

Quip

Nº ONE

FALL 1965

AND HERE THEY ARE~ THE Void BOYS!



TED? TERRY?...

...PETE?...

GREG?...



The SHOW
Will Start
in a
MINUTE,
Folks...



...ANY MINUTE
NOW (HEH HEH),
FOLKS!.... AHANA
... AHANANA....



YEAH
N3F!

WE WANT THE
Void BOYS!

AND BACKSTAGE...

you've got to do it!

...all fandom is counting on you!

HERE THEY ARE~ IN THEIR FIRST FABULOUS

FANNISH APPEARANCE...

THE QUIP KIDS!



...WE ARE THE QUIP KIDS... Q-U-I-P!
WE ARE THE QUIP KIDS!... FANNISH AS CAN BE!

WE'RE ARNIE... AND LEN...
...WE'RE THE QUIP KIDS!



THE QUIP DRIPS ?

DID YOU KNOW THAT
TED WHITE, VOID CO-
EDITOR, IS DESCENDED
FROM PILGRIMS?

YES, AND
IT'S QUITE A
DESCENT!

... BUT, SAY, ARNIE...
TED DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE
A PILGRIM...

I
DON'T
UNDER-
STAND
YOU,
LEN...

...IF HE'S A PILGRIM,
WHERE'S HIS
STAFF?

OUT NOT
PUBLISHING VOID,
OF COURSE!

WE ARE THE Quip
Kids, AS YOU CAN SEE -
WE ARE THE Quip Kids...

Q.U.I.P!

WHAT A VULGAR AND OSTENTATIOUS
FANZINE THIS IS !!

QUIP

The Vulgar and Ostentatious Fanzine

CONTENTS

ART CREDITS

KATZENJAMMER
 Arnie Katz 5

SHITICKSHIFT
 Len Bailes 9

KIDS; TOUGH
 John Berry 13

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JOE WALCOTT
 Arnie Katz 16

TWICE UNDER HEAVILY
 Ed Cox 21

OTHER FANDOMS
 Len Bailes 25

A LONG TWO WEEKS
 Arnie Katz 30

Ross Chamberlain: Cover

Jack Harness: 12, 28

Joe Staton: 14, 37, Bacover

Bill Rotsler: 26, 32

NEW YORK IN '67!

QUIP is published quarterly by Len Bailes and Arnold Katz. It is available for trade, LoC, contributions, art or 30¢ for one issue. This issue stenciled by Len and published on the LASFS Rex. Layouts mostly by Arnie and butchering of interior art by Len. LoC's, contributions, money etc. go to: Len Bailes this time anyway they do. Next time we'll see. Box 14 Rieber Hall College may prove to be harder than it looks for UCLA me. Fugghead Publication #14 Los Angeles, Calif.

About the Quiver: No, Ross Chamberlain isn't the alterego of Bhob Stewart, but we think Ross, who has had scant exposure outside of NYC, has truly captured the flavor of the Bhob VOID covers. Ross put in a lot of hard work on this, including as many as three redrawings for page two before he was satisfied. I (Arnie) think it's one of the finest pieces of art I've seen in fanzines in quite a while. I wish the continuity, which I wrote, was as good. I hope the printers who offset it will do a job befitting the high quality of Ross's work. Once again, Len and I want to thank Ross for all that effort. In case you QUIP readers out there are wondering, Ross has agreed to continue to draw the Quivers for future issues of QUIP.

---Arnie the K

 Any resemblance between Quip and a certain NYarea fanzine (whose 29th issue is coming out any time now) are completely accidental, of course.

 It's Edco's Fault

No, not Eney's fault this time. "Twice Under Heavily" has struck again! Another fanzine shot down in flames! EXCALIBUR didn't even survive long enough to publish the first installment of the column, which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Ex's death was really a Mercy Killing. Due to continued problems with Len's mimeo, neither of the last two issues were completed on time. #10 wasn't even distributed outside SAPS for lack of any outside copies to send out. Rather than putting out a couple of rushed issues, we decided to fold EX and start fresh. Naturally, this gives Edco a Rare Chance to kill two fanzines with one column. Do you realize what will happen if Quip folds? "Twice Heavily" will become the faanish equivalent of the Black Hand. And you could be the next victim.

Since this is the First Issue, and I am writing the Stuff Serious Section of my editorial, a few words about the zine wouldn't seem to be inappropriate. A mere glance will tell you that Q is a much more ambitious zine than EX ever was. Actually, this issue is smaller than Quip will be for some time, because rich brown is writing an Original Faaanish Novel for us. Please, don't cry right in the middle of the editorial, you'll smear the ink. We are Aware that some of you Out There don't even read faaan fiction. ~~You can all go peddle your papers.~~ It's all your loss as far as we're concerned, but we are taking it into account in planning future issues. If, as now seems likely, we run the novel serially, it will ~~be~~ in addition to all the things which would go into a regular full issue of Quip. Of course, if you've got any taste, you'll like the novel. At least that's what rich brown told us to say.

Your editors had a disagreement about how Quip might be obtained by the enthusiastic throngs we're sure will beseege us. We agreed that a Letter of Comment or a zine in trade would be Fine and Definitely Preferred. Faneds who send their precious creation to both editors will be looked upon with Utmost Favor. Faneds who don't are Viewed With Suspicion. The difference of opinion arose over the question of selling Quip. I feel that, since I'm not doing this as a commercial venture, I'd rather not get money in lieu of some more meaningful response. I wanted to have no sale of Quip. Len felt that that would keep new readers from ever getting Q. As a compromise, Quip is available for 30¢ an issue, but no more than one issue at a time. And I personally would like to discourage you from responding in this method. I'd rather read your zine or letter than spend your money.

I have been trying to coas Calvin Demmon out of his gafia and into Quip. As yet there has been no reply from his stronghold in California. Perhaps if I don't

hear from Good Old Calvin, I may write an original Calvin Demmon column myself for the next issue. Ahahaha.

Some of you might be interested, apropos of the trip report in this issue, in why a bunch of Fanoclasts decided to Go West. It was like this....

We were all sitting around at Ted's pad.

"Have any good robberies lately, Mike?" asked Fat Dave Van Arnam.

"Not really, Dave. Of course, there's nothin' left to steal." Rich brown nodded gravely.

"Bruce has it all already. Him and that damn chartered plane." Andy Porter, alias phone phan, looked around the room at the others. Was this the place for a *pun* or a surrealistic remark. Probably not, he decided.

"Why don't you rent a boat and sail to California by way of the Panama Canal?" said Andy. Sometimes Andy gets positively Sercon.

"((Censored for Katya Hulan))" said Dave. Dave always says things like that. Last year, it was weekly apas, and this year it was the Chicon II. Dave went to the Chicon II you know. Willis was there, too.

"Say gang," said rich, "maybe we could go across country by car and steal all the stuff back from the OElephant. We could even steal some extra stuff to even things up."

"That's a marvelous idea," I said. I had to say it rather loudly, since I was in Buffalo at the time. "What do you suggest we steal of his?"

"How about stealing Dian," replied Andy. Rich began to moan.

"Naw, we'd have to feed her and all like that," said Ross Chamberlain. I think bouncing around on his motorcycle must affect Ross's brain to make him say something like that. Shows that he has no Broad Mental Horizons.

"Not necessarily, Ross," said rich. Ted gave rich a look of approval.

"OK, gang, now here's what we are going to do. We are going to go to the West Coast via the TedWhite Charter Catch-A-Ride Transportation Service (not a religious organization) and steal back all the typers and record players. Then, when no one is looking, we will pull the piece de resistance."

"Oh tell us, Master, what is it that we are going to do?" the rest of the Fanoclasts said in unison.

KATZENHAMMER

"We are going to steal the Silverlake Playground." Ted sat back in his chair and dug Mingus as we stared open mouthed at the genius in our midst. Only Dave managed to say something.

"((Censored for Katya Hulan)), he said and then returned to silence.

QUIP 6

"One thing, Ted," Mike ventured, " I think you've got a good idea there, but I don't see how we're gonna hide it once we take it." Ted scratched his head. He didn't really want to insult Mike, because he knew that not everyone had a lightning like brain such as his own.

"For crying out loud, Mike, I don't see why you have so much trouble figuring out these little details without having me draw you a map." He paused, and I took the opportunity to voice some of my own doubts.

"How are we going to hide it, Ted, much less carry it across the country?" Seeing that he was in the midst of uniform mediocrity, Ted sighed once, and prepared to explain.

"Look, gang, it's simple. When we steal the Silverlake Playground, I'll fold it up and slip it under my coat."

"Are you sure no one will notice the bulge?" rich asked.

"No, definitely not. Terry and Pete did the same thing a few years back with Berkeley. Then they got chicken and sent it back in an unmarked box." We all nodded our agreement, since we were going to do whatever Ted said anyway, and went to pack.

* * * * *

".....a last-minute- membership-saving-Cult Fractional (f/r 164. XII) designed to forward the proposition that Arnie Katz shall not become an Active Member of the Cult-- at least not in membership slot #XII, currently inhabited by this publisher, Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif. 91722-- even though the aforementioned Arnie Katz does write ~~like~~ a lot like fabulous Calvin W *Bibb* Demmon (and looks and talks rather like him, too)"

--Don Fitch in the Cult

It is Not Too Strange that I look and talk like Fabulous Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon. Actually, Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon is my brother. In fact, we are Twins. You don't think *Mom* would have made the same mistake twice. She may be *Old*, but she's not Stupid.

There is always a Doubting Thomas ("That sounds like a Pile of Crap," said Thomas Gilbert) who won't believe me. Haven't you ever heard of Changing Names? My real name is Calvin W. *Boff* Demmon. Mom sure did have a Sense of Humor when she handed out those names. You may not believe this, but we have a sister named Calvin W. *Bam* Demmon. Mom sure did like to get full use out of a good name. That's why she named us all "Demmon". ahahahaha.

As long as I'm Making a Confession, I might as well tell you why I changed my name. "Oh yes, Calvin, tell us why you changed your name." My name is now Arnie, Arnold D (for Demmon) Katz, like I keep telling you. Anyway, I changed my name because the Twin Scene is sort of a *drag*. Mom used to dress us all alike, even Calvin W. *Bam* Demmon. I hated Tuesday and Friday. Mom would make Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon and I dress in *Drag*. We were the youngest transvestites in the neighborhood. It wasn't too bad until we were ten; then some of the older boys started to ask us out on dates.

When I got older, I realized there was only one way Out. I changed my name. Now only Don Fitch compares us. Don Fitch can go peddle his papers.

QUIP 7

Every time I see the Benfords, I get Happy. "How do you like being a Twin, Jim? Or is it, ahahaha, Greg?" Then Jim (or Greg) will look at me earnestly (or Jimly or Gregly) and reply,

"I'll tell you, Arnie, it's sort of a *drag*"

Biff and I have avoided the whole Twin Hang Up. We don't even have to do Crazy Things To Look *Different*, like the Benfords. Last year, one of them got his head smashed in with a surfboard. That sure did make him look different for awhile. Except that I can't remember whether it was Jim or ahaha Greg that did that Crazy Thing. Maybe it was really neither Jim nor Greg. Maybe it was Fabulous Calvin W *Bibb* Demmon who got his fabulous head smashed in (or Smashed In) with a surfboard. Maybe that's why he Writes Like That. Or Maybe "Not."

* * * * *

As most, if not all of you know, Steve Stiles was snatched from the Fanoclasts by a rival fan club called the US Army. Just before he left, he got an apartment with a guy named John Benson. John started coming to meetings, and when Steve was called, everyone expected John Benson to be a replacement for Steve Stiles.

"When Steve was Called, everybody expected me to be a replacement for Steve Stiles," John said to me just the other day.

"Draw something for QUIP, ~~Steve~~, John," I replied. Only John can't draw.

"I can't draw," he said. Sometimes he is very redundant. However, he showed us that he did have a True Talent. John Benson can put his Foot behind his Ear. We have decided that he is really the replacement for Bbob Stewart, with whom he also roomed at one time.

"Draw something for QUIP, ~~Bbob~~ John," I said. John didn't reply at all, just sat there serenely with his Foot behind his Ear. I'm afraid he isn't as versatile as Bbob Stewart.

That winds up my space for this issue's Katzenjammer, which means Cat Yowling in some language I'm not familiar with. Title courtesy of Andy Main, who is Thanked Profusely. Next issue ought to land in your mail boxes about January 15.

--- Arnie the K

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

"You're too far west to know my favorite funnies--reader, Uncle Don of Newark. The Sunday comics were a sideshow to his main event, a daily half hour of chatter and songs at 6pm over WOR. I listened with pleasure, but submerged terror. I couldn't stop suspecting that something inexpressibly fierce and dangerous lurked behind that cheerful voice. Several times nightly, he used to mention a child by name who refused to eat breakfast food or dawdled to school. No threat of punishment ever accompanied these remarks. That gave me the firm belief that something too hideous to be mentioned on the air awaited the transgressors."

---Harry Warner, in
Horizons #59

QUIP 8

LEN BABLES

"What are we going to call our new genzine?" Arnie Katz asked me as I leafed through his rather enormous pile of back fanzines. "I think," he continued, "that we ought to have a name that will sound sort of fannish. ..., ..Len? ... Are you listening?"

As a matter of fact, I was busily engaged in reading of the exploits of a teenaged Ted White in a prehistoric Cultzine. I looked up and noticed that Arnie was still talking.

"...I figure that if we can publish one good issue in September and another one before January..."

Arnie had come up with a good question. Just what were we going to call the new genzine? I shuddered at "Faunch", the title he had previously suggested. I looked up... Arnie had come back to the name issue again.

"... We need something short and to the point," Arnie continued, "Something like... hey! howabout Quip?"

"Quip," I mumbled to myself. "...Quip? ...Quip;Quip! ...sounds good."

"Quip quip quip quip..." said Arnie Katz, sounding like a sick rooster, "I like that!"

"Yeah," I added, "and then we can abbreviate it Q and have a Quannish, and...."

"Quip quip quip..."

"Damn it, will you cut that out!?"

"Quip quip quip quip..." an insane light shone in Arnie Katz's eyes. "I'm merely exchanging quips with you," he said.

"Quip quip," I said sarcastically so as not to be entirely left out of the conversation. We exchanged a few more quips in a similar manner and Arnie began to calm down. I opened the Cultzine I'd been reading and resumed following a debate between Jack Harness and Carl Brandon on the nature of existence, Carl, of course, arguing that it was all in the mind.

"...I don't see why we couldn't win the fanzine hugo in a couple of years..." Arnie's voice faded back in and I again looked up from the Cultzine. "After all, Yandro really isn't that good... it just looks that way through a lack of anything else to compare it with." Which was a pretty vulgar and ostentatious statement for

QUIP9

S
H
T
I
C
K
S
H
I
F
T

him to make. Yes, Arnie is pretty vulgar and ostentatious any way you want to look at it. He does seem to have a point this time, though; about lack of worthwhile genzines being published. For that matter, there's also a lack of unworthy cruddy genzines...even Excalibur has folded, as most of you may have noticed if you've managed to read this far. Where are all the poorly reproed exultant first issues proclaiming the imminent conquest of fandom by their editors?

Regretfully they seem to be buried in APA 45 and N'APA mailings... only they aren't very large, and it takes virtually no effort to produce them. This produces a corresponding lack of improvement in some cases because it's so easy to continue in the same rut. Putting out a genzine of fair size (even a crudzine) is never an easy task. Soon a publisher will improve inspite of himself, because he must do so to obtain enough response to justify his continuing the zine. I personally feel that a genzine format is more conducive to good writing than that of an apa, but most of my time in fandom has been spent in doing fmz for them. It's partially in the hopes that QUIP may spark a trend back to genzine publishing that Arnie and I are putting it out. Not that the thing is All That Great, but by ghod, it is thick and it will be coming out regularly.

Anyway, here is a decently reproed first issue exultantly proclaiming the conquest of fandom by its editors.. make of it what you will.

* * * * *

Some of you may be wondering what I was doing while Arnie Katz was making his fabulous trip out to the Westercon. Actually I was ~~dying to lead the bastards~~ ~~through out~~ getting ready to go to the 4th annual DeepSouthcon. Now, I suppose a lot of you didn't know there'd been even one DeepSouthCon, let alone four. The things were originated by Dave Hulan in his former incarnation of Alabama hermit longing to get together with other fans. I believe that Bill Plott sponsored the second get together, although I may be mistaken on that point. At any rate, the gatherings first reached the status of conventions with the DeepSouthcon III. (The first two had been referred to as "MidSouthcons.") This year's con took place in Birmingham, Alabama. I was fortunate enough to be able to cadge a ride in Lon Atkins' valiant Valiant along with Al Scott of Charlotte and Ron Bounds of Baltimore.

None of us knew quite what to expect as we threaded the horrid Georgia roads looking for the passageway into Alabama. Larry Montgomery, the con chairman had never been to a con before. Luckily, he had Al Andrews, a veteran southern fan to help him. Several things, like scheduling a program all Saturday evening, were avoided when Larry proved to be amenable to suggestions. He did a fine job of handling the hotel arrangements and general details of the con which was mindcrog-ling in view of his lack of experience.

We arrived in Birmingham about 6:00 Friday evening and quickly located the hotel, which turned out to be the Pool kind rather than the stuffy Elevator out of order kind. A large sign announcing that the DeepSouthcon was in room 201 greeted us at the entrance. On the way up, we ran into Ned Brooks from Virginia. After a while, we found Larry Montgomery and proceeded to register. When he asked for our names, Lon pointed to me and said, "Meet Arnie Katz." This caused Larry to do a sizable double take, mainly because he and Arnie were Having Words in one of the apas at the time. I nervously assured him that I was really Len Bailes, fearful that he might lunge forward. This had an even stranger effect on him, I suspect it was all too much within a one minute interval, for him to take.

QUIP 10

We then went out to eat after leaving a guard to direct late arriving fan to the scene of the action. At the restaurant, a little trouble arose over serving beer to Ron Bounds. This, struck me as especially ironic in view of the great Nuclear Fizz contest at the Disclave. Finally, with Ron growling under his breath we returned to the hotel.

For awhile things moved kind of slow, Friday night. Many of the people who were expected to show up were delayed in one way or another. Things picked up considerably when Janie Lamb arrived from Tennessee. Janie is an extremely convivial person, and her presence made the con light up. While she was telling us about the Janiecon held in Heiskell the previous week, the door swung open and in marched Wally Weber to thunderous cheering. We managed to catch him before he could run out the door again, and he then proceeded to capture us by whipping out a movie projector, sealing off the doors and showing pictures of every con since 1953. I found the costume ball shots interesting and was especially interested in the LonCon. It was fun to see what all the OMPans looked like. The dialogue which Wally provided to accompany the films was his usually scintillating best. He also had some shots of the Nameless ones and a sequence wherein Toskey broke in a mimeograph with dubious success. It belonged to Otto Pfeiffer.

At about 2 in the morning some of us went over to Larry's room to look at the paperbacks and old fanzines he was huckstering off. (many of them donated by Al Andrews for that purpose). I picked up several back SFFA mailings while Lon got a SAPS mailing. The three of us talked for awhile and after getting something to eat, called it quits for the night at about 3:30.

When Al Scott woke up the next morning we proceeded to razz him about how he'd missed buying a bunch of sensational fanzines by going to bed early. I was tempted to tell him some really outrageous stories, but we got sufficient reaction out of him with a few well placed Lies--enough to make him miserable anyway. We went down to the con suite and noticed that Atlanta fandom had arrived. Jerry Page and some comic fans had brought Hank Reinhardt, the Star of the convention. Hank had an old weapons collection, and fingered his sword nervously throughout the weekend. Once someone said Tarzan could beat Conan in a fight and Hank tossed him a shield and mace and attacked. He had a long Ax-like thing which bore a strong resemblance to the Ax which Grossmith and Lytton had carried around in the early days of the Mikado as Koko. Martyn Green's axe, which has seemingly become standard, is a painted thing not at all impressive. I mentioned this to Hank, and found out that he, too, was a G&S fan. We proceeded to sing through the Mikado, causing everyone else to leave rapidly. Ron Bounds and two monster fans proceeded to pitch pennies at a toy soldier with one of Reinhardt's scale catapults. The rest of us went to look for Larry Montgomery. It turned out that Larry had just left to pick up Al Andrews, so we went out for lunch.

By the time we returned, Larry and Al had arrived, and we proceeded to hold a SFFA meeting (in imitation of the FAPA-Throw the Rascals Out meeting at DisCon) The non-SFFAns listened to a tape Phil Harrell had made for the con. It was an extremely funny tape, but unless you've heard Phil there's no way to describe him.

The SFFA, I might add for anyone who's wondering, is the Southern Fan Press Alliance. It's probably the focal point of current Southern Fandom. Dave Hulan is the Official Editor and the membership includes a few multiapans, a few who are active exclusively in SFFA, and a few old and tired fans who have all but dropped out of sight. It is a growing apa, and it seems to be hitting a peak at

QUIP II

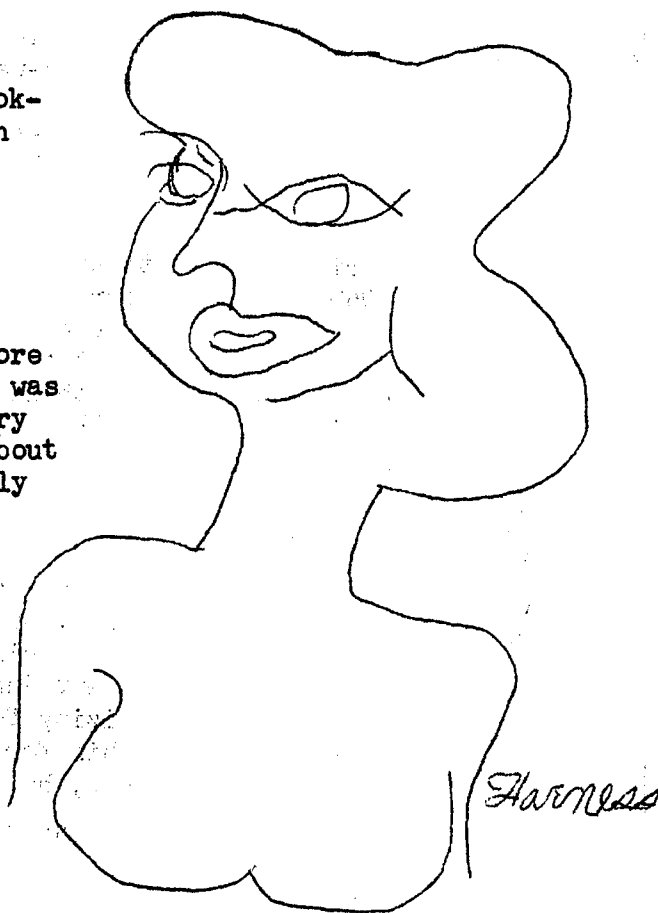
the present time. We discussed plans for improving the egoboo poll, and Larry showed us a design for a coat of arms, originally drawn by Hulan, which he had converted into a blazer patch.

What little program there was started at about 4:00. Al Andrews won the first annual Rebel Award. The tremendous applause which followed his presentation speech was ample indication that everyone approved heartily of the choice. Next was a panel discussion which alternated on topics concerning science fiction and fandom. I think the most interesting question asked was "Is participation in fandom more fun, in general than it was 10 years ago." (mainly because I was the one who asked it) Wally Weber, in his capacity of official greybeard at the con expressed the opinion that he thought fandom was better than ever while also managing to convey the impression that the 50's had been a real blast. I thought he squirmed out of a definite answer quite well. I think panel programming at worldcons ought to experiment with the idea of discussing fannish questions. The LASFS held a discussion only recently on Fandom and The Amateur Press Association which was quite good.

Then it came time for the bidding on next year's consite. Lon, Al and I had jokingly decided to bid for North Carolina on the way down. Now, Larry announced that North Carolina was bidding and we exchanged panic stricken glances. Finally, we decided, "What the heck, why not?" Lon made the initial pitch and I followed up by pointing out that holding the next con further northward would help to attract more of the northern fans. When the balloting was over, we had won and Al Andrews looked very relieved that he wouldn't have to worry about putting the thing on next year. I promptly announced that now that we had the bid, I was moving to California... Some of them thought I was kidding. Wally Weber chuckled evially upon witnessing the little floor fight which had ensued between Atlanta, Chapel Hill, and Birmingham. The three of us plan to hold the next one in Durham, N.C. which is a few miles north of Chapel Hill.

Saturday evening was mainly taken up for me with partying and for Lon with Poker and Bouree. I should mention that earlier in the day, Lon, Al, Wally and myself had gone to visit the statue of Vulcan in the center of Birmingham. It was notable mainly for the chuckles we got at some of the things which were scrawled on the walls of the stairwell leading to the top. I'd also managed to get in a few hours at the Library listening to the D'Oyly Carte version of The Sorcerer, one of the G&S operettas I'd never heard before. Sunday Morning was spent in awakening Hank Reinhardt. We all went up to his room, and when he opened his eyes, there were 10 fans standing over him all clutching medieval weapons. He groaned and pulled the covers over his head.

(continued on page 29)



K
I
D
S;

A few days ago my wife became very excited. She said she'd just heard from her sister in Canada.... this sister was coming over to Belfast for a couple of months. It was ten years since she'd been over last, now she had two sons. By some obscure reasoning on my wife's part, this visit was going to cost me a lot of money. You know how women are. She knew her sister had this huge modernistic bungalow in Burlington, Ontario. Our house is owned by the corporation, and therefore, we haven't done as much to it as we would have done if it had been our own house. Now, with this visit due, my wife wanted my house to look kind of chic, so that her sister would think that we were very rich. I told her the warped floorboards in the bedroom gave it a unique avant-garde atmosphere, and I insisted that with the time I had at my disposal, it was humanly impossible to fit a toilet seat, the visitors would just have to hang from the electric light wire flex, as we did. I must confess my wife worked like a beaver, and on the day the visitors were due to arrive, I almost cycled past my own house, it looked terribly different with the lawn cut, and with the bind-weed hacked from the front windows. I suddenly began to feel proud of the old place... no longer did it fit the suggested description of the name-plate hanging by rusty wire from over the porch...MON DEBRIS.

T
O
U
C
H

I must just go off-track here and mention my only other experience of North American children. Whilst on my USA trip in 1959, I stopped for a day at Dean Grennell's house, in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. He had a tribe of young children of both gender, and I do recall that they were the most polite and well-behaved children you could think of. I presumed that the two youngsters (crickey, my two NEPHEWS) would be of a similar disposition. True, folks I had spoken to opined that American and Canadian children of tender years were extremely spoilt, but I reasoned that my wife's sister would probably utilise the family technique whereby the children were all so well behaved that provided you made a request half a dozen times politely, they would do as told. My own son, brought up under my rigid discipline, but now as tall and well-built as myself, is most well reared and polite. The eloquent English phraseology he utilised the other day whilst apologizing for making my nose bleed whilst I was remonstrating to him for using my pen as a dart would, under other circumstances, have made my heart beat with joy.

BY
JOHN
BERRY

So it was with an open mind that I awaited this visit.

* * * * *

I was having my lunch when they arrived. My wife's sister looked ten years older (but still very young) but I was more interested in her two sons. Shane was the elder, just over seven years old. Lindsay just over four, the younger. They both wore buckskin jackets, and were very handsome lads.

After a few tearful words between the two sisters, we sat down for lunch. I'd almost finished mine, which gave me a chance to scrutinise the meal-time

QUIP 13

behaviour of these two lads.

It was pork fillet, with potatoes and cabbage, a dish to which I'm very partial. All set out nice and neat with knives and forks and serviettes. Lindsay, the younger one, pushed the plate away and muttered the mystic word "ickey". Shane was obviously hungry, and so stuffed potato into his mouth without the aid of the fork. My wife's sister was embarrassed at this, and said, "Shane, use your fork." He blinked, and picked up the fork as if he feared it was connected to the electric circuit. And I'm not kiddin' now, he didn't seem to know how to use it. I was really astounded. Lindsay by this time had become impatient, and started to shout "ickey" at the top of his voice. His mother told him to sit down, but he clambered on his hands and knees across the table, having espied what he termed "Cookies". He grasped a handful and then sneaked back to his chair, eyes moving furtively like a squirrel about to stuff his nuts somewhere and not wanting any witnesses. Shane had meantime evacuated the dinner table, and with fingers smeared with hot potato, commenced a close examination of the objets d'art on the shelves.

At last, his eyes alighted on a 1/72nd scale model of a B-17 Flying Fortress built by my son from a plastic kit. I don't want to appear immodest, but it was (and I use the past tense advisedly) a wonderful model, featuring over a hundred moving parts, including swivelling guns and a retractable undercarriage.

Shane reached forward and gripped the B-17 by the tail.

"Put it down, Shane, that's a model!" shouted his mother. He looked at her with wide eyes, as if she was mad. Making a sort of 'raspberry' noise, as if to emulate the four engines, he brought the B-17 down on the carpet in a very heavy three point landing. A miserable trail of little plastic flaps and wheels was mute testimony to the savage contact of delicate plastic and threadbare carpet. I didn't like to say anything, as I was chewing my tie at the time, but I did expect my wife's sister to remonstrate with him. Perhaps it was because she was busy trying to stop Lindsay from screaming "ickey" when he'd eaten all the cakes and biscuits. I had to leave for the office immediately afterwards, and dreaded being away for the next three hours, expecting, when I returned, to see that at last the house really did fit its nameplate over the porch.

* * * *

Later, when they'd gone, my wife told me that she had suggested they go for a walk in the afternoon to meet my daughter from school. She'd taken them by a roundabout route, and pretended to get lost on the way home, and this kept them away for most of the afternoon, until just before I arrived home for tea.

The teatime meal wasn't quite so bad. True, Shane once again refused to use his knife and fork to manipulate the lettuce, and, a novel touch this, he lapped his tea from the cup without touching it. My wife, anticipating Lindsay's need for cookies, had put a plate nearby, and he immediately turned to this, leaving his salad. I never did see him eat anything other than cakes and biscuits.



QUIP 14

Then my son, Colin, came home from school, and suggested we go into the garden at the rear of the house and play cricket or something. The game of cricket would really have been fun. It's always fun teaching Americans how to play, I recall Burnett Toskey last year (1964) particularly because of the interest evinced by my neighbours and myself as Toskey played the game as if he'd played it for years. (After an understandable initial mix-up) But Shane, adopting a baseball stance with the cricket bat (as Toskey had done) orbitted the cricket ball over the roofs of the houses about a hundred yards away, and hasn't been seen since.

Some fool, who shall be nameless because I'm ashamed of myself, suggested a tournament, a special kind of tournament. Lindsay was to get on my shoulders, and Shane was to get on Colin's shoulders. We were then to face each other across the lawn and then charge, each child trying to pull the other off his mount.

It wasn't until this game had been going for about ten minutes that I suddenly began to discover that eating cookies all the time maybe does give a person's stamina something special. Take Lindsay for instance. I'd chosen him to get on my shoulders because he appeared to be lighter than Shane. So he was. But his strength was phenomenal. He speedily caught on to the fact that if he gripped me round the neck with his knees, he had both hands free for grappling with his brother. Shane had also discovered this, but being older, he'd hit upon another refinement. If he could cripple the horse, me, he didn't have to exert himself pulling a stubborn Lindsay offa my shoulders.

The first time he kicked me in the teeth I put it down to an accident. Well, to be honest, my attention was otherwise diverted. Lindsay, who was unconsciously knocking my Adam's Apple from right to left like a ping-pong ball between his kneecaps, and obviously having seen too many Westerns on TV, hammered both heels into my chest, pretending they were spurs, and forcing me to greater efforts. Whilst pausing to take a lungful of air, I saw Colin canter towards me, but instead of eyeing Lindsay, Shane had his head on one side, looking at me, and appearing to be judging a certain distance rather carefully. I saw too late that he was going to kick me in the face again, and I twisted, so as he'd hit Lindsay on his left knee, but I was too late.

It's surprising what a healing effect a cold towel has if speedily applied. Fortunately, the bruise didn't show because I've still got a pretty good mop of hair over my scalp.

I lay panting in the house and asked my wife's sister what time she'd put them to bed, and weren't they tired after their 4,000 mile air trip, and she agreed they were but they said they weren't, and it took an awful long time for me to convince them they were.

* * * * *

Like I said, they are two nice-looking boys, but, frankly, their mother seems to have very little control over them. They seem to be very strong-willed, and not able to understand parental discipline. There is of course, a certain school of thinking which avers that children should be allowed to develop this uncontrolled behaviour, suggesting in later life that they won't suffer psychologically. But it appears to me that if this system works, the parents must be in a helluva traumatic state. I must also state that I've never seen children before who were so strong-willed and uncontrollable. Tell me, is this typical North American Children's Behaviour?

—John Berry, 1965

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF

JOE WALCOTT

Joe Walcott reflected upon the many years he'd spent as a fan. He thought of himself at 17; tall, gawky and shy. Joe laughed wistfully as he recalled his first letter to a fan. From the very first, he had been hooked. FIAWOL was his cry. Then college had loomed up to check his meteoric ascendancy in fandom before it had truly reached full flower. First to go was his genzine, Le Wombat. Folding it was the first step in retrenchment- the one which had caused him the most pain. Then he resigned from Apa L, Apa F and OMPA because of the trouble he had meeting their deadlines. SFPA and the Cult were next. Into his junior year in college, when he was 19, he hung on grimly with his favorite apas, N'APA and SAPS, and with his writing for other fanzines. By the time he entered graduate school in law two years later, Walcott had become a minacer in both apas. He also felt that he was losing touch with his old fannish friends. Although he tried to see them and write when he could, a whole new bunch had come into fandom during his fannish nadir. With these, quite naturally, he felt he was nearly a stranger. At last, near the end of his first hectic year of law school, SAPS went by the boards, followed by N'APA, when he missed having a needed zine in the June mailing due to finals. His once total fanac had been reduced to just letters to friends, visits to the Fano-clasts, and the receipt of a couple of fanzines a month, if that.

When he was 24, and about 7 months from becoming a lawyer, his separation from fandom had been nearly complete; but in the breast of an outwardly mundane law student, a trufannish heart still beat.

Every spare moment was filled with thoughts faaanish. His dreams were haunted by the vision of a come back at some future date. He had still kept one spark of fanac alive, however. He had dutifully sent in his quarter every year to the FAPA treasurer. As of the February mailing, he was number one on the waitlist.

He had a sudden flash of inspiration. "Check the roster," a little voice said, recalling the reflex action of his fannish heyday. He had drifted so far that the old instincts had been submerged. He blushed with the shame of it. Carefully, meticulously, he went down the membership roster. Every FAPAN who had an "ATM" next to his name, Joe checked against the contents page. At each "ATM" his heart leapt only to be plunged into gloom at finding a zine from that person on the contents page. As he moved down the roster, his fannish desire was slowly rekindled. Even the relatively minor act of looking over the FA was enough to start the mad faunch for fanac. At last he came to "Wilson, Chet" and he was in. Wilson, Chet had flubbed the dub. He needed 8 pages and there was nothing by him in the mailing. Joe felt like jumping up and down and turning hand springs. Here was a chance to recoup all his bygone glory in one fell swoop. "Again," he exulted, "I'll be able

FAAAN FICTION

By ARNIE KATZ

QUIP 16

to do memorable fanac. And he was not vain, merely truthful. For even as he was cutting down on activity, his stature had grown. When he stopped his fanac, there was much wailing in N'APA and SAPS, where he had gained the reputation of a one man Brilliant Deadwood. His filk songs were still being sung at cons and conclaves, and his prose was much admired. His brilliant imagination conjured up vistas of future fannish successes, perhaps even a genzine again. "A genzine," he mused. "I faunch to publish a genzine again. I haven't even published an apazine in 2 years." He turned pale. He began to tremble. He had not published in 2 years. He had no credentials! He was doomed to go back to the bottom of the wl unless he had credentials. His mimeo--it was still in the basement. He got up and walked briskly to the basement den. He reached along the half lit wall and turned on the light. After hurrying down the stairs, he went directly to the back room. Almost lovingly, he uncovered his once shiny Gestetner and gave the crank a few perfunctory turns. That is, he tried to give it a couple of turns. It was with great effort that he got the handle to move.

"Lubricant," he moaned. "I need lubricant!" Walcott began to turn his erstwhile fandan upside down, looking for his long unused can of lubricant. No luck. He ran to the machine and with an effort which bordered on the superhuman he hoisted the huge Gestetner onto his shoulders and quickly climbed the stairs. He left the house, and his face suffused with divine inspiration, (Ghu works in strange ways) he threw the machine into the back seat of his car.

The engine roared as the Chevy swerved from its parking space and zoomed down the street. A few minutes later, Joe pulled into a gas station.

"My mimeo needs a lube job," he said to the attendant. The attendant scratched his head perplexedly.

"I'm sorry, but we only service cars, sir," he replied.

"Give me the lube can!" Walcott said curtly. He held out his hand.

"I-I couldn't do that, sir." The attendant didn't really know what to say next. Joe extended his hand and looked directly at the grey uniformed man.

"I said give me that can!" he spit the words out loudly, one at a time. The attendant saw the twin fires that burned in Walcott's eyes, the fires of trufan-nishness, and he ran for the can of graphite lubricant. Meekly, he placed it in Walcott's hand. Without another word, Joe began to work on the mimeo right there in the back of his car. The only time he paused was to demand a screw driver. A crowd gathered, but Joe worked oblivious to their stares and murmurs. After all, he was the Joe Walcott who had single handedly written the mimeo maintenance section of the N3F Handbook on Fan Pubbing. He stripped it down and put it back together. He gave the crank a push. It turned beautifully, noiselessly. He hadn't lost the old magic touch which had caused even Redd White to gawk in admiration.

He took the can and screwdriver and handed them to the astonished attendant along with a dollar. Even as Joe heard a mumbled thanks, he was starting the car.

Stencils! He needed stencils! He drove to the nearest stationary store.

"Miss, do you have stencils?" he asked. She looked at him quizzically. "Stencils like for mimeographs," he added.

QUIP 17

"Oh," she said, and went to a shelf behind the counter. "Blue or green?" she asked.

"The color doesn't make a difference," he replied. The clerk looked around furtively, and took a pad from her purse.

"All right, what horse do you want?" she asked matter of factly.

"I don't want to place a bet. I want stencils. Gestetner stencils," he said, rage entering his voice. A look of comprehension crossed her face.

"Oh," she said. "We have Daisy, 40-21-36 for \$25 and Margo 39-24-37, \$30- and me, I'm \$25," she said. With a mental note to return later, Joe said-

"Not now, baby, I've got fanac on my mind. Later, maybe." Joe Walcott was a trufan. Also, he felt he might need the \$25 later. He continued on his fury driven search for Gestencils. All the stationary stores were unable to provide them, although he got many other interesting offers. Nothing could stop his quest. Locking his car, he headed for the subway on the cance that one of the city stores could help him. For hours he rode around underneath the city until he at last found a mimeo supply shop.

"I need stencils, corflu, a ream of paper, and ink." he said. The clerk nodded and went into the back room. He returned with a pile of stuff which he quickly packed into a bag. Walcott forked over a \$10 bill. He got a few cents back. Satisfied, he lifted his burden and left the store. The subway was a six block walk. With a prayer to Ghu on his lips, Joe fought forward against the icy wind that blows down the streets of New York City in mid February. The glaze of ice prevented him from making much progress. Inch by inch, Walcott moved forward toward the safety of the subway. The bag began to fall apart in his hands. Cursing the fates, he had to put on a burst of speed to avoid being run over by a speeding Garbage truck. The bag ripped and the ink -- the precious ink-- rolled along the street and into a sewer. Joe hastily grabbed the bottle of corflu and shoved it into his pocket to avoid losing it, too. Reluctantly he turned back towards the mimeo store to get another tube of ink. He made the return trip to the store in no time flat.

The door was locked and the blinds drawn. He sighed heavily and trudged back toward the subway. The FAPA deadline was a week away or so. He supposed that a letter from Sec-Treas. Burns was somewhere in his unread mail. He had missed the boat. After a hard struggle against the wind, he at length gained the subway station stairs.

Riding back on the subway, he had a long time to think. He really didn't have till the FAPA deadline. If the Sec-Treas. invited someone else, that would be it for him. Of course, he could ask for a Special Rule to exempt him, but how many FAPAns still knew him? Not many, he supposed; besides, that was not the truffannish way. If he couldn't make it fair and square, he didn't want it.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of time, the subway reached the station at which he had left his car and he jumped out of the subway car door just before it closed. In deepest gloom, he mounted the stairs to the street. It had begun to snow, but the little that had stuck to the windshield the wipers easily cleared away with a few strokes. Minutes later, he was home.

He grimly set his teeth and accepted what Ghu had decreed to be his fate. If he couldn't have FAPA, he would still make his comeback for faaanishness now burned

QUIP 18

in his very blood. He realized that he had but a semester go go until graduation. He rummaged through his file of as yet unread material which had accumulated over the last year of null fanac. Finally he found it, the latest edition of the N3F Fandbook on apas, with its precious listing of current officers.

He got out a stack of paper, and he composed letters of application to the waitlists of OMFA, SFFA, SAPS, and N'APA. He also renewed his N3F dues. He thanked Ghu for having taken a long term N3F membership three years ago. Without it, he would have had much digging to do in order to find out who the officers were. He put each letter in an envelope with the appropriate amount of money, addressed them and immediately went out and mailed them. He returned to his home and began to catch up on fanac. He hauled out the carton of fan stuff that had collected in the preceding year. He turned the carton over and began to look through the stack oldest material first. He read the Tightbeams and TNFFs and Yandros through and through. Also, there was a Filksong Compendium from Bruce Brown, which he, of course, found particularly interesting. He even took out his guitar and played a few of his old favorites, including the one he had written at the NYCon III. Next in the stack were personal letters inquiring after him. These he set about answering at once.

He awoke next morning slumped forward across the typer. His body was sore from the awkward position, but inside he felt good. It was already afternoon, so he went to the kitchen and fixed himself some tuna fish for lunch with a bottle of Pepsi. Naturally, he brought some of the fanzines in to read while he ate.

"Hmmm," he said as he read, "it seems that N3F president Rawlings wants to get all the fandbooks reissued and back into print. What else is new?" Getting fandbooks back into print seemed to have become as much a standard goal as "Getting The Mailings Out on Time, By Roscoe" was for OEs. Maybe Rawlings had made it. Although he only took occasional bites of his sandwich, mainly between fanzines, he soon finished it and had to get up and make a second one.

Slowly the pile of TNFFs, Tightbeams, Yandros and such diminished as he began to come up to date. Near the end of the day he reached a small pile of half-sized booklets.

"So Rawlings made it," he mused to himself. Then he came upon the new edition of the Fandbook on Fan Publishing. Excitedly, he thumbed through it. Most of the articles had been redone by newer fans, he saw, but Redd White's article on mimeographing was still there, he saw. It was then that he found his own article. They had used it again. Walcott flipped back to the front of the Fandbook. "Published on the LASFS Rex" it said on the colophon.

Joe Walcott let out a yell of joy to end all yells. He would be a FAFAn yet. His article on mimeo maintenance had been printed in the last year in Los Angeles. Bruce Brown lived in New York, and his Filk Song Encyclopedia had also come out in the last year. Therefore, he had FAPA credentials after all. Abandoning his procedure of reading the stuff in chronological order, he dug down in the stack, looking for a letter from the FAPA Sec-Treas. -Bensen, or something like that. Finally, in a pile of unsorted mail held for him while at school he found it.

Carefully, suppressing his excitement, he tore along the edge of the envelope. He took the letter out and began to read. He found what he was looking for, the date he had to have in credentials. He found it, and was dismayed to see that it was today. He supposed his dues were also due.

QUIP 19

He got the FA and ran to the telephone. "Give me long distance information," he said to the operator. A series of clicks ensued and he heard a nasal voice ask him what he wanted. Joe gave the address, in Philadelphia. A minute or so later she was back with the number. He thanked her and hung up. Walcott carefully dialed the number. It rang. Three- four- five...

"Hello," said a voice on the other end.

"Hello," replied Walcott. "This is Joe Walcott from New York."

"Are you kidding me?"

"No, really, I want to join FAPA, so I'm phoning in my credentials."

"You mean you published a fanzine? Can I get a copy?" There was a note of pleading in the voice which surprised and amused Joe.

"No, but I've had two pieces printed in two different metropolitan areas in the last year; a folksong in Brown's Encyclopedia, and an article in the N3F Fand-book on fanpubbing."

"That's quite satisfactory. Are you really serious about joining? I mean, you've pretty well dropped out of sight these last couple of years."

"The old faanish spirit never dies. It sounds corny, but what the hell, Meyer, it's true. I'm going to be fanactive again. I graduate in June, and after I pass my bar exams, I'll have lots of time for fanac, just like the old days."

"That's great. You know, you've become sort of a Fannish Legend or something."

"I hadn't realized, but getting back to FAPA, I owe dues, and today is the day you send in your report, and---" Bensen interrupted him.

"Oh, that. I'll put in the two bucks and you can send it to me by mail, later."

"Thanks a lot, Ron. I'll get the money out in the next mail, but how come you're being so nice to me. I mean, you don't even know me."

"Everyone knows Joe Walcott. Besides, now I have an OB on you."

"Huh?"

"Well, I have this genzine, 'PUNishment!' and a contrib from Joe Walcott... if you can spare the time to write something, that is. I can imagine how busy you are..."

"I'd be glad to write an article for you. I'll write you a letter when I send the dough. And thanks again."

"Don't mention it. Goodbye, Joe." Joe hung up the phone. Bensen seemed to be a good guy. They were all great guys. It was a proud thing to be a fan, but not lonely. Never lonely.

-FIN-

QUIP 20

ED HEAVILY COX TWICE

Arnie Katz obviously disliked me or something. I use the past tense because he has stopped sending copies of EXCALIBUR to me... He now dislikes the entire membership of SAPS... The last issue was included in the mailing...

Isn't that a hell of a way to start off a column in the very same fanzine...? Seriously, I sort of like EXCALIBUR but I've got to live up to my promise to Arnie and write a column, for this issue, anyway...

So let's go to it and discover all sorts of items and topics of white-hot interest to fans.

SECRET AGENT EX- Probably the next most popular, money-making export after the PORTS: OO7 DEPT: Beatles, James Bond has taken the U.S. and probably other English-speaking countries by storm. Also by selling lots of books.

Today you can go to any large newsstand and find an array of most, if not all the paperback editions available. All sorts of Bondisms run rampant... satires, direct copies in television, movies of Bond, all sorts of things that Western Heros used to sell (sweatshirts, baseball caps, guns, etc.). Fearless Fosdick and all sorts of other places are getting on the Bondwagon.

Except one place.

East Germany has decreed that Bond is a racist and belongs to the same crowd that drops napalm on Viet Nam. Truly a bad sort, he is a symbol of the imperialist warmongers (I've heard of them before...) and embodies all that is awful about the West and its "rubbish of reactionary doctrine." Yes sir. Among the Western cultural examples being introduced to East Germany, the perennial Louis Armstrong, "Kiss Me Kate", "High Noon" (after all this time!), other plays, music, etc., were welcomed, but not James Bond! Maybe the East German regime identifies with THRUSH!

Inasmuch as U.S. science fiction fans, some of us are, anyway, also seem to go for James Bond, I wonder what the science fiction readers on the Other Side think about this decree?

Or are they all still in the sercon stages?

OTHER FAN- I am greatly disappointed, if it is true, in Walt Willis. In a recent DOMS DEPT: CoA column, it was shown that the Willis's now have a new address!

The 170 Upper Newtonards Road has Gone! Doesn't Walt realize that it was one of the few remaining lon-time legendary fannish addresses left? When Bob Tucker moved out of the P.O. Box 260 in Bloomington, Illinois, it was probably the first of what came to be most of the Old, Legendary Fannish addresses to go. It isn't really surprising. To judge by the CoA columns in the newsszines in the past

QUIP 21

two years and the larger apa membership (and waiting-list) rosters, fans seem to possess the permanency of fleas on a hot griddle. Aside from the continuous stream of fans that move from the east to Los Angeles and Berkeley and back again, a whole lot of the change is within an area such as Los Angeles or New York. Added to all of this is the great number of fans in college whose address changes with the school season and those fans who are in the armed services.

So it is no wonder, I suppose, that even old fans like Harry Warner gave up the old 303 Bryan Place address or Redd Boggs left 2215 Benjamin or Ackerman left his P.O. Box in Mетро Station, Art Rapp left Saginaw and Lee Hoffman left the Great Swamp. Fine fannish addresses, centers of fan-activity for long periods or hot, intensively active crifanac. Change is the only true constant, I guess.

So what do we have left? There are a few. The one that immediately comes to mind is 2962 Santa Anna Street in South Gate, California, site of a worldcon...

South Gate, not 2962. Yet Rick Sneary has been living there since the mid-forties (fanwise) and though not at a high level of activity today, the address and some activity carry on despite poor health. Another address that remains although the Legendary Figure has dropped out of the last remaining fan-activity (FAPA) that interested him, is 7628 So. Pioneer Blvd., Whittier, Calif. Gone are the days of the FAPA oneshots there... The only times I see Charles Burbee anymore are at Jazz Society concerts or at his home for similar type music. But nary a word about fandom... it has lost his interest and I bet that there are readers of this zine to whom his name is not familiar.

So it goes. Nostalgia maybe, but A Sign of the Times. My one remaining question is, how long will UB Apartments., 479B Allenhurst Rd., Eggertsville, N.Y. last?

SCIENCE-FICTION COMING TRUE As long-time, avid readers are wont to forget, the ALLOVERTHEPLACE DEPARTMENT: eminent place of science-fiction in today's world-straining-toward-tomorrow is always a landy topic. It happens so often, y'know. This time, the Great Event concerns itself with many a mention in Science Fiction and even in KOMIX, I'm sure, that is in the planning stages now. Old readers of Flash Gordon will remember as well as current readers of Tom Swift, Jr. It's the flying submersible rocket or plane or whatever you call it that is so handy for our intrepid heroes. Who has not read, for instance, TOM SWIFT JR. AND HIS JETMARINE or TOM SWIFT JR. AND HIS DIVING SEA-COPTER?

Well, anyway, the Navy has awarded a 36K R&D contract to General Dynamics Corp. (who makes atomic subs among other things) to look into the matter of making a flying sub or a submersible airplane, whatever. They figure it might be useful to get subs into Russian waters (like the Caspian Sea) which might otherwise be hard to get to by conventional craft. Maybe by the time you read this, the first reports will have been made to the Navy.

What they expect is a craft capable of operating with a payload of 500-1500 lbs., an airspeed of maybe over 200mph for two or three hours and an underwater speed of maybe 5 to 10 knots at a depth of 25 to 75 feet.

In view of the anti-submarine warfare technology today and the above operating capabilities, not to mention comparison to Tom Swift Jr. or Flash Gordon's machines, there is only one possible further thing to say about the project.

Why bother?

QUIP 22

SCIENCE-FICTION TOMORROW SIMPLY Yes, yes, we've remarked on this before in one
EXPLODING ALL ABOUT US DEPARTMENT: place or another, but the most sophisticated
version yet has splattered onto the scene in
Chicago. / QUIP's / great following in the Windy City (if I may coin a phrase...) has no doubt already thronged to the little theatre in the Borg-Warner exhibition Hall of Science which opened up in April. Stfans have lon referred to the "feelies" of the fabled stf novel that started it all through to The Big Ball of Wax, which probably represents the ultimate in the art of the viewer experiencing the action with all senses rather than just visually and aurally. Well, they've got it again, and probably more thoroughly than ever, in this Borg-Warner cinema.

The people in the audience not only see and hear, but they are able to smell odors which you'd probably experience in whatever the scene is and feel warm, hot or cold, etc., depending on the locale. It is mainly by a quick-change of the air in the theatre that all of this is accomplished. In rooms adjacent to the theatre are machines that are much like huge air-conditioners only they not only clean the air, but send it back laden with the particular scent, temperature and humidity keyed by the film. This is done with a rapidity that often measures in seconds and has been fairly effective.

There's only one big problem. The size of the theatre has to be very small or the volume of air becomes too much to handle efficiently. The machines can move only so many CFM as anybody who bought an air-conditioner too small for the area they wanted cooled can readily attest. So forget it, stfans, you rabid future-seekers, you; this is not liable to be found in your neighborhood movie for a long time.

In fact, a good word would be: never.

BOOKS OF OUR CHILDHOOD Since I first started this, I find that Arnie intends to
YEARS, DEPARTMENT OF: circulate /Quip/ through SAPS as well as elsewhere, much
as LOKI was. Which is of interest to a lot of the readers,
I hope, who have been fascinatedly following this column in LOKI. Especially this
department; because after reviewing the TOM SWIFT book situation in the last two
columns, I promised a Great Revelation the next time. Well, this is it.

As you remember, the TOM SWIFT books brought fantastic wonders of scientific wizardry to millions of spellbound readers in simple, easy-to-understand words that made acceptance of such things as electricity, for instance, easy, even welcome to generations of people, if not to electric companies. We learned to accept electric washing machines, electric belt-buckles, electric lights, even electric mimeographs, as well as a multitude of other fabulous, out-of-this-world scientific marvels first brought to our startled eyes by the writer of Tom Swift books.

Today, TOM SWIFT JR. continues to bring us to the world of tomorrow today... but nobody remembers the Other Series of Tom Swift books that somehow didn't catch on... maybe because the concepts were Too Stupendous for the readers to Comprehend, absolutely beyond believability, utterly incredulous, too practical.

Doesn't anybody, somewhere in their musty attics, sweltering under a hot Ohio sun, have a copy, utterly without price these days, of the TOM SWIFT AND HIS GAS Series books? TOM SWIFT AND HIS GAS TELESCOPE, TOM SWIFT AND HIS GAS SUBMARINE, TOM SWIFT AND HIS GAS STOVE, TOM SWIFT AND HIS GAS MIMEOGRAPH, ...REFRIGERATOR, BELTBUCKLE..., ..AEROPLANE, ...KNIFE.... There were dozens of titles, but they somehow never made it, despite the ingenious concepts and forward-looking scientific developments. Of special interest to fans would've been TOM SWIFT AND HIS GAS HEKTOGRAPH.

QUIP 23

But they are all lost, out-of-print, forgotten, priceless. If anybody has a copy, they can name their own price. I advise you all to get into those attics, those cellars and old closets, dig, dig, dig and look around until you find them. What a wonderful find you might make... what a wonderful way to spend the summer...

SERIOUS DEPT. OF THIS SERIOUS
COLUMN DEPARTMENT:

Yes, all is not hilarity and roses around here. I do want to bring something to the attention of fans Who Care, who might otherwise have missed it... something which will cause fans to stand proud and suck in a lungful of air and ~~think~~ think, "I'm Proud because He's One of Us" or some silly crap like that. Because, in a way, Fred Hoyle is one of Us by association. That is, he Writes Science Fiction and, bighod, many fans still do read science fiction. Even Openly and for all fans to see. And jeer.

But this may be the day the Jeering stopped. In this very issue of QUIP, Yes sir!

You see, Fred Hoyle has this side-line he indulges in when he's not writing The Black Cloud or Ossian's Ride, or something like that. Some evidence of this Other, Less Important sideline are books like The Nature of the Universe or Frontiers of Astronomy. It appears that, besides being a mystery story fan and an amateur actor, he dabbles in astronomy.

Theoretical astronomy. The same general field we've lost Andy Young to. In fact, he (Hoyle) is so wound up in this dabbling that he ranks as probably the World's foremost astronomer and is judged by the experts as being in the Einstein class. Of geniuses, I guess.

You probably knew all that, but this all came out when he got offers to come over here and work. Facilities and finances allotted to him have been somewhat limited, and this has caused him difficulties in research. In this country, there would be ample funds and facilities (such as access to computers when he needs them) for his continuing research. The source of all this indicated that he was a science fiction writer as well as a world authority on cosmology, etc. (Frontiers of Astronomy is an excellent place to read his views on the origin of the universe and how the planets and suns formed, etc., which are considered New, Daring and Exciting in the field).

It is just possible that by now he has made a Decision, depending on what the British government has done to keep him over there. It would be, it was written, the greatest "brain drain" yet in the continuing exodus of top British scientists to other countries. (this one in particular) For science fiction fans, anyway this would be a Good Thing. Why?

Simple. With unlimited facilities and money, he could get a great deal more work done in the same amount of time he would normally spend. Which would leave plenty of time, of course, to get to the More Important business of writing more Science Fiction!

*** *** *** ***

So that ought to hold you for this issue. I dunno, maybe Arnie Katz is a glutton for punishment and may hold a grudge against you QUIPans and want me to write more for next issue. If, of course, the zine doesn't fold...

And you, yeh, you readers you, as an example of your response and apparant glee at the appearance of this colyum in QUIP, and also to show that I know there is a co-editor, send an envelope full of bent paperclips to Len Bailes....

--30--

QUIP 24

OTHER FANDOMS

L B
E A
N I
L
E
S

It's hardly a coincidence that I managed to blunder my way into Fandom. I've been hooked by a vast quantity of assorted fandoms all my life. As a matter of fact, so has Arnie Katz. It's sort of unusual for fans to have known each other well before they got into publishing fandom, but long before either of us had taken typer to stencil we were involved in a myriad of fandoms together. Most fans are aware that these other fandoms exist. Several fans have made comparisons between them and our own group. This fandom seems to be a nexus wherein it's possible to hear of others. We're tangent to the mundane ay'ay groups on one side, the other literature oriented fandoms, like BSI and Burroughs (if you can call that literature) on the other side, and on a third side to the nonverbally oriented fandoms. It is these hobbies which dominated the earlier part of my life.

The first fandom I was ever associated with was coin fandom. I never really got beyond what corresponds to the "reader interest phase" in af fandom. I was touted onto coin collecting by Arnie. In virtually no time at all, I became lost in the world of Fell's Coin Handbook. The cognoscenti may chuckle, for Fell's is undoubtedly one of the lousiest references in existence, as far as appraising coins is concerned. Nevertheless, in those days the Blue Book and Red Book were unknown to me. My conversation was dominated by topics like "were there ever any real 1943 copper pennies? ...Was a 1937-D three legged buffalo nickel worth more than a 1955 doublestrike Lincoln penny?"

My real hangup was collecting Jefferson nickels. You can't imagine the pure joy of finding a coin you need and triumphantly plugging it into the hole in the coinbook. (down, Freud, down) Within a fairly short time I obtained a complete set of Jefferson nickels except for the big three-- 1939D, 1938S, and that mythical coin, the 1950-D. I was very proud of myself for picking up a 1951S in change. Arnie had completed his collection by buying the rare dates from a coin shop. As far as I was concerned, this was e*h*e*a*t*i*n*g*. The whole raison-d'etre of coin collecting was the thrill afforded by finding a needed date in change. Paying Money for It would have defeated the entire purpose. I can still remember my satisfaction when my big three became the big one. All I finally lacked was a 1950-D. For months I searched for that coin. Whenever my relatives saw me coming they would automatically reach into their pockets and fork over some change for me to inspect. They had learned through experience that this was the only way to get rid of me. I never did get that damned '50-D. To this day there is a gaping hole in my nickel collection, and it will remain so till I find it in change.

Feeling I needed New Worlds to Conquer, I started a collection of Lincoln pennies and Buffalo nickels as well as a type collection (which is an attempt to get one of every different coin of each denomination ever minted-Heh-heh.). But my coin collecting took an entirely different turn one day when I met my first "dirty pro." The pro, in this instance, happened to be an extremely fat, ugly

little kid named Jack Glasser. One day, when I was in school, doing what a little kid usually does in school--marking up the desks, doodling pictures in my notebook etc., I heard Jack say that he had a 1913 Liberty Nickel.

My jaw dropped.

There are only six 1913 Liberty nickels in existence. "That's impossible," I said to Jack snottily, "how could you have one when there are only six in existence?"

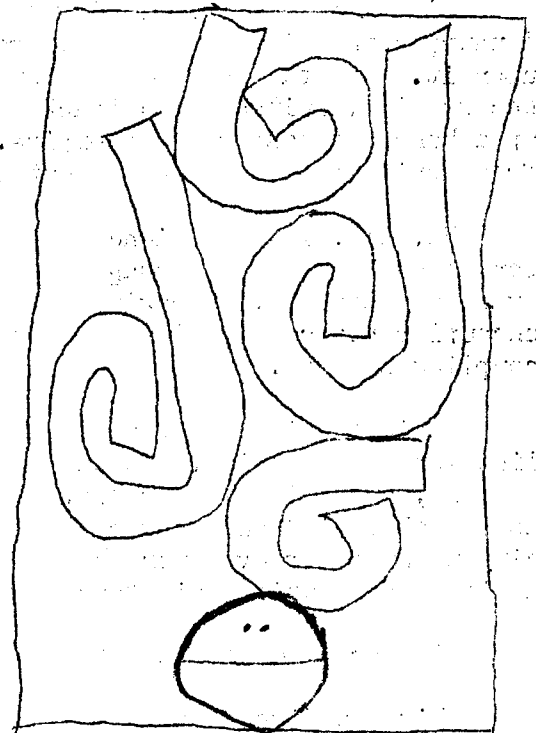
"Yes, I know," said Jack. "I only have one, myself. But my father and uncle have another two." At this point the teacher walked up to me and said, "Lenny, you don't look well, would you like to leave the room to take a drink of water?"

I left the room. When I returned, I got a grip on myself. I asked Jack Glasser if I could see his 1913 nickel. He informed me that it was locked up in a safe deposit vault.

I never had cause to doubt him. I was shown so many other rare coins at his home thereafter that the thought that he might be lying never occurred to me. If someone asked me tomorrow, I'd still maintain that Jack Glasser's family owns three 1913 Liberty nickels, which must show something about my gullibility. He did have an enormous collection, worth upward of 3,000 dollars. And of course, that was his collection... we're not counting his father's or his uncle's.

Meeting Glasser changed my whole outlook. Previously, the Big Coin Man in the neighborhood had been Roger Wunderlich. In my calkow inexperience, I'd made a very bad deal with him. I traded an Uncirculated 1910 Lincoln penny for a 1900 Barber Half, an 1888 (without cents) Liberty nickel and an old HO caboose. The net loss in value was about \$7.00. After this, my interest in coin collecting faded. I had seen Glasser, a real pro, at work, and I knew that my collection was just Greasy Kid Stuff.

The HO Caboose I'd acquired came in handy within a few months. I'd found myself another hangup... model railroading. It all started when Arnie saw my crude "O" gauge set and a few of the other ones on the block. Up till then, we hadn't really been fans. We all had small sets which we used as toys. But Arnie had inherited a huge set from his cousin, and seeing ours got him enthused. Soon, with his cousin's aid he began constructing a Monster Empire. Both of us became indoctrinated into the rites of Model Railroader magazine. Its editor, Lynn H. Wescott, became our official Ghod. Wescott was considered by many to be the Grand Old Man of model railroading, and when he made a pronouncement on an improvement in wiring switches or setting up accessories in parallel, it was Law.



I'M BEING BRAVE THROUGH IT
ALL.
notaler 62

QUIP 26

About this time, I suggested to Arnie that he come with me to see the Lionel Building in New York City and look at the enormous layout they set up around Christmas time. He agreed. The Lionel Building is one of the most difficult landmarks, in New York, to find. The company was always moving around in the 23rd St.-Broadway area, and you couldn't count on it being where you left it last time you were there. So, in searching for it, Arnie and I got totally lost. We walked on aimlessly for blocks. Eventually, I saw a place up ahead with trains exhibited in the window.

"Hey," I called to Arnie, "this must be it." We went in. On the right was a display case with issues of Model Railroader and other magazines of the same nature. On the left was a phantasmagorique showcase of electronic equipment. Arnie stood still and thought a minute.

"Len," he said in an awestruck tone, "This isn't the Lionel Building, this is Madison Hardware!"

Madison Hardware! The legendary place located somewhere (no one knew) in New York with all the Lionell equipment in existence...Eldorado! This was the place which printed up the Lionel catalogues each year and distributed them... non mr fans cannot appreciate the significance which those two words, Madison Hardware, had upon us.

We gawked at all the equipment until our eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets. We didn't have any money that day, but we vowed to come back. And back we came, again and again. Arnie's layout began to look like a science fiction movie set. As for me, I was realizing for the first time how much it would cost to build a layout even $\frac{1}{4}$ as big. I also became disenchanted with "O" gauge because of the space it took up.

Like a neofan discovering the hektograph, I found the cheap way out-- HO Gauge. I usurped the little HO set my brother had gotten as a present and began to build upon it. I obtained some cash by selling some of my "O" gauge stuff to Arnie. Accessories, switches and track for HO were infinitely less expensive. I printed up a bunch of passes to my empire, the Western Railways System. I lifted that idea from Arnie who had lifted it out of Model Railroader.

He, too, was experiencing difficulties in space and cost on his pike, and before long he Got The Message and ditched his set in favor of HO. We were spending every weekend now, foraging for boxcars, discussing the disadvantages of the X2F uncoupler and considering whether the expense justified a switch to Kadee Magnematic coupling systems.

I might point out that in these pioneer days, Lionel didn't even have an HO line worth mentioning. We wasted our cash on Varney kits, Mantua kits, even, ghod help us, a Revelle kit or two. We bought Atlas Snap Track (or Atlas Crap Track, as we called it) and we were spending all our money during vacations going to the city to hunt for even more HO stuff. It was on one of these trips that I noticed a little shop which said "Back Date Magazines-- Science Fiction 15¢."

I'm sure I don't have to tell you where that led.

This new discovery of sf made me gradually lose interest in establishing my own pike. My cash was now tied up in purchasing backdate magazines. Of course, it was still to be almost 3 years before I would learn of fandom. Once in a while,

QUIP 27

my interest in railroading would be momentarily revived. Katz had packed most of his stuff away in cartons. We'd occasionally go over to Roger Wunderlich's house and watch him use his HO set to torture his cat. Roger was what Arnie termed, "A cat homo." He used to walk around with the cat inside of his shirt. Our neighborhood had a Thing about cats as a matter of fact. Wunderlich's next door neighbor, another fat kid named Dean Piesner, had once attempted to hang his cat. Piesner was one of those little brats whose parents could take him. He was shipped off to military school, mainly because they didn't know what else to do with him. The school had a strange effect on his mind. I will never forget the look on his face as he stood in his uniform beneath the venetian blinds, reading a court martial order to the cat. He had placed a cord around the cat's neck and stood the feline on a chair.

The cat did get a stay of execution when Piesner's mother came home from a shopping trip, but I'm not sure whether or not the cat would have been better off dead, considering Piesner's sadistic streak. He was a fun kid... he also lifted about three issues of Captain Marvel from my comic collection, and anyone who knows me can tell you what effect such things have... but I suppose this is slightly off the subject. ...Ok? ready...? On to the next fandom.

APBA Fandom got started mainly because Arnie Katz got hit in the eye by a softball. This piece of good luck confined him indoors for several months, and he bought a game known as APBA Baseball to pass the time. We were all staunch baseball fans in New Hyde Park, and this seemed to be a dream come true. The game consisted of cards for 400 major league players. The cards would perform on paper just as their counterparts performed in real life during any particular season. So, if Mantle hit 42 homeruns in 1958, the Mantle card for that year would also hit close to that many homeruns if he played in approximately the same number of games that the real Mantle played in. He'd also have the same batting average ...etc. The game gave us all a chance to be real Big League Managers.

We formed a league out of neighborhood kids and began playing out a schedule. The cards were placed in an enormous player pool, and four of us picked our own teams. We took down each player's individual performance records eagerly, for we wanted to send them in to the company to show that they worked. You see, there was a hard core of APBA fans around the country who would write to the APBA Bulletin listing their records and casting insults on a Rival Company.

It was in the attempt to actually play out a whole major league schedule that trouble developed. After the first 10 to 20 games it became progressively harder to get people together to play. Finally, out of greed, we sacked Wunderlich out of the league and absorbed his players into the remaining teams. Then Mark Heller, the other kid, lost interest and we did the same thing. Then we realized that there wasn't any league anymore. So we organized a new league... and another ...and another. There was a temporary upsurge each time someone bought a new set with players from the current season, but finally, we decided that spending \$7 a year was Too Much. Gradually, as more and more people had been suckered into joining the leagues, the intellectual level of the managers decreased. Finally, the level of intelligence grew so low that we invited Marc Brasz to join.



Harness

a l o n g
t w o

WEEKS

ED
RD
K
D
K
N
E

WHAT A VULGAR AND OSTENTATIOUS CONREP THIS IS!!

"It's gonna be a long two weeks," said Dave Van Arnam. It could have been rich brown, Ted White, Mike McInerney, or me just as easily. That phrase became one of the more often repeated ones during the month of June. The allusion was to the cross country con-trip the five of us were to begin shortly.

I called Ted up late in the afternoon on June 24th, the eve of our trip. I wanted to make sure he'd be home when I arrived. Ted told me he was going out, but that he'd be back by the time I intended to arrive. I told him to expect me.

Giving my copy of "Another Side of Bob Dylan" a goodbye spin, I collected my bags. My mother drove me to the bus. After a 20 minute bus ride, I reached the subway. Another hour or more found me staggering up the steps to Ted's apartment.

Ted was in the midst of getting his stuff together for the trip, but he took time out to set up some True Sounds he wanted me to hear on his stereo rig. Except for Jan and Dean, whom I don't particularly enjoy, our tastes in Rock are substantially the same. As Ted ran around his apartment, we talked about the Jackie Di Shannon record, "What the World Needs Now", which he had just bought. For those who haven't heard it, WTWNN is a well done ballad which has the extra aspect of having a utopian theme.

About 10, Dave Van Arnam, better known as Fat Dave, arrived. His Boss ("my beautiful blonde boss," as he is wont to say) had driven him all the way to Ted's, thus sparing Dave a lengthy subway trip like mine. We talked about the coming trip, and every few minutes, Ted would come by and interject something. Usually, it was "We've got to get to bed early!" or some variation. Unfailingly, Dave and I would spend five minutes extolling the obvious merits of the idea of going to bed early. Had there been anyone around to listen, I have no fear that he would have been enormously impressed with our firm resolve to get a long night's sleep. We talked about going to bed early until 11, when we decided to do something about it and figure out where Dave and I were going to sleep. We also had to make provision for rich and Mike, who were expected to arrive about 3:30 AM. After arranging the

QUIP 30

beds, Ted did a little tidying up. I noticed him straightening up a box of fanzines.

"What are those?" I asked.

"Fanzines," he replied. More intensive questioning revealed that they were Terry Carr's fanzines, and that rich was supposed to sell them at the Westercon. You know how Dave and I are about fanzines, *sigh*. While Ted went off to bed, we pawed through fanzines for the next hour. I'd gotten Dave slightly hipped on OMPA, so I helped sort through the stack to collect all the OMPAZines. In the process, I collected about \$2 worth of stuff I wanted.

I was using Ted's sofa as a bed, and unfortunately, it didn't quite agree with me. I spent a Restless Night. About 3:30, rich and Mike staggered in from their late night publishing session at the Plonker Palace. Needless to say, their entrance woke me out of my first real sleep of the night.

II

After standing outside and peering into windows for ten minutes by his own count, Andy Porter made his Grand Appearance at about 7 AM. A half hour later saw the six of us piled into Ted's trusty Greenbriar and on our way. We all agreed that, although it was somewhat unusual, the FISTFA meeting for June 25th was in session as of 7 AM. Naturally, with six living breathing FISTFANS gathered together, scintillating conversation was the rule. One particular Topic of Interest was beardedness among the Fanoclasts. I said something about AndyP and I being the only clean cut Fanoclasts left with the departure of Lupoff, Stiles, and Main. It looked as if I had the argument won, when rich brown carried the day with his Superior logic. "Tell me LeeH has a beard." was about the way he phrased it.

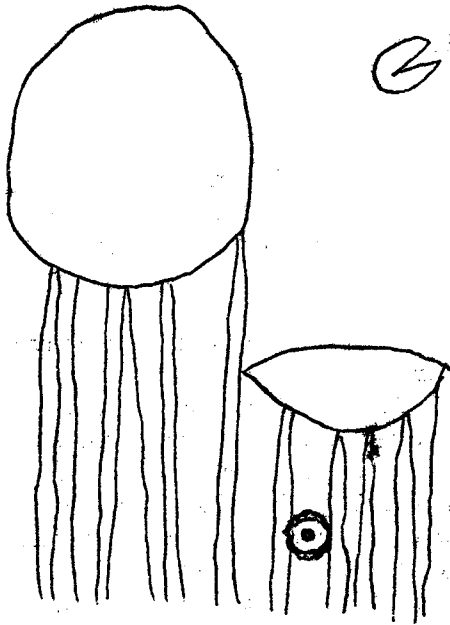
As nothing much was happening, I decided to use the time to catch up on missed sleep by sacking out on the mattress we had in the back. I was just settling down when I heard a screech of brakes and felt as if I were going to fly over the seat and through the window. Andy, thinking fast, held my shoulder and kept me from flying forward. Ted swung the car sharply to the right, and I looked up just in time to see us miss a three car smash up by inches. Only Ted's inspired driving prevented us from making it a four car accident. We were all shaken by our close call, and Ted stopped about 9 miles later in Brandywine. Ted in particular was very agitated, and he needed a rest to recompose himself. Before eating, Ted put on his concerned citizen Disguise and called the authorities to report the accident. Although a car ahead of us had obviously seen the wreck, we were the first to report it.

Van A hadn't slept well the night before either, it soon became apparent. Late in the afternoon, he began to feel ill. "My ears are ringing," he complained to Ted. Without shifting his gaze from the road, Ted said,

"Why don't you answer them?" I suffered in silence.

Night seems to come earlier in the Midwest than in Good Old New York City. Though I've found it still light when going to Ted's at 8:30, it was dusk at 8:00 when we rode into Ohio. Ohio drivers, however, seem to be innocently unconcerned with such hazardous driving conditions. Perhaps their tailgating at speeds up to 80 miles an hour was an unconscious attempt to huddle closer against the fall of night. (Who says we don't mention SF?)

QUIP 31



Hi!

ROSLERS

We pulled into the Holiday Inn North considerably later than we had originally anticipated, about 11:00. As we registered, I realized how fortunate we were that both Mike and I had reserved rooms in advance. Dave and Ted got the very last available room.

Andy and I grabbed our suitcases and headed for our room. I was pleased to see that it was located but a few doors down from the Con suite, where a party was in Full Swing. I felt bad about brushing past a bunch of fen who were lounging around outside the suite with little more than a curt hello. As much as I wanted to stop and talk, I felt I needed to clean up right away if I was going to be a fit companion.

I returned to the group I had slighted previously, and I was relieved that they didn't think I was trying to snub them. Bill Mallardi was one whom I'd particularly looked forward to meeting. As he is a mainstay of midwest fandom, I was fairly sure he'd make

the Con, but I hardly expected to see him in the first group I came to. After some chatting, I moved on to the party itself. The first thing I did was look around the room for a familiar face. That, of course, was a patently ridiculous thing to do, as I'd met precious few fans previously, even at the Discon. Joanie Markwood caught my glance, and I went over and renewed acquaintance with her. Joan had been at the Welcome Len Bailes Party in New York about two weeks previously, but I'd only spoken fleetingly to her at the time. I told her Mike was going to be around shortly. This made her happy, and having done my bit to further the cause of True Love, I moved off to look around some more. I finally came to rest in the only vacant chair, which just happened to be next to a cute red-head. Somehow, we got into a conversation, and I was impressed with her Charm, and all Like That. We finally got around to exchanging names. I told her I was Arnie Katz. "And who are you?" I asked.

"Marsha Brown." I nearly fell off my chair. By now you're all probably denouncing me as a nearsighted clod, but in defense I must say that Marsha was so different from our two previous meetings that I just failed to make the connection. I really underrated Marsha, as she is quite a nice girl most of the time. I guess I just caught her at bad moments the previous two occasions at the Lunarians. As pleasant a surprise as Marsha was, I could see her in New York almost any time, so I excused myself and went looking for real live Midwest fen. Duncan MacFarland was another fan I'd wanted to meet. Although mundac keeps him only minimally active, he's shown considerable promise as a writer. He told me he was resigning from apa 45, which clinched my tentative resolve to drop also. The group has only a handful of members who produce interesting material, and hearing that Dunc was leaving swung the balance.

QUIP 32

Ed Wood was another fan I'd met at the Discon. Although his outlook on fandom is radically different than mine, we get along passably. One thing about Ed, he sure puts up some strong arguments, even if he is Off His Ass. As an aside, I think Ed made a mistake in shaving off his Discon beard, it made him look distinguished.

For me, the high point of the first night was meeting Bob Tucker. I've always admired Bob's writing, and I was somewhat apprehensive about intruding myself upon him. I should have known better. Bob is one of the most thoroughly likeable fans I've ever met. He seems to have a smile and a friendly word for everyone. I wonder if he could be persuaded to run for TAFF....

The Midwescon, on the whole, was more of a listening than a talking convention for me. Friday night, I spent several enjoyable hours listening to Ted White expound on science fiction and other Topics of Interest. My interest was shared by a large number of attendees, and Ted spent the night surrounded by a large coterie of admiring listeners. Ted had acquired the beginnings of a nasty sore throat and probably would have liked to do more listening and less talking, but his Public wouldn't be denied. I was somewhat amused when Ted began fulsome praise of the writing of Roger Zelazny. Not that I don't agree, but poor Roger was fast asleep not ten feet from Ted and didn't hear a single one of the nice things Ted said about him. About 4:00 AM, I decided to sack out. Andy felt about the same as I did, so we went back to our room and went to bed. (put away those ditto masters, we went to sleep in separate beds.)

I woke up at about 8:30. Rather than lay around, I decided to get up and see what was going on around the motel. Nothing much, it appeared after a quick tour. Then, what did my unbelieving eyes perceive but Bob Tucker. Yes the very same Bob Tucker who'd gone to bed at about 4 AM the previous morning. Verily, First Fandom is not dead. Of course, if Bob is typical of the breed, the rest of us may die trying to keep up. He was in fine humor as I walked along beside him headed for nowhere in particular. He even knew the magic word; "Fanzines". When he saw that I was interested, he suggested that we go over to his room and see what was what. Bob's car, I think it was a Greenbriar, had the entire back compartment filled with fanzines. I was shoved out of the way by a crowd of neofen who began to paw through the boxes. This didn't exactly make me happy, but I figured I'd get my turn before anything much was carried off. Bob asked if anyone wanted FAPA mailings and I was the only one who bit. He sold me 16 at 50¢ apiece. I stowed the zines in his room, and decided that I'd better try to get Dave up so he could get some of the stuff Bob was getting rid of for Vic Ryan. I tapped softly on Dave's door, but to no avail. I was afraid of waking Ted, so I went back downstairs to look over the fanzines more carefully. This time I got myself some elbow room. Ryan had told Bob that the fanzines had to go, and Bob was practically giving them away. I picked up VOIDS #13-28 for a nickel apiece, a batch of HYPHENs for a similar price, XERO #5-10 for 50¢ and other bargains too numerous to mention. After having safely deposited my haul in Bob's room for safe keeping, I again tried to rouse Dave. Ted/Dave's room was actually two rooms with a single bed in each. Unfortunately, I wasn't sure which room held the real Dave Van Arnam. I took a chance, but I guessed wrong. Ted was not happy, and who can blame him? I finally did give Dave the news. While he hurried and dressed, I returned to Bob's room. The fen were still sifting through the pile of zines. Their taste, however, obviously left something to be desired. One of them would come to something like TNEF or YONDER and they'd ooh and aah over

QUIP 33

it while passing up things like STFantasy and HYPHEN. As I watched, Bob came over and looked on, too. It was then that I got my Big Egoboo of the Con. "Look," said Bob Tucker, "at those neofen scramble after those fanzines." We both chuckled. "Obviously," I said to myself, "Bob Tucker doesn't think I am a neofan. It made me feel as if I Belonged. Dave showed up about then, and I made like a Good Buddy and helped him sort out the good stuff.

By the time we finished, Ted was awake and had come downstairs to see what was going on. Dave and I took the keys and packed our zines away in the car.

I spent most of the rest of the day sitting around and talking to various people, such as Bob Coulson, who also had some fanzines to sell, about three of which I wanted. I had brought a camera and plenty of film, but somehow I never did get around to taking pictures. I was too absorbed in what I was doing to be bothered carrying around a camera. I was also too involved to take many notes, *sigh*. One thing I ought to mention is Food Fandom. Food Fandom seems to be rather like the "Eat At a Chinese Restaurant etc." club of a few years back, except that it is a much more dedicated group. Marsha Brown seems to be the Founder, and she let me read the carbon zines which members of Food Fandom send to each other telling of their wonderful gastronomical exploits, such as eating their way through the World's Fair. One thing I noticed was that, apart from Marsha herself, the members of FF that I've met (Ronel and Charlie Brown) have noticeable paunches. Marsha seems quite svelte, however. Perhaps it is all a diabolical plot by her to make all fandom Fat and Happy. Were I a rich young fan, I'd like to join up. I guess I'll have to make do with A&W, alas.

The Midwescon featured a short program this year, which began about seven in the evening. At that time, we all trooped into a fairly large meeting room.

A few words were said about the late Don Ford, and then Bob Tucker introduced pros and then faneds. When he called out my name and asked for a few words, I stood and said,

"Lovers of good fanzines will be happy to know that EXCALIBUR is folding." This got a pretty good laugh. I cautioned the audience not to get too happy, since Len and I were starting a new one right away. I've never been introduced before at a con. New Experiences. Bob then called up Ben Jason to say a few words about Tricon and Dave Kyle to say a little about the Syracon. The speeches were supposed to be limited to a couple of minutes, but Dave took considerably longer.

The next thing was movies. The first was about Ray Bradbury, and tried to give a picture of what the average routine of a writer is like. It was a good film, but I am rather cool towards Bradbury, so I didn't get as much enjoyment out of it as I would have had some other writer been the subject.

I believe it was after this film that there were a few odd minutes when nothing much was happening. Whomever was chairing the meeting at this point asked if anyone had anything to say. JK Klein started walking toward the rostrum. "I have a joke that will only take a couple of seconds," he said as he made his way to the center of the front of the room.

"Yes," I said from my seat, "Syracuse in '66!" The resultant laughter ate up the time very nicely, I thought.

QUIP 34

There were two more films, one of which, Automania, was very good. It was a cartoon short which extrapolated the increasing congestion on the highways to its hilarious conclusion. I think this would bear reshooting at a Worldcon. A couple of hours after we filed in, the meeting broke up and the attendees moved, en masse, on to the parties.

Late Friday evening, we had discovered an Odd Thing about Ted and Dave's rooms. They connected to the Con suite. When the party started, we threw open the doors and doubled the available space. The reward was at least three separate and distinct parties going on in what was ostensibly one suite. The younger fans tended to gravitate to the bedroom of the original con suite. Somehow, I got involved in a discussion of religion in which Cindy Heap and I took about half an hour to show how much we agreed with each other. From Religion, it was only a hop, step and flying leap into a discussion of fanzines. Cindy had just produced her First Fanzine, and I talked about it with her a little. Both Cindy and her co-editor, Joanie Markwood are bright, interesting people, and I think they may have a good zine once they get the hang of being faneds. When that discussion broke up, I moved over to talk to Ben Solon, another neofan. I'd mentioned neofanzines in my talk with Cindy, and Ben wanted to know how I defined a neozine. I told him, specifically including myself in. That is, I was a neofan not so long ago that I can't remember it vividly. I named amateur sf, poor art and layout, use of pen names for reason, imitating the prozines or one fanzine, and an inability of the editor to divine the worth of his ~~master~~ creation.

The room was getting stuffy, so I got up and took a stroll around the Holiday Inn, which was quite a walk. As a matter of fact, that was the only draw back, and not too much of one to me because I like walking, of the con. Everything was very spread out. As I walked along, I heard folksinging and went looking for the room. It turned out to be the Coulsons'. I listened to Juanita sing all seventy-six verses of "Matty Groves", or at least it seemed like that many. That is not to say that I don't enjoy Juanita's singing, but those multi versed things just don't quit. There was another singer there, but I didn't catch her name, unfortunately. Whoever she is, she sounds a bit like Joan Baez. For a female folksinger, that's about the highest compliment I can give. After a few songs, the thing began to fall apart, mainly due to the fact that the singers couldn't think of anything they really wanted to sing. I got up and went back to the con suite.

A bunch of people were seated in a circle on the floor of Ted's bedroom. Since the people included such as Ted himself, Bob Tucker, and Alex Panchin, I decided that I'd stick around for awhile. I was very disappointed in Dave Van A. Bob started reminiscing about the Chicon II and Dave, the official Fanoclast delegate to the Chicon II said absolutely nothing. Imagine losing out on a chance to talk about the Chicon II with Bob Tucker and finking out.

One strange thing I saw at the party was that Jim Sanders sat in the corner with a typer and did his con report all night. To me, that's about the worst waste of a con imaginable. Still, I suppose it did keep Sanders busy.....

I stayed until 4:30, when the party broke up. We had to be out of our rooms by 1:00 the next day, so I "set" my built in alarm for about 11:00.

QUIP 35

I woke at about 10:30, and since Andy was still sleeping, I got out of the room fairly quickly, so as not to wake him. By the time I got back, Andy was up and around. He was leaving about noon with Frank Dietz for New York, so he had to hurry a little. I went outside again and found Cindy, Joanie, Mike and rich sitting on the grass. We talked for awhile, and then rich and I went to clean out his room and move the stuff to mine. This accomplished, I walked down to the desk with him, so he could check out.

We couldn't put the stuff into the car until Ted got up to give us the key, so rich and I went to my room to wait. He flipped on the TV, and we watched the most unusual program I've ever seen. We decided that it was a half hour commercial for Peter Pan Peanut Butter, and turned off the set. By this time, Ted was up, so rich and I moved our luggage to the Greenbrier. After paying our outrageously high bill. (\$14.50 a night for a double) I was free for the rest of the day.

Somehow I got into a debate with Ed Wood. He said that fanzines should only contain SF material, and that anything else diluted the field for him. My point of view is that SF is an interesting topic, but there are many as interesting or even more so. I don't feel the compulsion to discuss SF to the exclusion of all else, nor do I want to read stfish material to the exclusion of all else. Fandom is my hobby, and I'll do what I want, without any Holy Duty to write material for Ed Wood. If enough of the fans whom I consider my audience dislike a certain topic, then I'll stop writing about it, because I don't see the need to irritate a bunch of people whom I consider to be my friends. I have to admit that it is pretty hard to argue with someone who constantly says things like "Where is Lee Hoffman today?" and "Willis is trivial and boring." However, with substantial aid from rich brown, I think the faaans won the sympathy of most of our audience.

In the afternoon, the Fanoclasts and others who were going to stay the day congregated in the con suite. We had a chip-in buffet deal. Unfortunately, trying to get the food was like trying to leave a subway car that 25 people are trying to enter at the Very Same Time.

I listened to Ted and Bob talk some more until what must have been about six o'clock. Mike, rich, Dave, and I decided that it would be fun to go miniature golfing as there was a course right across the street from the motel. Along the way, rich said something to the effect that he and Arnie could easily beat Mike and Dave at miniature golf. I tried to tell rich that I'd only played twice, but he remained unshakeable in his confidence. Somehow, we even agreed to place the lofty sum of a nickel a man on the outcome. At this point, Ted caught up to us. We offered to split up into two groups so he could play too, but he said he didn't want to bust up the game and decided to score for us.

They were helpless before our skill. Time after time, the fantastic team of brown and Katz birdied while Van and McI both went the five stroke limit. In other words, rich is pretty good at the game. I did manage to come in second by a comfortable margin, though.

We then tried our hand at pool, but Ted and I are rather neophytes at that scene, and the game fell apart.

We spent the rest of the evening talking to Tucker, and in fact we were the last ones to leave apart from Bob, who stayed the night. We, on the other hand,

QUIP 36

struck out for LA.

III

We had decided beforehand that we weren't going to stop at a motel Sunday night. The drivers slept in shifts. Rich and I were not drivers, ergo.... We'd drive along with rich in the front seat near the window, me in the middle and one of the other three behind the wheel. Every so often, rich would keel over to the left. That was all right, but with no one to keep me awake, I would also keel over to the left, and the driver would wake me up, which would wake rich up. A half hour later the cycle would be repeated.

My memory of Monday is not as clear as it could be. I do remember that we all laughed a hell of a lot at very bad jokes. "We're just tired," as Dave Van Arnam was wont to say. Ted got off a nice set of irregular conjugations of verbs, however, at the unghodly hour of 5:00 AM.

I am witty

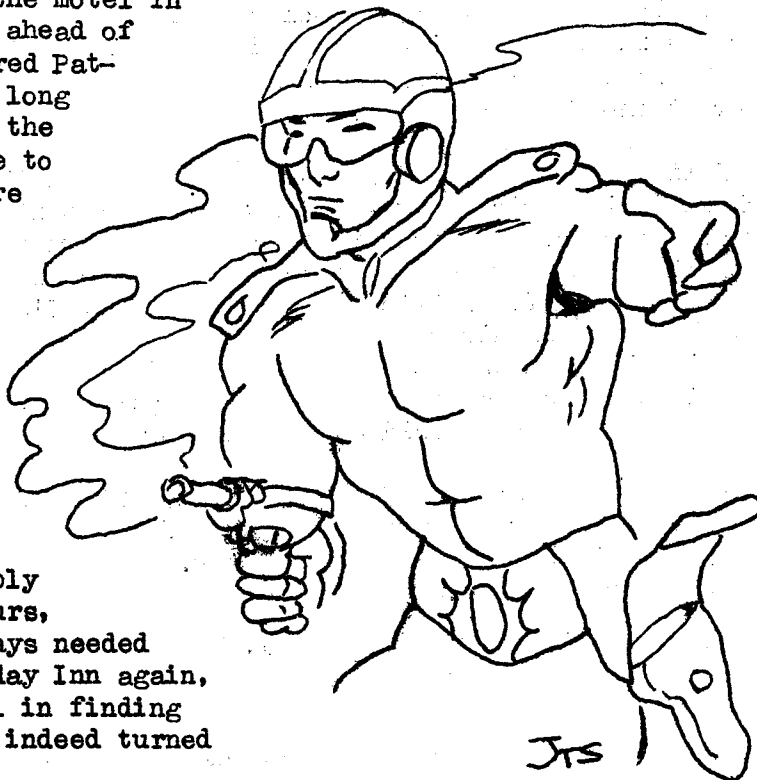
You are generally funny

He is Tired

Just about the time I thought I was going to collapse, we started looking for a place to stop for the night. Rich and Ted were slightly obsessed with the idea of finding a swimming pool. We found a motel, and rich and Ted immediately rushed out to the pool. It was about then that Mike discovered that he was missing his suitcase. Rich and I swore up and down that we had thoroughly checked both rooms before leaving, but the fact that it was gone was undeniable.

Somehow, none of us had the pertinent information on the Edgewater Inn handy, which we needed in case the bag had been found at the motel in Cleveland and had to be sent on ahead of us. Fortunately, we did have Fred Patten's phone number handy, so we long distanced to him. Fred gave us the address, and I also got a chance to give him the warning that we were coming. We then tried to call the Holiday Inn-North, but the guy who was in a position to know about such things as lost baggage had already gone home for the night. No one else there could/would help us, so we were told to call again in the morning.

Tuesday morning we more or less got up. Sleepy Dave probably could have used an extra 5-6 hours, but he doesn't count, as he always needed more sleep. We called the Holiday Inn again, and this time we were successful in finding out about the suitcase. It had indeed turned



QUIP 37

up, in the con suite of all places, and we made arrangements to have it sent air express collect to the Edgewater Inn.

Skipping over a highly uneventful Tuesday, we come to Wednesday. I'll bet that surprises all of you who thought Sunday comes after Tuesday. Wednesday, we passed over the flat wastelands of Oklahoma. For some reason, Oklahoma gassed Mike out of his mind. I think it's that that state is the home of Woody Guthrie and his dustbowl ballads.

One of the gas stops provided an interesting occurrence. Because it has been souped up by substituting a Corvair engine for the usual one, Ted's Greenbrier is much harder to service. It is impossible to check the oil without unpacking the back of the van and detaching the floor section over the engine. It was with considerable surprise that we heard the attendant's announcement that he had checked and even replenished the oil without going through this extremely cumbersome procedure. Amazing as it seemed, we felt that the stains that ran up to the shoulder on one sleeve of the guy's uniform were ample proof of his great accomplishment.

Our goal for Wednesday evening was Las Vegas. We were going to do the desert at night, but we wanted to try our luck at the Games of Chance for a few hours. We agreed it would be nice if we could get a room for the evening to use as a base of operations. Ted stopped at a motel, smooth talked us into a room at a low price for the evening until about mid-right. Rich and Ted went swimming in the motel pool as fast as they could change into trunks. (No, Virginia, not the same pair). Rich came back to the room almost as fast as he left, sick as a dog. He tried a little diving, landed the wrong way, and got a cramp.

Rich felt better after awhile, so we all took a walk downtown to the Golden Nugget. Mike struck up a friendship with the slot machines and soon won a couple of jackpots. Ted lost his dollar or two, and then he decided to return to the room and rest for an hour or so. He was followed by Rich a half hour later. I went down about three dollars, after which I stood around digging the scene. It is almost maniacal. Someone who hasn't seen a little old lady possessed by slot-machine-fever hasn't seen true devotion to a Cause. Sometimes, they play three at once. And woe to the stranger who tries to usurp one of those machines! I saw an old woman who was so weak that she had to hang onto the machines to keep from slipping to the floor. As soon as Mike felt he had extracted enough from the Casino, he, Dave, and I walked back to the motel.

The five of us checked out of the motel, got into the car, and went looking for a show we could get in to see. Unfortunately, it developed that one has to have reservations to get into the shows, which are free otherwise. Resigned to the fact, we decided to give the slots one more fling. I had a quarter left in change, and I won about six-fifty in one play. I lost a couple of dollars back, but on the whole came out a little ahead.

Noting the late hour, we decided that we'd best be heading onward. This time I even got to sleep a little, which made that part of the trip a success as far as I'm concerned.

IV

Upon arriving in LA Thursday morning, the first thing we did was try to get a hold of Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon. As Mike and I were still resting, the other

QUIP 38

three went out to make the call. For some reason, probably because they thought we were both still asleep, they stayed away for about an hour. Although no one had answered the phone, we decided, with typical Fanoclast determination (stubbornness, for those unfamiliar with the Native Tongue) to go see him in person. Naturally, he wasn't home. There was a sign on his door which said "Danger-Fumigation!" and it was signed by the Health Dept. of LA County. Lest any of you conclude that this was just a Calvin Demmon Ploy, there was a notation on the sign which said, "Certified True". The building's landlady was obviously not a fan of Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon. She had left a terse little note on his door to the effect that "This is not funny!". Ted left notes on his door, motor cycle and mailbox. I wonder what Cal thought when he read the note which said, "Calvin Demmon, we're watching you!"

Somewhat disappointed, we drove over to Pasadena to drop off Rich. Rich is a Pasadena boy who made good. Making Good consists of getting out of Pasadena. His parents still live there, and he had decided to spend the rest of the day there.

As long as we were in the neighborhood, we decided to see if Tom Gilbert was really a Hoax. The first time we drove down Howard St., it appeared that there was no 1094 at all. After a few remarks about hoaxes and mail drops, we looked again and discovered that there was a house there after all. Ted got out and knocked on the front door. Tom's mother answered the door and told us he'd gone out to work on the Best From Apa L. This meant a trip to Fred Patten's house, which was wholly to my liking.

No one was there when we got to Fred's, so we decided to go out to eat lunch. The stand we picked proved to be a most unfortunate choice; they didn't even serve soda. On our return to Fred's, we found the house full. The first ten we saw were, ironically, the Browns, who, after spending a few days with Ben Jason had flown west. Fred Patten seemed about as I'd remembered him, if a little *plumper*. I also noted that the Patten Crew Cut has gone the way of all the Great Fannish Institutions. Even as we were telling Fred that Tom was coming (disclaimer for C.W. *B* D.), a tall thin red-headed guy came in. He claimed his name was Tom Gilbert. Maybe so.

Tom had some more work to do on the APA L anthology, so he went on to the garage. I settled down with a copy of the June N'APA mailing to see what was happening there; the mailing had been sent out after we left New York. After a while, I went out to the garage to watch Tom Gilbert in Action. As I watched him zip through page after page, I remarked that he did nice for a hoax. Tom and I chatted about TAPS, and DaveVA joined the discussion somewhere along the way.

John Trimble came by to pick up some PAS material stored in the garage, so we helped him load up the Econoline. Afterwards, I went back to talk to Tom. Marsha Brown strolled over and watched Tom cranking for about a hundred copies. She told me she wanted to run a mimeograph. Two years previously, Mike Domina had fulfilled a similar desire of hers to run a ditto. We prevailed on Tom, who let Marsha crank off a copy. Marsha said that her ambitions in this direction had now been satisfied. I told her that Dave Van Arnam might let her run his offset. Stay tuned for further reports.

QUIP 39

After an excellent dinner at a good restaurant, we drove back to get rich so we could go to the LASFS. Rich performed his function of faithful Native Guide well as he unerringly directed us to the Silverlake Playground. Unfortunately, once we got to the end of our ride, rich was unsure if it was really the right place. We went in and found that it was. I was happy to see that we were about the first to arrive. Because of my poor vision, I'm terrible at connecting names and faces, and it's easier to meet a couple of strangers at a time than to be thrust into a crowd of 30 or so. We had brought along our large "New York in '67" banner, which we set up at the front of the room, so that everyone would have to look at it throughout the meeting. Two foreigners, Tom Reamy and Al Jackson were the first to arrive. Although they're rather out of the main current of faaandom, I was interested in talking to them about TRUMPET. I never really did get the chance, but it was nice seeing them, anyway. Roy Tackett and I have been kidding around with each other for about two years; he even put out a fanzine called "Arniekatz", and I was very happy to finally meet him. He kidded me about coming to the costume ball as a Green Fanzine. ("Arniekatz" was done on green paper), and I expressed surprise that one of his venerable age should have made the trip to LA all the way from Albuquerque. He just stroked his long white beard and smiled.

Then the LA fen began to file in in an unbroken stream. I had time enough to drop off my APA L and SAPSazines, and then Dian Pelz called the meeting to order. At one point in the meeting, Dian asked all the guests to stand. A few did, but the five Fanoclasts remained seated. She looked at the row of us sitting there, and then seemed to understand. Then she asked for all the LASFS members from afar to stand up. This satisfied us, and we all stood and called off our names. A couple of minutes later, a jiffy bag was passed over to me. (It was the latest SFPA mailing. I waved thanks to the guy whom I guessed to be Dave Hulan. It really didn't take too much guessing either. Who else would have a Beautiful Blonde with him?) Getting the mailing reminded me that I had a TAPSzine to pass out, so sighting as many of the intended recipients as I could, I sent the envelopes containing the zines passing from hand to hand to each one.

Dian adjourned the meeting with merciful speed, and we all got up and milled around with a bit. I'd wanted to get a Lassfass membership card, as I had paid the dollar fee. Dian supplied one, and I was a Real Sport and paid my dues for that night's meeting. While handing out the rest of the LA copies of Le Merde #4, I was accosted by a largish fan who dragged me across the room to meet *Lee Jacobs*. I stood there sort of gaping at my hero, Lee Jacobs, until the largish fan informed me that he was in fact Lee Jacobs. "Lee Jacobs" turned out to be Ed Cox. I told Ed that Twice Heavily had gotten another fanzine, but that QUIP would be carrying his column regularly, just as EXCALIBUR would've.

Ed Baker, I believe it was, offered the Fanoclasts a place to stay the night. Actually, only Mike and I needed rooms, since rich was staying at home and Dave and Ted had space at Calvin's. We were about to accept when Scribe offered us space at the LAB. Since we were going there later anyway, staying at the Lab seemed a better idea, so we told Jack that we'd take up his offer.

I'd been curious as to what the scene at Kal's, the after LASFS hangout was like, and I was impressed with the relationship between the fans and the restaurant. The LASFS takes over the entire back half of the place, and the help are

QUIP 40

quite understanding about the loud talking. I met Bill Blackbeard for the first time, and I enjoyed chatting with him about various things, most particularly the next issue of QAR. I'm not holding my breath waiting for it. *sigh*

Ted wanted to see a good newsstand, and Tom Gilbert and Fred Patten offered to take him to one or more. I wanted a copy of Android Avenger, and went along, and Fred drove the four of us to Pershing Square, which has two large magazine places nearby. As we walked along, Ted pointed out that there had been Vast Changes in the square since South Gate. The fruits and nuts had been gathered in and moved elsewhere.

On our way back to the car after an unsuccessful search for Interesting Reading Matter, we saw a strange, not to say frightening thing. An old woman stood in the street, cars screaming by her on either side. A large group of JD type hoods stood at the curb, yelling all sorts of obscenities. She, for her part, responded vitriolically with such as "I'd spit in your faces if it was worth the trouble". Apart from being Angry as *Heck*, she seemed to be perfectly normal, except that she didn't move out of the road. Then, before our incredulous eyes, she began backing across the crowded street one baby step at a time. Ted was slightly worried about the reaction of the hoods to his goatee once the woman was out of their grasp, so we quickly moved on to the car. LA fans who make noises about New York City Streets ought to look closer to home.

After a stop at Kal's to pick up the Greenbrier, we drove to the LAB. A card game was going full blast in one room, but I wasn't very interested in it. I can play cards any time, but I could only meet the West Coasters for about five days. Milt Stevens, Tom Gilbert, Dwain Kaiser, and I got into a discussion of weekly apas. The majority opinion felt that although the weeklies diverted a lot of activity from the regular apas, they had also produced some benefits. I'd say that the entry of Tom and to a lesser extent Milt into actifandom is certainly one benefit we've gotten from the apas l and f.

Gradually, fans began to trickle out, until only Milt Stevens and a couple of others were left. It developed that Dwain Kaiser was also staying at the LAB, and conversely, that Harness and Hannifen were going to spend the night at the new Lab. I read a little and then went to bed.

Nothing much happened Friday, until Ted picked us up and drove over to the Edgewater Inn. Our reservation for the suite didn't start until the next morning. We went over to the Benfords' room. Somehow, I had gotten the impression that the Benfords were Moldy Figs before I met them. Naturally, they aren't anything like that, but it was quite a surprise to find it out all at once. As a matter of fact, I think Greg and Jim are great guys, and if I could tell them apart.... We sat around talking for several hours, just shooting the bull. Ted was again in fine form, telling us first about Ardis Waters' Dog, who has a habit of doing what dogs do all over everything, and then about his SF juvenile. Our spies reported that Charles Burbee Himself was in Buz Busby's room, so Jim (or was it Greg?) went down to check. He came back a little later to say that the report was true, so we all trooped down. Burbee, unfortunately has been sick, and appeared to be a mere shadow of the Burbee of Legend, albeit a very nice friendly shadow. I had wanted very much to talk to Buz, and in due course, I got my chance. We discussed his

QUIP 41

attack on the SAPS w/1. He explained his position sufficiently to prove that he is not an Old Grouch and Tired; he says he doesn't hate all w/ers, just pushy ones.

The other party was thrown by the Browns. I talked a little with the Palzes, and then Ed Meskys came in the door. Ed has known me for about as long as I've been in fandom. I was somewhat taken aback when he came up to me and said, "Do I know you?" I told him my name, and we both had a good laugh. He'd seen me perhaps 20 times in person before, including a Fanoclast meeting. Ed redeemed himself by offering me, spontaneously, the other bed in his room. I gratefully accepted. Mike McI asked for and was granted floor space in the room. A few hours later, at some indeterminate time in the small hours of the morning, we all went to the room and sacked out.

After a light breakfast with Ed and Mike, I walked over to the registration desk to see who was signing in. I'd already taken care of getting my name tag the evening before, so I stood in line more to gab with Roy Tackett than for any other reason. When Roy came to the head of the line, I was on the point of stepping out of the way when I realized I wanted to get a banquet ticket, which I did. Roy left for destination Unknown, and I switched to chatting with Katya Hulan. She is much prettier than Roy Tackett, and also has the additional advantage of being a girl. Note that well, for it is important later in this epic chronicle.

I decided to take in the beginning of the formal program. This was a definite mistake. The invigorating effects of Stimulating Faaanish Conversation had kept me wide awake, but once I sat down next to Mike in the meeting room, I began to feel drowsy. It wasn't too bad through the introductions, as handled by the Trimbles, but the sonorous voice of Fritz Leiber was Too Much. Though I was quite interested in his ramblings, several times I was on the very edge, if not over the edge, of falling asleep. Mike later said he was worried that he'd have to catch me to prevent a fall to the floor. Luckily, the falling motion always woke me, just in the Nick of Time. After Leiber finished, I believe I went out to get a coke with Greg Benford and Bill Donaho. Greg and I then went back to the meeting room to see if there was anything good up for auction. He convinced Ed Wood that a run of Hyphens would be the very thing to auction off right away, and I then convinced Ed that what he wanted to auction right after that was The Goon Goes West. Greg got his Hyphens and left, and after extremely spirited bidding, I emerged victorious with my copy of TGGW. I must have been very sleepy to allow the bidding to go over the \$4 mark, but at least I'd gotten the thing. After arriving back in New York, I found that page 38 was missing, *sigh*

Clutching my precious volume, I went to our suite, and managed to walk right into the Rich Brown Fanzine Sale (capitals are used in their best Demmonesque sense, rich). If I'd gone up to the suite instead of to the auction, I could have bought TGGW for about 75¢, plus such other goodies as The Harp Stateside at similar prices. Greg beat me to these goodies, but I got a huge stack of SAPSzines as well as many good genzines. Rich sure made a lot of fans happy....

After Rich had dispsed of his fanzines and we'd cleaned up the aftermath, a large party went out to eat. Bill Donaho, I think his name was. Seriously, 11 of us piled into the White Greenbriar and headed for a pretty blah meal. The only good part was that I got to talk to Calvin some more.

QUIP 42

We got back just in time to be among the first spectators to arrive at the costume ball. There weren't many costumes, but most of them were Very Nice. Among the best were the Pelzes, who came as characters from the Worm Ouroborus, Jack Harness in a typical Harness costume as a Plainclothesman, and Katya Hulan, who wore her Yellow Dress. I was anxious to hear the tape Leej and Edco had made for background music. It had some Good Rock on it, but they also had to please the Squares and play Old Corn, too.

We held an open party in the suite, and it was a rouser. Being an East Coast Fan, I don't see too many femmefen around, and having perhaps ten in the Very Same Room was dazzling, almost. At one point I was surrounded by Bjo, Katya, and Felice Rolfe, which is a great way to be surrounded. Ed Wood asked if he could have one of the girls for his Very Own (except that he didn't use capital letters). I told him that he was a Real SF Fan, and that everything else in fandom was diluting the field. "Go peddle your prozines" was the gist of it. Somehow, orgiastic dancing got started. Actually, there were only two orgiastic dancers, Sylvia Dees and Louise Brannon, but there was quality, if not quantity. I'd been talking to the Hylans, and Dave got very engrossed in watching the dancers. I snogged with Katya, which she claimed was my Real Initiation into SAPS. "N'APA was never like this," I said. When Terry Burn showed up with his Sax and began Skree Honking to wake the dead, I left to look for Greener Pastures. I returned a couple of hours later to find that things had calmed down considerably. There was this Very Mannish looking girl with her pet boy, the Fanoclasts, Louise Brannon & Sylvia Dees, and a few other anonymous visitors.

The mannish looking girl seemed to get a real charge out of insulting Sylvia, who was engaged in a completely different conversation. After succeeding in driving Sylvia out, the girl discoursed on her long and checkered career as who knows what. At perhaps 5 ayem, we shoo'd the whole bunch out and went to sleep.

Sunday Morning, I got up and left the room, so as not to awaken Mike, Dave and Calvin, who were still sleeping. I walked around for awhile and then went over to see the Art Show. There were fewer really good paintings than at a Worldcon Show, but some of the stuff by Cynthia Goldstone and Dian Pelz was good enough to rank in any competition.

I had about decided to go to the coffee shop, when I met Felice Rolfe, who was also headed in that direction. We sat at a table for about two hours talking about NIEKAS, her job, and other faanish things. About half way along, Elmer Perdue, or as he is better known, *Ghod* came in and sat down with us. He even *Passed a Miracle*, making a stab at predicting Felice's immediate future. He said she'd have trouble with her hotel bill when check out time came. *Ghod* passes miracles the way the rest of us pass water. Perhaps Felice will enlighten us on the outcome of this prognostication sometime soon.

To kill time before the Banquet, I went back to the art show. Bruce Pelz was selling a lot of faanish stuff, including the Filksong Manual and Tower Comics #1. I think I bought one of everything he had. I like Pelz fanac, usually.

When I walked into the Banquet room, the long rectangular tables were already filling rapidly. I saw Tom Gilbert and Fred Patten and decided to join them. The Rolfes saw me and decided to sit down with us. I think Ed Meskys did also.

The GoH, Frank Herbert, was entertaining as he told how to break a novel down to a Haiku and vice versa. It was a shame that Tony Boucher wasn't able to attend, since he was Fan Guest of Honor, but things go that way sometimes. The Banquet didn't drag on longer than the audience wanted it to, which is a nice idea for future occasions.

We intended to throw the suite open again Saturday evening, so I missed out on the serial show to go help Dave VA get some beer and other drinkables.

Sunday evening was about the best one of the con, at least as far as I was concerned. For one thing, the Con suite, located just down a short hallway from ours, was also thrown open for all the partyers. The NY Suite tended to be livelier and more faanish, but there was a continual migration back and forth between the two suites. More importantly, Katya Hulan sat on my lap most of the evening, which among other things, boosted my ego no end. A couple of *funny* things happened Sunday. First, Ed Wood, who ought to know that girls and Science Fiction don't mix, made some crack about me being a Katya Hulan Satellite. Plainly ridiculous. "Beep! Beep! Beep!" I replied condescendingly and went back to Important Things. The other thing was more funny-weird than funny-humorous. Some creep named Dik Daniels was taking movies and things of the party. Now that's fine, but every time Katya and I would start snogging, the camera and spotlight mysteriously focused on us. Daniels evidently gets his kicks by watching. I don't like being part of someone's show. After a while, it got so we were almost baiting this farvoyeur. Just as he'd shut off his floodlights we'd start snogging. He'd rush madly getting everything ready to record it on film. Just as Daniels turned on his camera, we'd break off and stare stonily in opposite directions. I finally made an Obscene Gesture and he got the idea. The faanish merrymaking went on till something like 5:00 AM. Unfortunately, everyone left was having such a wonderful time that they didn't want to leave. Ted took over and directed the people to some imaginary party going on elsewhere. As they stampeded out, Dwain Kaiser was heard to yell, "But that's my room. You can't do this to me!"

I woke up at the unfanly hour of 8 am on Monday, with a slight sadness due to the fact that this was to be the Last Day. I took my copy of TGGW and left the room so as not to wake my less hearty roommates. Some of them slept as late as noon, I understand. I sat on one of the sofas in the lobby and read until some of the other fans showed up a half hour later. To my surprise, the Trimbles and Hulans were the first to show up. They'd been up as late as anyone, but the art show and ISL raffle demanded their presence. Katya made me cough up the money for the raffle ticket I'd promised to buy the previous evening. Who could refuse? Bjo was needed in the art show room, and asked the Hulans to take Katwen into the Coffee Shop to give her something to eat. I went along to continue the conversation. I hope Bjo doesn't mind Her Daughter accepting food from strange men (well, I'm not that strange), since Katwen's mashed potatoes were on me. (No, I don't mean literally. Like, I paid for them).

Katya wanted to make use of the pool, since it was a warm day, and after only slight prodding, convinced me that what I really wanted to do was go swimming. Since I can't swim, it really says something for Katya's persuasive ability.

The water was warm, and the pool seemed to have particularly attracted the SAPSites at the con, with the Busbys and Webberts showing up about the same time I did. There was also a poolside filksing featuring Ellie Turner and Sylvia Dees.

QUIP 44

They were quite good, and I'd like to have the words to some of the original folk-songs they sang for publication.

I decided I'd had enough sun, since I have rather fair skin that burns easily and went to get dressed. On the way to the Business Meeting I met the Hulans again. Dave announced that he was going to be Parliamentarian. I assured him that I'd watch his wife closely while he was way up on that stage deciding vital questions of procedure. I don't think he showed the proper amount of gratefulness for the service I was doing him. Katya was its own reward. *Yes*. The business consisted of picking the consite. There was a bid for Lake Tahoe, one for Burlingame, one for San Diego, and in fulfillment of a Katz Joke of the preceding two days, Ted and Calvin put in a bid for Anaheim-New York City. They did a really funny dialogue which loosened things up considerably. Later, the obviously fake bid was withdrawn in favor of Burlingame. Tahoe split down the middle with HaLevy going for SD, while Leej switched to the BArea. In a close vote, SD got it. Next year, the whole Westercon may Get It, royally. West Coasters filled my ears with stories about the ephemeral nature of the host group for next year, and it is hoped they won't disband again before the con.

The Fanoclasts decided that we might as well open the doors again, but that it wouldn't be a late party. We all wanted to get some sleep to get the return trip started right. I don't think we bought anything to drink. Fans, however, evidently liked us as much as we liked them and showed up despite the lack of drinks. The evening started rather slowly, with Stine, brown, Van Arnam and DaveH talking about S----- F----- . Van A left and came back with *bheer*, and Dave Hulan reverted to his true faaanish behavior and went over to assist Van A with the drinking. So Katya sat on my lap..... Entirely too soon, as far as I was concerned, the Hulans had to leave, since Dave had to work the next morning. I kissed her goodbye and warned him that we'd be back next year. He took it philosophically, and three hankies later was smiling again. The Hulans were the ones I dug the most at the con, even Dave. It's too bad we couldn't convince them that NY Fandom Needed Them. They fit right into the Fanoclique beautifully.

Nothing much was happening at our place, so I moved down the hall to see what was going on there. A diplomacy game was in progress, as well as a Bouree Game. Gail Thompson saw me watching the cardgame, and went out of her way to teach me how to play. It looked interesting enough, so I took the first empty chair that came up. I figured there was nothing much going on anywhere else, and a card game with BEP, Scribe, rich brown, Gail Thompson, and Ghod in it ought to be Very Interesting. It was Very Amusing to see Dian sitting next to rich turning on every ounce of charm she had. I hope their feud is over, since I like both very much, and having two friends at each other's throats is unpleasant, to say the least. Unfortunately, I won about a dollar right off the bat, and though I was so tired I was slowing up the game to Bruce's annoyance, I felt I couldn't quit while so far ahead. After losing a modest amount I quit. I decided to go back to the Fanoclast Room, and Dian came along, as she'd seen about enough Bouree for one night. We stood talking until I noticed Mike's kazoo lying on the dresser. Ted picked it up and started Really Blowing. There's a future for Ted as a professional Kazoo Player, or maybe Not. Seriously, he got a good sound out of the thing and regaled us with about fifteen minutes of Soul Music, accompanied by shouts of, "Work you mother, work!" The early party ended about 4:00 AM when Bruce came by to get Dian and I told Ted exactly what time it really was.

QUIP 45

We were supposed to leave early the next morning, but we never made it. We left late in the afternoon, is what we actually did. First we picked up a hitchhiker, Danny Curran, and then we took Calvin back to his apartment. Since we didn't want to brave the Coast Road by night, we stopped just short of the beginning of California 1.

Bright and early the next morning, we rode out onto the Coast Road. We had heard much about the scenic beauties of the route, and Ted had specifically chosen it for that reason. Its reputation certainly wasn't exaggerated a bit. The contrast the steep cliffs made with the foaming surf was really past description. I spent most of the day looking out the window.

We reached the Bay Area early in the evening and dropped off Danny. Ted then drove us to see Phil Dick, who greeted us happily. Phil has always been one of my favorite SF writers, and meeting him was one of the high spots of the trip. In person, he is quite witty and made us feel very much at home. We're trying to get him to move to New York, too. Definitely a Good Man, even though a Dirty Pro.

Ted had Avram Davidson's book collection, which we wanted to drop off, but when we first called, there wasn't anyone home. We rode over to see the Knights, and Miri plied us with exotic drinks like Pepsi-Cola (the trufan's choice). Unfortunately, we couldn't stay as long as we would've liked, since we were 'way behind schedule for our return to New York. We didn't even have time to do a pitch to get the Knights to move East. Fortunately, IBM may make such a campaign superfluous by transferring Jerry to Poughkeepsie or Kingston.

By the time we forced ourselves to leave Jerry and Miri, Avram had gotten home, so we went over there and dropped off the books. Avram had left New York shortly before I got active in Fanoclast fanac, so it was our first meeting. He's another one I'd have liked to converse with at greater length, but we really had to get moving.

Nothing much happened till the next morning, when we reached Reno, Nevada. Since it was time for a stop anyway, we decided to feed the machines and give McI another chance to Break the Bank. I walked into the casino with Mike and Rich, but they said I was underage. I didn't want to just stand around, so I crossed the street and went into another joint. No one stopped me, and I hit a jackpot after feeding about a dollar into a machine. I put back a little, and then gave up, about \$4.00 to the good for the day. Mike, Dave, and Rich were also done, though they'd not been too successful, and the four of us went to eat.

From then on we drove and drove and drove. We originally planned to stop and see Tom Perry, but that went by the boards when we realized how late we were going to be if we made a lot of side trips.

We did, however, spend a day in Chicago, visiting some of Ted's friends. They were very nice, and invited all for a home cooked Spaghetti Dinner, which was delicious, especially after a week of drive in type food. Again we were forced to leave a very convivial bunch of people sooner than we'd have liked to, in order to get back in time to get Rich, Mike, and Dave to their jobs Monday morning. We drove straight through from Chicago to New York, by way of the NY State Thruway. We hit the NYC area just in time to meet the rush home from the resort hotels in the Catskill mountains. Ted dropped us off, one by one, and I caught the subway for home.

-AK

QUIP 46

QUIP

