

DOWN WITH!

From the fall of 1972 to the summer of 1976, Toronto fans met in a greasy spoon twice a month and it was called CHIPS AND COFFEE. Then came the Summer of Changes. And the Autumn of Changes. Then a Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall, of Changes. Lots of changes, but a lot of the Derelicts are still here and we figured maybe Chips and Coffee was due for a revival. So a handful of cynical, drawn-visaged, derelicts dragged themselves to a greasy spoon on Jan 24, 1978 to revive a Gestalt. And these are the OFFICIAL NEWS, TRANSACTIONS, and PROCEEDINGS of the New Chips and Coffee Club.

DOWN WITH! #1: The newsletter of Chips & Coffee / Thish covers the Jan 24 1978 meeting and will be distributed Feb 7 to attending folk and subsequently to friends in and out of town. Perpetrators: Phil Paine / Victoria Vayne. This issue baptizes in fanac a 40 year old Gestetner 26 (yes, Twenty Six). Opus 35.

DERELICT DEROGATIONS being a true and accurate record of conversations held at Chips and Coffee, January 24 1978.

JANET SMALL: Well, here we are.

BOB WILSON: We are here, indeed.

PHIL PAINE: Yes, we are here.

VICTORIA VAYNE: Indéed, yes, we are here.

BILL BRÜMMER: Is this like it was in the Golden Days of Chips and Coffee?

PHIL PAINE: Er, ah, ahem, well, you see, all revivals of informal institutions must, ahem, er, must perforce suffer a certain initial awkwardness because of the non-spontaneous nature implicit in the concept of revival...

BOB WEBBER: Well, Bill, it isn't quite like the old days, Taral isn't here yet, for instance.

JANET SMALL: Well, here we are...

BOB WILSON: We are here indeed.

PHIL PAINE: Yes, we are / indeed here.

BOB WEBBER: Yes, indeed, truly we are here.

BILL BRÜMMER: Yes...

BOB WILSON: Well, we seem to have re-created one aspect of chips and coffee pretty accurately. Let's go home.

MOSHE FEDER: Already? I moved to Toronto for this?

PHIL PAINE: You're not understanding the spirit of it, Moshe. The Gestalt.

JANET SMALL: The Weltenschaung.

TIM KYGER: The Anschluss!

BOB WILSON: The Leidenschaftliche Anhänger Geschichtswissenschaft!

BILL BRÜMMER: The Tscherkessechromkauer!

PHIL PAINE: Huh?

PAT MUELLER: Doesn't "Tscherkessechromkauer" mean "Circassian Chrome-chewer"?

BOB WEBBER: [thumbing through a German/English dictionary] So it does...

BILL BRÜMMER: Is it just like the Golden Age now, Janet?

ZANE W. SCROGGINS: Here comes Taral!

JANET SMALL: Not quite. Bob hasn't squished his paper napkins into the creamer yet.

TARAL: Here I come to save the day!

MOSHE FEDER: You know that Mighty Mouse is on his way.

TARAL: Yes, and I have brought with me several items to help us recreate the mood. First of all, this three-thousand year old Coca Cola glass in which the vitrious substance, acting as a super-cooled liquid, has flowed miraculously into a shape resembling an avocado.

PATRICK HAYDEN: Resembling a spanish lawyer?

MOSHE FEDER: Gimme!

BOB WILSON: We've just been talking about the Tscherkessechromkauer of Toronto Fandom...

TARAL: Why would anyone want to chew chrome?

VICTORIA VAYNE: I don't know, I like to kick chrome.

BILL BRÜMMER: Why?--he said, expecting a rational reply.

VICTORIA VAYNE: I don't like chrome. Maybe it's just a quirk of mine, but I hate chrome. Back in Brockville my parents had tons and tons of chrome and I couldn't stand it. I used to tell my parents "Shit! Chrome! Yecch!" Now I avoid chrome entirely. I tried to get the car dealership to remove all the chrome from my Dodge Swinger, but they wouldn't. So now