



CONTENTS OF MAILING 22-3: These multiple mailing things seems to be getting more frequent all the time. This time, the bundle includes the final instalment of VOID 22 (bet you never thought we'd get that out!), this thing, which is self-explanatory (if you can read, and if you can't, how are you reading this?), and the C\*O\*V\*E\*R for the VANNISH. I know; putting out a special cover like this is sort of sercon and like that, but what the hell. Some people may want to staple their three instalments of V22 together, and maybe they'd like a cover. I mean, I wanted one...

I tried to talk Sylvia into mailing her FANZINE and LETTERSVILLE with VOID. I figured the combined postage wouldn't be as great as the postage for separate mailings. But she couldn't see this. "I don't want to lose my identity," Sylvia said. "If I send my zines out with yours, people will write you letters of comment, and say something like 'PS: I liked Sylvia's zines too.'" She had a point there... But I still think it would have been a wonderful idea. Why, we could build up the number of different zines with each mailing. We could start adding other New York fans' zines. We might even include XERO. Think of it! A VOID APA! A monthly mailing! Wouldn't that be a wonderful idea? But you'll never see it now. My own wife won't even join...

YOU PUT ALL THIS WORK INTO STUDYING YOUR PARTS: "How the hell do you pronounce your name, Bbob Stewart," I asked Bbob Stewart when he first came to New York. "Do you pronounce the 'h' or do you have some pet pixie named Silent H who follows you around like in Thom McAn?" "Well," said Bbob Stewart, "I kind of pronounce it like this: 'Bbob Stewart.'" It turns out that the "h" is half silent. Bbob Stewart really pronounces his name by burping politely in the middle. Bbob Stewart has a number of unusual talents and abilities. The most outstanding of these is his ability to put his leg behind his head. He is liable to do this at odd moments when non-plussed, or pressed for something special to do. He just lifts his leg, and puts it behind his head. He stands on the other leg.

Bbob also has the desire to be an actor. Periodically he goes out looking for work in various Off-Broadway plays. A number of them play around here. Bbob works in Macy's advertising department during the day, but you're as likely to find him working in some coffeehouse like the Cafe Bizarre at night, or rehearsing a sketch for some review. Recently he appeared in "King Utu" at the Harlequin Playhouse. "But it doesn't pay anything," he said. "I don't get any money for it."

"Why do you act in this play, when you're not making any money from it?" I asked him. "That seems kind of stupid. I mean, you put all this work into studying your parts" (Bbob played several parts in the play) "and you're not getting anything out of it. That doesn't seem right."

"Well, actually I get a 'credit line' after my name, and getting a 'credit line' from a New York play is important," Bbob said. "Besides, I'm kind of restricted. I mean, I have this southern accent and that kind of restricts me."

"I think you should try out for a Tennessee Williams play," I said. "I think you should try out for one of his plays about the decadent south. I think you could play in one of those plays very well. You can portray the deep emotional anguish of one of Tennessee Williams' decadent southern characters very well I think. I mean, you could portray anguish and deep emotional problems very well by putting your leg behind your head."

"I'll have to think about that," Bbob said, shaking his head a little.

-Ted White

THIS, for those of you who care, was a letter-substitute snapzine sent out with FANAC in the summer of 1958. I know I reached at least seven issues of the one-sheet thing, but I'm not sure exactly how many; but not ten. Some day I will get my copies of the sheets, now in Berkeley, and I will then use the missing numbers. Then again, I may not.

"IT CERTAINLY IS A WONDERFUL THING", I said.

Ted White stopped his anecdote in mid-yak. "That sounds like a Burbee line", he said. I confirmed his observation. "That's chitter-chatter", he said, "I recognize that. Terry Carr once wrote in his FAPazine about how you used Burbee-isms all the time." I nodded further agreement and sipped his Pepsi.

It's catching, actually. One of the first lines I heard from Ted White this year was a paraphrasing of "Old Chinese joke...I almost kill you" into "Old fannish joke...we lose a co-editor" or some such. The original impetus in Berkeley, at any rate, was our discovery of Burbee, both in print and in person. One of the first lines we picked up from him when we met him was "You may be right." Burb explained it was a guaranteed argument-stopper which he used when an argument he was involved in got too boring to continue yet was too important to concede defeat.

Then in 1958 Terry, Dave, Carl, Ron and I put out the Incomplete Burbee, 96 pages of pure Burb. After that we really came on with the permutations: "Fifty names...that's not too many", "They are two separate fanzines!" or "You should have taken him into your arms and kissed his fears away."

When I started thinking about what Ted had told me I realized there was a whole raft of these phrases that we had used--and I could see were still being used--in Berkeley. Now they were beginning to travel in New York argot, too, as TEW would say to me, "You bastard!" and I at an appropriate moment would yell back "I'm not a betting man!"

You have to use them at appropriate moments, too; a cardinal rule, in fact, is that the only transposition of the Original Burbee that can be made is of the nouns; tense or adjective changes are out. Terry once wrote that, after the Incomplete Burbee had been finished, we once carried on a conversation for ten minutes in pure Burbeeisms. This didn't really happen, of course, because if taken in original form, they wouldn't really flow correctly.

Ten minutes! Why, that's fantastic.

RON ELLIK FOR TAFF. That phrase flows from the typer near as easily as anything I've ever written; The only thing easier, I must admit, would be "Terry Carr for TAFF", but I only wrote that once and that was with a lettering-guide on the back of a FAPazine. 1959 was not my most active year in fandom.

But it seems to me to be a fitting end to the career of a Traveling Giant to send him to Britain for the convention. There can be no doubt of his acceptability to the Anglofans; I've been hearing for some time now that they've been waiting to get their hands on a Berkeley fan ever since Carl Brandon was willed out of existence.

You may wonder why I spoke of a "fitting end" to Ron's career. Actually, you see, I have my doubts that Ellik would ever get back. True to his tradition, I predict he will set out hitchhiking across the continent to see Versins and the Linards; since Jim Caughran will have given him messages for his parents he will take off for Karachi, but somewhere along the way he'll get trapped behind the iron curtain. The last we'll know of Ron Ellik, Travelling Giant, will be when he is circling the Earth every 2 3/4 hours. Instead of beeps we'll pick up chitter-chatter.

WATCH THIS SPACE: It seems as though in the next couple of weeks or so I'll be moving, for the nth time in the last few years. I don't suppose I've held any fannish address as long as the Box 149 address in Fairfax, but I'm pretty sure that it will be some time before I hold one as long as I did that--four years--for some time. Speaking of fanhistory, I discovered the other day while reading the Fancy2 that I must have entered local fandom in 1950 before the NorWescon...at the age of 11. Good ghod. Let's forget that.

--Pete Graham

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VOIDabouttownGAMBITaboutGothamTHISaboutthatINNUENDOaboutyouCRYaboutmilkZIPaboutKLEINBOTTLEaboutgoodgrief  
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GAMBIT 39 c/w THIS #10, First issue, whole number 49, is a joint production of TED WHITE and PETE GRAHAM, respectively. Their respective addresses are 107 Christopher street, New York 14, New York, and c/o Ted White, 107 Christopher Street, New York 14, New York. Mail in general sent to Graham's 235 W. 13 street address will be received and/or forwarded, but there's no reason why VOID-mail shouldn't come to TEW. Published by QWERTYUIOPress December 18, 1960. \*(Like, it'll be a while. That's called a thing...thing.)