine as the title for any fanzine that I may decide to publish five years from now, in order to make certain that Arnie is a reliable prophet on this detail at least.

Fanzine collecting is something that I've never needed to do, except through the indirect procedure of trying to keep up with loc duties. But it would be nice if you'd gone into details on how one resists the urge to become a collector in general. All of a sudden I find myself anxious to start acquiring prozines and paperback fantasy novels and such things once again, and obviously I haven't the time to read the things and when I use time meant for other matters to read them they don't appeal very much to me. A visit from a collecting fan late last year started all this; he fascinated me for hours with his adventures as a collector and with anecdotes about collecting fandom. I immediately went out and paid a dime at the union rescue mission store for a copy of Tros of Samothrace that I'd been noticing on the shelves for months and months, read every page of it, felt like a fool while reading, but the minute I was finished I decided that it was a good book after all and that I wanted more like it even if I didn't read the ones that I wanted. Fanzine collecting can't be this bad, because the objects are at least small enough to be read promptly and they disintegrate if handled often enough, leaving space for future acquisitions.

Rich Mann's article causes me to wonder if fandom couldn't serve a useful function in the world, after all. Just think of how many millions of high schoolers would be made happy and how much better thousands of high school publications would be if someone compiled the best quotable quotes and brief items understandable by mundanes from the fannish prints every month, mimeographed them, and sent copies to every high school publication in the nation. Of course, it would require careful camouflage to make sure that the school papers did not know where this manna was coming from; otherwise, fandom might suddenly bloat into unmanageable proportions by millions of new fans who wanted to read the publications in which the bright remarks originally appeared. Undoubtedly the Ford Foundation or something of that sort would provide enough postage stamps for such humanitarian work.

Ed Cox had me worried for awhile. I knew he was giving credit to one who was not a creditor when he connected me with his Yesterday's Ten Thousand Reams Department. But I had a terrible time recalling how he'd made his error and only this morning while shaving did I remember that it was Norman Stanley, a Portland Ore., fan (fl. 1942-5) who ran a fascinating column in his FAPA publication, Fan-Tods, consisting of quotes from old prozines and fanzines entitled Yesterday's 10,000 Years. It's less easy to prove Ed Cox wrong in his belief that a Fanscient-type fanzine wouldn't succeed as well today. But I suspect that such a publication would have the same phenomenal success that the good purist fanzines have always enjoyed. There are lots and lots of borderline fans who are wild about science fiction and I would be willing to wager that a good magazine like The Fanscient would pick up several hundred cash subscriptions after a couple of issues without half-trying. Riverside Quarterly could do it yet if Leland relaxes just a trifle his editing style without relaxing his standards.

F.M. Busby has done his good turn for the day. I'd been trying to find out if it's all right for me to stop carrying the draft card, and nobody seemed sure, but if Buz is younger than I am, and he can give up his card, I suppose that I'm exempt, too. Of course, I could have telephoned or visited the local selective service office, but I hesitated to do this obvious thing, out of some subconscious fear that the girl on duty might assure me that I need not carry the card and then she might offer to remove my file folder from the records, and when she did that she might see a clerical error that someone had committed in 1944 and the next week I'd get a letter ordering me to report to Fort MacArthur within three days for induction.

The complaint about a lack of locs longer than two pages apiece hits home. However, I've been studiously attempting to hold myself down to that limit per fanzine for both my own sake and for the sake of the fanzine editors. If I followed my natural inclination and went on for page after page on every publication, I'd never keep up with the new arrivals. Of course, I'm not keeping up with them as it is, but that can be blamed on fan history and a cold in the throat and overtime at the office rather than problems of my own making. And there is a lot to be said for the limitations that two pages per fanzine impose on the writer of the loc. For every matter that he may treat too sketchily, he is apt to use commendable restraint in blabbering on about fine detail that really doesn't matter and he may occasionally train himself to express his thoughts in the most succinct manner instead of diluting a couple of observations with 1,000 superfluous words.

GREG BENFORD: Had I known everyone was going to come forth with lengthy dissertations on Why The Genzine is Dying, I would've just shut up in the lettercolumn this time. All in all, I feel that phenomena like genzines just happen, and a lot of talk and planning doesn't help (though it may well retard) the process. I think somebody protests too much here when Katz describes the current APA boom as "disasterous."

I think it's a mistake, really, to divide fandom up into little groups of sf oriented or general or apa-centered. There are increasingly going to be a lot of people who fit into either category, at various stages of their career or simultaneously. Where does Terry Carr fall in here? Or Harry Warner? Or even Ted White, or me? Fannish, but always interested in stf, some of us fairly active (even hyper-active) in several APAs, and certainly not fannish to the extreme. I don't think people realize just how balanced most of the people are, who are (or were, when such things mattered) called Big Names. It's usually the second rank or the transient who can be correctly pigeonholed.

This doesn't mean as general categories such classifications don't exist. They do; but it's an easy error to start pasting labels on people, when the phenomena you wish to treat is a collective one, one which applies only to statistical configurations.

Oh well.

FM Busby always sounds like some of the standup comics of recent years (Shelly Berman, for one) when he writes funny stuff. Good, tho.

Love TEW's fanzine reviews; only wish I could be your reviewer, for I'd love to have a crack at some of the stuff turned out these days (if I could get most of it). I'm amazed how the name of Carter Little hangs on in fannish affairs. Little was used once by a BNF in VOID 13, and since then has joined Franklin Ford, Hryb, and others as remembered pseudonyms for reviewers. It brings up a point I've become more and more convinced about -- that the survivors write history, especially in fandom. The fact that people who're fannish types, for the most part, write the reminiscences -- this fact warps fan history a great deal. I wonder if Moomaw would've had anything near his prominence in fan history if Ted & I hadn't started VOID shortly after his death (almost because of his death, I'd say) and published so much stuff about him. Or the reputation that VOID itself has; Ted writes so much about editing or writing or whatever that VOID necessarily turns up a lot in his stuff. And since he's one of the prominent reviewers of The Great Fanzines, VOID gets in. It would be interesting to take a poll sometime and see just who would rank in the top ten fmz of all time. We might be in for a real surprise. Or maybe not.

Hell, this is too serious a letter. One thing a good genzine should have is a few funny things per issue, but at this rate QUIP is going to be endless diagnostic results on the body of a fandom that doesn't need all this attention anyway.

\$\$You'll find that the most noticeably accented material in Quip is either faaanish humor or analysis and review of various fan institutions. This is because those are the interests ye eds share in common, and the sort of thing we feel should be given more circulation. Perhaps we do Go On at Great Length over rather trivial topics... but I think that trait is the dominant one in my personality and that I have it in common with quite a few other fans--LB\$\$

ARCHIE MERCER: The literary contents of Quip 2 are, I find, not of an overall level with those of its predecessor. I except from these strictures most emphatically your own two editorithings. Both I read with mingled interest, amusement, and speechlessness. Which is therefore about all I'm fit to say about them.

I have in the past found cause to criticise Ted White's way of handling fanzine reviews. So, 'twould seem, have others. So now he's consciously holding himself somewhat in check - and as a result, this crop seems to lack something. I would suggest that Ted is simply not the right person to do fanzine reviews- certainly not in somebody else's zine. (It has been, I should say, my long-held position that if a fanzine reviews other fanzines that department should be handled by the fanzine's editor and by nobody else.

§§Tastes in reviews and reviewers do differ, and I suppose they are determined largely by what one considers the best form for a review. It is my own opinion that Ted White is unquestionably the best fanzine reviewer in fandom. Ted can penetrate into the very elan of a publication, and review the entity rather than the individual contents...although his appraisal of individual items in a given fanzine is usually also insightful. Sometimes Ted is critical and doesn't conceal the fact, but I find that the criticism is usually constructive. Now, some people prefer the type of fanzine review done by Buck Coulson, and I'll admit that the style is not totally without merit. Buck does a good job of contents listing, and conveys his feelings about most of the individual items in a zine...so if you want to use "Strange Fruit" as a checklist for picking out good publications, his recommendations are useful.

As for the idea that each fanzine reviewer should speak from within the portals of his own fortress, I can see no justification for it other than on the grounds of "don't criticise what you can't do as well or better." I'm not in sympathy with this school of thought, but both eds are always glad to receive and air dissenting opinions--LB§§

.....

CREATH THORNE: The tri-cover was again very, very good; I truly enjoy these covers by Chamberlain. I noticed that the, ah, spirit of Void, White, and plagiarism was apparent in more places than the second page; for instance, on the first page you use Seth Johnson as an example of anti-BNFism; as I recall, Seth and Ted don't get along too well. Indeed, it seemed as though the spirit of Ted White was quite apparent in the entire sequence of covers. It was only apparent in the cover section, though; it didn't appear in the printed matter (except for Ted's column); and thus I feel that your cover which recalls other fanzines, other days, enhances the quality of your fanzine.

I was quite pleased to see the reprint of Willis's work; it is seldom that our fanzines see work as good as this. I hope that some of the fans who have grown up on the spontaneity of the apazine field will be exposed to this and other pieces of polished work and thus learn that fanzine writing can also consist of articles and stories on which, quite apparently, a good deal of time and work has been spent. I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say that many younger fans are unaware of the fine writing that has appeared in the past.

Unfortunately, it is almost impossible to comment on the piece itself. There is one suggestion I might make: When you reprint pieces of the past, why not also include a short history to go with them. I can think of at least three benefits this would bring. You would be aiding the younger fans who have no sense of history. The history itself would be fascinating to both neofans and experienced fans alike if it were well written. And probably the inclusion there would surely be met with some disagreement by experienced fans on the history.

I followed Ed Cox's account of the old Fanscient with interest. I will agree with one of his final conclusions: That fandom is not interested much in the sercon type of zine any more; but I don't agree that fandom isn't capable of creating a magazine such as the Fanscient. There are plenty of writers around capable of writing sercon material, and I don't mean Ed Wood.

Ted White's fanzine reviews are quite interesting. Though I haven't seen many of the old Void reviews one fan did tell me all about them: He gave me the impression that Ted was quite harsh with the zines he received. But in this column it seems to me that Ted is quite fair and unprejudiced; that is, I agreed with almost every criticism he made.

I see Harry Warner brings up the old statement that "Einstein's ...thinking had produced a relativity theory that only a handful of other persons could understand." I thought that had been totally demolished by now. The special theory of relativity was not really too inspired; some other physicist would surely have thought

of it had not Einstein rushed into print. It can be understood by anyone with a basic backing in basic physics. The general theory of relativity is quite a bit more inspired; but it too does not require a good deal of esoteric knowledge. The basic trouble is readjusting one's thought patterns from classical physics to different concepts; this trouble of readjustment appears everywhere in life, and more than a handful of people in the world have mastered it.

.....

JEAN BERMAN: re Greg Benford's letter. APazines do indeed serve as vehicles for egoboo, but the best are much more than that. The Interlocking Mail-box principle, which is behind all apas, is a good thing, and is something a genzine cannot duplicate.

You say that APazines are vehicles for egoboo; well, so are genzines. As Dick Eney in FANCY II said under his definition of egoboo, "Fandom may be described as an infinitely complex system for the production of pure egoboo." Granted, the egoboo to be had in genzines is of a different sort, and, (hopefully) is harder to achieve. That is, to have one's article or letter published in a genzine, is a compliment in and of itself. But since all genzines have larger distributions than any apa, you have a bigger source of egoboo.

The rash of new apas is from the new fans, as Mr. Benford says. But, if New Fan X wants to get into fan pubbing, and doesn't want to write for someone else's genzine, he must join one of the newer apas. He couldn't very well start his own genzine, being unknown, very few people would write for it. He certainly couldn't start pubbing in SAPS or FAPA; by the time he'd worked his way up through the waiting lists, he'd be an old fan and tired. The newer apas are an outlet for the inexperienced fan. They serve a purpose, and shouldn't be condemned.

It is a pity, as you say, that the art of genzine publishing has fallen. Quip, this reader hopes, will start a renaissance of the art. In the ideal fandom there would be lots of good apas, and lots of good genzines.

You're probably right in saying that the trend towards a larger fandom will continue. However, it will probably be more segmented in 1971 than it is today. The sub-group whose primary interest is in stf will probably be the youngest, as well as the most transient. It may not be the smallest, though. If a certain percentage of mundania who are taking part in the trivia craze carry it to its logical end, the group in fandom whose primary interest is in stf will be large.

.....

I disagree. A neofan certainly can go out and start a genzine. It's true that few will write for a first issue, but that is as it should be. The neofan ought to write the whole first issue himself, or as close to that as practical. If one can't write well enough to fill the pages of one's first fanzine, it doesn't seem to me that one can make a legitimate claim on the talents of others. True, there have been excellent (wee, "good") faneds who were only average writers, but average is plenty good enough for a first fanzine. Anyone who can put out a reasonably literate and legible first issue isn't going to have too much trouble getting at least some material for his second issue.--AK##

.....

GREG WOLFORD: Quip-- noted. Of course, you must understand that I am considering all the contents separately, and in actuality the only thing that is getting noted is your contents page.

While this issue was not quite up to what I was hoping for (no Original Faanish rich brown novel, Hmmp) I still feel that QUIP is a bit too pretentious, in that it will present too Mighty an Example; those lithographed covers are so impeccably done they will certainly frighten away poor neofen. If I may make a suggestion, "humble-ize" your fanzine a bit -- hectographed covers would be good for a start, and hectographed contents even better. That title will have to go next. QUIP. It

sounds too... too Good. Be HUMBLE. Change it to CURSED.

Len asks why SAPS succeeded while VAPA failed, "despite the better quality of the latter." I've never seen a mailing for either organization, but I do have several dozen scattered fanzines from early mailings of both organizations, and I think I can safely say that VAPA didn't have better material than the early (first 5 mailings) SAPS. But in this case it depends on the meaning of "better". If "better" would consist of very erudite, but completely dull extrapolations on poetry by Judy Zissmann I would say that VAPA was "better". However, almost all the VAPazines I have (with the one exception being Joe Kennedy's) have been more of "little magazines" concerning nothing but philosophy, poetry et al-- with very little or no fannish material. And, while serious material may look more educational to a nonfan, it does not cement the personal relationships that the typical, letter-substitute-type, chat-ty mailing comment zine can. It is for this reason I feel that the nigh unto unreadable N'APA will soon be gone, while APA 45 has some chance for survival.

PETE WESTON: I didn't reply to the first issue since I'm trading and I didn't feel the material prompted a LoC. It is actually pretty rare that I LoC anything, and so you may be suitably flattered. In actual fact, QUIP-2 was damned good, and it was one fanzine I really enjoyed reading. I think the reason is that QUIP is in many ways similar to VOID (British understatement of the year) and I've been highly enthusiastic about VOID ever since Ted White told me how good it was in London last year. I have all of VOID from issue 20 onward (save part III of Issue 22), and your venture really brings it all back. For gods sake continue publishing QUIP, for fandom badly needs good genzines, especially fannish genzines. HYPHEN can be almost said to be suspended (tho' Walt would jump mildly down my throat if he read that), and there are no British fannish zines. When QUARK suspended last year, I heaved a sigh, for besides LIGHTHOUSE and DYNATRON, there has been really nothing I enjoy in the humour business. I never have really cared for NIEKAS, in spite of its bulk and frequency- I tend to look through the whole zine and think, afterwards, "So what". This is a very unfair reaction of mine, I'm sure, one that Ed Meskys would regret- but I get exactly the same feeling when I pick up any 'general-type' of fanzine, and that includes YANDRO and DOUBLE BILL (as well as almost all British zines). YANDRO is by far the best in this class, purely because Buck Coulson is such an interesting person, and in any case receives the cream of material since he can be relied upon to publish it. As for Double Bill, I might as well go on and make myself unpopular all around by saying that I never have seen what everyone has made a fuss about as regards D:B. I never even read that Symposium. (And so, you may put me down as being in general in agreement with Ted, this time)

One more thing as regards fanzines; I notice the reference to D:B all through the issue. Now this is discouraging to me, especially when Ed Cox (who's Ed Cox? I don't know any Ed Cox) says that D:B is the nearest thing we have today to a mimeoed sercon zine. It's obvious he's never heard of my ZENITH. After twelve blasted issues he's never heard of ZENITH! You American fans have the advantage here. How I envy you. How difficult it is for the average Anglofan, even one who does his homework as regularly as myself, to keep up with fandom. Every time I even think I'm getting to any appreciable number of fans in the U.S., a zine like QUIP comes along which is full of references to people whom I've never contacted. And sometimes these people are even publishing zines I've never seen or heard of. (What's Algot?)

Ah, yes, Arnie's editorial. Pardon me for saying this, Arnie, but your casual writing is very good indeed. A sort of effortless tyle that probably took you a hell of a lot of effort to produce. Put yourself up on a higher level in my estimation of your undoubted talent. Loss of egoboo again. Here you go on about SF-Oriented fanzines and still don't mention good ole ZS. Don't you think it will be around in the '70s, huh? Wanna bet? But the rest of your predictions are pretty interesting, though I don't think they'll turn out any more valid than Terry's earlier guesses. I must snigger quietly at your suggestion that Birmingham (England) might put on a

Worldcon in 1972. Migod, I doubt if Birmingham will have the capacity, then, to put on a meeting of the Birmingham SF Group. We've just lost our meeting place (a member's room), and meetings have been on the monthly basis anyway for a year. Unless someone among us gets a flat (oops, an apartment) quickly, (AND THIS WILL NOT BE ME!) we'll be having no more meetings. And anyway, who do you think we have in Brum-fandom who is capable of organising a con? I'm not, that's for sure. (And I shall still be too busy with ZS, remember?), and Rog Peyton will still be checklist-ing, and Charlie Winstone will still be BSFA Treasurer, and who else do we have besides a bunch of fringe-types? (Ah, the sweet pleasure I get from mentioning names that most of you Damn Yanks haven't heard of. And they're big fans that you all should have heard of.)

Though there's much in your editorial I could yet write about, let us move onwards to have at Len, who I don't know as yet save by a few OMPA efforts. Len's piece, too, is damn well written, and are you sure that one of you didn't write both pieces? There's a strong similarity of style all throughout. §§That's because each of us believes in plaigerizing from the best--LB§§

There's not so much to write about here, but still enough. I notice the reference to fanzine collecting- this rings a bell in my responsive soul, since I'm probably the Only Fanzine Fan in the UK at present... I think. I have been building up a small collection of Really Good Material (yes, I'm putting QUIP into my collection) and have thusly been sorting through all sorts of debris. I have also been doing a lot of work for the BSFA Fanzine Foundation and ...oh I wish you foreigners would keep up to date with the British Science Fiction Association. Didn't you know that we had what amounts to a Fanzine Library? There is a lot of stuff in it, the bulk of Cheltenham's collections, and lots more...it goes back some time, though is nowhere complete. The trouble is, the BSFA do not have a librarian for the F.F., and the whole vast pile is rotting away unsorted and unwanted. (Don't catch the first plane over ...it's mine, I tell you!) I recently collected all the fanzines accumulated by Ken Cheslin, and took them over to Charlie Winstone's, who keeps the material. There were over 2000 zines there (in Ken's lot alone!) In the process, I looked through all the BSFA F.F.'s files, and borrowed all of the good items.

I've done my homework, and know what to look for. I sorted out all the good stuff... VOID, CRY, OOPSLA, INNUENDO, etc, including a file of QUANDRY 20-29, and took it all home and read it. So I know more about old fanzine fandom than most UK fen. Much good may it do me. The trouble was, I had a complicated system of plans that week. I had to collect Ken's collection on the Thursday night, and give it all to Charlie on the Friday night. I wanted to look through it all and knew I wouldn't be able to at Charlie's (various very complicated reasons make it necessary for Charlie to keep all the stuff in boxes under the stairs. Very crowded!) and I could not unload the stuff from my car (which it filled, nearly completely- all over the back seat, the boot, and the front passenger seat), so I had to sit outside the house in my car, scanning through the pile and struggling with claustrophobia to find what I wanted to borrow. Ah, it is difficult to explain without your knowing something of the circumstances of my predicament, but suffice it to say that I live with my parents and family in a very cramped home - and have no garage so must park my car outside the house. I actually do hope to move into a small flat before too long - where I shall be able to commence an orgy of fanac. At present I'm typing all this on a small portable, which is resting upon my knees, as I sit in a tiny little bedroom in the cold. There is no room for a table, of any size...there is one room downstairs so I cannot type down there. I lead a terrible life ...letterhacking is OK, but you try and cut a decent ZENITH stencil with a heavy office machine balanced upon your knees... it is excruciatingly painful.

Rich Mann's piece was pretty good..again, a style of writing very similar to the editorials. Katz, damn you, you wrote the whole fanzine, didn't you? §§No, I did--LB§§

And that wraps up the issue... see you again in the fall!

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".