

# Quip

Nº FIVE FALL-WINTER

GOODBYE, JACK!

THAT'S JACK GAUGHAN!

WHERE IS ROSS GOING?

WHERE INDEED?

WHAT WAS JACK GAUGHAN, SCIENCE FICTION ARTIST, DOING IN THE OFFICES OF A FABULOUS FANNISH FANZINE...

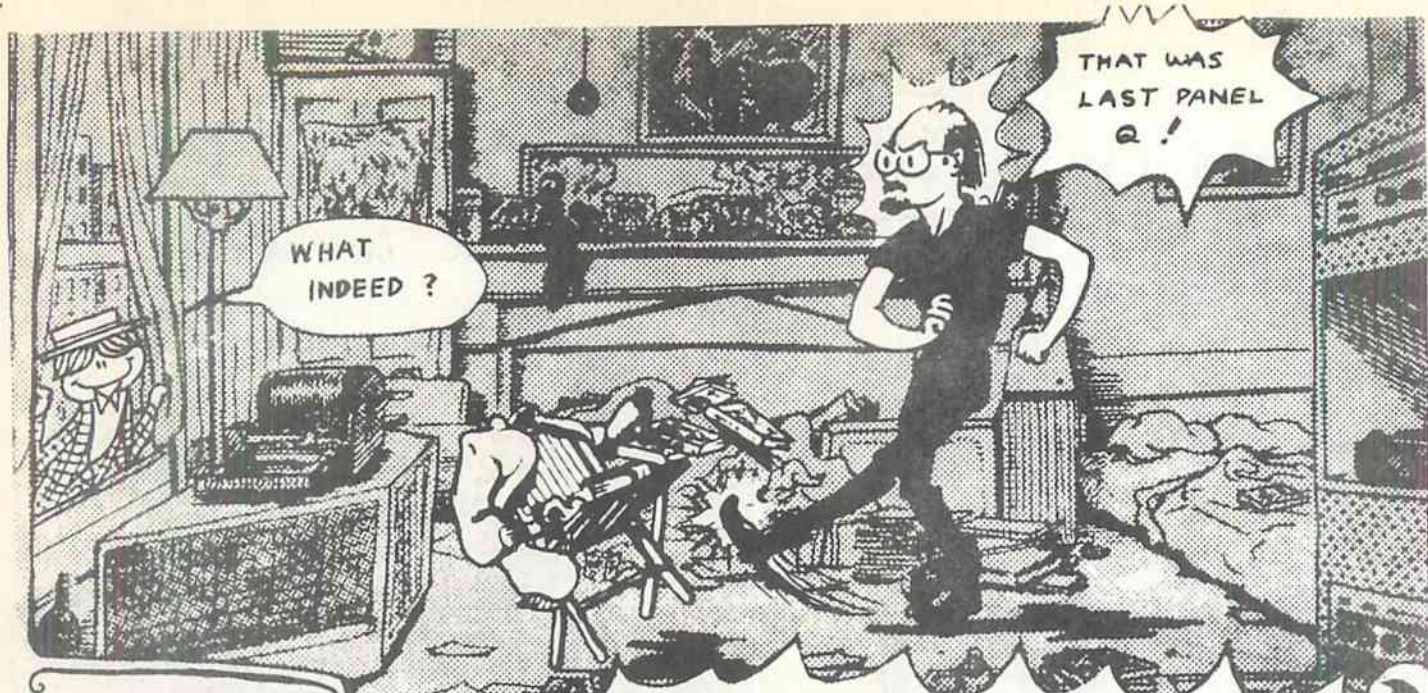
...LIKE **Quip**?

WHAT INDEED?

MAYBE ARNIE AND LEN ARE GOING TO CHANGE THE IMAGE TO SCIENCE FICTION...

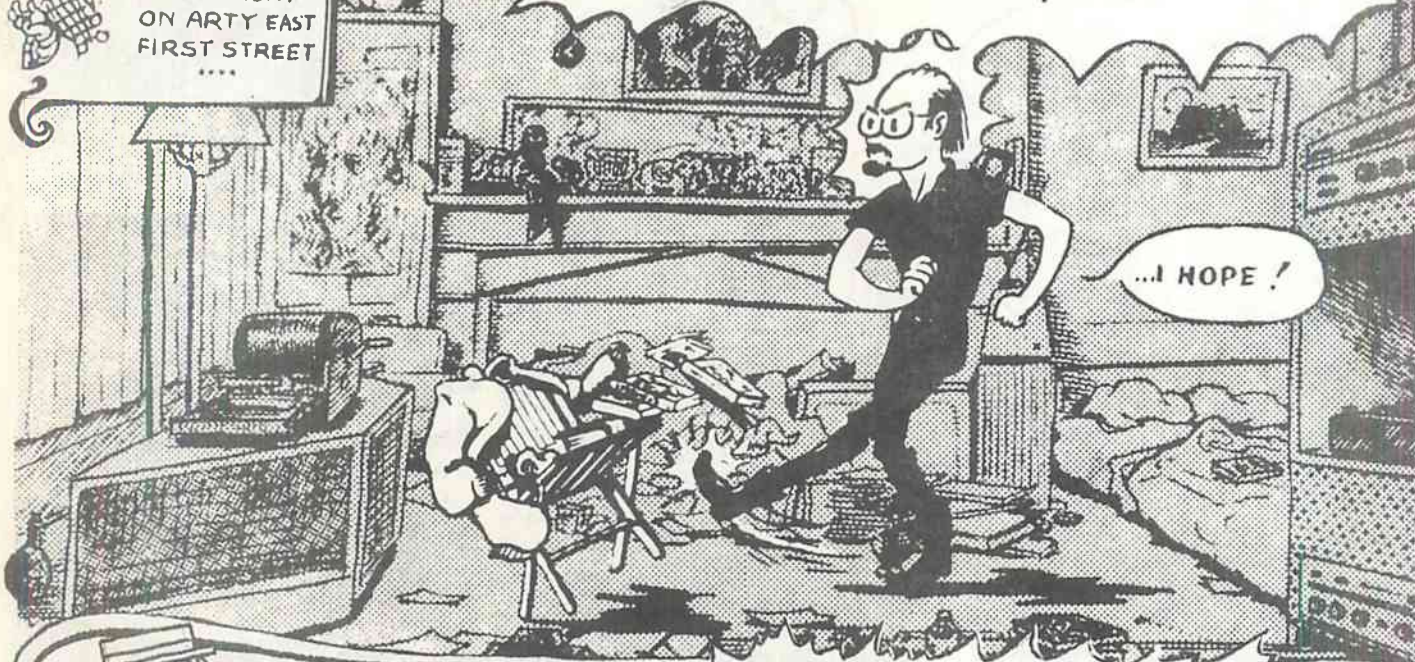
...AND REPLACE ME!





....AND WHEN  
ROSS HAS  
REACHED HIS  
APARTMENT  
ON ARTY EAST  
FIRST STREET  
\*\*\*\*

I'LL SHOW THEM I CAN ADJUST!  
I CAN SCIENCE FICTION ILLUSTRATE AS  
WELL AS ANYONE!



LATER, AT THE  
**Quip** OFFICES...

WHAAT? DID YOU HEAR WHAT  
HE SAID, LEN?—AND JUST BEFORE  
ANNISH TIME, TOO!!

...AND YOU'LL LIKE THIS...  
IT'S REAL SCIENCE-  
FICTIONAL!





TAKE IT EASY, ARNIE!  
ROSS WAS JUST KIDDING—  
WEREN'T YOU, ROSS?

ER...  
AHHH...

I JUST REALIZED... I HAVE  
SOME LITTLE CHANGES I WANT TO  
MAKE IN THE COVER... I'LL BE  
RIGHT BACK!

WELL... BACK TO FAANISHNESS!

# LOST IN SPACE



"LOST IN SPACE" HAS GOT  
TO GO — AS A CAPTION —

...AND  
THOSE SPACE SUITS...

...TUM-DI-DI-DUM...

I...I GOT THE  
LITTLE 'GASP' TOUCHES  
DONE...

YOU'LL LOVE IT, ARNIE...  
IT FEATURES KATYA, ROBIN,  
DIAN, PAT, AND LUISE!

LET'S SEE  
THIS QUARTER'S  
MASTERPIECE!

LET'S  
SEE!

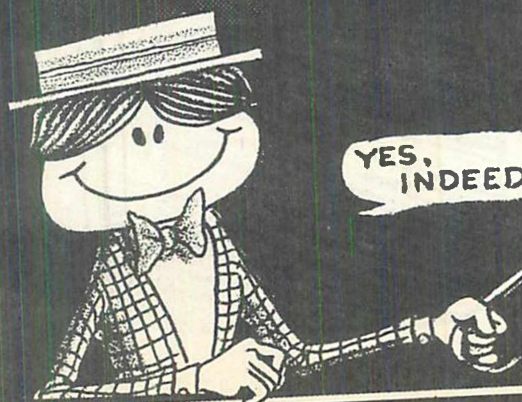


# Quip

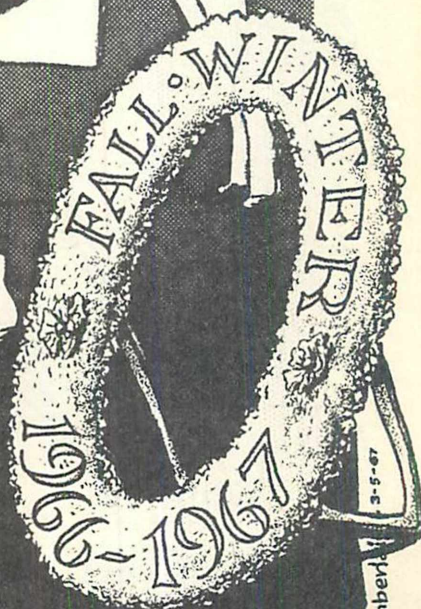
NO FIVE

## FIRST ANNIVERSARY!

# QUIPSH



YES, INDEED!





QUIP-TV  
SPECIAL  
NEWS  
BULLETIN

QUIP-TV  
SPECIAL  
NEWS  
BULLETIN

QUIP-TV  
NEWS  
BULLETIN

QUIP-TV  
SPECIAL  
NEWS

HI, THERE  
FOLKS!

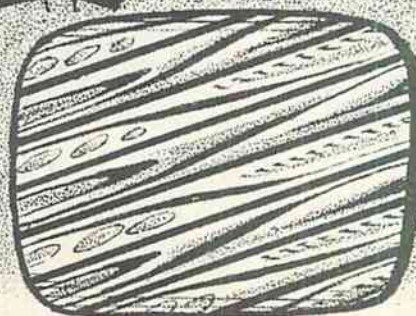
WE HAVE A  
SPECIAL  
ANNOUNCEMENT!

YES, WE ARE PLEASED TO  
ANNOUNCE THAT **Quip**  
NOW HAS A NEW  
CO-EDITOR!  
NONE OTHER THAN—

**LON ATKINS!**

THIS WAS ANOTHER  
QUIP-TV  
SPECIAL  
NEWS  
BULLETIN

QUIP-TV  
WE NOW  
RETURN YOU  
TO OUR  
REGULAR  
PROGRAMMING





\* THE QUISH \*

QUIP'S Vulgar and Ostentatious First Annish

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## ART CREDITS

Ross Chamberlain: COVER

Jack Harness: 40

Terry Jeeves: 12, 22

Andy Porter: 33, 38, 82

Bill Rotsler: 53, 78

Joe Staton: 8, 14, 18, 92

Steve Stiles: 41

Art Thomson: 27, 28, 47, 71,  
80, 86

Bjo Trimble: BACOVER

\* \* \*

A NEW COLUMN reviewing fanzines will begin with QUIP #6. Greg Benford will be the reviewer, so expect some fine reviews. Send zines for review to Greg at 551½ Fern Glen, La Jolla, California 92037. Do it soon.

\* \* \*

QUIP #5 is edited by Arnie Katz (98 Patton Blvd, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11043) and Lon Atkins (c/o Dave Hulan, Box 1032, Canoga Park, Calif. 91304). Associate Editor is Len Bailes (Reiber Hall, UCLA, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024). Published by Lon Atkins. QUIP is available bimonthly for trade, LoC, contrib, art, or 50¢ (no subs). Trade-zines go to Katz & Atkins. All LoC's and submissions to Katz. 14 February 1967. Next issue out by May 1, probably 1967.



If I can get past these first few paragraphs, everything will be all right. Fans far more experienced, their hands calloused by years of toil at the mimeograph, have been known to turn into quivering hunks of sentimentality when faced with writing an editorial for a First Annish.

When Len and I were preparing QUIP #1, I remarked that, if the zine were to succeed, we'd have to de-gafiate half our mailing list. The response has been all that we could have wished. It is in part the encouragement from such as Bloch and Willis that has made publishing QUIP the enjoyable experience it has been thus far. And I don't mean to slight newer fans like Porter and Weston -- almost everyone has been more than kind.

There are, however, some people who must be singled out for special mention and special thanks. First, there's Ted White, whose advice and criticism have been invaluable. Ross Chamberlain, our shy genius whose column debuts this issue, has spent untold hours drawing and inking the fabulous Quivers which have contributed so much to QUIP. Buz Busby, Ed Cox, Joe Staton, and Bjo Trimble who have been wonderful about getting their high class material in regularly, even the time we moved the deadline 'way up. Finally, Dave Van Arnem merits special thanks for having published #4, enabling us to get that issue out before the Tricon.

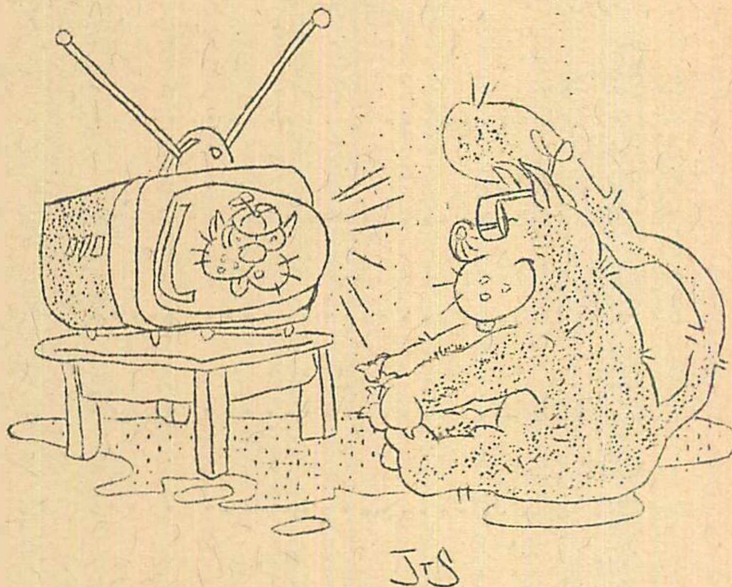
Aren't you all glad that QUIP doesn't slavishly imitate VOID? If this were VOID, everything up to here would have been on the cover.

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The sixth page of the cover and the editorial information on the contents page aren't part of a joke. I hate to see any diminution of Len's connection with QUIP, but it has become obvious that he hasn't the time to do half the production work. Len, besides being a fine coeditor, is also one of my oldest friends, which makes his shift to Associate Editor all the harder to bear. But don't any

KATZEN-  
JAMMER



ARNIE KATZ



of you equate "Associate Editor" with "Editor Emeritous"; Len isn't getting away that easily. "Shtickshift" will, providing Lon and I lean on him hard enough, continue to grace every issue. We will also continue to brave Post Office confiscation by continuing to feature him on the covers. And when he again has free time, don't be surprised to see three co-editors.

Once I realized that if QUIP were to come out again I'd need a new co-editor, I knew there was only one possible choice. Katya Hulan being too busy, I reconciled myself to settling for Lon Atkins. Unfortunately, Lon had just folded CLARGES, saying that he was no longer interested in publishing a genzine. This would have undoubtedly daunted anyone not toughened by fifteen years of arguing with Len Bailes, but I decided to call Len in Huntsville, Alabama.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello, Lon? This is Arnie," I ventured.

"Ch...Arnie." One might get the impression, from such enthusiasm, that editors of vulgar and ostentatious fanzines call Lon up every day.

"Are you all right, Lon?" I asked, underwhelmed by his greeting.

"Yes, but I'm half-stoned." I was happy to hear that he was his usual self, since years of association with Dave Van Arnam have prepared me for dealing with the slightly blotto.

"Read any good fanzines lately?" I queried, knowing it sounded ridiculous. After all, QUIP hadn't been out for months.

"Yes!" he shot back, wounding my pride. Perhaps he'd just gotten around to reading the last issue, I silently speculated.

"Like to be co-editor of QUIP?" I said, proud of the way I had deftly prepared the way for this vital question.

"You're joking," he replied. Obviously, the signal honor was apparent to even a drink benumbed mind like Lon's. I told him of the Agonies of Len Bailes. Lon cried several times; it was all quite touching.

"I've just read Billy Pettit's file of VOID and STELLAR," Lon said after he had regained his composure, "and I have a Mighty Must to publish a Fabulous Faanish Fanzine."

"Will you settle for QUIP, Lon?" I heard his head rattle in assent, and here we are.

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It doesn't look like anyone intends to take a Fan Poll based on the year 1966 and even go so far as to publish the results



promptly (I except the Pong Awards on the basis that only three categories are being polled and only one nomination in each category). Therefore, since QUIP goes to about 150 active fans, I thought we would take such a poll Right Here -- The QUIPoll 1967.

I'm not even going to prepare formal ballots. I understand some completists don't know whether to send in the completed ballots or save them to bind in with the zine they're sent out with. In any case, a virtually blank ballot page doesn't look very good stuck in to the middle of a fanzine. I'm sure you're all mature enough to use a plain sheet of paper and not goof things up (QUIP, the fanzine that has Faith in you!). I'd appreciate it if you'd sign at the bottom of the paper you send in and print or type your name below the signature.

Categories in the QUIPoll 1967 are as follows:

1. BEST FANZINE -- list a maximum of ten (10).
2. BEST FANWRITER -- list a maximum of ten (10).
3. BEST FAN ARTIST/CARTOONIST -- list a maximum of ten (10).
4. BEST FAN -- list a maximum of five (5).
5. BEST COLUMN -- list a maximum of five (5).
6. BEST NEW FAN -- list a maximum of three (3).

The deadline will be May 27th, and all votes should be sent to: Arnold Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11043. This will prevent delays caused by forwarding from my Buffalo address, which I'll be leaving at the end of school, May 15th.

In voting, you don't have to list the full number of selections in any category. Remember, this poll covers 1966 only. Winners will receive some egoboo. Now how about voting and getting a reasonable turn-out?

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Speaking of polls and such reminds me to mention that I am not a member of the NYCon 3 committee. I mention this merely in case there are any loose awards kicking around which exuberant QUIP readers would like to press upon us. I bring this up because a fan told me how sorry he was that QUIP was ineligible for any loose awards that might be kicking around because he thought I was a Con Committeeman. You can rest easy, ~~Let~~ Fan X.

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Mike Deckinger brought up, in an loc, the sad facts of Fanzine Hugo voting. I've been dissatisfied with the way the voting has been conducted, and with no established tradition for the Fan Achievement Awards, now would seem to be a good time to speak up.

The Fanzine Hugo has, recently, had two main problems, but I think only one will be helped by instituting the Fan Awards. I think taking away the chance to win an award exactly like the one they give the Real Pros may somewhat dampen the enthusiasm of fringe groups (the Burroughs nuts, for example) for block voting on that



award. The other problem is that apparently SF Readers will be allowed to vote for the Pongs as they have done in the past. Even though the total vote for the Fanzine Hugo has always tended to be less than for the other Hugos, I wonder how many non-fans, readers who have seen no (or at most one or two) fanzines, vote for the best-sounding title or perhaps the one large circulation zine that they get.

In my opinion, voting on the Fan Awards should be limited to those competent to judge; those who have fanzine fans for at least one year. Certainly, being a fanzine fan is no indication of infallibility, but at least the voters would have some knowledgability about the field in which they are judging.

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From comments in loc's and in person, that list of ten top BNFs was somewhat misinterpreted. What I was aiming for was a list of 10 BNFs as a typical (if there is such) active fan might choose them. Looking over the list, I see the problem was that I failed. The list is based too closely on opinions gathered from fan friends, and, as a result, the list is oriented almost totally toward the faanish viewpoint. I didn't even think of listing the fans that the average fan would have put down on his list. Actually, the list --placing Greg Benford in the tenth slot -- would be the one I'd choose myself, based on current and past activity.

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Buz, in his column this issue, has spoken well for Seacon II, letting you all know some of the many advantages of Seattle as a possible worldcon site. However the PanPacificon is every bit as fine a bid, and, apparently, the unanimous choice of the QUIP Editorial Staff.

Al Lewis is an excellent choice for Chairman. He's precisely the level-headed sort of person needed to handle the thousand crises that come up in the course of putting on a con.

Dave Hulan is as honest as the day is long. I guarantee that he won't skip to Brazil, if he gets to be Treasurer.

I'd heard originally that Katya was going to be Treasurer instead of Secratery and was going to make a comment about the admirable state of the Treasurer's chest. As Secratery, she's certainly prettier than Andy Porter, and, if she will but write the letter she owes me, her credentials would be perfect.

The committee is rounded out by the Trimbles and Fred Patten. All three are experienced and capable administrators, and they don't flinch at doing the Hard Work either.

With such a fine committee, wonderful, competent people all, I don't see how we could have anything but a fine convention: if the PanPacificon should win in New York this September.



Alan Shaw keeps complaining that I am ruining his faanish reputation by telling the truth about him, particularly the incident concerning the naming of the annish "The Quish" which I reported last issue. "Say something nice about me," he urged when I last saw him. I shall Try, Alan.

Alan and I both returned to New York City for the Christmas and New Years', and we spent considerable time talking to each other, in person and on the phone (he doesn't live too far away as the crow flies, though it takes several hours to get to his place by subway.) One evening he called me up just after I had seen "The Green Hornet" on TV for the first time. "I just saw 'The Green Hornet' for the first time and it's terrible," said Alan Shaw, showing off his critical faculties.

I agreed and asked Alan if he'd ever heard the radio version.

"No," he replied, exhibiting commendable honesty.

"In the radio show, Mike the reporter was much dumber and had a much thicker Irish accent," I informed him.

"Really?" he said, demonstrating his thirst for new knowledge. "I wonder why the TV version made the changes in Mike?" Alan added thoughtfully.

"I guess they didn't want to go for brogue," I riposted.

Alan Shaw is a Fine Straight Man.

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The procedure for obtaining QUIP will remain roughly the same, with but two exceptions. First, trades now go to Lon and I, not Len and I. The other change is that six-line LoC's won't keep you on the mailing list. Anyone who can't write a thoughtful page of commentery, we figure you're not enjoying Q much anyway. And with the circulation rising -- against our best efforts to keep it down -- we aren't interested in carrying disintèrested people.

All LoC's, contribs, and (\*sigh\*) money --no more than payment for one issue, remember -- should still be sent to be at the address on the contents page. Lon will be doing the lettercol, but this will allow me to make some comments, too.

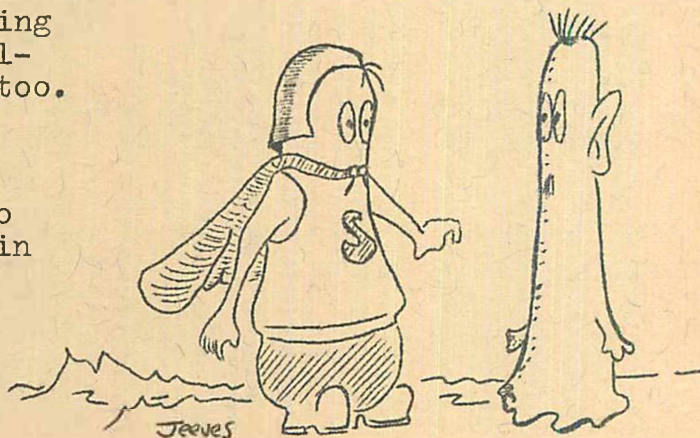
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I want to welcome our two new columnists, Ross Chamberlain and Greg Benford, and our new artists, Terry Jeeves and Art Thomson.

I hope they will all

QUIP 12





make themselves at home and stay with us. I would warn Mr. Benford (he allows me to call him that, folks) that any attempt to take over QUIP -- perhaps using such arcane sciences as alchemy and physcis -- will not be tolerated. Norm Clarke has warned me to Watch Out for this.

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I've saved the most interesting (whether it is the "best" or "worst" probably depends upon whether you like QUIP) news for the end of the editorial. As you all well know, this issue of QUIP is very late. This is not unusual in itself, since all but the fourth issue were late. But QUIP now has a more energetic production team, and not only are we not going to be late, but we'll be putting out QUIP bimonthly, at least for the next three issues or so. To give you an idea of how serious we are about getting out QUIP speedily, production on the Quish was begun January 15th.

Therefore, I urge all of you to write those LoC's right now and send them along. And I wouldn't mind some articles and faan fiction either--we're going to need High Class Stuff to fill all those issues, you know.

I hope you all enjoy the Quish -- number six will be mailed out around April 25th.

--- Arnie Katz

---

Ditto is nothing more than glorified hekto

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The particular event occurred when Hank Reinhardt offered to go downstairs and Get More Beer. Bill was moved by this gesture and actually felt a twitch of remorse (but only a twitch, mind you) over the many unkind things he has said about Hank. He waited patiently while Hank and Dave were downstairs. Presently they returned and offered Bill a bottle. Thanking them with with the grace and charm of a true Southern Gentleman ("Gimme that bottle and get outa my sight") he accepted the bottle and drank. He is reported to have made a notable face.

"This beer tastes flat and hot," he said.

Hank's much maligned face split into an evial grin.

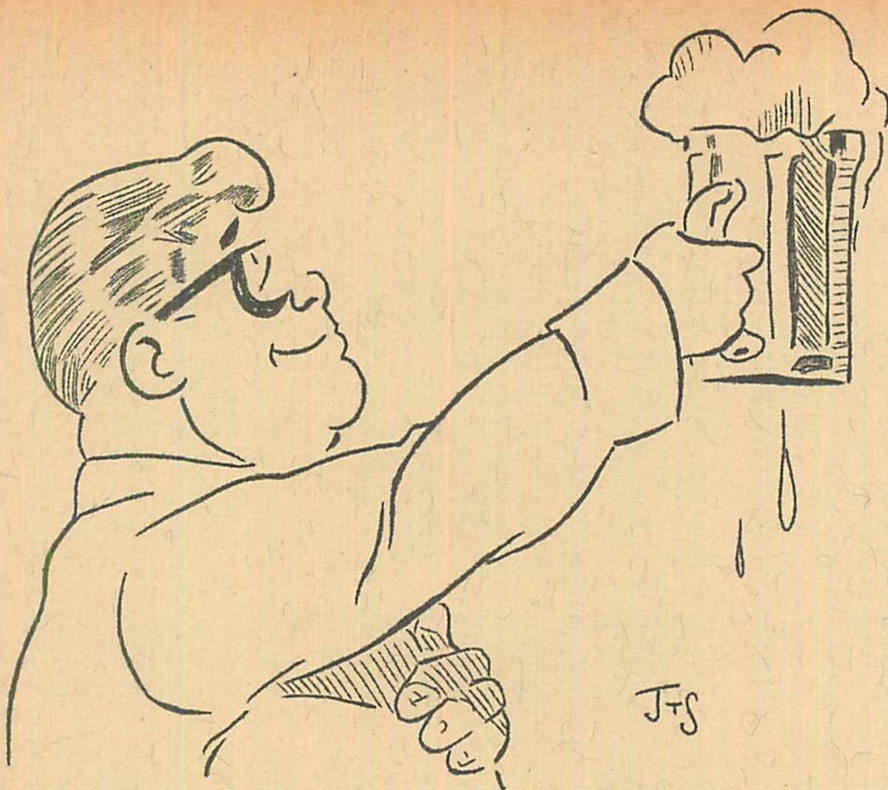
"It ought to," said Hank Reinhardt. "All the bottle has in it is water."

Bill, of course, threw up. And raged. And ranted. Echoes of this incident have since been heard thruout fandom and I recount the incident at such length only for the enlightenment of the puzzled.

But of course, Hank's divinity is now questioned by Bill. "I can understand changing water into wine," he says, shaking his head. "But changing beer into water is fiendish."

--Jerry Page in SFPAGE #3





LOW  
ATKINS

Proper timing is an important thing. Suppose that thirty years from now, when I'm bent and creaky with advanced age, I lift my smiling granddaughter onto my knee and tell the sunny-faced little darling: "Why when I took over coeditorship of QUIP, with that very issue the page-count jumped way up to one hundred." "Oh, grandpop, what an actifan you must have been!"

she'll cry, impressed. And devious, ancient I will smile graciously, smugly, and say not a word about the fact that I became coeditor with the glorious first anniversary of a fanzine already made successful by the labors of Arnie and Len and hosts of contributors. Yes, proper timing is indeed an important thing.

Important enough so that had Arnie called me about QUIP much earlier than December, I'd have had to regretfully turn him down. Last August I folded my genzine CLARGES because I'd lost interest in genzine publishing as a thing that Must be done by every aspiring young fan. The trouble and time each issue cost, balanced against the meager response, made the apas a far more attractive field. I'd just been elected OE of SFPA so there was more labor forthcoming there, and Len Bailes had asked me to do a SAPS-oriented column for his zine THE CHARLOTTAN (as I was getting on up the SAPS wl). Add this to the apa-load I already had and the decision to suspend CLARGES becomes a clear one.

But by November I had dropped two apas, and, more vital, I had enlarged my QUANDRY file substantially and had read Billy Pettit's files of STELLAR and VOID. The high quality and fine fannish spirit of those old fanzines revived my interest in the genzine as an artform. To publish a genzine of sweeping fannish vigor could become a hallowed goal. If I took up the challenge -- and succeeded -- then I could ~~die and~~ enter FAPA happily in fifty years or so when my name works up the waitlist and into membership. But alas -- I had renounced genzine publishing, and besides, all the BNF's had laughed when I would fall to my knees and beg for contributions. Tears fell into my bheer stein.

BHEERMUTTERINGS



The jangle of the phone shattered my introspection. It was the familiar brazen modern jangle that can intrude so rudely into private moments. I was less than enthusiastic in answering -- had not my reverie on great personal tragedy been interrupted just as I was ready to cry in huge sobs over not being the publisher of a great fannish fanzine?

"Hello," I said in December dawn tones. "Hello," said the phone. "Is this Lon Atkins?" "...Yes," I agreed reluctantly. "This is Arnie Katz!" announced the phone. "Oh...Arnie Katz," I repeated, still not recovered from the deep tragedy which might cause me to renounce the frivolities of life and become a Trappist monk.

A long suspicious pause came from the phone. Then it said: "You're not singing with delirious joy to hear words from such an, ahem, fabulous fannish personality as, ahem, myself, Arnold Katz. You must be sick."

"Errr....I'm half-stoned," I temporized, hesitant to reveal my close brush with Trappist monkhood.

"Oh," said the phone in that sort of tone. "How would you like to be coeditor of QUIP? Len Bailes doesn't have enough time, what with all his activities. Please don't faint at the honor."

"Errrrr..." I said. My mind reacts with stunning speed in such situations where an important decision is to be made on the spur of the moment. I decided to simulate confusion in order to gain valuable time.

"Good," continued Arnie-the-phone. "Then it's all settled. You'll take Len's place and do all the publishing, collating, stamp-licking, labeling, and posting, and then for good measure you can do all the lay-out work and art-stencilling and a little of the writing and material solicitation. And edit the letter column in your spare time. OK?"

"Errrrr..." I replied, still cleverly feigning confusion in order to gain precious time.

"So it's final," rolled on Arnie. "Don't thank me, you lucky neo, you. I'm the sort of great guy that does things like this. You buy the envelopes too. No, please, don't fawn. Got to go now. Congratulations. Bye." The phone clicked.

"Good-bye, Arnie," I said weakly. A little reflection was in order. I had, after all, been mourning my lost genzine, and this was an opportunity to get into one of the best going. More from reflex than from reason I muttered: "OK, Arnie. I'll do it." But he had hung up long since; I hung up too, with a slowly dawning realization of just what it meant to be the new coeditor of QUIP.

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Now that I've had my bit of fun at Arnie's expense, let's talk about QUIP more seriously. I'm pleased to be the new co-editor and flattered that Arnie and Len chose to ask me. If you're wondering what policy alterations I'm going to use the publishing leverage to try to shove thru, you can rest easy. QUIP's spirit and aims had impressed me at its outset -- so I don't to try to make any essential changes, except to introduce flashier layouts and better repro (hopefully evident thish). However, the extreme haste with which #5 is being assembled



may result in a certain artless incoherence. The next issue will be the same -- rushed, that is. Our April 25 deadline for completion of #6, coupled with my forthcoming transcontinental move, are the reasons. However, #7 should be a bit less hectic in preparation (we hope). And about this bimonthly schedule Arnie announced: we'll try....but we may not make it.

Len Bailes, with typical hobbit cheerfulness, is happy to have wriggled out from genzine deadlines and such onerous chores. Poor fool. Little does he realize that in my Fated move to Los Angeles I am taking along the very same Ancient Chinese Toescrew which caused minacing Wally Weber to cry aloud in agony as he typed his twelve pages of activity for the 20th SFPA mailing. This same Fiendish Device applied to the tender, furry toe of Len Bailes will produce untold reams of cut stencils for use in QUIP. The beauty of the Ancient Chinese Toescrew is that torture is applied to a toe, thus leaving both hands to type frantically in an attempt to appease the torturer. Ahhh, yes. Poor Len Bailes -- choosing a co-editor with both an insatiable desire for original, brilliant material and a wide sadistic streak.

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Today was to have been a bright Saturday, the first day of a weekend especially dedicated to making giant strides of progress on the fabulous QUIP. Oh, the morning seemed made to specification when I arose bright-eyed and idealistic at 10 AM. Bright sun warmed the air to spring temperatures. Birds sang from the telephone lines (there are no trees where I live). The odor of new-mown grass invigorated me as I stepped jauntily to my car, got in, and cruised off in search of breakfast.

Of course I detoured by the Post Office to pick up that ten pounds of fannish mail that would naturally be awaiting me on such a glorious morning. That was where it started to go sour, appropriately enough, at the Post Office. There was a single envelope in my box. I guess you might call it fannish; it was a bill from ABDick for mimeograph supplies.

Between ordering my tuna fish sandwich and eating it, I decided to read my mail. I took out the bill, opened it, and had my sense-of-wonder restored. I'd apparently bought an awful lot of mimeograph supplies last month. Checking the itemization against memory showed that indeed I had. No sandwich was in sight, so I reread the bill. On the twentieth rereading I began to suspect that something had happened to my order. Sure enough, when I finally managed to attract my waitress'es attention by throwing the salt-shaker at her, she told me that they were out of tuna salad. Apparently this was a fact customers were expected to discover for themselves after ordering. I left in disgust. It would soon be lunch-time, anyhow, and I wasn't really hungry anymore.

Stopping at a nearby supermarket, I bought miscellaneous snack supplies and drove home. The first item on the fannish agenda was to cut the last of the layouts for QUIP and send them off to Arnie posthaste. I did two rather drab looking layouts, attributing my lack of sparkle to this perfectly rotten morning. Thinking lunch might restore some pep, I got out the fixings and began preparing a pimento cheese sandwich. But I fumbled. A slice of bread landed spread side down on one of my



finished stencils. Clawing frantically to get it up I elbowed over the open milk carton. I cleaned up the mess calmly, deliberately, in a cold inner rage.

Then, as is usual when I begin to feel like a walking disaster zone, I lay down and read a book. It was a Nero Wolfe mystery -- THE DOOR-BELL RANG. Enjoyable.

Feeling that the blight had lifted, I rushed into the kitchen (where I keep all my fanzine-producing apparatus) and after cutting the heading for this editorial, ripped off the two opening segments. Then, being out of a topic, I wrote Arnie a cover letter on the layouts and put the whole shebang in an envelope. It seemed a good idea to combine a postal expedition with a laundry trip, so I crammed all my dirty socks, underwear, towels, etc, into a laundry bag and hurried out. Forgetting the envelope for Arnie, inevitably.

With the laundry swishing about in the washer, I recalled forgetting the envelope. It's a good thing I have iron restraint in public. Back at my apartment I decided to take the envelope uptown for mailing, since something more might have come in for me. This was a courageous (or maybe stupid) decision, because of the traffic.

Brief aside for those unfamiliar with Huntspatch traffic (and besides myself, only Dave Hulan, Wally Weber, and Billy Pettit are, having lived here themselves): the Prime Commandment here in Huntspatch seems to be "keep the other guy guessing -- and terrified -- or he may pass you." This is complicated by the fact that streets in downtown Huntspatch are still designed for a city of 15,000. Today Huntspatch is a teeming 150,000. Very typical maneuvers here: changing lanes without signal or concern for what's already there; stopping in the middle of the street to look in store window, pick up rider, or talk with friend (often these stops are several minutes in duration); running red light if intersection is clear; not running green light if intersection is clear; turning left from right lane; driving in wrong direction on one way street -- but why go on. Huntspatch has -- and I'm fully aware of what I'm about to say -- the worst drivers in the civilized world. Perhaps an Australian Bushman, never having even seen a car before, could do worse if blindfolded and panicked. But I sincerely doubt it.

Anyway, there I was driving into the world's worst traffic complex at a bad hour. It was bad; average speed was one block per four green lights in the heart of town. Then some woman stopped in front of one of the theatres to wait on her drooling little monsters to emerge from the matinee. Groan. I had finally edged into the other lane (the one away from the PO) when I noticed the "overheat" light burning red. I made the light that turn, swung right into the side street and found a parking place a block up.

While my engine cooled down I decided to walk to the post-office, only a few blocks distant, and get the damned envelope mailed. I did. In my mailbox were two large manila envelopes; one was from Len Bailes, the other from Arnie Katz. Len's letter said: "I've definitely lost the John Berry story we were going to use as the lead item for the QUISH. Sorry about that. Think maybe John keeps carbons....?"

((Continued on page 21.))



# SHITICKSHIFT

ARNOLD LESTER, BOY HERO: It's always noisy in a college dormitory. Most of the indigents accept the static as one of the natural facts of life, not even bothering to question it or submit a feeble protest when awakened at 2 in the morning by a fitful round of kazoo playing. The rhythmic sounds of weights being pressed down the hall in time to rock and roll music are broken only occasionally by short howls (indicating that some idiot has dropped the barbell on his foot).

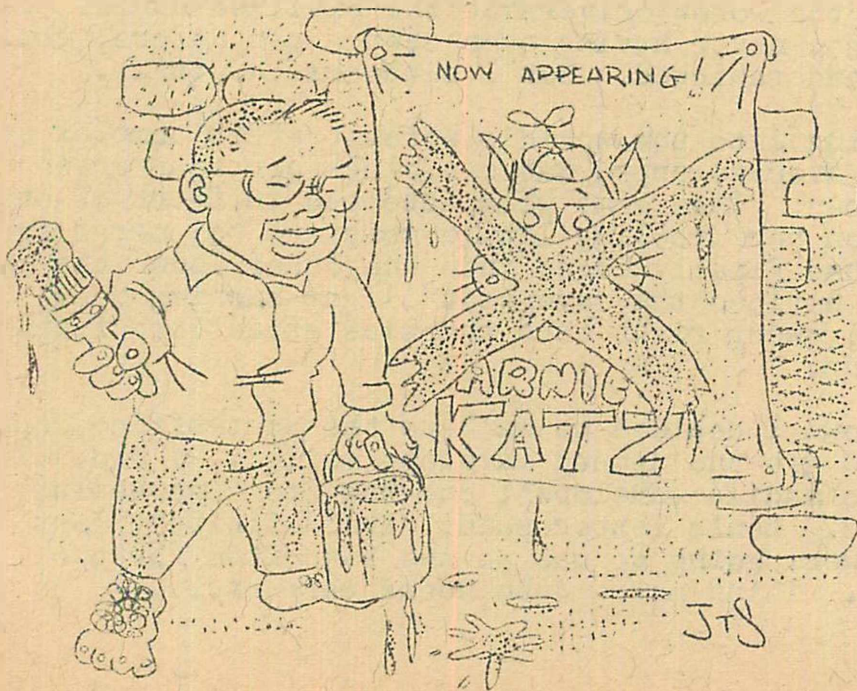
Usually, I don't question the noise any more than anyone else; which is why when my sleep was first disturbed by the sound of my neighbor's door being kicked in I just turned over and groaned. There was precedent, after all. I remembered that last year the very same door had been kicked in by an angry chem major. The chem major hadn't appreciated the brine shrimp which was smeared all over his pillow, sheets, walls and floor; so he decided to retaliate in a simple attack based on principles acquired subconsciously during lab sessions.

He forced open the door of the room next to mine and filled it with Hydrogen Sulfide Gas. (It didn't bother anybody but the maids, since we placed the generator in the broom closet, but the room was fairly unliveable for weeks.)

So there was nothing unusual about the door being kicked in, and I almost managed to go back to sleep, when I heard voices screaming.

"Let me in, Arnold! I'm going to thrash you severely about the nose and throat and rip your face open!" There was some more loud banging.

"Friedman," a timid voice quavered from within, "go away and leave me alone."



"Open the door, Arnold! Thud. Thud. Thud."

"Why are you banging on my door, Friedman?"

"I'm just testing it to see if it'll open. You don't have to open all the way; just open it a crack. I won't hurt you."

"Why are you kicking Arnold's door down?" I asked Paul Friedman as I stepped out of

LEN BAILES



my room.

"So I can lacerate his face and commit physical violence upon his person," said Friedman in a mock-Charlie Chan accent. "Yoo had better open theese dooor, Ah-nold," he continued. "We haaaf Jews out heeere who vill trink your blood."

"Will you get away from the door, Friedman?" came a third voice. "We are trying to play chess in here."

"Arnold! If you don't open that door right now I'm going to come in and wreck your chess game. Come on, open it a crack. I won't hurt you."

"I'm warning you, Friedman. If we open that door it's going to be a fight to the death. We've got three men in here and you won't stand a chance."

"Ahh so," said Friedman. "One moment." He dashed into his room two doors down and returned with a pillow stuffed up the front of his shirt, a knife between his teeth, a football helmet on his head and an empty Mayfresh Cola jug clutched in one hand. By this time a sizeable crowd had collected outside of Arnold's door, and he apparently heard them laughing.

"This isn't funny, you know," he said huffily. "Friedman's making fools of you. He can twist you around his finger. Go back to your rooms; this isn't funny."

Everybody laughed convulsively. Friedman lowered his head and began to beat against the door with the football helmet.

"Bailey, cut that out!" some one screamed inspiredly.

"Bailey," Arnold asked hesitantly. "Is that you out there? I've always thought you were a no good rotten son of a bitch. Are you going to stand there and let Friedman make a fool of you?" Arnold continued to comment at great length, mostly unprintably.

"Hey, you guys," said Robert Bailey as he sauntered up in the midst of Arnold's swearing. "What's going on?"

"You've been trying to kick down Arnold's door, you bastard!" I said, turning on him.

"Yeah!" roared the chorus surrounding him. He backed off, bewildered.

There was a faint click as Friedman forced his way into the fuse box.

"You better open the door, Arnold. We've cut off you electricity." Friedman resumed his pounding.

"We might as well get this over with," came another voice from the besieged room. "He's going to stay there all night, and sooner or later one of us will have to go to the john."

"Yeah," said the third voice. "We can't play chess in this racket anyway." Footsteps approached the door and the handle turned.



"No!" shrieked Arnold. "My God, he'll kill me!"

"No," said Friedman as he lunged into the room, "surface bruises only." He waved his cola bottle and readjusted the pillow.

As the door flew open, the only figure observable was Arnold Lester, who stood cowering in a corner, an old crutch in his hand. Friedman advanced and Arnold shoved the crutch up into his gut. It didn't slow him down.

"Get him," Arnold screamed. "Now!"

From the twin beds on either side of the room, two figures leapt downward. One had a pillow in his hands and the other came down with his bare fists. Friedman was brought to the floor, struggling and mouth-ing gutteral oriental curses. Arnold flashed a sinister leer and advanced with the crutch.

Friedman screamed something reminiscent of a Zulu battle cry, and with an unbelievable display of effort (like in an Italian grade-Z movie) he threw his assailants off his chest. Arnold yelped, dropped the crutch, and fell to his hands and knees.

Friedman smiled beneficently and advanced with a kindly shuffle.

Then he beat Arnold about the ears and lacerated his face. Quickly he shook hands with the other two assailants and departed, ripping off the football helmet in midflight.

"White forces mate in three moves," I said, picking a bishop up off the bed and placing it in the box. I went back into my room and thumbed through the tv schedule, since it was useless to try to get any more sleep.

\*\* \*\* \*

I suppose all you good people have been wondering what happened to QUIP, and some of you, maybe, hoping it was dead. Regretfully for you, that isn't the case. I could dwell on it in great detail, but since I suspect that it will be a major theme in Arnie's editorial, I won't bother.

Suffice it to say that I've acquired an extreme case of laziness where fan publishing is concerned, and no longer have the time or the inclination to pursue the madness of stencilling, mimeographing and mailing. So, it has become imperative for QUIP's survival that some other poor unsuspecting fool be entrusted with these technical responsibilities.....

And so, ~~Free/Don/ord/and/1/late/asked/Terry~~ Lon Atkins proudly steps forward to receive his official Quip-kid turtle-neck sweater, and bursting with trufannish enthusiasm becomes QUIP's publisher.

I suppose I'll be around, still, with editorials and miscellaneous contributions, but somewhere along the line I've lost that maniacal urge which is so necessary to the publishers of a frequent genzine.



It's sort of interesting to me. As I write this I'm approaching the end of my fourth year in fandom, and I think back to all of the articles which have been written about the average lifespan of a fan being in the three to four year range. It seems much longer than that. It's hard for me to remember a time when I wasn't busy with apa deadlines, correspondence, and rapidly falling behind on the latest issue of whatever genzine I was publishing at the time.

This isn't a swan song, though. For one thing, fabulous Quip-kid, Lon Atkins, will soon be moving out to the Los Angeles area, and he has threatened Dire Threats if I don't continue to fulfill the high and faaanish destiny of a Quip-kid.

And some day maybe we'll all live to see the appearance of VOID 29.

--LB

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Support the NYCon III.            (emphatically)            SUPPORT THE NYCON III.  
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BHEERMUTTERINGS (continued from page 17):

Some instinct caused me to cringe; I fished the letter out of the packet of stencils Arnie had sent. It read: "Here's the latest batch of stencils. Notice that I accidentally typed over the heading for Ed-Co's column. I'm sure you can Fix It Up. (Heh) Somehow I messed up the first sheet of the Warner article (heh). Hope you can send me a new layout stencil soon. Sorry about that...."

My car's engine had cooled down when I got back; the radiator was low. A couple of blocks up the street was a filling station; I borrowed a water bucket from them.

Back at my place I started grimly to work on the damaged stencils. A knock sounded from the door. I winced, but answered the door calmly. It was a dull-looking fellow with a brief case. "I'm not selling magazines," he said. "That's nice," I said as I shut the door softly in his face. I went back to my homemade mimeoscope and frowned.

A shuffling sound came from the hall. A timid knock sounded. I went back to the door, not so calmly this time. "As I was saying," stated the dull fellow half-beligerantly, "I'm not selling magazines." "You said that before," I said. "Bully for you." This time I did not shut the door very softly. The incident had somehow reminded me that I'd left my laundry at the washiteria.

Thud. Thud. Someone was knocking loudly on my door. I opened it and stared at the fellow who was not selling magazines. "Have the courtesy to hear what I've got to say," he said huffily, "before you ...." He was staring at my reddening face as his protest died off. The muscles in my neck corded. Steam blew out my ears. "Arrghh!!" I cried like a killer ape as I lunged insanely for him. He fled for his life.

And now, as day takes its last gaudy encore in the west, I moodily sit alone before a hostile typer and reflect on the terrible new change that has come about for me today. It's a frightening thing to have happened to a man who thot he'd never break. I cry easy now.



In 1963 the "New Wave" hit British fandom.

Usually the number of enthusiastic, inexperienced fans entering fandom roughly balances the number of old and tired fans who drop out. Once in a while, fandom hits a high or low point as a number of fans enter, leave, or grow greatly in importance in a short time. Then we have the phenomenon of fannish "eras" followed by slumps. While US fandom has attempted to identify its own periods, Anglofandom has usually been too diffuse or too unchanging to classify, which makes the New Wave all the more unusual.

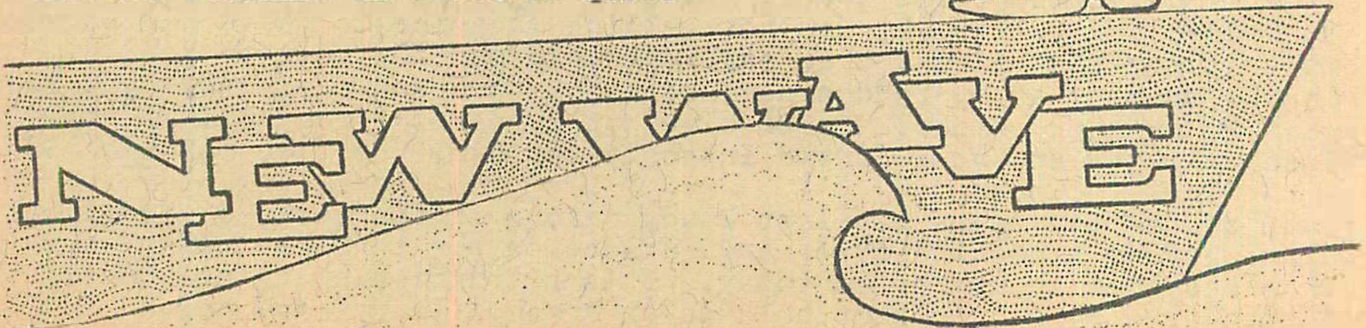
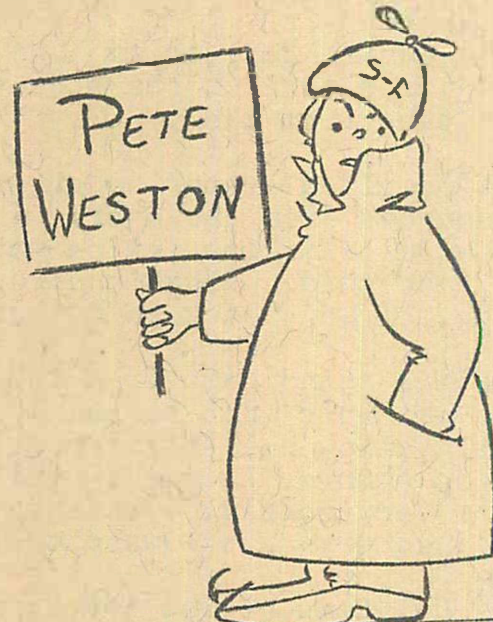
The New Wave can be said to have existed from mid-1963 to mid-1965. Activity existed six months before and after the period, but the principals came onstage during these two years, and most left it shortly afterwards.

During that short time, British fandom reeled. The New Wave was directly responsible for one convention, one APA (and a boom in OMPA), a reorganisation of and a new committee for the BSFA, at least two big local groups, dozens of fanzine titles (including several big, widely-circulated -- and successful -- genzines), several dozen active fans and many more fringe fans. and, regrettably, far too many feuds.

And in spite of (or perhaps because of) rivalry and competing demands for material, activity at this time was mostly worthwhile and well-done. There was little of the crud that a bunch of newcomers might have been expected to produce; for this reason alone, the New Wave was welcomed -- it brought a lot of fresh talent into an English fandom of the time that was sadly depleted.

As one who came into fandom during that time, participated gleefully in the turbulent politics, and was intimately involved in some of the feuds, I may not be the best or most unbiased historian. But here are the facts as I remember them, buttressed by my own files of letters and fanzines, and, I believe, fairly accurate.

By early 1963, British fandom was becalmed on a sea of quiet





liassitude. Inchmery and Cheltenham had gone, Liverpool and London were on the decline, OMPA was becoming more and more another US Apa, and not a great number of fanzines were being published. SCOTTISHE was appearing frequently, and HAVERINGS, both from Ethel Lindsay. Ron Bennett's SKYRACK was still monthly and HYPHEN was just about to make the transition from "irregular" to "sporadic". CRY had just folded, I think, and Ella Parker's magazines; few US fanzines seemed to penetrate into the country.

One bright spot remained. The British Science Fiction Association was steadily recruiting new members, even though most of these seemed content to remain happily on the fringes of the VECTOR letter column. (I should mention that BSFA is oriented far differently from the N3F. While the latter is a fan organization, the BSFA exists to further the acceptance of SF. Or something like that.) VECTOR had just passed from a period of doldrums into the hands of Archie Mercer, and began a period of, if not brilliance, competence and regularity.

The first guns were fired from Manchester, London, and Nottingham. Up in the northern city, fannishly desolate since the mid-fifties, a new group was formed with a fanzine, ALIEN. This group was alone and unique in the New Wave, for its interests were mainly in the macabre/fantasy film field, and a great deal of its activity centred on filming. Its fanzine publishing was always technically, but it was sloppy in writing, editing, and appearance. And during its first year, ALIEN built up its own little fandom, which had no contact with Ron Bennett or Ethel Lindsay, then the focal points of British fandom through their review columns in HAVERINGS and SKYRACK.

Almost at the same time, Lang Jones in Ealing began TENSOR, a scruffy fanzine that ran to 2½ issues but had a certain spark. (Lang recently sold some of its contents to NEW WORLDS. Lang's zine was only nominally a New Wave fanzine, for it fitted well into the faanish norm of the time; it was fannish and pro-Establishment. It disappeared as Lang joined the social side of London fandom, and save for the announcements in the program booklets of every British Con "TENSOR is not dead!", it lies in the grave.

In Nottingham, an abortive group of three or four neofen turned their school-based newsletter into ICARUS, a bland zine of seven issues. This zine never made much impression on fandom, being too restricted in circulation and too low in quality to bring the Nottingham fans into focus.

The real beginning of the era came in September 1963, and this is where the story really starts. In Birmingham a local group formed by Cliff Teague, a latter day Degler, had been meeting in a desultory fashion for three years without contact with fandom at large. In January I joined the Group and saw some of the fanzines put out by the local BNF, Ken Cheslin. Those were the days! Ken was churning out OMPA zines and LES SPINGE. LS went on to become the principal zine of the Establishment up to 1965, when the fifteenth issue ran to 112 pages and Ken gafiated in exhaustion. I remember shuddering at the Mickey-mouse hatted WHATSITs and the green and scruffy LES SPINGE.



Six months later the virus had incubated, and I put out the first ZENITH, a half-sized dittoed zine, initially for the Brum Group and with a tiny outside circulation.

The very next day, Brummie Charlie Winstone showed me the first issue of POINT OF VIEW, a dittoed half-sized zine put out by one Charles Platt, completely independant of the Birmingham group. A striking example of "steam engine time" or, if you will, "parallel evolution".

The only difference was that -- from the start -- ZENITH was primarily meant to be a serious non-fiction zine (reflecting the editor's nature at the time). POINT OF VIEW was to begin as an "amateur SF zine" and go through many internal convulsions before finding a "policy".

ZENITH and POINT OF VIEW were naturally both competitors and allies, and so were their editors. While Charles Platt was the more talented, he was also the more volatile. ZENITH reaped the benefits, in the early days, of pigheaded plodding and communal effort on the part of the Brummies. Both zines cribbed ideas from each other, both competed, and the New Wave becomes now a story of these two zines, and very largely, of Charles Platt himself. I shall try not to mention my own name too often, but please be patient and remember that I was at my most active during this period and did take part in the story.

In December '63 a new SPINGE appeared, and it contained a column by Jim Linwood which did a lot of harm and for which Linwood should have been speedily crucified. Entitled "Only 6d for 28 Pages", his review of POINT OF VIEW and ZENITH coined the phrase "New Wave", put both zines in the same boat, and heaped such scorn on the two zines that Charles and I, not knowing the "rules" of formal feuding, felt that the Establishment in fandom was "against" us. Paranoid perhaps, but from that day onward, both zines set out to create their own circles of acolytes. Charles never did grow out of his distrust of "old" fans, as long as he published his zine, and, coupled with an incredible drive and a crusading spirit, he effectively poisoned his own hobby. Before the next year was out, Charles had picked feuds with everybody, while I, tarred with the same brush, was isolated from the natural stream of Anglofandom for a similar period.

In this way, by writing one nasty review aimed at crushing a couple of inoffensive, inexperienced newcomers, Linwood split fandom and wrecked havoc. If only, at the time, someone like Ethel Lindsay or Walt Willis had written to say "take no notice, and -- welcome to the fold", I feel sure that the rest of the period would have been far different.

It might not have been so active, though. In our isolation from most older and more experienced fans, Charles and I became, in a sense, leaders of a whole bunch of neos, entering fandom from the BSFA, who followed our red flag of defiance.

By issue #3, ZENITH was a mimeod, 40 page quarterly with electro-stenciled Atomillos and a printing of 200. By issue #4, POINT OF VIEW



had become the mimeod BEYOND, and (though Charles would have been the last to admit it) a truly "fannish" zine aferment with revolution.

It was competition all the way for Charles and myself. I thought I had pioneered the use of electrostencils in a UK fanzine (actually Pat Kearney had beaten me to it by a year or more with ENFOCADO), while Charles beat me to the use of Lettraset. I managed to get Eddie Jones and Atom first; Charles countered by discovering two excellent new artists. And so it went... A rat-race is hard work at the time, but it is an excellent way for a fanzine to pull itself up by its bootstraps.

I remember Christmas of 1964, when the "Big Three of the time, ALIEN, BEYOND, and ZENITH, all announced their plans for especially good issues. ALIEN promised Eddie Jones illustrations in full-color or litho, BEYOND hinted at exciting research into three color photo separation and printing by duplicator, and I planned a special large-sized issue with lithoed cover. As it happened, none of these promises came true, although ZENITH did appear with 70 pages and a litho cover a couple of weeks after Xmas. BEYOND and ALIEN quietly forgot their dreams.

By this time, the Brum Group had made itself known throughout Anglofandom, and such people as Rog Peyton, Berly Henley, Charlie Winstone, Graham Hall, and Mike Higgs were fully active. Rog became editor of BSFA's VECTOR for two years (during his first year, the entire Committee was made up entirely of Brummies.), Beryl began LINK, Charlie was BSFA Treasurer and editor of a couple of zines, Gray Hall became an accomplished feuder, and Mike Higgs covered himself with glory with SHUDDER and his MIKtoon illos.

By ZENITH #6, I had a consistant policy for a sercon zine, which I have followed with variable success ever since. Charles had another policy which can only be called "insurgent". We had fallen out by that time, and the feuding was thick and fast.

Charles always made his mistakes by being too keen. While many of us write a nasty letter or review and in the cold light of the following day destroy it, Charles would publish/mail his diatribes within minutes of concocting them. While most of us are occasionally sarcastic or disparaging in an LoC or fanzine review, Charles would be downright insulting. And while Charles was, face to face, a charming and thoroughly likeable person, behind his typewriter he could be a demon.

Being far more lazy, I didn't get into as many feuds. After crossing rather futile swords with The Platt for a time, I took another's advice and ignored him; he Went Away after a while. Graham Hall picked a senseless feud with me, which I also ignored. Gradually I began to receive HYPHEN and US zines which weaned me away from a too-close concern with excludely fans and fanzines of the New Wave. I owe no small debt to Walt Willis, incidently, whose columns and letters in the early ZENITH both enhanced my zine and gave me, personally, good advice. My only regret is that I published a particularly nasty Platt letter directed against Walt in my letter col-



umn, for, I'm sorry to say, base motives. The resulting fracas could only have hurt Walt.

In early 1965 Chris Priest was publishing CON (two issues), which was well done but reflected its editor's own changing attitudes toward fandom. Gray Hall had sneered at the carelessness of fanzine producers for some time until he did his own DOUBT, a badly-produced zine which so exhausted him that he never did another. Dick Howett brought out PADLOCK rather later, which was above-average and well illustrated with his own artwork. Beryl Henley (now Mercer) brought out four or five issues of LINK, a crazy sort of magazine which didn't really reflect her own personality so much as it did the personalities of the horde of other femme-fans, whom she had taken on as contributors in a bid to be a "new" FEMIZINE. Mike Higgs did three issues of SHUDDER, a poorly written but interesting zine mainly about the old pulps, and Charlie Winstone did an erratic five issues of NADIR. Rog Peyton worked his way up through humble mimeod. to lithoed issues of VECTOR (14 in all), which greatly changed and built up the VECTOR. Ivor Latta brought out one issue of FANKLE late in the year -- an excellent fanzine -- and meanwhile illustrated, wrote letters and drafted material for everyone else. Phil Harbottle attempted to revive the old NorthEast group and brought out two issues of a revived GESTALT, both sadly lacking in quality.

Birmingham held a Convention at Easter 1965, which was overshadowed by the coming Worldcon. Its attendance of 80 was the smallest in years. The bulk of attendees being neofans and most of the BritCon's stalwarts missing, the con was something of a shambles.

Charles Platt didn't bother with OMPA but began his own APA, which he called PaDs -- the Publishing and Distributing Service. This was supposedly run by and for the BSFA, but Charles managed it singlehandedly until pressure of work forced him to give it up. Under his leadership PaDs developed a dozen or so active members, quarterly mailings, and some fair material. It is still run by the Mercers for the BSFA. My own contribution to PaDs was NEXUS, which I've since put into OMPA. Charles created GARBISTAN, a far out humorzine which excellent for its first issue. About this time he produced the two-part, 80 page, BEYOND #7 and, foiled in his plans to print a lithoed BEYOND, folded the zine.

Also at Easter, the Brummies stood for re-election to the BSFA Committee. They were reelected, though not without some anxious moments as Platt stood against Rog Peyton for Editor in a campaign that was dirty on both sides.

The rest of the year saw a gradual fade-out of the New Wave, for as Charles Platt's enthusiasm waned, so did that of many other fans. ZENITH endured through its close connects with US fandom and its leisurely and ordered schedule (though in a mood of grief after the WorldCon I announced its suspension -- and changed my mind two days later!) 1965 was the high water mark; the New Wave had gone. Further developments were only anti-climactic, and one by one the "new fanzines" went out. Last to go was LINK, which folded early in '66

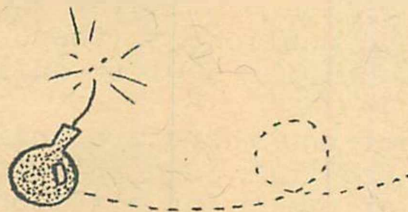
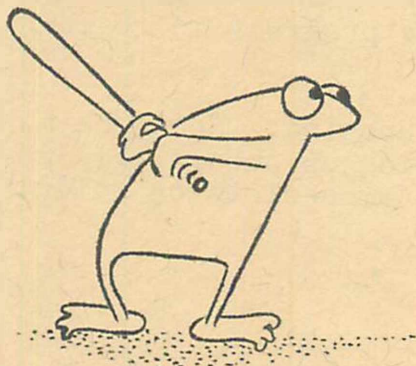
((Continued on page 29.))



# NON-CON REPORT

One of the items that marred my Thanksgiving celebration this year was the fact that I didn't get to Cleveland for the Convention.

The road to hell is paved with good intentions, but the road to Cleveland was blocked by deadlines on the first draft of a screenplay. It was due on September 15th, and I just couldn't finish in time for the Labor Day weekend. But I did manage to write the final switcheroo scene (A baby is thrown to the alligators and -- surprise, surprise -- eats them) on the 6th. As a sort of consolation-prize, I considered a trip up the California coast to Canada, and at the very last minute reservations came through, so we left on the 8th for Victoria and Vancouver. The big attraction in this area is the number of historical landmarks. Our



Atom

first pilgrimage was to the Anne Hathaway cottage -- I admit I was surprised to learn she had lived in Canada, but apparently some tourists seem to think so. I was even more surprised to find myself at the birthplace of Roger Bacon until my wife clued me in. "Don't tell me you haven't heard of Canadian Bacon," she said.

What I said will be omitted, in order to get this 'zine through the mails.

But the highlight of the trip was a return via ship along the coastline. Our vessel was the P&O line's S.S. Orsova -- a ship of British registry, despite a name which sounded Russian to me until again my wife clued me in by reminding me of the old English slang expression, "Orsova teakettle".

# ROBERT BLOCH



Well, a teakettle it was, boiling with Australian tourists bound for Sydney and Adelaide (last names unknown). Shipboard life was pleasant, except for the presense of some damned dwarf who kept running around and muttering that we were all a pack of fools.

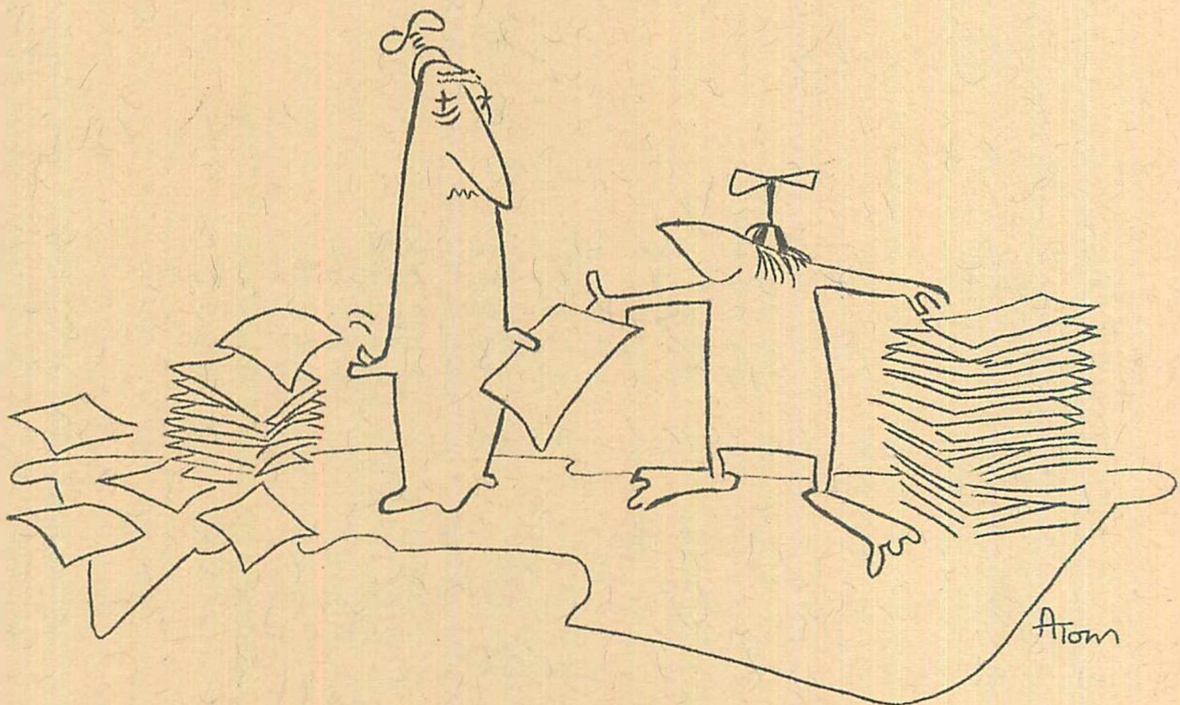
Midway in the voyage we docked for a day in San Francisco, and thus it was that I was able to contact Anthony Boucher. He hadn't gone to the convention either, so we held a small non-con at his home. We conjectured wistfully on what we'd missed at Cleveland -- what Harlan said to Ike and what Ike said to Harlan, and what the hotel management said to them both.

Midway in the evening a small group convened, including Ron Goulart and Honey Graham, so it was still in a way a faanish occassion. If my wife hadn't conked out early we might be there yet; even so, it was a pleasure to see A.B. again.

What we discussed, primarily, was the present opportunity for a renaissance of general interest in sd.

The last boom, as we Senior Citizens recall, exploded almost fifteen years ago. Since then, sf has suffered a decline in popularity; despite continuing and often excellent effort on the part of pros and publishers, there has been little progress in reaching and/or holding a wider audience.

But now there are indications of an upswing. Space hardware wins headlines, and entertainment media pick up cues. This season finds sf occupying a reasonable number of time-slots on television



"....and for the first issue we'll use all these Wonderful \*Science fiction\* stories I've written...."



... and if the shows prove popular, some of that popularity should rub off onto sf in print.

FANTASTIC VOYAGE had proven to be a highly successful film... upcoming is FAHRENHEIT 451 and the Arthur C. Clarke-Stanley Kubrick spectacular production. If both of these pictures make it, look for more to follow. And again hardcore sf will benefit, indirectly.

Even the "camp" shows are playing a small part in focusing interest on sf... though not necessarily in a beneficial manner. That, of course, is the peril; that sf in the general media will be so altered and adulterated as to lose the potential audience for better material in print. I attributed the previous bust to this phenomenon and hope it won't happen again for the same reason.

But somehow, I'm a bit more hopeful this time around. And so is Mr. Boucher. At least he was looking very happy when I left (but then, who doesn't?).

We boarded the ship again and sailed down to San Pedro, arriving home on the 18th -- or just about the time when Randy Garrett woke up and discovered he was still in Cleveland. So, in a way, we paralleled the conac, at the end.

As of this writing, I've yet to learn who captured the bid for 1967. But I'm hopeful of making the scene. By that time, we should know if the boom is on -- or whether the loud noise we hear is only the usual con-phenon; Moskowitz making a speech.

--- Bob Bloch

---

David H. Keller wrote Good

Sam

---

NEW WAVE (Continued from page 26)

with no loss, since Beryl is far happier and more creative doing OZ, her OMPAzone, and writing for a dozen more.

Today Britain has another wave of activity, but on a far smaller scale. There are no feuds, but there are no regular, large circulation new zines, and the quality of the lot of them is pretty poor. At least during those hectic days of a year or so ago, we leaped from inexperienced neo to veteran overnight, and our fanzines will bear comparison with old-time US contenders such as YANDRO, in both production and content.

--- Pete Weston



# ROSS CHAMBERLAIN:

Some time ago Arnie asked me if I would write something for QUIP. This was, I think, shortly after I had just completed a Quiver and the aches and pains of the last week had not yet had time to fully heal. I demurred. He pressed the point, citing CROSSOID, my APA-F zine, in glowing terms-- Arnie can be very persuasive and has a knack for centering upon one's weaker points of resistance. In my case, I often subside readily to flattery and great globs of egoboo can reduce my resistance to quivering goo (I use that adjective advisedly, I think... how else do you think he persuaded me to do the Quivers each issue?). However, beneath my placid exterior I have a layer of despicable cruelty.

"Gee, I don't know, Arnie," I said, apparently on the verge of giving in. "I'm not sure I'd know what to write about."

Seeing his prey tugging thoughtfully at a web-strand, our kindly Co-editor unwittingly left his own neck exposed. "Anything you want," he said airily. "You should know QUIP by this time..."

"Hmm," I said, easing my finger down on the trigger, "Guess I should actually get down to reading QUIP one of these days."

We shall draw the Curtain of Charity here, for it is not meet that we place upon public view that look and cry of horrified anguish here in this fabulous faanish family zine... and, too, the Dear Reader may feel a bit uncomfortable in the pressence of my mixed metaphors. It is best not to look too long upon the underside of life

In a recent letter to Arnie, however, I broke down and consented to Write Something, if only an LoC. I wasn't sure of the deadline, though I knew it was sooner than that for the Quiver. I had fully intended to write an LoC anyway, but for the Heluvit I thought I'd like to do something more than that. LoC-type material is imbedded in this column, therefore -- thinly disguised, if at all. I was given free rein. I think.

One thing I wanted to mention is that amidst Gary Deindorfer's comments on the Quiver for QUIP #3 were two that midified the marvelous egoboo he gave me. I'm mentioning them here rather than in person to Gary because they are points I would like to make to others as well. Besides, as ev-

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everybody who knows me knows, I am not a conversationalist; in fact people often don't know I'm there when I go to Fistsfa or Fano-clast convocations. A little trick I picked up from Lamont Cranston....

Firstly, Gary paid me a very high compliment, but one that is undeserved, when he mentioned my work with the shading wheel. The shading is done with lithograph pencil on surfaced paper... the same sort of thing as the coquille board used on QUIP #'s 1 and 4, only with horizontal or diagonal ridges rather than the random-surface type. And secondly, that wasn't Ted White holding the Cue Card, it was me. Ted's hairline may be receding slightly, at the temples, but mine has outdistanced his considerably. That wasn't meant to be a highlight on the back of the cue-card-holder's head ...\*sigh\*. As to Tom Dupree's commentary on lack of secondary "bits" within the pictures, I wonder how he overlooked the flying frog, the contents of the safe, and the safe itself, the material Len is looking at in a couple of frames... By and large, however, I've had plenty of egoboo in all the readers' comments, and also from in person comments, on my work. I appreciate it, quiveringly. I have been given to understand that Bhob Stewert, whom I've never met, is not too happy with the Quivers, and legitimately so in some respects -- I won't go into all that here. One point, however, I think should be mentioned. The QUIP #1 Quiver was deliberately intended, of course, as a take-off on the VOID covers, as is the idea of having multi-page covers at all. But QUIP is not VOID, and the Quivers are not VOID covers. I am not Bhob Stewert. Thus the Quivers are becoming more and more the work of Arnie and Len and me and should be so considered. Ted White has pointed out to me that Q. Wertyuiop was Bhob's brainchild and rightly was distressed that Q. was evolving away from his VOID presentation -- in the fourth Quiver, and where he appears in the present one, I have tried to rectify that...but the artwork is my own, as is the style. I don't think anyone would confuse the last two or three issues of QUIP with copies of VOID, and for those sensetive to style not even the first one, despite the kidding we do about it.

Re the current cover -- when Arnie sent me the original script for it, I questioned delineating Jack Gaughan as a strictly STFnal artist, for it seemed to me that his faanish work is just about as faanish as anything can be and top grade to boot -- witness NYCon Comics. Arnie agreed, but he commented that he is best-known for his science fictional work, just as, at present, I am best known as a faanish artist. This got me thinking again, for the umpteenth time since I've come into this world of fandom --yes, I'm a fan, but how faanish am I? My fanac is minimal, and it is so only partly because my spirit duper was purloined last May. I've learned some of the jargon, it's true, but I don't collect fanzines (those I get for one reason or other I read, enjoy, and keep, but there is nothing in me that leaps at a box of fanzines for sale a la Len Bailes), and the discussions of the Grand Old Zines of Yesteryear within these pages and at Gistfa and Fanoclast meetings intrigue me but slightly. I am still an avid and omniverous SD reader, but back-date issues, other than my now-small collection of relatively recent F&SF's, do not make me reach out automatically to grasp



them in my hot little hand. In fact, I rarely purchase magazines any more at all, my reading being limited to S-F and Fantasy novels (though within that limitation the range is omni). I regret the loss, through circumstances I won't go into here, of a couple of hundred Galaxy's and F&SF's and Amazing's and Fantastic's from the 50's that I used to own, plus a copy of Unknown containing "Wheels of If" and the two issues of (I think) Amazing that contained the Green Man stories. I also regret the piles of comic books tossed out in 1953 when I moved north from Texas -- who could know then how valuable those Captain Marvel's and EC comics would be today? -- but I regret their loss for themselves, not for their current resale value. (Anyone remember a super hero called Antaeus? In Greek mythology, Antaeus was a giant, the son of Poseidon and Gaea, who would remain undefeated as long as he remained in contact with his mother Earth. Hercules defeated him by holding him up in the air and there strangling him. In the comic book story line, he had been doomed by the Gods to remain on earth as a statue, only to be released -- temporarily -- when help was needed. As I recall, the statue was in a museum, and when some sort of trouble threatened, Antaeus would come to life and go set it straight... all with the limitation that he had to be in contact with the ground. And of course, as soon as the wrong was righted, he had to go back to the museum and be a statue again. Seems as though I remember he'd cry out to the Gods, "When will my sins be expiated.", or words to that effect. Talk about super-heroes with super-problems! Talk about trivia!)

Well, fannish (or faanish) or not, here I am! Maybe I ought to find a copy of "The Enchanted Duplicator" again and reread it, and then get to work on my brand-new reconditioned second hand A.B.Dick 90....

---C. Ross Chamberlain

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Ted White came as Mr. Clean

D.G.V.A.

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We were standing with Kirsten in the banquet room, talking to Elmer "God" Perdue. Mr. Perdue bought Mrs. Nelson a drink, and then handed her a ten-dollar bill and turned around to talk to somebody else.

Mrs. Nelson looked long at the ten-dollar bill, unbelieving. She was just about to run away to Mexico and take dope when Mr. Perdue reappeared, grinning drunkenly, and removed the bill from her hands.

"The Lord giveth," said Mr. Perdue, "and the Lord taketh away."

---Calvin W. \*Biff\* Demmon  
(in FLYING FROG #10)



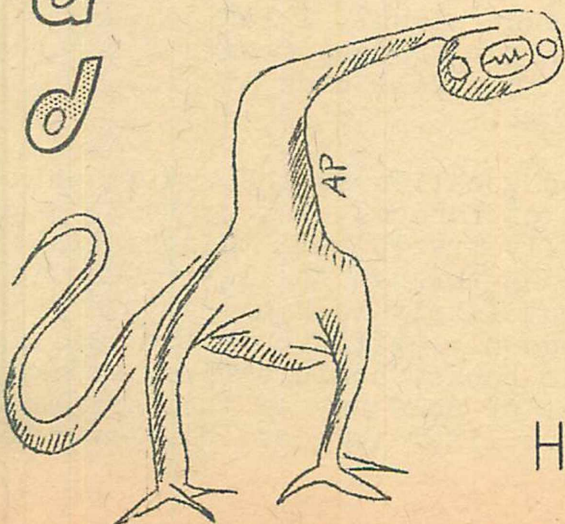
# i h a d l o c s i n m y h e a d

A couple of years ago, I told practically all in some fanzine or other, on how I find the patience and energy to write a loc to most issues of most fanzines reaching me. Fortunately, this article did not inspire anyone to go and do likewise, for nobody else in fandom has begun to turn up in the letter columns with the same nauseating regularity as I do. I have no intention of repeating that how to article this time. Instead, it might be the time to remove completely any ambitions that might be budding in some neofan's mind about how fine a way this would be to get his name before fandom regularly. Because, you see, a loc hack's life is not as carefree and happy as the innocent newcomer to fandom might assume. For instance, even hardened, grizzled veterans of many fan feuds and fan hoaxes may never have realized this frightening fact: there is such a thing as the loc on a loc that doesn't appear in a loc section of a fanzine but instead in the mailbox of the loc writer.

Either good luck or restraint at the typewriter has saved me from getting into too many fusses as a result of the things fanzine editors quote from my letters in their loc sections. But once in a while, perhaps every three or four months, I discover that I opened my mouth a little too far that night when I was half-asleep and in a bad mood from something that happened at the office. The loc that winged from Hagerstown on that occasion got published in part, and the part that wasn't deleted riled someone. As a rule, the people who write directly to me, locs on my locs, are neither the bnf's nor the complete neos. The former group are sufficiently familiar with me to realize that I usually mean well, they are less likely to mistake an attempted jest for a deadly insult, and they know I'm bullheaded enough not to change my opinion as a result of their protest. The newest fans seem to be a bit frightened of me, for some reason, unwilling to dispute my remarks, as if they were ex cath-

edra pronouncements from someone too important to be contradicted. But the in-between groups, the fairly active fans, the fringe fans, the fans who have been active for just a year or two but haven't been in direct touch with me -- these are the ones who can and do bristle like a porcupine on Halloween at something I wrote with malice toward none.

There have been three such instances in the fairly recent



HARRY WARNER



past, all of which had reasonably happy endings. One fan took exception to a comment that I'd made on his review of a prozine story, and I was flabbergasted to find myself dragging out the yarn in question and engaging in a lengthy discussion of its plot, something I hadn't thought any piece of science fiction worthy of for a decade. Neither of us really convinced the other, but there is no longer any danger that fandom at large will see me engaging in such an undignified debate, because at my correspondent's request, I sent both sides of our correspondence to the fanzine that published the original review. The editor had sense enough not to publish those thousands of words of nitpicking.

A fan on another continent wrote to me more in anger than in sorrow, when he assumed that some of my statements accused him and his nation of bigotry. It took quite a bit of correspondence to straighten this out to our mutual satisfaction. There was no danger of my losing my patience, because I knew how he felt. Many years ago, I got accused of bigotry in fandom. There was no doubt that the accuser meant it, in that previous case, and I remember the fear I felt that all my efforts to disprove the accusation would fail.

The third incident was a real big thing. It was perhaps the most exciting thing that has happened to me in fandom since the day San Young took his first step in my living room under the unbelieving gaze of a who's who of the fandom of the era, like parents Andy and Jean, Dick Bney, and John Berry. I regret to say that I am not going to give details on the first sentence of this paragraph. If you ever read a piece of faan fiction written by me that seems too outlandish to be worth finishing, you'll know that I decided to tell the episode in the form of a story. For now, I don't care to say more than that a non-fan came into encounter with fandom under unfortunate circumstances, took literally a couple of figurative statements in a loc by me, I first became aware of what was going on when I got a long distance warning that he was on his way to Hagerstown to clobber me, and before it was all over fandom almost got investigated by the CIA.

The only kind of locs on my locs that I ignore are those from Burroughs fans. By some inscrutable law of nature, every six months some worshipful fan stops burning incense at the shrine of ERB long enough to write me a loc, asking just why I hinted in my loc that Burroughs was not the greatest master of English prose, plotting, and philosophy that this continent has ever known? I learned long ago that it's completely impossible to argue or debate with Burroughs fans. You can yell at them and let them yell back at you, nothing more, and I'm getting too old for that.

One pleasant outcome of the loc vocation is the way it brings a person into contact with the byways of fandom. Newcomers to fandom and members of subfandoms occasionally try to sell things or attract locs or augment mailing lists by going through the letter section of some fanzine or other and picking out likely-looking names and addresses. Somehow or other, I've suddenly gotten onto the mailing list of quite a few dealers in comic books, comic strips, and related items, even though I've never bought or sold any of this merchandise and have never written much about the literature of this particular



subfandom. There is a variety of delight to be found just leafing through these catalogs, an unlikely dividend from some forgotten loc somewhere. I wonder, for instance, if my memory cells responsible for information on Radio Patrol would have ever had anything to do, if I hadn't spotted that title in a list of Sunday pages for sale? I remember it as a realistic-type law enforcement comic strip of the middle 1930's, much better drawn than most comics, with quite good dialog, a sort of Open City in comparison with the glamourized and distorted crime strips of the period. I regret to see that it's in disgrace nowadays, selling in this list for 50¢ per page. Terry and the Pirates, which I never liked particularly, sells for four and five times as much. Just in case you've never been around a bunch of comics fans, your sense of wonder might return from limbo if subjected to the comic book price lists. Maybe these prices are asking prices instead of the actual figures for which material changes hands, or maybe these prices are convenient indexes for setting values for exchanging publications instead of figures that someone might actually pay in cash. Whatever the truth, nobody seems excited at a list price of \$25 or \$30 for a single issue of this or that comic book that hasn't even gained belated fame through a Dick Lupoff fanzine or a television production.

Perhaps the best and worst results of the loc hack reputation are identical: the large number of fanzines that this reputation brings in. This is best, because after all these years I still dearly love to read fanzines, even bad ones, but particularly good ones, and I'm sure I would never have the patience to write the dull kind of letters to get them, the ones in which you say that you're enclosing 25¢ and will you please send me the issue that Buck Coulson reviewed so favorably. That kind of letter is a bore and a nuisance to write; the loc is a challenge and at least a subordinate type of creativity. This is worst, because it becomes a serious problem to keep up with the loc duties. By averaging five of the things each week, I can manage to keep up fairly well with newly arrived fanzines. But let just one minor event occur to rock the boat, and I fall so far back that it seems impossible ever to catch up again. And always there is the terrible suspicion that, some day, nature's system of checks and balances that prevents animal and vegetable species from overwhelming the world will take its eye off fandom for a brief period of time and suddenly fanzines will start to appear twice as fast as previously, and how will I get the loc's written then? As I write this article, my situation's typical: I'm almost completely up to date on loc duties involving English language fanzines, only one of which remains unprocessed; but there is a six inch stack of German fanzines awaiting loc's, which I'd neglected for some weeks while I reduced the stack of English-language fanzines to manageable proportions. Inevitably, I'll ignore newly arrived English-language fanzines for the span of time required to get caught up on these German publications and as a result someone will publish another issue of his fanzine before I've commented on the previous issue and he'll mention that fact in his loc section and I'll feel like a heel. If there's a moral in all this for the neofan, it is this: don't learn another language, if you must become a loc hack.

--- Harry Warner



You gave me a bad moment there with Elco, Nevada, Arnie- bhabby I thought the Ultimate had happened. Someone had named a town "Edco". You know, like Truth-or-Consequences, Nevada or New Mexico or wherever it is. (NBC?) But it is QUIP-time again for Thanksgiving is approaching and it will truly be a time of Thanksgiving as Len Bailes thanks Somebody (or -thing) that every issue of QUIP won't be so large.

DEPT OF THE When that Great Day of Enlightenment comes and Faans  
NAME OF THE take over the world... I mean, like, we are going to,  
.....: aren't we?...things will change. There'll be a mimeo in  
every den and the paper companies will be owned by fans  
(and go broke...) and I'll be President of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing  
Company (It's the nearest) and there'll be no more wars and fans won't  
have to work...all good things like that, from the indications I get  
reading in some fanzines, anyhow. But there'll be the little things  
which will really make the difference, that'll help us feel that  
we're living in the Utopian Fanworld. Like the changing of names.

First, the naming of geographical areas, political and administrative areas and so on. I mean, wouldn't Andy Porter like to live

# HEAVILY

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ED COX

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# TWICE

on Algol Avenue? Right? See? And Lee Hoffman wouldn't have to put "Basement" in her address any more. How about "Quandry Quarters"? Of course, this presents some problems. Dave Hulan and I can't both live on Auslander Avenue. One of us would have to settle for Stobcler Street, I guess. We'll flip... And Len Bailes would get to live on QUIP Court, since Arnie already lives on Patton Boulevard...you all do remember Frank Patton of course. "War Worker I7" and "The Test Tube Girl" and..you don't? Don't bother!

Of course, there's the problem of naming states. Frankly, with Zip Codes we won't need them, so the country will be sectioned off into major areas according to Worldcon bidding rotation. Right? Okay. And the town and city names could be changed according to local groups. Seattle, then, would remain Nameless, but Los Angeles would be ...named...well, forget it! New York would be easy. We'd have various boroughs like FISTFA, LUNARIA, etc., although it might mean some moving around for some people. Boston becomes Boskone, Albuquerque becomes Dynatron, New Mexico. I guess you're beginning to ~~see~~ see the point. Which now leaves one more name to be settled. The country as a whole. Following the trend of naming of names to its



logical conclusion, there is only one large national club...that... would....

Oh the hell with it!

CURRENT TOPICS, After the foregoing bit, I'd better put something in DEPARTMENT OF: here to bring us back to the cool world of reality, peace, and sanity. Ronald Reagan is our new Governor out here. Wowee, does that mean they'll stop showing his old movies on late television? Huh? Does it mean his residuals will stop? Does it mean they'll start showing old newsclips of Pat Brown on late television? Will he get residuals? Will I change topics?

One of the candidates, from the Garden Grove area, is alleged to have disappeared shortly before the election at the same time as \$14,000. of public money disappeared. He still got nearly 90,000 votes. Is this why John Trimble has moved out of this area? And how long will Ron Ellik stand for it?

There's a guy in Washington D.C who wants to reform the calendar...yeh, another one. Only he's Doing Something about it. He's lanfscaping; rebuilding his whole garden into a gigantic, monumental, concrete (literally) visualization of his Universal Calendar. He's Prof. Walter Rothe and you guys in D.C. watch for him at your meetings. He sounds like faaan material! His year has 13 28-day months, has Orbit Day (New Years to us) which sounds pretty stfish, and all weeks begin on the same date. That is, Sundays always fall on the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th. Think how this would simplify apa-deadlines, QUIP deadlines...etc. Anyhow, his garden is full of walkways and cement and tile displays dramatizing his whole concept. It's called "The Garden of Almanalogy and Astrometry". The Orbit Shrine sounds like a cocktail lounge, but it isn't. The whole place sounds like a nice site for a regional con. Or at least local club-meetings. At least it would serve as a conversation piece when fans stopped arguing about how quarterly apas would exist in a 13-month calendar.

DAT OLE DEBBIL RE- What again? Of course! Except for a very few  
LIGION DEPARTMENT: fans, religion as it is known outside the doctrines of Foo, Ghu, Roscoe and Beer, plus other splinter-sects, isn't very well accepted by fandom. And we know we Need it. Fandom is always looking around... I mean, it briefly embraced, to some extent, and gave up, Shaverism. And Dianetics survives only by a thread here and there. What we need is the Real Thing. I mean actual Christianity. The True Word. Stop us from reading this Godless Science Fiction. So's we can devote even more time to faandom. Other than the hours we spend in our devotion to the Real Religion. But, as Tom Lehrer said, you gotta make the product appealing. Right? And so far, fandom hasn't been sold on it. Showmanship and Putting It Ø/ Across hasn't been successful in attracting great droves of fans into the Fold.

Well, I've found just the thing for fandom in the way of True Religion. I'm not kidding.



It's sort of a revival campaign which will appeal to fans everywhere. It's located in Los Angeles (and aren't all fans gradually migrating out here anyhow?) and is known as the World Church. (I think it's in Aimee Semple MacPherson's old location). Every Saturday the paper had big ads in the Church and Religion section proclaiming the "Beautiful Ministry" of Rev. Velma Mary Lee Jagers. Complete with a photo of her in her white robes and all. But this wasn't all. It showed a shot of the overflow crowds and let the avid reader know why crowds overflowed.

Sunday night: "The 4 Living Creatures of Youth"

A LIVE LION  
A LIVE EAGLE  
A LIVE CALF  
A LIVE MAN

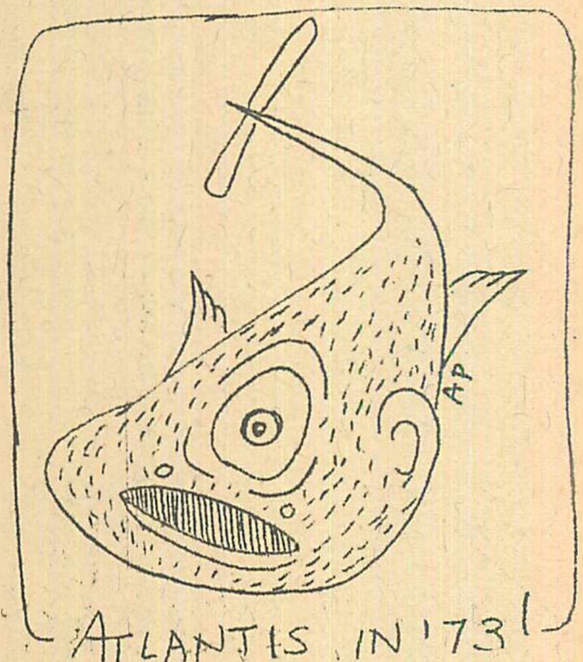
The 4 living  
Creatures of the  
Book of Revelation

Will Be Seen Alive on the Stage  
Let Down in Gold Cages from Above

How could you pass up a spectacle like that? And if you did, then there was another night of The Greatest Spiritual Awakening in the World Today, etc., the theme of which was Youth-a-Go-Go. Yeh, man, "4 young girls in gold cages doing the watusi, jerk, swim, frug, etc. with typical long hair, boots, and clothes, wild-wild music." Anne wouldn't let me go. It wasn't so much that I wanted to see if the girls were topless (she said it wasn't a bar...) but I wanted to see Miss Velma Descending 40 Feet From The Ceiling in a Gold Cage and Speaking From A Gold Cage. The photo only showed her again, standing there in her white robes and white hair, pointing outward toward something.

But the "Youth in Flight!" sermon ought to have appealed to fans...yes sir, "Miss Velma Will Descend Out of the Sky On A Giant White Eagle and Preach Her Sermon on the Eagle!" And the big photo in the ad (third of a page) shows her on the eagle! No wonder "hundreds standing" and "many turned away every Sunday night". Then there was the "Swing Low Sweet Chariot of Youth!" in which "Miss Velma Will Drive A Fiery Chariot Pulled By Two White Horses Hundreds of Feet Before the Congregation And Up Into the Sky!". I don't know if she preached her sermon from it, though.

Now I could've listened to all this on the radio but would much rather have gone down there to see what would be going on in the gold cages during the "Sex and Youth" sermon. Nobody said anything





about them gold cages in that ad but only showed Miss Velma on a ramp since "Miss Velma will preach her entire Sermon from a ramp over the congregation -- out in the congregation!" I saw something like that one time down in LA. It was called the "runway" but no airplane took off on it. Girls took off on it.

But fans may wonder, really, why I bring all this to their attention, other than my sincere desire to see Religion come back in fandom. Well, did it ever leave? I guess it couldn't leave from whence it never was. But I expect an onrush from all over the country when I reveal that this is our kind of religion. I discovered this when I read of the sermon "ASTRONAUTS AND COSMONAUTS OF YOUTH!" "WHY SPACESHIPS AND SPACEMEN FROM OTHER WORLDS HAVE LANDED ON EARTH! MISS VELMA WILL DESCEND FROM HIGH OUT OF THE SKIES IN A SPACESHIP WEARING A GOLD SPACESUIT AND SPACE HELMET AND PREACH HER ENTIRE SERMON FROM A SPACE SHIP SURROUNDED BY SPACEMEN! Positive Proof that Actual Spacemen from Mars and other Worlds have landed on earth!"

It must be true since the photo showed Miss Velma standing, space helmet on one arm, in a flying saucer whizzing through the heavens.

WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE? DEPT: Recently my attention was attracted to something that Representative Martha Griffiths of Michigan is troubled about. I mean, we have the World Church in Los Angeles, Michigan has Mrs. Griffiths. We have all seen the sexy stewardesses on airliners and we all have seen bits about the Schools they go to, how they have to be bright as well as sexy and mainly single. And how important business men and like that marry them like hotcakes, one to a customer, though. Oops, there's a key word. "Customer". Mrs. Griffiths is ostensibly trying to ram through legislation to take out of the hands of the airlines one of the job qualifications they've set. That their women be single. Discrimination based on sex.

"What are you running...an airline or a whorehouse?" was the way she put it.

Good Lordaroonies, have we been missing out on something fellas? Is this why Lee Jacobs kept flying back and forth to jobs in Atlanta? What airline was that, Lee-baby? Maybe they really do fly United on United! All this crap about movies and music has been a cover-up! What goes on in those Deluxe First Class compartments? Is this connected with all that liquor and champagne and everything?

The price can't be in the ticket, so it must be a cash transaction, of course. Or is the new string of airline credit cards part of the cover-up? Hmmm. I can see it now... Two businessmen are planning to fly to New York and have a conversation, the idioms of which may not be exactly Madison Ave.--ese but...

"Hey, man, which airline you gonna use this time?"

"Well, I hear there's a new red-head on flight 541..." leering.

"Oh, that's the 'Red-eye' into New York, isn't it?"



"Y eh, man, nobody gets any sleep on that one...it's a swinger...lost three deals last year on account of it!"

Or the new guy, just discovering the bit. "But I can't believe it! How can it be true?"

"Well, what d'ya think that partitioned-off compartment is for anyway? Do you really think they mean it when they ask 'Coffee, tea, or milk?'? You tell 'em, 'YOU baby!' "

"Are all flights like that?"

"Oh, hell no, they gotta keep the straight flights for the tourists and family types. Can't let this get out of hand, you know. Spoil the whole bit!"

"But how do I know which one to take?"

"Look for the planes that have red lights on both wing-tips, baby! And, lemme give you a tip! Try United Delta's Flight 69 to New Orleans sometime, Wowee!"

Well, how do we know, right?

And that ought to keep it nailed down for this time. Next time I'll try to be more faanish since QUIP is, after all, a faanish type fanzine. Right? And since this is the last issue for 1966, it is appropriate that I wish all my devoted readers, both of you, a Merry Christmas and a Happy Orbit Day!

--- Ed Cox

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Welcome back to Fandom, Rich Mann!

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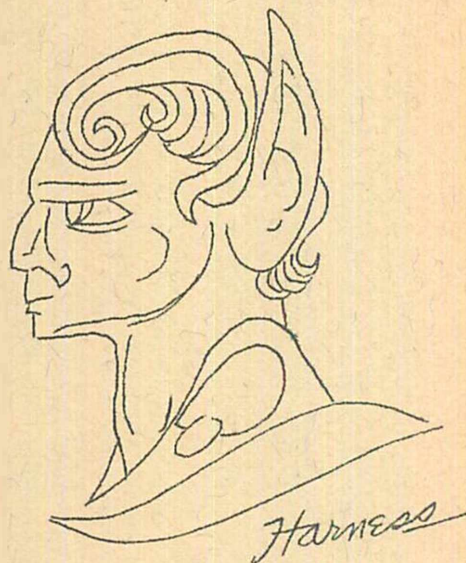
"I think we should add a new editor every issue," I said. "Every Issue Bigger! Next issue we can add Jeff Wanshel, and the issue after that we'll get Dave Rike to move out here--we'll write him to start walking immediately--and then maybe Lee Hoffman..."

"You're getting gung-ho," said Pete.

"You're putting us on," said Ted.

"No I'm not," I said. "It's a great bit. ... Eventually we can say, 'This Is Your Magazine!' Mainly, because our whole mailing list will be composed of VOID coeditors."

-- Terry Carr  
(in VOID #26)





Once upon a time there was a little fellow who lived in the Bronx. His name was Michael Camp. He was a Dope Addict. "Hey," he would cry out from the Bronx each morning, "U need some Dope." He had never learned the Jargon of the Regular Addicts, because none of them would speak to him "He is too little," they all said, " and he lives in the Bronx. All the other addicts lived in Scarsdale.

One day Michael Camp, hurting for some Dope, decided he would travel into the City. He hopped a Subway Train and, twenty or thirty minntes later, was standing on 42nd Street. "Hey," he hollared at the top of his lungs, "I need some Dope." Everybody laughed at him.. They all knew that a real Junkie would be Cool, and ask for a Fix. They thought he was a Bring-Down.

But there was a very clever pusher on 42nd Street named Gar-

THE  
SAGA  
OF

MICHAEL



CAMP

CALVIN DEMMON  
and ARNIE KATZ



rett. He approached Michael Camp carefully. "Am I to understand," he said with restraint, "that you wish some sort of narcotic?"

"Oh, yes," cried Michael, tears of joy streaming down his cheeks.

"Well," said Garrett. "Anybody who has read this far is probably Pretty Annoyed."

"Yes," said Michael Camp. "I suppose you are right."

"Then, Camp, shall we drop this pretense and stand revealed as we Are?"

"Okay," said Camp.

So they took off all their clothes, and, lo and behold, they were really a rabbit and a turtle.

Once upon a time there was a rabbit who lived in the Bronx. His name was Michael Camp. He had a pet turtle named Garrett.

"Hey," said Michael Camp one day, "didn't I see you on 42nd St.

"Not likely," said Garrett. "What do you think I am, a dope peddler?"

"I'm afriad I do," Michael Camp said carefully, measuring each syllable and flashing his badge.

"Well, I guess that tears it," said Garrett resignedly, after trying unsuccessfully to break from Camp's vicelike grip on his wrist. "One question though: Why did we have to go through this rabbit-turtle relationship before you nabbed me for being a pusher?"

"Well," said Michael Camp, "you don't understand." He smiled briefly. "I am not a Narcotics Agent. I don't care if you are a Pusher or not. I am really a fanatic who hates turtles." Hate curdled briefly in his eye. (Things like this happen!)

"Oh," said Garrett, resignedly.

"Viewed in its proper perspective, "this from Camp's open mouth, " this might seem a little -- well, a little roundabout, I suppose. But you can never be too careful. The other day I arrested a turtle only to find that he was really a 60-watt incandescent lamp."

"Yes," said Garret resignedly. "There are risks in any game." He flashed a winning hand. Garrett gathered in the pot. He rolled it into a joint and smoked it. "We can't all be winners," he said.

"This is true," replied Michael Camp.

Once upon a time there was a cardplayer named Michael Bronx,



who was very campy. He was also an exquisitely bad cardplayer. The LASFS would have Loved Michael Bronx. He, Michael Bronx, was in the middle of a high stakes poker game with Garrett.

"Say, Garrett, were you ever a turtle?" asked Michael. Garrett dealt the cards expertly.

"Do you want to make something of it?" This came from Garrett's sneering mouth.

"Well, no," said Michael Bronx, who always believed in being Fair. "One cannot hold the Past of a Dope Peddler against him. What he has been once is not necessarily what he is today. We should not make Value Judgements about the lives of other men. You aren't still a turtle, are you?"

"You haven't fooled me for a minute," snapped Garrett. "I realized right from the time you ate your third head of lettuce that you were not the campy, exquisitely bad cardplayer you made yourself out to be.

"Well," said Michael, as he pulled off his Clever Plastic Disguise, "I am really Michael Scarsdale, agent of Rightious Arroused to Beat Baddies Intending Trouble."

With a smile on his cruel lips, Garrett said, "And I am Garrett of Traitors United to Ravage Teenage Lassies Everywhere. All right, Michael Scarsdale, drop that carrot!"

Once upon a time there was a Secret Agent named Michael Scarsdale. Michael Scarsdale never made any Close Friends, because he felt that everyone shunned him, because it was Kind of a Drag to always have a Secret Agent around. He never realized how wrong he was. Actually, people shunned him because he came from the Bronx. Across from him sat his arch-enemy, Garrett of T.U.R.T.L.E. Michael Scarsdale was in fact covered by his own trust .357 Carrot. Although he was cornered, Scarsdale was not one to give up easily.

"Have some of this, Dope," Michael Scarsdale sneered from his mouth, as he threw a handful of radishes he had slipped into his hand for just such an emergency. Garrett jumped back in surprise. The carrot spoke harshly three times, as Scarsdale jumped from his chair, exposing his most recent losing poker hand. Garrett, momentarily blinded by the radishes, ripped off the remaining five shots in the clip. Michael Scarsdale got to his feet.

"All right, Garrett, your Career of Crime is Over."

"Curses, Foiled Again," said Garrett, resignedly.

"Well, Garrett, now that you are about to Reap the Evil you have Sown, will you answer me one question?" said the agent from R.A.B.B.I.T.

"Yes."



"Haven't we met before, Garret?" The words came from his mouth.

"Yes, Michael Scarsdale, Secret Agent, on 42nd Street."

"You were the Pusher," said Michael Scarsdale.

"And you were the poor young Addict who wanted to buy some Dope. You were using a different name then, weren't you?"

"I was called Michael Camp in those days," Michael replied with a look of distaste on his face.

"Do you know why I took pity on you?" asked Garrett.

"No."

"It was because you were my illegitimate son," said Garrett.

"You Bastard," said Michael Scarsdale. Michael Camp, to use his real name, lunged forward and grabbed the lapels of Garrett's Robert Hall suit. "You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

"No, indeedn, you are a Bastard," said Garrett, hoping Michael wouldn't ruin the lapels of his Robert Hall suit.

"That certainly is the most wonderful thing I have heard this week. All my life I've wanted something to set me off from the rest of the WASPs." This as he let go of Garrett's lapels. "Once I prayed for three days for God to turn me into a Jew, so I could have an Ethnic Culture. Now I have a Scene of my very own. I can be Hip and In." He danced around the room happily. Garrett slipped away.

Once upon a time, there was a swinging cat who lived in the Bronx named Michael Camp, only Not Really. One day when he was hurting for some Dope, for Michael Camp was a Dope Fiend, he hopped on a Subway Train and, twenty or thirty minutes, found himself on 42nd Street. Which was Strange (but True!), since he hadn't lost himself there. "I need a Fix real bad, man," Michael Camp said out of the side of his mouth to a little fellow who looked like a likely Pusher.

"Ahahaha," said the Pusher, "this is certainly a laugh on you. I am really Harlan Ellison, posing as a Pusher to get material for my next smash best seller."

"Well, man, if you're really going to write a book on what it's Really Like to be an Addict, give me a fix and I'll let you watch me shoot up."

"I'm sorry, but I have no Dope to sell you. Actually, I am writing a book about Convicted Addicts. You are under Citizen's Arrest." As he didn't want to be the star of such a book, Michael Camp was anxious to Split the Scene, but he was kneed in the groin by Ellison, who dragged him off to jail.

--- Calvin W. \*Biff\* Demmon  
and Arnie Katz



# ONE WILL GET YOU TWO

I can see it now.

It would be a nice ploy...a cleverly plotted campaign to abolish the single-editor fanzine! Naturally, as with any campaign, slogans would be necessary.

"Double Your Fun, While Halving Your Expenses!"; "Double Your Mailing List With Half The Work!"

Yes.\*

The Opposition -- being the Opposition -- would rally in last issue desperation in an attempt to preserve their soleidarity. "Yuuk!!" they'd cry (with two exclamation marks, yet). "Consider this: Double Your Trouble!"

Failing with this (they being the Opposition...remember?), the feud would begin, the dirt would be flung, and they would offer,

"Halve Your Egoboo!"

Which really wouldn't be too sporting of them, all things considered.

+

Seriously now, I don't think we would really want to eliminate the solo editor, but the co- or multi-edited fanzines have much to recommend them. Rather than being detrimental, I think they might be considered supplimental to the singularly perpetrated genzine, idzine, apazine -- and all those other weird type -zines.

Certainly you want your Very Own Fanzine. I do; that's why I publish an idzine for Shadow FAPA. The co-editorship bit need not be an Always-type thing; but the experience cannot help but be beneficial.

Consider, for a moment, the advantages of a dual editorship.

Perhaps you are an eager young fan, as yet inexperienced in the finicky art of Fanzine Publishing. For you, tying together with another young fan -- a business marriage of sorts -- has certain ob-

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\* "Yes" -- courtesy of Dave Van Arnam.

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BILL BOWERS

2



vious advantages. Money is a commodity whose scarcity is well known among younger fans, as well as the not-so-young. Splitting in half the unavoidable expenses -- publishing equipment, paper, postage, etc. -- encourages a more regular publication schedule. Frequent publication provides more experience, which should produce better editors and in turn, better fanzines. In addition, with less worry about paying for the basics, you may want to acquire some of the luxuries of the trade. Fancy lettering guides, offset covers, bribed pros, gestofaxed illos...the possibilities are limitless.

So, if you're that young, unpublished fan who's caught the inescapable publishing bug, look around for someone in similar straits. In doing so you may well avoid the mistake so many of us have made, by first putting out what is kindly referred to as a Crudzine. (Talk about your THURBAN I...seen a copy of ABANICO #1 lately?)

Before I lose all of you who are not young and inexperienced: You, too, can benefit from the two-man concept. For example, you can merely be two fans, old and weary, leaning on each other for mutual support. I'm thinking here of Bowers and Mallardi, but I might also suggest Hulan and Cox.

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A Minor Intrusion: Lest the advantages of co-editing, which are many, seem insurmountable to the one-man, I think it only fair to mention that there is only one tiny little sour note, that matter of egoboo. Now -- whether it be right or neigh -- I have recieved my share of egoboo from DOUBLE:BILL. Invariably, however, when I first encounter a new face at a convention, I recieve a standard greeting.

"Oh...you're half of DOUBLE:BILL!"

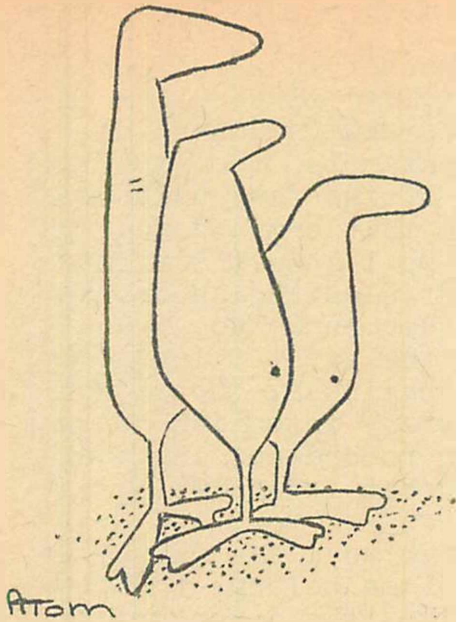
A minor bitch perhaps, but naturally, I'd prefer to be recognized for my own merits occassionally -- or lack thereof. But such is the price of fame, I guess.

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Upon close examination, we find that there are three sub-groupings within the realm of co-editing. In terms of decreasing intimacy, the first sub-group is that in which the editorship consists of a husband and wife team. The Coulsons are definitely the most successful example of this in the genzine field, while BJohn take the honor in the apas. Following this, we find the group in which the editors are located within one city, or at least within visiting distance. The Cox/Hulan team springs easiest to mind.

Thus, by a process of elimination, we arrive at the third --and most difficult in terms of logistics -- sub-group. Strangely enough, it also seems to have suddenly become the most prevalent. Number three is that group in which the editors are located in widely separated places -- Arnie K and Len B, for example. Which leads me to speculate...I am not aware of the current existance of a trans-Atlantic co-edited fanzine. But eventually --assuming I know fans -- there





will probably be one. Maybe by 1971. (When I brought this up to Arnie at the Tricon, he put forth WAW as co-editor of SFFY, but we decided that this didn't count in the true sense of the issue.

Once we have postulated these three groupings, you would assume that our troubles are over. But these co-edited jobs... we might call them Dual Fanzines, since Labels are Handy...have the weirdest habit of evolving, and not only in content. D:B was hatched in group two and is presently in the third or remote control group. Then, the possibility exists (preferably if one of the editors is female) that a second stage dualzine might revert to group one. Buck Coulson pulled a variation on this.

The actual process of choosing one's potential co-editor is a subject to which an entirely separate article could be devoted. Briefly, ~~her name should be Sylvia, Robin, or John~~ wherever possible try to pick someone whose interests and talents lie in a somewhat different direction than your own. This adds spice and variety and keeps your product from being a one man fanzine produced by two people. I enjoy doing layouts, while Mallardi enjoys cranking King Rex.

Besides adding variety to your fanzine, some of this diversity rubs off on you. I've picked up some of my lesser attempts at humor from Mallardi, while he has patiently acquired the art of misspelling without Really Trying from me. Other than that, we get along fine.

So, if you're feeling old and gafiated, if you think you've Tried Everything, why not take a crack at a Dual Fanzine. I think you may well find it an enjoyable experience. The least it will do is provide someone to insult when you write articles for other fanzines.

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An Even More Minor Intrusion: Select your title with care. I speak from experience. Recently DOUBLE:BILL acquired a third editor -- Earl Evers. We still haven't figured that one out. Take heed.

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Oh yes...I'll be expecting your's and what'shisname's dualzine in my mailbox Real Soon Now.

(I may even send you this article after Arnie rejects it.)

--- Bill Bowers



# FOR THE RECORD

## WALLY WEBER

The manner in which I became involved in peculiar situations has always amazed me. Take, for example, the fact that I own one of the few businesses in Seattle that cuts phonograph records. Do I know the first thing about electronics or recording equipment? No, I don't. Do I know the first thing about running a business? No, I don't. Did I have any intention of owning my own record-cutting business? You bet I didn't!

As near as I can figure it out, the blame belongs to Walter C. Welke, the director of the University of Washington band. I was using one of the University practice rooms to blow my trombone; I lived in an apartment at the time and was not about to risk the wrath of my neighbors by playing trombone at home. Mr Welke, in a weak moment, invited me to play in a summer band he was directing -- anything to keep me from making all that racket in the practice room.

Fate singled me out to sit next to a small, grey haired gentleman named Edward S. Gray. He, too, played trombone, but from there on the resemblance between us ended. Where I would sit quietly and accept whatever orders Mr. Welke gave, Mr. Gray carried on a perpetual conversation and often argued with Mr. Welke about the fine points of directing a summer band.

His conversations with me usually dealt with how the seating arrangement could be improved, suggestions for new music he wished the band would play, and criticism of the way some of the soloists handled certain musical phrases. But after awhile, his talk concentrated on his own orchestra, which he was in the process of organizing.



Mr Gray's orchestra was designed to bring music back into the Church. Mr. Gray had long been disturbed by the fact that, while organs and pianos were much in demand at church functions, other instruments -- trombones for example -- were seldom allowed to participate. Mr Gray wept for the millions of Christian musicians throughout the world who were forced to prostitute their talent in jazz bands under sordid conditions, because their churches had no place for them. He was going to change all that. His orchestra would provide a place for these religious musicians. He knew I would like my position as trombonist in his newly organized orchestra.

There I sat, missing my cue and earning a frown from conductor Welke, trying to figure out how I had become a part of Mr. Gray's orchestra. I was probably the least religious musician in the room -- I wasn't even against religion, let alone in favor of it. And I would have gloried in the opportunity to prostitute my talent in the world's most sordid jazz band.

The church we were to play in was on the other side of Seattle from where I lived. I wondered at the time about jumping in the first time at a performance without having rehearsed previously, but I had promised Mr. Gray I would be there for the ten o'clock service, and, after all, he was the director. Mr Gray met me outside the church, shook hands with me as if I had just won the Nobel Prize, and introduced me to Nora Gray, his wife.

Inside the church, Nora disappeared into the congregation, and I followed Mr. Gray to the front near the pulpit. Mr Gray rustled up some chairs (two of them) and some hymn books (again, just two) and started assembling his trombone like he knew what he was doing. I looked in vain for the rest of the orchestra, and the terrible truth slowly dawned. We, Mr Gray and I, no others, comprised the entire orchestra. I looked at the congregation, and it seemed as though everyone was looking at me, so I assembled my trombone like I knew what I was doing and sat down to await developments.

My fears that the "orchestra" would be called upon to perform, unrehearsed as we were, proved to be groundless. Our entire performance consisted of playing out of the hymnals while the congregation sang. At one point, toward the end of the service, the preacher had us introduce ourselves to the congregation, but aside from that the service went on to its conclusion without incident.

The following Sunday, Mr. Gray's orchestra had doubled in size. One of the two new members was the preacher's son, which eased my mind about our being welcome at the church. Within a couple of months the orchestra consisted of about a dozen musicians, and we were beginning to have rehearsals once each week and were given time to present special numbers at the services each Sunday. Summer band was over at the University, and I was welcoming the chance to play with Mr. Gray's organization.

Unfortunately the orchestra had been too successful in attracting new members. We were beginning to out-number the congregation



(which for some reason was decreasing even faster than the orchestra was increasing). The preacher told Mr. Gray that the mean old Board of Directors had decided that the morning services were intended for meditation and, since our brassy orchestra did not enhance the meditative aspects of these services, we were requested to cease appearing. We were not, incidently, invited to perform at unmeditative evening services.

It might be of interest to mention here that Mr. Gray had neglected to notify the church of our first performance. If nothing else, my experience with Mr. Gray's orchestra made me realize how fantastically tolerant Christians can be at times.

Mr. Gray was not about to be disillusioned by one board of directors of a small church, however. He continued adding to his orchestra and holding rehearsals, and soon we were appearing in churches of every denominations all over and about Seattle. Mr Gray named the orchestra, "Church Musicians Orchestra", and prudently obtained permission for us to perform before taking us to the churches.

Mr. Gray was working under certain handicaps, however. For one thing, he never knew ahead of time how large his orchestra was going to be or of what instruments it would consist. Also, most of the music he had been able to obtain was orchestrated for large symphony orchestras while we never numbered above thirty players and were usually as few as ten or fifteen. Since attendance was strictly voluntary, he often found himself with strange assortments of instruments. At one performance, I remember, we had two trombones, two trumpets, one clarinet, three violins, a cello, and a tympanist with triangle, cymbals, two kettle drums, and a snare drum. I wish I could remember the selections rendered that afternoon, but all I can remember is that I was playing off the bassoon part.

We seldom played at the same place a second time, but we did play in a great variety of places in the several years the orchestra existed. In additon to every make and model of church availible, we played for servicemen's clubs, old folks' homes, and hospitals. At times we were almost inhumane, I thought, playing for the mental patients who couldn't escape because the doors and windows had bars on them, and playing at the missions for starving drunks who had to endure us as the price for free soup.

Mr. Gray often added unexpected innovations to the programs at the churches where we performed. Many times after the congregation had finished a number, Mr. Gray would jump up and criticize the congregation's pronounciation or musicianship and have them sing the hymn over again under his direction. He was also much in favor of applause after a performance, a thing which no Seattle congregation normally does. He usually told the audience that he expected applause after the orchestra finished a number, and then, if he didn't think they were applauding loudly enough, he would clap loudly and yell, "Hooray!" to spur them on.

You might wonder what all this has to do with that record cutting business I started to tell you about, so I'd better skip the anecdotes that keep cropping up in my mind about the orchestra it-



self and go on to what it led up to.

It seems that Mr. Gray had this home recording machine, and he thought it might be nice to record a few numbers by a select group from the orchestra. As things always did with Mr. Gray, the plan grew more and more ambitious until one day Mr. Gray approached me with the idea of starting a recording company. "Would you like to help me?" he wanted to know, and I, thinking he meant would I help him carry and set up and hold doors open and things like that, said, "Sure."

The next thing I knew Mr Gray was shaking my hand as if I had just won my second Nobel Prize and I was a full partner in the Gray & Weber Recording Company.

Our first venture was a 78 rpm disc. On one side was "Ave Maria" on violin by Paul Rice and accompanied by Ed Ehlers on the piano. They are both good musicians, considering that neither of them are professionals. They also appeared on the other side, with Mr. Gray and me playing "Adeste Fideles". Mr. Gray was somewhat distracted by having to play and operate the recording machine at the same time and skipped a beat somewhere in the excitement, but for all that the recording was superior to the average Church Musicians Orchestra performance, probably because there were less of us to make mistakes.

We drew up home made labels for the records and had 100 of them made. We had used the wrong type of paper or ink to make the label, so the man who pressed the records had to use blank labels, leaving us to glue on the real labels afterwards.

Strangely enough there proved to be very little market for this exciting record, and eventually Mr. Gray and I split the supply between us. I still have about forty of mine left, all without labels, so if any of you out there would like a 78 rpm record, unlabeled, of the type described above, let me know and I'll ship you one while the supply lasts, which probably won't be more than the next fifty or sixty years.

But Mr. Gray was not daunted. What our company needed, he decided, was better recording equipment.

For about \$400. (payable on easy, friendly terms) we got a brand new tape recorder, a couple of microphones, and a bunch of cords, plugs, and other gadgets. One of the local radio stations sold us two obsolete turn tables complete with cutting lathes and heads, plus a couple boxes of spare parts whose uses remain a mystery to this very day. The recording amplifier that came with the turn tables didn't seem to work, so Mr. Gray found a radio repairman who built us an all-purpose amplifier for \$100.

In the eight years that the company existed, many strange and wonderful things came about. The company never made a profit, but it did pay for some new equipment, including the original investment. For the main part it was fun connecting the wires up and, sometimes, actually making a record without mishap. The equipment had been complicated to begin with, but in eight years Mr. Gray managed



to make it beyond description. He adapted the old, pre-microgroove cutters to make long-play records; he added stereo recording heads to the monaural taperecorder after being assured by the manufacturer that it could not be done; he added switches here and there to add to the confusion.

Weber & Gray (for some reason I got top billing after that first, 78 rpm, record) averaged about 1½ major (over 30 copies) records each year, plus uncounted (maybe twenty-five or thirty) individually cut records. Probably the most frightening thing that happened during the company's unsteady history was when we discovered, after five years of business, that the Federal Government has a 10% excise tax on the manufacture of records. Panic, I tell you, panic!

This glorious enterprise came to a sudden halt when Mr. Gray had a heart attack and died in July, 1961. He was buried in the cemetery across the road from the Hyatt House where the Seacon was held a few months later. His will left his half of the company to me, and I was quite certain that that would be the end of that.

It hasn't worked out that way, however. First of all, it took me half a year to get the ends tied up on the existing jobs, and by that time one of the customers wanted another record made. Then a friend of mine noticed all the pretty equipment and there developed another order of records.

I think I have things pretty well in hand now, though. I've got two more records to cut, and then I think that will be the end of it. But I've still got this state tax number and these county tax forms and the Federal Exise Tax forms that say I'm in the record-cutting business -- probably the only such business left in Seattle.

The manner in which I become involved in peculiar situations has always amazed me.

--- Wally Weber

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Len Bailes is alive and well in California.

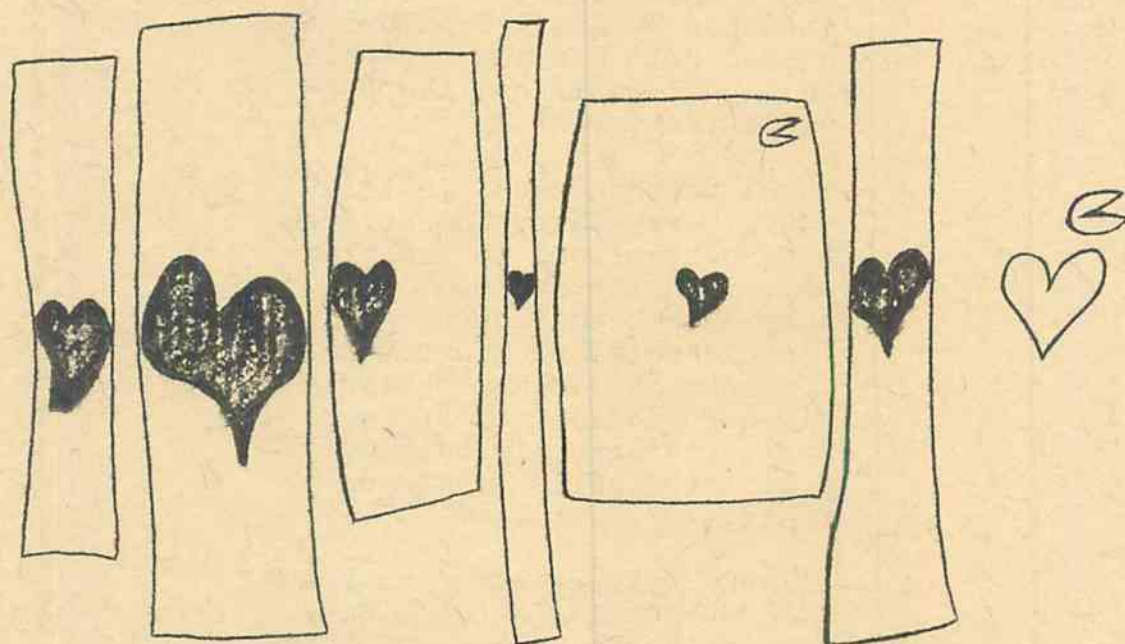
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Lee Jacobs, ignorant of the London licensing laws, paled visibly. You could see he didn't believe his ears. "Beer," he said quietly, just so there would be no silly mistake. The waiter explained that beer was not available. Lee seemed to regard this as a joke in the worst possible taste. With the air of a minister of religion reproving levity on some sacred subject he said again, firmly, "Beer." The waiter mumbled something about it being against the law to serve beer at this hour. Lee seemed unable to take this terrible news. A hideous jest, of course. Ha ha. "Beer," he repeated again with determination, holding fast to his one sheet-anchor of sanity in this suddenly crazy world. He said it in such utterly reasonable tones that it seemed the waiter must surely now come to his senses.

-- Walt Willis  
(in QUANDRY #13)



THE  
PURPLE  
PASTURES



POOR SOULS

ROTSLER'61

"CARL  
BRANDON"



# INTRODUCTION

"The Purple Pastures", published as volume one of "The Works and Plays of Carl Brandon", is based on the play "Green Pastures" by Marc Connelly, published by Farrar and Rinehart, in 1929. This, in turn, was based on a series of southern sketches by Roark Bradford called "Ol' Man Adam An' His Chillun", published the previous year.

"Carl Brandon" was, in this case, Terry Carr, who offered some corrections to the play as originally printed, and they have been incorporated in this edition. In return, I agreed not to use the original introduction, or "forward" as it was actually called, except for "Carl's" last sentence.

"'The Purple Pastures' carries no deep meaning at all, but is merely one more proof that fandom, looked at in any other than its own terms, is ridiculously amusing."

--- Arnie Katz



# scene one

A corner in a Negro slanshack.

Ten neos and an elderly BNF.

As the curtain rises, Mr. Deshee, the BNF, is reading from a fanzine. The neos are listening with varied degrees of attention.

DESHEE: "An Rucker stayed in fandom thutty y'ars, an' begat a little neo an' called his name Rucklet." It go on like dat a bit, an den it say, "An' Lee Hoffwoman come on, an' she pub QUANDRY, an' de days of LeeH were three y'ars, until she come to life ag'n and was resurrected." Den a little later it tell about another member of de fam'ly. His name was Kiesler. Maybe some of you know about him already. I'm gonter tell you all about him next meetin'. Now, how you think you gonter like fandom?

FIRST NEO: I'm gone like it jes' fine, Mr. Deshee, caize fo' it's so fannish.

SECOND NEO: Who cr'ated fandom, Mr. Deshee?

DESHEE: Why, Ghu did, boy. Dat was a long time ago...before Rucker even.

SECOND NEO: What fandom like befo' Ghu begin, Mr. Deshee?

DESHEE: How yo' mean what it like?

FIRST NEO: Carlisle mean who was president of N3F den.

DESHEE: Dey wasn't nobody president den on 'count dey wasn't any N3F. Dat's de whole idea I jus' tole yo'. Dey wasn't any FAPA. Dey wasn't any OMPA. Dey wasn't any Cry of the Nameless or Yandro or nothin'. Dey wasn't nothin' in fandom at all caize fo' dey wasn't any fandom.

THIRD NEO: What fo' did Ghu make fandom, Mr. Deshee? How did he git de idea he wanted it?

DESHEE: Well, nobody knows fo' certain. We know dat at one time dey wasn't nothin' 'cept the Happy Fanning Grounds. Den one day Ghu got de idea he'd like to make a place fo' us li'l mortal fans to do our crifanac befo' we passed on, so he created fandom. And den he fig-gered dat since he'd gone to all de trouble to make fandom fo' us, he'd better git on wif it and create us, too, so's we could enjoy it.

SECOND NEO: What was de Happy Fannin' Grounds like, Mr. Deshee? Did dey have one-shot sessions and all?

DESHEE: Sho, dey had the most fannish kind of one-shot sessions. Dey prob'ly had bheerbusts, wid blog fo' de adults. Ghu give us fans lotsa ideas about havin' fannish times. Maybe dey were things dey'd been doin' up in the Happy Fannin' Groun's. Yes sir, I bet dey had a bheerbust ev8ry week.



## scene two

A bheerbust in the Happy Fanning Grounds. A choir of fangels are singing "Rise, Shine, Give Ghu the Blog". The fangels wear robes of Masterweave, and their propellors spin above their beanies with no supporting rod. Otherwise they look and act like a group of happy fans at a bheerbust.

SLENDER FANGEL: I ain't seen you lately, Lily. How you been?

STOUT FANGEL: Me, I'm fine. I been visitin' my mammy. She workin' as a taster at de brewery over by de throne o' ghrace.

SLENDER FANGEL: She always was purty fannish.

STOUT FANGEL: Yes ma'am. She like it dere. I guess she like to get de chance to drink bheer all de time.

SLENDER FANGEL: Well, dat's natural. I declare yo' mammy one of de most fannish lady fangels I know.

STOUT FANGEL: She claim you de most fannish one she know.

SLENDER FANGEL: Well, you come right down to it, I suppose we is all trufans.

Stout Fangel: Yes, ma'am. Why is dat, I wonder?

SLENDER FANGEL: I s'pose it's caize Ghu don' 'low us 'sociatin' wid Robert Bloch any mo' so dat dey cain't be no mo' fakefannin'.

STOUT FANGEL: Po' old Bloch. Whatevah become of him?

SLENDER FANGEL: Ghu put him someplâce I s'pose.

STOUT FANGEL: I do a great deal of travelin', bein' as I delivers de mail, an' I ain't never come 'cross any place but de Happy Fannin' Groun's. So if Chu done kicked Bloch out of hyar jes' whereat did he go.

SLENDER FANGEL: You bettah let Ghu keep his own secrets, Lily. De way things is goin' now, dey ain't been no fakefannin' since dey give Bloch a kick in de pants. Le's leave it dat way.

STOUT FANGEL: I was jes' a neofangel when Bloch lef'. I don' even 'member what he look like.

SLENDER FANGEL: He had an unsensetive fakefannish face.

/The fangel Gabriel enters. He is bigger and has a larger propeller on his beanie than the others, and he carries a trumpet in one hand. His appearance causes a flutter among the others. The choir starts to hum "Oh Didn't He Pub Fanzines" in a jazz tempo, but Gabriel shakes his head./



GABRIEL: No, I'm sorry, but I cain't take no solo wif' you yet. I'se hyar to announce de lawd, Ghu!

/There is a reverent hush and Ghu enters. He is the tallest of them all, and he has no less than ten propellers whirling above his beanie. He looks at the assemblage, noticing the many neofangels. He speaks/

GHU: Does you pub fanzines?

NEOFANGELS: Certainly, Ghu.

GHU: Does you pub fanzines?

NEOFANGELS: Certainly, Ghu.

GHU: /With the beginning of musical notation/ Does you pub fanzines?

NEOFANGELS: /Now half-singing/ Certainly Ghu; certainly, certainly, certainly, Ghu.

/They sing the second verse./

Does you drink lots o' bheer?

Certainly, Ghu.

Does you drink lots o' bheer?

Certainly, Ghu.

Does you drink lots o' bheer?

Certainly, Ghu; certainly, certainly, certainly, Ghu.

GHU: Let de bheerbust perceed.

/The fangels relax and resume drinking. The large Gestetner in the center of the stage begins to turn again. Fangels type on electric varitypers as they drink./

GABRIEL: Good mo'nin', Ghu.

GHU: Mo'nin', Gabriel. You lookin' purty spry.

GABRIEL: I cain' complain. I been drinking some blog dis mo'nin'. You keer for some, Ghu?

GHU: Thank you very kindly, I think I will. /A blog brewer brings Him a quart./ Thank you, brother. Say, why don' the choir give us one o' dem ol' time jump-ups?

CHOIR LEADER: Anythin' you say, Ghu. /The choirs begins to sing "So High Last Night You Can't Get Over The Hangover"./

GHU: /After chugalugging half of the blog./ Hmmm. Dey's somethin' 'bout dis blog. /Takes another drink./

BLOG BREWER: Ain't it all right, Ghu?

GHU: It don't seem jest right. You make it?

BLOG BREWER: Yes, Ghu. We brewed it jus' like we allus do. It's s'pose to be perfect.



GHU: Yeah. /Takes another drink./ I know what it is. It needs jes' a little bit mo' firmament.

BLOG BREWER: Dat's all de firmament we had, Ghu. Dey ain't a drop left in de jug.

GHU: Dat's all right. I'll jes' r'ar back and pass a miracle. /Choir stops singing./ Let it be some firmament fo' de blog here. An' when I say let it be some firmament, I want lots o' firmament, so's we won't never have trouble makin' our blog ag'in. /The stage has become misty until Ghu and his fangels are obscured. As Ghu finishes the speech there is a burst of thunder and the sound of a cloudburst./ Dere now, dat's de way I like it!

FIRST MAMMY FANGEL: Now look, Ghu, dat's too much firmament. The neofangels is gittin' all wet.

SECOND MAMMY FANGEL: Yes, Ghu, dey's gone ketch cold.

GHU: Well, it looks like I'm gonter have to pass anudder miracle. Lessee... let dere be a place to dreen off all dis firmament. Let dere be de Earth, in fact.

/The lights go up until the stage is bathed in sunlight. To the rear of the stage there is now a wrought iron railing./

GABRIEL: Well, look down dere! My-ghudness, dat's right fine fan-nin' kentry. You ain't gone let dat go to waste, is you, Ghu?

GHU: Ever'body quiet down now! I'm gonter pass one mo' miracle. You all gonter help me an' not make a soun' caize it's one of de most impo'tent miracles of all. /The varitypers and Gestetner are silenced. Everyone is still./ Let dere be fan! /There is a growing roll of thunder and the stage grows dark. The choir bursts into "Hallegbuyah!"/



# scene three

Ghu's private office in the Happy Fanning Ground. There is a shining duplicator in the corer with the brand-name "Enchanted" written prominently on it. The walls are filled with bookcases of fangel-zines. Gabriel is talking with Ghu.

GHU: Lessee, now, is dere anythin' else we's forgettin'?

GABRIEL: De prayers, Ghu.

GHU: De prayers?

GABRIEL: From fankind. You know, down on de Earth.

GHU: Oh yeah, fankind. Bless my beanie, I almos' forgot about dat. Been a long time since I been down dere. Mus' be 'bout third or fo'th fandom by now. Hmm... think meebe I'll go down dere and look 'round. I wasn't too happy wid it las' time I looked. All dem mortal fans was readin' somethin' called stf. Now you know dat got '... nothin' to do with trufandom, Gabriel.

GABRIEL: Yes, Ghu.

GHU: Well, take keer o' yo'self. I'll be back Saddy. /He exits./



# scene four

Ghu is walking along a city street. He comes to where a fanne is reading a copy of AMAZING STORIES.

GHU: Stop dat!

ZEBA: What's de matter wid you? Why shouldn't I read a li'l stf if I wants to? I's a fanne, ain't I? I's gotta read a li'l stf ever once in a while.

GHU: You ain' s'posed to read stf at all. What's dat got to do wid fandom?

ZEBA: Why ever'thin', of course. Dis is stfandom ain't it?

GHU: No, it ain't. Dis is s'posed to be trufandom and you'se s'posed to worship Ghu, not some silly magazine. Dat's what Ghu cr'ated fankind fo'... so's he could get a little extra egoboo in de prayers. /Sternly/ When was de las' time you you prayed to Ghu, chile?

ZEBA: /Momentarily frightened./ Well, I cussed at him jes' las' week, if dat's what you mean. I called him a fugghead caize I didn't get a mimeo fo' my birfday.

GHU: What you want a mimeo fo'? Ain't you got a hekto? Ain't you had it fo' six months now an' never used it?

ZEBA: Yeah, but it's too messy. I get purple all over my hands and then I get it on de prozines and dey ain't mint no mo'.

GHU: Who cares about de prozines? Chile, I'm tellin' you, stf ain't got nothin' to do wid trufandom. You keep readin' it an' you ain' never gone make it to de Happy Fa nin' Groun's, chile.

ZEBA: Well, if stf ain' got nothin' to do wid trufandom den maybe I don' even want to go dere, caize fo' I likes my stf mo' dan fanzines. Why, I only wanted to get a mimeo so's I could publish a checklist of all de books reviewed in ASF, Galaxy and F&SF.

GHU: Chile, you ain't never gone make it to de Happy Fannin' Groun's. Nossuh. /He exits./



# scene five

Ghu continues walking along the street.

GHU: Dis ain't gettin' me nowheres. Dis here fandom here on de Earth sho' ain't much. I'd ruther have my Earth peopled wid jes' neofans dan dese stfans. 'Least the neofans don' read stf.

/Rucker enters. He is dressed like an ordinary man, except that he wears a beanie/

RUCKER: Mo'nin', brother.

GHU: Mo'nin' brother. I declare you look like a trufan.

RUCKER: I try to be, brother. I tries to spread de word of Ghu hereabouts. I don' think I seen you to de bheerbust las' night.

GHU: I jes' came to town a li'l while ago an' I been purty busy.

RUCKER: Yeh, mos' ever'body say dey's purty busy dese days. Dey so busy readin' stf dey cain't come to bheerbusts. It seems like de mo' I talk about Ghu de more dey read stf. Is you a trufan too, brother.

GHU: Sort of, I guess. I jes' passin' through here. Wanted to see how things was goin' on here.

RUCKER: Why don' you drap in at my place fo' dinner? We got some bheer lef' over from las' night, caize fo' dere was only my own fam'ly to drink it.

GHU: Why dat's mighty nice of you, brother. Thank you, I will.

/Ghu and Rucker enter Rucker's slanshack. The interior boasts a much-used mimeo, a few bookcases of fanzines, and a few prozines./

GHU: I declare, what's dese stfmags doin' here? I thought you was a trufan, brother.

RUCKER: Well, I is, but I'm tryin' to write stf so's I can make some mo' money to pub my fanzines. Dese yere is my reference material.

GHU: Why, dat's a good enough reason fo' me. /They settle back comfotably for a moment./ Brother, what would you say would be de only thing would stop these fen from readin' stf?

RUCKER: Well, I'd say it'd hafta be a catastrophe or a war or sump-thin'.

GHU: You don't know who I is, do you?

RUCKER: It's purty hard to tell one sensetive fannish face from



another. /Ghu stands up magestically and is bathed in purple light. Rucker falls on his knees./ I should have known you. I was won'drin' 'bout ten propellers without nothin' to hold 'em up.

GHU: Dat's all right. You prob'ly thought it was just the effe ts of a hangover from de bheerbust las' night made you see dat.

RUCKER: Dat I did, Ghu. Dat I did.

GHU: I's gone destroy dis here fandom, Rucker. I ain' gone destroy you, tho. I's gone cause de nonfans to start a war, andde fans is gone have to fight in dat war, and only you an' a few other fen is gone keep out of it. Wid all de stfans in de army, dey won't be able to read stf. /Takes a sheet of paper from his pocket and begins to type on Rucker's typer./ Now, Rucker, I want you to publish a fanzine. I want you to call it DE ZOMBIE, and I want you to print only trufan material, like dis I's writin' for you now. Now, I'm gone write your material fo' you, an' it'll all be trufan stuff, an' I want you to send DEZOMBIE to all de stfans in de army so's dey'll become trufans.

RUCKER: /Reading the piece Ghu is writ ng over His shoulder./ Yes, suh, dis seems to be de trufannish sort of thing dat'll convert 'em. 'Specially when you is writ it yourself, Ghu, even if it will be under my name.

GHU: Dat is why I's writin' de stuff fo' you. Aside from de ego-boo, I'll get, I mean.

RUCKER: Lessee now, if I's gonter put out a trufanzine, I'se gonter need a little b beer, don't you think, hu:

GHU: You kin have ten cases of bheer.

RUCKER: Huh, yes suh, my typer's been givin' me trouble lately. Don't know where I'm gonter get de energy to type all dem stencils. Maybe I oughter have twenty cases of bheer.

GHU: No, I think ten will be enough. Don't want you gittin' drunk like a common ordinary neofan, and throwin' de cans out de winder.

RUCKER: Yes, Ghu, but you see my typer's been givin' me --

GHU: Ten cases, I say!

RUCKER: Yes, Ghu. Ten cases.



## scene six

Rucker is standing outside his house, peering down the street through binoculars. He frowns, sighs, and puts the binoculars down. Mrs. Rucker enters.

MRS. RUCKER: What you doin' wid de binoculars?

RUCKER: I'se lookin' fo' de mailman. 'Pears to me dat enough time has passed for de stfans to be gettin' converted 'bout now.

MRS. RUCKER: Why don' you send out de budgerigar an' see what he brings back from de mailman?

RUCKER: That's jes' what I'se gonter do. /He sets loose the budgie./

MRS. RUCKER: You think he'll bring back some fannish mail dis time?

RUCKER: I dunno. Purty soon, I'd imagine.

/The budgerigar returns with a fanzine./

RUCKER: /Unstapling it./ Wish dey wouldn't put dese things in 'em. Dey gets my fingers so sore I can't manipulate a churchkey right. /Looking at fanzine now open./ Well, bless my beanie, dis looks good.

MRS RUCKER: What is de name of it?

RUCKER: IT's called SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, whatever dat means. My, but it do look good. /He reads, starts to laugh./ Lookkee; lookkee here; read dis.

MRS. RUCKER: Well, I'se mighty glad we got somethin' else to read dan jes' detective novels all de time. /She exits./

RUCKER: I jes' hopes it all turns out right dis time.

GHU: /Appearing behind him./ I hopes so too. I'se purty proud of de way you handled de fanzinin' business, Rucker.

RUCKER: Was you watchin' den?

GHU: Yes, all de time. I seed you when you had de parties fo' de Slan Shackers, and when you writ de Hoy Ping Pong things. I didn't even mind particular when you when you got to cussin' and drinkin' all de bheer at once. I figger anybody puttin' out as many issues of a fanzine as you done got a right to drink a little too much maybe.

RUCKER: Thank you, Ghu. What's de orders now?

GHU: Dat's all fo' now. Now we'll jes' see what happens.



## scene seven

Ghu's private office in the Happy Fanning Grounds.again. In the office are two woman cleaners, dusting the stardust from the furniture. There is the sound from outside the window of a whirr and a distant faint Boom.

FIRST CLEANER: Doggone, dat must a' been a big one. Dat's de fo'ty six' thunde'-bolt since breakfas'. Ghu mus' be mad fo' sho' dis mo'nin'.

SECOND CLEANER: I wonder where at He's pitchin' dem.

FIRST CLEANER: My goodness, don't you know? Dey's bound fo' de Earth, ev'y one of 'em. /Another faint whirr and boom/ Dere goes another.

SECOND CLEANER: Well, bless me, I din't know dat.

FIRST CLEANER: Carrie, where you been? Don' you know dem mortal type fans is de new scandal? It's been in de las' thutty issues of FAN-GELAC.

SECOND CLEANER: I don' know, I gets all confused wid dat fangelzine. Gertie, wid all de zines dat comes wid it, an' ever' week too, I gets all mixed up and behind in readin' it. Seems to me if it's really gone be wuthwhile newszine dey'd jes' put it out every millenium on de millenium.

FIRST CLEANER: Now you know dat ain't de fannish way of doin' things It jes' so happens dat Ghu is riled as kin be by dem pokey li'l mortal fans. /Another thunderbolt is heard./ From what I heard, dey been beggin' fo' what dey're gittin'. My brother flew down to bring up a trufan and de other day and he say dey is mo' stf mags down dere now den ever befo'. It's a shame. It's a shame!

GHU: /Appearing in the doorway./ Good mo'nin', daughters.

FIRST CLEANER: We was jes' finishin'. We tidied up the fangelzine collection so's it's mint ag'in and dusted off de Enchanted Duplicator dere. You figger it's about time you turned de crank now?

GHU: /Frowning./ Daughter, you know dat's not till de Las' Day. You'll hear Gabriel blowin' his trumpet to de rhythm of de mimeo drum when de day comes; don't nobody need to worry till den.

CLEANERS: Yassah. Well, we'll be goin'. /They exit/

GABRIEL: /Entering, with notebook and pencil in his hand./ Mawnin' Ghu. I'se got de totals here. It's eighteen thousand nine hund'ed an' sixty thunderbolts for de mo'nin'. Dat's includin' de city where dey holdin' de science fiction convention. We didn' hit none of de parties, tho.



GHU: Dat's good, dat's good. But dem science fiction fans displease me. Dey displease me greatly. /Looking through window./ Look at 'em dere. Worshippin' de pros and payin' good money at de auction. Listen to dat auctioneer dere, dat Daugherty. He oughta know he's sellin' trash.

GABRIEL: You want more thunde'bolts, Chu?

GHU: No, no use in dat. Dey don't do de trick. It's got to be somethin' else.

GABRIEL: Now would it be did you send another war, like you did wid Rucker. Dem was good days fo' awhile.

GHU: No, Gabe. You saw how much good dat did. Dey's worse'n ever. Dey's down dere now even sayin' dey's better'n human, wid cosmic min's an' broad mental horizons, whatever dey is. Seem to me did dey really have so much sense dey'd pull out of dis stf nonsense demselves. But it's always up to me. Ain't nothin' nowhere worthwhile din' cause somebody some worryin', mostly me. I ain't never told you de trouble I had thinkin' up fandom in de firs' place. Dat's a story in itself, but I ain't ready to write my memoirs yet. I too busy tryin' to do somethin' about dem sinful mortal fans down dere.

GABRIEL: Dey really should be able to help themselves, Chu, like you said.

GHU: Dat's true, dat's true. /He stops suddenly and cogitates/ In fact, maybe dat's it. Gabe, you musta noticed dat ever' now an' dem mortal fans turns out a good specimen or two.

GABRIEL: Dat's de truth. Dere was Kennedy, and Burbee, an' Boff Perry, an' Laney, an' Rapp, too.

GHU: /Frowning./ Yes, but ole Rapp a misguided soul, Gabe, and I'se sorry to see it. He keep talkin' 'bout some god name of Roscoe. I think maybe he got a little of de whim-whams, like ole Degler had. I ain't never seen no Roscoe, have you? You been 'round de Happy Fannin' Groun's almos' long as me.

GABRIEL: No, suh, I ain't never seed him. But I hear he's a muskrat, so ma be dat have somethin' to do wid it.

GHU: Dat may be. I don't pay much 'tention to muskrats, myself, so maybe dat why I never noticed him. He may be 'roun' after all. Dat Rapp a purty good man, after all; he wouldn't get mixed up in no real nonsense.

GABRIEL: Well, he's a mortal fan, like de rest. You cain't 'spect too much of him. Maybe he's right, and den maybe he's wrong.

GHU: Dat's de way I feel. But jes' de same you keep an eye peeled for muskrats 'round here fo' awhile. Do he exist, I wants to meet dis Roscoe feller.

GABRIEL: Yes, Chu. Now what about dis trouble wid de mortal fans?



GHU: Oh yes. Well, Gabe, I figger hit's about time dey did somethin' fo' demselves, like I says. Now, dey got dis family down dere what looks purty good -- ole Rucker is de gran'pappy, I b'lieve. Den dere's Hoffwoman, and Shelvey, and Kiesler and Wallis an' de res'.

GABRIEL: Yes suh. But Bloch's s'pose to be in dat fam'ly, 'member?

GHU: Dat's true. Trust ole Bloch to insinuate his way into de best of circles. You know, dat boy don't know it, but he's goin' to help me a lot purty soon. He been makin' some purty snide comments 'bout my boy Rucker, but Rucker been taken care of hisself mighty good, too. I figger we could get dat feud goin' strong, only of co'se nobody will take Bloch serious. You see de drift, Gabe?

GABRIEL: /huckling./ Deed I do, Ghu. Yassuh, I do indeed. I think you got it now.

GHU: An' wid Hoffwoman an' Shelvey an' de res' goin' strong at de fannin' business I think maybe we could git rid of dis stf nonsense, an get a real fandom down dere at last. De fans what is de best ones, Gabe, is de ones wid de most reg'lar fanzines. Now you look at my boy Rucker, or Burbee an' Shangri-L'Affaires, and Laney dere, or even ole Rapp. Dem boys was so busy fannin' dey didn't have time to pay no 'tention to stf. Dat's de formula, Gabe, fo' dis new fandom I'se going to git goin' down dere. Monthly fanzines goin' to be de thing to do de job. /The stage darkens. The choir sings "I Been Workin' On A Fanzine" till the lights go up on the next scene./



# scene eight

The scene is in the Hoffwoman Hotel in Savannah, a poor but fannish home with stencils and correction fluid and styli all around. Hoffwoman is typing stencils for the second issue of Quandry. Ghu enters.

GHU: Hello, chile.

HOFFWOMAN: Who is you?

GHU: I'se de lawd, Ghu.

HOFFWOMAN: Dat's what you say. You look purty much like an ordinary fan to me.

GHU: Den keep yo' eyes open chile. Look at dat quire of stencils dere. The stencils begin to glow and turn completely white hot. They give off much heat. Maybe you notice de stencils ain't burnin' up?

HOFFWOMAN: Dat's true. An' stencils burns powerful easy.

GHU: Now you believe me?

HOFFWOMAN: Co'se I does. It's wonderful.

GHU: No it ain't chile. It's jes' a trick. He waves his hand and the stencils are normal again. An' you gonter see lots bigger tricks dan dat, chile. In fac' you gonter perfo'm dem.

HOFFWOMAN: Me? I'se gonter be a tricker? Is I goin' wid a circus? I kin ride horses too, you know.

GHU: De horse ridin' comes later. Fo' now, you is gonter lead fannish into fannish ways of righteousness. You and yo' fam'ly -- like Shelvey here. Shelvey suddenly appears in the room. He stares about him, bewildered.

SHELVEY: Hey, what's dis?

GHU: It's all right, boy. I'se de lawd Ghu, and I'se showin' Hoffwoman some tricks.

SHELVEY: Yes, I saw dat right off. But -- she's a girl!

GHU: Bless my beanie, so she is. He laughs. An' wait till you see what happens when Rucker finds dat out! I wish you could see into de future like I kin.

HOFFWOMAN: But dat comes later, like you says. Fo' now, what is dese tricks you's showin' us?



SHELVEY: Yes, Chu, do your tricks for us.

GHU: Yes, let's get down to it, because dese tricks is things you're gonter do in you' fanzines. Now Shelvey, I'se gonter show you a little tricky thing you can do called "Something Up Our Sleeve". An' den dere's an idea I got fo' somethin' called 'It's In The Bag'. Now when you does this tricky stuff in yo' fanzines, it's gonter create lotta 'tention to you an'... /The stage darkens. The choir begins "The Sixth Fandom Anthem", which it sings until the lights go up for the next scene./



## scene nine

The Happy Fanning Grounds. Another bheerbust, with much blog and merriment, and here and there couples snogging. Two fangels are serving crottled greeps at a picnic table.

FIRST FANGEL: I declare, dis is like de old days, befo' Ghu got mixed up wid all dat trouble down on de Earth. He sho' had a passle o' trouble befo' he got it all straightened out, didn't he?

SECOND FANGEL: Dat he did. But he's been mighty spry and happy lately.

FIRST FANGEL: Yassuh, dey's gittin' on good down dere now. Did you hear 'bout de way Ghu took care of ole Bloch? He's got him writin' a fanzine review column in de prozines now, an' bringin' mo' an' mo' fans into trufandom. I declare, if dat don't beat all!

SECOND FANGEL: Yes, and I hear tell dey's hardly any talk about science fiction in de fanzines any mo'. Why, Hoffwoman married one dem professional editors, an' got him workin' on fanzines, hisself, dey say.

FIRST FANGEL: Well, it suttently is a wond'ful thing.

/Ghu arrives at the bheerbust, with Gabriel beside him. He greets the two fangels pleasantly, and they move to the rear of the stage./

GHU: Well, dis is de way things should be, Gabe. No mo' trouble fum de mortal fans botherin' us up here. We can git back to de job of fangellin' an' goddin' ag'in.

GABRIEL: It shoo' is a relief, all right. I got de thund'bolts packed away in mothballs fo' de past couple years. We converted de thund'bolt factory into 'nother brewery.

GHU: Dat's fine, Gabe. If dey's anything I likes it's --- /He stops suddenly, cocking his head as if listening./

GABRIEL: What's de matter? Anything wrong?

GHU: /Now smiling again./ It's nothin', Gabe. I thought I hear somebody menti nin' stf down dere on Earth, but could be I was wrong. Ain't nothin'. I guess, 'cept mebbe I got a touch of Twonk's Disease.

GABRIEL: Well, now, don't you go worryin' 'bout dem mortal fans. Dey gettin' 'long purty well; don't go messin' wid 'em. Let 'em worry 'bout demselves, like you said.

GHU: /Sighing./ You right, Gabe. Dey can take keer of --- /He stops again./ I did hear it! Gabe, dey's talkin' and jabberin' and buzzin' all over down dere about stf!



GABRIEL: But dey cain't be, Ghu.

GHU: /Severely./ You doubtin' my word, Gabe? I tell you, dey's chatterin' 'bout science fiction! Dey's -- /He listens again./ Gabe, dey's formin' a club!

GABRIEL: Dey done dat before. Didn't none of 'em amount to much.

GHU: But dey're inco'poratin' dis'n, Gabe! Gabe, it's de worst yit! Dey got officers and a official seal an' -- Gabe, did you hear dat? -- dey got some mess wid a lawsuit -- twenny-five thousan' dollahs, Gabe!

GABRIEL: Man on man, won't dey never learn? What you gonter do now, Ghu?

GHU: /Frowning./ Right now, Gabe, I ain' gonter do nothin'.

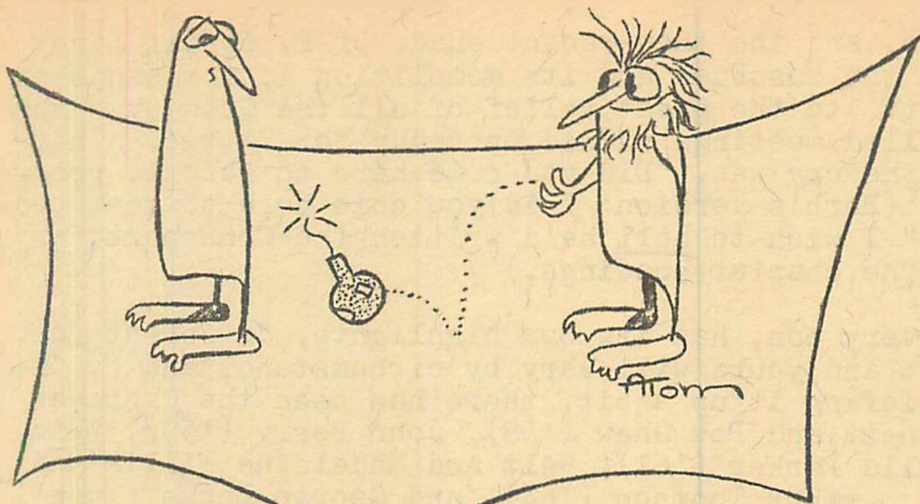
GABRIEL: You mean you gonter fo'get 'bout 'em, Ghu? Dat would suttently make de fangels here happy.

GHU: It might be dat I'll fo'git 'em, Gabe, an' it might be dat I won't. But we'll jes' keep an eye on 'em fo' awhile and see what dey do. Might be de trufans will git rid of dis club -- I ain't interferin'. /He ponders grimly./

GABRIEL: Anythin' I can do to help, Ghu?

GHU: Jes' one thing, Gabe. You keep yo' trumpet nice an' shiny.





F. M.

BUSBY

# ONE FAN'S BEAT

I see it is post-Con gafia time again. You know how that goes: everyone had a goldplated ball at the con and then nobody writes to you for two months. Except for Kindly Editors gently informing Dilatory Columnists of Impending Deadlines, of course...("Get on the stick, ya bum!")

For the first time in ten years, our clan attended neither a Worldcon nor a regional. The Queebcon in June was a gasser and a goodly number of fine fans hit this area during the season; that is to say that it has been a good year for visits, parties; etc. But nothing Official in the way of gatherings, for us. And it seems strange to have broken our string of attendences, after some twelve cons in nine years -- one Midwestcon, five Worldcons, and six Westercons besides two that theoretically existed in combination with Worldcons.

Does anyone else out there in QUIPland tend to think of individual Cons in terms of the people there? Cincy '57: The Derelict Insurgents, Tucker (I'd met him at the 1950 Norwescon in Portland, but I didn't expect him to remember this, and he didn't disappoint me), Bloch, Asimov, the Detroiters led by Howard Devore, the Silverbergs before Bob grew the beard. Ray Schaffer, Bob Pavlat, Ted White, the Falascas, Dirce Archer, Sky Miller, Don Ford, Bob Madle, Lynn Hickman, Doc Smith, and -- oh, many that I forget by now, I suppose, on short notice, but out of sheer kindness I refuse to make it a contest.

My recollections of South Gate in '58 are dominated by Charles



Burbee, Elmer Perdue, and the then-recent shade of F. Towner Laney -- plus, of course, the WussFuss and its demolition at the hands of Anna Sinclare Moffatt, to the great relief of all the Good Guys who after many smoke-filled meetings turned up ready for Battle. That one was a Bar Con; the cry was, "Did you come here to see the program or talk to people?" (Burb's version: "Did you come here to meet people or to get laid?" I wish to hell he'd written the ConReport for which he showed us the chapter headings.)

Every year, every con, has its own highlights, different for each person; my list and yours will vary by circumstance and by inclination, both. Briefing it up a bit, there has been the Overseas Contingent: Ron Bennett and Bob Shaw ('58), John Berry ('59), Eric Bentcliffe ('60), Ella Parker ('61), Walt and Madeleine Willis and Ethel Lindsay ('62), Arthur Thomson ('64), and George Locke (unofficial, not at cons, '66). Furthermore, I was highly impressed and gratified by such Guests of Honor as Robert Heinlein (Seacon I in '61) and Ed and Leigh (Brackett) Hamilton (Pacificon II in '64). (Not to put others down, but these stood out.)

All right, now that we have heard it for Nostalgia, where is the action? Next year is New York with the Westerxcon in Los Angeles. I'd like to attend both, but the checkbook will govern; around June I takes a fast thumbfingered guess as to which, if either, will be available: \$400. for LA in July or \$800. for NY in September. (Two can travel together, any time, for the price of three traveling separately.) Elinor has never been to New York, so we'd really like to hit that one.

I'm glad that New York got it for this year, and not just because it will be fun to see John Boardman sweat green and Ted White on the receiving end of the bitching once. I think the group will do a good job and break the tradition of NYC fiascoes, and I am all for them in this respect. None of the other contenders showed me much, somehow. Chalker's Baltimore crew might be a good bet next time around. I do hope that Syracuse will lay off awhile and wait their gahdam TURN next time. I like Dave Kyle and Jay Kay Klein quite a lot, personally as people; can't say the same though, for their apparent hard-on at the Rotation Plan. I had my say about Rotation a couple of years ago in YANDRO and if our Kindly Editors want reprints on the subject, I presume they'll go get them.

Meanwhile, it will not be necessary for Syracuse to provide "competition" for the 1968 festivities. We'll take care of that ourselves, right here locally, with the "Seattle in '68" bid for Seacon II at the newly-enlarged Hyatt House which will now be able to handle the attendance-inflation that is hitting Cons these days. (Isn't it awful? A fanzine column with a commercial in it. I guess it is just what's happening, baby. But the bid is serious. Wallys Weber and Gonser report from Tricon that the idea of Seacon II swung well with eastern and midwest types who attended or heard about Seacon I, plus a number of renegade Califen, so unless Wally Weber, Jim Webbert and/or I get run over by a runaway bulldozer with California or maybe Syracuse license plates, we are In It for '68.)



For one thing, we still have our good old tried-by fire; in 1961, he was very skeptical and hard to deal with, until about half-way through Season I he realized we had most of the rooms, and he was making money hand over fist. I'd hate to wait and have to break in a new fella; that is a great lot of dull work, hardly worth doing twice. (I rather cherish the moment that this guy dug it that our Con was an asset; it occurred while he was bitching like crazy because the Chicago group had swiped the ice-chest to nest their keg of beer, and you never saw such a beautiful double-take in your life. Unless you are just lucky.)

Well then, might as well give the rest of the commercial. The Hyatt House Here now has lots more rooms and a new larger banquet hall. Shortly after Season I, the state of Washington put a liquor store in right across the road, and a red and green traffic light at the north corner of the parking lot so that Highway 99 can be crossed safely by other people than Elmer Perdue. The HH coffee shop is enlarged and there are also some new nearby alternatives. The freeway takes a lot of traffic off 99 and will bypass the HH long before '68, making 99 safer for drunks (and rabid discussers and just plain goof-offs) to cross.

Just now I can't think of any other inducements (other than those you know of from '61, of course), to get you to stump for Season II in '68. Oh yes -- we do remember our mistakes pretty well and will try to make all new ones or none at all.

(Policy statement: we welcome suggestions, but we do have to run our own show.)

Boy! I see what has happened to TV. People start writing commercials and they just get carried away and usurp half the program.

Teevy, though: Very sad that "The Avengers" lost out; Miz Emma Peel was such a doll and the plots held together almost until you stopped to think about them. Also, I miss Gomez and Morticia Addams a great deal. Most teevey shows are lousy on plot, but some have very beautiful characterization and dialogue; good lines. And then there's the monotony angle. I cite "Star Trek"; the writers have read their early Van Vogt and Campbell, and one episode is fine. But the first was a very good Magic Monster bit. And the second was a very good Magic Monster bit. And the third, from the preview, appears to be a Magic Monster bit. All quite sympathetic Menaces, but it's still a rut. What the hell is it about teevey that enforces such repetition? But aside from Sturgeon's law there is no especial comment to be added here.

Addendum to last issue's remarks on the Civil Rights Movement: you can tell the amateurs because they riot in their own neighborhoods and are stuck with the mess afterwards. The pros go across town or country, on the principle of walking your dog over to do his trick on the neighbor's grass. Moral: Be an Outside Agitator rather than an Ethnic Protester, given the choice.



Everybody, but everybody was in favor -- except the voters. Yesterday our electorate here in King County turned down a \$38 million bond-issue to build a domed stadium for the upcoming NFL franchise and maybe a shot at major league baseball. The papers had beaten the drum; politicians and businessmen, singly and in chorus, extolled the project's blessings. But somehow the voters didn't get the message. They couldn't figure out why the thing shouldn't be paid for by the interests which will profit by it. I guess there's still hope for the country, after all. \$43 million in school bonds passed, though. The voters have learned their lesson on that. You turn down the School Forces and they flood the place with Scarehead stuff and just keep holding special elections at your expense until they win one. Actually, I think it was the utter inevitability of the School Bite (on the very same ballot) that killed the stadium. Now it'll be interesting to see the promoters come up with a new gimmick to get their plant costs paid by somebody else. I do have faith in their persistence and ingenuity. Stay tuned.

I see by the paper that some fellow is about to be hit with a fine and prison term for possession of "untaxed marijuana." Untaxed?? What is this? I always thought the stuff was illegal per se, and even more fiercely prohibited than the "hard" or addictive drugs, which can be perscribed by medical types. Well I always did figure the Treasury Department for a shifty lot. So all you weedheads be sure in the future to smoke nothing but properly-taxed pot...just ask your friendly neighborhood Treasury Agent.

---Buz Busby

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What ever happened to Pete Graham?

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"Tew," I said -- he hates to be called Tew -- "doesn't it bother you sometimes when you think of all the co-editors you have and all the dilution of egoboo that results?"

Ted peered up from his typer. He was stenciling Warner's column. "What?" he said. I repeated my question and took a sip of his pepsi. "Oh, no," he said. "Not actually. In a sense, I sort of look on it as my fanzine and I suppose most people do. I'm listed as the publisher, and I get the subs, loc's and so forth. In a way you people are sort of columnists for VOID. Since it's a QWERTYUIOPress publication, it's rather identified with me, I suppose."

"I see," said Terry. "What's left to be done on this issue, Ted?"

"Well, I'm just finishing Warner's article, and then we just have to run it off, assemble it, fold-and-staple it, address it, and mail it. It has to be done by tomorrow, of course."

"Of course," I said. "Terry, let's go get a beer." "By damn, let's do that," he said, and we left Ted White to put out his fanzine.

---Pete Graham  
(in VOID #26)



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The biggest fanzine collector in the United States smugly surveyed his bookshelves. He ran his hands over the rows of bound apa mailings, stopping here and there to remove a volume and run his fingers over the gold lettering on the spine. Gently opening Hyphen, volume one, he gingerly flipped from bacover to bacover, chuckling to himself from time to time at remembered examples of Willis wit.

Those Hyphens had cost him dear, not so much in money as the time and effort it had taken to accumulate them. He still remembered the dingy basement in Wisconsin and the two day detour he'd taken on the way to the Detention. Then there had been the time up in Seattle when he'd narrowly escaped being done in by Jarvis. He'd received word of Ray Eusbard's decision to unload his collection a scant week before it would be circulated publically with the upcoming FAPA mailing, and he had known Jarvis would move quickly after that.

Life might have been simpler for Ben Pauling without Sam Jarvis, but it certainly wouldn't have been a tenth part as interesting. He hated to think of how many pre-1950 fanzines -- how many Burbree-Shaggys and Acolytes -- had been gobbled up by that human vacuum cleaner. Yet he smiled at the thought of his triumphs... yes, like the Eusbard collection.

Ray Eusbard was too much of an old fan and tired to have sold his collection by mail, and had, in his FAPA-zine, promised it to the first fan who showed up at his door. Pauling had been unable to get away from work when that fanzine had shown up, and Jarvis, he'd known, would almost certainly have taken a plane up North as soon as word broke.

Pauling snorted in annoyance at the thought of that filthy rich s.o.b. He had to nurse every nickel, and it was all he could do to support himself and his hobby without worrying about exhorbitant plane trips around the country. Jarvis had money -- plenty of it -- and never had to worry about a steady job.

Pauling's frown changed to a bemused chuckle as he recalled how he'd carefully placed a defective copy of Eusbard's fanzine in Jarvis' mailing. Being OE of FAPA

len bailes



did carry certain little advantages along with it... and there was no reason why Jarvis should have suspected that anything of unusual import was printed on the blank page. He'd written Pauling an indignant postcard, of course, like a good completist, and Pauling had mailed him a replacement copy... third class. The time consumed in the operation was almost three weeks -- time for Pauling to request a weekend off from work, hop into his station wagon, and take off for Seattle.

The collection had been worth it! In addition to the many gaps he filled in his own apa runs, there were the numberless duplicates which he sold off to neofans at ridiculous prices. He'd earned back not only the token sum he'd paid to Eusbard, but the gas expenses of the trip as well!

Pauling replaced the bound volume of Hyphen on the shelf and started rummaging through the mail, carefully extracting the money sent him for other duplicate fanzines and scowling at the latest idiocies in the more fuggheaded publications he received. God knew why they sent them to him... he didn't encourage them with any form of response. Still, a fanzine was a fanzine, and every issue was one less he'd have to root around for in some gaffiated BNF's attic.

Then he noticed the letter with Jarvis' return address in the corner. Pausing slightly to flick open the envelope, he removed and unfolded the letter.

Dear Ben,

I'll be arriving in California on the 18th to take care of some family business, and hope to have some free time for fanning. If you're not busy, I'd like to talk to you about something which concerns both of us, through our mutual obsession

Fannishly,

Sam Jarvis

PS-Picked up some second  
cycle Cult stuff on the  
east coast last week...  
not much more to go to  
complete it.

The 18th was the next day. "Wonder what the hell he means by that?" Pauling said to no one in particular. It was just like Jarvis to pop up this way, though. Pauling wondered just why Jarvis had gotten into fandom in the first place. "With his money," he thought, "he could be playing around in the Jet Set, or in Europe, or just living it up in a New York penthouse."

Yes, Jarvis was a strange case. He was in his late twenties now, and had gotten in fandom just after graduating from a small Mid-western Liberal Arts school. More than anything else, he'd been characterized by his insecurity. From the first fanzine he'd published to the present he'd exhibited a tendency to identify with any-



thing that was handy. He'd attended club meetings in Cleveland, Chicago, and Cincinnati and tried to publish a club fanzine in each of them. When he'd joined the N3F, he'd become ardent in his pleas for fans to become serious and constructive. He'd run for director and tried to Save the N3F From Itself, bringing to bear ideas he'd heard discussed by the old fossils of Midwest fandom. But in the meantime, the machinery of the mundane world wasn't ignoring him, and all his father's money couldn't keep keep him out of the service. His family set him up in OCS, and he served two years as an officer in the Navy, going into the reserves for another four.

It was during that hitch, while stationed in Long Beach, that Jarvis first picked up his addiction to fanzines. LASFS was only a short distance away, comparatively, and he found himself spending most of his weekends off in Los Angeles, and making an occasional Thursday meeting when he was able to get a pass. Apparently the Navy offered him little to identify with, and with fandom the only other driving force in his life and LASFS teeming with collectors, what followed was inevitable.

When Jarvis left the Navy and returned to the Midwest, his father, despairing of his ever going out and finding gainful employment of his own, gave him a desk job of little consequence. His father also encouraged him in the one thing he'd ever shown any interest in; fandom. A large steel corporation has business of one form or another on both coasts, and someone has to tie things down and act as a relay man. Sam Jarvis didn't quite fill that bill, but troubleshooters need someone to handle all their paperwork, and it wasn't that expensive to let him tag along... So Sam had quite a reputation in fandom as a Travelling Jiant...and his situation was, of course, made to order for a collector.

"Still," Ben Pauling thought as he snapped out of his reverie, "it takes more than mobility, important as mobility may be, to amass a good collection. It takes a certain sixth sense about people... how they'll behave, and who's going to decide that he doesn't really want All That Trash hanging around his house, anyway."

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"Well," remarked Sam Jarvis as he inspected Pauling's fanden, "you've added a good deal to your collection since the last time I saw you."

"Ed Waterson," Pauling grunted in acknowledgement. "...His wife has been pestering him to move into a bigger house for years. When he finally gave in, they decided that they had too much junk to move -- including these." He pointed at a run of the Vanguard Amateur Press Association.

"These people," Jarvis said. "They just don't know what fanzines are worth. Which reminds me, Ben, of the reason I came here. Have you ever heard of Henry Palmer?"

"...I seem to have. Isn't he one of those excentric millionaires?"



"Yes. Do you happen to remember his particular hang-up?"

"Let me think...oh yeah, he's a bit like us in a way. He has this thing about collections. Player cards from Gilbert and Sullivan performances, circus posters, antique automobiles... I read an article about him once where it said that he'd spent over a million dollars accumulating junk."

"They weren't kidding," said Jarvis. He removed a slip of paper from his wallet and handed it to Pauling. "I received this several days ago."

Pauling read the telegram and his eyes grew large. He looked back up at Jarvis and then returned his gaze to the paper in front of him. "Christ! This guy's off his nut!"

TO: SAM JARVIS

HAVE HEARD YOU HAVE SIZEABLE COLLECTION OF AMATEUR PUBLICATIONS RELATED TO SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY STOP WISH TO ADD SAID PUBLICATIONS TO MY COLLECTION OF OTHER AMATEUR JOURNALIST MATERIAL STOP WILL PAY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR LARGEST SUCH COLLECTION IN STATES STOP SUGGEST WE GET TOGETHER TO DISCUSS AT YOUR CONVENIENCE STOP CALL ME IN NEW YORK

--H PALMER

"But Sam, why are you showing this to me?"

Jarvis licked his lips nervously and Pauling could see that he was ill at ease. "Well," Jarvis said, "you know that money isn't really very important to me, things being the way they are. Frankly, I'd rather keep my fanzines... And.. well, your collection is bigger than mine, and I know you could use the cash... It's an offer I figured you might be interested in."

"I don't know, Sam. I don't know." Pauling's forehead wrinkled in concentration. He'd often maintained that everything had its proper price, but this was the first time anyone had come within shooting distance of offering it for something of real value to him. God, could he use the money! With the possible exception of his collection, there was nothing on earth that Pauling loved more than the long green. But the fanzines...many of them were irreplaceable -- ten and twenty copy runs, most of which had been destroyed by the passage

I WANT TO

RETURN



of time.

How important was a bunch of grimy magazines to him anyway? He wiped the perspiration from his brow and shot a sidelong glance over at Jarvis. Why the man was almost as tense and wrought up as he was. What did he have to gain from any of this.

Of course! Jarvis with his insecurity, his need to be the best. If Pauling's collection were to pass out of fandom into a dusty vault on Palmer's estate, then Jarvis would have the top fanzine collection. Pauling threw Jarvis an inquisitive look and then thought some more.

Suddenly he looked up and clasped his fingers together, cracking the knuckles. "I believe that Mr. Palmer has got himself a deal!" Jarvis gasped in surprise.

"You...you mean you'll really do it? Give up everything?"

"Ten thousand dollars is a hell of a lot of money, Sam. At least ten times what the two of us could reasonably ask for both collections... What are those fanzines really worth to me anyway? You know, a fanzine collector collects more than the mimeographed sheets of paper he files away... he collects people and their personalities. With all that money, I'm sure I could find a more direct way to fulfill that need."

"I never expected to hear that from you," Jarvis said. For a minute he looked worried, but then a smile broke out on his lips... he'd won. "I'll give you the number of Palmer's personal secretary," he said.

"Thanks for the tip, Sam. I appreciate this." Jarvis turned toward the door and paused with one hand on the doorknob.

"Err, Ben?"

"Yes?"

"Does this mean you're going to stop collecting fanzines?"

"Oh," said the other, "I don't know. I might try to keep current, or I might gaffiate temporarily and go on a spree...if this thing is on the level. We'll see."

Now Jarvis didn't smile. He stood poised at the entrance to Pauling's apartment. He looked as if he were groping for something... the answer to some profound question, and Pauling had only complicated the puzzle. Finally, realizing that he was standing there with his mouth open, he shrugged his shoulders, walked through the doorway, and closed the door behind him.

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Seven years later, Ben Pauling confronted Sam Jarvis in the



latter's modest midwestern split level home. The passage of time had done little to affect the physical appearance of either of them.

"I'm glad you could come," Jarvis said as he led the way to a stairwell and pin pointed the way down to a slightly musty smelling basement. Without a word, Pauling followed him.

"There they are," said Jarvis indifferently, pointing to a row of cartons.

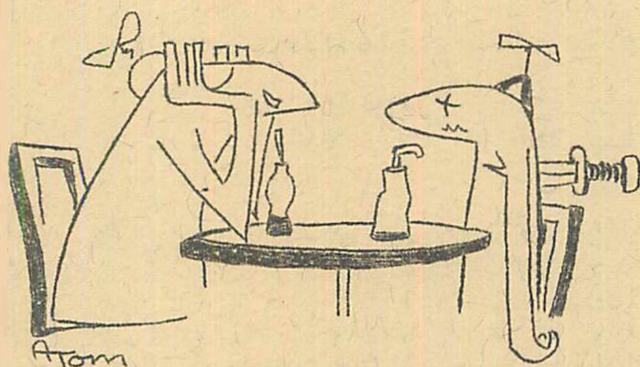
Pauling muttered a few amenities as he estimated the shipping weight of the load in front of him. He would offer Jarvis a fair amount for the fanzines, but money had never meant anything to Sam; he knew his offer would be declined.

Both men looked up as the sound of footsteps echoed at the top of the stairs. Jarvis walked over and escorted the pretty young woman down, hefting the healthy young infant by her side into his shoulders.

"You've met my wife, I think. We were both at the convention two years ago. This," he said bouncing the infant, "is my son, Donald." He handed the boy back to the woman who stood at his side and walked over to the nearest carton. He idly thumbed through the top-most contents.

"I never would have thought it back when I was busy scurrying after these things that the day would come when I'd just give them away." He replaced the few sheets he had removed back on the pile and closed the carton, rejoining his wife. "But you know, after you sold out to Palmer, all of the fun went out of it for me. And then I met Angy." He squeezed his wife. "And none of it seemed important anymore. These might as well go to someone who appreciates them... that is, if you're still interested in them."

"Oh," said Pauling, "I keep my hand in." They exchanged a few more comments as Pauling lifted the parcels and carried them out to his car.



"Thanks again," he said, "for inviting me to stop by and see you. You're right on the route to the Chicon, you know. You may get some more visitors on the trip back." He extended his hand.

"Hope to see you again soon," Jarvis said as he shook Pauling's hand.

"It's really unlikely," Pauling thought to himself as he put his foot on the gas and

"..... ofcourse there hasn't been a good feud like that in fandom for years....."



put the car in gear. Oh well, as least Sam had finally found some security. He had known that the chief pleasure Jarvis had gotten out of fanzine collecting was in doing something other people regarded as worthwhile. He'd cut the rug out from under the boy by selling his collection. Jarvis had figured that the sale would make him more secure; in actuality it had devalued the only currency which the boy had used to gauge his own worth. Pauling had known that it would only be a matter of time until Jarvis fastened onto something else, and as it had turned out, a pretty steel company secratery had shared his need for security and latched on first.

It had been a long term wager he'd made with Jarvis that night in California, but it had paid off.

Pauling chuckled his distinctive chuckle again. "Wonder what Jarvis would have said if he'd known I'd been reamassing my collection all these years?" Would the knowledge that Pauling still valued fanzines have been sifficent to make him hold on to his collection? He guessed he'd never know. Now, adding Jarvis' hoard would put him back almost where he'd left off seven years ago.

But he'd never found that more direct way to collect people.

Well, it wasn't necessary. "A fanzine collector really does need to have that sixth sense about people, though," he thought as he raced toward the convention.

And besides, Henry Palmer wouldn't live forever, either.

--- Len Bailes

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QUIP is still the Vulgar and Ostentatious Fanzine

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*SUPPORT*

NYCON

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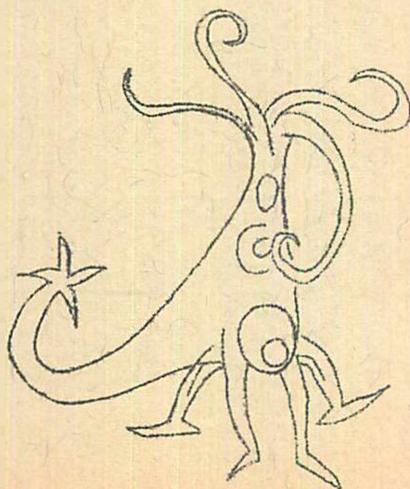


# HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER

TAX ROMAN It may seem a little early to be thinking about coming to terms with the Internal Revenue Service, but we fans have always been a forward looking race, and I am going to plot out my return this year over the Christmas holidays. It's probably a waste of time to go over this in a fanzine, since fans never have any money ("\$2. for prozines, \$1. for paperbacks, 25¢ for correspondence per month, and in a year you have blown a fortune."), but they might someday, and this information can be filed away for later use.

Actually, the bothersome portion is not so much the money I have to kick in, but the blanks I have to fill out in order to get the government to take it. There are all sorts of things I have to put in here. Do I support any dependence? Well, I think I'm still in pretty good running order, so I will list myself. Have you ever been married? No. (I thought of writing "not in the eyes of The State," but I'm afraid the people in the Treasury Department are a trifle square.) How many children do you have? This question is separate from the marriage one, so I suppose the answers can be independent. After all, the Government of the US has to be broad-minded, and I'm sure you cosmic-minded fans would not be unduly shocked if I were to claim three or four children as dependents without ever having been married. Unfortunately, I cannot, since I don't have any, by some oversight. But I am working on it.

I've just noticed that the journal I'm supposed to consult for advice and counsel in these matters is a government publication and the thoughtful people in the Treasury Department have sent along a little fanzine they put out to help lost souls who are cast up on the rocks of arithmetical calculation. Strange that I didn't notice this before; perhaps because it's under another thick pamphlet they enclosed, "Possible Federal Income Tax Penalties and Fines". I'm afraid this won't be of much



GREG BENFORD



use to me, though, since it has as many foot notes and cross references as a Walter Breen article, and the subject matter isn't half as interesting. I see here on page 3 of this sixteen-page expedition into legalisms that I can get a "jointed return" if I wish, which is not too bad, I think, since I have been having trouble folding the one they sent me. Why can't the government put out tax forms that are nice, fanzine size? Either that, or allow you to cancel your subscription.

Even with these multitudinous aids, though, I still manage to have trouble. My big difficulty is the numbers. I have never been very good at them. It is true that at the moment I have been fooling around with singular integral equations and spectral operators, but I have always had trouble with arithmetic and other forms of torture (Some day I will tell you about the alphabet.) It's not all the numbers you understand -- lest you get the impression that I am a complete incompetent. I get along perfectly with 2, 6, and 7. In fact, we are old friends. But 9 and I have never really understood each other, and 3 is openly antagonistic.

Still, I've come out pretty well. Adding in my income from various sources, plus interest from stocks, bonds, a payoff from Harlan for voting for "Repent, Harlquin, Etc.", and income from selling the western half of Coventry to somebody, I am going to be out \$5.48. I would say that's not too many, but someone has mentioned that before.

#### I TAKE A TRIP

The throaty growl of the rocket engines slashed through the cold, bitter air of that winter afternoon as I stood watching the big ship take off. And I'll be on the next one, I thought, watching the tubes glow white-hot as the space ship rose slowly, slowly, then faster toward the waiting stars.

"Commander, the President would like to speak to you in the time you have remaining," an aide said at my shoulder. Grunting, I turned and walked swiftly toward the newly constructed observation building, made especially for the Presidential party. Why not? I thought, for the first Mars expedition, anything goes.

The millitary guard snapped to rigid attention as I strode through the doors and into the private conference room, walking purposefully. Now that the supply ship was on its way, time for our liftoff was drawing near. The President sat alone in the small luxurious room, dominated by a plastic dome that gave a complete view of the field. This was to be the final word between us for all the years the trip would take. We had worked and fought together to get the support through Congress, weathered out the good and the bad. One of us would probably not live through the years to come. The President smiled slightly and opened his mouth to speak.

"Please have your tickets ready for Flight 319," said the loud-speaker. "Boarding for Flight 319."

I was standing in the terminal watching the jets taxi around



out on the field. Funny how I'd gotten off on a daydream. I found my ticket, picked up my briefcase, and made for the gate.

"Ah, going to Washington, sir," said the attendant with automatic courtesy, looking at my ticket.

"Yes, I'm going to an APS Conference," I said inanely. The APS was the American Physical Society, but he wouldn't know that. But I'd rattled it off like a reflex, because in the offices and labs where I'd been spending the last three years, it would have been unusual if anyone hadn't known the APS.

The attendant smiled absently and let me pass. My briefcase was heavy with notes and publications, but I'd decided to bring it along on the flight in order to get some work done. I walked out on the concrete field. Dusk was falling and the wet pavement looked slick with reflected lights. Businessmen in trenchcoats were leaving another plane nearby, making the scene look like the opening shot of a spy movie. I noticed other men in standard business suits walking along ahead of me, carrying briefcases much like mine. They had that serious, earnest look of concentration that portends the imminent board meeting or merger-crisis -- phenomena that seem like distant tribal rites to someone who's not concerned with them.

The stewardess gave me a plastic smile and I found a seat about ten yards behind the wing, just about optimal for vision and comfort. I settled back into my Recline-A-Comfort seat and groped for something to read. There was nothing in sight except a disposable motion sickness bag filled with propaganda -- curious combination -- so I fished out a reprint from Physical Review I'd been meaning to look over, just as someone sat down in the next seat.

It was another business type. They're probably fine if you get to know them, but a considerable percentage of them seem to be the type whose personality consists entirely of being self-assured. He smiled, showing a sea of teeth. "Going far?"

"Washington," I said. "This was the fastest flight I could get."

"I'm only going as far as Chicago. Only takes three hours -- that's not too many."

I looked at him carefully, but his face remained the same pale green it had been since he sat down. Why green? Gad, this might be his first flight. Somehow, this made him seem more human. And humanity was just what I wanted to find in the world I was entering -- a microcosm that set different standards and values than the ones I'd grown up with, a more formal universe. Education doesn't really prepare you for it, because sitting in a classroom and trying the assigned problems in the stipulated order isn't the way the rest of humanity accomplishes things. It's like putting a horse through a series of obstacles until he gets it down pat. Physics had always been a game for me, one that I played rather well, and I was delighted to find other people respected it and were willing to pay for my playing it. But as I moved upward through the hierarchy, into graduate



school and through the exams and minor hurdles, I'd noticed the tenor of things expected of me changing. I'd really grown up in fandom, where light, top-of-the-head creativity was applauded and spontaneous humor dominated the fanzines everyone thought were best. Fandom is casual because it's a hobby, but there are a lot of areas where a fannish attitude could be a detriment, and maybe physics was one of them. I'd always wanted to be a writer, maybe not professionally, but at least some kind of writer. Some sort of translator from the rough intuition into the formalism of words. The magic of words was easy to lose in the sciences. You think about the physical universe in terms of things and movement, and intuitive physics, the best physics, is hard to communicate because the problems just can't work out on that sort of verbal level.

But maybe I was just getting depressed. It's easy to do on a winter evening, with the gloom rolling in behind a brisk, chill wind. The guy in the next seat was, for all his professional uniform, still a human being.

"Are you feeling well?" I asked, reaching for one of the paper bags.

"Yes, yes," he gasped. "I'll be all right in a minute. As soon as we get off the ground." He looked desperately out at the runway that was zipping past. (Zipping-zip "what's the word I want, Meyer?" How long had it been since I'd thought of that?) I studied the landscape rushing by as though it could supply the answer. Somehow, when I'd started this trip, I'd slipped out of the physicist mold and become a fan again, loosened up and looked at the world as though it were something more than an annex to my laboratory. The fannish me was still cynical, somewhat more biting than he needed to be, but at least he didn't wear blinders. And most of the people back there, yes, most of them did. Why hadn't I seen that before? They spent time in their labs and were devoted to their fields, but otherwise they were pretty stiff. A like for me in that world, and only that world, would be rather dead. Although I hadn't recognised what was happening, I'd started slipping into that narrow life, too. I was a fan, but more than a fan, a human being. With some effort, I might be able to keep my contacts open and polished, and not fall away from what I had been. Maybe I owed more than I knew to fandom and sf.

"The wings, the wings," he cried. "They're falling off!" I looked out. The wings were vibrating a little, Maybe.....

"Wake up, Captain, wake up," the navigator said. "We're surrounded by strange ships on all sides..."

--- Greg Benford

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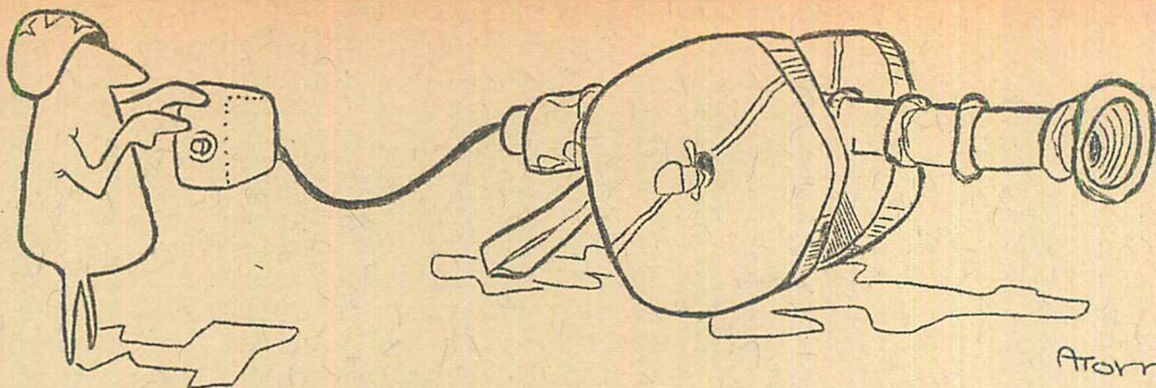
Edco for TAFF!!

Edco for TAFF!!

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Just another reminder to send fmz for review to Greg Benford,  
551½ Fern Glen, La Jolla, Calif. 92037.





## QUIPS from readers

CREATH THORNE: The point I was trying to make in the first paragraph of my letter ((in QUIP #3)) was that when you joke about plagiarism and imitating Void even though the reader laughs along with you subconsciously he wonders if the charge of plagirism and imitation might not be true. Another instance: Arnie Katz reacts most violently when anyone suggests that he imitates Ted White, but he still often jokes about it. My reaction to this is that if Arnie feels he has to joke about it so much so often -- maybe it really is true. If you want to dispell an image it's best not to talk about the image at all.

In issue #3 there is only one blatant case of imitation, but that one is so bad that it almost cancels out all the other originality in the issue. I am talking about Arnie's story. It is obviously patterned after Moomaw's "The Adversaries." (And "The Adversaries" was highly praised by Ted White and the Void gang, I believe ....) Even without digging out Moomaw's story from my fanzine collection and going through both stories point by point I can easily see several resemblances between the two stories. Moomaw's story took place at a convention; so does Katz's. Moomaw's story dealt with one particularly fuggheaded fan encountered by a group of faans; so does Katz's. Moomaw's story used the characters of Carter Little and Franklin Ford; so does Katz's. Moomaw's story tried to be highly realistic in its portrayal of fans; so does Katz's. There are several other similarities, but there's no need to go on; I think I've made my point.

Of course, Arnie's story isn't exactly like Moomaw's. As I understand it, Kent patterned his story after an actual event that happened at a Midwescon. As far as I know, the incident described in "Southern Encounter" has never happened. I think Arnie's story loses some of its power in that the incident described could not happen. One of the virtues of "The Adversaries" is that it describes a conflict between fans as it happened. Barry Kane (though we all know who he is) would simply not react the way Arnie has written him up. If you really believe that Kane would react this



way, Arnie, then you are obviously as misinformed about the southern white as "Kane" is about Negroes. Kane's prejudices are much more deep-set than Arnie realizes. If Kane encountered a Negro fan he would not begin to throw off his prejudices even if that fan did offer to loan him money. The southern segregationist mind just doesn't work that way. "Nigger-haters" live in my neighborhood; I know them, and I know fairly well how they think. I totally disagree with their attitudes, but I don't try to convert them to my way of thinking because I know that it's impossible. Their hatred of Negroes is so deep-set in their personalities that it cannot be removed without extensive treatment over a period of many years. These are the facts, Arnie; this is the way these people are, and your ignorance of these facts is the one great flaw in your story.

Let me emphasize, Arnie, that even though I've criticized your story severely, it is still much better than 90% of the fiction that appears in the fan press. Your fiction is good, and it'll be better once you develop your own style and method of expression.

Deindorfer's humor is great. Ted White's reviews are good, though I wish he had reviewed more than one fanzine. One advantage of fanzine reviews is that the reviewer compares different fanzines, and the reader gets a better idea of fanzine fandom as a whole and of the worth of individual fanzines. But White's column is still excellent.

////// Actually, Creath, I think you're essentially just pointing out surface similarities between "The Adversaries" and "Southern Encounter." So both stories took place at conventions -- but doesn't 90% of the contact between fans geographically separated by any great distance? Are all stories set in, say, New York City imitations of each other? Attempts at realism are rather prevalent in contemporary fiction, aren't they? No, I don't think the stories are so similar. Moomaw's was the story of the confrontation of two unbending fans of clashing temperaments, among other things, while Katz' was basically a civil rights issue grafted into the context of fandom. But you were right when you mention how deeply the segregationist attitude is ingrained into many white Southerners. I can't really see a "Barry Kane" reacting as Arnie has him doing either. --LA

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ARCHIE MERCER: QUIP 3 is the subject of what I have to say to you now. I don't see that I can add much to what you say anent apas. OMPA is obviously moribund. It has been suggested that PaDS is at least partly responsible for this state of affairs. I'm helping to keep PaDS going -- by being (though not a member) co-administrator -- but I owe a lot to OMPA because it was membership in that which first made me a trufan. Thus I'm helping actively to strangle OMPA, over which by a master-stroke of irony I now preside. Trouble is, I think there should be a PaDS on principle, but that OMPA should be capable of surviving of its own efforts, thus I think I'm doing on the whole the right thing. Or something.

I thought that the binary system was when there were two stars within the same solar orrery -- and what has that to do with mathematics, higher or otherwise?



Well, I decline to list these in any order other than alphabetical, but if one takes AMRA, FEMIZINE, GRUE, LES SPINGE, NIEKAS and SHAGGY (in the Bjo and immediately-post-Bjo period) they are, E&OE, my six favourite fanzines of all-time. Not that I have any vast acquaintanceship with pre-my-time fanzines -- these are all my contemporaries of course.

(.....)

This is of course my fabulous letter of comment on QUIP the fourth. The multicover I pronounce to be the best QUIP multicover yet -- you seem to have got out of the rut. If future ones are as original as this'n, the idea should survive.

Re TEW on VOID -- I would venture to suggest that a fanzine which printswholly or mainly fiction is unlikely to draw much in the way of reader-response for the simple reason that fiction, by and large, is very difficult to comment on to any point. The way to draw response is to get the readers into a position where they want to say something -- and articles are probably the best way to do this. Have an assortment of articles covering a wide range of subjects, and you'll find response flooding in like nobody's business. That, I think, is the "secret" of NIEKAS' popularity as attested by its several concurrent lettercols. I can always find more to say about NIEKAS than about QUIP, for instance.

\*\* \*\* \*

WALT WILLIS: .....  
glug  
ur.....uh.....ahhh...heh...lo  
HELLO ARNIE!

I feel like some extinct prehistoric monster stirring into hideous pseudolife. Stumbling through the miasma of memory (well I thought it was miasma but the doctor said it was just a fog in my throat: I said he wouldn't be mist) I have accumulated a complete file of Quips, the only complete file of anything which exists in the house I think. I ran No. 1 down in a drawer in the office, where I had taken it to write you to the effect that your story of Joe Walcott had inspired me with a burning and resolute determination to become active in fandom again. I had just checked the FAPA waiting list myself and realised that I also would have difficulty citing activity requirements, a dreadful thought. Besides it was a very fine story.

No. 2 I ran to earth under the bed in the front attic. I think I must have taken it up there to get peace to write a long letter of comment, and then somebody came to visit and everything was shoved under the bed. So that attempt got fluffed. Besides I was in the middle of a great redecorating Project in this new house of ~~M~~ours (still am as a matter of fact) and I was still a bit put off fandom by the Platt business...which I know is unreasonable, but then what's reasonable about fandom. I know it's horrible to say that the best thing in a fanzine was a reprint, but I thought Busbee on Burby richly deserved the immortality you conferred on it, though it didn't outclass by all that much the more contemporary contents: all fine readable stuff.

No. 3 I've been carrying around in my breast pocket ever since it arrived, with a vow that it would stay there like the Ancient Mariner's



albatross until I wrote to you. (Now there's a sad little thought. A few years back I had a letter from Max Keasler saying he had left the Navy and was going to publish a fanzine called Albatross: you could make quite an interesting review column of fanzines which did not appear. Could be called The Road to Hell.) (Do you call it The Road to Hell? Here I think it's usually the path because pavement here is what you walk on, not what you drive on.) (Do you know that J.B. Priestly thinks "pavement" is the most beautiful word in the English language?) (Pardon all these parentheses. They were a present from Mrs. Hamilton.)

I have a check mark one third of the way down p.7, but all I can think of that it reminded me to say was that it's surprisingly difficult to write about fandom for mundania. I haven't seen Carter's articles, but I can understand how he may have been led into some of the faults you complain of. For your article to do any good you must identify yourself to some extent with the hostile non-fan, if only so that you can understand his point of view. This makes you tend towards a patronising attitude to fandom, and even to distorting it in an effort to make it more acceptable.

That was nice about the freckled computer. Floreat Bjo.

Southern Encounter was nicely done, though I've seen something like it before...I think in mainstream. I'm just a little doubtful about the ending, I think because I wonder if an offer to lend a few dollars would have sufficient emotional impact. However I don't know, it might be just right. Anyway, I liked it.

Deindorfer was brilliant. Tell me, has the BBC tv character E.L. Wisty made any appearance over there: this is like his stuff, only better. Deindorfer hits the note absolutely unerringly, so much so that I can visualize this whole piece being accepted quite seriously in some quarters. My uncle is very impressed by this idea of having the car driving automated so you can make love to your girl friend in peace, but he says Deindorfer is working on the wrong lines. He says you should tackle the problem from the point of view which is the more readily accessible set of variables. He is working on a device which will make love to your girl friend for you and let you do your driving in peace.

Ed Cox astonishes my simple homespun peasant soul with the wickedness of the Big City. I find it hard to imagine this sort of thing happening in Great Britain. (Partly because it's too cold. I saw newsreel pictures of girl filling station attendants in England, but it was raining at the time and they were wearing plastic macs over their bikinis. Somehow that seemed terribly British.) Though I seem to remember reading about a girl over there who was found to have her breasts tatooed "Mild" and "Bitter".

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GREG BENFORD: Want to make a few comments on QUIP 4, which is the best issue you've put out I think. The main thing holding you back now is the layouts, which are just too repetitious for me...and get multicolored paper! That same twill is boring. ## Your editorial: 10 BNFs are all good selections, but I'd like to see more than ten listed. Bruce Pelz? Maybe he's influ-



ential in the hackwork manner (he just does a lot of stuff) but he's never produced anything of quality, much. ### Len's editorial excellent...in fact the editorials are rapidly becoming the best parts of QUIP.

Deindorfer letter was very perceptive and worthy. I too am amazed at how much press VOID gets in fmz today. I think INNUENDO was probably better, but through the reaches of time one can't really tell without going through an extensive rereading. One shouldn't forget the impact a current fmz has on fans newly arrived: it seems to have everything going for it, whereas something done 5 years before seems concerned with irrelevant material or personalities, and a few years later perhaps the jaded fan, no longer bright-eyed, won't be bowled over by pyrotechnics the way he was initially. On the subject of wit in fandom: Deindorfer has it about correct here, except that I think there's a critical mass for this sort of thing, and when one falls below the minimum it's very hard to regain the necessary momentum. The death of VOID marked, roughly, the beginning of a more serious fandom (for me anyway). If a few Norm Clarkes & others were to start on a grand project like a regular fanzine, the people who can write humorous but don't primarily because they feel there aren't that many people out there who care, and can appreciate, will begin to run in those channels again.

Fan fiction: true that most of it is not worth the time invested, but one should see the things that can be done using a worn vehicle like this when some thought is applied. The only counter example I can give of a cliché story that had other aspects is, regrettably, one of my own that appeared in Koning's fanzine some years ago (God, about 1963) and that used the background to say things about fandom as it was at the moment, with specific incidents and personalities cited and worked over. The plot (Raeburn-like fan dies on way to con) was old, of course, but I really couldn't think of a better vehicle for getting in so much side comment on so many other people. The character of the Raeburn figure was sketched in by relating his own opinions, and those were my own, and the attitude was my own attitude about what's important and what isn't in fannish matters. Maybe I'm making all this up, though, for I haven't read the thing for years and am going only on vague recollections, without a copy. Anybody want to reread that one and let me know if all that I imagine really was in there?

I wish Deindorfer would write mainstream or sfnal material -- he has uncommon perception and I'd like to see it put to good use.

///// Actually, Greg, the list of BNFs I presented purported to be my guess as to how a poll among current fans would rate them. It turned out to be mostly my selections, tempered by a tendency to think my views untypical of current fans. My Real List would be nearly identical, with the major exception that I guess Bob Bloch rates about number three or four, with the rest of the top ten making room by sliding down one. --AK

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MUSHLING REED: During the course of Spring-Cleaning, I was helping my mother to shift an enormous wardrobe from room to room -- not that she and I are muscle-bound Amazons, but dad was out so we had to do the job ourselves -- and I chanced to ask her how long the family had owned the thumping big thing, because



as far back as I could remember, we had had it. (When I was a child, I always imagined it as being perfect for a coffin for three, or possibly a boat in case of flood. I was an imaginative child.) Anyhow, mum said that they had bought it in the 30's and it had travelled about two thousand miles in moves up and down the country, which immediately connected with the Wardrobe Sage in HYPHEN (which is where Arnie says "It wasn't in HYPHEN...") ...and that is the reason that whenever any Willizines are mentioned, I think about ~~the/the/the~~ coffin for three. I only ever saw two back-files of HYPHEN, and I thought them superb. If they have gone forever, they'll be hard -- well-nigh impossible -- to replace.

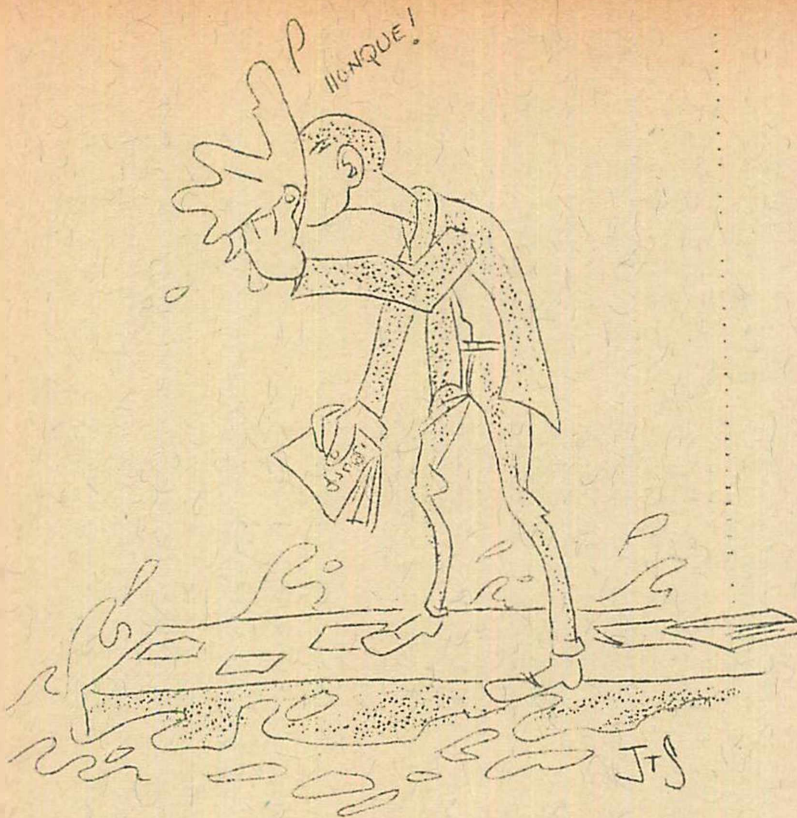
I am not so sure that reaction to layout/appearance -- or lack of it -- is entirely conscious, though I must admit that I have seen beautifully produced fnz which held little interest for me. Admittedly this is probably my fault; however, could it be that a perfect production job is just a little disheartening when one sets quill to parchment to loc, not so much in that the writer can't pick holes in the reproduction etc, but that it places the writer at a psychological disadvantage? Another possible disadvantage could be -- I may be wrong -- where a number of copies go out to people the editor(s) know only as loc-writers or names.

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NORM CLARKE: This is probably a minority opinion, but I wish you'd forget about those 3-page covers. I know they're in the Great Tradition, but the consequences are unfortunate: one fishes your zine out of the envelope, does a take, and says, "Jeez! It's Void!" But it really isn't. Void you ain't. Nor is there any good reason why you should be Void. 3-page covers are not necessary for Quip, just because 3-page covers were a Must to a Void. The next suggestion I have is that you bar Ted White from your pages, or the next thing you know he'll be taking over the zine and bringing a lot of riff-raff, such as Pete Graham, along with him. So, get rid of White, and see what you can do about getting Stephen E. Pickering as a regular columnist in his place.

I take exception to your dictum that "fanzine writing isn't supposed to be work; if it is, you ought to quit fandom. It's supposed to be a hobby..." The first exception is to the tone, which implies, "Look, buddy, if you don't Play By The Rules and accept the Holy Principle of FIJaGH, then you have No Business Here!" The second objection is to your totally unfounded assumption that hobbies never involve work. What about building a model ship inside a bottle, hey? To some fans, the pleasure of this goddam hobby comes from the laying out of a fanzine: and this is not something that's just done casually. It takes \*work\*; but this work is pleasurable work, just as the physical labor of gardening can be pleasurable work for a man who earns his living sitting at a desk. Similarly, there are fans who find pleasure in writing as best they can, for fanzines (and that means working at their writing, rather than just slapping down onto stencil the first Mailing Comment that wanders muzzily into their heads); and this does not mean that these fans are just frustrated Professional Writers, training and practicing and dreaming of the day when they will sell a story to Ace Books. It means that they enjoy writing, and take a hobbyist's pride in doing it well. Oh, well.





(This loc has been polished and revised seven times.)

Len's listing of his favorite fanzines seems to limit itself to general fmz; and, while of course all those he lists are generally acknowledged to be Tops, I think it's rather shocking that Harry Warner's Horizons is so neglected. It has surely got to be the finest example extant of the individzine, subtype alpha; and it is rather a shame that there are so few of this type any more. That kind of zine exemplifies FIJAGH in excelsis: what can be more satisfying to a fan ("hobbyist") than to produce a fanzine in which he himself writes fiction, articles, reviews, mailing comments, trip reports, and -- in a word -- everything except the letter

column. The only drawback -- a major one, apparently, to fans who aren't interested in working at their hobby -- is that it is damned difficult to do well. And to do as well as HWarner, damned near impossible. ("Kissy comments for this issue.")

One thing about Buz's column: I don't think that it's so surprising that Germany and Japan are doing so well, US-Market-wise: they're both of them USA Satellites (Statehood for W. Germany next?). And apparently those Toyotas just aren't in the same league with yer average Real American car, which will kick those little Jap bastards in the ass from no other motive but sheer xenophobia. Get inside some real Detroit Iron and bull your way along, in the great American tradition. (Pardon my xenophobia.)

Sorry, but despite the fact that "Southern Encounter" had such a Big Theme, and was so faaanish and all, it just didn't make it, to me. Perhaps I expected a stronger denouement; as it stands, the punchline, "There's a first time for everything" (implying that the racist fan was maybe Doing Some Thinking) isn't convincing. From the story, it seems more probable that the racist simply wanted to go along with the rest of the fans, and saw no other way to do it than to... go along with the rest of the fans. Maybe that's the point? If so, then that "First time for everything" line obscures it.

Gary Deindorfer's bit was funny, but should have been about four pages shorter. That's a "noted" remark, and so is this: I enjoyed Ed Cox's column, but what is there to say, except that I am not primarily a Tit Man? ("I dig the...Whole Ambience, baby!") And TEW's review column was okay, but pretty dated: Trumpet 4 was out long before this review of #3 was published. But I have to say that I have overcome an initial prejudice, and now think that Tpt is a pretty good fanzine, even



though I could easily do without those Horror Movie reviews.

Greg Benford mentions "Carter Little": I had always assumed that that was Raeburn, even though I never asked him about it. I still think it was Raeburn, even though I looked through some Voids a while ago and found some letterhack saying "Carter Little is Raeburn, no?" to which Greg replied, "That's a pretty good guess, but still just a guess." Note he didn't say it's a wrong guess; just, "It's a guess." Is it still supposed to be a secret?

Well, so much for comments, except to add that the pervasive influence of Ted White is evident in more than just the multi-covers: I note such words as "plaigerize", "existance," as well as, in Berry's re-printed story, "grace bourne of utter desperation." Any relation to lars bourne of oregon? (Does jack speer of new mexico get your vulgar ostentatious Fan Mag?)

///// Being new here I can't swear about earlier issues (I swore about them before I was affiliated), but jack speer of new mexico will be getting this one. ## I think Arnie meant "work" in the sense of "distasteful toil." Hell, he's managed to get Len Bailes to co-edit four issues of QUIP, so he knows that there's work (and heartbreak) in fanzine production. If the net wasn't pleasure, Arnie won't be a slaving genzine editor. There's an optimum labor/pleasure ratio, and the hobbyist, having control over his hobby activities, will probably find it. To a fan I know, justified margins are Must for his fanzines -- the improvement in appearance gratifies him enough to warrent the additional outlay of energy. For me, justified margins on a fanzine I do are just a waste of time. This same balancing of work against return will generally determine how much polishing a fan will do on his writing, or how carefully he'll run his mimeo. I think Arnie's point was that when fanzine writing becomes all toil and little pleasure, then there's no reason to continue fanzine writing. Your point that a hobby involves pleasurable work is well-taken, but except for the enjoyment of the simple act of doing, the pleasure and the toil will be separate things (the pleasure in the result and its consequences, and the toil in the production) to be balanced against each other. (Here I'm talking about something like writing, where a tangible result is evaluated, rather than about a thing like bull-fighting, where the art is in the execution.) --LA

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TERRY JEEVES: I agree with your comments of getting better returns for your fmz from an apa...with reservations. In the days when Eric Bentcliffe published TRIODE, we put out around 150 copies of 40 pages every three months...for all this effort, we were lucky to get 20 decent LOCs, or around 13% response. With ERG, I put 50 copies into OMPA, and 10 to 20 copies by direct mail to other parties. The OMPA response usually takes the form of an abbreviated comment in about 60% of the zines in the following mailing. This may be around 15 or 20 magazines. Thus, in the actual number of comments, an ompazine gives fewer...and briefer comments, BUT to get them, I need only produce 50 issues of a 12 page magazine every three months...and that magazine is designed to please ME, not a general s-f readership. So if egoboo is what we want from our



fanzines (and I unashamedly admit that I do), then Ompas seem to give better results than genzines when boiled down to egoboo per page produced.

On the other hand, all this refers to WRITTEN MATERIAL...I can write one sentence saying something like..."Cordwainer Smith and J.G.Ballard are stupid writers of crud"...and that single sentence will draw more LOCs, arguments and articles in rebuttal, than if I spend a couple of hours and churn out a cover illustration for some zine. IN OTHER WORDS, FAN ARTISTS GET A RAW DEAL. Look at your own locs, and see how often you get...the artwork was ok. If you get an art comment at all. I propose a NEW DEAL FOR FAN ARTISTS, and will probably form a union to boycott all fanzines which do not insist in their editorials that no LOC will be accepted for trade or publication, if 40% is not devoted to the art work...it's an idea, isn't it?

Did you know that the STOBCLER mentioned by Rich Mann really originated from the title of an obscure fanzine article..."Some Thoughts On Buying Cheap Literatur For Reading"...the F was later changed to E for reasons of euphony. Enjoyed the name choosing bit...but for ERG, I hunted up the shortest name I could think of which could be stencilled easily with a ruler to minimise curves. Had I wanted a mind croggling name, I would have chose something like "Karkasanturai" (an airbase in Ceylon I once landed on), or "Deolali" (an Indian hill staion)...but imagine the labor of cutting such titles time after time??? After all, what's the use of picking a whacking long title and then running a competition to chose an official abbreviation for it as many zines do???

////// Most fans don't comment on art any deeper than "I liked it" because they don't know enough about artistic technique, etc, to write an intelligent comment -- or don't think they do. I'm an artistic ignoramus; I can tell you what I like and give a few personal reasons for it, but that's all. So I put "I liked the Jeeves cover; the expression on the Bem's face was hilarious" in an LoC. So it's edited out, rightly, since it's just "I liked" commentary and not generally interesting criticism. --So why don't you fan artists do some depth commentary on fanzine art and show us ignoramii how it's done. We'll print it here in QUIP and be thankful for the chance. --LA

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LENNY KAYE: Your several page cover is impressive...I remember back in the days of Void when one would anxiously sit by, just waiting for the new zillion page bhob cover with famous "Why did the rooster wear red suspenders etc. etc." lines and wild inking and the like. It got to the point where I was expecting Void to come out with all-cover (or many contents on the front and the cover inside) but I suppose I was doomed to disappointment.

Len's editorial on the sociological significance of fandom showed me that fandom is truly a subculture. I had never really thought of it before, but when you think of it, we have meanings and symbolic communications that create a break-away from the larger culture. For example, the Hugo is a cultural symbol which only has direct meaning in fandom and very little meaning in the larger culture. Also, in talking about social mobility, there is much that can be applied to



fandom. For example, there is more status in a mimeographed fanzine than a (\*ugh\*) hectographed one. In the APA groups, a clearly defined system of status is defined with FAPA in the ascendant...

I wouldn't however, go so far as to say that writing ability is the key factor to "social advancement." Perhaps it is a part, but it cannot be all...look at all the long-time bad writers that are about, but that are still regarded highly. One also forgets the artists there. Creative ability is part of a maturation that fandom promotes. It is easier to see this in teenagedmeos than in older newcomers. Hell, I look at me and see a psychological study in my rise and fall in fandom. I'd say that the key factor in "social advancement" is the ability to learn to Play the Game. No matter how free-thinking fandom thinks it is and how amenable it thinks it is to new personalities, those who don't learn the rules (in other words, be socialized) will not succeed. One either learns to play the fannish game or leaves. Or one learns the game, but does not find his needs answered. It all probably comes down to the basic "role" problem in sociology and fitting in and all. If one finds the right role, he will fit into and succeed in "fanzine" (do you also mean faannish?) fandom.

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GREGG CALKINS: Okay, by golly, you talked me into it. I enjoyed the 4th issue of QUIP enough to sit down and write my first letter of comment in I can't remember how long. I confess that I don't get many fanzines nowadays and for good reason ...the senders probably feel much like I used to feel in the long ago days when I faithfully sent a copy of every issue of OOPSLA! to Charles Burbee without even a pocsarcd in reply. Now that I know Burb I understand perfectly but of course that doesn't do today's faned any more good than it did me long ago. When I was a neofan I couldn't understand how fans could ever become lukewarm about fanzines and I felt sort of sad to think of how much they had lost and how barren their days had become as they disappeared into the mists of mundania.

I think Len Bailes has a very definite point in his conclusion that as one remains in fandom one's time sense concerning happenings in the microcosm is shortened. I remember distinctly when I was brand new to fandom and just discovering fanzines and I subscribed to Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY beginning with the 8th issue. For several months it was the only fanzine I took regularly and I can still remember how I used to wait impateiently for each month to roll around so I could look forward to the next issue. Now the quarterly FAPA mailings thump into the mailbox almost before I get the previous bundle out of the way. I don't know what the next step in this accelerating process can be but I don't think I'm looking forward to it.....

I am mildly crottled to see that page 14 contains that most entertaining of all items to the science fiction fan...my own name in print! Thank you, Ted White, for the wonderful egoboo. I never see that term anymore, it seems, but once it was the staff of life to us all. Did you ever ponder that saddest of all sad ponderables? To wonder how many times your name was in print that you didn't get to see because you didn't get the zine in which it appeared? With that sobering thought I'll beg your pardon and stagger back again into the outer darkness.....



////// No, you're wrong Gregg, now that you've written to QUIP once,  
we may well not let you stagger back into the outer darkness.  
Look what happened to Bob Bloch: dropped us a post card and now  
he's become a contributor. Hint. --AK

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HARRY WARNER: This evening I saw the photographs taken from Gemini  
II and they seemed like an anticlimax after this cover  
on the fourth Quip. I'm sure you won't have any com-  
plaints about lack of attention to small fannish details, after the  
artful way in which a famous project has been used as the cover for  
an issue of Innuendo and just-visible propaganda is cunningly inserted  
on the subway sign. I don't doubt that some day, this pictorial ad-  
venture will bring better prices in the collecting market than the  
third issue in mint condition of the original Batman comic book.

I'm in a curious position about your editorial. It's impossible to  
comment on the remarks regarding the 1967 convention site, because a  
belly-ache prevented me at the last moment from getting to Cleveland  
(I couldn't understand why I didn't have any hot water to soothe me  
on my bed of pain, and it was hours and hours before I realized that  
I'd even turned off the furnace switch among the countdown prepara-  
tions for the trip, just before a temporary hold was occurred followed  
by complete scrubbing of this mission). The convention is now two  
weeks in the past and still I've heard nothing about it: not a mention  
in a newly published fanzine, no letter from anyone who attended, and  
there were no visitors to Hagerstown en route home. This gives me the  
oddest sort of suspicion that all fandom may have been rotated into  
the Twerp Dimension in the course of the Tricon, and only those who  
stayed home remain in existence, still unaware of the awful calamity.  
Of course, there should have been something in the newspapers if sev-  
eral people suddenly vanished, but the prozine editors have been tell-  
ing me so endlessly about the insignificance of fandom that I've come  
to believe in an unnoticeable disappearance. Suddenly this letter  
seems sort of futile, as if nobody will read it.

Ted White comes close to some important truths about fanzines, both in  
the original article and in his ps to this reprint of it. But he over-  
looks several facts. One is that the whole purpose of a beautiful  
format is to catch the eye, to intrigue the aesthetic sense of the  
reader, to persuade him to stop right there and look at this page and  
read its contents. This is suitable for a large professional magazine  
because it can persuade the person thumbing through it at the newstand  
to buy it and it can force the person who has already bought the issue  
to read a great deal of it, more than likely causing him to purchase  
future issues because of the memory of how thoroughly he read the mag-  
azine. But the fanzine situation is different: practically everyone  
except a few fans undergoing gafia will read almost everything in a  
fanzine, no matter how the type and pictures are assembled on its  
pages, and you buy a fanzine on the basis of preliminary examination  
only on the rarest of occasions. So in a sense, fine format is as  
needless a vestige of prozine imitation as putting the price of the  
issue on the cover. Of course, a few people, undoubtedly including  
Ted, find real pleasure in ingenious layouts, beautifully balanced  
combinations of lettering and illustration, and other tricks of the  
format trade, but I think these are caviar to the general, or frosting  
on the cake. There is also the probability that Ted is finding the



wrong cause, careless appearance, for the effect, reader response. The nature of the material in a fanzine, not necessarily the quality of that material or the effectiveness with which it's presented, seems to have a great deal to do with the number of locs that will result.

Ed Cox overlooks the fact that a former fan wrote about the camp movement years before it occurred. I don't remember the exact title of Ray Bradbury's story, but it had something to do with the monocle that was painted by Matisse, and in this short story was an exact description of a future popularization of camp.

Gary Deindorfer would have been more accurate if he'd referred to the percentage of i's that appear in a Harry Warner letter, instead of the reference that he made to my use of e's. Except for dirt accumulation from time to time in the eye of the e, I've always had 100% e's, but the i's don't have a leg to stand on in my locs these days. Maybe I should get it fixed, but I keep thinking how much trouble it would be for anyone to forge a letter from me while the typewriter is acting like this and I wonder id it's safe to have it repaired.

"Seth Johnson is Out, Stephen Pickering is In." Now, there is inspiration in an aphorism if I've ever seen it. Steve Stiles puts Stephen Pickering in his place much more accurately and firmly than all the outraged articles and locs that have been published about the Pickering fanzine articles.

Something very strange occurred near the end of this copy of Quip, incidentally. Its pages run quite correctly from the front cover through page 58. Then suddenly I find pages 45 through 58 repeated, in their proper order. After that, the final four pages follow as calmly as if nothing had happened. This is extraordinary, quite inexplicable as far as I can see. If you were a printed publication, I would simply assume that two sets of one signature had somehow slipped through. But it's hard to imagine even the wildest collation party causing someone to stagger seven piles backward, yet resuming the pickup process at that point without getting at least two sheets out of proper order. I've heard of many improbable accidents in mimeography and stencilling but never yet have I run across a fanzine whose editors absentmindedly cut the stencils twice for 14 pages and then ran them off without dimly sensing that there was more work than usual for a 62-page issue. So, unless it turns out that all copies of Quip have the same peculiar duplication, I have the only copy of Quip that might someday have unique rarity value approaching the copy of the third issue with the handcolored cover, originally in the Gary Deindorfer collection before it began to change hands in a series of transactions with mushrooming prices.

////// Wasn't that Bradbury story concerning a poker chip painted by Matisse, rather than a monocle? ....Seems like it was in BEYOND. While I've never attended a QUIP collating-party myself, I've had graphic descriptions from Arnie and Len, and let me assure you that most likely you've got one of the better assembled issues. It seems that to induce fans to a collating party these days you've got to provide some rather exotic diversions to take their minds off the work. Apparently the diversions work all too well. --LA

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MIKE DECKINGER: Most of what Ted says is well put, and inarguable, but I want to clarify a few points, when he contrasts "ineptly edited fanzines like NIEKAS and DOUBLE:BILL" with HYPHEN, LIGHTHOUSE, HORIZONS, and HONQUE. I doubt very much that there has been any recognizable group-voting to explain the Hugo nominations of the first two. Rather I would blame this condition more on some more evident and simpler facts. A great many fans who voted in the Hugo balloting during the past few years have probably never seen an issue of HYPHEN; the last one to appear came out about three years ago and since then Walt Willis has been almost inactive in fandom. HYPHEN may be an outstanding fanzine, but if few of the new generation of fans see a copy, you can't expect many votes to pile up for it. LIGHTHOUSE and HORIZONS are both FAPAazines. I don't know what the extent of their outside circulation may be, but I would guess that the majority of copies are distributed through FAPA, where it takes at least five years for a neo to get into.

On the other hand DOUBLE:BILL and NIEKAS appear about three times a year, usually average 50 or more pages, and contain material that will appeal to a broad spectrum of interests in fandom. Neither fanzine is distributed through an apa, so that the entire printing run goes to whomever the respective editors choose. There's no doubt that HYPHEN, LIGHTHOUSE, and HORIZONS have had excellent issues that were superiour in all respects to the other two examples. But quality and appearance are, unfortunately, not the only deciding factors. Availability plays a very big part, and if a new fan sees only DOUBLE:BILL or NIEKAS, that's all he can possibly vote for.

MIRACLE Magazine sounds like something I'd enjoy reading. At one time I was the recipient of several Oral Roberts publications that far exceeded in zeal and promise anything he has ever claimed or exhorted over television. Roberts' claims of complete healing through spiritual means has always made me wonder whether or not the AMA was aware of this man's faculties, and if they planned any legal action because he was tresspassing in a domain that by rights was the property of an AMA affiliate. One magazine offered to heartily prayfor one's silent needs; so that just by writing to the publication, giving your name and address, and requesting that prayers be offered for an unnamed wish, was all that was needed. I'm told that Lee Harvey Oswald availed himself of this service with increasing regularity.

////// NIEKAS does circulate in the apas. The current plan, I believe, is alternate issues thru FAPA and N'APA. But the press run is supposed to be in the neighborhood of 500. --LA

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RICK SNEARY: My instant comment on QUIP is, you sure mention a lot of big, active fans that I never heard of... No, I'm not talking about F.M. Busby -- or even Arnie Katz -- just a lot of bushy tailed tads that sprung up around the country to take the shining lamp of fanac from the faltering hands of us old timers... A whole new generation is born every three years, and if you close your eyes for a minute you're lost...

Say, there was a banjo player on Summer TV out here, referred to as the Flying Dutchman, that reminded me of your little straw-hatted song-and-dance man on the cover. The show was Mickie Finn, which is the name of a gal and an old rink-e-tink bar down in San Diego. This guy



just sat on the piano through out every show and ripped out a real fine tune... Never saw anyone that looked so much like a fanzine drawing...

By the way-- I don't guess who "Dr. Gafia" is. The only NY'er I know that looks that thin though is Frank Dietz, and I doubt his place in your mythos. The drawings are very good -- but must cost a pile of green stamps...

Actually I found your list very interesting... I sent a list of ten names to Bruce, but I've forgotten what they were, and if I drew up another one, it would probably be different -- and if they were both published people would think I couldn't remember or was un-dependable. I was a little surprised to note that with the exception of Pelz, all were from an older Fannish age than your own. It would be no more than natural to value one's contemporaries a little higher than they might deserve... You must have done much more reading of back issue fanzines than I ever did, to get the picture you come up with. --It is a very good list. It must be very close to mine...there are only two names I would question are really today's top ten. That being Berry and Hoffman. John is a fabulous person and writer, but from here (the mouth of a hermit's cave), he hasn't appeared to be active enough in the past few years to rate top billing. The same goes for Lee, though Foo be praised, she is becoming more and more active... If you were listing an alltime top ten -- those who have done the most to shape Fandom, and done the most for it -- there would be no question in my mind of her being there. She was Sixth Fandom, which blended the sercon and barbarian movements into one. She introduced Willis, the "fannish" writer.

There have been polls over the years to find out who were the top ten BNF's, but there never has been any real attempt to find out who are BNF's. As it is a state of mind -- some one else's mind, as it is what others think of you, not what you think of yourself, that matters -- there can't be rules set. I did think of an idea that might work to a degree. Draw up a list of the 20 top fans in your opinion, and ask them to make up a list of all the fans they think rate being called BNF. Most would list the same names. Anyone mentioned over a certain number of times, say ten, would count as a BNF.

Len's remarks re Fandom seem quite good, and I agree with most. I've suspected that part of the attraction of Fandom to some teenagers is the chance to be taken seriously. Or at least treated as a person and not a teenager. Many teen-age fans I've known also seemed to have a hard time mixing with other teen-agers. They were shy, or maybe too sm art for their school crowd. They were Mixed Up. In fandom they found friends and a degree of self-assurance that made it possible for them to branch out into other, more meaningful fields. Thus after four or five years they grow away from fandom because they no longer need what fandom has to offer them. Others of us never find an end to the interest and friendships it has to offer, and we stay. But nutty as fandom is, I think most people have benefitted by passing thru it.

Ted White is still puzzled by the failure of STELLAR. I think his reasoning is sounder now than in 1961, but I still think he overrates the importance of appearance. Certainly there has been one fanzine which had both perfect repro and an ice cold layout, that had a lot of response. I refer to WARHOON. Professional done with a layout only slightly less severe than FANTASY COMMENTATOR, with an editor



who wrote exclusively for strangers (lacking in friendliness or warmth). Yet its letter column bulged, with not only fans but Pros. Ted knows, but seems unwilling to admit, the importance of the personality of the editor. (Not the only important factor of course. A zine has to appear... The reason why HYPHEN doesn't win more Hugos).

Regarding EdCo's (Ed Cox for TAFF) wondering about old sf goodies. Well, possibly the prize, if not rarest item would be the old Science Fiction League pin, that Thrilling Wonder used to offer to members. I have my SFL membership card, but when I joined they no longer offered the pins. Ackerman's is the only one I've ever seen, though I imagine a number of 1st Fandomer's have them.... There was another fan pin offered at the 1950 World Con. Tucker was selling them, but the guy that made them (Paris, by name, I believe) went in the army, and the supply dried up before they could become popular. They were a rather nice green and gold triangle.... There has been frequent lamenting that there wasn't a "pin" that fans could wear to identify themselves. The WSFS had pretty good ones, but when that blew up the pins fell out of fashion too. Too bad.

Really a good crew in the letter dept. Old, tried, and also true, everyone. Infact, do you realize that besides you two editors and WOLFORD, your next newest fan is -- no, I was going to say Stiles, but I forgot Dupree. But generally speaking, the rest of your contributors have been around ten years or more. A good, proven crew, but I wonder what it says regarding the trouble of finding good new fans to write for a genzine... It certainly is the kind of genzine I remember with pleasure, from the older and busier ages... Hope the Fates are good to you, and that you get past the mystic fifth issue.

///// Dr. Gafia is the inimitable richard wayne brown, the most persistent gafiator in fandom and writer of a great faanish novel to be published in QUIP real soon now. --AK

The past is often overvalued too. We all tend to remember only the good part of the "good old days", and we idealize that to eliminate distasteful portions. Legends are built of bits of the past. ## Thanks for your good wishes for Q's survival. Watch for #6 around May first. --LA

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MIKE ASHLEY: Your list of the ten biggest name fans has no doubt resulted in further listings. The fact that none were British -- well, Walt is Irish, but we English are very independent you know! -- was somewhat of a blow against my patriotic, if not chauvanistic feelings! Would it not be a good idea to attempt a listing for each country. The States' ten biggest fans, Canada's ten, Britain's ten, and so on. Taking the United Kingdom as a whole Walt Willis would still be the undoubted number one. Following this I would list Ken Slater second. Ken edited OPERATION FANTAST a decade and umpteen years ago and of course now owns FANTAST Bookshop, Britain's greatest market of sf. He also supplies a regular column to the BSFA Journal, VECTOR, and has become the latest owner of the Doc Weir Award. Besides placing these first and second, the next eight I could not place in any order at all, other than being part of Britain's ten greatest fan names. Archie Mercer, a fan for



many, many years, editor of AMBLE and ex-editor of VECTOR and many other fanzines, is joint Administrator of the PaDS apa. Ron Bennett, also a fan for many, many years, now editor of the newszine SKYRACK, and ex-editor of several great, late fanzines. Terry Jeeves, still a fan writer in profusion, editor of ERG, and ex-editor of several fmz, he is also compiler of the ASTOUNDING Checklists. I believe he also won the N3F Short Story Competition in 1962 or thereabouts. Pete Weston, probably the youngest and most recent of this list of fen, but an undoubted contender, as editor of the near-Hugo winning fanzine ZENITH Speculation, as well as having edited NEXUS, STASIS and had a hand in NADIR. Charles Platt is one of those fans who has passed into the professional field, but still an undoubted fan and ex-editor of BEYOND. Though not so active nowadays J. Mike Rosenblum surely could not be omitted, from editing FUTURIAN cum FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST cum NEW FUTURIAN from the early days of British fandom right into the late 50's. John Berry of Ireland is just as eligible as his New York namesake for parallel reasons. Beryl Mercer, the other Administrator of PaDS, editor of OZ and of the late lamented LINK? and once known as Beryl Henley, I would also say was an undoubted contender. ...So that is my list of the ten Biggest names in British fandom. Wonder if anyone agrees.

///// The reason no English fans rate on my list of current BNF's is that of English fans who might've rated up with Willis, Tucker et al, none are active in the least any more. Not, I assure you, that the people you mention aren't fine people and fine fans, but they just don't seem to fit into my top ten. --AK

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JAMES ASHE: Well, about the future. I'm sure you've seen the hooraw in the papers about the Federal Data Center project. Something very noticeably missing in the discussions I have seen so far is what are they going to do for safeguards? This question is discussed in the latest Scientific American in its great big issue on information handling, and some very reasonable suggestions are presented. I don't imagine they will be carried out. You know, I'm very worried about what that is going to come to because I'm convinced that some tremendous abuses will appear almost immediately.

My confidence isn't in the least strengthened by Robert Kennedy's connection with the idea. You know, he is plugging it quite strongly. So when I read about that it brings a couple of things to mind. The first is the idea that maybe over the long run Kennedy's vendetta against Hoffa was a worse thing than Hoffa's alleged misdeeds. And the other is that this wiretapping mess that keeps coming back into the papers at irregular intervals seems to go right back to Robert Kennedy's days as Attorney General. Now he wants that Data Center and he's also aiming for the Presidency. How soon will they let political and ideological refugees into Russia?

Ted White seems to have some very interesting ideas. I was really quite surprised at his experiences in publishing zines in various formats. I'd have thought the nicely done variety would go over better. But that study isn't complete because too many things were changed at one time.



WHY DOES BIO  
CALL YOU A  
ST. BERNARD,  
ANDY?

