

Quip

Nº FOUR SUMMER 1966

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, TWO RUTHLESS FIENDS PLOT THE MOST DASTARDLY CRIME IN THE ANNALS OF FANDOM...



I'M RUINED!
WASHED UP AT 20!

COME ON, ARNIE!
THE LAST ISSUE
WASN'T THAT
BAD!

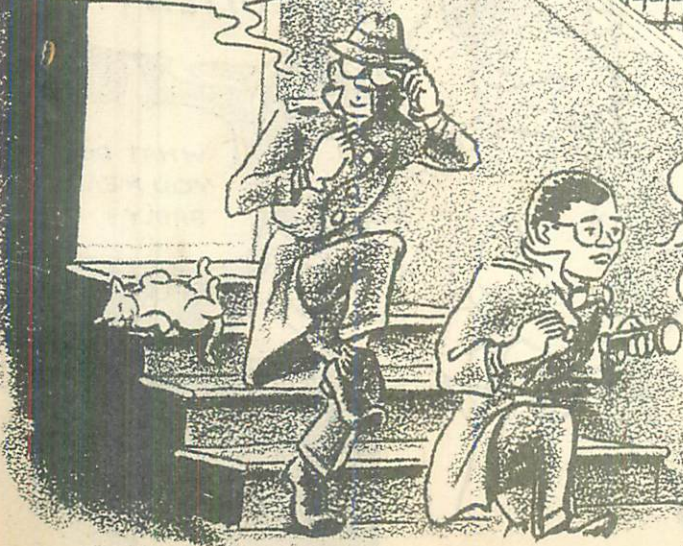
**TWO MONTHS
LATE!
I HATE YOU!**

BUT... DO WE DARE?
THE MOST DIABOLICAL
MIND IN FANDOM WILL
BE PITTED AGAINST US!

RELAX... WE CAN
STILL RECOUP
OUR FAANISH
GLORY!

ARE YOU SURE
WE CAN FIND
THEM IN TED'S
BASEMENT?

I GUESS SO...



GOOD THING TED
DIDN'T LOCK
THE DOOR!

YES, THE **Quip Kids**,
DRIVEN TO DESPERATE
EXTREMES, WILL AT-
TEMPT THE CRIME OF
THE CENTURY---
STEALING

VOID
#29!

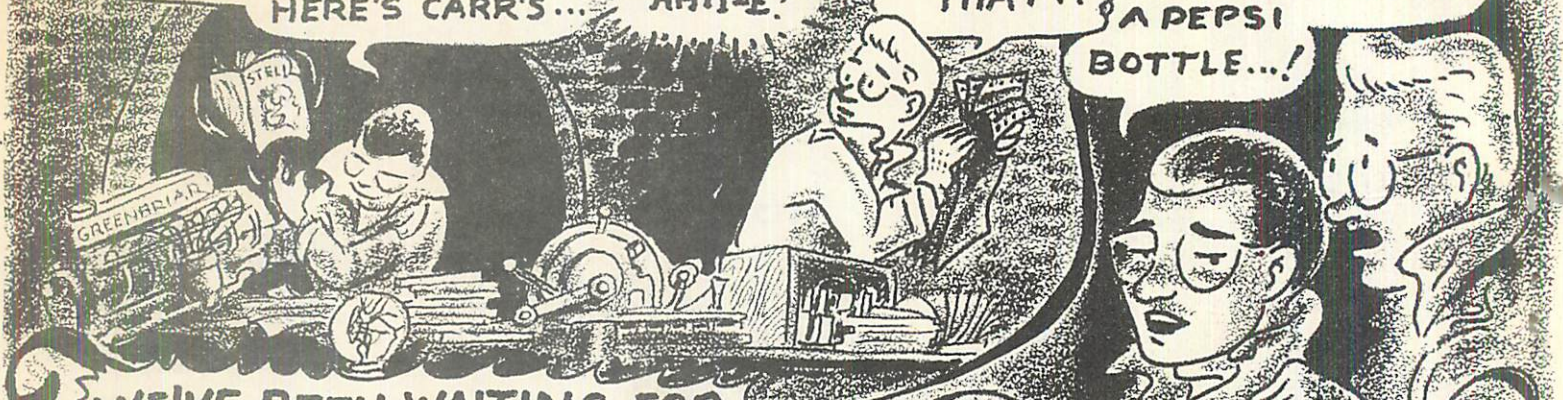


HERE'S BENFORD'S EDITORIAL, AND HERE'S CARR'S...

PLINK! RATTLE!

WHAT WAS THAT?!

IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHING ELDRICH TRIPPING OVER A PEPSI BOTTLE...!



WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU GUYS TO SLIP UP!

AND NOW WE'VE GOT YOU!

WHY, THAT'S FANTASTIC, GREG!

IT'S THE Void Boys!

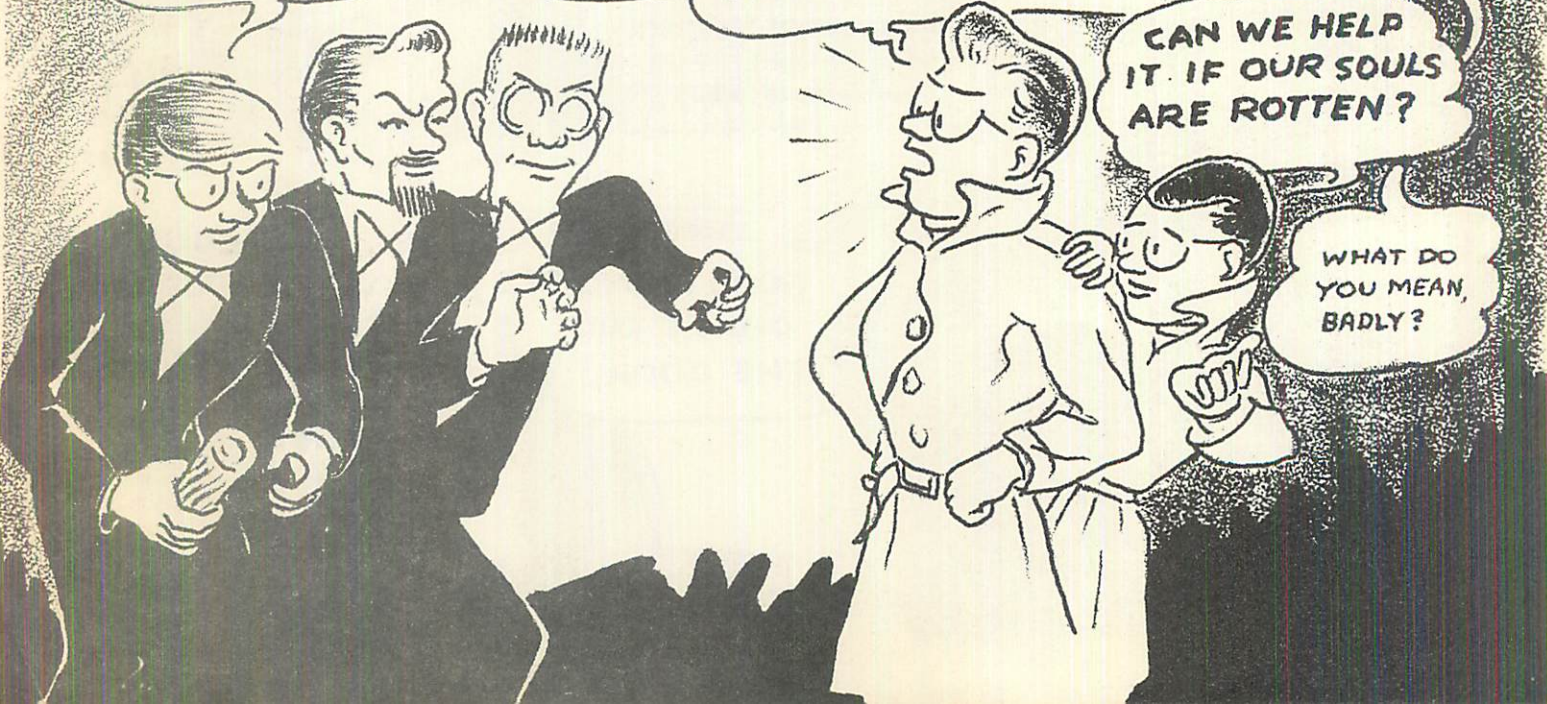


YOU WANT TO IMITATE US SO BADLY...

WE DON'T IMITATE ANYONE! WE MERELY DRAW ON THE CREATIVE DEPTHS OF OUR SOULS!

CAN WE HELP IT IF OUR SOULS ARE ROTTEN?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BADLY?



... YOU'RE GOING TO PUBLISH
VOID #29!

WHO WILL HELP OUR
WAYWARD TRUFEN
NOW?



AND IN
AN ABANDONED
SUBWAY CAR ...

NYCU
IN 1967

AND A FEW
MINUTES LATER ...

ADATH C
EROME

HMMMM...
I SEE BY MY
BHEERSCOPE
THAT THE QUIP
KIDS ARE IN
TROUBLE!
THIS IS A JOB
FOR...
BHEERFAN!

TAKE THAT,
WHITE!

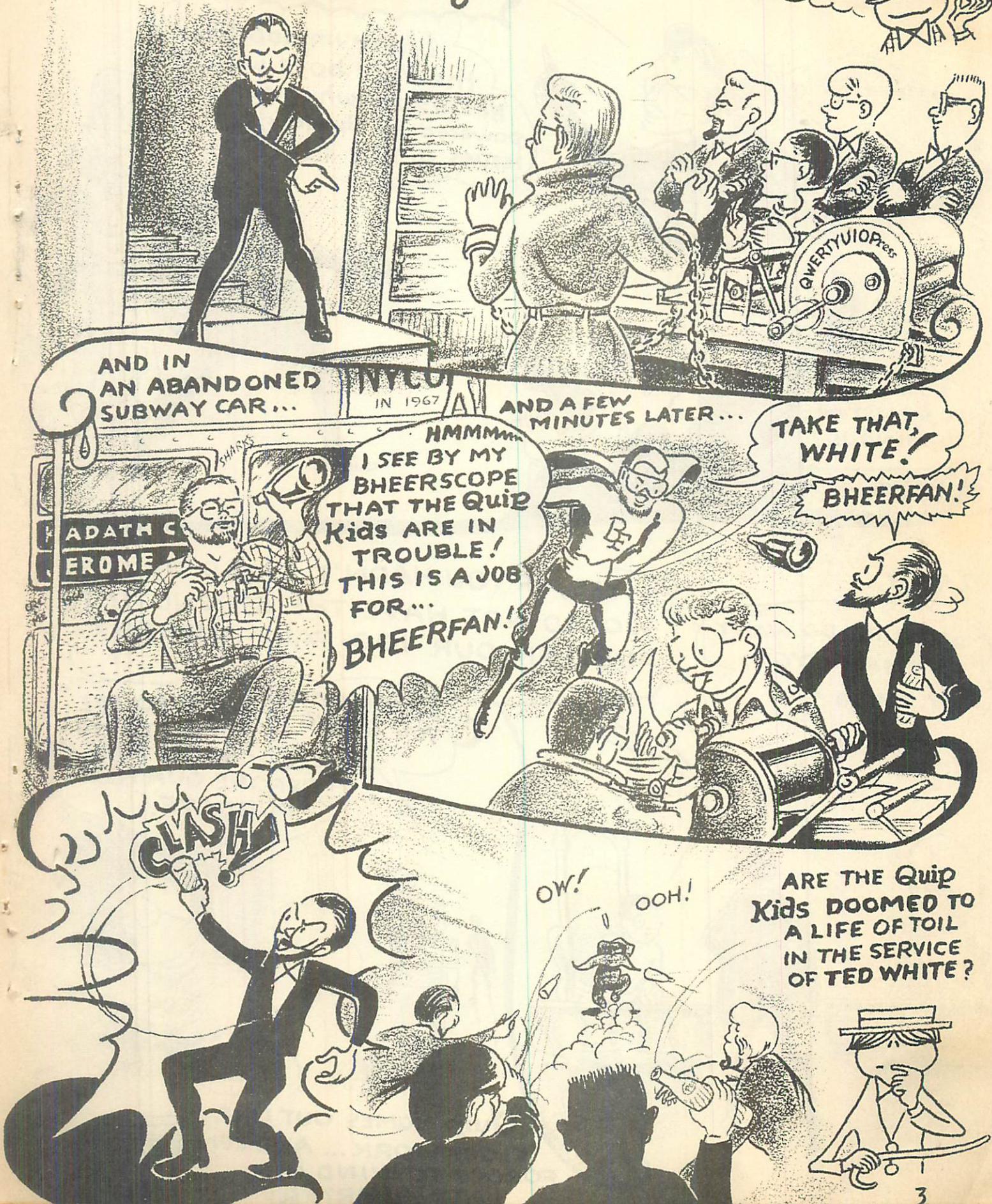
BHEERFAN!

CLASH!

OW!

OOH!

ARE THE QUIP
KIDS DOOMED TO
A LIFE OF TOIL
IN THE SERVICE
OF TED WHITE?



AND IN AN
ABANDONED
FAPA MAILING...

this looks like a job
for... **dr. gafia!!**

i have immobilized
the void boys with my
gafia gun, which is
powered by shredded
issues of p.a.a.!

I THINK
I'LL GO LISTEN
TO MINGUS!

LATER...

WE SURE DO WANT
TO THANK YOU,
dr. gafia!

YES, IF YOU HADN'T SAVED US, LEN
WOULD NOT HAVE THE STRENGTH TO
PUBLISH OUR 100-PAGE ANNISH!

WHERE ARE
YOU GOING NOW?

TO SEE
IF TED WILL
RECAPTURE ME
BEFORE OUR NEXT
PUBDATE!

Quip COMES OUT LIKE
CLOCKWORK... AND LEN
FORGOT TO WIND HIS
LAST QUARTER!

C. Ross Chamberlain - R. G. G.

QUIP

The Vulgar and Ostentatious Fanzine

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QUIP #3 is edited by Len Bailes and Arnie Katz, and distributed on a quarterly schedule more or less (but rather more than less in recent months). QUIP is available for trade, LoC, contrib, art (on stencil if possible), or 50¢ per copy, with no subs. Published on null-q press by Dave Van Arnham. Columns and art to Len, all else to Arnie, except tradezines, which should be sent to both. Fugghead Pub # 17. Art stenciling, except for Bjo and Rotsler art by the artist. Elite typing by Bailes and pica by Katz. Next issue by Thanksgiving, the annish!

Null-Q Press



Katzen- jammer

"But I just received an issue of QUIP," many of you are saying. This is True. Many of you did just get an issue of QUIP, the spring issue to be exact. "Spring seems to have come late this year," many of you add sagely. In as much as August is not considered to be one of the spring months, many of you undoubtedly have something there. Would any of you be willing to accept the concept of Indian Spring.

Although there are many reasons I could bring forth to explain why QUIP #3 was, shall we say, not as early as it might have been. I have decided to pass on that subject. Cooler heads have reminded me that Len Bailes, fabulous QUIP co-editor in charge of producing last issue, has many friends in high places. Or perhaps they said high friends in many places. It is not easy to remember exactly what cooler heads have told one while one was in the process of banging one's head against the wall in frustration. All the blunders that led to last issue's farrago are quite correctable, and I anticipate on troubles on future issues. You hear that, Len Bailes?

We've made a change in the editorial routine that ought to make things easier all around. Tradezines still go to both editors, and Len is still the one to send regular columns and artwork to. All other material for QUIP, including LoCs should be sent to me. Len will continue to edit the letter column, but now I'll be able to make comments, too. Sending contribs to me will mean a quick reply on the status of your sterling material. Len, fabulous faanish fan that he is, ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~much~~ ~~for~~ ~~writing~~ ~~letters~~ is not much for writing letters.

*

*

Andy Porter called me a couple of weeks ago, and the subject of the

then recent Comicon, came up. Andy told me about all the famous fans I had missed by not showing up at the gathering. Among those whom I missed were Pat and Dick Lupoff, Bbob Stewert, and Carol and Terry Carr.

"I sure am sorry I decided not to go," I said.

"Carol Carr confused me with Terry," the erstwhile phonephane told me. "You see, Terry and I were wearing the same color and style of clothes. We have the same color hair, and, from the back, you can't tell that I don't have a beard."

"Why, that's fantastic," I said so he would know I was listening. He then proceeded to tell me, with considerable relish, how Carol had come up behind him, handed him her compact for safekeeping, and whirled away. I could almost read Andy's mind at that point. I had visions of Andy gradually slipping into Terry's identity, reaping the numerous advantages thereof. "You know, I just realized that I've only met Terry once, at a FISTFA meeting.

"I see him all the time!" Andy was plainly incredulous. "Why, Terry's office is just across the street from the one I'm calling from!"

"That's wonderful, Andy."

"Yes, and if I had a rifle, I could kill Terry Carr." There was a pause as he mulled over his new idea.

"Yes, that's true," I filled in.

"And I could probably get Don Wolheim, too, I bet." We said our good bys and hung up. I've been thinking about that conversation off and on ever since, and I've come to the conclusion that you'd better watch yourself, Terry Carr.

* * *

Getting out an issue of QUIP before the worldcon gives me a much desired opportunity to voice my feelings about the four-way battle for the '67 Worldcon.

I'm not going to spend a page or so tearing down Baltimore, Boston, and Syracuse. Each bid has weaknesses that seem quite apparent to me, and, quite frankly, I've noted the adverse effect on the Baltimore bid caused by the violent anti-NYCon propaganda distributed by Baltimore's Jack Chalker. Instead, I'd like to briefly run down some of the reasons I'm voting for New York.

The NYCon 3, if we win, will be held at the Statler Hilton. The Hilton is not a new hotel, having been built before the modern era of cheesebox walls. On the other hand, the hotel has been remodeled several times since its construction. When the remodeling job upon all

rooms and facilities to be used by the NYCon is completed this winter, the Statler will have every advantage of the newest of hotels. Strongly competitive bidding between the Statler and other NY hotels has resulted in a room rate for singles of \$9. a night, none higher. All the worldcon facilities, including large meeting halls and huge rooms for the hucksters and the artshow are grouped together for convenience. Also, since we have exclusive use of these facilities, we won't be put in the position of having to vacate a room because the Mickey Mouse Club Convention wants it for their annual burlesque show.

Another agreeable aspect of this bid is the committee's attitude toward the program. The committee plans a program that will have attendees arguing as they leave the hall. No more sleeping through the program, gang. In the collective con-going experience of the committee, the trouble with most programs is that they rely much too heavily on the three to five man panel. Panels are fine, but with a panel a couple of speakers take little or no part, and in addition it is difficult to present clear differences of opinion. The NYCon 3 program will lean more in the direction of two-man debates.

It is the custom for groups bidding for the con not to reveal the identity of the Guest of Honor they have selected until the group has actually gotten the con. Therefore, I can only say that the Pro Guest of Honor is a man who, regrettably, has not previously been so honored, and that he has earned an enviable reputation as a speaker. The NYCon 3 will also have a Fan GoH. Again without telling the name, he is considered to be one of the all-time fannish greats and one of the most popular fans in the microcosm. Our Fan GoH, like the Pro GoH, is well known as a witty and entertaining speaker.

I don't think, at this late date, I have to convince anyone that the NYCon 3 committee and its supporting group, the Fanoclasts, really do want this convention. Led by co-chairmen Ted White and Dave Van Arnam, the group has been actively working more than a year. But then, most of you have met most of us at various regional and world conventions, so we certainly aren't strangers. Vote NYCon 3 in '67!

*

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During a phone conversation with Alan Shaw, held a couple of days before the first FISTFA meeting after the Greater Trek, I bemoaned the fact that the Fanoclasts never did fabulous faanish write-upable things any more. How can I transform them into fabulous Burbee-like characters, I complained, if they won't oblige by walking through glass doors or almost getting killed by chinese machinists? Alan's reply was sympathetic, if not overly helpful, so I dismissed the problem from my mind. But Alan Shaw, neofan and neofanoclast, did not forget.

Among the weighty topics discussed at that FISTFA meeting was the question of a name for QUIP's annish. We can't very well call it the "Quannish", you know. After listening to the Fanoclast Brain Trust

mumble "I don't know"s at each other in serious constructive mumbles, I brought up a suggestion Ted had made on the Trek.

"Ted suggested I call it the 'Quish'," I said. Alan Shaw's eyes grew very round.

"Quish!" he exclaimed. "Quish, quish, quish, quish!" I saw a strange, ethereal light come into his eyes as he sat there, weaving back and forth, going, "Quish! Quish!" Suddenly, he stopped weaving. "Squish!" he said. "Squish!" He jerked forward, and with an ecstatic "Squish!" planted the flat of his palm in the middle of my face, temporarily flattening the Katz nose. I guess some Fanoclasts still do fabulous faanish write-upable things. I just wish they (or *Alan*) would stop doing them to me.

*

*

Rather than horning in on Len's shtick of naming the top ten fanzines of all time, I thought I'd take up a question posed by Bruce Pelz last winter. He wanted to know who are today's ten biggest name fans. Keeping in mind that all ten must be reasonably active currently, I thought I'd try out my list.

WALT WILLIS is today's #1 fan. Hyphen is one of the truly great fanzines and my personal favorite. Slant, his other genzine, has also earned a high reputation in fandom. Even the imposing figure of Willis the Faned must take a back seat to Willis the Fanwriter. "The Enchanted Duplicator" is the best fannish allagory ever written, and "The Harp Stateside" remains the mark at which all subsequent writers of con and trip reports must aim. Walt is the author if not one but a whole host of columns such as "Plinth", "Warblings", and the justly famous "The Harp That Once or Twice". It is a sad fact of today's fandom that the Harp, fandom's best column, is not currently appearing anywhere.

Besides publishing fine fanzines such as Le Zombie, BOB TUCKER is, to a large extent, the originator of faanishness. The wily oriental, Hoy Ping Pong, was probably the first faanish fan. Throughout his long fannish career, he has written dozens of sprightly and interesting for such zines as Quandry and Void. Bob is just as fabulous in person as in print, if not more so. He's an engaging raconteur, and a rousing good man.

It seems to be an article of faith with HARRY WARNER that every fanzine he receives gets at least a page of comment in return. How anyone can write so many LoCs, and yet have every one be extremely interesting to the reader is a mystery, at least until one reads Harry's letters. Besides the justly acclaimed Spaceways, Harry continues to produce Horizons, fandom's longest continuing one man show. The excellence of Horizons has made Harry the perenial first place finisher in FAPA's egoboo poll.

TED WHITE put out Void and Stellar which would alone qualify him

as part of the top ten. Stellar, besides fantastic art and layout, set a trend toward serious faan fiction. Void was---Void. Whether writing about jazz, science fiction, or a day in the life of Calvin Thomas Beck, he is always interesting. I also consider Ted to be the best reviewer of fanzines, past or present.

It is hard to assess the contributions of LEE HOFFMAN to fandom, because many of them are intangible. She was instrumental in shaping sixth fandom, which is the well spring of much of what I value in today's fandom. Still, Quandry is quite tangible, as are Celsy, Fan-history, and SPFY.

Terry Garr has been involved with a number of fine fanzines, such as Fanac, Innuendo, Void, and now Lighthouse. As the major force behind Carl Brandon, Terry can claim credit for "BNF of Iz", "The Cacher of the Rye", etc. He has won a Hugo. He has won the Fan Poll. He has won TAFF. He has won Carol. Terry is pretty much of a winner.

JOHN BERRY is one of the most prolific as well as one of the most prolific fanwriters. As a faned, he published fun-filled Retribution, the o-o of the GDA, another Berry achievement. John has a stranglehold on the first place slot in SAPS Pillar Poll, due to the fine material appearing each quarter in Pot Pourri.

Grue and Bleen are the primary reasons DEAN GRENNELL rates as eighth best fan. Fandom could use more zines like Grue. In fact, Fandom could use additional issues of Grue.

F.M. BUSBY was CRYeditor during most of that zine's best days. His incisive commentary has made him a central figure in any history of SAPS, and he also has written top general columns such as "SF Field Plowed Under".

BRUCE PELZ has made his reputation almost entirely with the apas, as valued member and efficient officer. He is witty in print and in person, and is particularly adept at writing filksongs. Singing them, too, for that matter.

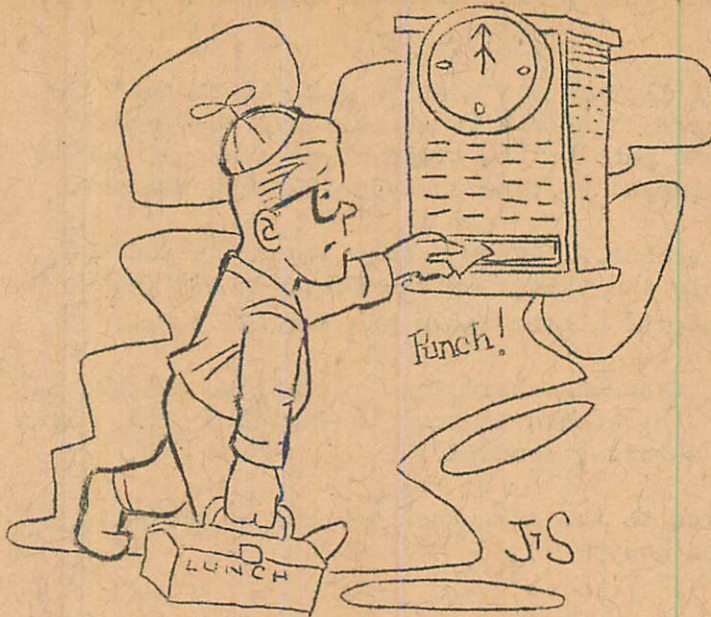
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Next issue, to celebrate one year of ostentatious vulgarity (or possibly Vulgar Ostentation) will be the Jiant First Annish. We hope to have our two columnists, Mann and White, who didn't make this issue because of the short interval between it and #3 back with us, as well as the first installment of a new column by Bob Tucker. We've already got some excellent annish material on hand, and we hope some of the fabulous QUIP readers will provide more.

See you all then.

-----Arnie the K



ATTENTION

HELP! I'M BEING HELD PRISONER IN A SOUTHERN BAKERY!

I approached the bakery on my first day on the job somewhat warily, never having done factory work before. As I entered, the first thing I noticed was a twenty degree rise in the temperature. The next was an intricate series of conveyor belts leading to a huge blast furnace (the oven). Millions and millions of loaves of bread were being conveyed from one end of the factory to the other.

It was a cross between the Swiss Family Robinson's Treehouse and the machine rooms in Metropolis.

I soon found out what I was supposed to do. The conveyor with the bread reached a round area with four other conveyors radiating out from each other at 60 degree angles from each other, rather like a roundhouse. From time to time, in sequence, one belt or another was turned on to lead the bread away from the main conveyor to a series of wrapping machines. I was to route the bread from the central conveyor belt to the one which was operating to the machines.

One of my co-workers was up to his knees in old loaves of bread. He was calmly picking them up and replacing them on the belt.

"err," I ventured. "You use these after they've been lying around in the dirt and the #10 Shell lubricating oil?" (I did not say #10 Shell lubricating oil, but instead employed a noun I had determined was proper for conversation with my co-workers ...it is deleted here)

"Sure," he said, taking two loaves and rubbing them together against each other. I watched some dirt flake off.

"These things are expensive."

"Oh," I said, making a mental note to do my bread consuming with care to avoid this company's products.

Soon I was busily working away at the conveyor. Then one belt shut down and I had to load part of the bread onto a rack behind me. I was hot and sweaty now, and thoughts of the workers' city in Metropolis began to flit through my mind.

The loaves began to come down faster. Soon they were descending so fast that some of them fell on the floor.

Then most of them fell on the floor... I felt like a character in an old TV

situation comedy. A loaf with a piece of fungus like material swam into view. I discarded it.

"Here," said another co-worker. "I'll show you what to do with those." He carefully pried the fungus out of the bread with his fingernail and replaced it neatly on the belt. I watched its serene path to the wrapping machine and saw it carted out to the truck, soon to be delivered to some unsuspecting supermarket.

But now I was laboring at a furious pace... every muscle aching and oceans of sweat oozing out of every pore. Suddenly the things on the belt weren't loaves of bread. They were tiny animals. Tormentors! Their faces had satanic leers.

They shed crumbs all over me, and advanced onward in a relentless column. I saw myself before a huge clock... arms outstretched to keep the hands moving. From somewhere in the dim recesses of limbo a buzzer sounded.

The conveyor stopped and I staggered to the coke machine, gulped something down and stumbled blindly down the steps away.

* * * *

Recently I was talking to a local fan of my acquaintance on the telephone. "Tell me," he said, in reference to some fannish topic or other, "what you think of the situation as a Well Known Fan?"

Well Known Fan eh..? I hadn't thought about it before, but I guess that as one reckons such things, (if one plays the neo's game of status, status, who's got the status) people would no longer cast the group of us who got active around the time of the DisCon as Sticky Neos. I've been doing some thinking lately, about my current attitude toward fandom and the one I had a few years ago. I think that as one remains in fandom one's time sense concerning happenings in the microcosm is shortened.

One of the characteristics of a brand new neofan is his tendency to attempt to rank himself on a sliding scale of achievement in fandom. He'll look for people newer to fandom than himself, and call them the neofans, not he. And all this occurs within a matter of a few months. By the time an adolescent type has been in fandom for six months he feels as though he's participated in a life long combat. The time between letters, apa mailings, and individual issues of good genzines seems infinite, and every fannish piece of mail that arrives is scrutinized (either consciously or unconsciously) for clues as to how the neo ranks in the Scheme of Things. Neos remember every chance remark made in letters to them, and think that everyone else does the same.

Gradually this feeling passes, and from there, from not having enough to do the fan realizes that he's undertaken enough activity for 5 people. Things start to get blurry. The razor sharp recall of every fanzine disappears, as more and more fan publications are assimilated. The fan now begins to think of fandom in terms of stereotypes, for convenience. Fan A always reacts in such and such a way to the writings of Edgar Freemish... so and so always writes such and such material, if Fan B says something, Fan C will tear it apart violently. Images of various people in fandom are built up... images which often bear no relation to the people behind the names. One of the most disillusioning things, perhaps, for a relatively isolated fan is to come into contact with a large group of fans who live in one metropolitan area, and discover that the careful image he's constructed about the way these people think and act is almost completely false... I say, disillusioning, but not always discouraging.

This, of course, is only a representation on a small scale of what aging does to people's reactions in general. Yet, to me, it's extremely interesting to study how fandom, one small microcosm, manages to reflect and encapsulate the process



Harmess

within a short span. Power groups... cultural trends, they come and go in fandom within cycles of two to three years. Someone with a sociological bent can watch them in a way in which he can't watch the history of a nation or a real culture.

Once made aware of the short social cycles in fandom, the next step is for one to begin wondering why interactions in fandom occur so rapidly... then there's the problem of whether or not fandom can be considered a real culture or sociological group. Dick Eney has stated, I believe, that fandom can't be considered a real group (on a primary level) because of the lack of face to face interaction and the lack of interdependence of fans to satisfy basic human needs. The needs in people which are satisfied by fandom are on an abstruse level, and things like self-preservation, hunger, need for companionship etc., are satisfied only on an indirect level. (although the study of the mechanisms through which these needs are satisfied would make an engrossing article or term paper)

Perhaps the absence of direct confrontation is what speeds up sociological changes in fandom. I think that our system of "class mobility" also plays an important part.

In fandom (the printed, fanzine part of it) the chief means of social advancement is in an increase of ability-- and a very special ability, the perception of relationships between words. As one's writing ability increases, one's status in Fanzine Fandom also increases. There is still one more factor to be considered, however-- the ability to perceive relationships between personalities in fandom. On one level, this merely means picking up the standard gossip and working vocabulary of the microcosm, but on another level, it means being able to communicate effectively with those one writes to. All this is tied in with, but not identical to a sheer increase in writing ability.

Most of the new recruits to fandom are in their teens, and teenagers usually experience both an increase in writing ability and in perceiving human relationships anyway. This may be why fandom's class structure changes so rapidly. I think that in a way, the rapid amassing of fannish subcultures which occurs in two to three year periods is typical of the maturation process undergone by everyone in between 15-16 and 21-2. (or, I should say that the natural trend for this to happen within these age groups is reflected in fandom). I'm talking about fanzine fandom, remember. Club fandom is something else again... there isn't nearly as much social mobility in club fandom, and the qualities which promote advancement in status aren't at all the same.

* * * *

In Arnie's editorial, this time, is contained a partial explanation of why this issue of Quip is following so closely on the heels of the last one. I feel disappointed with the slovenly quality of the layouts of this issue, and beg the indulgence of the Artistically Minded... as you may have guessed from the earlier part of this editorial, this has been a pretty hectic summer for me. (I don't know, the parts of the issue Arnie is handling may turn out to be Flawless) Next time we should have a unified format and like that again.

Within a few days, I depart for a whirlwind tour of the country, combined with two conventions en route to Los Angeles for my sophomore year at UCLA. This does not leave me in a frame of mind which is conducive to further incisive editorializings on the state of fandom, so, remember to vote NY in '67, and I'll see you next issue.

--LB

ted white -

"WHAT THIS FANZINE NEEDS!"

Recently, prompted by some of John Koning's remarks on Stellar, I dug out my old file, and began paging through the zine. I began remembering the days in 1956 and 57 when I published Stellar, and some of the reactions it provoked, and suddenly I found there was a lot I wanted to say about Stellar and the way it was received. So, bear with me. This is not a history of the zine, although in the next several paragraphs I'd like to sketch in the background.

Stellar was a continuation of my first fanzine, Zip, and its first issue was number 8. (that numbering is still being carried on by Gambit, by the way; the first seven issues were titled Zip, from 8 through 22 were Stellar, and from 23 on are Gambit. I suppose that metamorphosis of titles is in itself somewhat significant..) Zip had almost folded up shop when I entered FAPA, and its only worthwhile issue, #7, was published in that apa. However, I'd had plans for a different sort of genzine since 1954, when the possibilities of realistic fiction dealing with fandom occurred to me. I approached one of my closest friends in fandom at the time, Larry Stark, with the ideas of editing a zine primarily devoted to fanfiction. I chose Larry because he was, first of all, writing that kind of fan-fiction, and secondly could really edit manuscripts.

So, after a number of false starts, while Larry was staying with me and my family the summer of 1956, we published Stellar #8. It was a thirty-six page zine, covers mimeoed in four colors on heavy white mimeo bond, and the interiors printed in black on Masterweave. The contents of that issue set the standard for following issues: two stories by Stark, which several people took as actual articles based on fact; a reprint by Lee Hoffman; a reprint by Su Rosen; and the first three chapters of a round-robin serial, "The Death of Science Fiction." In addition there were editorials, fanzine reviews, and letters.

Right away we met a number of reactions. Redd Boggs found our all fanfiction policy "too restrictive," and was reminded of "...an old joke. A wife says, 'You told me when we were first married you liked liver and onions. Every night for six years I served you liver and onions. Now you tell me you don't like liver and onions.'" Other readers didn't understand the basis of the serial. (George Spencer had just sent us a story in which Fandom Is Hunted Down, and in order to justify the unexplained background, I turned it into the second chapter of a serial, and wrote the first chapter as a build-up. My basic precept was that a scourge of red-baiting had swept the country, and some links between fandom and the CP were found to have existed in the thirties. This, plus the liberal outlook expressed in science fiction and fanzines, was enough to cause the banning of both. A security force eventually takes over the country. I still regard this unlikely happenstance as soundly built.)

Issue nine ran sixty pages, included interior color work in addition to a four-color cover, and had a dittoed satire of Vorzimer's Abstract stapled in. Contributors included Carl Brandon, John Magnus, Stark, Dick Eney, and myself. That issue was also to be the last Stark would edit, although he did some work on the following issue: His summer stay over, he returned to New Jersey, and soon to Cambridge.

Numbers 10, 11, and 12 all averaged around fifty pages, and featured Lee Hoffman, Marion Bradley, Harry Warner, John Magnus, Charles Burbee, Terry Carr, Mal Ashworth, Dick Ellington, Dick Eney, Paul Spencer, Ron Parker, Gregg Calkins, Dale Smith, Terry Jeeves, Cliff Gould, and debuted Franklin Ford. It is only fair to admit that a good proportion of these contributors did so second hand, by way of reprints.

Issue 10 was a Lee Hoffman Adoration Issue, featuring a special section devoted to her. Issue 12 was given almost entirely over to a "Pro-parody" section, in which the fanfiction was take-offs on well-known sf stories. I had wanted to use special themes of this sort to add interest and variety to the fanfiction policy. However, #12 was to be the last of the fanfiction issues. In an editorial which Eney cosigned, I said, rather bitterly, "This is the last issue to feature what we proudly thought was a Good Thing; Something Everyone Would Like. We shoulda known better. So this is it; we're thru trying to get thru to you. Nothing succeeds like a solid wall of apathy. ...Next to the apathy of submissions /which had forced us to reprint so heavily/ comes the apathy of reader-response. We try to tell ourselves that you DO read the zine -- at least we HOPE you're reading this, because if you're not, next issue is going to come as a surprise. But when a leading fan says 'Dull ...deadly dull' after admitting that he only skims, we begin to wonder what our chances of getting thru to you are."

The 13th and 14th issues were postscripts, twenty-four page general-policy zines which might have succeeded if I hadn't gaffiated about them. In many respects they were the forerunners of the White-Benford Void. From #15 on, Stellar was the title used on a brief letter-substitute/chatterzine thing. For all practical purposes, Stellar died as of #14, with the death-rattle sounding in #12.

Five issues featured fanfiction. The same five issues featured the best color mimeography fandom has ever seen. (The cover of #12, my crowning achievement, was a six-color close-registry rendition of a water-color painting by Jack Harness. It was my artistic and technical peak, and I lost interest in color mimeography soon after.) And those five issues, plus #s 13 & 14, carried layouts which moved Redd Boggs to paeans of praise.

With every attempt to view those issues of Stellar objectively, I think the material was predominantly of a high quality, and the art and layouts (the "packaging" as it were) of matching excellence. I've been borne out in this judgement by fans who've read the entire set recently.

Yet Stellar flopped. It was a tremendous dud. Why?

Although undoubtedly the "restriction" to fanfiction was part of the reason (although I'm sure now that if I'd kept my mouth shut about policy and still printed the same material, it would have been found much less "restricted" inasmuch as the fanfiction we printed ran the gamut from serious fiction to Burbee-style humor to satire, and we always included non-fiction departments). I think the key phrase is one John Koning echoed in a recent editorial... "It was so well thought-out in advance that all spontaniety was quashed." I recall a similar condemnation from Ron Bennett speaking through his Penelope Fandergaste head a couple of years ago, and it seems to have been a common complaint against the mag.

This complaint, the "loss of spontaniety" of Stellar, is pretty unfounded, actually. I used to throw issues together with considerable speed, writing my departments on-stencil, and working through the zine from front to back with little more than an intuitive plan filtering through my subconscious as to the overall appearance. Stellar, as the page-count indicates, was a sprawling zine, rarely thought-out at all in advance. While I am sure there will be those who will disbelieve me, I must admit that I never made use of dummies, and I farmed out as much of the actual typing as I could to other fans in the area. I did not find the publishing any end-all be-all of fannish existence, as Bennett once said; it was simply my nature, as a perfectionist, to turn out a neat job if I bothered doing any at all.

Still, I can see where the impression of Stellar's "well thought-out" appearance came. The problem so puzzled me that for some time after Stellar flopped, I made a close study of it.

Stellar was too good looking.

That was the whole problem. I was not content to put a heading on a page and let it go at that; I created, in an artistic sense, layouts for each item. In retrospect I can see a lot of goofs, but those layouts were good layouts. They satisfied the frustrated-artist in me and in a very real sense were my only reason for publishing Stellar after Stark left.

Fandom simply does not want fancy, artistic layouts for its fanzines. The same zine, done sloppily, would undoubtedly have been a winner, as one of its peers, Cliff Gould's Oblique was. (Oblique ran a series by the late Vernon McCain on how to edit and publish a good fanzine. Gould violated every precept that McCain laid down. Unfortunately, McCain was talking about my kind of fanzine, a zine which impresses historians more than it does its immediate audience.)

There are several good reasons for this. The first is that a "popular" zine, apart from a good one, must appeal to its readers' support. In a word, it must draw letters. I don't find it surprising that a number of really good fanzines have found it difficult to draw letters, while still being acknowledged for their excellence. Bill Meyers folded Spectre because every issue (in his opinion, better than the previous issue), drew fewer letters, until finally he felt he was publishing into a vacuum. I know how he felt. One issue of Stellar drew 9 letters, out of 200 copies mailed out.

Those zines which draw letters must contain within them the seeds for letters--comment hooks, as Busby calls them rightly. In other words, the fanzine itself must leave a few loose ends dangling which the readers in turn will want to catch up. This gives them a feeling of involvement in the zine. They feel a part of its personality. And for this reason they will support it vociferously, vote for it in polls, and write lots of letters to it.

This reader-involvement, I think, is largely responsible for Cry winning the Hugo last year, and most certainly for Habakkuk winning the Fanac poll. Neither of these zines print as high a percentage of outstandingly good material as do several of their peers.

How to create these "loose ends"? A controversy is one of the best ways, provided that all sides are not immediately taken and spoken-for completely. But this is a thing of the moment, and controversies inevitably die and pass. A zine must have more.

That "more" consists of an atmosphere of spontaneity. With such a presentation, even lacklustre material will excite reader support. This spontaneity can only be created by making the zine informal, a little messy, staying away from really sharp layouts -- by making the zine, basically, an untidy package. The reader must get the feeling that the editor/publisher spent as little time as possible in putting his zine together, that he just sort of "spontaneously" threw it together, without forethought.

Some editors have. Lee Hoffman probably did not spend much time on preparing Quandry, although she used little tricks to make it attractive. She also did something else which really endeared her to the Spontaneity Set: she used cheap paper.

This is a pretty funny bit. But it appears that the use of cheap paper (newsprint or masterweave-type stock), especially in mixed colors, adds a great feel of "informality" and "fannishness" to the zine. It means the editor isn't spending much money on his zine; he isn't taking many pains.

All of these comments, you'll notice, exclude mention of material. It helps, of

course, to use "informal" or "spontaneous" material, but very few can provide this sort of thing in any degree of quality. LeeH was one, and Dean Grennell is another. Although Grue's layouts were simple, the overall appearance of the zine has been described as "impeccable and cold." It was Dean's conversational style of writing which made Grue so much fun. I suspect that as the zine grew more formalized (and Dean supplied less of the material), his interest in it cooled.

I made an experiment myself to check the validity of this idea. In the spring of 1959, I published two issues of Void, as unlike each other as possible. The first was issue 17, the May 1959 issue. I purposefully kept the material light and inconsequential. It consisted of a light piece of whimsy by Larry Stark (I think it is the best of his rare attempts at humor) (barely two pages); a piece on fanzine criticism by Franklin Ford, once scheduled for Stellar, oddly enough (two pages); a cartoon feature by Wingate (half a page); an odd item by Art Rapp about Michigan fandom (less than one page); a "Wailing Wall" on Shangri-L'Affaires, which was my first "nice" WW (two pages); editorials by Greg & myself (two pages); and letters (almost eight pages in micro-elite). The remaining space was filled out with cartoons and a loose, open layout. You'll notice there was no "main" article, or any one item which could carry the issue. The articles, in fact, were typed in pica, or they'd have occupied even less space. In terms of wordage, well over half the issue was composed of a fairly open lettercolumn.

That issue went over quite well. Out of about 100 copies mailed out, something over forty letters came back. A damned good response.

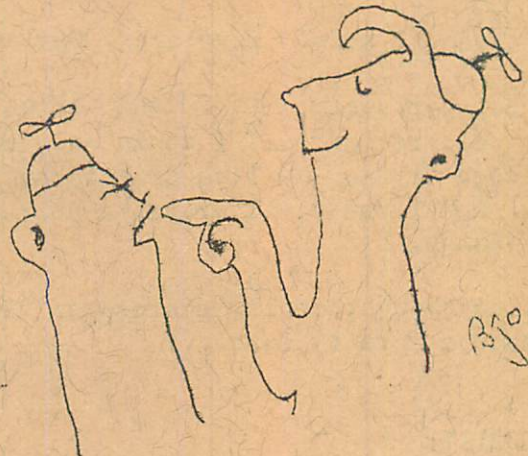
The next issue, Void 18, June 1959, I reversed tack. Instead of masterweave, I used a brilliant-colored Gestetner-brand mimeo bond. Instead of pica, I used elite on the articles (and continued using micro-elite on the editorials and letters). And: All artwork was printed by Gestefax electronic stencils in fancy layouts, with the lettering by Artype and also Gestefaxed. In other words, I was out-Stellaring Stellar. The material? Great stuff; "Interfanna" by Walt Willis (two-and-a-half pages); Chapter 9 of Ron Bennett's "Colonial Excursion" (three pages, counting a full-page illo); The "Wailing Wall" gave GALAXY a close going-over in some of the best prozine criticism I think I've ever written (five pages); and Bill Evans contributed one of his first outside-FAPA pieces in years, "Rail Fandom" for the Other Fandoms series (three pages, plus a bit). Editorials occupied about the same degree of space, and letters were cut to about five pages. In every respect, it was a deluxe Void.

Fandom didn't like it.

Oh, they admitted that the material was good ---- probably the best and most balanced line-up we'd run, and interesting and controversial even ---- but this was only from those who bothered to write. I'd printed 120 copies, and about eighteen people wrote letters on the issue.

So there I was.

I used up the flashy paper on the next issue, and started using cheap masterweave-like paper which I let it be known cost me only 85¢ a ream. I started using more cartoons, and kept my layouts simpler. Instead of fancy Artype lettering, or



"You can't publish a legible fanzine--no one will read it!"

even a predominance of lettering-guide lettering (I have around a hundred styles), I began doing my own sloppy hand-lettering.

And Void -- when I've been able to publish it -- has been booming. Why, it even made Fanac's Top Ten this year. How about that?

So now I'm saying it: I made Void the way it is today deliberately as a challenge, to see if in so doing I could increase its popular appeal. I was successful. I proved to myself that there was nothing whatsoever wrong with me; I could produce a popular zine as well as one given only belated recognition.

I proved that if you give fans an atmosphere, a form of "packaging", they'll lap the same material up three times as fast.

Well, you know what you can do with those fans.

They're fuggheads, the lot of them. They can't tell good material from bad unless the difference is glaring. They can't tell hack artists who repeat one idea for years at a stretch from the free and original artists coming into fandom. These people are, for all their much-vaunted intelligence and taste and discrimination, clods.

(Yeah, I know. Move over, Harlan; you've got company...)

But seriously: if I used toilet paper, I'm convinced I could increase Void's Fanac poll rating. If I could only somehow learn to mimeo poorly (and god knows I've been trying --- I've dropped my "quality control" completely), and stencil badly, and forsake all artistic ability, I think I might make Void into the Number One Fanzine.

The thought really scares me. But I'm going to try out some 50¢ a ream second-sheets pretty soon....

--Ted White, 1961

POSTSCRIPT:

There are elements of exaggeration in the foregoing, most of them intentional. However, from a vantage point of over five years distance from my authorship of the article, I can see where some of this exaggeration is unwarranted, and may lead to a misreading of my real point.

First, let me say that my viewpoint has mellowed somewhat since I wrote the article (in late 1960, as I recall; perhaps early 1961...); I am no longer bound up in the production of a "popular" or even would-be popular fanzine, and thus no longer care about FANAC Polls, Fanzine Hugos, etc. Like entirely too many others, I have taken the Easy Cop Out, and retreated into the apas.

Nonetheless, the basic point I made remains valid: in order to win real popularity for your fanzine, you must involve your audience in it. I think this is true not only in fandom, but in the World At Large: a successful magazine is a magazine which not only attracts an audience with the quality of its contents, but holds the audience through involvement -- through inspiring in each reader a concern for the continued welfare of the magazine. Applying this to science fiction prozines, the point is made obvious: a magazine which prints nothing but stories is in direct competition with the paperback collection of stories -- and usually suffers. Magazines are continuing entities, and in order to create this continuity a magazine develops, one way or another, a personality. If the personality is attractive, the magazine will gain a readership. It's that simple.

It is in the area of developing this personality that my article above really falls, but it fails to an extent because I concentrated too exclusively upon two things. First, I presumed the calculated creation of personality; and second, I was too contemptuous of those who are most impressed by a magazine's personality.

The fact is that I was nowhere near as calculating in my own efforts to imbue VOID with "spontaneity" as I made it seem. Like all faneds, I had my own idols, and these suggested my goals. But since I am possessed of both an intuitive and an analytical mind, I found myself vacillating between the intuitive absorption of techniques, and the careful analytical recreation of them. Thus, I sometimes would lay out a fanzine in a certain way because it felt right to me, and at other times because I wanted to achieve a specific effect such as that I'd found in QUANDRY, for instance. In my article, I accented the calculating, the analytical, almost to the exclusion of the intuitive, and in this I did a disservice both to myself and to any faneds looking to me for sound advice.

If there is any distinguishing mark to a "Ted White fanzine," it is that which came out of my own creativity and personality, not that which I carefully copied from an old GRUE, or OPUS. And any faned who is going to become a top faned cannot achieve this goal solely by careful analysis and copying. He can learn a great deal from those whom he considers successful, but in the end they are only examples, not prototypes for slavish imitation. In the end, the faned must find his own way of achieving a fanzine of the sort he has admired from others in the past.

My contempt for those who are impressed solely by external details was rather strongly worded, and unfortunately not terribly appropriate. There will always be those who judge a book by its cover, and there are a few really vocal yahoos of this persuasion in fandom, but they are insignificant considered in proportion to active fandom as a whole.

What was really grotching me was the fact that a fanzine of little intrinsic merit can, through a combination of factors, build up its own vocal clique which will then vote it a disproportionately high place in the popularity polls. I think we can all think of at least one example of a group of hyperactive neos who make up in vociferousness what they lack in experience and developed taste. Voting as a body, they can sway any poll -- with the results that ineptly edited fanzines like NIEKAS and DOUBLE:BILL are nominated for Hugos, while the HYPHENS, LIGHTHOUSES, HORIZONS! HONQUETS, et al, are all but ignored.

To return to one of the points of the article, though, it is interesting to note that when I did exactly as threatened, and printed VOID on 14# canary second sheets, it achieved the greatest popularity of its career, rating the #2 fanzine on the FANAC poll for that year. (I keep citing this poll, on which I was also the #2 Fan Face, mostly because that was the year I reaped the most egoboo in a fanpoll, and the poll results were -- *sigh* -- never published...)

VOID turned another corner with those issues, and most particularly when Terry Carr came east and became a co-editor. Both of us had a good idea of what we wanted with the zine, and each issue our sights went higher, until we published VOID #28, the January, 1962, and last issue. It was printed on white paper, with two-color layouts, and was the most ambitious project we did together. It was too ambitious; the material, partly run-off and cut stencils for the 29th issue have languished in oblivion ever since.

Since then I have pretty much dropped out of the genzine field. The expense and chore-type work involved in producing a genzine have become increasingly an anathema to me. Les Gerber and I produced fifteen issues of MINAC in 1963 and 1964, many of them on a biweekly schedule, with informal layouts. The mail response was gratifying -- the smaller a zine, it would seem, the greater the reader involvement -- but a combination of circumstances killed the zine, and I've felt no great urge to go ahead with any other projects.

But if I should ever make another stab at it, I've got this really great title...

--Ted White, 1966

ONE FAN'S BEAT

— FM BUSBY

It only hurts when I laugh; that sharp barbed deadline that Arnie neatly sunk just under my short-ribs, today. So who's laughing these days?

Personal narrative is the last refuge of the unprepared, so get braced for it. But first I'd like to wish all you lucky Tricon attendees a joyous time, and I do hope that you do not have any problems with the current program of the Cleveland branch of the Civil Riots movement, which has been in the news more than somewhat as of this (late July) writing. Dian Pelz suggests that this motif might be incorporated into the Tricon Program to good effect, such as replacing the Costume Ball with the Masked Riot and having a panel on The Molotov Cocktail. (I can see it all now: the bartender grabs for the vodka bottle out of sheer reflex and then just stands there looking bewildered.)

A lot of people view these riots with alarm, but personally I think that here we have the wave of the future, once we all manage to get in step. The problem today is that riots are restricted to minority groups, whereas the frustrations that cause riots are by no means limited. But the majority of our citizens just sit around like a bunch of spoilsports instead of joining in the fun. This is both unnecessary and undesirable.

Most people feel that rioting is embarrassingly conspicuous. They worry about what the neighbors would think, and all that. Very shortsighted thinking. As a matter of fact I used to conduct a pretty lively riot on my own account now and then during the student and soldier stages of my progress through this section of the twentieth century--and I didn't need a lot of spear-bearers to back me up, either, when mood and scene met in high chaos. The trouble with the rioters of today is that they are all conformists; they have to have a big mob or the riot hardly ever gets off the ground. A deplorable state of affairs.

There is in this country today, a great lack of understanding as to the basic necessary ingredients of a good healthy riot. According to the newspapers it is all a matter of huge mobs and loud shouting and the throwing of inflammables with the resultant combustion of grocery stores and bars and other places that will really be missed the next morning, and the intrusion of police and the Fire Department.

Now I ask you: what can the typical Fire Department contribute to a really good riot except the noise of its siren? I mean, who needs it?

And yet these dull conformist types keep right on producing riot after riot without the slightest conception of the artistry that rightfully should go into the making of a really good production along the lines they are attempting. They are both unimaginative and uneconomical. Why, they don't even know how to bait cops, without making a big mess and getting themselves shot up.

But "Aha!" you say, you back there with the egg on your face. You say that the very object of a good riot is to produce a big mess. Wrong. The object is to produce a great and enjoyable turmoil, which is something else again. Stand down.

If we are to have riots--and we are-- it is essential that they be put on a democratic basis (i.e.; not limited to minority groups), and that the present fumbling

BAWLING BARBARCADE

FANZINE
REVIEWS

JEFFERSON CHEVROLET

NIEKAS #16, edited by Ed Meskys and Felice Rolfe. Felice lives at 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301. Published approx. quarterly. mimeo with offset work. 50¢, trade, or LoC.

I suppose "edited" in the above should have been encircled by quote-marks. It's hard for me to think of Ed and Felice as editors, since they don't do any of the functions implied by that title, except write editorials. Good material, bad material, good art, and bad art appear side by side. I'm leary of any fanzines that puts the contents listing on the last page. It gives the impression of no planning.

"Marchin' Barnacles", a regular column by Carl Frederick, is pretty good for a change. A poem called "The Fans" takes up most of it this installment. I think "The Fans" is meant to parody "The Bells" by Poe, but I wish I had the original handy to check Frederick's last stanza which seems to deviate from the way the original went. If so, this is really too bad, because the first two stanzas are excellent.

Felice's editor is usually the best thing in the issue, but I'm afraid the staggering amount of work on NIEKAS by the pretty half of the co-editorship has effected "Mayhem House" for the worse. It was still interesting and well written, but it lacked the verve of previous Rolfe columns.

"The Ace Tolkien Covers" is a straight forward articlet by Jack Gaughan, explaining the reasons the covers turned out the way they did. It doesn't make the covers any better, but I was interested in finding out why Jack drew them so inaccurately.

The letter column is under-edited, to say the least, and of only passing interest except for two letters. One was a typical neofannish note from Bob Irving, which expressed nausea at a favorable mention of

STFANTASY in "Mayhem House" in N#15. Bob wants to know what it has to do with sf. Frankly, it seems cruel to print a letter such as this, conceived in neofannish immaturity as it is, since it doesn't have any other sort of interest. The other letter is by Fred Phillips, or "Fred Phillips F.G.S." as he signs himself. I've spent a little time trying to make up pithy phrases to go with those initials, "From Georgia's Sewers" being an example. Fred demands, looking down his nose with what he doubtless believes is Elegant Prose, an apology where I, or any reasonable person, don't see any insult. In NIEKAS #15, Ed threw together about two paragraphs on the ESFA Open Meeting in which he said, "Only things dropped were Boardman's panel on H.G. Wells... and some silly announcement by Fred Phillips ((who he?)) was going to read denouncing fandom." I understand, from those who've read the text of this 1.5 minute speech have stated flatly that "silly" is a very generous word. I'm glad to see that Ed has taken the lead in bringing the risable fuggheadedness of Phillips to the Larger Fandom outside of New York City.

Ben Solon's fanzine reviews in "The Ivory Tower" are quite promising and have shown continued improvement. I would suggest that Ben not review three issues of the same zine separately in the same column, and that he generally try to say more about fewer zines.

Material:5 ((that's the average))
Appearance:5 ((the two column micro-elite pulls down the rating))
Personality: A genzine that is average only because a great body of inferior material is included.

* * *

TRUMPET #4, edited by Tom Reamy, 2508 17th St., Plano, Texas 75074.
Published 3 or 4 times a year. Photo-offset. 60¢, trade, or LoC.

TRUMPET is, to me, something of an enigma. For a fanzine that aims, self-consciously at times, for sophistication, TRUMPET certainly prints a lot of worthless material about worthless monster films.

Tom Perry has a readable, litterate article which argues successfully against a Campbell editorial about Literature. JWC, it seems, feels that the trouble with Litterature these days is Too Much Sex and Too Many Common Men as protagonists. Throwing John's words back in his editorial face, Thom wins most of his points. This piece gave me new appreciation for Thom Perry, since my interest in Campbell editorials is not very great.

John McGeehan has an article about Tarzan which, in 7 pages, performs the incredible feat of saying nothing I haven't read at least six times before. This is quite a feat, considering that I avoid ERBzines religiously.

The main feature of this issue is a comic strip by George Barr drawn arround Poul Anderson's "The Broken Sword". It's well drawn,

and probably the best serious comic strip ever to appear in a fanzine.

I naturally find great interest in Alex Eisenstein's fanzine reviews, since I write them myself and like to see what others are doing in this neglected field. Of all the zines he reviews, and there are about 13 treated, only two combine quality, enthusiasm, and an intangible quality I can only call "wit", and Alex low rates one, ALGOL. I doubt, from reading the hazy review, that Alex has actually read ALGOL #10. Certainly, it is much better than the "4" he gives it, especially when compared to the "7" received by CLARGES, which is the other zine I had in mind. CLARGES is more potential than accomplishment at this stage.

Material: 4

Appearance: 9

Personality: Still quite confused, but interesting.

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DOUBLE:BILL #14, edited by Bowers, Evers, and Mallardi. Mallardi lives at 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron, Ohio 44313. Published irregularly. mimeo! . 30¢ or 4/\$1, trade, or Printed LoCs.

This issue, D:B adds another co-editor, Earl Evers. I guess Bowers, the more talented half of the co-editorship will be further submerged with this new arrangement. This is sad, because Bowers alone could probably put out a zine of above average quality. D:B is not above average; it is mediocre, even by current low standards.

Bowers, who usually provides some relief from the dullness of inept contributions, is way off form this time. He dithers around for over a page before he launches into book impressions.

Mallardi, talking about his Hard Times and favorite cartoons, has the best thing in the issue. He likes Bugs Bunny and Porky Pig, if you must know.

Ben Solon begins a new column, "The Bloodshot Eye" shows that he is not as far along as an essayist as he is as a reviewer. Still, his description of buying a mousetrap, with all the free advice it elicited from fellow customers, was pretty good. The section dealing with Sean Connery as James Bond was less well written.

"How To Watch Ball Lightning For Fun and Profit" by Si Stricklen is misbilled as "faan fiction". That was the only reason I even skimmed it through, since it seems fully as bad as most amateur sf.

There is other material, including letters and poor fanzine reviews by Buck Coulson. None of it, however, is worthy of comment.

Material: 5

Appearance: 6

Personality: Pallid and unoriginal.

--- Jefferson Chevrolet

THE GREATER TREK

Chapter One: Have At Thee, Buck Coulson!

"Hey," said Dave Van Arnam, "I have a great way you cd start your report on the Greater Trek." That's the way Dave said it, even using "cd" instead of "could" like any normal person. "You could relate how someone--I disremember who--said, 'The last trip was two weeks; how long is this one going to be?'"

"Yes," "I said," I guess I could do that."

"And then," continued Dave as he waved his bottle of bbeer in my face enthusiastically, "you cd relate how I replied, 'Oh, about three years!'"

"No, I don't think so. The readers of QUIP are much too bright, too, witty, too je ne sais quoi to enjoy a dialogue of such dubious merit." I waved my bottle of pepsi in his face enthusiastically.

*

Although Ted's Greenbrier was sufficent for the five fan Great Trek, this year there were eight Fanoclasts who wished to see the exotica of the mid- and far west. Originally, my parents were going to loan us their '62 Rambler. This gallant vehicle, however, fell on evil days just prior to the trip. To make the car tripworthy would have required extensive repairs, and since my parents were thinking of trading it in on a new car, they weren't anxious to spend money fixing it up. Instead, they suggested we rent a car, offering to underwrite us to the extent of \$100. Kinney Rent-A-Car is a happy exception to those leasing companies which charge a mileage fee, and after Ted put down a deposit, we found ourselves in possession of a 1966 Rambler with about 250 miles on it.

When my parents dropped me off in Brooklyn Thursday evening, June 23rd, Ted and Robin were busy, frantically trying to get their baggage together. Ted took time out to read Dave Hulan's review of "Phoenix Prime" in UTGARD, a SFPAzine. He said he had a few criticisms and was going to write DaveH a letter. I suggested that he simply write whatever he had to say and give it to me for SFPA publication. This was agreeable, and he

arnie katz

took time out from his crowded schedule to bat out two pages.

Both Ted and Robin had errand to run, so they left me to hold the fort. Andy Porter called up to iron out a few details concerning the room we were to share at the Midwescon, and no sooner was I off the phone when Dave Van Arnam knocked on the door. Since Dave had come by to pick up the Greenbrier and get driving instructions, he had to wait for Ted's return. To pass the time, we compared SAPS-zines. With great glee, I showed Dave my chiding remarks to Jack Chalker because he runs only Baltimore propaganda through SAPS. "NY-Con 3 supporters," I announced in my comment, "don't run cover to cover propaganda." Whereupon Dave took out a copy of his zine, which used a NYCon 3 flyer as a cover, proving that one can't win them all. At least he didn't double run the flyer as a bacover.

Ted returned from a bout with the barber and immediately fell to the task of teaching Dave how to get to Cincinnati. "Well," said the learned Mr. White, "it's west, Dave."

Mike McInerney, who completed the foursome who were to take the Rambler, arrived about 8:30. After a cheap dinner at a nearby White Tower, we all turned in for the night.

Chapter Two: Who Put The "Cin" in Cincinnati?

Filled with excitement about the coming trip, I spent a restless night on Ted's couch. I also had the dubious honor of being first awake, just beating Mike. Soon the four of us were moving silently around the apartment, and I do mean silently. It was as if the first spoken word would crack some mystic spell. Robin finally dispelled the mood by throwing open the blinds to the bright morning, and we relaxed into normal conversation.

During the reasonably uneventful trip, we spent the morning discussing Jewish Life. My stories about about Hebrew school led into a more faanish discussion of Jew Fandom. Jew Fandom, founded a year or so ago by John White and I is a non-serious and informal faanish organization for fans of Jewish extraction. There are also a certain number of honorary jewfen, such as Ted. It was at this juncture, with some slight prodding from Ted, that I announced that Robin had been selected as "Jew Girl of the Year". She promised to uphold the honor of Jew Fandom.

While we were eating at a roadside Howard Johnson's, Ted got Philosophical, mostly for Mike's benefit. He discoursed upon the subject of Civil Disobedience. "I protest the high cost of living," he said looking scholarly, "And in all conscience I feel I must exercise Civil Disobedience. Let's all steal."

*

The motel was huge, and boasted three swimming pools, including

a large indoor one. Fortunately, the NYCon 3 suite was directly across from the room shared by Mike, Andy, and I. Thus, we had a nearby haven whenever the suite party got too loud.

After dropping off our bags, Mike and I wandered down one of the motel's gravel roads in search of fans. Naturally, the first fan we met was Frank Dietz. I say "naturally", because it wouldn't seem like a real convention if the first fan I met wasn't from New York.

Most of the attendees were gathered in the con suite. I decided that the first thing to do was to register and get a name badge such as others were sporting. I brushed past a large fan who asked me where he could get a NYCon 3 button. "See Mike, See Mike," I mumbled as I continued my search for the registration desk. The desk had been abandoned for the night, so I took a deep breath and looked around to see if I recognised anyone. I heard my name, turned, and joined Ben Solon who introduced me to Lewis Grant, Phyllis Kleinstein, and Duncan McFarland, whom I hadn't recognised. They were in the throes of a Serious and Important Discussion concerning a possible connection between various physical characteristics and ethnic groups. We agreed that there were certain characteristics, produced by inbreeding, which were common within ethnic groups. Of course in a country like America where inter-ethnic lines have broken down to a considerable extent, these common characteristics are being lost. After we had all agreed, Phyllis decided she wanted to go and eat. I begged off, with a promise to see them all later.

I saw the fan who wanted the NYCon button again, and, reading his tag, saw that he was Lon Atkins. Lon was the fan whom I most looked forward to seeing for the first time, and as I shook his hand I realized that I'd almost inadvertantly snubbed him.

Lon and I stood around exchanging pleasantries until I suggested that we could also talk sitting down. Lon was obviously much impressed by my sound thinking, so we sat down on the edge of an empty bed. At first, we talked about TAPS, since I am the Apa Manager of that group and Lon was the next publisher. He told me that Steve Barr had written in, expressing remorse at his previous misdeeds and asking for us to give him a chance to prove himself. Lon and I agreed that it made sense to give Steve a reasonable chance. As I was deviously leading up to the next subject, I saw a girl come into the room. I sized her up as she undulated by. "Things are looking up," I said to Lon while watching the girl out of the corner of my eye. "Lon," I said broaching the subject of his one shots subtly, for subtlety is my forte, "You publish the worst one shots - have ever read. Please desist." I repeated this again, since he seemed so intent on squeezing my throat with his huge hairy hands that I wasn't sure that he was paying proper attention. When he had subsided, he swore up and down that he had given up one shots for good. I understand there is a group called One Shotters Anaonymous. If you get the urge to publish a one shot, a member comes over and gets you

bombed out of your skull. Perhaps this is how Lon has managed to stop the one shot habit. Anyway, the mention of one shots reminded Lon that he wanted to get a drink. I didn't much mind his leaving to look for liquor, since the girl I had been watching had turned and was now walking towards me. She looked hauntingly familiar, especially when she threw her arms around my neck. It certainly does take talent of some sort not to recognise Cindy Heap.

Lon came back leading Ron Bounds and anglofan George Locke, neither of whom I had met previously. We had hardly begun talking when Ted, Robin, and Alex Panshin came by, and the seven of us went out to eat at Frisch's, a coffee shop located across the street from the motel. Frisch's, with its low prices and good food, was a continual delight to con goers used to expensive and tasteless fare such as most con eateries feature.

After dinner, we went back to the motel and opened the suite. Almost immediately, fans began trickling in, among them Lee Carson, a young nonfan whose material I had seen in apa 45 during my short period as a member. Lon came back about then, and we began talking about Bob Dylan. Lon is a new convert, and I was interested in getting his opinions on various Dylan pieces. I also took the opportunity to clue him in to the New Rage; the Fugs. I recited the lyrics to some of their ranchier tunes, and Lon expressed a keen desire to further his music knowledge by obtaining one of their albums.

A strange confan put in an appearance in the NYCon 3 suite. This character was convinced that the only way to open a bottle was to bang it on the edge of a formica counter. "No," Ted told the drunk with a commendable show of patience, "that isn't the way to open a bottle. There's an opener in the bathroom." The drunk, after some more banging, appeared to get the idea. However, fifteen minutes later, he was back. Smash! Smash! Smash! Ted stepped over the pile of glass splinters and again spoke to the fan as calmly as humanly possible. The drunk went right on smashing bottles and glasses, until Ted had no choice but to eject him.

The first person I met Saturday morning was Harriet Kolchak, suitcase in hand. "Are you a fan?" she asked me.

"Of course. Hello, Harriet, I guess I haven't seen you since last year's Midwescon."

"That's right, Arnie, I guess you didn't come down for the noncon," Harriet replied, as she placed me. "I'll bet you didn't even recognise me," she added.

"That's why I called you 'Harriet'." She told me she'd just arrived and was looking for George Raybin. As if she had just said the magic word, George Raybin Himself popped out of nowhere. I retreated and ran into Lewis Grant. I went with him to get a cup of cocoa,

and he told me about an invention he seemed to have some connection with. It seems there now exists a device which induces fifteen minutes of really deep sleep at whim. It's sort of a black box.....

After a disastrous bridge game for people who didn't remember how to play any more, Lon, Ron Bounds, and I went over to see what was going on at Big Hearted Howard's. Although Lon and Ron left after looking over the books, I decided to stay since Bob Tucker, LeeH, and Rusty Hevelin were there with Howards. I listened to them reminisce about old fanzines and Tucker talk about the Order of Dagon. Bob also told us that "The Space Merchants" had been sold to the movies for \$50,000. I was pleased to hear this, since the book is one of my special favorites. It would be nice if this time the producer doesn't invent his own plot to go with the title.

Before we knew it, the day had flown by, and it was time to prepare for the banquet. I enjoyed the banquet, and the fact that I sat with Lee, Rusty, Lon, and Andy was not unrelated to that enjoyment. Bob, as he did last year, was in charge of introducing notables and also introducing speakers for three of the four cities bidding for the '67 worldcon. Boston was skipped, since no one from that city bothered to attend the con. Members of the Cincy group were introduced, and it was pointed out by one CFE member that the club now had two young eager beavers. "Why don't you breed them?" suggested Ted White, who said I should make sure to mention this incident.

Baltimore finally threw a party at a convention, and Lon and I decided to accompany Ron up to the Baltimore room. In fact, we managed to be first through the door. Behind us trooped the most motley group of party goers I saw during the entire con. We stared gape-mouthed as they filed in, picking hay out of their hair. When they had all entered, Lon and I slipped out the door and went to Ted's place where the NYCon party was warming up.

In the spring SFPA mailing, Dave Hulan (the one with the sexy wife) listed the members according to writing ability. Perhaps Dave's Good Taste is limited to wives, since he rated me in the middle of a not very distinguished pack. He likes Smith and Burroughs, you know. As I'd brought the mailing to the con, Lon decided to go through the roster and rate the people according to his preferences. He rated me among the top four or five, which I think showed considerable perception on his part, especially since "Lon Atkins" was one of the ones he included as being better. In an excess of enthusiasm, I dubbed him "The Burbee of the Sixties".

Jean Bogart came into the suite and, after doing unsober type things, went into the bathroom wherein was stored things like beer and Royal Crown Cola. And she didn't come out. We waited and waited for signs of life and she didn't come out. Lon wanted a beer from that selfsame room, and still she didn't come out. "I think she's passed out in there," Cindy said.

"Yes, I can see the soles of her shoes through the crack under the door," I replied. And she didn't come out.

"Someone's got to go in there and get her out," said Cindy.

"It's your room," Lon said magnanimously, as he led me out the door. We moved over to the quiet of my room and discussed the Important Things; Religion, Writing, and the NYCon 3. When the mention of the NYCon 3 brought no moan of despair, it reminded us that Ron wasn't with us. We went down to the Baltimore room where we found Ron surrounded by confans singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" offkey. Ron had a pained expression on his face. "Let us take you away from all this," we said.

"I can't leave until Jack comes back," he replied with a sigh. "And there he is," Ron added as he led us out the door. The three of us returned to my room where, with Mike, we discussed fandom until Lon, who was due to leave for his home in Huntspatch the next day, decided he'd better get some sleep. The remaining three returned to the Baltimore room which had been emptied of misguided singers. Ron and I compared Big City Experiences. Seems we both have a habit of just walking around our respective cities looking at things, and I was greatly interested in Ron's descriptions of Baltimore. We also talked about the psychology of snogging, as it applies to Married Women. We both agreed that attitude ~~was~~ the most important factor. Snogging in the spirit of Friendliness and Clean (relatively) Fun, we concurred, was Fine, otherwise it is an exercise in futility. When extremely fuggheaded and vicarious remarks by Ed Wood made further intelligent discussion impossible, I said goodnight and returned to my room.

I rose about 11 Sunday, perhaps because I didn't go to sleep until after 7 am. I met Lon near Ted's room, and since everyone was up, the whole bunch sat in the anteroom between the suite's two main bedrooms and talked, until Ted and Robin decided they wanted to go swimming. After Ted and Robin left for one of the pools, Lon and I amused ourselves by watching a rock and roll TV show. Usually dance party shows are the ultimate in insipid video fare, but this one was slightly incredible. After a success of groups who must have gotten singing jobs under the Equal Opportunities Act, Julius LaRosa (really!) came by with his great new song.

"Here's Julius LaRosa with his great new song," said the M.C., a wrap-around smile stamped on his face. "This is a rather unusual song, isn't it, Julius?"

"Yes," I blurted before LaRosa could answer, "it's a Christmas Song."

"Yes," said Julius LaRosa, "it's a Christmas song." I looked at Lon who shrugged his massive shoulders and leaned forward so that his knuckles scraped the ground. LaRosa began to lip synch the song.

This wouldn't have been as surprising as it was had the song not been one of those big-big-big arrangements. The chorus sang so loudly on the record that LaRosa was drowned out completely, not in itself a bad thing, you understand. However, this put Julius in the unenviable position of having to lip sych for a 30 man vocal group. Real Sense of Wonder stuff.

After I had wished Lon a safe journey back to the South, I went down to the pool, looking for fans. Sure enough, all the Fanoclasts, plus Rusty and Bob were enjoying the sun. Later we gathered around Hoffman and Tucker in the shade. Bob related the story of his efforts to get his much talked about fan novel published. It seems to be too faanish for any of the Mundane publishing houses. Right now, the story is with Advent, and if neither that company nor Regency wants it, the Tuck r Novel, it appears will be published Right Here.

Forgoing a Chinese Restaurant gig on the advice (good advice as it turned out) of Ted who'd eaten there at a previous con, we went out for steaks, which were suitably delicious. We didn't want to have a big party, since we were leaving the next day, but we decided to throw open the suite for awhile anyway. I talked to Sheila Elkin, youngest sister of Marcia Brown and physically pretty much of a look-alike. Sheila told me that she's going to be attending a unit of the state university, too. Unfortunately, as far as I'm concerned, she's going to Stoneybrook instead of Buffalo. I could have gotten used to having Shæila around at UB, *sigh*.

Chapter Three: The West Is Yet To Come

Although I woke shortly before noon, I was among the first of our group to get up. After a stop to fill up the food freezer which Ted had thoughtfully purchased before the trip, Ted, Robin, Mike, and I started west in the Rambler.

We talked about the fact that Walt Disney has the rights to film "The Lord of The Rings". Mike said that if Disney decided to use live actors that he could get a job as a hobbit.

"But what will you do about furry feet?" I asked.

"Take off my socks," he replied.

Our car got in about Midnight, and at that we arrived before Dave's party. Mike and I were preparing for bed when a tired Andy Porter shambled into the room. To help unwind from the day's trip, we sat around talking for awhile, particularly about the upcoming West-con. "I think I'll put in a bid for Huntington, Long Island," said Andy.

"But, Andy, " I said, "you can't do that. It would have to be a co-op bid with something in the west."

"How about West 16th Street?" Mike suggested. I turned the subject to Food. "There's a 24 hour coffee shop..." Mike began.

"It's closed," I interrupted wearily. Andy thought about that for a minute.

"Did you see it when you came in, Mike?" he asked. Mike answered affirmatively. "That explains it," Andy continued. "It's there 24 hours, even if it's only open eight!"

* *

For Tuesday, Mike and Lee changed cars. We were cruising along in the Rambler when we saw an animal farm. We all expressed interest, and since we were well ahead of Dave and company, we pulled over to the side of the road and went to see the beasties, principally elk and bison. One smallish bull fell in love with Lee. Although he didn't care for any of the food she offered, he kept poking his snout through the fence so that Lee could stroke it. When Lee temporarily switched her attention to another animal the bull trailed along after her. Robin took some pictures of Lee and her pet buffalo, but since we hadn't room for him we returned to the car and continued on our way.

That evening, the eight of us took turns making sandwiches and talked about how far we were going to go the next day. After thinking things through, Dave and I resigned ourselves to the fact that we couldn't possibly reach LA in time for the LASFS, and instead we decided to go straight to San Diego.

"Don't knock over my glass of Pepsi," cautioned Ted as I sat down beside him after making a sandwich. As I absentmindedly trailed my hand on the floor between our chairs, I knocked something over. But I followed Ted's instructions--I knocked over the bottle. Knocking over the pepsi reminded me that I wanted one myself, so I went to the freezer.

"I hope you didn't knock over the bottle in there," said Lee.

"Which one?"

"The one you knocked over," she said with a sigh. Actually, due to the impeding effect of the ice with which it was surrounded, the bottle was merely knocked to an oblique angle.

"Say, Dave," I said thrusting a bag of potatoe chips under his nose, "would you like me to knock over some of these for you?" To cap the evening, Andy spilled a can of milkshake on the bed.

* *

We switched riders around again Wednesday, Dave finally getting a chance at the Rambler with Cindy, Lee, and I to fill out the four-

some. I wouldn't say that Dave is a bad driver; it's just that he is extremely paranoid. The longer he drives, the more convinced he becomes that there is a sinister force which places a truck in front of him every time the divided highway ends. Unfortunately, we don't have a recording of what Dave said under his breath continuously, because the tape recorder was in the Greenbrier. But then, it would have been censored for Katya Hulan, anyway.

Our stopping place for that night was Albuquerque, which city is a fanoclast favorite in the southwest. Not only were Ted and I, we'd of course been there before, able to introduce about four other fanoclasts to a choice Italian restaurant, but Roy Tackett drove all the way into town from his hermitage to visit us. It was wonderful seeing this this grand old man of fandom again. Sparks of faanish leapt from his eyes as he regaled us with anecdotes about how he'd helped beat the Kaiser in the Big War, as he called it. He also told me that he was considering bringing out another issue of that wonderful N'APazine, ARNIE KATZ. Needless to say, I encouraged him. As much as we all wanted to talk to Roy, all of us, especially Ted and Dave whO'd done most of the driving, so we said good-bye to him about midnight.

* *

Thursday's target was Phoenix. As we rode along, I expressed my opinions of that urban blight to Lee, Robin, and Ted. Robin noticed signs heralding the Arizona Border Friendly Inspection Station, and when we drove into sight of it, we pulled off the road. Robin asked if we could take our huge stock of liquor across the border. I suggested to her that if we couldn't we'd stop and let her drink it. This inspired Ted who had me break out the fruit for Robin and also the remainder of the green onions which Ted had been eating along with sandwiches. We sat there by the side of the road and watched Robin finish off the grapes and Ted the onions. This done, Ted drove slowly up to the station. "What if they smell your breath?" I asked Ted.

"They'll lose on the deal."

Later in the day, we reached The Painted Desert, which we decided to detour and explore. I think Lee's description of it, "Like Mars before they got pictures of it.", comes about as close as anything can to describing this area.

We were supposed to rendez-vous outside the Ramada Inn in Pheonix. Unfortunately, there were three such places. After a futile seach for the Greenbrier, we pulled into a cheap motel for the night.

* *

By Friday morning, they were willing to believe me about Pheonix.

Lee and I sat outside, waiting for the Whites to get ready, and swapped stories about other terrible places we had been. As we were sitting there, the Greenbriar drove by, and Lee hailed it. Turned out that Dave and crew had stayed at the motel right next door. They told us about a restaurant that looked promising, and, fifteen minutes later when Robin and Ted appeared, the four of us went over to it. Except for some New York beatniks whom we passed while making our way to a back table.

We drove from Phoenix to San Diego during the day. To those who aren't too sure of their geography, this doesn't sound significant, however, I must point out that there is one hell of a desert between Phoenix and San Diego. It was 116 degrees in the shade at El Centrale, California, and the thermometer was hogging all the available shade. We stopped once, when Robin seemed about to keel over, but even this didn't help. Ted was getting flashes in his head, Lee subsided into sub-vocalized giggling, and I slowly went out of my mind. In fact, I didn't return to normal until sometime Saturday.

Chapter Four: Westerconned

About seven, Ted pulled up to the front door of the Stardust, where we were met with a cheering and clapping group, among whom were Greg Benford, Andy Main, and Don Fitch. It was very egoboosting to be met by an applauding crowd, but this good feeling evaporated when Greg handed Ted a copy of FOCAL POINT #23, a hoaxzine which purported to come from rich brown. This zine, filled mostly with malicious and libelous statements, is one of the sicker documents to come my way in my time in fandom. It is probably just as well, based on the extremely adverse reaction to the hate sheet, that the author chose to remain anonymous. Ted and I dashed around the hotel trying to find out about it. It turned out that the committee was giving out copies along with name badges, which was par for that committee.

Though all of us were in terrible shape, Ted decided to open the suite for a party. The first fan I really got to talk to was Dian Pelz, who told me juicy LA stories while I told her juicy NY stories. We agreed that we could indeed put out beautiful fanzines together. Robin came by to tell me that "someone you want to see" had arrived. I excused myself, and, to my surprise, found Jean Berman. I was surprised mainly because Len, when I called LA long distance to tell him that the Fanoclasts wouldn't be going to LASFS, told me that Jean had not come to the con after all. Since the room was superheated, we stood out in the hall and talked. Jean was extremely nervous through most of the con, both because she's naturally shy and because it was the first one she'd ever attended. I was very happy Len had gotten his facts wrong, since Jean is about my favorite correspondent. Jean was feeling pretty bad (it seems there'd just been a notification of a death in the family--a nephew), so, after a stop to see Poul And-

erson, I walked her back to her room.

I got a chance, a little later, to talk to Len Bailes, who is the lazy QUIP kid. The conversation ended with me agreeing to take the uncollated copies of Q#3 back to New York.

I went back to Ted's room and met Dian again. Dian, like a good fiancée should, sat on my lap while we talked, which is as fine a way as I know to conduct a conversation with a good looking girl.

What I needed most was sleep, and by going to bed late and waking up early, I got not more than three hours.

After spending much of the morning lending a hand with the art show, in the afternoon I provided an audience for an impromptu filksing in which Jean, Mike Klassen, and Ruth Berman were the major performers. The four of us sat on the grass, joined for a while by Mike McInerney, and worked our way through The Filksong Manual. After stowing the instruments, the four of us, plus Len, whom we pick up along the way, went out to eat at the Stardust's coffeshop. We sat in the almost empty coffee shop for at least a half hour, talking while we waited for a waitress to come by and take our order. While discussing some piece of arch-fuggheadedness, Len chanced to use the word "smart-ass". Instantly, a waitress appeared and told Len to stop using such filthy language. She added, with a glance at a woman sitting in the next booth, that there was a lady present. I gather she didn't consider the sisters Berman to be ladies. After a vile lunch, I went over to Jean's room, where she told me that she had a story to read to me, which she'd just written. I was still feeling awful, but I didn't protest. "The Room" is one of the best mood pieces I've ever heard/read, and I don't usually like anything in that genre. Jean was slightly dubious, but I think I finally convinced her to submit it professionally.

Before the masked ball, Bruce Pezz asked me to select someone from the Fanoclasts to act as a judge. I picked Ted and, sure enough, Ted was one of the judges when the costumed fan paraded by. I understand that the committee had fouled up the arrangements for the mask ball, and that Bruce among others is to be thanked for the fact that things went off as smoothly as they did. Each contestant walked by the judges and if there was a special presentation involved, gave it. Each costumed fan got about a minute, except Luise Petti, who came as a Pirate Queen or Dancing Girl Or Something. Her presentation consisted of doing an Exotic Dance to a record, and the judges studied her costume quite intently. At least I assume that that was what they were staring at slack-jawed for five minutes. The other two costumes that especially grabbed me was someone dressed as Spiderman and the Wizard of Id Group, with Len Bailes as the King.

Ted announced, after each masker had been seen once, that a number would be rejudged. When Spiderman was not among those recalled, a spontaneous cry of "We want Spiderman" arose among fans who believed,

wrongly as it turned out, that this signified that Spiderman wasn't going to receive an award. The judges were evidently still unsure about the workmanship of Luise's costume, so she returned for another session of dancing. Another of the excellent prize-winning costumes was Bruce Pelz as Fat Fury, from Herbie Comics ably assisted by Dian as Fat Fury's cavegirl girlfriend.

After the masquerade, the Burlingame Westercon bid held a party in the NYCon suite. I'd been talking with Hilda Hoffman at the masquerade, so I escorted her to the party, which unfortunately was jammed. Desiring to see if there was anything better, we wandered around the huge hotel without finding any fan parties, until Hilda said she thought she saw Don Fitch in the window. We went up to check, and sure enough, there was a room full of people like Fitch, GBenford, and the ever-popular Len Bailes. I continued to talk to Hilda, who has apparently made great strides as a person. At Long Beach the previous year, she'd impressed me as being rather shy and uncommunicative, while this year Hilda seemed much more poised and more relaxed. Since Hilda had had a long day, I walked her to her room, and then returned to Fitch's,

Greg Benford, who's been selling to the prozines lately, talked to us about selling SF. Greg's main point was that while he tried to write original, different stories he remained unpublished. Stock SF, however, is easily marketable, which is certainly a comment on the prozines. I guess this experience has dampened Greg's enthusiasm for prowriting, though he seemed excited about a novel he's working on. I left the party for awhile, and by the time I got back the hotel had broken it up. Since it was a non-drinking quiet-type gathering of perhaps 10 people, I began to think that the hotel was up to something.

I finally succeeded in getting a decent amount of sleep Saturday night, waking up at the godly hour of 11:30. I went down to the art show room room, met Felice Rolfe, and looked over the paintings with her. Although the show was, as always, well run, I didn't think it had the quality of the Long Beach show. There were some nice paintings by Bjo and Dian, though.

Since I'd bought a ticket to the banquet before I realized that the hotel was trying desperately to evict us, I found I was one of the only Fanoclasts going to the banquet.

Ted Sturgeon, after introducing the con committee to a cool reception, called upon Felice to present the Invisible Little Man Award to Cordwainer Smith, with Phil Farmer accepting for the absent Smith. The fan GoHs were then introduced. John Trimble, speaking first, said so many nice things about Bjo that, when it came her time to speak, she was so overcome that she merely said "thank you" and let it go at that. Harlan Ellison, the GoH, was called to speak next, and speak he did. Besides being the most flamboyant speaker you're likely to hear, Harlan is a fellow with things to say. His main point was that while

SF has been accepted by the mainstream, most fans aren't hip enough to realize it. The complete text of this speech will be published in the next issue of ALGOL, available from Andy Porter.

Harlan had a pilot film from "Star Trek", a new TV series, to show us. There was considerable mechanical trouble with the projector and an equal amount of trouble getting the room darkened. At one point, Harlan went out to try to close a louvered window, which he only succeeded in smashing. Unfortunately, the film didn't half life up to Harlan's ballyhoo. In fact, it was trite and implausable. Still, I guess it's a few cuts above "Lost In Space".

Just outside the banquet hall, Luise Petti danced on a circular table in approved go-go girl fashion. If fans wanted Luise to keep dancing, they had to buy tickets at a quarter a throw, the money to go for some worthy LA fandom cause or other.

I watched Luise for a bit, and then went out to the pool. On the way, I passed Ted and Greg, or rather they passed me. "We're running!" the two Void Boys told me cheerily. Maybe So. A more sedimentary group including Jim Benford, Don Fitch, and Robin was gathered at the poolside. We were soon augmented by Ted, Greg, and Andy Main. When these people decided to go out for Armenian food, I gathered up a small band including Len and Felice and braved the coffee shop once again. Felice and I talked about NIEKAS over dinner. I think NIEKAS puts such stress on size that a lot of inferior gets printed, which cheapens the good material which is also printed. Felice, on her part, agreed about the size and added that she would like to see Ed stop using that micro-elitè. I suppose there might be some changes in that direction in the next few issues.

That evening, both Berkeley in Berkeley and LA threw suite parties. Since the suites were directly across the hall from each other, it was almost like one huge party.

I sat down next to Dave Van A, who was discussing poetry with a girl whom I gradually realized was Jane Ellern. Every few minutes, she'd address some disparaging remark to me, which was one of the ways I realized who it was. Dave was called away, but Jane and I went on talking about nothing very consequential. I found that Jane's bark is much worse than her bite, and actually a fairly nice person. An untrue rumor to the effect that a TV station was going to show a film about the con cut short the conversation and pretty much cooled off the Berkeley party. Jane left to find Brandon, and Bjo came walking up to me, a most euphoric expression on her face. "Say, Bjo," I asked conversationally, "aren't you stoned out of your mind?"

"I get belligerent when I'm drunk," she said as she advanced on me menacingly.

"Don't hit me," I pleaded. "You might hurt your hand, and I need



you to draw for QUIP." We laughed. Harlan entered the suite with a flourish and launched into a spate of Ellison stories. Since I'd heard them before, I ducked out after the first few and went looking for another party. The party I found was Dwain Kaiser who directed me to room 103, where I found Jane, Brandon Lamont, Gail Thompson, and a few neofen. Abandoning the neofen, the four of us went out to eat. While we were sitting there, we noticed that three police cars had pulled up, so I sent Gail to the phone to call up the Berkeley and LA parties. LA dispersed, and while Berkeley quieted down, it was nevertheless broken up by the police. The hotel claimed that guests had complained, but a friendly switchboard girl told us that nothing had come through that evening.

Monday morning I returned to the art show room, which seemed to be the nexus for the convention where Felice gave me a copy of the latest NIBKAS. Sometimes I feel I have the wrong co-editor. Felice gets those 100 page issues out right on schedule while a certain west coast editor has problems with zines of 40 pages. Felice is also much prettier than Len.

After meeting Jane and Brandon for food, we went to the business meeting. Just before the con bidding began, Felice came in and sat next to me, too.

Berkeley made a rather colorless presentation, though there was no doubt about their interest. Burligame, led by Alva Rogers, started off well with a speech by Alva himself stressing the numerous advantages of the Hyatt House. Forry Ackerman, unfortunately, negated quite a few of these points in his seconding speech. Ted White and Harlan Ellison gave creditable additional supporting speeches for Burlingame. Ted Johnstone kicked off the LA bid with a description of the motel he'd secured which featured, among other things, low room rates. This proved to be just a prelude to Harlan, who aroused some comment by seconding two bids. Harlan left no doubt as to which city he wanted to win as he launched into his speech on behalf of LA. He was even so rash as to promise a giant house party with "a double six pack of girls". Each Barea bid got 37 votes, while LA won the con decisively with a total of 65.

When people who wanted to check out rushed from the hall, leaving it half-empty, Harlan was quite piqued because he was supposed to moderate a panel on "Dangerous Visions in SF". Assuming that the panel was cancelled, I also left and found that the Stardust was doing its Trick again. Besides trying to charge everyone full rather than convention rates, the management tried to charge at least one fan on a sliding scale of \$15. for the first night and five more per night for each succeeding day. Harlan shoo'd most of the milling fen away and let a couple of representatives meet with the management. This included me, so I went for a coke with Jane and Brandon. When I got back, I found the panel had been started after all.

Harlan contended that there were certain themes which could not be written about and then sold in the SF field. Phil Farmer said that he had had trouble selling "The Lovers" and "Open To Me, My Sister". Ted pointed out that Phil had sold those stories eventually. Speaking as an editor, Ted went on to claim that, at least at F&SF, there are no taboos as such. The panel was interrupted by several announcements. First, that all fans who'd been over-charged would receive refunds and second, that if the meeting hall wasn't vacated in 20 minutes, the hotel would have to pay a clean-up crew overtime. This spurred Harlan, who'd been ready to end the discussion, to call for 20 minutes worth of questions. He got them, too.

After dinner at a Chuck Wagon place with Al Lewis, the Trimbles, Luise, and Johnny Chambers, we went to a party given by Earl Kemp. Rotsler collected a group of listeners and held forth on the evils of mutual back-patting. I agree that the attitude of "I'll like your stuff if you'll like mine." is repellent, but after agreeing with Bill, there didn't seem much sense in listening to others dynamically agree. Being for critical integrity is about as venturesome a position as being for Motherhood. So I went inside to find a raging debate on vegetarianism. Andy Main was defending it, and somehow they side-tracked him into deciding which he would save, a human or a dog. I'm afraid the debate grew quite hot before Ted, Alva, and Greg realized what a strong personal commitment Andy had to vegetarianism. When he began showing visible signs of upset, they apologized profusely, and the discussion ended on a friendly basis.

Because we were all tired, we left the party early and returned for our last night at the Stardust. The reason for all the bitterness on the part of the management of the Stardust, in case some of you wonder about the incidents described in this report and elsewhere, was that the Stardust Motel is the largest whorehouse in southern California and as fans were not availing themselves of the prostitutes, the hotel wasn't getting its customary rake-off.

Chapter 5: The City of Our Lady of The Freeways

It was a small matter, on Tuesday, for us to drive from San Diego to Bill Rotsler's home in LA. Although he expected to be working all day, he invited us to come to his place, use his pool, and he promised to try to get home by early evening.

The house itself is built into the side of the hill. His backyard slopes straight down to a small level strip where Bill has a tent and his pool. We walked through a front bedroom, out the back door, and down a long flight of very steep stone stairs. I'm not much for swimming myself, but I watched the other Fanoclasts cavort in the pool. I was particularly taken with the, er, unique diving talent of Dave Van Arnam. Dave has something called a sidewise dive which could be a classic.

Rotsler showed up eventually, followed by FJA, Paul Turner, and his girl friend Bertie. Robin had somehow been conned into cooking, and working female-type magic had done very well using a variety of left-overs. While we sat around eating and talking, Bill showed us about a ream of cartoons which he was preparing for professional sale. It was pure torture to look through all those fabulously funny cartoons, knowing that none of them were ever going to be printed in QUIP.

Bjo had offered us a place to stay, so Lee, Robin, Ted, and I went to her home in Garden Grove. The other four were directed to Ron Ellik's place for the night.

I woke up early Tuesday (doesn't it seem as if I always wake up early?), and soon was joined on the porch by Bjo. Soon Ted, Robin, Lee, and Luise had also joined the living, so Bjo make bacon and eggs for the lot of us. We'd barely finished eating when Dave, Cindy, Mike, Andy, Len, Fred Patten, Jerry Jacks, Don Simpson, Johnny Chambers, Jack Harness, and Jock Root came over for the Disneyland trip. Bjo proceeded to cook breakfast for them as well. I figure Bjo is some species of halo-less angel.

I rode to Disneyland in the front seat of the Trimble van, squeezed in with Bjo, Katwen, and Luise. This wasn't too bad, except that Bjo kept trying to shift my knee into second gear.

Andy and I had Fred as a guide, though we started with a larger group including Simpson, Scribe, and Chambers. I have to admit to feeling little sorrow when Chambers went his own way. It was somewhat demoralizing to see him spend his entire trip, his first to Disneyland, with his head buried in a sketch pad, drawing unfunny cartoons about the hard potatoes at the Westercon banquet.

Following Fred's suggestion, we took a ride on the park's train, so as to get an idea of the general layout. From there, as serious constructive fans of scientifiction, we decided to investigate Tomorrowland. The flying saucer ride was the one that most caught my fancy. The saucers floated along on an air cushion created by blasts from below and were maneuverable by simply causing a shift in weight by leaning in the desired direction. It was obvious that Fred had been practising. As Andy and I coaxed the saucers about unsteadily, Fred zipped hither and yon as if he had one in his basement to play with in spare moments.

Andy, as an artist, was particularly fetched by the cartoon pavillion, which showed how animated cartoons are created. This included many examples of the art, from "Steamboat Willy" to such late-comers as Ludwig Von Drake. We spent a good bit of time there, seeing the exhibits, but I'd say it was time well spent.

A new ride called "It's A Small World" was another attraction which

which particularly caught our fancy. The animation, as in all Disney creations, was superb. The ride depicted, as one might infer from the title, children around the world. The animation was accompanied by a continuous melody which subtly altered to match the nationality of the children being watched.

About six we returned to Bjo's, where we had a steak barbeque. While a number of fans returned for another session at Disneyland, but I decided that I'd seen enough Disneyland for one day. I must say that Disneyland, unlike such places as Freedomland and The NY World's Fair, was a total gas, and I'm looking forward to future return visits.

Ronel, and Steve and Sylvia Tolliver came over, and since John had also stayed home, the five of us spent an enjoyable evening talking. One area of discussion was the fact that Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon is, as Harlan would say, a Seminal Influence on fanwriting. Both John and I agreed that virtually every fan had been affected by Cal's fresh approaches. This discussion of fanwriting reminded John that he needed FAP activity, which he then conned the Squirrel into helping him fill by doing a one shot. John wanted me to do a page as well, but I pleaded lack of inspiration and this trip report looming ahead of me.

I was sitting alone in the Trimbles' living room Wednesday afternoon when I heard the doorbell. I looked up to see a character with wavy blonde hair and a distinct five o'clock shadow. "I'll bet you don't recognise me," he said as he came in.

"My ghod," I shouted, "it's Calvin!" And it was, too. He explained that he'd fallen asleep under a sun lamp, and had gotten himself a strong burn. The lamp had, in fact, bleached the front of hair white. Calvin decided to dye the whole mess. That certainly is fabulous Biff Demmon for you. Ted, who'd been out having the Greenbrier's gas tank fixed, returned and was suitably impressed by the Demmon locks. The sun lamp story was repeated.

"You look queer, Calvin," Ted said brightly. "How do you feel?"

"I feel queer, Ted." Calvin asked if we could talk about something other than his hair.

"Anything interesting happen to you lately, Ted?" I asked.

"No, not really."

"How about you, Calvin? Die your hair lately or anything?"

Forry Ackerman had invited the lot of us to dinner, and after Cal left, we drove down to the Ackermansion with Al Lewis and John Trimble. I was much more impressed with the generosity and openness of FJA than with his collection, which I'm afraid I find depressing. While

we were there two monsterfen fen came over, and it turned out that they had come to repay some money Forrie loaned them to see a moster movie. Very indicative. After an hour or so of looking through the Ackerman collection, FJA decided it was time to go. "When Forrie eats," he announced grandly, "Everybody eats!" Echoes of affirmation were heard from such as Dave Van Arnam.

"When Forrie pays--everybody pays!" he said.

Forrie took us to another of those all-you-can-eat places, and once again, I found the food excellent. When we grew weary of counting the portions consumed by Mr. Van Arnam, we realized that we were again in the midst of missing a LASFS meeting. Not that I am all that gung ho over LASFS, but I knew that, for example, Dave and Katya Hulan would be at the meeting only because they expected us to show up. Half the group rode in FJA's Caddy, while the rest of us piled into JTrimble's Van. We rode about six feet, ran out of gas, and then all hopped out and began to push the Van down the street. This attracted the attention of many pedestrians, who drifted along with us. "It saves gas," I told one teenager. By the time we'd pushed the car a couple of blocks, Forry circled back with his car and, seeing our difficulty, got us a can full of gas. This done, we went on to Silverlake Playground for the LASFS.

I never even got inside. The Hulans were standing in front of the meeting room, and I talked with them until they had to go. I was due to stay the night at Al Lewis', and, since he had his van at Fred Patten's house, I transferred my suitcase to Fred's car, and then went to Cal's. From there, the Lab Dugesne, slanshack home of Jack Harness and Barry Gold was right down the block. I got there just in time to hear Barry, JG Newcomb, et al gloating about having just Excluded Jane Ellern and Brandon Lamont from the Lab. Barryasked me what I thought of the affair. I told him that, based on what I'd seen and heard, it was pretty fuggheaded of him. I won't go into the whole stupid story here; if you really all care, go check apa l. I did, however, get a chance to talk to Joyce McDaniel, who had the dubious distinction of having dated John Boardman while both were at Syracuse U. Time has evidently left John pretty much unchanged.

Friday afternoon Al drove me over to the Hulan's apartment, which is about a mile or two from his place. DaveH had taken the day off, we were able to talk for awhile until the other Fanoclasts, minus Ted and Robin who'd left that morning for the Barea, showed up. A little later, the ranks were swelled by the Trimbles, the Coxes, Luise, Al Lewis, and Lee Jacobs. I spent most of the evening talking to Katya, comparing notes on the year gone by. Katya, you see, is not much of a letter writer, though she did promise to write this year. We shall see. In one sense, the Hulan's party for us was almost too good; there were so many people I wanted to talk to at length that I left feeling vaguely frustrated. I was glad to hear that both the Coxes and Hulans intend to make the Westercon next year.

Al Lewis put us all up that night, and the next day cooked us a breakfast of bacon and eggs. Al, who'd been in Europe during our last

Trek, was a fan I hadn't really known before this trip, and making his acquaintance was one of the high points of this year's journey.

We drove to Palo Alto in the Barea Saturday, passing through such exotic places as Camerillo, California, getting there just ahead of the Whites, who stopped Friday night in Santa Barbara to see Andy and Barbara Main.

Chapter 5: Barea Blitz

I talked with Felice, who's one of my favorite fans, until Ted and Robin drove up. A few phone calls later, we learned we were expected at the Knight's for a get together. Unfortunately, Felice couldn't come along. The party at the Knights' was nothing extra, mainly because all the attendees seemed reluctant to talk to us. However, fellow visitor Gordy Eklund and I had a good talk about such mutual interests as Dylan and Humor. Bob Lichtman, good samaritan, directed Ted, Robin, Andy, and I to a cheap motel, so that we all wouldn't have to impose on Felice.

Sunday, Joe Rolfe acted as Native Guide for a tour of San Francisco. Yes, we did indeed ride the cable cars. The cable cars are the first thing I've ever seen that might displace subways in my affection. Riding up and down the hills of California Street hanging onto a cable car is an experience not to be missed. We also walked down to the City Lights Bookshop, which Van A wanted very much to browse through. To me it seemed not unlike a dozen such places in New York, but I suppose the Name is magic to the poetical DVA. Joe suggested a ride up to Twin Peaks, from which we got a panoramic overview of the entire city.

During the evening, there was a party at Donoho's, which was much enjoyed by all of us. Bill had the then brand new Dylan album, but the talk was so interesting (and so distracting) that I gave up trying to listen to it. Alva and Sid Rogers, who'd been away, returned in time to make the party, and it was good seeing both again, especially since I hadn't talked much with either at the con itself.

Monday, Ted, Robin, Andy, and I went over to visit Phil Dick. The rest of the group wanted to prowl SF some more, and I believe they definitely lost out by not coming with us. Phil's house is up in San Rafael, and the trees and bushes are so thick around it that we drove past it, thinking it to be a vacant lot. Where most people have a backyard, Phil has a canal, which is much more ostentatious than a swimming pool.

Ted and Phil talked about books they hadn't finished, the upshot of which was that Ted may try to finish an uncompleted Dick manuscript.

From Phil's place, we went directly to Bob Lichtman's apartment, where a small gathering had been planned. Since the other four Fanoclasts hadn't arrived, we ducked out to an Italian restaurant Bob recommended. A little while after we returned to Bob's, Grania and Avram showed up. Grania told us about her battle against The Bank of

America.

Chapter 6: Go East, Youngfan

We started bright and early Tuesday, and, after passing through historic Sacramento, left civilization behind to climb high into the mountains. As we approached the Donner Pass, we decided to eat. Sandwiches, not eachother, as would have been historically accurate. It was at this point that I found out that Andy Porter is a peanut butter fiend, and Robin likes it more than a little, too. It turned out that Robin was partial to the peanut butter in the big jar which Andy had in the back, as opposed to the peanut butter in the little jar she had up front. We worked a trade. "This peanut butter is different," she said in explanation.

"Yes," said Ted, who can take peanut butter or leave it alone, "it's made with soybeans."

We stopped in Elco, Nevada, which allowed me to lose my 30¢ in the slot machines. Most of the early part of the day's trip was through the salt desert. We stopped off at one interesting looking area, and walked around exploring the still moist salt licks.

Salt Lake City is one of the more beautiful places in the west, but this trip, all we got to do was look out the window as we passed through. After passing through the Wyoming bluff country, we stopped for the night in Rawlins, former home of Bob Leman.

Nothing very eventful happened Thursday on the trip, except that the high pass between Laramie and Cheyanne is sense of wonder senery. Speaking of senery, Nebraska is forever symbolised, for the Fano-clasts, by fields of rotting spinach. That evening, Mike expressed Hard Feelings toward Eric Andersen, the folksinger who always sings about the "great plains of old Nebrask-io". To top off our general disesteem for Nebraska, our rooms were about the worst we had during the whole trip.

The next evening, after a day highlighted by the discovery of the Mississippi River by Ted White, I called home from Peru, Illinois. I got my brother. "How did you like New Zealand?" my brother asked.

"New Zealand????"

"Alan Shaw called today and said you'd gone to New Zealand."

"Oh," I said. "What did mom say about that?"

"She was angry that you didn't call." When I got home a few days later, I asked my mother about this. She said that it didn't sound right that we'd gone to New Zealand by car and without passports, but as she said,

(Continued on p. 49)

heavily

twice

ED COX

There comes a time in almost every fan's life, especially in this era, when said fan suddenly realizes: "MiGhod! The Deadline is upon me and forsooth, I'd better make haste." Or words to the effect. So it has come to pass... almost all the time between issues of QUIP is what has come to pass! Therefore I must needs use some material other than what I'd originally planned, leaving out the Preface, Forward, Chapter Headings, miscellaneous Embellishments, Engravings, and Epilogue that I usually plan for one of these columns.

ON THE COLLECTING/POPULARITY OF MASS/CAMP POP TRIVIA, &C: There surely breathes not a fan who does not feel somewhat pre-empted by the enormous popularity of BATMAN (or BATMAN-bha-by, depending...). I mean, like, we fans were here first. We bought and sometimes even read science-fiction magazines. We dug 007, "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.", and other sorts of "IN-ish" type things and more than casually noticed that them fringers who dug flying saucers (or claimed to have ridden in them) were being overwhelmed by Monster fans. That is, in numbers and interest which impinged upon the constricting bubble of stf/fandom-fandom, especially at conventions where they seemed to have All the Money and cleaned out the auctions.... Concurrent with this manifestation of Other Fandom-ness, we noticed that a bunch of nuts were off their gourds about comic-books; buying, collecting, and even, shudder, having an apa of their own (pre-dating the Monsterfans in this facet). Then some enterprising nut with an eye for the buck, went and showed an old Batman serial and awaaaay it all went. Comic-book collecting became Big Business, in our scale, and the Camp bit smashed all over the country right out of the nearest television tube. Okay.

It appears that party pushed forward by the above circumstances, almost anything old, pulpy and perishable has become Of Value. Collectors advertise for sale and require and require all sorts of old comics and pulps. And other things. The boxtop stuff, giveaways from the Saturday afternoon serials, and stuff like that, all related to this Fad. Some guys advertise for old Captain Midnight ring, Dick Tracy badges, Lone Ranger silver bullets, et al. One guy has been desperate for months for a Captain Midnight Decoder Badge. I don't know how much he wants to pay for it ("Top Price"), but Anne has almost

decided to sell hers to him. And so on and on.

Now what does science-fiction fandom have in the way of valuable, old, nostalgic type trivia? Obviously, there is no Kellogg's or Wheaties in sfdom that offers boxtop items, so what can we find in the way of old unique goodies?

Well, there are some. In fact, Kellogg's issued a slick paper booklet of about 32 pages (6x8 inches) in full color entitled "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" copyright 1933. It was done by Nowlan and Calkins, of course, and was a short illustrated history of how Buck-baby got tossed into the 25th Century, how he met Wilma Deering and all that. It fascinated me as a kid and somehow I managed to keep it all these years. Most of the other items are more or less of fan origin.

Conventions furnish the gosh-wow amongst us with the potential unique (to each) item in the Convention Booklet. The non-blase fan can run around and get autograffs in it from all the Pros, BNFs, and correspondents he's never met up with before. When one has a program book autographed and embellished by Hannes Bok, as well as others, it attains some sort of Stature and/or Value. All of these are, then, unique, depending upon the owner's whim, goshwowieness, and travels during a convention. But there are Other Things that have come out of conventions.

Back in 1950, the Portland S.F.S. issued NORWESCON stamps. They were 2x2½ inches and by a variety of fan artists. I have eight different ones here, mainly by Ralph Raeburn Phillips, fandom's answer to Lee Brown Coye. All of them were, of course, in the nature of a plug for the con and were intended for the members to help spread the word by pasting them on correspondence, etc.

Another item the same group produced was fannish or rather, science fictional postcards. There was a series of ten by ten different artists. I have some mint ones around here somewhere. I believe they came as promotional items along with sub copies of The FANSCIENT. Then there are a number that people used as postcards which add too my hoard. Probably of little value, they just might be scarce enough to attain an inflationary value if some got circulated around enough to whet interest. What might be really desirable would be the set of ten with the story the late Doc Keller wrote around them. He was so inspired by the cards that he wrote a story that tied them all together, as hard as that might be to imagine considering the subject matter by ten different artist. There was a pamphlet published with pockets for the cards to slip into the appropriate places to illustrate the story. It sold for 75¢. I wish I'd bought ten copies. I didn't buy any...

One of the neatest little oddities is something anybody could have if they wanted to spend a few bucks. Bob Tucker did. In 1949, at

least, he had the little promotional calendar notebooklets printed up. You know, they're about 2x3½ inches, with a calendar of the year on the back, note pages in the middle, and a Petty-type girlie pic on the front along with the item to be promoted. I've a number that keep slipping out of the copies of BLOOMINGTON NEWS LETTER in my file. Two or three are in my desk. Lemme see. How about a girl reaching up to pick apples off a tree, "Good Pickin's", with the wind blowing her skirt up revealingly? Or a girl in wispy black scanties doing an exercise to a radio..."Station W.O.W."? A faintly dumbfounded doll lifting a laundry basket full of neatly folded laundry whose rather fulsome thighs are exposed by the simple expedient of getting her caught in a (now old-fashioned) clothes wringer..? All of which have imprinted opposite them: BLOOMINGTON NEWS LETTER "The Leading Newspaper of the Science-Fiction World" P.O. Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois. Ah, nostalgia.....

WHAT FANDOM NEEDS IS REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION: In the last edition of this colyum, I fear I dwelt overlong on the unadorned aspect of one of the greater attributes, as beloved by all true red-blooded ad account execs, of the American female. It is possible that some embryonic seed was planted in the tender young minds of one or more readers of this fanzine...or its editors... that Sex Should Supplant Science-Fiction. Maybe it will, or ought to (for It Should Never Mix) but maybe some neo-reader might try to achieve instant success in this direction ... and that would be Bad.

Therefore, I feel it my duty to talk a bit about true, Christian Religion for a bit. It's the least I could do to cancel out any waywardness that might've been inspired last time.

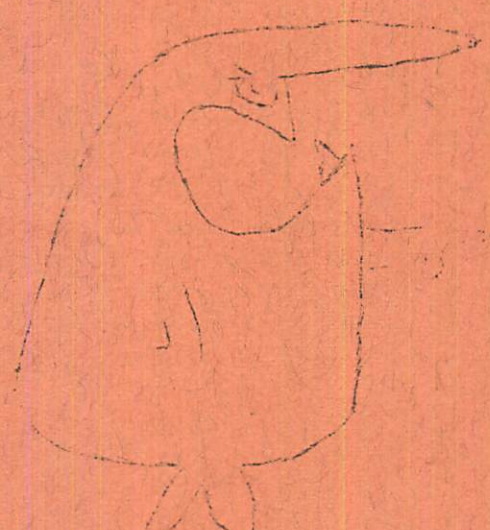
Ready?

At first I thought that someone hadn't realized that the stfzine boom was over long ago. This thought crossed my mind in about 11 gigaseconds before my eyeballs jumped from MIRACLE Magazine down to "Evangelist", "Summer Campmeeting" (sans Batman) and other such goodies. Hastily turning the page, I discovered that the magazine is "...a religious publication published for the purpose of glorifying God as Savior of the whole man, body, soul, and spirit." What is the difference between "soul" and "spirit"? A much more profound item appears next: "Accounts of healings, deliverences, and miracles, as printed in MIRACLE Magazine' are testimonies of those who report to have experienced the same." Underlining is mine. And no wonder!

"Multitudes are being saved, healed, delivered, prepared!" Prepared? Everything from bad breath to broken bones appear to be healed via the Miracle route. You can even dial a miracle (458-4355 but use area code 602 if you don't live within local dialing distance of Sierra Vista, Arizona, site of all this miracle business throughout the world). There is a Miracle revival caravan going all over the country

and you are advised: "Come Expecting A Miracle!" and to "Bring Your Sick and Invalid!" There are all sorts of testimonials, of course, of cures of a raft of problems, complaints, illnesses, etc. But what has this to do with Fandom?

Just this: the very magazine itself can help you! Listen! "I received your Miracle Magazine and read about a lady who placed her magazine in a corner of her refrigerator. She said that she has an abundance of food. I could not sleep at night. I put my magazine under my pillow, and I sleep all night now." Or, "...when I have a pain in my body, I get one of your magazines and put it on my body, and by next morning, it is gone." And so on and on. Mind you, this is not during a meeting with hundreds coming forward to be healed and like that, this is just the mana-laden magazine coming to your house through the mails.



Think what a boon it could be to fandom...

"Dear Rev.:

I got your Miracle Magazine and I want to tell you it helped me greatly because for years I've had a bad problem with my mimeo and I placed the Miracle Magazine in the bottom of the receiving tray and I have no more offset."

YOU'RE MAKING THIS UP, EDCO!

Or: "...I couldn't write stuff good enough to get into THURBAN I but I put Miracle Magazine underneath my typewriter and now my stuff gets published in QUIP magazine."

Or: "...ever since I got into fandom I had troubles with my ditto and the black masters came out almost illegible which also happened when I used purple masters but now I put Miracle Magazine under my ditto and it looks just like ALGOL except for the litho covers."

Then: "....every time I ran for office in FISTFA I got defeated.... nobody told me they didn't have Jr. Committeemen there, so I moved to Los Angeles and got defeated everytime I ran for office in the L.A.S.F.S. But last June I sat on a copy of Miracle Magazine all through the election meeting and got elected to Jr. Committeeman, Senior Committeeman, Secretary, Treasurer, and Director. But got impeached for having too much power, praise be, and thanks to your Magazine."

A BUCKET OF PLAID

---JOHN TRIMBLE

EAST-WESTERCON Last year and this, half of the fun of the Annual West Coast Science Fantasy Conference has been the influx of New Yorkers; Ted White, Dave Van Arnam, Arnie Katz, Mike McInerney, and this year we had the pleasure of seeing Lee Hoffman, Cindy Heap, Robin White, and Andy Porter in the bargain. In fact, they were pretty much taken aback when--upon learning that LeeH and Ted&Robin, at least, are planning on making Westercon XX in July of 1967--I told them of this feeling. "But, but," they protested, "this is only our second trip out to a Westercon...first, for some of us." "Even so," I countered, "You're fast becoming a Westercon institution. And it's one that I like, so pray continue it."

We had offered--in combination with fellow Garden Grover, Ron Elik--to put up the whole crew of them for the rest of the week following the Westercon, the better for them to get in a trip to Uncle Walter J. Disney's Pleasure Dome, and such things, while still in the LArea. And that's how we came to have some 17 people to breakfast one morning...followed by 19 people to dinner that evening (Wednesday, July 6th, while being Rick Sneary's birthday, was also Disneyland Day around here):

They stayed through Thursday night, and then Ted and Robin left to head up the coast to the BArea, while the rest of the crew, plus Luise, Bjo, Katwen & I, went over to the Hulans, in Tarzana, for swimming and dinner on Friday. By that evening, we were about done in, but it was a blast, and we'd do it again in a minute!

During this seven days (counting the Westercon) of pretty close contact with the major figures in the NYConIII Bidding Committee, both Bjo & I came to re-evaluate our feelings and opinions as to the worthiness, sincerity and stability of this group. And we both feel it incumbent on us to re-state our position in light of this re-evaluation.

For a group of eight people who'd been in one another's company for some three or so weeks by the end of their time here, they seemed to be co-operating pretty well. During the time they were our house guests, there were very few signs of temper &/or displeasure with one another, and what few flare-ups there were, took place when we were all very tired...and I know of few people who're sweetness and light when they're exhausted. If this group can take each other's company for four to five weeks of almost constant travel &/or partying and still be friends, I'd call that a pretty stable group.

Bjo and I both had several opportunities to talk with Ted White away from most other fans, and sometimes for fairly long periods of time, and both of us came away with the same opinion; Ted appears to have matured quite a bit over the past couple of years. He appears to have taken stock of himself, and to have worked out some goals...goals which he is striving to reach. I'm of the opinion that Ted, like Harlan Ellison, is going to leave his mark of the science fiction field, and that the field will be the better for his having been a part of it. Ted's not as flashy as Harlan, but he's just as sincere in his goals as HE is, and I think that the field will not be long in coming to appreciate the fact.

The Ted White of three or four years back, I don't think I'd have trusted to run much of anything. But the Ted White of today is not that earlier version of Ted; this Ted White is more firmly ahold of himself, surer of who he is, where he is, and where he's going, and he is the Ted White I think can be trusted to run a pretty good

World Science Fiction Convention.

We talked about program ideas, and about the whole concept of the Worldcons and their background and structure, and I'm of the opinion that this whole crew has a pretty good grasp of what they've got in store for them if they win the bid. Frankly, if New York gets the nod for '67, I'm looking forward to one of the best Worldcons of the decade...and perhaps one of the all-time great cons (and I wonder what LA in '68 can do to top them). I don't think they'd be a repeat of either the NYCon I, or NYConII; Pacificon II about used up this decade's quota of that sort of thing.

About the only thing I can really find to fault their proposed committee is the co-chairmanship idea; I know from experience that this merely intensifies the problems of chairing any kind of con. However, Ted and Dave seem to co-operate pretty well, and I don't think that this co-chairmanship will be that big a hurdle for them; I'd be happier if they turned it into a Chairman and Vice-Chairman set-up, but I think they'll be able to bring it off either way they slice it.

Now, lest Some People immediately start claiming that Bjo & I have turned into rabid NYConIII supporters, let us clear up the question of just who the Trimble's are supporting in 1967. And that answer is that we're officially neutral. Of the four possible bidders, we know two of the bidding groups pretty well...and we know almost nothing of the other two. We do know, however, that no matter who wins the '67 bid, we'll more'n likely be putting on an Art Show for them--we figure that it'll ease matters greatly if we're not closely identified with any of the rival bids.

The main point to the above six or so paragraphs, then, has been to set the record straight. We've been counted as being opposed to New York's bid, and largely because of Ted White's leading position on the committee. It is now our feeling that our former position on the matter is no longer justified, and that fairness demands that we set forth our changed viewpoint accordingly.

---john trimble

(The preceding is also being reprinted by the Trimble's and sent through the 116th WAPA mailing, August 1966)

ONE FAN'S BEAT (continued from page 20)

efforts be bolstered by that modicum of expertise necessary to bring rioting up from the present unsatisfactory state of public acceptance to its true and natural place in the activities of a healthy redblooded populace who can stand to lose a little weight anyway.

There are a few pointers that will help the novice rioter. First of all, it is essential to join in immediately rather than standing back: the old saw still holds, "Do not ask for whom the riot is called; it could be you."

Secondly, don't burn up anything you might want later or that you might have to help pay for. In the case of police cars, it is much more elegant to run away with the spark-plug wires than to burn the cars. And much cheaper. As for stores, burning is silly, just loot, but not enough to put them out of business, or what are you going to do at next week's riot, hey? Rioting takes some thought, man.

These are just a few preliminary points on our new national game, the Civil Riots movement. The general case is left as an exercise for the serious student.

Well, now. We did not get into personal narrative, after all. So consider this column merely the next-to-last refuge of the unprepared.

All for now, or I'll be late to the riot.

---Buz
QUIP 51

THE NEW FANDOM

GREGG WOLFORD

Supposedly "Batman" will have no effect upon Fandom, despite a TV Guide article on "Batman" which mentioned a fanzine called BATMANIA (Yes, Virginia, TV Guide does know the term "fanzine") But... but suppose the camp element gets out of hand and starts infiltrating fandom?

We are not too far away from the day when faneds will start studying crudzines of the past for the purpose of publishing The Perfect Crudaine, when the Enchanted Duplicator will yield to the Haunted Hecto, and when fanzine review columns will be called campgrounds.

There is a time coming, my friends, when fandom's nostalgic gaze will be reserved for the super-neozines of bygone days. You can already see signs of this nostalgia-- in QUIP #2 Edco mentioned one of the Great Crudzines of All Time; THURBAN I.

A study of the first issue of Warren Dennis' masterpiece will give you an idea of what to expect from this Future Fandom. Covers will be chaotic messes, designed to produce a migraine headache on the part of the reader. Furthermore, fanzines will have slogans. If not something original like "Today's Science-Fiction---Tomorrow's Science Fact", it will nevertheless be something inspiring, something memorable, such as "A Fanzine Of The Cosmic Age".

The most important rule of the time will be that you MUST copy the prozines. Little extra touches such as pleas for advertisements, a "staff", wordage listings, and frequent subscription ads will help immensely in creating the "Hi-there-I've-never-seen-a-fanzine-but-I-guess-it's-supposed-to-be-like-OTHER-WORLDS" atmosphere.

Of course, THURBAN I is unique in that it combines all the other features of the camp greatzine. Here are a few other Golden Rules To Live By:

1. Always talk about the marvelous Things To Come Next Issue in your editorial.
2. Always serialize at least one item per issue--the shorter the item, the better.
3. Always "continue" articles and stories on other pages.
4. Always stencil art with a paper clip.
5. Always specialize in switching typeface in the middle of a page.
6. Always scrawl something on stencil at the last minute.
7. Above all, always have many neofannish cartoons.

I am sure that many of you have already laid plans for your part in this Fandom To Be. But you should not limit yourselves to THURBAN I for study--not with an unlimited storehouse of back nauseazines from which to choose.

For example, there is "Terrifying Monster Tales #1". This half-sized gem consists entirely of a ridiculously badly drawn and hilariously plotted comic strip. It starts out when these two men run out of gas on a deserted road right near this haunted-type house, see, and they go in to find it's empty except for Frankenstein Jr., who playfully kills one of them. The other runs to a nearby town. (If it was so near that he could run to it, why didn't they forget about the "house on top of the hill" in the first place? And regardless, how did he get to the town, on foot, in a "stromy nite" without getting wet? Hmm.)

The reader is then treated to some deathless dialogue: "It's true a living

corpse is on the loose." "Get your guns, men." Of course they call in the National Guard (of course) and search the house to find an open coffin and the diary of a mad scientist, who tried to bring a dead body back to life, but failed. Soon after, he "abanded" the house, but now it seems that the chemicals have taken effect. Then the monster strikes again and the by now breathless fan reads: "After the corpse kills one man, it goes after the other. In a desperate gamble to save his life he lites his cigarette lighter. And throws it in the corpses face. The long dead skin of the corpse catches fire. The old dry walls of the house catch fire. The burning house explodes, taking the corpse with it."

You will notice that the guy who uses his cigarette lighter never seems to escape from the house, and it is presumed he perished in the holocaust. Such a pity.

The advantages of this type of fanzine are obvious. To give just one example, there is no colophonic data at all, so no one will be able to connect it with you.

The Perfect Crudzine, furthermore, would consist of all editor-written material (printed under a number of anagrammish pseudonyms, of course). This will end the worst problem facing the genzine publishers of today; the soliciting of material! Publishing would cease to be a painstaking process and become something one could do in a spare five minutes.

There will be no need for a fandom-wide law to be passed, forbidding the publication of anything but crudzines. After all, fandom is moving in that direction of its own volition.

The official fanzines of "the world's largest fan organization" are sheer crud.

The majority of the fanzines in several apas (primarily InterApa) are sheer crud.

Several of today's fanzines, including the most pretentious, TRUMPET, have garnered reputations for printing sheer crud.

There will Come a Day, my friends, when Fandom will look upon THURBAN I, TERRIFYING MONSTER TALES, BETA ETA ZETA, FAN-FIC, NO-EYED MONSTER, and GALAXY REPORTER as the Greatest Fanzines of All Time. Warren Dennis and Bob Davenport will be revered as near-legendary BNFs. SFFY will receive a "2" from some future camp Coulson. For now Fandom is on the verge of entering its most dramatic phase; when all fen will be entered in the Camptown Races.

I think I'll gafiate.

---Gregg Wolford

NY CON 3

JN '67

quips from readers

GARY DEINDORFER: The four-pager Ross turned out for this issue is my favorite QUIP cover so far. Ted White seen from the back holding the cue card and the frog, or, rather, the flying frog, are very funny touches. The shading wheel work is very fine, especially the effect Ross gets with the Qwertyuiop kid in distort on the tv screen. But of course Ross has the Rotsler girl's breasts (or, ah, tits, actually) wrong. That is, the Rotsler girl in the last frame, not the Rotsler girl in Arnie's cloud. I have never seen a Rotsler girl drawn so that the knocker is a closed circle; seen from the front, it will be noticed that Rot girl knobs are semi-circles. This will show you what a letter of com. writer from way back will find to use up four lines of elite type. And in fact one item of advice for apa youngsters who have trouble writing letters of comment might be: for every item in the magazine of weight, scope, length or whatever, there are bound to be a couple dozen little things you can waste your time writing about and the letter column reader's time reading when he happens upon your turgid five page loc in the next issue of CRUDDY FANZINE. You can talk about the different kinds of shading work in the different illustrations; you can talk about the kind of pagination the faned uses and compare it with other paginations and you can tell him how lousy his pagination is; you can find the percentage of "e's" in Harry Warner's letter and indicate a trend upward compared with recent percentages in other Harry Warner letters; and you can go out and get laid and forget about writing letters of comment, because you don't really need to get the next issue of CRUDDY FANZINE after all.

But of course CRUDDY FANZINE stands as an explicative example there. I wouldn't have you thinking I am casting aspersions on QUIP (though I can cast aspersions with the best of 'em when I feel the need and urge to do so; and for that matter I can cast a pretty good feathered lure for brook trout, too)...

I must confess that looking at this fine four page comicstrip I get the urge to color it, so I got out my crayons and colored it. This is the first time I have colored anything drawn by somebody else in many years and it was an immensely satisfying 45 minutes or so. I didn't just slop at it, either, boy. I chose my colors carefully and was consistent throughout. I gave the Qwertyuiop kid a green hat with a pink sweatband, blonde hair, a Prussian blue bowtie, a brown checked jacket, a light green piece of shirt showing above a pearl gray vest and matching pearl gray trousers. Didn't have to color him from about the knees down, you will notice. You think Q. looks pretty sharp there in b. and w., you ought to see him in full-color. Having colored the whole strip it is only just now that I realize that since the action is taking place on tv, therefore Dave Van Arnam owns a color television set. At the time as I was coloring I was thinking it was all live action, otherwise maybe I could have colored pages 2, 3, and 4 gray since I doubt Van Arnam owns a color tv set. (So maybe he was watching somebody else's set, a color tv set. So says some wiseacre or other. Pah! to you, wiseacre!)

There's nothing like a contest with some prizes to spark reader interest in a fanzine. VOID and WARHOON never had a contest and look where they are now: WARHOON hiding somewhere in the middle of the FAPA mlg., a shadow of its former self, and VOID (which I blush to admit I was once to assume the editorship of, 3 years back) ...VOID, long gone, and nowadays getting more press in fanzines than when it was getting published, a somewhat legendary magazine almost on a par with the legendary quality of QUANDRY, with TW reminding everybody what a great magazine this VOID was when they start forgetting. I sometimes wish I had taken over VOID.

at least for one issue. It would be nice to be able to say you had edited one of the Top Ten All Time Greats. (I myself would not name VOID in my Top Ten; it might come somewhere in my Top 20, though. I haven't decided what my Top Ten is yet, not so I could set it, but among them for sure are HYPHEN, GRUE (all you recent fans leave out GRUE, presumably because you have not seen copies; but I rank it no. 1), OOPSLA, QUANDRY (I paid \$5 once for the Quannish), SKYHOOK, WILD HAIR (an idiosyncratic and ne'er forgotten favorite) and a clump of others jockeying around there for the other four places (not rank-ordered, except for GRUE in #1). But not VOID; it was good, but never so good as the best issues of the fmz I have just mentioned.

I would be interested to see what ten fmz Harry Warner would name, having been around so long, having seen all the good ones as well as all the bad ones, having a world of discernment to draw upon. He's too modest, but as I think of it, from the fifteen or so issues of HORIZONS I have seen, and considering its unbroken record of excellence and regularity of appearance, four times a year since the early Pleistocene, I will add the Harry Warner mag to my Top Ten.

But as I was saying, a growing fmz can use a good contest. I suggest a contest to see what reader in the opinion of the editors and of Ross Chamberlain does the best job coloring the QUIPvers (to neologize a bit....). You could give away some kind of extravagant prize each time. Not a lifetime subscription to QUIP, but something like a complete set of the works of Will Durant, or maybe all the Rolling Stones lps. I have done such a good job on the QUIPver to no. 3 I am sure I will win hands down, and that is why I suggest an extravagant prize. The only other two fan contests I won I was the only entrant: one a Les Gerber story completion contest (prize: a keen 60¢ supermarket lp of the Grace Gospel Singers!); the other one a weird contest I ran in MINAC which nobody else entered because presumably they could not understand what it was I wanted them to do. This time if nobody else enters you might spend 5 minutes and do a lousy job yourself coloring the cover and then go and send me the prize, allowing later that there was "one other entry." Sake of propriety and like that...

Given as I am to vivid mental pictures, as I was reading Arnie's comments about the apa glut, I was struck with a picture of a large level field filled with people scurrying around a couple dozen to a pack beneath large sardine tins open at the bottom for their feet. The idea was they couldn't see where they were going all concerned as they were with their particular sardine tin scene, and they would bump into each other, can into can, and people would get hurt and fall down and also people would fall down and laugh and actually not too many people really get hurt. It was very funny, all these cans moving about on this field with these chugging feet sticking out the bottom, like one of the good old good comedies, or somewhat like one of the recent comedies (not quite as good) with Carl Reiner, Sid Caesar, Ethel Merman and fifty other big names.) I don't want you to think the mental picture was meant to represent the apa scene exactly, what with each sardine tin being an insulated apa, you see, bludnering along blindly with its pumping crew; it's just that this is the picture which leaped unbidden (as it were) to the mental screen where I view things. I'm not sure what it says about apas today, this picture, but it sure made me hungry for sardines. I suppose if I were to work on my mental picture and make a short film out of it for showing at conventions, I would show how a lot of the same people are under different cans, and how some of them are to be found under all the cans, and how some of the cans are big with lots of sardines, and some of them are small cans with only five or six sardines, and I'd show Bruce Pelz running around trying to get under the newest cans, and oh hell.

I am one of these people, at least, for whom letter writing is not a dying art. I have always liked to write letters, because I can "let my hair down" (as we say around these parts) and communicate much better with one person than I was ever able to do in the one large apa I was once a member of (SAPS). I could never quite get used to addressing comments to one person with thirty other people looking on. This

may sound absurd for what, after all, is the difference between doing that and writing an article; but somehow, for me it was aping the way mlg comments tend to sound. The introduction of trivial compliments that one would not make in a personal letter because this sort of compliment is intended to show all these onlookers what a great guy you would have them believe (for the nonce) this fellow is, and so on and so forth. I never had this trouble in Apex because we were mostly all buddies and we wrote personal letters on the side at that. Maybe once I become a member of FAPA things will be different; I somehow suspect they will be. There was something about SAPS that inhibited me, and it was some solace (as much as I needed such, and that was not much) when such ex-SAPS as Bob Lichtman and Calvin Demmon agreed that SAPS tended to do the same thing with them.

As for sending out genzines into the void and getting back three letters, this has always struck me as one good reason for a small mlg list. I used to send out my mag LYDDITE to 70 people tops, at a time when somebody or other (TWhite, perhaps) had set a minimum genzine mlg. list at 100. This to me was an absurdity. There were never more than 70 people I felt like sending the mag to, allowing for a half dozen or so people who had sent a quarter or a pocsarcd or whatever asking for a copy. If I sent out 120 issues of a genzine and received only 3 letters, I doubt I would ever do another genzine. As it was, the response to LYDDITE was always pretty good.

Perhaps letter writing is a dying art these days because there are not as many literate fans as there were three years ago. That is, literate in the somewhat sophisticated sense of fans willing to take the trouble to express themselves well, and, if necessary, at length....

My god! I forgot to add INNUENDO to my Top Ten. It certainly belongs. So far as I am concerned, INN was the single greatest wonder of late fifties fandom, a time when I was a neofan and fandom was very wonderful, and INNUENDO rolled John Koning & me in our respective aisles, as we discussed its contents in breathless letters and then wrote breathless letters of comment to Terry Carr which sometimes he printed (we were elated) and sometimes he did not print. INNUENDO had no trouble with reader participation because it was not only excellent, it had life, and it was the center of a yeasty, lively fandom with --- it would seem --- more good writers and authentic wits per bagfull of fans than had ever existed before and obviously than has existed since, and I do not exempt 6th fandom. It was always much better than VOID. Interesting that Terry Carr is not always telling us how good it was as TWhite always is with his mag VOID.

If you were to ask me how today's fandom (or whatever you want to call it) differs most from late fifties fandom, I would cough in my pocket and say, "wit. At one time American fans, more than a few American fans, had wit as well as the Belfasters. Nowadays I see very little wit indeed in the fanzines, except in the fanzines of Norm Clarke, Terry Carr, and occasionally a gem here and there somewhere else. And, alas, how long has it been since Walt Willis sent out a HYPHEN? The possibility of a gafiated Walt Willis is the most discouraging thing I can think about regarding fandom at the moment, and I hope Pete Weston is wrong about HYPHEN being suspended. Come to think of it, I would like to see Walt Willis jumping mildly down Pete Weston's throat for making that remark as Pete allows he might. I tend to take literally remarks like that when they are made by British fans because British fans so often mean them literally. I suspect Walt Willis in that case would find it easier to jump wildly down Pete Weston's throat than to jump mildly. In any case, that would be quite a sight. Maybe it could be staged at the next British convention. Walt is pretty tall, and for all I know, Pete Weston has a small throat.

But as I was saying before I got into Pete Weston's throat, in today's fandom it is not often that you come across any real wit. What do you find instead? Well, you find all these people trying to be funny; or actually not even that. You find

these people adding "Or something." to the ends of paragraphs, or you find them putting asterisks around a *noun* like that, and you realize that not only does this pass for humor in today's fandom, but that, incredible as it might seem, these guys apparently think they are rolling 'em in the aisles. In my opinion, the only kind of guy who could be rolled in the aisles by "Or something." is the kind of guy who would use this himself. Evidently there are enough such guys around fandom these days that this works.

Now this annoys me only insofar as somebody picks up on what he thinks I used to do and then credits me with his sad joke. Rich Mann's calling Alaskans the Frozen People is not Very Damned Funny one realizes, and one is content to leave it at that, except that one realizes Rich Mann seems to think calling Alaskans the Frozen People is something like I would do or once did. To me, calling Alaskans the Frozen People is about as funny as reading "The Berry's" comic strip or watching "My Three Sons." Have you ever watched "My Three Sons?"

((I believe Rich had The Great Urine Pot of Stugg IV (or whatever you titled it) when he associated you with the Frozen People of the North) I'm too lazy to go check my files... in Lighthouse, I think it was--LB))

I would say to this Rich Mann, who seems to be a good fellow and who has some fair moments in his column (though the Frozen People is not one of them): don't worry about trying to be funny. Rather, say what you will about the world and try to say it as you feel like saying it, not as you have decided somebody else would say it, when he would not say it that way at all. If you would use models, you might try Benchley, Perelman, Thurber and, yes, Mark Twain, and for that matter Henry Miller (for no one around today is a greater life humorist, a greater bawdy humorist); and among fans, Willis, Bob Shaw, and the great Sid Coleman, the fringe-fan physicist who I am wont to call the greatest natural wit who also happens to be a fan. Wit is finding something to say about the world, about people, that has not been said as well before. Wit is a habit to be gotten into. Fans, most of whom have nothing like a sense of humor, are never so pitiable as when they are using typographical tricks as "Or maybe not" and *this* and thinking they are making everybody who reads them bust his gut.

As for myself, I have never depended on typographical tricks, and anybody who dares suggest I have is going to get himself a nice fat lip, as old Calvin D. used to say. This has been a short, somewhat immoderate essay on humorless current day fandom. I should also add that anybody who comes to my door and says he is a Frozen Person and then waits for me to laugh is going to get himself loaded down with a whole lot of bricks and dumped into the Delaware River a thousand yards away from my house.

...I tire rather of faan fiction that merely presents an every day situation in the simplest and barest manner and attempts to justify the lack of action, conflict or what have you merely because these are fans doing this rather than non-fans. Now, "Southern Encounter" is competently told, what there is of it. But what do you have except a group of people going into the motel, one of their number a Negro, and the Negro being refused admittance; so they all turn away in sympathy, and we learn that a racist is having second thoughts. Now, as things stand, that is not enough story to hold up a mundane situation (that is, nonfan situation). The mere fact that these people are fans does nothing for it. Just as we tire of sf stories which could just as well have been written up as adventure stories, or detection stories or whatever, it is easy to be bored by the could-just-as-well-have-been-mundane genre of faan fiction. Arnie has the narrative skill, and perhaps next time he writes a faan fiction piece he'll try his hand at something that has validity as a fan story, something more than simplistic translated mundane (such as Marion Bradley's "Fantasy Blues" or Burb's classic "Big Name Fan")

In the particular case of this tory I have trouble accepting the likelihood of a desk clerk turning away a Negro in this kind of a convention situation. It could...

have happened a few years ago, perhaps; but with the passage of the Accommodations Bill such a thing is ---- thank god ---- far less likely to happen. This story was somewhat too little and too late. In passing, I could suggest how the same theme could have been handled with more ingenuity: We could have had the fellow admitted, thus allowing any number of things for good or ill to occur within the context of a faanish convention; for one, the Negro fan makes it with some other fan's white girlfriend and they are together through the rest of the convention. Given this situation, one could develop a story of considerable power and pungency, handling particular reactions of particular people to this situation, showing a spectrum of response, humorous, threatening, or whatever. Merely because a story is faan fiction does not mean it should be exempt from development: "The Adversaries," recently reprinted in Porter's ALGOL, is a good example of normal good fictional conflict and development based on a fan situation.

One thing I might mention in passing and that would be certain cliché situations of faan fiction that crop up from time to time: (1) The great insult (dozens of stories building ---- after half a page ---- to the apocalyptic insult, such as "You ninny!" and leaving us all gasping, and gafiating 3 dozen characters in the story); (2) The fan everybody is dying to meet, and finally comes con time and (variant a) it turns out he is blind, or a leper, or he is 2½ feet tall, or has 4 prosthetic limbs, or something else nobody expected; or (variant b) he doesn't show up, or she doesn't show up, and it turns out the fan has been killed on the highway en route, or the fan won't show up after all because he is in prison or a mental hospital. Oh, there are a lot more. Come to think of it, one considers the idea of a pair of fans who have taken fandom by storm and who nobody has ever met (and in faan fiction unmet fans are always a supercombination of the best qualities of Willis, Burbee, Harry Warner, and Redd Boggs) and they are twins like the Benfords, and when they arrive at the con, it turns out they are Siamese twins, and either everybody runs away in horror (unlikely thing, but absurd motivation is a faan fict specialty) or else everybody realizes they are indeed wonderful guys, or maybe some drunken young-fan insults them at a party ("You rotten lousy freaks!") and realizing they can never be accepted just as, well, people they set fire to the hotel.

Considering the quality of most faan fiction, we might advise fans that, as a rule of thumb, the only good faan fiction is unwritten faanfiction. We might also point out that of the very few decent faan fict pieces, the best have been somewhat humorous to funny, and very few have been good and serious fiction (even such as "Fantasy Blues" tends towards the maudlin and sentimental). Faan fiction can be the most maudlin and sentimental stuff outside of the stuff old ladies submit to writers' digests. You wonder what there is in fandom to be so choked up about; and then you realize it's more an absurdity situation than a reflection of the reality, since fans in reality don't get maudlin and sentimental about real-life (if you want to call it that) fan situations such as meeting fans they have never met, or fan deaths (they're quickly forgotten which is unusually sensible; you can remember what the person has done, but why waste your life moaning about somebody or other's actual demise, unless you're an old bag and this kind of thing gives you a kick?)

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← Gary wishes it acknowledged that a typographical error in his article in Quip #3 labelled historian Johann Huizinga as "Huizings" through no fault of his own, but because the Stupid Editors can't copy straight... we apologize, Mr. Diendorfer.--LB→

::::::::::::

TOM DUPREE: ...I don't think your cover this time was quite up to par. The continuity lagged for me (maybe it was too Ultrafaanish for my simple brain, but I doubt it). The Chamberlain art was again excellent, of course, but it smacks of the VOID-boys-on-Vaudeville covers without quite delivering. Rhob Stewart's covers, besides having obvious humorous content in the balloons themselves, also included little gems within the pictures a la Mort Drucker ...often in the sea of anticipating faces

in the theatre. I still like the idea of the VOID-type covers, though, regardless of what others may think, and I hope you can get Chamberlain to keep it up.

←(Only the V28 cover had the Vaudeville routine, and not all the covers were done by Stewart, but I agree with you that the Quip continuity has not really been Of the Best... we're working on it--LB→)

.....

HARRY WARNER: That list of the ten best fanzines would drive me crazy before I had half-compiled it. I'd like to put into it all the titles you mentioned, with one or two possible exceptions, as well as a lot of other celebrated fine fanzines and some that didn't even come to the attention of most fans when published and now have been almost completely forgotten. At the very least, I'd have to insist on two lists of the ten best fanzines. One list would contain those that had survived long enough to make a cumulative effect in addition to the impression given by individual issues; the other list would be superlatively good fanzines that saw only a few issues. But even with two lists the problems would be frightening. How can you compare something like Bill Danner's Stef, perfect in its way, with Damon Knight's Snide, ditto in its ditto?

I still feel that annotations are advisable for reprints from old fanzines. Some of your newer readers may miss the whole point of the John Berry story, because they don't know about Bob Jennings' fanzine and the improbability that even the Coon himself would have mistaken it for the similarly titled mundane publication. I believe that I somehow missed this reprinted item on first appearance, and I'm sorry that I lived through all these years without the pleasant memory of it to think about every now and then.

Buz is a remarkable person if he can write jestingly of those dreadful people who study you on the job and determine how you're doing. I nearly exploded a few years back when the newspaper management got one who made me take a test to determine my spelling ability. Just the other noon, a local dime store had one of them on duty at the lunch counter where I was eating. He stalked restlessly from one customer to another, breathing down their necks while watching the waitresses. One of the girls later told me that they were required to listen to a three-hour summary of his findings, which provided them with no information that did them any good, and the only concrete effect of his efforts was the posting on the mirrors of printed pages explaining how to make ham sandwiches and milkshakes; these documents now slow down service at the counter because it's harder for the girls to see customers and take their orders with their backs turned.

"Southern Encounter" disappointed me for awhile, because it seemed to obviously be influenced by "The Adversaries". Then all of a sudden, toward the end it struck fire and the concluding paragraphs were perfect in their surprise element and brevity. Maybe surprise isn't the right word, or maybe I meant that the surprise was the lack of some fancy surprise gimmick at the denouement. I'll get myself into trouble with admirers of "The Adversaries" all over again, for about the fifth time, by saying that I like this story better than the more celebrated one. There's less of a temptation to relate it to real people and real events, and it's less padded.

If Gary Deindorfer was parodizing some specific popular writer, I fail to catch the identity. So for me, without any key that I should possess to unlock the secret, it seemed a little longer than its good sections justified.

I don't mean to detract from the glory of Trumpet but I do want to uphold the grandeur of fandom's past. So I must disagree with Ted White's implication that Trumpet is the best-looking fanzine that uses luxury-type methods of reproduction. I can think of several old fanzines that looked just as good in their way: Bizarre, Star Dust, and The Ghost, to name just three.

Pete Weston laments the gulf between American and British fandom. But I find even more enormous the gulf between both English-language fandoms and German fandom. In all the remarks about apas in this issue of Quip, nobody has mentioned FAN and RAPE. I'd rate FAN as just behind FAPA and SAPS and just ahead of most of the other English language apas for quality and entertainment value at present, but that's a risky statement to make, RAPE is what the Cult would be if the Cult dared. Elsewhere in the letter column I must have been in one of my contrary moods when I wrote the loc which you quoted in too much completeness. Norm Stanley's Portland was the one in Maine, and if I wrote Oregon, it was either out of sheer nastiness or because my newspaper experience was intruding into my fanac and forcing me to get things wrong.

The cover or covers is or are superb again, although I feel a trifle guilty enjoying it or them, because of the fear that one or both of you may go hungry one or more days because of the amount of money it or they costs or cost and the effect that the sum might have on your eating habit or habits.

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BUCK COULSON: Arnie's editorial leaves me a bit confused. He says people collect fanzines because (a) modern prozines are too easy to be challenging (as collector's items, that is), and (b) ancient prozines are too expensive. Aside from the fact that expense doesn't seem to be stopping the comics fans from their collecting, I might point out that (a) modern fanzines are even easier to obtain, though admittedly there are more of them, and (b) ancient fanzines are harder to get than old prozines. In fact, a lot of ancient fanzines are impossible to obtain because the copies simply don't exist any more. (For example, I would wager that there are precisely 3 copies of EISFA #1 in existence, and I know where all three of them are, and they aren't for sale. Now, of course one could say that he was interested in QUANDRY and FAN-DANGO, not things like EISFA -- but Arnie is talking about completists, and I was under the impression that a completist collected everything, without worrying about the quality. If you collect only specific fanzines, you're a specialist, and if you're going to be a specialist you can be a prozine specialist just as easily.)

← There are degrees of completism in fanzine collecting. A practical completist tries to obtain everything which is obtainable to him while taking the attitude that if no copies of a fanzine can be had, it's regrettable but not worth getting upset about. For one thing, most completists are apa completists rather than general completists. I know of no collector (and this includes Bruce Pelz) who feels he must have a copy of every fan publication in existence in his collection...although most collectors feel that it's nice to get as much as you can (completist collectors, that is)--LB→

I think Gary was off a bit in his prediction on communications. Now, in the future we'll all have more leisure time to enable us to become Cultured, right? Right. Similarly, modern literature is trending toward self-analysis, right? Right. Intestinal fortitude; the right set of stomach cramps may win the next Pulitzer Prize. So, as we become more inner-oriented, with more spare time to analyze ourselves, eventually we'll all be discussing them with anyone who drops by, except nobody will drop by. Right? Right. Standard language? Sheesh! More probably everyone will have his own language, personally tailored like his haircuts to fit his own personality (or what he fondly believes is his personality). He won't be able to communicate to anyone else, but that doesn't make any difference, since nobody else would be listening, anyway.

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STEVE STILES: My first letter of comment in a long time, mayer, so be kind to it and cherish it, for it is not without it's faults. Mainly because I kind of cramp up when I write letters of comment, looking for things to heap egoboo on or criticize and it gives me a very artificial feeling.

I am interested in Quip and sympathize with the noble experiment, publishing a genzine, of all things. Fie on spas, fout, even; fandom has become so fragmented that it now resembles a psychedelic jigsaw puzzle designed by Jackson Pollack. After some nine years in fandom, and some fourteen months of being out of touch with it, I now find myself wondering who the new talents are, and if the old ones have vanished into some nameless limbo. This gives me a very artificial feeling, must go out and commune with nature, think of myself as a rock, a lion, or some such natural thing.

You jump too hard on Lin Carter and his IF column, intolerant fools; true, it would be nice if Lin would make some better effort to contact fandom after his regrettable three year absense from the microcosm (poor Arnie; to have grown older in fandom without Lin Carter stories ---- "and her knobs, like ripe plums...!"). And it makes my blood boil that the swine hasn't mentioned my name yet ---- no, not once! But for the embryo fan he offers a good general picture of what fandom is all about, although flatly ignoring the socio/economic implications of sercon versus fannishness that I feel sure Stephen Pickering must've written about (there's a clue; Seth Johnson is Out, Stephen Pickering is In). Anyway, I'm looking forward to Lin's coverage of current events in fandom, like D. Bruce Berry's accusations in "A Trip To Hell", Willis's return stateside, etc.

I was rereading "The Goon Goes West" last night, at Phil Harrell's, one of the most entertaining con/stateside trip reports I've ever read (and I eagerly await Atom's, bound to be one of the best), and I wonder how it is that one of fandom's most popular writers has fallen so far out of fannish favor; I haven't read any of his recent stuff ---- has he changed, or is fandom, or is it a Too Much of a Good Thing thing? Anyway, "The Wails of If" was enjoyed, taking me back to the days of '59, or thereabouts.

←(John seems to have stopped writing Irish Fandom stories lately, unfortunately... in fact, outside of SAPS stuff, he's hardly written anything... alas--LB)→

I was once tempted to write something like "Southern Encounter", only my protagonist was going to be a Gay Negro Jew.

Hilarious thing by Gary Deindorfer there, suffering slightly from dragging a good shtick out, but as funny as Hugo Gernsback, who, Colin Cameron informs me, once put out a magazine called Quip; I didn't know that, did you know that? Or maybe Colin is just making that up. Anyway, I'll bet Gary is just making that up ----why, nothing about ESP from the Ouija board. Someday we will all be reading each others' minds, making neurosis that much easier to come by, and putting an entire new meaning into voyeurism. And according to Campbell's "The Ultimate Weapon", atomic energy will be discovered and unleashed in the 21st Century by running high voltage electricity through hydrogen. The formula for that (now pay attention, so you can tell all your non-stef friends "I told you so!") is $dx, dv = h/4xM$.

←(Oh, I thought maybe it was $3x2(9yz)4A$ --LB)→

Trumpet breaks every rule set down for an earlier fandom, but I'm still not overly excited by it.

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