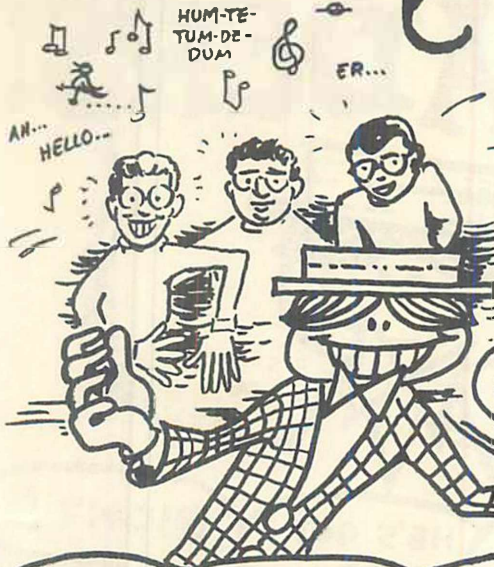
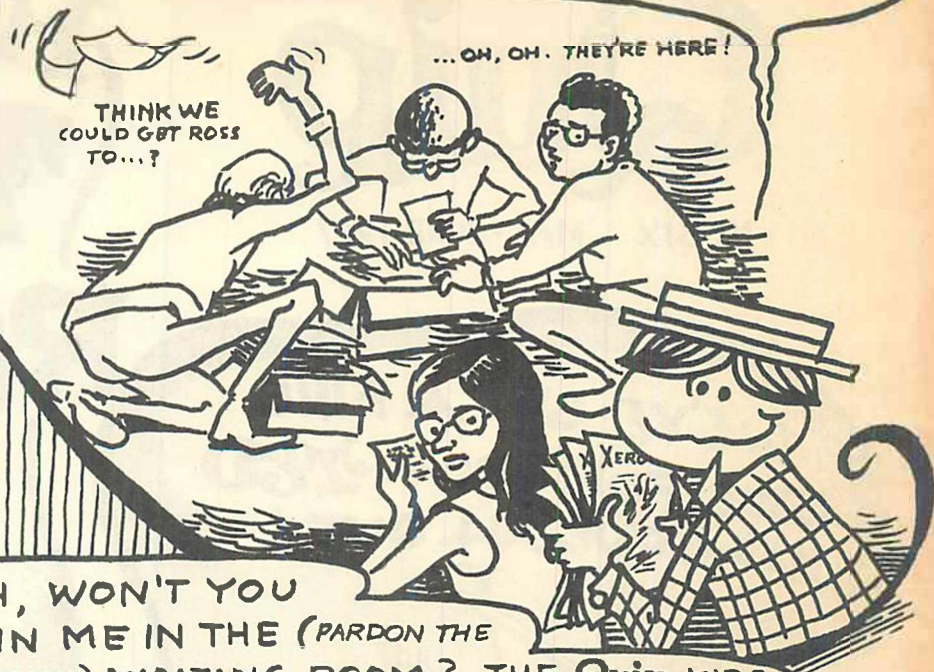


# Quip

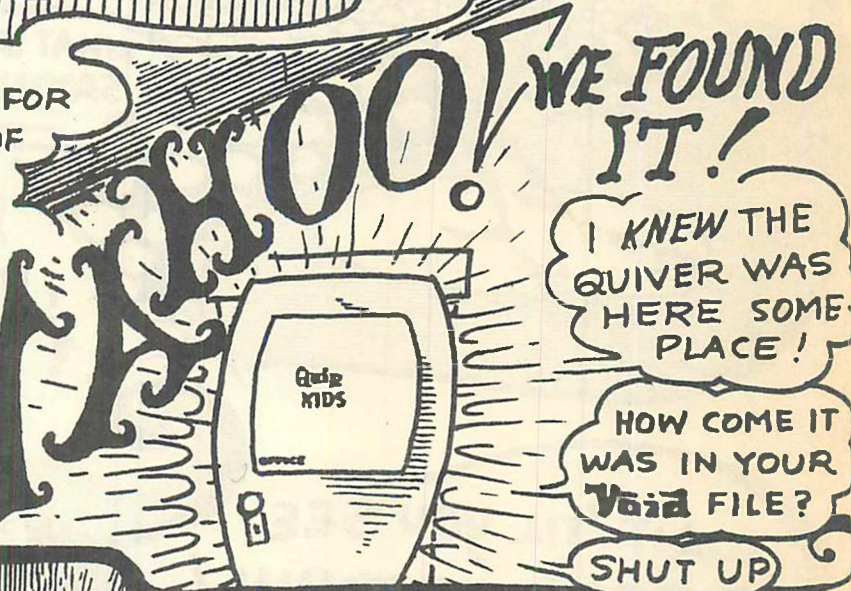
Nº SPRING-SUMMER 1967

OH... HI THERE, *Quip* FANS!



UH, WON'T YOU JOIN ME IN THE (PARDON THE EXPRESSION) WAITING ROOM? THE *Quip* KIDS ARE IN A VITAL CONFERENCE JUST NOW. AND...

YOU SAY YOU WERE LOOKING FOR WHAT? - THE APRIL-MAY ISSUE OF *Quip*? NOW, FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK ABOUT THAT - ONLY JUST NOW I WAS TALKING BARNIE ABOUT THAT...



HOW COME IT WAS IN YOUR *Void* FILE?

SHUT UP

WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT THAT DATE?

NEVER MIND THAT - JUST STAPLE!

HOW DO WANT IT STAPLED? TWO OR THR...

FOR GHU'S SAKE, DON'T LET'S GET INTO THAT!

BUT ABOUT THE DATE... THE WHOLE POINT OF...

**STAPLE!**

CHUNK!  
CHUNK!

WHEW! WELL, HERE IT IS... *Quip* Nº Six!

OKAY, HERE, Q.! HOT OFF THE PRESS!



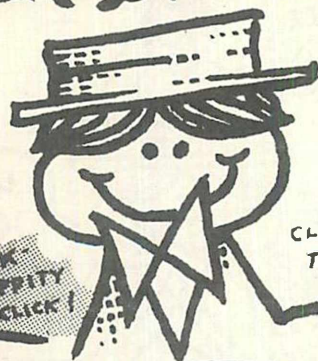


# Quip

Nº SIX MAY-JUNE 1967

## HI THERE VIA READERS!

WE'VE GOT A FINE  
ISSUE FOR YOU - TED  
HAS GONE ALL OUT!



WHAT'S HE  
SAYING?

HE'S GOT  
TO BE  
STOPPED!

RIGHT!

WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE  
GREG'S EDITORIAL!



MORE FABULOUS  
DALLAS FANDOM  
STORIES !!

Q.  
WERE  
YUIOP



PEPSI WILL  
FLOW LIKE...  
LIKE PEPSI!



AND LET US NOT  
FORGET THOSE FABULOUS  
BERKELEY EXPATRIATES -  
CARR AND GRAHAM!

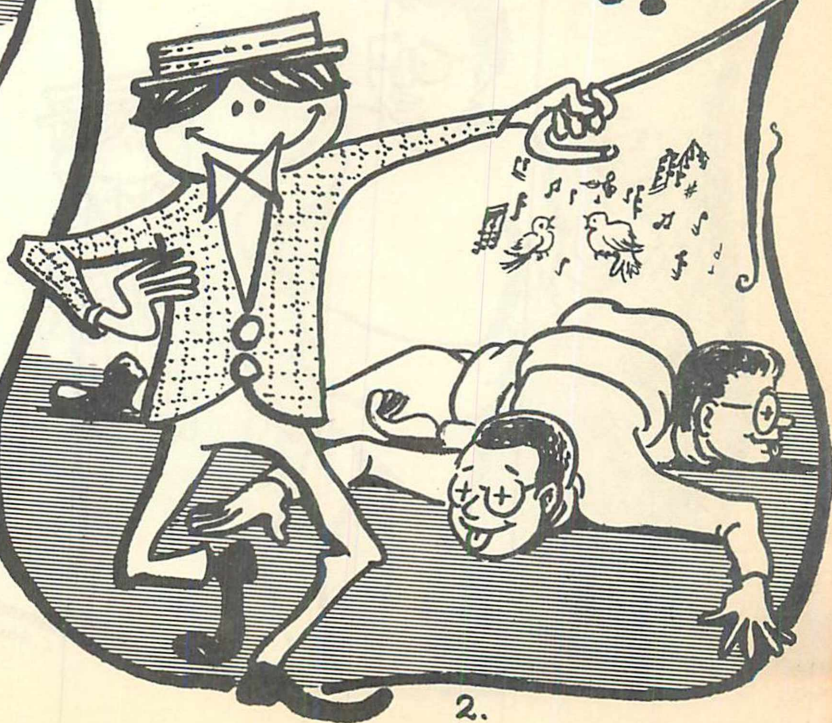


AND NOW, TO GET  
THE MONTHLY **Voia**  
UNDER WAY...

UH-OH!

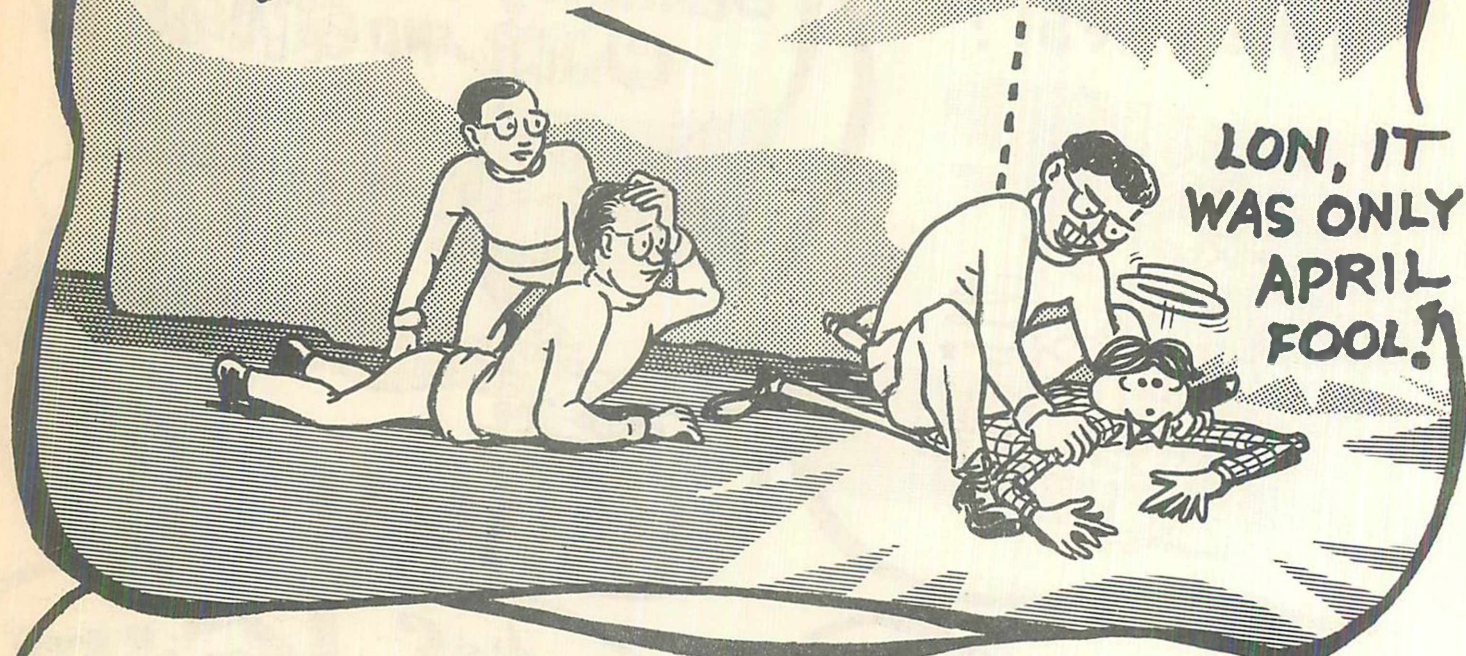


... **Voia**  
**BOYS!!**





**Quip's SALVATION  
DOES IT AGAIN!**



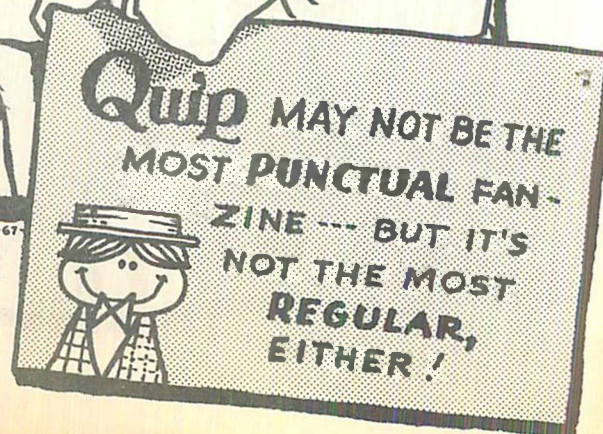
**Q, YOU'RE A  
MONTH LATE!**

**THAT'S THE Quip  
TRADITION, LON!**



C. Ross Chamberlain - 4-67

3.





# QUIP

6

THE VULGAR AND OSTENTATIOUS FANZINE

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QUIP #5 is edited by Lon Atkins (Box 1131 Canoga Park, Calif. 91304) and Arnie Katz (98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY 11040) with the help of Associate Editors Cindy Van Arnam (1730 Harrison Ave., Apt 353, Bronx, NY 10453) and Len Bailes. QUIP is available for substantial LoC, contrib, trade, or 50¢ (no subs!). Tradezines go to Katz and Atkins. No monsterzines accepted. All LoCs, submissions and cash should be sent to Katz. Mimeography this issue by Cindy. 8 Aug 67.

\*

\*

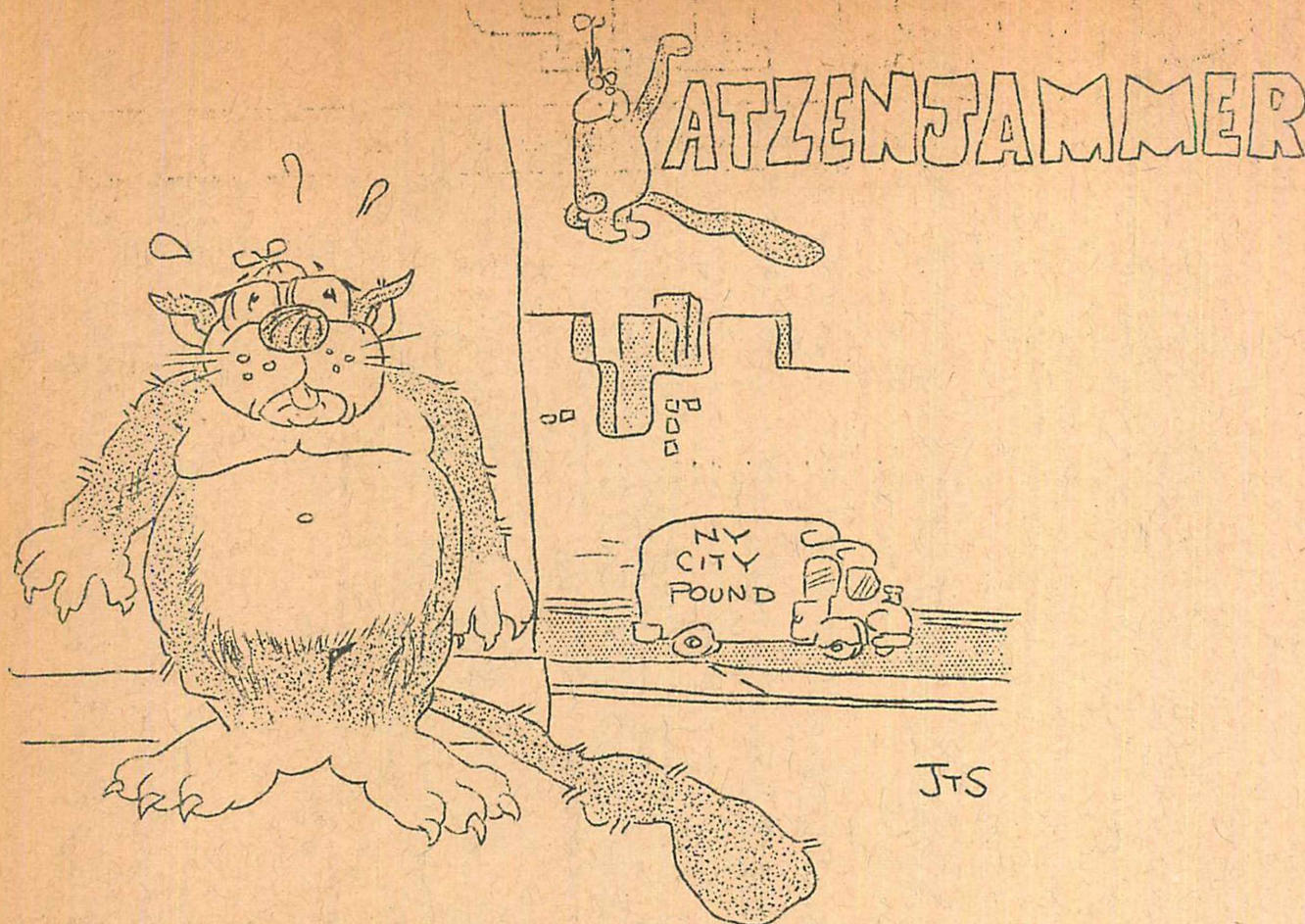
Fanzine for review should be sent to Greg Benford, 555½ Fern Glen, La Jolla, California 92037.

\*

\*

SHTICKSHIFT and BEERMUTTERINGS will return next issue. You hear that, Lon and Len?





After several years of co-editing one zine or another with lazy Len Bailes, the New Dispersion certainly has been a marked change. There is no chance that Lon will ever be confused with trady (but still lovable) Len. At least I hope not, for where will I find yet another new co-editor. But things look like I won't have to worry about that very much. A thought has crept into my mind that perhaps it will be Lon who may have to find another QUIP Kid, so energetic does he appear.

For example, during the last week in February Lon stenciled the letter column for the QUISH, ran off the 96 impeccably repro'd mimeographed pages, did a 26 page zine for SFPA, played in a Chess Tourneyment, put out the SFPA mailing (he's the OE), and packed and shipped his worldly possessions to his new home in smoggy Southern California. I called Lon a day or so before he left the South, to get a few last minute details of getting QUIP into the mails ironed out (said details included sending the collated copies of QUIP to New Hyde Park where the covers were added and the individual copies mailed out).

"Let's publish QUIP monthly," my co-editor said brightly. I made a comment disparaging his sanity. I talked him out of it, at least for the nonce, but the thought that anyone could be such a glutton for punishment is firmly wedged in my mind.

And another thing -- I used to get to write all the Nagging Letters. It was, now that I look back at it objectively, a perverse



kind of fun to tell your co-editor how incompetent he is and how the Great Affairs of the world are grinding to a standstill because of him. Len being the kind of person he is, I averaged about one such letter a week. Even though Len never quite got up the energy to write back, which would have enabled me to gauge his reactions to my missives, there mere writing of such letters was a valuble catharsis. But such pleasures belong to the past. I delayed sending the extra QUIP covers to Lon on the West Coast until I learned his new address, so as to be sure that Lon would receive them. Within three days of Lon's moving into his apartment, he sent me at least a half-dozen letters in various states of hysteria inquiring after the covers, without which Lon could not assemble a complete copy of Q #5 of his very own. While I intend to reproduce neither his printing nor the yellow graph paper upon which this letter was originally written, I thought you would all be interested in seeing a specimen letter so as to more fully appreciate how the tables have been turned.

21205 Roscoe Blvd.,  
Apt 40  
Canoga Park,  
California 91304

Dear Arnie ---

Here I am taking company time to drop you a short note. It's because I understand you co-edit a fabulous fannish fanzine, and I'd like to get a copy. All my friends are telling me how great the current issue (#5) is. Three days ago, Ed Cox called me up and raved about this fanzine called QUIP, which he said Arnie Katz was mailing out. Gee, I thot, that QUIP sounds like a fanzine I should be on the mailing list of. Then this morning Dave Hulan came to work chuckling about this very same QUIP, which he had just received.

I'd like to get QUIP, too. If you send me one issue I may write a LoC. Or maybe you'd rather trade. I publish a fanzine also; it is called QUIP (ha ha -- what a coincidence). I hope we can arrange it so that you send me your fanzine, Q #5, and I will send you Q #6, Q #7, etc.

Or maybe I should subscribe.

Very Sincerely,

LON

So now, as you see, I get the Nagging Letters. Perhaps moving to L.A. will slow Lon up enough to bring him back down to the levels inhabited by the rest of us mortal fans.

I think I may have created a monster...



While enjoying the vacation during which I sent out the QUISH, I skipped attending a FISTFA meeting, by design, for the first time since I can't remember when. Perhaps the FISTFA meeting I attended back in mid-January, if not precisely a major factor, had at least something to do with it.

I trudged up the flights of narrow and winding stairs to Mike's apartment on the fifth floor. The smells of a couple dozen kitchens going full blast for the weekend enveloped me in a pungent haze. I knocked on the door and, no one answering, I let myself in.

"Hello, I'm Dave Ross," said a stranger, a young teenaged fellow. "And this is my father." Dave pointed to a distinguished looking middle aged gentleman whose correctness of dress clashed with the jumbled chaos of the McInerney apartment.

"Hello," I ventured somewhat uncertainly, "I'm Arnie Katz." I peered around anxiously for some sign of Mike or the other FISTFAns, fearful that I had blundered into the wrong apartment somehow.

"I'm John Berry," said a tall stringbean, alleviating my worry. I'd invited John down to FISTFA from the wilds of Bronxville and was glad to see that he'd shown up.

"I am M. S. Player," a 30-ish, chubby fellow said to me with the air of one who expected me to salaam in reverence. I smiled faintly, shook hands, and was forced to take one of Mr. Player's cards. I did not fail to note "U.F.O." placed conspicuously near his name.

John and I sprawled out on the low bed which serves as a couch and chatted about such earth-shaking things as John's career as a Monsterfan and fanzines in general. Mr. Player pulled up a chair close to where we were talking and said,

"Why don't you throw some questions my way?!" I wasn't too sure what he was alluding to, since John and I weren't playing twenty questions, just shooting bull. I smiled encouragingly at him and prompted John to continue his interrupted argument -- in which he attempted to convince me that Buck Coulson has a sense of humor.

Just as John was launching into a speech the import of which was that not only did Buck Coulson have a sense of humor, but YANDRO is the focal point of fandom, Mr. Player spoke up again.

"I811 bet you are all dying to know where flying saucers Really Come From!" John and I were bold enough to murmur softly that neither of us really cared that much. "Where do they come from?" Mr. Player posed, melodramatically.

"From the Moon," Johnny suggested.

"From the planet Clarion," I disputed, trying to ingratiate myself with Mr. Player by naming the mythical planet supposedly circling our sun in earth's orbit but on the exact opposite side of the



sun (which is why we haven't discovered it yet....). Mr. Player haughtily informed us that we were both wrong. "If they aren't from Clarion, I don't think I care to know about them," I said petulantly.

After awhile Mr. Player had to leave to blight a meeting somewhere else. But he, like an ill-cooked dinner, came back.

Steve Stiles, Mike Hinge (former west coast fan making his first FISTFA appearance), Mike McI, Barbara Dodge (Mike's girlfriend), and I were sitting around, talking about Things when Mr. Player breezed in, again.

"Would you like to hear a way-out record?" Mr. Player asked, excitement putting a slight vibrato into his voice.

"No thank you, we're trying to talk just now," Barbara said sweetly. I was somewhat surprised at the gentleness of her reply, since Barbara, nice girl though she is, is rather known for making highly deflating comments.

"Good," Mr. Player responded. "I'll put it on!" The record turned out to be a propaganda spiel for Flying Saucers. Since our little group had just been marveling at the strong paranoid element in "The Invaders" T.V. show, the record was more than somewhat amusing.

"Who are the men from Outer Space?" an ominous voice queried. "What do they want of us?" After a little more similar nonsense, the record switched tacks to a bewildering mish-mash of rationalism and mysticism to prove that flying saucers are real.

"You can take the existence of flying saucers as an article of faith, F-A-I-T-H. And that is a scientific Fact."

"F-A-C-T!" I put in in virtually the same voice.

"There can be no other Conclusion," the record continued.

"C-O-N-C-L- --how the hell do you spell that?" I inquired. The record staggered to its weak termination.

"Would you like to hear another way-out record?" asked Mr. Player, with the air of one producing an unlooked for treat. Well, it certainly was unlooked for, I'll give him that much.

"No thank you," said Barbara, who had been elected spokeswoman.

"I'll put it on." Mr Player put the record on. It turned out to be a record of exerpts from "The Long John Nebel Show" featuring parts of some of John's many interviews with saucer nuts. Nebel's theme was used to separate the various exerpts.

"Listen to this," trumpeted Mr. Player, the first time the theme came on, "Sounds from Outer Space!"



"Er, that's electronic music," said Barbara not unkindly. Mike Hinge echo'd her.

"Listen to this," trumpeted Mr. Player, the second time the theme came on, "Sounds from Outer Space!"

"It's electronic music," said Barbara.

"It's his regular theme," said Steve.

"It's 'The Theme from Forbidden Planet'," said I.

"Listen to this," trumpeted Mr. Player the third time the theme came on, "Sounds from Outer Space!"

"Electronic music," said Barbara plaintively.

"'Theme from Forbidden Planet'," I said impatiently.

"Perhaps you'd like to see the machine that makes the noises?" said Mike Hinge hopefully, his finer sensibilities rebelling at the sight of Mr. Player making such a fool of himself.

~~"Listen to"~~ "Doesn't this excite you?" trumpeted Mr. Player the fourth time the theme came on. "Sounds from Outer Space!" Then, perhaps to make sure we were all Highly Impressed, he added "Wild!!"

"No," said Barbara, "it really doesn't move me much. I have some other electronic music that I like much better."

"Yes," replied Mr. Player, "Wild Sounds from Outer Space!" At this point, having had enough wildness for one day, I left the group. I understand that Mr. Player, after imparting a few last sage words on the subject of UFOs, did too.

\*

\*

"What's the quickest way to get to Los Angeles, Ross?" I asked QUIP's dynamic cover artist over the phone one day recently.

"I don't know, Arnie," he said somewhat puzzled. "What is the best way to get to Los Angeles?"

"Become co-editor of QUIP," I replied with a sigh.

Cindy Van Arnam, whose efforts to snog her way into a QUIP co-editorship were detailed in a previous installment of Katzenjammer, has no desire to move to Los Angeles and therefore gave up her dream of becoming a QUIP co-editor. I am reasonably sure of this, because she never sits on my lap and hugs and kisses me any more.

After watching the weeks slide by without the appearance of QUIP #6, she volunteered to do such publishing as would guarantee the continuence of QUIP. My strenuous efforts to impress upon her the vast amount of work it takes to mimeograph QUIP failing, I accepted her extremely generous offer and promoted her to the rank of Associate



Editor. I feel that Cindy will do more than justice to her QUIP sweater -- especially after she finishes the other production work she started with her husband (and one time QUIP Guest Publisher) Dave Van Arnam.

Though Lon, due to non-fannish activities swamping him temporarily, was unable to get his editorial in this issue (he promises to make up for this lapse with an extra-long Beermuttering next time), he is still the co-editor of QUIP. I thought I'd better mention that, what with there now being four of us. Cindy specifically said that she wanted Lon and I to continue to exercise full editorial control over QUIP and, though Len and Cindy have been and will be Consulted, Lon and I are the ones to whom grotches about the content should be addressed. While trades should still be sent to the co-editors, it certainly wouldn't hurt to send Our Dear Girl some fmz, so that she has something to show for all that slaving over her mimeo. Now, if she will merely promote inter-editor good fellowship by sitting on my lap...

Results of the First QUIPoll will not appear in this or any other issue of QUIP. I don't think 20 votes is a very good sampling of even the QUIP readership. If any of the few people who did take the trouble to vote want to see the results, I'll supply them in a private letter. I do want to thank that small, hearty band of ballotteers. I wish there had been more of you so I ~~could get at~~ ~~eggs~~ that I hadn't wasted your time. I guess this shows that the Fan Achievement Awards satisfactorily fill most fans' desires for fan polls, which is Good News in at least one respect.

Next issue is the annish, QUISH II. Some of you old-time QUIP readers may possibly recall that last issue was also an annish, The QUISH I. The QUIP Kids like annishes, you see, and so we have made it a policy to have one anniversary issue a year. The first QUISH was three or four months late, which explains why the second annish has arrived so soon. It definitely won't be a strained 102 page issue, but I think it will nevertheless be pretty special.

See you all then.

--- Arnie Katz

---

It's Edco for TAFF -- when you care enough to send the **very** best!

---

I'd like to ask a favor of people who review QUIP. I'd appreciate it if, in the statistical data that precedes the review, you would mention that no more than one issue of QUIP can be purchased at one time. Though we're trying to keep the mailing list within bounds, we do mail out copies to people who write in as a result of reviews, but I dislike having to return two and three dollar checks, which happens about once every week.

--- Arnie Katz



# HOMETOWN

There were seven telephones on Mr. Baker's desk.

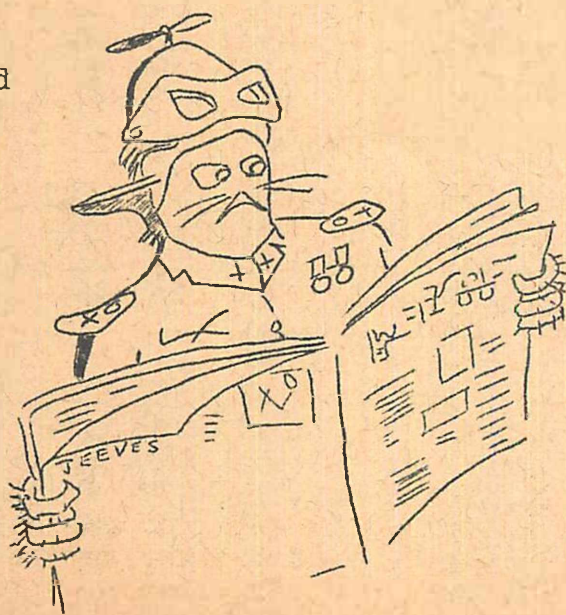
Actually, his name wasn't "Baker". He was Head of Internal Security, and as such was supposed to be a "nameless" one. It was stupid, really, because the Russians and Americans knew his real name. But everyone in the British Government who knew "Baker" personally thought how spiffing it was that he should officially be called "Baker". They thought it a wonderfully clever bit of intrigue, and when they spoke to Baker on the telephone they always allowed a knowing snigger to accompany their conversation.

Only three of the telephones were in operation on this particular day. The four yellow dormant ones were only utilised at times of national emergency, such as during a Royal Commission investigation into the Security Services.

The red telephone on the left was the scrambler. Baker expected it to ring at any moment. The normal black telephone was for ordinary communications. On the extreme right of his desk was the HOT LINE. This was to his wife. He was expecting that one to ring at anytime, too.

The trouble was that very shortly he expected to hear via the scrambler the name of the agent to take charge of OPERATION HOMETOWN. This operative was to be selected by the computer known as MIND (Method of Inducing National Defence). Personally, Baker thought the chosen agent would be Miles Flashing, his own recommendation. It could also possibly be Frank St. John McCabe, and for a third choice it just might be Tim Brooker. Definitely one of those three.

Unfortunately, Baker's wife knew all about the highly secret HOMETOWN. (You know what women are.) She immediately plumbed for her nephew Clement Dyson as the operative. It had been due to her insistance that Baker had found a place for





him in Internal Security -- a clerks job, really, but it sounded fine to say that Clement was in the Secret Service.

Baker hoped that the scrambler and the HOT LINE didn't ring at the same time. It would be a terrible decision, the Fate of the Nation, or his wife -- probably he would answer the HOT LINE first...

But he didn't have to sweat that one out too much...the scrambler bleeped...

\*\*\*\*

Not too many people have heard of Culverden. It is a little place in South Island, New Zealand. Certainly the Prime Minister's Fourth Secretary hadn't any cognisance of it. His job was to get the P.M.'s mail -- most of it marked "personal" -- a lot of it crude invective, suggesting complicated acrobatic performances for the PM to attempt upon himself. This particular envelope held a sheet of paper with CULVERDEN written on it, and a date: -- 1st June 1962.

The Fourth Secretary sniffed and put it in a rather large waste paper basket. But a few days later, he couldn't help hearing about CULVERDEN on the BBC news, how "almost 150 of the population had died from an as yet undiscovered cause."

His minute Civil Service trained mind had immediately gone on the defensive. If he told anyone about the Culverden letter (presuming there was the faintest chance of a connection between it and the disaster) he would probably be blamed for the deaths in New Zealand...he decided to forget all about it.

Ten months later, he opened an envelope, and inside was another sheet of paper, and printed on it the nameplace Tobago, and the date 14th May 1963. With pounding heart he went to the Third Secretary.

"Excuse me, sir," he said nervously, "but this letter came this morning."

The Third Secretary looked at the place, and the date, turned the paper over and looked his subordinate with indignant bulging eyes.

"Harrumph?" he queried. "What do you want me to do about it -- it's a hoax, throw it away."

The Fourth Secretary, his conscience completely clear, complied.

Three days later, the Third Secretary, watching the 9 pm TV news sat up suddenly when he heard of the 350 mysterious deaths in Tobago, on the date quoted.

Next day, he asked the Fourth Secretary for a report, and wrote a covering minute, addressed in subservient terms, to the Second Secretary, detailing the remarkable coincidence. The reply came in two months, the utter speed denoting it was a serious matter. It suggested that on receipt of a similar missive, the Third Secretary should report to him in triplicate immediately.



Eighteen months later, it came, a single sheet of paper, bearing the name Lusaka, and the date 21st November 1964. It quickly passed from Fourth to Third, from Third to Second. The Second Secretary, with great daring, had a whispered conversation with the First Secretary. The First Secretary sought out the "Old Man" at a weak moment, when the PM had just perused the latest Advance Trade Figures. He explained the situation as he saw it, and the P.M. told the First Secretary to instruct one of the security services to start a file.

\*\*\*\*

The file, a thick one, revealed some remarkable facts. Two isolated communities in the British Commonwealth had been fatally struck on the exact dates forecast by mysterious letters. (An appendix mentioned the fact of similar deaths in Culverden, and the fact that no note had been sent. The Fourth Secretary, when asked about this, denied all knowledge, and acted with such consummate skill in his denial that he suddenly discovered a latent high polished skill of prevarication which augured well for his advancement in the Civil Service.)

The sudden deaths at Lusaka totalled almost 3,000, and it had been finally discovered that a rare and almost undetectable drug called Succinylcholine B had been used in all cases. And strangely, in the intervening periods between the disasters, numerous people all over the world, including a sprinkling of young boys, had succumbed to the drug. Some twenty unconfirmed deaths had occurred in England which could be attributable to the drug...seven of them were young boys, the others men, including two elderly ones. No women. Although, of course, on the forecast dates, men, women and children, the young and old, died indiscriminately. There was no common denominator...but one startling fact did emerge. On each forecast date, the deaths increased.

It was rumoured that the Russians had had mass deaths on occasions (two members of the British Embassy staffs had died, and the Ambassador noted the mass funerals.) America had also had three disasters... Sioux Falls, Quesnel, and Saginaw had suffered terribly.

Another facet of the mass deaths was a remarkable one...only the most highly placed persons in the countries concerned knew that the deaths were international, and they could not reveal this, therefore local health authorities had to undergo ruthless public condemnation and criticism. The fact that the sites were so far apart and had no apparent connection with each other, was the most bewildering aspect although the British and American authorities, working closely in conjunction, thought they saw a motive. They apprehensively awaited developments...

\*\*\*\*

It was said that Clement Dyson was a homosexual. He couldn't help the lisp, and the twitch in the right eye, which folks said was a suggestive wink, had been caused by a speck of cooking fat when he had been preparing an exquisite dish featuring artichokes, kababs, wild cherries, and Kidneys au Jerez. His so-called effeminate walk was a result of his war service...he had slipped in the black-out whilst leaving the Forces Canteen in Sounthorpe, and the dislocated hip had never really



been the same. His accent was what you would expect from a youth who had suffered the torments of being the ball in the Eton Wall Game.

And yet he was really keen on girls. He wasn't attractive to the real thing, so he obtained satisfaction from picture books from France and Sweden, brought over in the Diplomatic Bag, and obtainable in the Secret Service to members of the staff who were discreet.

He lived in a flat in Blackheath, and it was luxuriously furnished. Damask wall-covering and strip-inlay flooring stressed the accents of the black wall pilasters and white picture frames. Objects d'art were prominent in wall recesses, and on the reproduction Regency hand-carved pine mantelpiece were displayed precious porcelain figurines, one item, originally in the King Farouk Collection, had to be covered whenever he received visitors.

He was an extremely artistic person, he had a vast collection of classical music on lp's, his favourite composers being Pfitzner, Hindemith, Reinecke and Szabelski. The stamp collection, British Empire and early American, filled some thirty Morocco-bound albums, and his selection of First Day Covers, each with its own plastic envelope, had won first prize at the annual Stamp Exhibition in London. The collection of pre-Victorian wine bungs was unique, and he himself had embroidered the "Wild Strawberry" design on the chair-backs and cushions. He was blissfully happy in his little private kingdom and loved nothing better than spending a week-end by himself, listening to his music, brewing up quaint soups, sipping Tia Maria, re-reading a Greek Tragedy.

And he liked his work...being a filing clerk may have seemed mundane, but in the secret service?...he wondered whether or not Aunt Maud had got him the new job, as she'd promised...?

\*\*\*\*

Towards the end of November 1966, the Fourth Secretary ripped open envelopes addressed to the Prime Minister. Some he read and chuckled, sometimes muttered "disgusting" as he tore up the most offensive ones. Once he said admiringly, "That's a good one," and put it in his pocket to show his friends.

And then he blanched, and loosened his grey-striped tie. The notepaper merely said: --

LONDON  
1st December 1966

\*\*\*\*

Mr. Baker snapped up the receiver of the scrambler.

"Yes, yes," he panted, "who is it?"

"Professor Treelawney here, sir," piped a thin reedy voice.

"I know that, you fool," hissed Baker. "... I mean, who has MIND selected for HOMETOWN?"

"Someone I've never heard of, sir," said the Professor. "MIND

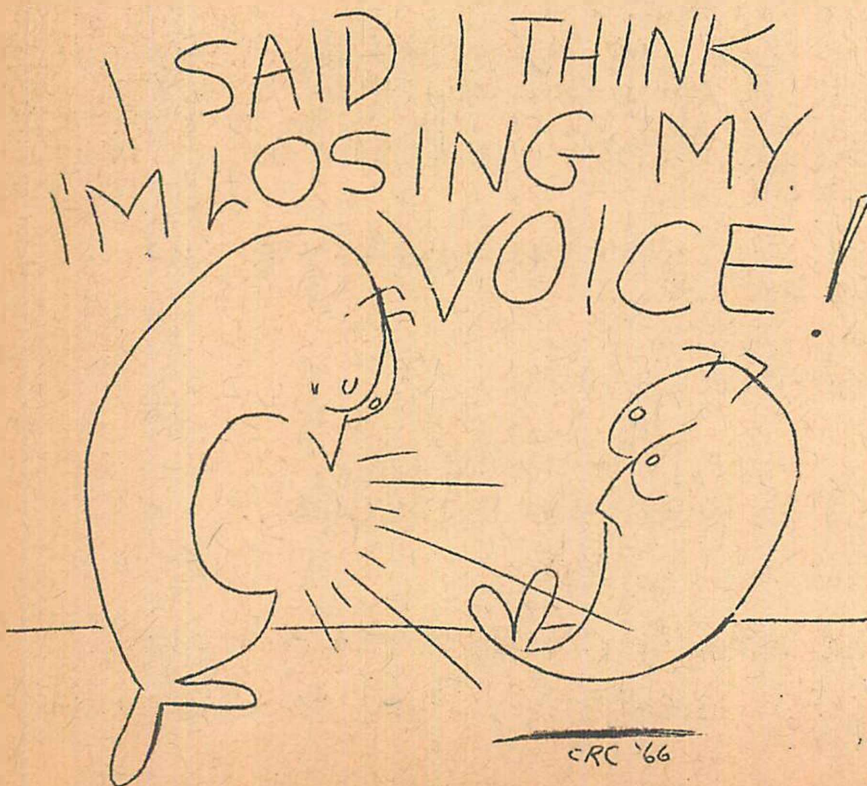


has selected a Clement Dyson. I've given MIND three run-throughs, and it always gives the same answer. Dyson it is, sir."

Baker got up from his chair, pulled down the window, letting the smells and sounds of London rush past him into his room. He needed Dyson about as much as he needed a hernia. He had added Dyson's name to the list of names for inclusion into the computer data purely to appease his wife...to be able to tell his wife truthfully that he had done all he could to lift Dyson from the mediocrity of clerking to the slashing activity of spying. He had thought there wasn't the faintest chance of Dyson being chosen. The fate of thousands of lives in London depended upon an accurate choice by MIND. If MIND said Dyson was the man for the job, there was nothing more to be said. It had to be Dyson. He used the HOT LINE, instructed his wife to pack their luffage, he was taking a short holiday in the north of Scotland...

\*\*\*\*

Dyson was bewildered by the speed of his transition to Master Spy. He had an office of his own, a shoulder holster with a Webley .38 (although the tailor had a nervous breakdown in trying to adjust the suit to camouflage the bulge of the gun, it was about as inconspicuous as the Great Pyramid of Gaza.) a beautiful secretary who was said to be also good at typing, a book of instruction on karate, a limitless expense account, and a pair of knuckle-dusters disguised as red and blue ball point pens. On the debit side was a huge file, with HOMETOWN on the well-fingered cover, describing how thousands of people had died all over the world in a mysterious way, and clipped to the top page of the file was an urgent note from the Prime Minister stating that half the population of London might be decimated in eight days' time, and for him, Dyson, to remedy the situation.



CRG '66

He thought perhaps Aunt Maud had gone a bit too far in her efforts to land him a sinecure. Because he hadn't a ghost of a notion what to do. The problem presented to him was so enormous that it just



didn't register... the only decision he made was to attempt to seduce the secretary...they just couldn't be serious about HOMETOWN...could they?

\*\*\*\*

On the 28th November 1966, a letter was delivered to number 10, Downing Street, asking for the British Crown jewels to be deposited at a certain spot at the mouth of the River Thames. It stated that a submarine would surface at 12 noon on the 30th November 1966 and pick up the jewels. The writer didn't overly care whether the crown jewels were left or not...he didn't even worry if the submarine was apprehended. At the bottom of the note, it said "REMEMBER CULVERDEN, TOBAGO, AND LUSAKA."

The President of the United States telephoned to the Prime Minister. He asked how was everything? When told about the Crown Jewels, he said he'd received certain instructions about the keys to Fort Knox...

\*\*\*\*

The Prime Minister presided over an emergency meeting of the Cabinet. It was 5am on the 1st of December 1966. The Crown Jewels had not been left at the designated spot. He explained that no nation's heritage could be given away by blackmail, even if thousands did perish. It was a time for the Dunkirk Spirit to be re-asserted to the full. There were nods and muffled cries of "Hear Hear". He asked Clement Dyson for a report.

Dyson explained that he had done everything in his power. Agent Miles Flashing, who curled up in a buoy, had photographed the submarine, and the Admiralty were attempting to identify it. All Embassies were being watched, there was no panic, nothing had leaked to the public. The Ambassador had reported much "comings and goings" in Moscow, coupled with talk of evacuating the city.

The Home Secretary, having read Dyson's personal file, and seen him for the first time, asked whether MIND had had a technical breakdown. The PM assured the Cabinet that MIND had been given 37 run-throughs, and each time it had reacted in the same way...Dyson was the man to save the country.

After Dyson had left on "urgent business", the Cabinet seemed to forget the forthcoming disaster...they seemed more interested in theorising why MIND had selected Dyson. What had the chap got?

\*\*\*\*

The artistic abilities of seven year old children frightened Dyson. He was all for poetic licence, but the thought of perhaps 100,000,000 identical copies of the items he held in his hand frightened him.

Before he had entered the post office, he saw three people lying



on the pavement outside, frightened bystanders fussing over them. He decided that at midday he would shoot himself. He had failed in his job, as inevitably he knew he must...he would leave his collection of First Day Covers to the G.P.O. Collection, recently formed. It was the foremost collection in the last and, to complete the year of 1966, he would include the Xmas 1966 stamps, designed by the children after a nationwide competition. He looked at the designs again, addressed the First Day Cover to himself, and then looked up, feeling strange, and he heard the sirens of plocie cars and ambulances rising in tumult, and people shouting, and he went to lick the stamps, and then he knew...

\*\*\*\*

"The Queen has been proud to award you the O.B.E., Clement," said the PM, shaking Dyson's hand, "and you have been placed on the Secret Service Permenent List with 15 years seniority. There is a nice security investigation going on in the Bahamas, you could have a nice holiday there for several months. You take it we're delighted?"

"Thanks, Harold," said Clement, "but I take this as a personal insult, you know...this unknown organization has really got my dander up...putting Succinylcholine B in the adhesive on the backs of new issues of stamps, knowing that the stamps would not be used until a certain day, thus allowing them to appear to cause death at will on a future date. And all the little boys sticking the stamps in albums months later...Harold, I insist on continuing this investigation. I will not rest until I have exposed them, whoever they are."

The Prime Minister opened his hands wide in supplication, and Dyson walked out, his effeminate limp temporarily gone, even the lisp forced into the background. Only the twitching eye could not be denied...

--- John Berry

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I like Pregnant Women -- they're so full of life ...rwb

---

"You'd better not get Ted White and the Void Boys mad at you," Shelby Vick said to me one day during my stay with the Vicks this past July.

"Why?" I asked, sure I was about to get some priceless, BNTish piece of wisdom.

"Well, they might decided to fight you." I urged him to continue. They might challenge the QUIP Kids to a shoot-out, with blasters blazing!"

"So?" I have confidence in my fellow QUIP editors, you know.

"Well, since they out-number you four to three," Shelby said, "you might get shot and get a Void Ray-burn!"

--- Arnie Katz



Dear Alice --

Talk about surprises! I haven't heard from you since OOPSLA! folded, sinking three staples into Gregg Calkins at it did so. As usual, your message was a bit incoherent, but as I get it, this is what happened --

The passing of OOPSLA! left you in a dimensional fog, with no home of your own and so, having nothing better to do, you took the Mobius Strip across the Milky Way. All was peaceful and serene for a while, and then you heard a clanging sound ahead of you, around the next linear curve, and when you rounded the curve you saw a teenage boy sweating over an anvil. He was dark haired, and wore blue pants and sneakers with heavy-ribbed rubber soles. He had his red sweatshirt off as he pounded a heavy sledgehammer on something shiny he held on the anvil. Yellow sparks flew with each blow. You recognized him, of course.

"Hi, Billy."

The boy turned and looked at you. "Oh -- hi, Alice."

"Whatcha doing?"

"The same thing I've been doing for years! I've gathered up pieces of those magic lightning bolts and I'm trying to forge them into one good bolt. I'll get even with that guy yet! I've almost finished this one, and -- "

"Arf!" A flying white dog with a red cape zoomed down and grabbed the scattered pieces of shining yellow that surrounded the anvil, then flew off.

"Holy moley! He's done it again!" Billy shouted. "Worst of all, he just sends his dog to take care of me! Oh I hate that guy! Every time I'm about through, that dog comes and grabs all the pieces! I hate him, I hate him, I HATE him!"

"Billy?" You moved your foot and revealed several golden shards under it. "Would these help?"

"Hey! HEY! That's all I need!" Billy cried with glee, snatching up the pieces and whisking them back to the anvil. After a few noisy moments he straightened up, triumph in his eyes. "There!" He held a completed zig-zag of shiney yellow. "SHAZAM!" he shouted.

Nothing happened.

shelby vick



Disappointment flushed Billy's face, but only for a moment. "Of course!" he exclaimed. "Here!" He handed you the lightening bolt. "When I say -- that word -- again, throw this at me!"

You took the zig-zag and nodded. When he spoke you tossed the bolt at him. There was a flash, and suddenly a big red-costumed man stood where Billy had been. There was a smile on his face.

"At last! That big blue cheese thinks he can keep me out of the running with some court order, does he? I'll show him a thing or two!" He looked at you. "Thanks for your help, little girl. Give my love to the rabbit.

"Yes sir. You're welcome. But I think you ought to know that the man in blue has lots of super-powered friends."

"I'll take them all on!"

"You don't have to do that. I think I know where you can find a lot of super-powered friends for yourself. You see, since you've been out of circulation..."

In a few brief paragraphs you brought the costumed man up to date on developments in his field. "So you see, I'm sure they'll be glad to help you."

"You said a mouthful, HONEY!"

You whirled around to see a man behind you, with many others about him.

"Just call me Stan," he said. "We'll give you a super-deluxe no-prize for your suggestion. Now -- 'nuff said! Let's go get 'em!"

"It's clobberin' time!" shouted a big thing covered with orange rock skin.

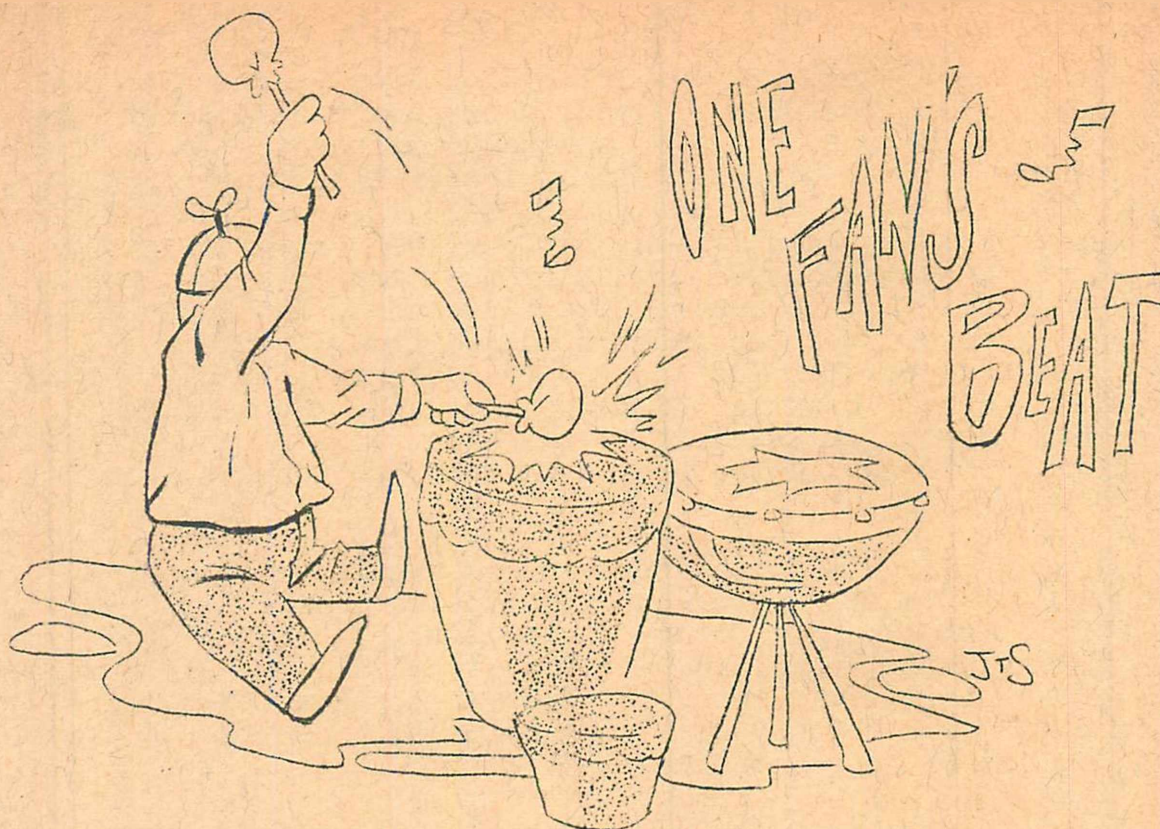
"Flame on!" cried a teen-ager who suddenly exploded into flame better than any Buddhist, and flew away, followed by a figure in a skin-tight outfit of dark blue with web-covered red boots, gloves, and skull-fitting hood. As he passed you saw a red spider emblem on his back. A hulking green-skinned man made a prodigious leap and bounded miles away. Someone you didn't see brushed against you and knocked you down. A feminine voice apologized. It seemed that hundreds more went by you, wearing everything from Asgardian costumes down to one in swim trunks with wings on his heels.

Then they were all past you, and you were sitting alone on the anvil. Somehow, the whole exodus reminded you of the charge of a certain pack of cards.

Only instead of waking up, you found your way off the Mobius Strip and headed for the Okefenokee Swamp, to warn the critters that

(continued on page 36)





Subject #1 is Conventions, both World and Wester-, and for '68 in particular. Burlingame, Los Angeles, and Seattle have announced plans to bid for the 1968 WorldCon. The two California cities are also going for the Westercon, with one significant difference: while neither group wants to produce two Cons in the same year, Burlingame feels the West Coast as a region can support two cons (as was the case in 1950 and 1961), whereas Los Angeles has taken (to date) the attitude that it is Traditional to combine Westercons with West Coast WorldCons. All clear so far??

Burlingame and Seattle have been criticized somewhat for bidding when it is L.A.'s turn for the WorldCon, and it is on this point that I would like to spread out some data and then ask for some (your) opinions on the matter. As one who has spoken in favor of a reasonable degree of "taking turns" within the Regions of the overall Rotation Plan, I can hardly scoff off the criticism. But as one who has never received much support on the idea in theory or practice, I just might be inclined to ask why 1968 is any different from previous years in which no one paid much heed to the principle of taking turns, in the early stages of the bidding at least. (Both major California

— F — M — BUSBY



fan-centers threw scares into the SeaCon bid in 1960, and "Mordor in '64" was certainly out of turn against the Bay Area effort; so it goes.)

The Con-History page of your latest WorldCon Program Book will show that from 1952 (WorldCon #10) on, there has been not only steady Rotation between Regions, but also a steady (if perhaps fortuitous) taking of turns between sites within Regions. And good-enough; fine business, say I. But on the West Coast there is an additional kicker. The Westercon is the only U.S. Regional Con (persisting for any length of time) that moves around by the bidding system rather than being a local fixture such as the Midwestcon, Phillycon, Disclave, Lunacon, etc. Westercons have ranged from San Diego to Seattle: the box-score is Los Angeles (the originating spot) 10, BArea 6, San Diego 2, Seattle and Boise one each. So here in the West, we outlying-barbarians tend to think in terms of a Con, rather than keeping WorldCons and Westercons in separate pockets when it comes to taking Turns.

And if our friendly competitors in Los Angeles nail the '68 WorldCon and combine the Westercon with it, there will not have been any kind of Con on the West Coast, big or little, north of Los Angeles in four solid years, to wit: 1965 through 1968. It's a bit much, we creeb plaintively, much the same as Los Angelenos did when the Westercon took a three-year absense from LA: Seattle, Boise, and then Oakland (I do see their point.).

So there's one reason for bidding by Seattle and Burlingame. Seattle has other reasons: our 1961 site, the Hyatt House, has been enlarged considerably, adding a new and larger main convention hall besides the one we used before, plus expanding the coffee shop about 50% and adding a lot of new guest rooms to boot. In short, it looks like a good chance to produce another Con before the growth of Cons outgrows our facilities again, as was the case from 1961 until now.

Furthermore we'd like to give a second shot in the arm to the idea of poolside WorldCons before we and/or the facilities become inadequate (like pooped) to the attempt. It might still work by 1971 (our next "Turn") and then again it might not. (Fairness demands that I also admit that Burlingame is also a poolside bid. Oh, well...) Our own site has a few more improvements since '61: a state booze store right across the highway, a red-and-green stoplight so's you can get across in one piece, the new freeway removing a lot of the traffic from the highway in front of our site, etc. Otherwise I guess Seattle just has to run on its record, which I think was pretty good for a bunch of first-timers lucking out. With pretty much the same crew, plus some welcome new blood, the mistakes should be fewer next time.

There's one deletion from the Seacon II Committee -- me. The scene at work is such that while I'll help all I can, it would be unwise to take on any major Committee chore and probably have to dump it on someone else in midstride (the bit is that for the first time in years I might be stuck the hellangone up in Alaska during crucial periods of both the bidding and immediate pre-con seasons; I hope not, but it's possible). But my main job in '61 was Worrying, and we



have good replacements. (This has been an unplanned distraction to the main line of discussion; ignore it.)

These are most of the reasons Seattle is pushing an "out of turn" bid for the '68 WorldCon (out of turn within the Region, mind you -- not out of Rotation -- I mean, Syracuse we ain't). Why do we not bid for a Westercon instead, you ask? Mainly because we (and Boise) tried it, and whereas Westercon attendance in California has been averaging 150, it was about 40 in Seattle and Boise. Not hardly worth it.

All right, that's the story from our end, and I'm fully aware that it's a one-ended view. Which is why I am asking for the opinions of the readers, and this is no snowjob; we want your opinions. (We may or may not go along with the consensus, but we'd surely like to know how stupid we're being if we don't). Since the next issue of QUIP might be a little late in the game for decision-making purposes (no slam, Kindly Editors, but quarterly publication is a little sparse for quick action), I'd welcome comment here (2852 14th Ave. West, Seattle, Washington 98119) as to the relative merits/ethics/suitability of the various '68 WorldCon and Westercon bids.

The results of this Poll may or may not be published, but one way or another they will be acted upon. So let's hear it for (and by) a lot of postcards. RIGHT?

End of the commercial for this issue; you can turn up the sound again now.

Subject #2: Ordinarily I hesitate to yak about the at-work situation, because I work for the custodians of the Wild Blue Yonder and blabber is frowned upon, of course. But the gadgetry I've been hammering-on for the first six weeks of 1967 is entirely non-military both in manufacture and intent, and besides that, I doubt if you'd recognize it from my description even if you had helped invent it. After the six weeks, I hardly recognize it myself. What we are dealing with here, you and I, is essentially a sort of offbreed hybrid ungainly computer-type gadget. I estimate that viewed as a computer this sneaky hunk of modern technology has all the mentality of a worker ant (which is considerably more than that of a warrior ant, who has a lot less choices to make). It can't be compared to a simple fish, because fish (and all vertebrates) can learn, while insects are mostly pre-programmed at the hatchery.

"My" gadget makes do with an input of not much more than the 26 characters of our alphabet, and with less synapses than you probably have in yer gahdam elbow, like maybe 150-200, it achieves an astounding variety of behavioral responses. Altogether too many, in fact if you (or rather, I) are trying to beat the bugs out of the gadget. It gets difficult to figure out whether the gadget is goofing or whether we just don't understand all we "know" about it, as yet. And it's quite a sweat to try to think like a worker ant, really and truly; the damn thing is neither predictable nor imaginative enough to get along with over the long haul.

The tricky part is that its responses are dictated not only by



current input but also and overwhelmingly by preconditioning -- by what it read a little while ago. After awhile you feel like going out and chewing a few leaves off the nearest bush, like any other sensible worker ant. Some leaves taste better than other leaves...

I've had two major problems in trying to cope with this latest example of Man's Progress. One is that I am singular rather than plural; this can't be helped, I guess. The other is that the designers were entirely too plural and perhaps some of them weren't speaking to each other: I won't precipitate another Depression by naming the company that sells this stuff without having tested any part of it so you can all sell out of the stock market. It is best if the idiots get a chance to recoup. Yes.

It's been necessary to put seven modifications into the gadgetry; I started with five and had to throw out two completely and start over. This is not the builder's fault; we just have different requirements and I came in late, so to speak. DAMN late...

At any rate I think that last week I whipped the Jiant Ant From Outer Space; it behaved quite well last Friday afternoon. If I'm wrong, and the Ant won instead, I'm sure you'll all be proud to help pay my Unemployment Compensation when I get my ass canned for incompetence. (Hey; not so loud with the booing from the back of the hall.)

Subject #3: S\*E\*X. (Well, I ran out of other subjects, for the moment.) Somewhere in one of my mislaid (disclaimer) notebooks there is an item that I will (probably mis)quote from memory. It deals with sex goodness of and frequency of. As follows: "Do you feel a little knocked-out or beaten-down after sex scenes, no matter how carefully you wait around and save up for them? If so, try it twice as often instead of half as often. You will find yourself bouncing up Restored instead of dragging around Depleted." I forget where I saw this, but it is true; any couple can check it out easily, and the major problem seems to be that current Social Standards restrain people too much. Well, I've told you... which is more than Doctor Albert Ellis ever managed, despite his crusading tendencies.

Subject #4: There is none. You folks had better quit hallucinating like that.

--- F.M. Busby

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QUIP ... the fanzine of humor, faanishness and sex education

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ATOM ABROAD, Arthur Thomson's TAFFtrip Report is now available from Ian Peters, 292 Southend Lane, London SE 6, United Kingdom. The price is \$1 or 7/-, and the more copies sold, the more money TAFF -- a worthy cause whether you're for Cox, Stiles, or Johnstone -- will get. But I'm sure we don't have to appeal to your charitable instincts. A buck for a huge chunk of Atom-ania is more than worth it.



# ARNIE \_\_\_\_\_ KATZ

## I

"I think Bertram Russell's Theory of Parallel Structure, if you'll grant its validity, ought to apply here, don't you?" asked Rick Klein. He hoped he was alert enough on this, the second night of Westerncon-nish celebrating, to follow up with a reasonable explanation of this rather complex philosophical point. Frank Connelly clenched his fist loosely, bringing the hand to his chest in a gesture that always pressaged an impassioned speech by the Seattle BNF.

"What does that have to do with Science Fiction, Rick?" Klein stiffened in surprise at the slightly loud voice which came from behind him. He turned to find that Sandy Preston, leading Rick's wife Janet, had creapt up behind him.

"We're having a Highly Serious Discussion here, Sandy -- 'way out of your league. If we switch topics to ERB, we'll let you know," Rick said with mock ferocity.

"But I hate Burroughs! He can't write for -- to save his soul! It's you who dig him, you lowlife," Sandy replied.

"I think he doth protest too much, eh Frank?" suggested Rick. "He probably has a secret hoard of Burroughs books -- maybe hidden under his stack of porno. Who would have the patience to wade through all that stuff to find Sandy's Secret Sin -- ERB. But why don't you leave us intellectuals alone?"

"Intellectuals!" Sandy moaned, hitting his forehead with his palm for emphasis. "You know, Klein, if George Lincoln Rockwell ever gets elected president, you're gonna need all the friends you can find among us WASPS." Somehow, Sandy managed to keep from cracking up and spoiling the scene. "Intellectuals? You LA fans! I've come all the way across the country to this smoggy hole you call a city -- and this is my reception!" He wiped away an imaginary tear. "And now, like the





typical close-minded LA fan you are, you act so holier-than-thou. You're a snob, just like all the other LA fans!" Preston buried his face in Janet's luxuriant red hair. "Except you, Jan. You're a sexy, long-haired doll," he said in a stage whisper. "Run away to the megopolis -- New York -- and succor me!" The couple embraced.

"Yes," she whispered loudly, carrying on his tone, "I shall succor you!" With a wave in Rick's direction, the pair slipped back into the other room of the party suite. Rick, with a mental comment on the wacky ways of Mr. Preston, turned back to his conversation on the nature of reality.

Jim Sterne, sitting on the room's other twin bed, had half-heard the conversation between Klein and Preston during lulls in his own conversation with Dave Howard. Jim was an inveterate eavesdropper -- like most fans, he couldn't resist sampling the verbal currents swirling around him. He nibbled at the earpiece of his glasses thoughtfully, filed away what he had heard for later, and continued with the point he was making; the uselessness of apa 1.

"I think that y'all who don't like apa 1 can just not contribute and the rest can do their zines like always," Dave Howard said in his distinctive southern accent. "The people who contribute obviously enjoying doing it, and fun is what I'm in fandom for."

"But it's such crap -- reams of the most banal junk." Instead of continuing, Sterne threw his hands up, acknowledging the fact that neither was going to be persuaded by the other. "But speaking of crap reminds me that I haven't eaten," said Jim. "Care to brave the coffee shop?" Dave considered the idea. His wife Carol was probably snogging with Jake Edwards and wouldn't want to eat anyway.

"I guess so." They headed for the coffee shop.

## II

Naturally by the time they got to the coffee shop there was a party of six. The four additions, strangely enough, included Jake Edwards and Carol Howard, who had disengaged long enough to get some food with the others.

As usual, the coffee shop was jammed. A bleached blonde put their names on a waiting list. "Is this a coffee shop or is this an apa?" Sterne queried.

"If it's an apa, we'd better tell Rick Klein about it -- he'll want to be OE," said Nat Colston, who laughed heartily, his huge body jiggling slightly. The hostess motioned them to one of those booths that seats six uncomfortably.

"You know, Nat, when you mentioned Rick while we were waiting for a table, it reminded me --" Jim was interrupted by the arrival of the waitress.

"Does everyone know what they want?" Nat asked. The waitress was



already edging away. "Don't go miss, we're ready to order."

"Order?" she asked. Her voice was very nasal. "But I just gave you the menus."

"Yes, but we know what we want." Nat looked around the table for confirmation. There were murmurs of assent. Everyone not already sure had made a choice while Nat was stalling.

"Oh," said the waitress, who seemed a bit awed by Colston. She took the orders.

The group chatted about nothing in particular until the food came. Besides a little needling about the four hamburgers Edwards had ordered, the table was quiet, everyone concentrating on their food.

"What was it you wanted to say about Rick Klein, Jim?" Jake asked, between bites of his third hamburger, in an effort to get the conversation moving again.

"Huh?" Jim said, having been busy turning that very topic over in his mind. "Oh yeah. Well, it wasn't Rick so much as your friend Sandy. Rick and Frank Connelly were talking about something -- I didn't really catch it -- and Sandy butted in. The next thing I knew, Sandy was ranting about how snobbish and ungrateful LA fans are." He paused, thinking over his next phrase. He wasn't sure he had heard correctly, and anyway, it was a little far out. "I think he made some reference to Rick being Jewish -- something about waiting until George Lincoln Rockwell got into power."

"Sandy anti-Semitic?" asked Jake. He thought back over the years they'd fanned together. He couldn't remember anything Sandy had done or said that could be called bigoted. "Maybe he was just mad. Sandy doesn't get angry too often, but when he does -- look out. I wouldn't take it too seriously."

"You must have missed something," Nat added. "I saw Sandy snogging pretty good with Janet Klein, so he must not hate Jews too much."

"If Rick Klein and Sandy had this big fight," Pete Cramer, the sixth member of the group, said, "I wonder why Janet Klein is so lovey-dovey with Preston?"

"Maybe the Kleins are splitting up," suggested Nat.

"They seem to get along very well," said Carol. She was a friend of Janet's, and the idea of the Kleins breaking up was a bolt from the blue. Besides, she thought, it isn't anyone's business.

The waitress gave them a hint by clearing off their table. Nat pulled Dave Howard over to one side. The rest of the group didn't hear their conversation. The six went their separate ways, Nat and Dave continuing to talk as they walked away together, looking for Stan Walters, the leader of the New York crew of which Sandy was a member, the Insurgents.



### III

"You'll never believe what Sandy has done now, Fred." Fred Weinstein clutched his beer bottle tightly, somewhat taken aback by Walters' manner. Without waiting for a reply, Stan continued to speak as he stalked about the room. "He told Rick Klein that all West Coast fans are snobs and that we hate them all because they didn't push for their conbid. And another LA fan overheard it, at least that's what Dave Howard and Nat Colston said. They just came to me to ask why we New Yorkers hate their guts!"

"Well, Stan, what did you tell them?" Fred was trying to keep up with the train of events, Stan's hit-and-miss narration not helping very much.

"I said that maybe Jim Sterne -- he's the one supposed to have actually heard all this jazz -- was off his ass and misunderstood what Sandy said. I said that maybe Sandy only meant Rick Klein and Frank Connelly who was with him. If that son of a bitch Preston has to go around shooting off his big mouth, I wish he wouldn't leave me to get the grotches."

"Sandy sure is a figghead," chimed in Vic Carter, anxious to curry favor with the leader of the Insurgents. Vic knew it never hurt to have a few good marks saved up against the next time he incurred Stan's displeasure.

Stan wheeled to face Fred and Vic. "And I didn't even tell you the worst. Somehow they've gotten the idea that Sandy is anti-Semitic."

"You are off your ever-loving mind," said Fred in the peculiarly precise way he had, enunciating every syllable. "No."

"How about Sandy and Janet Klein?" asked Vic. Fred gave him a searching look.

He doesn't like Sandy, Fred thought. He wondered why he'd never noticed that before. "What do you mean by that?" Fred asked aloud. "You don't think..." Fred clutched at his bottle again.

"If Sandy and Rick are feuding, why are they -- Janet and Sandy I mean -- running around together? I heard something from Pete Cramer, strictly dng, about Janet leaving Rick for Sandy," Vic replied.

"I dunno, Vic. I wonder if maybe you shouldn't go around shouting rumors. You can get people into troubles with rumors. A rumor can get so far out of hand that even when people know it's untrue, it still leaves scarrs." Fred's discourse was punctuated by a liberal swig from the bottle.

"But Pete Cramer doesn't lie! If he says there's something to it, then there must be something to it!" insisted Vic. Vic looked expectantly at Stan, poised to retract if the older fan should indicate disapproval.

"I hate to say it, but shiffuh it fits with the rest of the story,"



Stan said. There was a knock at the door. Vic ran to it and admitted Wendy Weinstein and Elinor Walters. Elinor went straight to Stan and threw her arms around him. The rest shrugged. The Walters had had some marital problems and were being especially affectionate now that the trouble -- in the shape of a fringe fan -- had departed.

"Is it something I did, Stan dear?" Ellie asked, seeing his mood. Stan kissed her with an much enthusiasm as he could in his preoccupied state.

"It's not you, Ellie. It's that fucker Sandy."

"I thought Sandy was one of your fair-haired boys," Ellie said. Stan winced at the pun.

"Fuggheaded boy," interjected Vic, before Stan could answer. Inevitably, there followed another round of explanations.

"Why don't you talk to Sandy about it?" Wendy said.

"Yeah, tell him what a fugghead he is," Vic cracked.

Sandy Preston walked into the room, having let himself in with his key. "If I'd known you were having a party, gang, I'd have brought some people up. 'Scuse me!" he added as he charged into the bathroom. The faucets roared.

"Speak of the fucking devil," Stan said.

Now we'll really be able to brace him, Vic thought. No one spoke. They barely even moved, stunned into inaction by the sudden appearance of Preston, whose mood so contrasted with theirs. Sandy bounded out of the bathroom, carrying his shirt. He pulled a clean one out of the closet and put it on. "Don't peek, girls," he said as he tucked it in.

"Sandy," Stan began sternly.

"I'm sorry, gang, but I've got 'Guiding Light' right behind me. A whole bunch is waiting for me. See you later."

"Goddammit, Sandy, stay right here!" Preston froze at the door.

"Huh? I told you, I'm keeping people waiting. Can't it keep till later?" He shrugged and turned away from the door. "If it's important..."

"Important? Because of you LA Fandom hates us!" Stan shouted. He banged his hand on his knee in excitement.

"Yeah, it's all your fault," Vic Carter echo'd.

"Hates us? My fault?" Sandy became aware of the stares for the first time. His smile faded into a look of concern. "Why are you all looking at me like that? What's going on here, anyway?" A fantasy in which the whole group converged on him, beating him to a bloody pulp flashed through his mind.



"Listen here, Sandy, you just shut up a minute and let me tell you how much trouble you've been causing us. Do you know that a couple of L.A. fans came to ask me why we thought they were all snobs, which they said they'd heard from you? They think all of us hate LA fandom because of you. They -- "

"They are obviously a pack of fuggheads," interpolated Sandy, his temper heated to match Walters'.

"They were Nat Colston and Dave Howard. Since when are they fuggheads? You're the fugghead, Sandy!" Preston jerked as if he'd been shot.

"How did they get to be such authorities on what I think? I haven't said ten words to either of them this con. Besides, I never said what they claim."

"They said you said it to Klein and Connelly. Suppose Colston and Howard went to Rick Thompson and got him to withdraw as GoH because we hate LA fans so? I apologised for you, but I don't like the idea of cleaning up after you." Stan paused for breath, giving Sandy a chance to seize the initiative.

"You apologized! Apologized! Who gave you the leave to apologize? Are you that uncritical -- that all-accepting -- that you believe anything anyone tells you? How come you just assumed I fucked up without asking? Some friend you are, Stan!"

"Now, Sandy, we heard it from more than one person," said Fred evenly.

"I don't care if you heard it from a dozen people. I know how this whole thing started. I was joking with Rick Klein about LA fans being snobs and about how he'll need a friend if Rockwell gets elected president. It was a joke. Like funny, ha-ha." Sandy looked around wildly.

"That's just your heavy-handed humor," Vic said.

"It certainly looks like Rick didn't take it as a joke. If Rick thought it was funny, I don't think Nat and Dave would've come to see me. And they mentioned anti-Semitism, too. They think you hate Jews. You're one of the really bright ones, you bastard," Stan said.

"He couldn't have taken it seriously. I know it. He'd have said something, Stan," Sandy replied. To himself, Sandy admitted that he really hadn't seen Rick since the episode. "But even if he was offended, why did he tell half of fandom instead of coming to me? I don't understand."

"Maybe that's because you're such a fugghead," Vic said. Sandy opened his mouth as if to reply, but instead just looked around at his suddenly hostile friends. He stomped out of the room, afraid to speak for fear of saying something overly dramatic -- as fans who've read too much faan fiction are sometimes prone to do.



#### IV

Janet Klein, in answer to Sandy's knock, opened the door. "What took you so long," Rick shouted from somewhere within the room. "I know, you were reading a new sexfiend book." Preston started to enter the room, but somehow he felt funny and hung back. "Aren't you coming in?" Rick shouted again. Janet grabbed his hand and pulled him in. "What were you doing, Sandy," Rick said, "Plotting with those snobbish East Coast friends of yours?"

"I-I. Oy, if you'll pardon the expression," Sandy said as he collapsed into a chair. "Rick, I don't quite know to phrase this, but have you been telling people that I think LA fans are snobs? I just came from a fight with those friends of mine you mentioned. I don't think it's very nice of you to go around spreading rumors about me, and if you were offended, you should have taken it up with me, not Nat Colston and Dave Howard."

"Hold on a minute. What are you talking about?" Sandy, in a resigned monotone, told him as much of the story as he had pieced together.

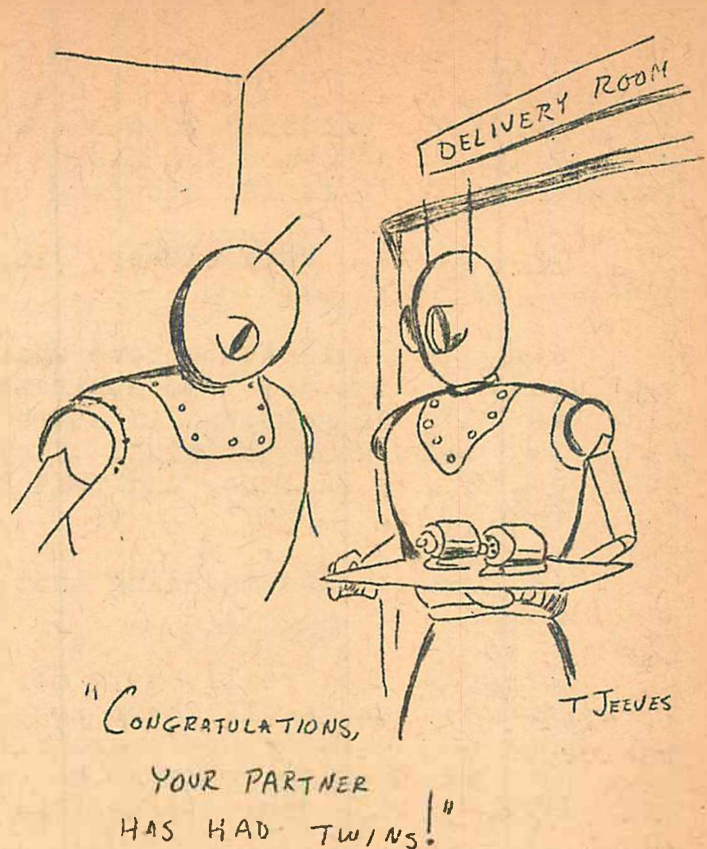
"Oh, and Walters said that I'm supposed to hate Jews, too," Sandy finished up. He let his forehead rest against his palms.

"You mean that shtick we pulled last night? But you were no more serious than I was or Janet was." Sandy looked at Rick gratefully. "Dave Howard was in the room, maybe he overheard and jumped to the wrong conclusion or something like that. People do jump to conclusions, you know. Look at the way you assumed I'd told half of fandom some ridiculous story about you."

"I guess I was a little hasty there. Sorry 'bout that." Sandy blushed a little.

"Forget about the whole thing and let's go eat," Rick advised.

"That's easy for you to say, Rick. Nat Colston and Dave Howard don't think you hate LA fans and Jews, and Stan Walters doesn't hate you! But you're right. Nothing much I can do now. Maybe if they see us together, people will think twice about their stupid rumors." The three of them headed out the door.





Jim Sterne wandered into the coffee shop and did a double-take. Over in the corner were the Kleins with, of all people, Sandy Preston. He couldn't resist stopping by their table. "Evening."

"Yes, it is. Very clever, Jim," said Rick. "Why don't you sit down and eat with us?"

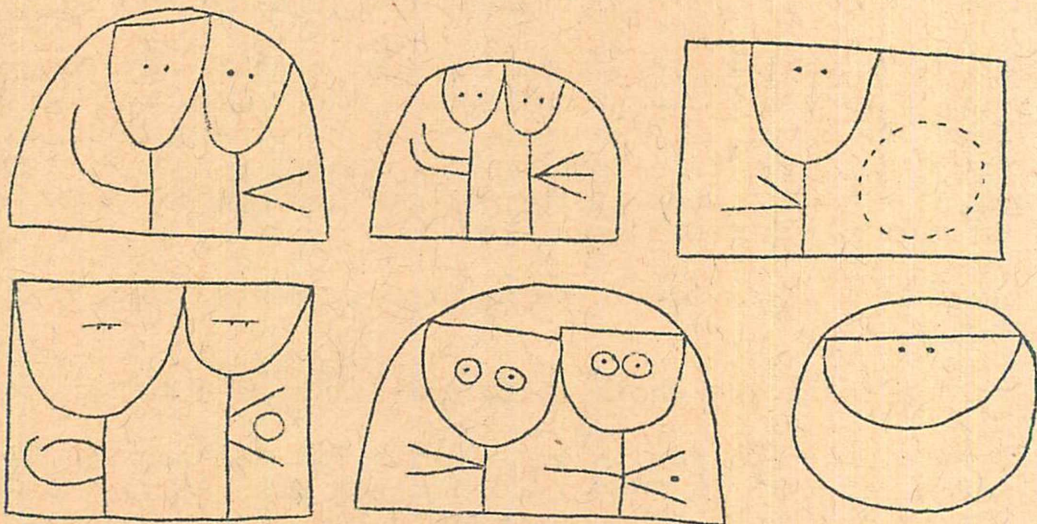
"Jim, you wouldn't believe what's going on," Sandy said. "Someone overheard Rick and I do a bit about LA fans being snobbish and ignoring my noble self." Jim stared intently at the menu. A joke? Jim didn't know what to think. "Anyway, somehow a rumor got started about how I hate LA fans, and that Rick and I are feuding, and Ghu knows what else."

"Imagine someone thinking that Sandy hates Jews, of all things!" Janet added.

"You know what really gets me," Sandy said rhetorically. "Now I feel awkward because all these people have strange ideas about me that even denying the rumor won't erase." Sterne felt panic rising within him. He almost confessed what he knew to be his instigating role, but after Sandy's last comment, he felt too embarrassed. He had to get away.

"Damn it!" said Jim, "I left something in the artshow room. I don't want to leave it there. I'll have to eat later." He mumbled "good by"s as he hurried off.

"I'm sorry Jim had to rush off. I kind of wanted to ask him to talk to Colston and Howard about the whole business. Maybe he'll do it on his own hook," said Preston.



LITTLE PEOPLE

ROTSCHER'S



## VI

"Have a drink, Sandy!" Nat Colston shouted as soon as he saw Sandy come into the party suite. Damn that Jim Sterne for jumping to conclusions, Nat thought, upon seeing that Sandy and Rick were, indeed, on the best of terms. He thought a little bit more and then admitted to himself that it wasn't only Sterne who gobbled up stories. Sandy accepted the offered scotch and soda.

"Oh, Sandy, I'm sorry if anything I said to Stan Walters caused you any trouble. It was all a terrible misunderstanding." Nat looked down. Preston wasn't too sure exactly what to say; he just wanted to bury the whole thing.

"It's all right, Nat." Even though it wasn't really all right. "It could have happened to anyone." Except that it had happened to him. "As long as you realize that I don't hate LA fans or believe any of the rest of the story, I'd rather drop it." Even though you can't turn suspicion on and off. Nat nodded and laughed when Sandy said something half funny as he moved off. Colston sighed with relief that the conversation had gone so smoothly.

Stan Walters was sitting on a couch, looking into the depths of his whiskey sour. Sandy sat down at his feet.

"Shoe shine, boss?" Walters looked down at him.

"I, uh, had another little visit from Howard and Colston." It was hard for Walters to come even this close to an apology.

"I know how it is, what with the con coming up and all... I can see how the idea of having a whole bunch of fans mad at us..." Sandy let his voice trail off.

"Jumped to the wrong conclusion," Stan managed.

"Don't feel too bad about it. You're not exactly alone, you know. I jumped to conclusions about you being some sort of fake friend and about Rick Klein being some sort of rumor-monger. Turned out he knew it was a joke."

"Yeah, that's what they told me."

"I see Sandy's become the fair-haired boy again," said Elinor Walters on the way to her husband's lap.

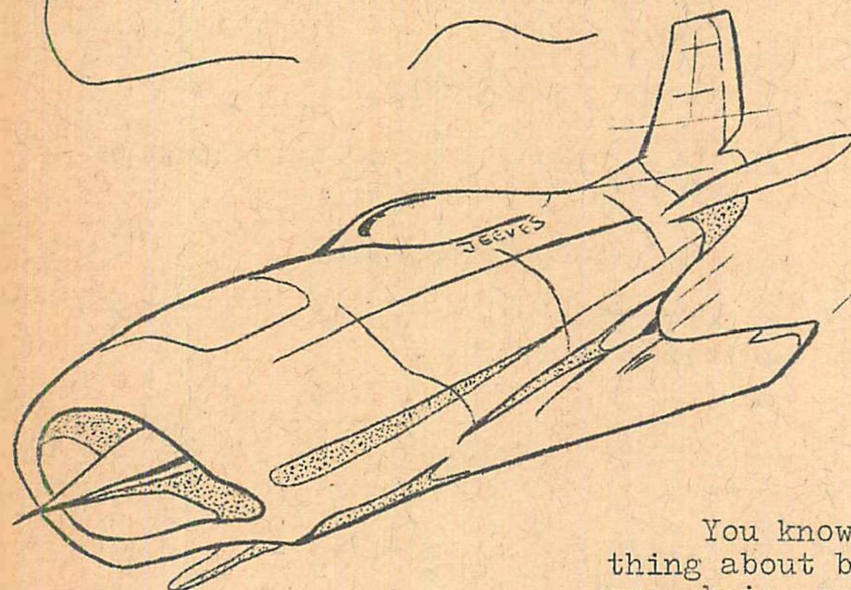
"Cut that out, or all I start a rumor about you," Sandy said. He even smiled. It'll be all right, I guess, he thought, as he went off to find something happening.

--- Arnie Katz



# THRU FOGS OF FAFIA WITH

## RICH MANN



You know, it's kind of a funny thing about being a QUIP Contributor; even being completely out of fandom for a year does not release you from your obligation. Once you tell Arnie Katz that you will do a column for him fairly regularly, you're stuck. I told Arnie that I would write for him back when QUIP was a DNQ scheme just being born, and somehow he's penetrated the fogs of gafia and disinterest, not to mention lack of time and energy, to bring me back to QUIP writing. And, of course, to know anything about the topics of discussion and to really know what's going on, I have to leave the pleasant stupor of gafia and return to fandom. Arnie, it's a fiendish thing you've done to me.

But I am glad to make a return; fandom holds many friends and activities I treasure, and a mere year as a non-fan airman has not changed my basic nature, though it has done a bit to my behavior patterns and surface modes of thinking.

Let me illustrate this. A little over a month before I I raised my right hand and repeated after the good sergeant, I published a fanzine in which I stated: "... I'm enlisting in the Air Force, and I know nothing of what my circumstances will be in the future. I do know



that I have a lot of determination, and I will not be driven gafia by a little thing like the Air Force." This was a serious under-estimation of the power of the USAF; from the day I enlisted till about December, I don't think I wrote one fan letter of any sort.

Of course, I did realize what basic training was and that it was impossible to do fanac there -- it turned out that it was impossible to do other than exactly what you were told to in basic, let alone frivolous things like fan activity. We wrote letters home together, as a group, when we were told to. They brooked no nonsense, and for four very long weeks I had no thoughts of fandom at all, even when a few fanzines did come in during mail call.

Then, I received my assignment to the Outer Air Force, as we trainees had taken to thinking of it. I was going to Chanute AFB, Inninois, for technical training to be a "Flight Simulator Specialist". This seemed like a good deal, I'd been told that Air Force schools are the softest life in the Air Force, and the soft life is something about which I never protest. However, it didn't turn out exactly like that at all.

You see tech school is considered by the Air Force to be an opportunity to continue the basic millitary training, the chance to mold the freshly enlisted airman into a fully millitary man. Their method of doing this is not the wisest; they take iron control of your time and tell you exactly what you will do and when you will do it. They allow you a little free time, to be sure, but they also give you certain things that must be done in that time.

So I spent some time adjusting to the new life, marching in formations of some 200 airmen to eat chow early in the morning, and from there to school. In a moment of mathematical whimsy, I calculated that in the ten months I spent marching at Chanute, I marched over 700 miles. This comes roughly to 70 miles a month, which doesn't sound too bad, but it is over two miles a day which, when done habitually, can be very bothersome.

Another of their tricks is requiring the famous spit shine on shoes. We were required to "spit shine" shoes during basic training, but when I first saw the shoes people wear at Chanute, I could not believe they were anything but patent leather. However, this was required, and I spent many hours learning to spit shine shoes in the accepted manner. This took about a month of working several hours a night, until one day they simply started to shine, and thereafter it wasn't much of a problem.

The first month there, then, was difficult, since I had to adjust to the life and learn the basic skills required. The Air Force is a great deal of simple drudgery, and after putting in an hour shining brass in a latrine for an inspection, you simply do not feel like sitting down to a typer to create beautiful pieces of writing, especially since you know that in 57 minutes your lights are going out and you have to be in bed. The atmosphere is all wrong for fannish work, and there wasn't time to escape from the atmosphere long enough to accomplish anything.



So I spent that year at Chanute, occasionally thinking wistfully of fandom -- I did send for my typer and a box of masters -- and when the SAPS or STPA deadline came around, I would lie on my bed and think about the good old days when I could participate in those groups, and how it just wasn't the same way any more. As each of the deadlines passed, I lost another membership in some group that I had waited for for perhaps some length of time. All this I knew and it didn't make much difference.

Then, after so long, came the time to leave Chanute, to leave the great mass of what we called chickenshit that is the Air Training Command and venture forth into the real Outer Air Force, where -- as Dave Hulan could tell you -- an airman can live pretty much as he pleases. He is, of course, a military man, but it is often said that the same jobs could be done by civilians for all the "military" bearing these people exhibit. This is to some extent true; airmen tend to put in their eight hours, go home, and live life, forgetting the job and the Air Force, living like happy normal people.

So now it's my chance at the good life -- comparatively speaking, of course. This also brings the chance to go back to fandom, the hobby that was so fascinating before. During training, I have learned a little bit about myself and learned a little more maturity and responsibility than I had previously shown. You learn to stop making excuses when none will be accepted under any terms; you learn to simply do the job, even if it does look like far too much work or to no purpose.

So Rick Mann is back in fandom, for perhaps a longer stay this time. He's gained a little maturity in the interim and possibly a little common sense -- enough to know that there is no way a mortal fan can participate in 8 apas and still accomplish anything outside fandom. Perhaps a little gaffiation is good for all of us, to help us regain a little perspective. Rich brown has the right idea.

--- Rich Mann

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Pan-Pacificcon in '68!

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continued from page 20)

there might be some fall-out. If it hadn't been for that, you might never have found your way back, because you always used Quandry as a landmark, making a right through there to locate Okefenokee. Instead of QUANDRY, you ended up in QUIP.

I guess that was a logical mistake....

--- Shelby Vick



VERSUS



#### INTRODUCTION

The institution of the Fan Achievement Awards -- the Pongs -- has caused quite a stir in fandom of late. To crystalize the issues and perhaps even speed a solution to this hassle, we present this section of opinions about the Awards. We attempted to get original statements from spokesmen for all the major positions. The results, plus reprinted material from DOUBLE:BILL, are presented here.

--- The QUIP Kids



from the

DB

flyer

((All material reprinted verbatim from a flyer sent out with Double:Bill))

Upon hearing of the Nycon 3's switch from Hugo to Pong for Best Fanzine, I sent five carbon copies of a letter to these faneds: Robert Coulson, Felice Rolfe, Tom Reamy, Peter Weston, and Ray Fisher. In the letter I asked for the opinions and support of each faned. I'm happy to report that of the five, three immediately wrote back, agreeing with me; Rolfe, Reamy, and Weston. I haven't heard from Fisher yet, but according to Bill Bowers, Ray doesn't like the switch either. Coulson is the only dessenter; he says he doesn't much mind the switch, and wouldn't mind winning a "Pong"... but it must be remembered that he's already got a Hugo. The other faneds agree with us, and approve the "write-in" that we and others suggested. REAMY SAYS: "I think that we should go even farther and outlaw such changes on the whims of a half-dozen who just happen to be the con committee. Any change the committee wants to make should be voted on by the membership and stop all this nonsense. Actually, I suspect there is more to it than meets the eye. Ted White is obviously behind it and he surely must know the kind of reaction such a goof-ball move would create. Perhaps we're reacting the way he wants us to."

Felice Rolfe writes: "I can only speak for myself. I haven't talked it over with Ed. Speaking for myself alone then -- I will not compete for anything called the Pong award and if it is presented to me I will not accept it. What Ed does about it is up to him (He's more likely to be at Nycon anyway). I suppose that any kind of an award would be an honor -- but the Pong award? Come on now. Yes I know "Hoy Ping Pong" is supposed to have some meaning. Dave Van Arnam explained it to me on coast-to-coast phone call, but it still has no meaning."

"I doubt that the con committee can be forced to award a Hugo, write-ins or no write-ins. However I do hope and believe that this idea of the con committee's stems from their essential isolation from the rest of fandom -- Dave seemed very surprised that I should object, though I think that any student of human (and especially fan) nature would have predicted an uproar. ((Mebbe they just don't care. BEM)) Perhaps when it's brought to the committee's attention that this is (to put it mildly) an unpopular move, they'll reconsider."

I certainly hope so Felice. Many other fans -- some of them aren't even faneds, are against this move by the committee. What do you say NYCON COMMITTEE? Ted White? Boardman? Van Arnam? The rest of you? You all understand that if the write-ins out-number the regular ballots, they must be credited and followed? Because write-ins ARE legal.

--- Bills Bowers and Mallardi



# a matter of Pride

I was more than a bit surprised, the day the latest DOUBLE:BILL arrived and a flyer tumbled out of the envelope with it. The flyer, which no doubt you've all seen, contained some of the most juvenile histrionics that I've seen in recent fan publications.

The flyer was a continuation of Bill Mallardi's editorial in that issue of DOUBLE:BILL. Here's what he said:

"PING GO THE PONGS: No, Bob, I don't mean you this time; I'm speaking of the so-called PONG AWARD the NYCON 3 committee has decided will replace the Hugo for Best Fanzine. They are deliberately trying to 'segregate' the fans from the pros -- Pongs for fans, Hugos for Pros. THIS IS BAD, because I'm sure future cons, starting next year out West, will reOinstate the Hugo for Best Fanzine. That means the Pongs are ONE-SHOTS; tell me, WHAT PRESTIGE IS THERE IN THAT?? I strongly urge ALL of you fans to WRITE-IN your nominations for a fanzine Hugo, no matter WHO you vote for. Someone, be it Meskys/Rolfe (NIEKAS), Reamy (TRUMPET) the Coulsons (YANDRO), Weston (SPECULATION), or us, or anyone else, will get the Royal Shaft if they win, and are given a Pong instead of a Hugo, like others have gotten for years and will later, too. As far as we're concerned, the prestige and honor for a Pong is just as degrading as some actor voted an Oscar, and getting a lapel pin instead. It was the fans who started the Hugo Awards, and now Ted White and Co. are trying to screw them out of it. I'm sure a lot of faneds and fans agree with me...so please write-in your Hugo vote if you want to see justice done. We don't care who you vote for, just as long as it's a write-in. I understand from Bill Donohp that Felice Rolfe says should NIEKAS win the Pong, she'd refuse it. So will Bowers and I, should D:B win. Let's stick together on this fans, and show NYCON 3 how we feel."

The language of the above paragraph (the total context of Mallardi's comments; I left nothing out) is emotional to an extreme. And I shouldn't need to comment further on that aspect of it. But what bothers me in it is two-fold.

First, there is a strongly implied feeling of "You dirty bastards are trying to cheat me out of my award!" -- Or, to quote Mallardi directly, "WHAT PRESTIGE IS THERE IN THAT??" And that business about how I am trying to screw "the fans" out of the Hugos. In my personal opinion, DOUBLE:BILL deserves a special award for presumptuousness, and nothing more. As readers of QUIP will recall from my review of D:B #13 in QUIP #2, I don't think the fanzine is well-edited, and I am convinced that it attained what little reputation it holds from the

Jed White



"Symposium", conducted and edited by Lloyd Biggle.

I'm not alone in this opinion nor in my impression of Mallardi's motives; in an "Open Letter", Leland Sapiro says in part, "You two fellows have been coasting for the last three years on that pro Symposium..." and "I was disturbed, first, by the editors' assumption that their magazine deserved this award (or the old "Hugo" which it replaces), and secondly, by their pretended disinterest in what magazine was actually voted for..." The ostensible purpose of Sapiro's dittoed "Open Letter" was to tell the Bills that he was cutting D:B from his list of trades for RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY.

The second point which bothers me is more important. It is the distortions of fact which Mallardi presents.

"They are deliberately trying to 'segregate' the fans from the pros," he says. As long as fans like Mallardi are about, no one else need bother; the separation between fans and pros is largely one of attitude -- on both sides -- and an award structure is almost meaningless compared with the larger picture.

The fact of the matter is that we acted as fans to give fandom a greater recognition at the Worldcon. For some years I have felt that it was unfair that Worldcons, created and produced by fans, seem to exist almost exclusively for the egoboo of the pros. Fan panels are traditionally unwanted bastards in con programming (the all-time low was at the Discon -- a fan panel devoted to "stencilling artwork". Most of the audience hadn't even heard of fanzines; perhaps ten or fifteen among them understood anything said. Those of us on the panel wondered why we'd be assigned such a topic, and what we could do with it.) -- and they are about the only programmed attention got, with the exception of the fanzine Hugo.

Now about that Hugo:

Check the Hugo winners anthology. Are the fanzines mentioned? When's the last time that any "professional" poop on Hugos even mentioned fanzine winners in the same breath with the rpos? How many fans can recall off-hand the previous Hugo fanzine winners of the last five years? How many recall that SF TIMES won two Hugos?

What does a fanzine Hugo mean?

Traditionally, it has usually gone to the fanzine with the largest circulation among convention members. There has hardly been a year when better fanzines, by most criteria, weren't ignored.

A winner of the Hugo must keep this in mind. Terry Carr and Ron Ellick won one for FANAC. At the same time Terry was publishing a vastly superior fanzine, INNUENDO. If the fanzine Hugo has any real meaning, it is not to be found in the tradition of past winners.

Nor does it reflect much glory from its brother awards. The fan who believes his status enhanced because he shares an award with Fritz Leiber, Robert Heinlein, John Campbell, et al, is a poor, sad fool. Un-



like these winners, his Hugo does not represent him as a major writer or prozine editor. It indicates only that because a fanzine category was provided for that year, and most of the voters were ignorant of most of the fanzines published, he won. By default, almost. Or by trickery. (Over 400 people voted for the Hugos last year. And ERBDOM won "Best Fanzine". Of that 400, how many do you suppose were even roughly acquainted with fanzine fandom? Of those who voted for ERBDOM, how many had ever seen any non-Burroughs-oriented fanzines? How many fanzines of quality have a circulation of 400 or more?)

Face it: the Fanzine Hugo has always been a sad award, a lame-duck award. If it had any honest prestige, it was only this: A group of fans voted it to a fan.

The point ignored by Mallardi and his ilk is this: we didn't take the fanzine award away from the Hugos this year to be nasty, or to spite him and his -- but rather in order to create an honorable set of Fan Achievement Awards for the first time in the history of the World Convention. No one will get "The Royal Shaft if they win", unless they choose to so regard it. Instead three fans -- the best editor, best artist, and best writer -- will receive awards parallel to the Hugos. They will receive these awards in the same Awards ceremony, and the awards will be equally handsome.

But just a moment! Just why is an award given to a fan, or to anyone? Why is it important to hand out a rocketship trophy, instead of, as Mallardi suggests, "a lapel pin"?

"WHAT PRESTIGE IS THERE IN THERE IN THAT??"

What the hell are we in fandom for?

I dunno about you guys, but I've been a fanzine publisher for fifteen years, and never was I primarily motivated by the urge to win fame, fortune, and prestige by copping a Hugo. If that had been my sole reason for publishing, I would've stopped years ago. In 1954, most likely. There were no fanzine Hugos then...

Sure, it's nice to win a fan poll or an award. It's egoboo. And we publish for egoboo of one sort or another (it can't be for money...!). But what's this 'prestige' bit?

There is precious little prestige in winning a Hugo, unless you're proud of sharing an award with Jimmy Taurasi (twice!), and the Burroughs nuts et al. That is basic.. It is the rock bottom of it all. You start from that. The first fanzine Hugos went to one of the all-time worst fanzines ever published. Since then, a Hugo has gone to an ephemeral chatter-and-newszine, to a booklet ("Who Killed SF?"), and ERBDOM. That it has also gone to WARHOON, XERO, AMRA, and YANDRO is immaterial. It would be like sharing an Oscar with Clark Gable and Elmer K Schutz. "Elmer who?"

(And bear in mind this: the Oscar does not exist to honor actors and actresses and inspire them all. It exists to give publicity to the motion picture industry, and to boost the box-office appeal of



various films and stars. It is an elaborate charade which has as its implicitly acknowledged goal the prestige of an industry. The Oscar awards ceremony is a two-hour commercial for movies. Is this what we want to compare ourselves with?)

If the Awards have meaning for us, it must be this: Once a year we gather to honor ourselves. We honor Science Fiction with the Hugos. And now I am proposing we honor ourselves as fans. But I am not suggesting that we become carried away with a high opinion of ourselves, as Mallardi seems to desire. In awarding three fan awards at the NyCon 3, we can call proper attention to our achievements within fandom. We can do honor to those among us who make fandom an enjoyable place for the rest of us.

But we are not awarding the biggest, most loud-mouthed, self-admired jackass. We are not honoring the man who can exhibit best the ability to pat himself on his back. We are not honoring those fans who have the utter gall to cry out pitiously, "If they don't call it a Hugo, I won't accept it! You hear? I just won't!"

Who said they would?

What's in a name, anyway? As someone once said, maybe, "An award by any name is just as sweet." Call it the Pong. Call it the LMJ award. Make a lapel pin out of it. Is the actual intent any less or any different? Is the award any more or less meaningful?

Yes and no. Yes, it will be different in these respects: It will not be in indirect competition with the Hugos awarded to professionals. There can be no confusion of criteria, and it will be impossible for a winner to equate himself with Heinlein or the like. And too, as a "new award" (in name only), it will not carry with it the distasteful history of the past fanzine Hugo winners. (Which is not to say that it might not go to a pretty sorry specimen this time around -- although if Mallardi's threats are to be believed, at least one of them won't be in contention.)

And no. A map is not the territory. A Fan Achievement Award for Best Fanzine will be no different in any basic respect than any past Science Fiction Achievement Award for Best Amateur Magazine -- just a little less patronizingly worded. The trophy will be no less handsome -- a mistake, perhaps, since it is my private opinion that fanzine awards should be farcical in appearance so they will be meaningful only to another fan, and not an object to be boasted about to one's non-fan acquaintances -- and it will be awarded as it has been awarded in the past, at the emotional climax of the convention.

If there is any glory in coming forward amidst applause to accept the World SF Convention membership's award for Best Fanzine, it will not be diminished.

But let's say that we did make the fanzine award a Hugo. Where would that leave the other two fan awards? What would that make of them? Step-children? Illegitimate awards? What makes a fanzine editor better than the artist who illustrates his fanzine or the writer

(continued p45)



a letter from... john trimble

Dear Arnie:

I'm not sure where you got the impression that I had/have any objection to the Fan Achievement Awards, as such. In point of fact I tried -- in HUGO REPORT #1 -- to maintain some sort of neutrality with regard to the merits of the Pongs, and am trying to maintain this same attitude as part of the 1967 HUGO Study Committee.

I do object to the method used by the NYCon 3 Committee -- specifically Ted White -- in putting these awards into effect. And I tend to agree with some of the letters I've gotten in response to HR #1, whose writers feel that there is a lot of merit to the awards, but that the method used to get them -- the psychology of the move -- was bad and may kill the idea for the next half-decade or so.

As a matter of fact, Lloyd Biggle, Jr., and I -- making up the current HUGO Study Committee -- have formally (as the committee) written Ted and the NYCon 3 to protest their action in this matter. Note that we are objecting to their methods -- in violation of the By-laws of the world conventions -- not to the awards themselves.

For an award to mean anything to its recipient, Arnie, that award has to have some standing. And the mere fact that it is given out at an awards banquet does not bestow any importance to an award. This "standing" or importance is gained through continuity of an award, primarily, and also by the history of the award itself (who has won it in the past, how often it has been awarded (( and this ties into the continuity question above)), etc.

The only way I can see for the Fan Achievement Awards to succeed is for them to be voted by the nominators who send in their Awards Ballots to the NYCon and then for the awards themselves to be codified at the NYCon 3 Business Meeting. And Ted says that the NYCon 3 does not intend to hold a Business Meeting, beyond that necessary to select the 1968 WorldCon site. Which is too bad, for the LA in '68 Committee has decided to take the position of putting on a con under the Constitution and By-laws of the World Science Fiction Society, Uninc., as they stand when we get the con. If they have not been amended to include the Pongs, then the Fanzine HUGO will be reinstated, as per the rules. I'm pretty sure that the other two bidders here on the coast agree with this position.

The methods may have been wrong, but the Awards themselves may have merit -- I'm not taking a stand on this latter point. I urge everyone who has a position on the matter to write to the NYCon 3 to urge them to legitimize these awards by holding a Business Meeting at the NYCon, and amending the rules to codify the awards if they are a success.

Best,  
John Trimble.



# SUMMARY

After reading the D:B inspired material, I must admit to having been singularly unimpressed with both the objections raised and with the intelligence and good will of those who raised them. I think Ted White has more than adequately shown up these people for the self-deluding glory hounds they are. It seems to me that anyone genuinely interested in seeing fandom accorded some share of recognition at the Worldcons would delight in the inauguration of a series of handsome awards parallel to the SF Achievement Awards. Instead these people bemoan the fact that the award to which they aspire will not bear the name SF Achievement Award (Hugo), because then they will not be able to kid themselves into believing that they are one with Pohl and Campbell. I could perhaps understand better if it were a case of the committee either abolishing the fanzine award totally or establishing an odd-ball Best Fanzine Award, but this is not the case here. The Fan Achievement Awards (Pongs) are a complete awards structure created to salute the best editor, writer, and artist in fandom each year. The selfishness of the Bills and cohorts is as croggling as their immaturity. I wonder how all the people who contribute to the fanzines of these people feel about this attempt to scotch an awards set up that would give contributors to fanzines a well deserved slice of egoboo?

John Trimble, on the other hand, has, as he usually does, made his objections both calmly and cogently. As a result, I think both the question of the legality of the Pongs Inauguration and the question of the criteria for their continuance have, I believe, been cleared up.

First, the question of the legality of the NYCon 3's move in setting up the Pongs. As Ted has pointed out and as John, to judge from communications more recent than the letter here printed, has agreed, the resolution passed at the Tricon binding all bidding groups to abide by the WSFS Uninc. By-laws does not apply to the NYCon 3 nor was it intended that it should so apply. The resolution was passed after the consite voting and referred, therefore, to all cons from then on -- beginning with 1968, the first con to be bid for after the vote. While it must be admitted that the NYCon was not as politic as it might have been in setting up the Fan Achievement Awards, it should also be noted that the WSFS, Uninc. By-laws had only the force of advisory guidelines before the Tricon and that other cons have also monkeyed with the traditional rules.

John's other point, as it turned out, was really much more important and, in the end, more telling. The NYCon 3 committee evidently did not realize that the Tricon resolution had made it mand-

# ARNIE KATZ



atory for all con committees after the NYCon to run things in accordance with WSFS Uninc. Rules in areas (mostly the continuing functions such as Awards, consite bidding, etc.) covered by those rules. Thus, the Nycon 3 committee, in its statements up till now, has said that no Business Meeting would be held, since such meetings have in the past been mostly wastes of time. Also, the committee did not seek to do anything that would force succeeding committees to be bound to any of the NYCon 3's policies.

I communicated John's well taken point that WSFS By-laws would henceforth have the force of convention law in those limited areas to which they apply to Ted via letter and followed up with a telephone call so that I could print his reaction here.

Ted said that, as there was now obviously a reason to have a business meeting at the NYCon 3 so that any proposed changes in the now binding WSFS Uninc. Rules could be voted upon by the convention membership, such a Business Meeting would indeed be held. One of the matters definitely to be considered at that meeting will, of course, be whether or not the Fan Achievement Awards ought to be incorporated into the code ratified at the Tricon.

I think this pretty well settles the objections of John and the rest of the fans who were concerned, justifiably so I think we would all agree, with the "legal" standing the the new Fan Achievement Awards.

--- Arnie Katz

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#### A MATTER OF PRIDE (continued from page 42 )

who writes for it? Why should this form of segregation be practiced?

Why does Bill Mallardi want to be different from (and in his mind no doubt superior to) the winners of the other Fan Achievement Awards? What does he have against them?

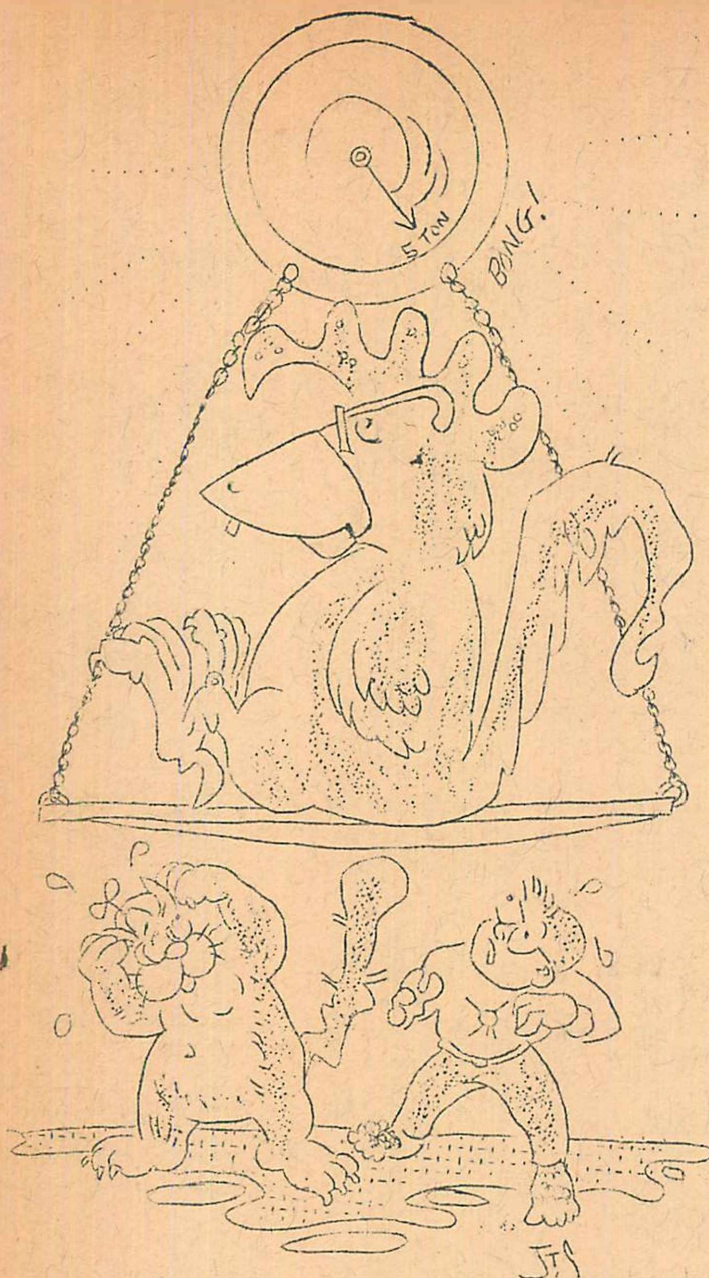
It makes sense to classify the pro awards in one group and the fan awards in another. That is a pragmatic classification, honoring two different kinds of effort (one for money, the other for the love of it) in two different arenas of endeavor. But why split the Fan Awards? Why put the fanzine award with the professional achievements, which it is not, and leave the other fan awards off on one side?

I'll tell you why: Because a few opinionated fuggheads want the "PRESTIGE" they think is attached to the name, "Hugo". That is what they want, and all they want. And in order to get it, they have been putting on a display of brattishness unrivaled in my memory.

The remaining question is this: Will you, fandom at large, sit back and let these squalling infants sabotage the embryonic Fan Achievement Awards program?

--- Ted White





that it was not an oath or curse or something faanish. Lon Atkins is a soft-spoken, cultured Southern Gentleman and what he said would cause no Sunday School teacher shock, embarrassment, or trauma. But it was the way he said it, softly, like a velvet glove...with a steel gauntlet beneath. I hastily assured him that I would, indeed-all-right, have both items written in time. And then we hung up.

But I didn't write either of

It is a strange and frightening thing to have a QUIP suddenly living within nagging distance. Especially if one is delinquent in getting one's column written before the deadline.

Only the other night Lon Atkins phoned me ostensibly to invite Anne and me to his apartment-warming. Somehow, during the course of the conversation, he causually mentioned the impending date of April 1st. That date, and no fooling, is/was the Deadline for QUIP. Also for RALLY!

"Have you written the review for RALLY!?"

"Uh, no, I haven't." Silence for a few seconds.

"Then you must have written your column for QUIP."

"Nope, not yet."

What Lon Atkins said at that moment, over the telephone, I hesitate to put into print. But let me hasten to assure you,

*heavily*

ED COX

*twice*



them that night. I was so upset that I couldn't write anything. So I went in the living room; lay on the couch, and read "The Ultimate Adventure" by L. Ron Hubbard in the second issue of UNKNOWN clean to the end.

DAT OLE DEBBIL     In the last issue, the announcement of the new co-ed-  
LOS ANGELES:     itor was, of course, made, and during the editorial-  
izing about how come, the phrase "Agonies of Len Bailes" was mentioned. And with reason. Living in the faanish megopolis that is Los Angeles, it is hard to settle down to the \*work\* of fanac. It is so easy, and fascinating, to socialize. There are the L.A.S.F.S. meetings (which I'm unable to attend), the various faanish gatherings at various fans' homes, the golf tourneys (miniature, I might add), all manner of things that preclude sitting down at the typer or standing at the mimeo. Len Bailes moved to UCLA and in the past year or so, look what's happened to him! He has gained a reputation as a "minacer" in the apas, stopped fanzine collecting, had to give up co-editorship of QUIP, and was seen at a fan-party or two with Jean Berman. Is there any connection between the last two items?

So now here comes Lon Atkins out to Los Angeles. While in the South, he has published a genzine, produced long and interesting apa-zines, was a driving force in SEPA, co-editor of RALLY!, and one of the influences behind the resurgence of Southern Fandom. But now he is in Los Angeles...

While he has gone to L.A.S.F.S., he does not seem to have become involved in the mad social whirl of downtown fandom. No, living up here in the Valley as he does, he seem to be at, possibly, a safe distance. Will the new co-editor survive the Temptations that have led astray Len Bailes? The poker games may tend to cause him to become broke...the once-in-a-while Hearts game we're working up will be but a slight diversion, a change-of-pace to offset his editorial duties...no, none of these things, as I see them, will cause him to follow in the path of semi-fafia as did Len Bailes.

What concerns me is that topless bar Lon Atkins has discovered down the street from his apartment house...

STARING BACK AT THAT     Buz, in his column in the previous QUIP, men-  
PHOSPHORESCENT EYE:     tioned the problem of commercials on teevee.  
It's getting so that most of the fantasy you see via television isn't in "Star Trek" or ~~The Twilight~~ "The Invaders", etc., but in the commercials. There's been some mention in fanzines of the giant in the washing machine or whatever, the kid sailing through the kitchen on an anti-grav unit, the girl swishing through the air like Peter Pan, etc., but there's a different, frightening element that's come to my attention.

The day-time commercials for some products are different from the evening's.

As the beer drinkers among you may well know (yes, you, Dave Van Arnham, for example), the industry has come out with the Tapper.



It hold 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of beer and sell for about the same as if you bought 9 quart bottles of the same brand. Plus the initial deposit on the tapper keg and carton. But theoretically, it's draft quality, etc. These are all well and good, and we utilize them around here. That is, we drink the beer.

Anne informs me that she has seen commercials during the day wherein the housewife is being sold on the tapper. The beer can be used in cooking, as a hair rinse...yech!

Then there was the Gulf Oil ad which, as with many such ads, is aimed at the female car driver. How nice the gasoline is, the clean sparkling station, and mainly the choice of three types of gas. Three gasoline pumps at the Gulf stations. Or, as the lovely girl in the commercial bubbles at you with a gleaming sunny smile, "I like Gulf because it has the pump in the middle!"

How Freudian can they get?

IN THE BEGIN- As I should have been saying earlier in this column,  
NING DEPT: in the QUISH Rick Sneary, in his letter, mentions the SFL pin. It is possible that at least one reader of QUIP might not know what "SFL" means. It was the Science Fiction League which, in some respects, was helpful in establishing local fan clubs in various parts of the United States.

In the April 1934 issue of WONDER STORIES, Hugo Gernsback announced the formation of "The Science Fiction League". The page had, in its center, a large rendering of the emblem which would soon be available, at cost, on lapel pins, stationery, seals as well as on the membership cards. Full particulars, by- laws, etc. were given in the May issue. Including a roster of Honorary Members. These were the people contacted earlier in the year by Gernsback to become Executive Directors and Founding Members (February 1934). They were: Forrest J Ackerman, Eando Binder, Jack Darrow, Edmond Hamilton, David H. Keller, P. Scuyler Miller, Clark Ashton Smith, and R. F. Starzl. Gernsback was, of course, Executive Secretary and Charles D. Hornig, Assistant Secretary (as well as Managing Editor of WONDER).

The idea behind the SFL was to promote and spread the "science fiction movement". Anyone who was interested could join by merely writing and sending 15¢ to cover postage for their membership certificate (an impressive looking document). In any city or town large enough to supply enough interested fans, Chapters could be formed. Advice and suggestions were given in the regular SFL column as to how to go about this. Tips on promotional gimmicks and the like were included.

For Members Only, there were available the pin, letterheads, etc. A full-page ad gave all the particulars, not only as to what a member could buy but about the purpose of the League. This was possibly to assure members that they could be justified in spending the money on these items. In 1934 money was still kind of scarce.

Even at 50¢ per hundred sheets, likewise for a hundred envel-



opes, with the League emblem, the pennies would add up. Plus 15¢ for every 25 seals which, I'd guess, many a member bought in lieu of the stationery. The League lapel button was no doubt a popular item. In red, white, blue and gold,  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in diameter, it must have been impressive and, at 35¢, inexpensive. The solid-gold \$2.50 jobs are probably really scarce! That was a lot of cash to lay out for something like that in those days. I believe I've seen, besides Forry, Elmer Perdue with one at various faanish occassions.

To spur the rush to membership, in the issue that started off the League, Dr. David H. Keller made an offer of an original manuscript (not the carbon) plus an autographed letter to each of the first ten memberships claimed by readers. Can you imagine the rush? All of the fans hurrying to obtain one of the famous Kelleryarns in the original plus the autographed letter! Who were the ten? What names now famous in fandom/prodom will be recognize in the first ten memberships of the SFL?

1 - George Gordon Clarke, 2 - John T. Wiess, 3 - Robert Hart, 4 - Kenneth Sterling, 5 - William H. Dellenback, 6 - George Forbes, 7 - Jacob K. Taback, 8 - Stephen R. Tucker, 9 - Frank Phillips, and 10 - Harry Boosel.

That's what I thought, too!

Where were all the names now familiar, established in the fan/pro world of today that were blazing young fans of that time? Ackerman and Darrow, of course, were already Honorary Members. A lot of the Names were already tied up in one of the one or two other large clubs of that time. One of which was the International Cosmos Science Club. Some of its chapters later became affiliates of the SFL.

By the end of 1934, the SFL emblem was appearing on the cover of WONDER and Chapters were being formed in a number of cities in the US and England. Members, of course, were from all over the world. After a slow start, Chapters were able to form with a minimum of three members. Immediately, the Brooklyn Chapter became the first, and Lewiston (Idaho), Number Two. Evidently, they didn't try hard enough...

There were, of course, advantages to being an SFL member, in addition to being able to purchase the pins, seals, etc. A Forrest J. Ackerman of San Francisco gave a 5% discount to SFL members. He was, strangely enough, selling STF items.

Yet another thing came about which had been suggested earlier in 1934 by one of the members. In the January 1935 issue there was an extensive Science Fiction Quiz. Depending on how one scored on it (without, of course, referring to any of the source material), and upon other qualifications, a member could be awarded "degrees" in science fiction! A Bachelor of Stf (B. Stf), a Master of Stf (M. Stf), and finally, a Doctor of Stf (D. Stf) would be awarded to those qualifying. The D. Stf. was particularly hard for the rank-and-file member. The final qualifier was to have had a minimum of five stor-



iespublished in science fiction magazines having newsstand distribution. And man, one really had to know what the field encompassed to be able to answer all those questions! There were over 130 questions, plus essays, including 30 on general science.

By now, Chapters were starting to firm up. The Erie (Pa) Chapter was #3; #4 was the Los Angeles Chapter, the direct forerunner to the present L.A.S.F.S. and one of the first with a familiar (to me) name, Roy Test, Jr.; #5 started in Monticello, New York, another familiar name was Secretary David A. Kyle, and #6 was in Mayfield (Pa). Projected Chapters were in the throes of formation throughout the country. It was, of course, a good deal for fans who liked to see their name in print. The SFL column in each issue carried minutes of each Chapter, about a small paragraph. There was a section devoted to members who desired correspondents and those who had special ideas and suggestions usually got an inch or so of column space.

Of the first 44 test results, among those getting 90% or more were some familiar names: Forrest J. Ackerman, David A. Kyle, Milton A. Rothman, Donald A. Wolheim, Robert W. Lowndes, and Paul Freehofer. Ackerman was tied with two others at 97%, the highest score. Well, that figures. A Raymond A. Palmer got an 88%, and an Arthur L. Widner, a 76%. I'm sure this is interesting as hell, but Look Where They Are Now! And you should have seen the questions. But I'll spare you that. The degree business was never followed through.

By the middle of 1935, there were 24 organized Chapters, and two or three times that many proposed. The membership was close to 1000, but the first hint of trouble came out in the September issue when three members were expelled. Their only reason for joining the SFL was, allegedly, to cause trouble and sabotage to the favor of their own activities. This was but one manifestation of a warfare then going on in fandom, which has filled many a fanzine page in the past and will, no doubt, come under some dissection in Harry Warner's forthcoming History. The terrible trio were John B. Michel, Will Sykora, and fandom's perenial fan-and-pro, Don Wolheim. So much for that part of it.

The SFL survived the change in publishers and continued on in THRILLING WONDER STORIES, the membership having grown well over a thousand and chapters into the dozens. But with the coming of the Second World War, it lost its momentum and died out. Many of the Chapters continued and some survive as local clubs that have long forgotten their origin.

With the folding of the nation-wide pro-sponsored club, eventually a national group sprang into being to help inspire and weld together all those scattered fans who needed guidance, encouragement, and a medium through which to be in contact with other fans.

I'm only joking, of course. None did.

This has been the Historical segment of Twice Under Heavily for 1067.

--- Ed Cox



HAPPY

BENFORD

FANZINE  
CHATTER

ALGOL #12, Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., New York, N.Y. 10028  
50¢, 70pp.

The basic trouble with Algol is lack of direction. Andy Porter has been publishing it for some time, with the necessary percentage of catalytic material, but it just hasn't taken off in the upward climb that makes a really excellent fanzine. Something hasn't jelled.

The reason it hasn't, I think, is that Porter never has a clear idea of what he stands for, or wants to do. He never communicates a personality. Part of this is that he can't write that well (yet), but basically I think he has let himself be led around by spur-of-the-moment interests and diversions. He's failed to develop any theme that will identify ALGOL. Nobody is able to say right away, "Yeah, ALGOL, that's the fanzine that has a lot of..." (with VOID, to use a notorious example, it was "chitter-chatter" or "all those goddam editorials.")

All this is made even more obvious by his editorial in this issue, in which he gives notice that ALGOL is looking for stfnal articles now. Apparently, though, he wants this because "fandom is vitally concerned with this stuff ... judging from the response the speeches and panels have had..." And because Bill Donoho's HABAKKUK has begun to get large responses to stf material. And, perhaps, as well, because Andy is himself in the swirl of New York pro life, since he's now on the F&SF staff. But he doesn't say this in ALGOL, so one can't be sure, and I suspect that the readers have never been sure either -- sure of what the fanzine's attitude was, where it was going. There has always been a certain temporary air about anything ALGOL has done.

This is the central problem of a lot of fanzine publishers, but most never attain the overall quality Porter has. Until this issue, every new ALGOL seemed to have one item in it that stuck in the mind, and usually it was connected with or written by Ted White. This time the character of the issue is stamped HARLAN ELLISON in capital letters, and the rock that holds this issue together is "A Time for Daring", the tapescript of Harlan's speech at the 1966 Westercon. It's worth looking over again in the cold harsh light of day, for those who were there, because it does hold a high level of content. It wasn't easy to divorce the analysis from the rhetoric at that convention, but with the

GREG BENFORD



tapescript one can do it. It shows Ellison trying to get at what he likes (but, unfortunately, not at why he likes it), and the result is involving, if not convincing. I've written about Ellison vs. The Reactionary Fascist Bastards of Stf elsewhere (HABAKKUK), so I'll only recommend that if you want to know where it's at, this article at least puts you on the path.

There is also a hell of a lot of stuff in here about Stephen Pickering. Hopefully, it is all a dead letter, the people with pitchforks can all go home now and we can forget this dazzling fuggheadedry. There was a time when I felt a certain number of fuggheads were necessary for fandom, just to keep the proceedings interesting, but since the days of Raeburn's Derrogation, in which a real wit could deftly slice these louts into quivering lumps, there seems no point. A longwinded rebuttal of Pickering would be as boring as the original; although Ted White has done yeoman work here, there is little room for brilliance.

Dick Lupoff has been reading some of the more obscure tomes known to man, and reporting on them in ALGOL; indeed, if we were casting about for a coherent personality that bound all that ALGOLs together, his column would be the most likely place to find it. His subject matter reeks of age and the fine, porous dust that clings to bookshelves. All this comes through, and more -- it's a pleasant few moments, spent inside somebody else's collection of nostalgia and oddments. A worthy review column, perhaps the best such currently being written.

A Cult satire is reprinted; strange, how the concerns of that organization seem so far away now. Doubly strange that this should be reprinted... In "The Gentle Art of Editing" Andy Porter talks mostly about experiences reading the slushpile, but for a change some useful and somewhat original (for fandom) comments are made on plotting techniques, etc. Like so many things done by newer fans, this article doesn't herald its assets, dilutes them with repetitious information, and so loses most of its impact.

The letter column suffers from what is probably the most prevalent single mistake made in fandom: including too much "I liked ol' Fred's story." and too little solid comment. But ALGOL doesn't seem to get as much comment as it should, so Andy doesn't have much to work with. With more personality, more drive, he could do a lot more.

NYARLATHOTEP #4, Ben Solon, 3933 N. Janssen, Chicago, Ill. 30¢, 60pp

When you're just starting to publish, and want to attract attention and comments, one of the best ways to do it is simply by including as much material as possible, hoping some of it strikes a chord with the readers. Ben Solon, apparently, has been employing this method for his last few issues, and although most of his material is of average quality or better, there is a lot of dreck. In this particular issue it seems as though the magazine has taken a decided list in the direction of KIPPLE -- a desasterous course. Probably this is a coincidence; a few columnists choose semi-political subjects and Solon himself spends a few pages on censorship, and -- bang! -- the ghost of Ted Pauls clings to the pages.



I'm overstating the case a bit, but I do think Solon has fallen somewhat below the level of his usual precociously sound editorial judgement, in this issue. His editorial indicates that, things being as they are, he doesn't intend to tie his fanzine to the fluctuating fortunes of the stf field by devoting it exclusively to criticism, and this is a reasonable course. Every critic isn't as perceptive as Alexei Panshin, and as some of the columnists in this issue show (Dean Natkin Lewis Grant), it's a hell of a lot easier to grind out the sort of elementary social commentary that a sizable fraction of fandom seems to think is Deep Stuff. Solon is drifting towards a more style-conscious policy, and I say more power to him. I think he'll be happier with it, the more he becomes submerged in the bits and pieces of fannish lore (notice the "Eat at Omar's" interlineation in this issue). Now, if only there were people in his "generation" of fans who could write as well as he can edit...

There are four columnists in this issue, and three of them are average or worse. Grant, Natkins -- dulldulldull. Bowers, when he isn't holding forth in a curious beer-buddy fashion, is more interesting. I would give more details about these columns if it were not so difficult, on looking back over them, to remember what the hell they were about. It's that kind of writing. Casual, semi-fannish, without a nuance, a touch, a glimpse of style.

Ed Wodd has an interesting, if uninspired, report on the '66 Westerncon and the Ellison phenomenon. It contains a fair amount of drama and personality, and probably conveys to people who weren't there some of the atmosphere of the thing. It has its moments and, next to a writer like Natkin, Ed Wood looks like Roger Zelazny. Andy Offutt has a nice funny little piece, better than 90% of the stuff he writes. I keep picking up things by Offutt (sometimes even in IF) and thinking "oh yes, he's been around quite a while..." and expecting some fairly good work. He has been around a fair time, but he never seems to get better. Perhaps, now, he is.

Alexei Panshin dominates this issue, not because he can write all that much better, but because his reviews so clearly communicated a picture of a man thinking about a subject he loves. It is obvious that Panshin is going to be with us a long time -- he is a thorough worker, likes what he does and is getting noticeably better at it. It is even conceivable that, unless he devotes himself entirely to fiction writing, he could some day become a second-level literary figure of the Christopher Morley type.

Perhaps Solon's formula has worked, for he gets very good letters of comment and what's more knows how to edit them. The letter column holds the issue together to a remarkable degree and gives the fmz its personality. It's a slow grind to raise the quality of a fanzine by gradually acquiring better columnists, cutting letters selectively (and occasionally -- though I've never known if anyone except myself ever did this -- asking a correspondent to rewrite portions of a letter to make it clearer), etc. Solon is ~~on~~ the path and doing well.



TRUMPET #5, Tom Reamy, 2508 17th St., Plano, Texas. 40pp. 60¢

It has been a long time since the last TRUMPET, but this issue represents such a great jump in quality that it is almost sure to place Reamy into contention for the Hugo this year. His editorial personality has gradually improved since Reamy's return to publishing (compare the old CRIFANACs -- interesting, but patchy), and this issue attains the right mixture of content with a high level of quality and seriousness appropriate to the medium Reamy uses: a very professionally handled photo-offset.

There are a hell of a lot of good things in this issue. Alex Eisenstein, who previously cranked out a mechanical set of postcard sized fanzine reviews, reveals a talent for analysis and summation totally unexpected and delightfully welcome. His treatment of a Brian Aldiss who has strayed into critical waters and left them muddier than he found them (in Zenith), is surpassed only by his admirable condensation of the arguments that have been raging in Habakkuk. There is fan and faan fiction of standard quality (ie, forgettable), but this is offset by unexpected finds such as "Elkay Productions" by Larry Klobukowski, an article about amateur filkmaking. Reamy took a certain risk in running this article as it is, since it concerns a somewhat unusual subject not necessarily of interest to fans, and it's written in a stiff manner that makes it difficult for the reader to warm up to the subject. There are overtones of a "What I Did on My Summer Vacation" style that mar the presentation, but beneath it there is a slight touch of the enthusiasm that moves a teenager to undertake the expense and trouble of producing his own dramatic films. It could have been touched up, yes; more details and anecdotes would give the article life; but it was still different, entertaining, and worth the space.

The most notable item in this issue is "Down With Dr. Strangelove", by Richard Hodgens. It is a thorough, well-studied attack on the entire genre of political sf as it's now practiced (ie, "The Manchurian Candidate", "Seven Days in May", "Dr. Strangelove", "The Best Man"). It speaks of a great deal of work and thought, and its use of critical tools in craftsmanlike; I would suspect Jerry Pournelle of writing it. If National Review ran items of this length I would not be at all surprised to see Hodgens appearing there -- it's that good.

Unfortunately, Hodgens is mad at a lot of people, and it shows. His theme is that political stf films are all possessed of the same (usually unstated) cliches -- "deterrence means war, defense is defeat, relatively free societies are even more dangerous than totalitarian ones". His repugnance for the liberal line is so strong that it seems at times to overpower any other concern. Eventually he must deal with "Dr. Strangelove" which is by far the best of the genre, and when he does one has the feeling that the sheer mass of detail in the film has swamped him. Hodgens laments the fact that "there is no objectivity in 'Dr. Strangelove'" and "If there is a single joke at the hands of our left, I missed it.". He realizes this charge that the film should not be biased is his weakest ground, so he returns to it often, but never convincingly. Is Gulliver's Travels "objective" or "in good taste"? Basically, Hodgens doesn't believe that satire should exist. Glancing off such a hard point (which lies at the core of his thesis), he all too often rebounds with thinly veiled outrage. He pulls things in from



left field -- the titles introducing the film "...are 'irreverent' or 'non-rigid' or childish scrawl (as it lavatories)." This is a man indulging himself in an excess of bile at the expense of his argument.

Even then, he leaves curious holes. Is there a single anti-left joke in "Dr. Strangelove"? What of the ineffectual Stevensonian President, or the bomber crew (the Brotherhood of Man, dutifully integrated -- a texan, a New Englander, a Negro -- carrying out the first step in the destruction of humanity)? These are sacred cows of the left. Indeed, it is this careful neglect of parts of the film that don't fit Hodgens' theory that causes him to miss a major theme in it -- that the machines are, by God, out of control -- that he later mistakes for an indictment of the defense effort.

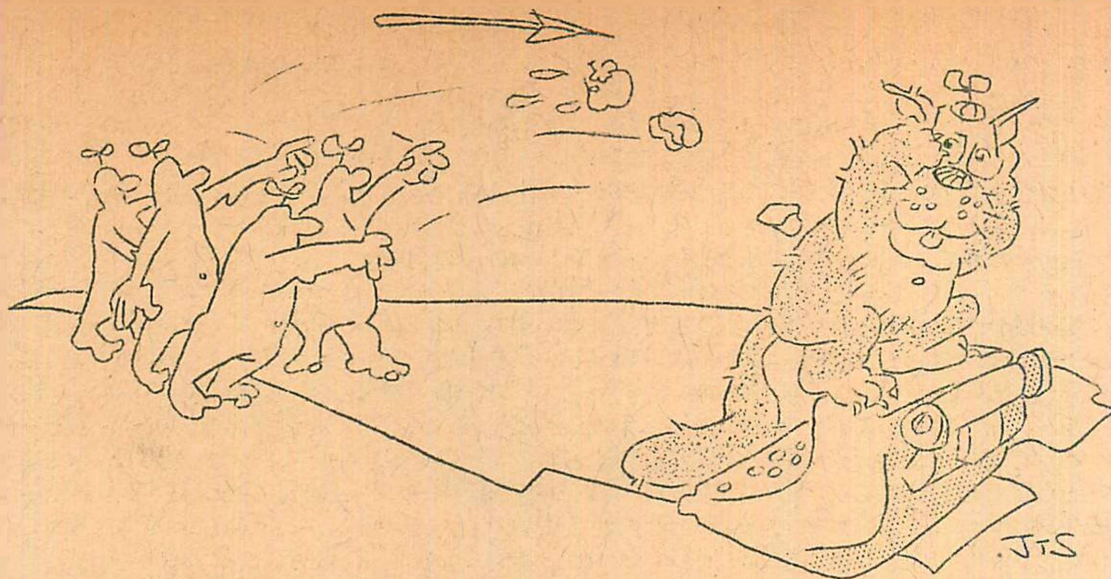
Hodgens is at his worst while dealing with "Strangelove". The other films do show signs of sloppy thinking and heavy-handed cliches, and he skewers these nicely. One has the feeling, reading him, that a powerful instrument is doing its job well, but occasionally runs away with its owner. In his effort to throw all these films in one bag, Hodgens' straw men have gotten in the way of his critical faculty. Basically, he loses impact by blowing his cool.

As counterpoint, Jerry Pournelle has a very sanely written column; it makes some political distinctions that are necessary if the letter column of TRUMPET is to make any sense (at the moment it doesn't), meanwhile displaying a facility for analysis that outdistances most of his detractors. Whether one likes what he says or not, he raises the quality of the discourse. This is nowhere more obvious than in the letter column. There are interesting discussions, but Reamy is perhaps a touch too ready to print; seldom do they equal in quality the rest of the contents. Perhaps I'm being too demanding, however; there are people who can argue as well as Pournelle. And in reaction to an issue of Trumpet as good as this, the letters are bound to improve.

Altogether, Trumpet is a beautiful thing, well assembled, with an unusual diversity of material. Reamy has a weakness for bad cartoons, but the other art is excellent. I must admit I didn't expect it to happen (mostly because I didn't think Reamy had the energy to stay the course), but Trumpet is now the best fanzine appearing. I hope the response to this issue is huge, if only because the rewards should be proportional to the obviously enormous amount of work this fanzine has taken. Reamy is really a singular character: he has produced a very good fanzine through sheer editing. He hasn't got an enchanting style or an original viewpoint, really. But he knows how to collect material, and in physical presentation he is probably unequalled in the history of the field. As well, he belies the usual theories about topicality and a big letter column as necessary components to a first-rank fanzine. Of course, such theories are meant to apply to the monthly (or at least frequent) fannish fmz, but it is to Reamy's credit that he has, in his own way, revived a neglected mode of fan publishing, and pushed it to new heights.

--- Greg Benford





## Quips FROM Readers

JOHNNY BERRY: It's a frightening thing to be confronted with a 100-odd- page annish and realize that it's all supposed to be read. I'm afraid I was almost put off myself by all those pages of uniform, green text, but I guess the ATom cartoons were enough to keep me hooked. ...The cover format suffered a regression from #4; as Archie Mercer said, you were just getting out of the rut. It was still good, of course, but it suffered in comparison with the originality of Quiver 4. I trust you will heed my Every Word and turn out another gem for the next Q; maybe the Void Boys could steal the Arnie Kata Award.

The material of the Quish amounted to Too Much of a Ghood Thing. I love informal columns, but with the three editors trying to do chatty editorials and five regular columns, it all begins to run together. It's much the same as the comment somebody had last night about the latest HABAKKUK; the three light, humorous, Army-centered columns were too much at one time. I personally don't think Bloch's piece really belongs, but I guess you figured After All, It's Bloch... It provided a vehicle for some uproarious puns, anyway, so I guess it was worth it.

← Actually, I thought that Bloch's piece was one of the best things in the last issue. Usually, the only criteria a piece has to meet for inclusion in Quip is that it be interesting reading for the editors. The editors, have three rather different sets of aesthetic standards, so this makes for inclusion of a wide range of material...most of which is liked by some readers and ignored by others, according to their tastes. --LB→

Unfortunately, the lettercol of Q 5 was abominably edited. There was easily enough in there to make an excellent lettercol if it had been edited as well as Len did. There was too much of the "I liked/ I didn't like" kind of itemizing that is just what you want to avoid--and why didn't anyone answer / Clarke's / question about Carter Little? ← Arnie did answer the question, in the first draft of the lettercol... but somehow in the transfer of stuff to Lon for stencilling it disappeared. I've been told Little's real identity



almost as many times as I've been told Franklin Ford's real identity, and I still can't remember which is which. Perhaps next time you will Learn The Truth and Arnie or Ted White will Tell All. --LB-->

Pete Weston's "New Wave" article hit close to home, as my only contact with British fandom for a long while (and one of my first fannish contacts at all) was through ALIEN. In fact, for the last two issues I was USAgent.

I didn't get ALIENs 1 and 2, but when #3 arrived, it immediately grabbed me and pulled me into its aura. It was the sort of totally informal fanzine that you have no trouble getting into (although it was also terribly sloppy--but I didn't notice that). ...As further issues came out-- on a monthly schedule, the appearance began to be cleaned up. #8 was something of a turning point, forshadowing an increasing iciness in the format. The Alien crowd had reached the point where what they wanted was not a faaanish fanzine, but rather a science fiction magazine, and they were trying to turn Alien into just that, on the amateur scale. After #15, the editors made the final step; they folded Alien and announced that they were going pro. At this point they are working on their prozine, ALIEN WORLDS, which I have heard has come out, although I haven't seen it. From what I've heard, it's much the same as the old Alien, without the fan jargon (which was never very prevalent anyway); I wonder if it's selling?

Why is it that the back pages fall off all my fmz these days?

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SHELBY VICK: "...if the zine were to succeed, we'd have to de-gafiate half our mailing list."

Okay, boy, you done went and done it. You may regret it, but nonetheless here I am. I manfully resisted the impulse, the first issue of QUIP that we received. I chortled at the covers, I enjoyed the interior (and remarked that your editorial really should be entitled 'Katzenj<sup>AB</sup>Ber'), and even looked forward to the next one. Nor were any of them disappointments. But still, when my fingers would start itching for the feel of a keyboard I would sit on them until the twitches subsided.

But now, you done it. You found my weakness. EGOBOO! (Even if it is old and second-hand and the name is spelled 'ShelVey', instead of 'Shelvy or ShelVy'.) What I'm trying to say is, for some strange reason I found PURPLE PASTURES the most interesting item in the last, the GREATEST issue yet, the QUISH.

Honestly, tho, I have nothing constructive to say about anything in particular; other, that is, than the letter column. Do my ocular orbs confound me, or is that not Gregg Calkins name there? How many, many years has it been??? It might even be that I owe him a letter...

What happened to the custom of printing addresses along with the letters for fen what might want to write these people?

I have a puffin here who's doing nothing, just hanging around ...

§§ Perhaps we ought to reprint the section from a Bailes apazine wherein he said that Shelby Vick was one of the two or three lasting writers of the sixth fandom era. Perhaps you'd have sent a contrib, too. --AK§§

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HARRY WARNER: I've gone over this problem of loc recognition for artists repeatedly in locs to this and that publication. Loc creators are warned over and over that it's wrong simply to say that they liked something and didn't like something else. Reasons are supposed to be given for those reactions. It's much harder for most of us to describe the causes of our reactions to artwork than it is to take one side or another in an argument that emerges from an article, or to point out instances of bad plotting or inconsistent style in fiction. When I've tried occasionally to be intellectual and brilliantly critical about a drawing, I've found myself writing in the style of lecture that you hear when you attend a museum's talk on the blue period of Van Gogh or some similar topic. The style may be fine for real art, but it sounds phony as all getout in fanzines. Add to these problems a fundamental difficulty: the small number of artists who are represented in fanzines, and the tendency for most of them to produce quite similar sketches for months or years at a time. It's as hard for the loc writer to say something new about the latest ATom cover as it is for the music critic to become original when he writes about the latest Klemperer performance of the Eroica, even though the art and the conducting are equally superlative in their own particular ways. The only retribution for the artists that I can think of is the kind that occurs at the worldcon. There, at least, they can see people worshipping at their shrines on the walls of the art show and they can pocket the money that comes from the sale of their artwork, and they can tell themselves that these writers who get most of the comments in the fanzines are never asked to read their columns and articles or to sell their original manuscripts at the con. All this is prefatory to generalized praise for the illustrations in this new Quip, in general, and for the cover feature in particular. I hope someone at the Nycon dresses for the costume show as Q. Wertyuiop.

Something tells me that the following will be repeated in quite a few other letters from your readers with some fannish experience and fond memories. But I must be redundant, if necessary, and inform you that Quip no longer is in any danger of confusion with Void. Your publication now reminds me intensely of another fine departed fanzine: Innuendo. The reprint fillers, the near-perfect typography ((?)) the general emphasis on a sort of detached attitude toward fandom, they all are very similar to the finest things in Innuendo.

Pete Weston's article was fascinating reading now and it'll be invaluable if I should ever be crazy enough to try to extend the fannish history through the 1960's. He causes me to realize how far I've drifted from British fandom, for Zenith is the only publication out of the group emphasized here which I've seen regularly. So help me, I hadn't even known there were bitter feuds over there. Fanzines keep publishing articles on this and that trend, and it's odd that nobody has dealt with this problem of lack of contact between fandoms of various nations. Undoubtedly, there are American fans who have been closer to the British scene than I've been, but I, on the other hand, am one of the half-dozen people in the United States who know how completely unaware the bulk of American fandom is of German fandom.

"The Purple Pastures" was always one of my favorite Brandon works. The only possible fault I can find with it is the accidental one that it has outlived some of the things it concerns. A glossary might have caused it to be even finer reading for the new fans. How long has it been since a fanzine mentioned a budgie, for instance, and I'll bet that some of your readers don't even know all the facts about Twonk's Disease.

The Collectors is excellent. Good characterization, both of the collecting urge in general and of two competitive collectors as individuals. There's a real plot, some character development, and unhackneyed episodes that can't be accused of imitations of some other faan fiction. I spent a quarter-hour in the attic this afternoon, trying to calculate how many more years will pass before I'll really suffer a space problem up there, and this yarn makes me feel better with the knowledge that I'm not alone for my desire to continue to fill pasteboard cartons with



fanzines up there, regardless of the strain on the beams and the steadily diminishing empty space.

As for the question of whether it's a hobby or work: I am willing to put any amount of work into my hobby as long as I know I want to go to all that trouble. If I feel the slightest doubt about my willingness to do something involving fanac, I just don't do it. I've seen too many fans gaffiate completely after just a few months of forcing themselves to publish a fanzine or serve as club officer or some other former joy that has become a chore.

Mike Ashley provides more reason for dismay about my alienation from British fandom. I would think of Ethel Lindsay sooner than any other name over there, for she forms the only consistent link with American fandom, and Mike doesn't even mention her on the list of ten greatest.

§§ I hope you don't think the section dealing with the Pongs in this issue ruins the detached atmosphere (or blows our cool as we say in Limited Vocabulary Fandom). A lot of people seem interested in the fuss and we were publishing soon enough to make debate meaningful, so...--AK§§

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TED WHITE: Lovely cover. Ross is outdoing himself these days. My only criticism is that he is not scoring 100% on layout. While the first page flows fairly nicely, the bottom of page two and the middle of page six smorge two panels together so much that individual impact on each and the sense of pacing are lost. This is worst on p.6, where the "LON ATKINS!" seems to be part of the static scene of Lon staring at the tv, instead of the action scene of him shooting out of his chair. However, the little touches scattered throughout the cover sequence are lovely, and the tv screens on p.6 are masterpieces, especially the final one.

I might add that the bit of me, dialing, as the screen shows "QUIP-TV SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN" slipping on the vertical hold, is a reference to the recent occasion when the Fanoclasts were watching The Avengers, and the program was interrupted with a non-news "news bulletin" in ABC's usual obnoxious fashion. I called ABC-TV to complain, and as soon as I hung up, Alex Panshin made a second call. I guess our complaints were effective; there were no more interruptions that night.

Bloch was superb. His Non-Con Report is one of the best new submissions you've garnered.

Chamberlain's "Cross Words" reveals Ross's quietly fascinating style of expressing himself, but holds more promise for future installments than anything else. By which, I mean that this one is more like a letter of comment than a structured column, although the introductory paragraphs are quite nice, and indicate that Ross will make one of your better columnists.

Warner's "I Had LoCs in My Head" is very minor Warner. It reads like Warner mining the last low-grade ore from an idea, and suggests that either Harry is too parsimonious to let a subject go before it's totally exhausted, or that he felt obligated to write you something and was low on inspiration that day...or both.

←← That's what I meant about tastes differing. I like Harry's ruminations...and there are a good many people who don't get Horizons regularly and thus aren't exposed to as much of this kind of timebinding as you are.--LB→→

"The Saga of Michael Camp" is, at three and a half pages, three pages too long. I wish I knew what proportion Demmon contributed; it lacked the most notable virtues of Calvin's best work in this vein: brevity. Calvin always knows



when to stop. His surrealism is most effective when delivered in short, punchy anecdotes. "Saga" is either poor Demmon or dilute Demmon. Either one is a shame.

Wally Weber's "For the Record" is typical, low-key Weber. His anecdotal reminiscences sneak up on one, and the pages turn themselves effortlessly. I am left wishing he'd gone on for twice the length, and I am also left wondering what the music Mr. Gray's orchestra produced really sounded like. If there are any records left that Wally feels like shipping cross-country, I'd love to hear them.

I never liked "The Purple Pastures" the first time it was published, and I didn't try to reread it this time around. I think the reason lies in the fact that it is faithful to the dialect of "Green Pastures," and I find unrelieved dialect writing painful to even stare at. If you want to reprint Carl Brandon, there are lots of other Brandon treasures scattered about here and there in the fanzines of the fifties, and one might even consider reprinting some of "his" Cultletters.

{{ True, the debate between Carl and Jack Harness on the nature of existence which occurred in the Cult's 5th cycle is probably worth reprinting. As I recall, Harness was condemning Brandon for taking the solipsist position. "Don't be silly, we both know we exist... let's start from there.." was the gist of it.--LB}}

"One Fan's Beat" is neither good Busby nor bad Busby, but it is dated Busby. I guess that indicates that Buz can stick to a deadline better than you guys can.  
\*Sigh\*

"The Collectors" shares many common faults with faaan fiction. It is not a bad idea, and not badly worked out, but it is too baldly told, too much simply laid down in narrative, without the use of illuminating scenes which could show instead of tell.

{{ Yes. Basically, I copped out on really writing that story because it would have been too long. Yet some people like the "bare-bones" approach to faaan fiction. Terry Carr has done it quite effectively, and Art Rapp and Harry Warner have also used the technique. It isn't really story telling, and it isn't really anecdotal, but somewhere in between.--LB}}

Greg's "Happy Benford Chatter" is very close to being the best he's ever written. "Tax Roman" is minor chatter, very much like the Cox natterings about nothing, and redeemed only by Greg's ability to write better. But "I Take A Trip" is Fine Stuff. I'm reminded of a Burbee piece, the name of which escapes me, which was very much along these lines -- and I wonder if it didn't serve as inspiration for Greg. In any case, Greg's use of fiction-type narrative is lovely, and indicates his growing abilities as a pro-type author. This piece is the best in the issue.

....Get A Proofreader. One of you must be able to spell. When even I am annoyed by misspellings, you know they're bad. Typos also abound entirely too often.

On the plus side, Lon's layouts are generally (with an exception or two) much more attractive, and his choice of lettering styles definitely so. If Lon made no other contribution to QUIP, this would be enough.

Lenny Kaye must've forgotten the time VOID featured not only a three-page front cover, but a three-page bacover as well. It was VOID 25, as I recall, and Bhob Stewart took off on the work of Andy Reiss on the front cover, while Andy struck back at Bhob on the bacover. At that point, I was beginning to wonder when VOID would turn into one long cover.



You know, it's funny how the VOID legend has grown. Obviously, it was a pretty good fanzine -- it was placing high in various other zines' polls -- but why isn't there a comparable INNUENDO legend, or CRY legend, or WARHOON legend? I think the reason is simply that VOID innovated. (( Is it possible that the reason is because you keep writing articles wondering why Void has become a legend, whereas, Terry Carr, Busby and Bergeron haven't been motivated to do any fan-historical essay writing? --LB))

The actual material in VOID wasn't much better than, or different than that in the other better fannish zines of the time -- certainly no better than INN's -- but the ultimate VOID package, and especially those covers, struck the right note. It's funny how many people think of the VOID covers solely in terms of the one of V28, too. The first Bhob Stewart three-page cover was on V23, the Willish, and he had covers on V24, V25, V26 and V28 -- five in all. The first one was sort of exploratory, showing Q. Wertyuiop ascending the many flights of stairs to Twonk Tower, my apartment of that time. The second introduced the new VOID logo. The third was the Stewart vs. Reiss battle that I mentioned. The fourth welcomed Terry Carr to New York and to VOID's staff of co-editors. And the fifth is the one everyone talks about.

The first covers were designed as precovers. They had no logo on their first page, but introduced the apparently proper cover on their third page. And this cover was usually not part of the Q. Wertyuiop narration. For instance, the one on V23 was Leeh's cartoon of Walt as an Irish harp. The cover of V24 was an ATOM full-page cover. Only V25 got away from this, and V26 used the third page for a J. Wesley Trufan cover by Bhob, with a combined VOID and INNUENDO logo over it. (Properly speaking, INN merged with VOID.) The whole original idea -- although we weren't inflexible about it -- was that the cartoons introduced the actual issue, with the proper cover inside. That's why we called them three-page covers. The cover-proper wasn't on the first page.

And of course QUIP enhances the VOID legend. QUIP keeps it alive, both by inviting comparisons with its multi-page covers, and with the volume of incidental comment scattered through its pages. Lon mentions reading a file of STELLARs and VOIDs with enthusiasm, and there's another little chunk added to the legend. I'm sorry it bugs poor Gary Deindorfer, who was almost part of it (he was to replace Pete, who lost interest, as co-editor of V29...), but when these bits and pieces of egoboo for zines in which I was a large part crop up, I respond, even as Gregg Galkins did to my passing mention of him in Q#4. It feels good, from this vantage-point in time, to sit back and listen to people say appreciative things about fanzines I published seven, eight, ten years ago. I'd be less than human not to dig it. And maybe I feel that if fandom slighted me at times in the past, it has made it all up to me since.

Veering a bit from whatever the subject was, you know it's a bit odd-feeling to realize that this year -- 1967 -- marks the fifteenth anniversary of my first active fanac. For Harry Warner, this milestone has come and gone, and what I am remarking upon is old hat. But it is somewhat croggling to me to realize that as of this year, I will have spent more than half my life a fan. Why, that's an almost proud and lonely thing...

It still doesn't seem like five years or more since the last VOID. Why, we still have most of V29 sitting around ...somewhere...waiting a good weekend in which we can sit down and get it out. Five years? That's... All, folks.

((I think that the "legend" you discuss is a sort of subjective thing. For me, as a post 50's fan, it extends to several faaanish fanzines, including INNUENDO and going back to 6th fandom for QUANDRY and HYPHEN. The point is that the kind of material all of these magazines were accustomed to printing seemed to be non-existent



several years ago. People just didn't seem to care about the particular ingroup humor associated with faaanishness. To me, the last issue of Xero (the tenth one, Andy, the tenth one...) marks a closing out of a particular kind of fanzine. I still don't think any fmz but Lighthouse is the equal of what was once being produced in the microcosm in the humorous vein. For awhile it looked like Quark might fill the gap, and now it looks like Quip may, but the writing lacks a certain uniform brilliance so far. There have been brilliant fanzines in other veins... HabbaKluk certainly rates. But the fanzine which glorifies The Shtick and does it hilariously isn't here yet. (or make that "again"). Quip has occasionally published things I think are up to those standards...some of them we reprinted...others (like Benford's column last issue) fell into our laps and some have been garnered by Arnie by incredible hard work ~~and slapping the paper~~. I think most of the other stuff in Q has been good and workman like, and we keep the medium open. As long as there's a Quip, or a fanzine like it, there's a potential place for the kind of writing I enjoy very much to appear...and occasionally it does. ...All of which sums up The Bailes Philosophy, which is probably not the philosophy of the rest of the management. I'm not a very large part of The Management in Quip these days, anyway. By the way, I happen to like your musings on Void and Stellar in the same way I like Harry Warner's.--LB-->>

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DAROLL PARDOE: As the third incarnation of Leslie P. Hinge, and as one who has seen the New Wave come and go, I feel I must take issue against Pete Weston's article in QUIP 5. Certainly, no one could deny that there was a New Wave in British fandom from 1963 onwards, which lifted it from the doldrums into which it had regrettably fallen, and undoubtedly did it a lot of good. I would also agree that his outline of the events of that time is reasonably accurate. I am glad to see that Pete has stuck to the broad outline, and not, as some folk have tried to do, minutely particularized the New Wave, and claimed that other fans who entered fandom even a couple of months later than themselves were not true 'New Wavers'. Pete's article is a good historical survey.

However, I disagree entirely on one point. Jim Linwood in LES SPINGE 12 wrote a review entitled 'Price only sixpence for 28 pages' in which he dealt with the New Wave fanzines, and particularly with ZENITH and BEYOND, the brainchilds of Pete Weston and Charles Platt respectively. This review was perfectly justified, accurate and necessary. It drew attention to the difference between these publications and the main stream of British fandom. The New Wave was out on a limb, and this isolation was not, as Pete suggests in his article, a result of the review, but rather it was pre-existent, and largely caused by the meteoric way in which the two editors had entered fandom, and immediately begun to publish. One usually finds that the best new fanzines are those whose editors have spent a little time soaking up the atmosphere and traditions of fandom. It seemed to Jim at the time that Messrs Weston and Platt ought to come farther into the main line of fandom, instead of building their own castles elsewhere.

I think that Jim was successful in the case of Pete. He is now a valued member of fandom, and publishing the distinctive, and high-quality SPECULATION. Charles went sour, however, and when he disappeared from fanzine fandom it was in the end no great loss.

....A few mistakes deserve correction: during the entire period of Pete Weston's fan life, LS has been edited by Dave Hale, or more recently by myself. Ken Cheslin has rendered noble assistance at all times, but he gave up the editorship way back in the summer of 1961. I am surprised that Pete didn't mention Dave... He and LES SPINGE, though not of it, certainly influenced the New Wave, and he played an important part in British fanhistory in this period. Dave's last bumper issue was number fourteen, and exhaustion was not Ken's reason for gafiation. In conclusion I will say again that I liked the article and thought it on the whole



fair and accurate, except for my reservations detailed above.

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GORDON EKLUND: I sure am glad that you've kept sending me your fanzine, Quark, over the last two years, even though I have never written a letter of comment about it. It's certainly one of my favorite fanzines and, along with Honque, Habbakuk, and a few apazines, is actually worth the time spent reading it. The reason I have never acknowledged the fanzine before is simply that I had forgotten how to write letters of comment. I started a couple, really I did, but they all started out "Dear Ann Landers, I have a hang-up." Force of habit, I guess.

...Well, this annish (what that mean?) is certainly an impressive old fanzine with all those pages and that 14 page cover (never could count too hot.) Unlike some other people, I like your covers and I do not think that they are all that obviously pseudo-Void. Why, I am sure that it is only the sheerist of coincidence that every time a new issue of Quip arrives, I say to myself "Ahaha, Good Old Void 29 after all these years" read it thoroughly and happily and am all ready to dash off a hasty complaint ("Where are the dull Ted White pages?") before I note the new title (Quirp) hidden on the cover. By the way, why did you change the title of Ted White's old fanzine?

But there's nothing wrong with copying Void -- actually you're only borrowing from it and not so actively anymore. Void was a great fanzine. I certainly remember those good old days of 1961 when I read Void avidly, never understanding a word, and used to dash off those brilliant letters of comment ("Who is this Rayburn character") which somehow never managed to make the same pages that included Phil Harrell, Seth Johnson, and the Rayburn character.

Nothing wrong with borrowing, I said. A few months ago I had big plans to publish a copy-fanzine, too. I wasn't going to copy any particular magazine, but simply borrow from the host of crudzines of the past. I, too, was going to have a five page cover, hand drawn. I planned to pick up a wide paint brush, five cans of paint, and slop the necessary slop on each of the five pages. I would use red, black, green, yellow and lavender. The lavender would be on the first page. Inside I would yammer on for four or five pages about my five color artwork on the cover. Then I would pop one of my pen names into the open -- Fred Turkey, say -- and write a five page science fiction story which all turns out to have been a bad dream. There would be fanzine reviews of non-existent fanzines, praising them all to the skies. At the end, another one of my pennames would write a brief article on why fandom needed to be swept clean of those people who refuse to discuss science fiction. All of this would be dittoed, nearly illegibly, and would be priced at 50¢ a copy. In my mind I knew I would be filling a necessary gap in fandom, the need for a really bad crudzine. I had expectations of huge circulation, a Hugo, and a bitter tirade from Norm Clarke. Unfortunately I talked too much about my plans. Norm Metcalf caught wind of them, sent me an enthusiastic letter, a dollar for a subscription, and a long article on the sex lives of the heroes of "Two Complete Science Adventure Books." I gave up the idea, ran only one copy of the zine and sold that to Bruce Pelz for \$25.

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TED JOHNSTONE: The Demmon-Katz collaboration is punk. Either Demmon has lost the touch along with his child-like innocence, or Arnie is emulating the Producer with the can of tomato juice. It's clumsy and ham-handed in comparison to the goofy light-headed magic CWBD used to write, of which I was inordinately fond.

...Delighted to see PURPLE PASTURES reprinted again. It's still a fannish classic. But is my memory playing me false, or have there been some changes? I played Gabriel to Pelz's Ghu in the only full production of this in Chi in '62, and I thot I remembered my cues better than that.



Bailes: I like your fan fiction. Unfortunately I can think of little else to say about it under the circumstances. It's a good original idea in a much-tilled field, well handled and smoothly written. Keep up the good work.

I'd like to comment on Buz's column, but I haven't really got anything to say. I agree with him, and that's sure no way to get an interesting argument going-- one of the things that keeps annoying me about the local Objectionablists is the way they get together and Discuss in such a way that you think they're fighting until you listen and realize they're actually agreeing at the top of their lungs and telling each other how clever they are. They spend hours convincing each other of things they both already believed. They can't debate with other people, I guess, because nobody who hasn't been properly trained knows the proper questions. Come to think of it, an awful lot of liberals are the same way... Personally, I can't see wasting all the energy an argument takes on somebody who already agrees with me. It's like target shooting with blanks.

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TERRY JEEVES: I understand that our postman is taking out a lawsuit against you for breaking his back with that fabulous number five. Have no fear, I have mailed myself a time-bomb due to explode when he is halfway up our road carrying it to me. This will remove all suspicion from you and I, as I have written the name Robert Bloch all over the bomb wrappings.

Re the cover, I muchly admired the drawing without having the ingroup knowledge to dig what it was about. Of the meagre supply of interior art, Atom's was by far the best. If you want a comment, I'd say because his pictures had a meaning; the line drawing was clear and not messy, and his creatures look both lovable and real. Shtickshift..I found fascinating, unputdownable, but wondered what the point was. Pete Weston's piece had more meat in it, and I was amazed at how many zines had fallen by the wayside in the last few years...one point though...ALIEN did appear with colour (full colour) artwork, including some of mine, only about six months ago. Probably now a collector's item.

...I enjoyed the article type material, but I wasn't so keen on the more fictitious stuff. To generalize, I find that this sort of writing is hilarious to the author, but a dead dog to most everyone else. The same applies to many a so called column, which jumps from pillar to post (quite permissible) but never gets interesting (downright un-permissible) and every so often to show this is all great fannish fun, we get 'Jeez'...'Gosh Wow' and suchlike. (I am not now sniping at QUIP, merely at a current trend) First the writer tells us he has nothing to write about (so why doesn't he shut up) then goes on to itemise minutae ad nauseam.

....In other words, too much space is taken up with waffle, and too few pen set down to really write a column or construct a story. To alight from my soapbox, I'd better say that QUIP avoids some of these pitfalls, but I'd still like to see a bit more thought go into the fiction. As it is now, I'll be honest and admit that I just couldn't get into 'HEAVILY TWICE' for this soggy bittiness and its "Good Lordaroonies" ...a change from 'Jeez' anyway. Similarly the 'Saga of Michael Camp' just passed me by, as did 'Purple Pastures.' Probably the fault is too much (I assume) ingroup humour. ...Of course like meat, one man's humour is another man's poison. Personally I prefer the more subtle style, or the understatement of Stephen Leacock. Anything which virtually howls"..Hey looka me, I'm funny" gets my back up.

\*\* I tend to agree with you...except when the howling slapstick is carried off with such overpowering and bizarre delivery that you can't help laughing. Harlan Ellison is a master of this sort of humor. Ingroup humor ala Burtee Jokes can also be funny to people who have been set up for it properly, but I'll agree that this isn't really good humor. Which brings us to the end of the Lettercol--JB}}



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