

IPZIK!

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My first day in California turned out to be a rather enjoyable one. For one thing, I'd never flown before, and got a taste of both propellor driven aircraft flying at low altitudes and jets at 35,000 feet. Later in the day, while browsing through various Hollywood Book Stores, we wound up at the Collector's (book store that is) and had a very enjoyable conversation with Len Brown on the state of comic books and comic fandom in general. I was slightly croggled to learn how much the Marvel Comics are selling for now. The run of Fantastic Four and Spiderman which I picked up so casually over the past couple of years should sell very nicely. Comicbook fans must be insane to pay so much for issues so recent... and the pre-1950 things like All-Star etc are now priced into the stratosphere. I remember a couple of years ago when you could get them for 2-3 dollars, but now collectors are gleefully shelling out 10. I hope the boom doesn't affect the price of Capt. Marvel, as I do someday want to get a complete set... but I'll be damned if I'll pay much more than \$2-3 dollars an issue on the things.

Taking my physical at UCLA was also an interesting experience. It felt like someone was shoving me through a meat grinder. Girls in white uniforms efficiently herded the cattle from one desk to another, and Chest X-Rays, Smallpox vaccination, eye tests etc. were all conducted on the dead run. The right hand wasn't aware of what the left was doing. I found myself at the end of the assembly line, having circumvented several stops by accident, but this didn't seem to faze the doctor. He produced a rubber stamp and proceded to ok the entire medical form along with the table and his own jacket. I think it was his turn to get a cup of coffee or something, and he wanted to get up and out in a hurry. I had a little difficulty in finding my way out of the building. I climbed up stairs and downstairs and went through at least six doors with Exit marked on them before I found my way out into the sunshine. As a matter of fact, I blundered into a place I knew I'd have to go to by sheer accident while attempting to thread the labyrinth. When I got to the main administration building a cheery sign greeted me and informed me that non-resident tuition had been increased from 300 to 400 dollars. I thought it especially considerate of them not to notify me by mail in advance, but to save this choice bit of news until one week before registration time. I suppose I'll get used to being lost in a mire of red tape and confusion though, All the time I've spent in fandom won't go for nothing. The various traps set up by the administration to trap unwitting students are as nothing when you've grappled with the Cult and FAPA constitutions.

This will be my first LASFS meeting, and the first APA L distribution I participate in as a regular Eller instead of an outsider. For those of you who don't know what I look like, I suggest you look for a short fan drooling over the fanzines at the auction and fighting Tom Gilbert ferociously for first crack at Ed Cox's back apa mailings.

--Len