

VOID 17

MAY - THE FANZINE OF
SWEETNESS, LIGHT,
AND EUPHORIA



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HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER

FANAC'S POLL for 1958 was published in the FANNISH a month or so ago, and reminded me a bit of the of the VOID poll taken two years back. Two years in fandom has produced only two polls (remember when the top ten polls were as thick as Southern California flies?), but the findings are quite a bit different. Briefly, here are the results of the two polls, along with the number of points each fanzine received:

<u>VOID</u>	<u>FANAC</u>
GRUE.....152	FANAC.....302
HYPHEN.....148	HYPHEN.....261
A BAS.....104	INNUENDO...187
OOPSLA.....77	RETRIBUTION 172
VOID.....70	OOPSLA.....159
RETRIBUTION.65	GRUE.....143
OBLIQUE.....61	APORRHETA...112
PEON.....56	CRY.....106
TRIODE.....46	INSIDE.....98
INSIDE.....41	TWIG.....91

They make interesting comparisons. FANAC placed first in its own poll--which isn't too surprising, considering the quality of its news reporting. But there is a good argument against a newszine getting top honors in a fanzine poll; true, "fanzine" merely means a magazine produced by and for fans, but I believe most fans regard fanzines as composed of material (articles, fiction, etc.) other than news. But all of this is a small point, since FANAC placed first and therefore must be held in high esteem by most people.

HYPHEN was the only fanzine which kept the same position, and grossed about the same percentage of the votes in both polls. In the remaining eight slots, five of those named in the VOID poll do not appear in FANAC's. PEON and OBLIQUE are dead (although there is the possibility that Gould might produce another OBLIQUE for FAPA--he has most of the issue run off), VOID was dormant for most of the year (three 20-page issues appeared, but two of them in the first two months of the year), and TRIODE has been extremely irregular.

If we assume that both polls were accurate, within the limitations inherent in polls circulated through a fanzine, they illustrate fairly well the changing tides in fandom. HYPHEN has always seemed to occupy first or second place; GRUE, though it's slowed down a bit, is still one of the best fmz of the decade (the same being true of OOPSLA). Several fanzines which existed at the time of the VOID poll have now improved a great deal. It would seem, though, that in the last two years the only fanzines to fall from favor have simply ceased to exist (either by skipping the year polled, or by completely folding), instead of going down in quality. (And there lies a grave foreboding.)

In other sections, Art Thompson was Best Artist in '57, Dan Adkins in '58; Thompson won Cartoonist for both; Best General Fanwriter was Willis for VOID and Berry for FANAC (the VOID poll also included Best Fan Fiction Writer, which was won by Berry); Best New Fan was a tie between Kent Moomaw and Carl Brandon two years ago, while in FANAC it was Bob Leman; according to VOID Alex Kirs' "How The Other Half" (A BAS) was the best fan column, and FANAC tied Willis' "Harp" (OOPS) with Pemberton's "S-F Field Plowed Under" (CRY).

I think it would be a good policy to take a poll each year to see just how fandom has changed. I feel, though, that the same pattern would appear--new fanzines rising to the top, then slipping off to oblivion, and the standbys remaining, keeping the same high quality.

Now that VOID is again appearing regularly, we intend to conduct a yearly poll, and print the results in a box-score comparison with past years'.

We don't mean to put FANAC out of the poll-taking business, though. There's surely enough room in fandom for two, and the comparison of readerships should be interesting as revealed through the results of both polls in a given year. FANAC's method (a listing of the Best Writer, etc., in order instead of simply the winner) is much better than mine was, and the amount of time put into the summary of winners makes the FANAC poll a great deal more interesting. Hats off to Carr & Ellik.

And look for our poll this coming fall.

--greg benford

UFFISH THOTS

WE GET LETTERS. Mighod do we get letters! The response hasn't been just gratifying--it's been over-

whelmingly wonderful. In fact, our only problem now is printing them all. We temporarily solved it by putting out issue 16-1/2, but while this caught us up on most of our backlogue (there were still some left over, plus those intended for this issue), it provides no guarantee for the future. Ted Pauls is getting worried about our going into competition with his DISJECTA MEMBRA (that's Ted's letter-zine --a worthy zine to get: Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland; free for regular comment), but he needn't be. A strong letter section will supply VOID's foundations from issue to issue, but there'll be a hefty super-structure as well. At any rate, don't stop writing. Maybe we haven't room to print your letter, or maybe only a part of it, but it is wonderful, getting them. Makes us feel that we're doing something worthwhile, which, as any faned will tell you, is the real kicks in putting out a zine.

We've been seriously considering dropping the 25¢ price-tag. In this case, we'll either bring the price down to 10¢, and stress subscriptions, or simply eliminate any price tag and demand frequent letters. I'm curious: what do you think about this? WOULD you--all of you--write a letter of comment on each issue, even if it wasn't printed very often (at a circ. of 100, it's natural that we couldn't print too many out of a 100% response--or even a 50% response)? How does the entire idea strike you? Or would you prefer we kept things going as they are now?

Of course, putting out a fanzine is not all just licking up the gravy that comes from egoboosting letters. It's not easy to form convictions and stand by them when others--sometimes influencial fans, even close friends--violently disagree with you. And yet, I cannot see any other way to edit a zine. Or rather for us to edit a zine. Greg goes along with me that part of editing a fanzine is the honest expression of one's tastes and ideals; communicating these through the zine in a way relatively pleasing to a majority of the readers. But hell--you can't please everyone. The only sure-fire way to avoid stepping on toes--in the mass media, they call it the Don't Risk Offending Code--is just not to ever say anything. To date I've written several items of a controversial nature which have appeared in VOID. I was rather surprised that a couple of them didn't incite a minor riot or two, but we were lucky I guess--they went over with barely a ripple. Recently, my luck--if that's the word--has left me. I refuse to alibi and defend all of my actions, but suffice it to say that I stand behind them.

And it should only be necessary to say that so does Greg. We operate pretty much as an editorial team, going over each other's work, etc., when it comes to running VOID, whether it's apparent or not.

To get back to the original subject up there, we've gotten some letters which weren't flattering at all. And because we don't believe in ignoring them, we're printing them. And of course there's another reason: These letters--the three which head off the letter section this time--are pretty wild things, and all by themselves, without any editorial comment, they supply a slashing indictment of their authors. It happens that these letters made us just mad enough to let the two fans who wrote them have all the rope they could use. So we've restrained ourselves from comment. The letters speak--eloquently--for themselves.

The author of the first letter will be no surprise, but the author of the second and third --one sent to me, and one to Greg--may be an unfamiliar name. "Art Lee" is the creation, originally, of Dan Lee Adkins, who draws the art signed "eLe". However, "Lee's" letters--the recent ones at any rate, and the ones published here--were written by one of fandom's foremost and best-established fugg-heads, Clod Hall. Clod had been keeping quiet lately under his own name, but apparently only so that he might blossom forth again under a new name. Unfortunately for Clod, a rose by any name... I visited the Dynamic Duo a month or so back, and blew the gaff to FANAC, and now Adkins is hastily proclaiming "Lee" to be a real person, and that Hall only wrote "twenty or so" letters under the name(!). Well, I don't know who's writing them now, but Art(ist Dan) Lee (Adkins) is fooling no one.

While I'd never accuse anyone else of being serious in writing letters like these (I was going to call them poison-pen letters, but they really aren't strong enough to be called that), after comparing them to some of Daring Claude's past effusions, I am inclined to think that somewhere in that tiny marble-head of his, well behind those beady-eyes which themselves hide behind beer-bottle-bottom glasses, in his peanut sized brain of brains, Clod actually was serious about them. I hope so, anyway. It would destroy my high opinion of Clod to think he'd only been jesting.

(For the latecomers: a couple of years ago, the names Wetzel and Hall were spoken in the same breath--and usually one well laden with onions...)

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF LETTERS, I have one on hand from Rich Brown which deserves more serious consideration. In speaking of my criticism of his story in TWIG (You remember: that's the zine I reviewed way back when which so po-ed its editors at me), Rich says about my criticism that the story was plagiarism, "I quote to you direct from TWIG #13: 'Should Lars Bourne get the illos for TERWILLIGER AND THE FAN MACHINE back to me in time, next issue will feature that story. Done by Rich Brown, it is a fine parody of the old UNIVERSE story. Come on Lars.' This is from the columnlet 'Seeds', which appears on the contents page of that issue, and is there in cold purple and white for anyone with the sense to look it up."

This noted, I withdraw my accusation of plagiarism from VOID's 15 & 16, and apologize to Rich for having said as much of his story. Unfortunately

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COVER PHOTO of Bill Rickhardt smoking an invisible cigarette in his Chinese Water Pipe, by Harry Lowinger. SYMBOL: The Be-all and End-all of Existence--Fanac

INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS: Ted White- 5,6,7,11; Jack Harness & White- 8; Richard Wingate- 10; Ron Archer- 12

VOID 17 is edited and published by Greg Benford & Ted White, and costs 25¢, a trade, a contribution, or a letter of comment. Sterling: 1/- to Ron Bennett. All letters are considered for publication unless marked otherwise. QWERTYUIOPress

exactly, is what you base your assumption on: one editorial by Dan and replies to four letters addressed to him. That is the total amount of material you could have used. You can't count the fanzine reviews as Dan was doing them before we associated to produce a better zine. And you couldn't have known that Dan had selected the Mussells story for the issue.

not as co-editor, not as associate editor, but as Art Editor. ((It would be superfluous then, I suppose to ask what he is doing selecting material...-tw))

How can you claim not to know anything about previous issues of TWIG--other than #6 and #14 and still make the assertion that "Terwilliger the fan is nearly totally characterized by his 'meekness'" is beyond me. It's filled with bias and fuggheaded stupidity. The trouble with some of you egotistical bastards is that you're too damn self-centered to realize that there are people and fans who don't think that being a member of fandom automatically means you've got to become a whipper of anything you don't particularly like.

I consider myself far superior to you. I keep my mouth shut on things I know nothing about. I consider it a sign of immaturity to show my feelings on something when I have nothing to base the opinion on. And, further, I have the needed maturity to read what others say about something, consider that it is their opinion, and not fly off the handle avowing knowing all about it when I don't.

said when he heard the horse fart: "Speak again, sweet lips." ((I have read my wife's file of TWIG, as well as others' copies. Et tu? -tw)) [1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho]

A R T L E E : Ted White, you have my permission to go to hell.

opinion of TWIG which you blared so profusely in VOID #15...a very amusing item and one that portrayed the evident quality of your stupidity and crassness. I'm curious in regards to why you should consider yourself an authority on fanzines...or anything, for that matter.

the footsteps of Dick Geis, Claude Hall, and Boyd Raeburn--you haven't done one original thing or even had a single original thought since you appeared in fandom. And yet, you have the audacity to feel yourself capable of reviewing a fanzine, a fanzine which is not only much better than anything you personally ever were connected with but which is no doubt a bit above your intelligence level.

to your statement that TWIG resembles SATA, I state that you know too little of format or layout to differentiate. Please do all of us a favor, will you--refrain from appearing in the ((cont. on p.15))

Rich, Terwilliger did not see fit to send either me or anyone else in this area a TWIG #13, and as a result I hadn't seen the notice. I do think that a parody on an obscure prozine story--ie, one which achieves no prominence in the fan press or the stf field in general--should be a little more obviously labelled as such, but clearly I was in error here. Had I taxed my memory a bit harder, I would have remembered that the title of the original was "Terwilliger and the War Machine" which, of course, should have been a direct tip-off. Rich has accepted my apologies on the matter, and I think no more need be said.

I SEE where part 13 of Ron Bennett's "Colonial Excursion" (the part detailing his return with Bob Pavlat, Sylvia and myself from the Solacon) was recently published in SHAGGY #42. I dunno, but I thought the series was to have been published in order, and I've been sitting here holding onto part 9 waiting for my turn. What's the scoop here? Just who has yet to publish the parts before Part 9? And how did 13 get into print so fast? I'm slightly confused. Last I heard, Bill Meyers was still waiting for Calkins to publish his part.

--ted e. white

LETTERS

G U Y T E R W I L L E G E R : It may take me a short time, or a long time, to get disgusted with the prattling of some fans, but you've finally pushed me over that point. So, let's get on with it.

First, let's get down to the fine points of who is calling who what. One of your main contentions has been that Dan is the dominant voice in my zine. You state this after seeing only one of our combined efforts. You couldn't have seen more since we've issued only one. Here,

Take note, also, Mr. White, that Dan is listed

At least on one point

So, as the man

I've just finished reading your

For a long time, you've followed in

In rebuttal

LARRY STARK *presents*

A MONOGRAPH ON THE AERODYNAMIC QUALITIES OF THE MORRIS *it's that thing on the right* →

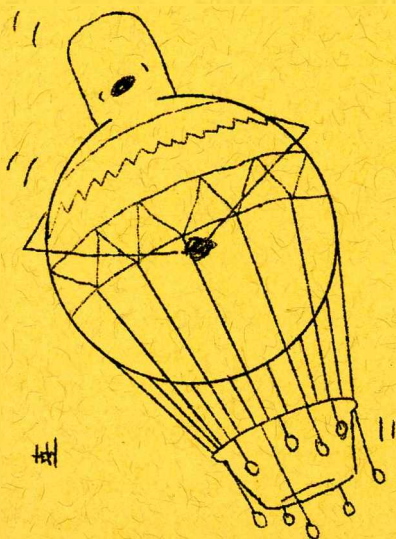
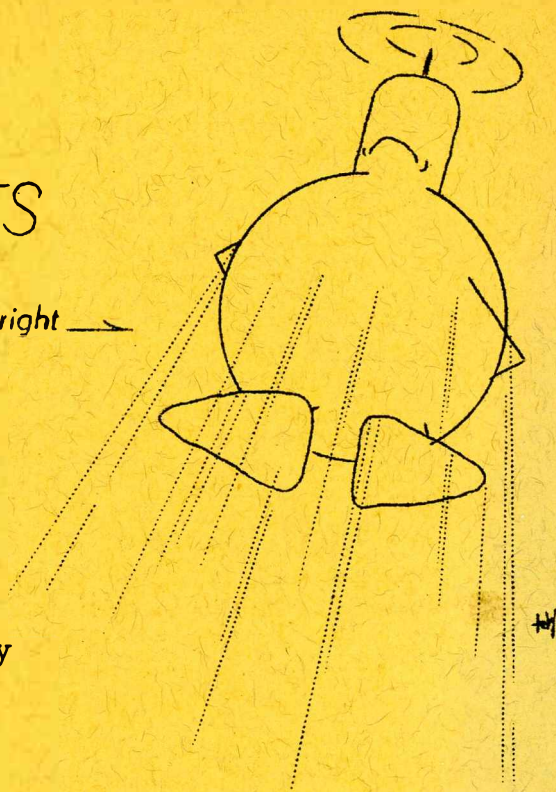
The entire fannish art world was plunged into uproar, recently, by the public disclosure of a critical battle waged for some time in silence by the experts in fannish iconography. The controversy remains unsettled to the present day; however, so confusing is the record, so incomplete the battle-reports printed in any one journal, that I feel it might be wise to summarize for fandom at large the substance of the argument to date.

The bone of contention is the "Morris", denizen of drawings emanating periodically from the area of Baltimore. Specifically, iconographic experts have pondered whether the propellers with which these Morrisses are equipped imply the possibility of flight. Speculation has been indulged in by fannish art-critics on this subject ever since the Morris was first noted, though the controversy between "flightists" and "steady-state-ists" was never stated in the journals until recently.

The controversy was precipitated by an article in "Fannishissimus", the journal of the French Fannish Iconographical Society, in which Dr. T.J.J. See stated that he had discovered, in a print representing the balloon-ascension of the Montgolfier brothers, a detail of decoration which, he believed, was the origin of the Morris. The French journal, however, is not illus-

trated, and Dr. See's claim was seriously questioned by fellow experts in other centers of fannish culture. Nevertheless, on the evidence which Dr. See possessed, he concluded that the present-day Morris is a variant development of seventeenth century French decorative-design, and is strongly associated with aerial ascension of some sort or another. Comparing the contemporary helicopter to the primitive balloon, he suggested that the addition of wind-vanes atop the Morris was a mere bow to present-day conditions, but that artists must have considered the Morris a flight-possessing being.

The fannish art-world was shocked by the discovery of this primitive Morris, but there were a number of experts who soon voiced their doubts. A paper soon appeared in "Das Fansblatt" by G. Oriono de Vaucouleur, director of the Museum der Kunst Leidenschaftlicher Liebhaberisch, pre-



senting the case for "steady-state-ism". Prof. Oriono carefully compared the measurements of plates of known Morrisises with data gathered and processed by the biology department of Illionos Tech, on the structure and function of outre organisms. His conclusions were that, were the Morris to come alive, his weight would be such as to prohibit anything but a polite waddle. Prof. Oriono then turned to the question of aerodymanics, and, reporting the results of experiments conducted at his request by the Department of Vertical Flight at CalTech, made a conclusive case for the lack of lifting-power of any useful amount in the Morris's so-called flight equipment. He went further, suggesting that the wind-vanes atop the Morris were, in his opinion, either vestigial structures, hinting at possible flight in the forgotten past, or, like the antlers of modern deer and elk, useful either as weapons or as decorations of sexual attractiveness. The Morris, he concluded, was incapable of flight, despite supposed historical evidence to the contrary.

It was proposed that Prof. Oriono examine Dr. See's plate, to determine the possibility of the above mentioned structure being a primitive Morris. It was, however, difficult to arrange such an examination, Dr. See being on extended vacation, and the plate apparently lost somewhere in his private files.

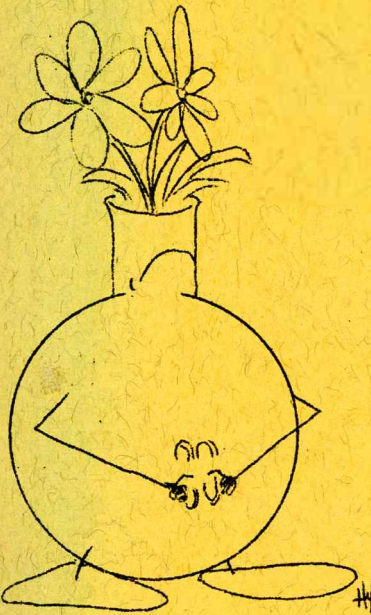
While the art world waited, however, Oerpic, the Iconographer Royal, stated in a note in "Stencil & Stylus" that, in his opinion, a factual embodiment of the Morris would be much lighter than supposed by Prof. Oriono, because the very fannishness of the creature would seem to point to most of his bulk being filled with hot air. The Montgolfier balloon was again alluded to.

The controversy was by no means settled, but at least one aspect of it was made clear, when a report appeared in "Fannish-issimus" of Prof. Oriono's findings with regard to the Montgolfier plate. After two interviews with Dr. See, and a visit to his home, Prof. Oriono was allowed four hours in which to photograph, examine, and measure the plate in question. After this first-hand examination, he returned to the Museum der Kunst Leidenschaftliebhaberisch, and spent four months measuring photographs of it. "The object in question," his final report stated, "is a vase."

Though the history of the Morris remains obscure [see further references], some facts about it seem obvious. It is, one must remember, a fannish icon, and as such is less subject to such factual interpretations as Prof. Oriono demands to place upon it. The figure is more allegorical than representational; Morris is not a picture of a fan, but the embodiment of fannishness. In this regard, it is not accidental that Morrisises are aware of the world, yet do not see it. The world of the Morris

is apprehended by non-natural means, much as fans remain friends with one another without anything but fannish communication. The Morris has no nose, obviously symbolizing his lack of critical faculties. Considering the lack of olfactory sense, to ask what kind of fiction the Morris reads is superfluous.

The same interpretation must also be put on the problem of the wind-vane. It is a symbol of youth and exuberance, plus a touch of immaturity. It is apparent that the Iconographer Royal's perceptive description of the Morris as 'fannishly filled with hot air' is particularly apt. It is also apparent that, so inflated, any Morris might easily escape



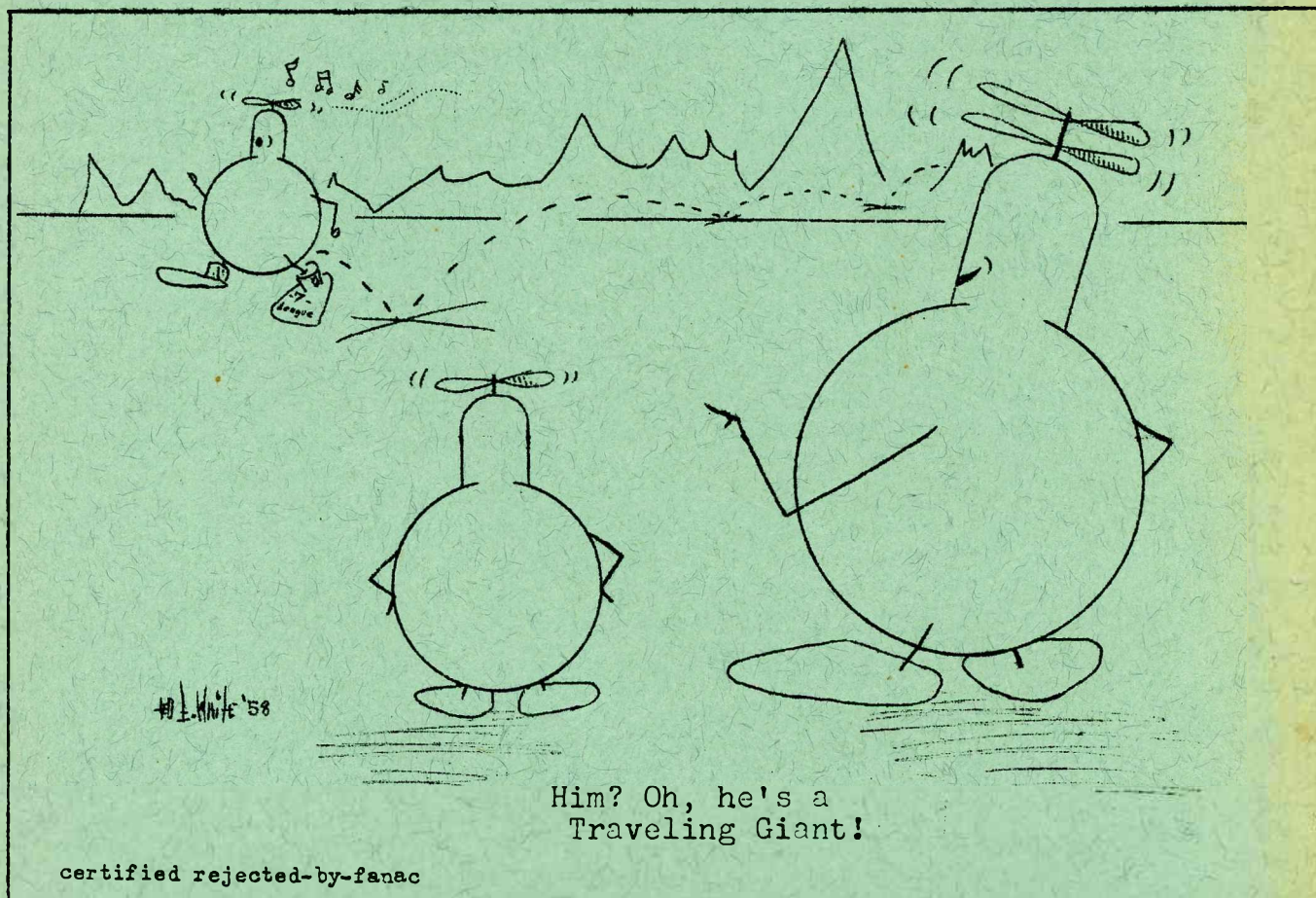
from the pull of gravity, and that the essentially more fannish two-rotored being specifically known as "Morris" must definitely be capable of sustained flight.

But this is also an allegorical interpretation of one of the most fundamental of fannish traits. Is it not characteristic of the fan, even more obvious in the trufan, that he distains all mundane values? Are not fannish sweat, ingenuity, imagination, and ability all perversely bent to purely fannish activities in what would be considered in mundane eyes a tragic waste of capabilities? In remembering this fannish truth, is it not logical to state that the Morris can fly; he merely considers it more fannish not to?

--Prof. L. Stark, 3rd

Further References: (covers)

EXCELSIOR #3; OUTRE #4; HOI POLOI #1; ULULUME #3; GAMBIT #30; VOID #14



TERRY CARR FOR TAFF!

ATTENTION:

Be it hereby known that THE BNF OF IZ is not only hot off the presses and ready for sale, but that it's already selling, and quite briskly, too. It would be wisest not to delay in ordering your copy right now. Orders are filled (that means, copies are mailed) the day they're received. Only 35¢ for the best allegorical piece of fan-fiction since THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. Get yours now!

CRITERIA FOR CRITIC:

It seems that I started something. I was slightly shocked when

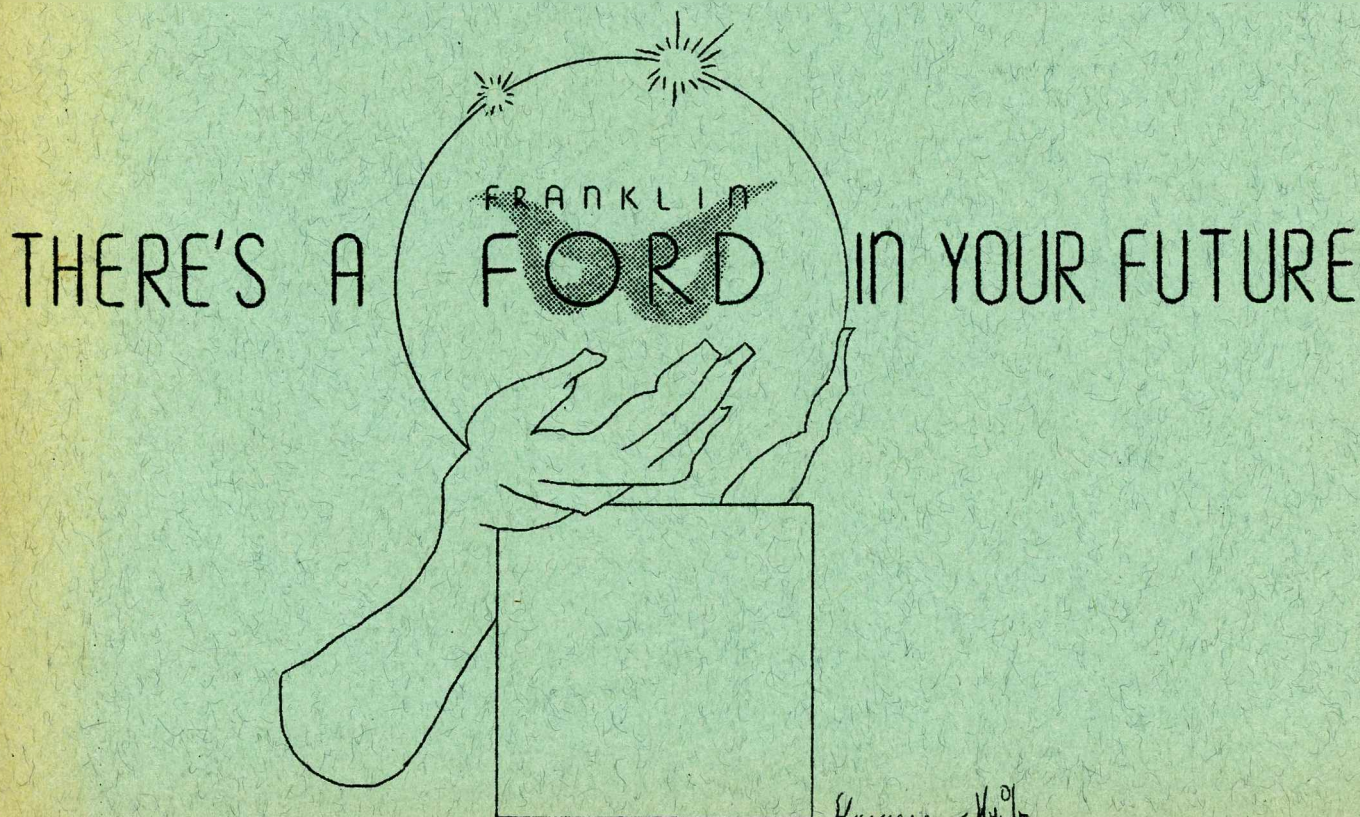
I received VOID 13 last summer and read the reviews by Carter Little. As Ted White pointed out in his letter in issue 14, they read as though I had written them--to me, at least. Now, in the last several VOIDS White has been writing some extended reviews himself, which are among the best I have recently read.

Recently I chanced to read Larry Stone's PAUCITY, and there, slightly less polished, but gleaming sharp nonetheless, were more reviews of fanzines which said more than a simple contents listing.

I didn't start the practice of honed-razor reviews, but it had pretty well died with Richard Geis until I revived it, and I apparently chose a bad time to do it, to judge from the reactions to my old STELLAR column. Strangely enough, I didn't stop writing reviews when STELLAR died, but circumstances seem against me: I wrote over ten pages for the fourth issue of ABERRATION, and where is that, Ted White? And I, upon request, furnished a column last fall for Sylvia White. Both of these columns are now terribly dated, and any remaining reader interest will have to depend upon my few gifts as a writer and critic.

Which is what I want to talk about here. With all the current popularity for "critical" fanzine reviews, I think there is a need for some basic defining of criticism itself.

There are only two ways to evaluate any given thing, be it book, fanzine, record, or play. One is either subjective, or objective. If you are subjective, you rely upon your emotional responses, your intuitions. You either like something, or not. You may have almost any reason for your dislike: you don't like the paper used by the fanzine, you're jealous of its editor...or you may fawn upon the zine because it's edited by someone you admire. It doesn't matter, because



this is a judgement which affects only you. If you dislike something, that is your concern and your tough luck. But remember that this judgement applies only to you. To persuade a friend that something is not worth reading, because the author's name reminds you of an unpleasant experience you suffered in your youth is insufficient. And it rarely works.

An objective judgement is one which rests not on your reaction to something, but upon that object's own intrinsic qualities. This will be, roughly, the same for anyone. Thus, if you condemn an article because its grammar is so faulty as to make it nearly impossible to understand, you've been objective, and your judgement--"It isn't readable"--means something to others.

In forming an overall judgement, though, it is difficult to be truly objective, to stave off all personal reactions, and wait until the data is complete. It is hard to objectively weigh the points, good and bad, and make an honest decision. For this reason, very few critics use the objective method.

I suppose that shocks you, but it shouldn't. Critics are still human, and for all their much-vaunted "critical superiority" they are as prone to human error as anyone. Their one real difference is a conscious awareness of themselves. Whatever their faults may be, and no matter how extensive, they can at least make allowances for them. But in spite and beyond this, a critic is still bias-prone.

The best method to read a critic is simply to compare his taste with your own. If you find that you agree with him a large percentage of the time, that his tastes coincide with yours, you can take full advantage of his judgements, buying--records, books, whatever he criticizes--largely what he recommends, scorning that which he gives thumbs down. If you find an area in which he disagrees with your tastes, become aware of it, and allow for it. And even if you disagree most of the time with him, if he is a good and perceptive writer, read him to broaden yourself, to define your own tastes in opposition.

The good critic is perceptive. He is more aware. He takes in everything, and he can usually go into considerable detail in defining his dislikes and likes. But he still usually relies on his intuition to furnish him with his main reaction--whether to pan or praise a piece. Once this is decided, he will seek out the buttressing facts needed to communicate his opinion.

And it is here that he differs sharpest from his uncritical brother. For while anyone can, and will, form a subjective opinion, it is next to impossible to communicate this opinion to others on their own terms. The critic, having arrived at his subjective opinion, will seek to put it into objective terms in order to present it to others. The process of transferring it to an objective opinion will weed out many of his falacious prejudices, and force him to find and use defensible objective points.

Much of a critic's secondary value and reputation will rest on the fact that in his prejudices and biases he is a representative of his audience, and not only speaks to, but also for his audience. As long as he successfully does this, he will be supported and appreciated by this audience. Should he fail too many times to be basically in sympathy with his audience, he will find himself among the wolves...much as I was two or so years ago.

In fandom the problem is that no one really wants a fannish critic, or at least no one did. Fans were content to either slap each other on their backs in mock-praise, or to sneakily gossip about and knife each other behind their backs. Outspokenness too often went hand in hand with insensitive snipings which were

neither honorable nor critically honest. It was as though fans who had grown tired of their smiling false-fronts had reacted in reverse. I hope and think that fandom is today coming out of that stage.

There is nothing wrong with outspoken criticism founded on personal prejudice, provided that stripped of this prejudice, the criticism is still valid, still telling. What is important is to keep our prejudices to ourselves, not to confuse them with our "objective" criticisms.

Today, fandom is beginning to accept sincerely outspoken criticism. Perhaps the bitter feuds of the last year or so have purged fandom of its excessive hostility to honest disagreement. Today we see fanzine reviews which dare to knock sacred cows, but not merely from the point of view of "I don't like you." It didn't take much guts for Ted White to pan PSYCHOTIC #25--Geis is already sliding downhill at a rapid clip, and White added only slight impetus--much as I dislike to say this of my spiritual forerunner. It took somewhat more guts to pan a zine which appeared in the top ten of the FANAC poll, and to stand by that judgement. It took guts for Terry Carr to make the statement he did about RETRIBUTION, in the course of that same poll-score. Terry wasn't acting the role of critic, but he did give voice to what amounted to heresy, if we are to believe the usual reviewer's opinion of RET.

What surprised me when the first reactions came in to my reviews in STELLAR was that fandom seemed shocked and angered at my expressing in print views which I had encountered often in person. I had done an unclean thing --I said it out in the open.

Saying things out in the open can't help but improve fandom, and some more good, honest, outspoken critics won't hurt either.

--Franklin Hudson Ford

I've been thinking...
I might finish the
world's greatest novel...



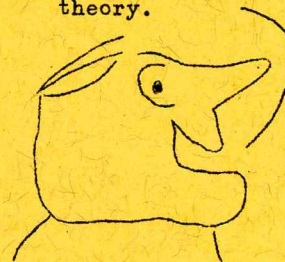
Wow!

Or I could write reams
and reams of pulp stuff,
like Ellison...



Gee!

Then again, I might
publish my startling
thesis on the wave
theory.



That's
great!

Of course, nearer to
my heart is my grand
plan to start a world
University.



Magnificent!

But since my relatives
have all made their millions
before forty, I might fore-
sake literary fame and mar-
ket my new speed-
reader.



Golly!

Then again, Doctor, I've
always wanted to become
a giant, fat, donut.



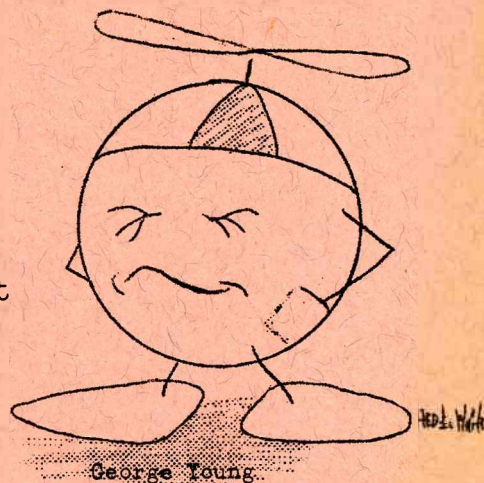
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Idea & Captions by Richard Wingate
Drawings inspired by Jules Feiffer

left over campaign literature

by art rapp

We of Michigan may now with complete justification assert that we have carved an immortal niche in the lustrous annals of fandom. Did not the LIFE article on fandom remark again and again upon the phenomenon of Insurgentism, a movement which languished in the obscurity of FAPA until it leaped into prominence in the Wolverine State? Has not the Misfit-in-Exile, C. Stewart Metchette, chronicled of how he spent the long winter evenings in regaling the gap-mouthed members of the Golden Gate Futurian Society with tales of Singer and Young? Have we not had a Beercon, a DeCon and a Bar-Rag Session? Have we not had a Bombing?



But when the erosion of time has crumbled the yellowing 20-lb mimeo paper and the youthful fans of yore have progressed to higher things like Rosicrucianism and Alcoholics Anonymous, what is it that will ever perpetuate the memory of Michigan Fandom?

Uh-huh, you guessed it.

We--or, to be precise (and one must be precise, musn't one?)--our illustrious ex-President, George H. Young, has once and for all time fixed the image of the Fan.

When at the 100th Annual World Stfcon that ancient fanclub, the MSFS, holds a pageant of the Early Days, and Morgan Botts sits in the audience swilling bheer from a pocket plastiflask, what will bring the cheers and the nostalgic sighs from the assembled fen?

Why, the fact that the MSFS, sticklers for authenticity if ever there was any, had delved into forgotten attics and musty antique shops, and costumed their actors in the true fan garb.

Ah yes--what is a fan without a propellor beanie?

P.S.: I see in the May 1951 POPULAR SCIENCE Monthly that some company is now manufacturing a plastic pistol that shoots smoke-doughnuts. Leave us bow to Bergey and then take up a collection to buy one of these delightful and essential zapguns for Mr. Young.

--Art Rapp

 "I happened to watch Jack Paar the other night, and of all people, Eddie Condon appeared. Jack admitted he knew nothing of jazz (as anyone could readily see--he uses some of the stickiest music around) and asked Eddie to explain it to him. "Explain jazz to me, Eddie," said Jack, "since you're the top man in the business." --Kent Moomaw, from 13 O'CLOCK, the Fantasy Rotator #52

Despite the hard-held beliefs of certain fans, it really gives me a great deal more pleasure to read a new fanzine of promise or worth than it does to read a fanzine so fuggheaded that I might be moved to blast its staples off.

I've gotten a lot of kicks recently from watching some of the old stand-bies getting out of their ruts and working their ways up into really good zines. Watching CRY OF THE NAMELESS evolve from a PLANET STORIES letter-col substitute into a position of dispenser of first rate fannish goodies; YANDRO determinedly climbing from monotonous mediocrity to somewhat-less monotonous medium-high quality.

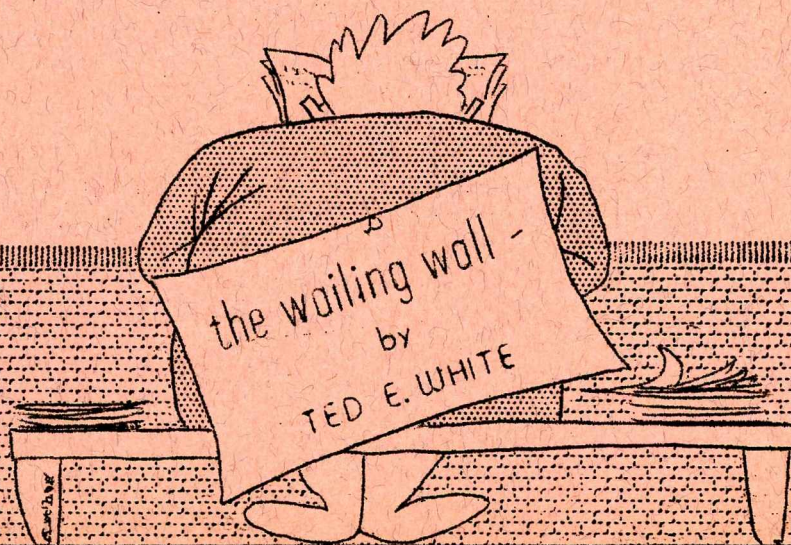
It seems part and parcel of a whole new movement in the fanzine world, one which has, dating roughly since the Solacon, given us many fanzines like DISJECTA MEMBRA, QUIXOTIC, and PSI-PHI for every COLE FAX. There seems to be a resurgence of quality in fanzines, a wave of fannishness rising phoenix-like out of the ashes of the dead-and-nearly-buried WSFS Inc.

And it is heartening to find that this new move towards higher quality in fmz has touched on an old-timer:

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #42, Al Lewis & LASFS, 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, California. 38-pp.; 20¢, trade, or comment

SHAGGY has disposed of Djinn Faine, and, whether coincidentally or not, improved near y 100%. There are signs that the zine had been moving steadily in this direction, and now, although there are still areas for improvement, it is at last becoming a unified, cohesive whole--no longer a scrapbooky clubzine.

It still is, a clubzine, of course, but it has reversed the direction of its gaze: from inward upon itself and the LASFS, out upon fandom in general. This brightens the zine, removes it from the area of the chauvinistic, from a closed circle, and sort of helps it blossom out into mainstream fandom. It gives it a healthy, open feeling. There are still minutes and reports, but they're held down to minimum emphasis, and merely supply the garnish that lets us know that this, by damn, is the fanzine of the LASFS, no matter whose name graces the masthead. The turn-about of what was, in its last incarnation, a dry, dull, club organ, seems to reflect



changes within the club. While I hinted that the Solacon contributed indirectly to the new wave of fanac, above, I think it had a direct and immediate effect upon the LASFS.

SHAGGY's cover reveals the zine's only predominant bad habit: that of putting all the color work on colored (yellow this time) paper. I had to look long and hard (though admittedly under dim light) before I discovered the third color, and I'll confess that on first glance I thought it was a one-color job. Art-wise, it is quite satisfactory, although George Fields has a tendency to "fake it" by using a surplus of lines in the place of more accurately delineated contours and textures. The block-logo is quite attractive, and reminiscent of some of the independent-label record jackets where this movement in design began. (Given a cheap two-color process, and a photograph, how can one best design an album cover? The fellow who designed early Blue Note 12" album covers found what is to date the best--and most copied--way. It involved placing block-letters square against each other, in the same manner as I did in my heading for the second installment of "The Adversaries".)

Al Lewis, in his inside-front-cover editorial spells out the changes I've already noted here in LASFS and coming in SHAGGY. The zine's goal, he says is to become a top fanzine. Period. A worthy goal, and a wee bit less eclecticism combined with a more solid line of attack should win it for him.

Ted Johnstone's "Jest A Minute" carries on Tigrina's minutes-title, in a mildly interesting and informative fashion. Dick Sands' "Fanquet Report" is a one-pager of mild interest.

Johnstone's write-up on his friend George Fields, "George Fields...What Next?" is a somewhat pretentious and over-adulatory piece which seems questionable in some of its facts. Quote: "In late 1952 he was reading IMAGINATION and came across a column reviewing something called 'fanzines'. His interest was captured, and he sent off for some of these esoteric publications." ... "He has now been appointed Club Historian, a position for which he is well-suited, having been a student of fannish history since 1950." Underlines mine. I'm not certain George can live up to all this hoopla, especially the finishing note: "And now, with a foot in both the fan and pro fields, George W. Fields is straddling bravely onwards towards a golden future." Wow. Maybe I've got this all wrong, though. Maybe it's satire. If so, they're treating George a bit rough. I'm still waiting though for the Willis volume (now four volumes) also mentioned as forthcoming from George in this article. They were first announced years ago...

Ron Bennett's "Colonial Excursions" Part 13, is the best--and longest--I've read yet, and undoubtedly the top item in the issue. It picks up on the day following the convention, and details our misadventures in finding the Pacific Ocean, and the beginning of our return across country. How many more parts there will be to this series I don't know, but probably nearly as many as there are those which came before part 13 and which aren't published yet. Ron's memory is amazingly accurate, and I have only two small quibbles: I was driving the car when the lumber began materializing in the air before us, and it wasn't a jazz band at all that we listened to in disgust; it was Louis Prima and Keely Smith, in one of the most tasteless stage shows I've ever witnessed...

"Quo Vadis in the Fanzines" by "Eustace Southington Plunkett" is one of the best brief fmz-review columns I've read recently. Which means I agree with it. It is actually surprising how many of my ill-tempered opinions "ESP" echoes. There must be two of us, alone here on the edge of fandom...

Ted Pauls contributes a minor one-page effort on

the what-fandom-are-we-in-now question. His conclusions aren't too valid since he bases them on an out of date article of mine, but doesn't follow the criteria I used.

Ron Ellik in his "Squirrel Cage" details his adventures with Honey Wood (quite platonic, I assure you!) and the N3F, of which he now finds himself a member. I knew he'd make it. It takes a certain bright-eyedness and bushy-tailedness to get into the N3F. I'm glad for Ron in this, his realization of a Major Goal In Life.

Terry Carr's "Annex" is shorter this time, no longer a tail wagging its dog. (I'll refrain from a more accurate simile...) Nevertheless, Terry's easy facile style carries this brief report of a fannish visit from Bourne (he's one of Geis' and my accolites, you know) and Metzger through to next-to-top position in the mag. Terry also contributes his first page of face critturs in a long time. They seem more topical, more fannish. The one of Bjo and Rotsler is fine stuff indeed.

The rest of the mag is filled out with a poem from Ted Cogswell, which he circulated himself first, and Djinn Faine's reply; and other, more mundane-appearing letters.

The zine totals up four outstandingly good pieces: by Bennett, Carr, Ellik and "ESP", in that order, and no outstanding liabilities. In appearance it can still improve--more attention should be paid to layout--but materialwise it need only follow its current course--and get Burbee back, for at least a one-page editorial.

It is really good to see an old-timer like this make a comeback into the ranks of the top fanzines.

--Ted E. White

"Was Laney a healthy man last time you saw him?"

Dave gave me a disgusted look. "Healthy! He was sick. A damned sick man. For Chrissake."

"I'll be darned," I said. "I'd known him so many years. He sure had me fooled. He looked all right to me."

"Aw hell," said Dave. "He wore a corset so stiff he could scarcely bend over, and when he did you could see the stays sticking out."

"That was probably a truss for his hernia," I said. "He had that for years. Got a \$450 settlement from the insurance company, and spent the money on something else instead of having his hernia fixed."

"And pale. He was pale. Like a ghost, he was."

"But hell," I said, "he was always pale. He looked like the secretary to a ghoul. I think Laney hated sunlight as much as any creature of fantasy he ever read about."

"But his bowels were bad," said Dave. "Why sometimes on nights he'd go into the toilet and stay there a full hour and sometimes more. He must have suffered like hell in there with his bowels."

"Did you ever notice that he always carried a pocket book edition in his hip pocket? Or kept one in his tool box so he could stuff it into his shirt on the way to the toilet? And you know, Dave, that he was working two jobs when he was here. Days and nights, both. I don't blame him for sacking out in the head."

"You've got a goddam answer for everything," said Dave. "Next thing you'll be telling me he's not really dead."

"There are schools of thought on that, too," I said. -Charles Burbee
(condensed from THE STORMY PETREL, edited by Terry Carr; 25¢)

(letters, continued from p.4:)) next issue of VOID. You're merely wasting space that might be put to better advantage. Fannishly, Art Lee

Greg Benford, You have my permission to go to hell.

This Ted White is just a crap pile, ain't he? I jotted him a real fannish note just a few minutes ago, you know--to let the kid know I'm alive and all that sort of stuff. Besides, I thought he was stepping out, so to speak. He was with it the most. Too far, so to speak. So, I had to cut the kid down a few notches. I think my letter will do him some good.

Noticed that you published some material by Moomaw, this Cinny cat that flipped his wig and blasted out, way out. And I saw a real crappy piece by this other cat named Vernon McCain that used to blow his stack in fandom a while back. Good. I've never felt bad about reading stuff by dead people, you know. After all, just because they couldn't take this jive, should I worry? No, man! If you want to turn your mag into a ghou, why should I care, eh? Rob the grave. I'll bet neither Moomaw nor McCain give a damned down where they're at.

What really flipped me though, and I mean really flipped me, so to speak, was this wild letter column you ran or walked. Wild, man! Strickly (sic) out. All those names and the interesting things they have to say. I heard from another cat in Dallas that you were an odd-ball (out, man!) and that you really griped his tail. Stay off him, man! Stick with your zine. It's a cool thing. And really out. You know, Art Lee, Apt. 4-G 345 W. 23rd St., New York 11, N.Y.,

COLIN CAMERON: In VOID 15, Kent Moomaw's "The Adversaries" and your own "Wailing Wall" vie for first place. Both are equally interesting and comment-provoking. On Kent's fan-fiction first: I truly believe this to be the finest fiction Kent ever wrote. Note that I stress fiction; Kent wrote some interesting and controversial criticisms of various subjects which I also thought to be done excellently, even though I did not necessarily agree with the opinions. The term "fan-fiction" often brings to mind weak attempts at cross-sectioning various aspects of fandom, with equally decrepit attempts at elevating the personalities, status, and importance of fans and/or fandom. Such fiction is always prejudiced decidedly either pro or con and lacks the realistic qualities that can be found in good literature. That is why the term "fan-fiction", or even "faan-fiction" usually brings a somewhat bitter taste unless the author happens to be someone particularly noted for his writing ability. This is not so with Kent Moomaw's story. ("Fan-fiction" is a phrase which covers a multitude of sins. It would be hard to characterize the material I ran in STELLAR's 8 through 12 as anything but fan-fiction, but yet it was quite varied in approach, theme, and application.-tw))

I'm not sure if Kent intended me to do so, but I actually find myself disliking this "Ford" rather intensely and admiring this "Olds" rather highly. (The mark, I suppose of Kent's ability to create real people--you like or dislike them according to your inclinations in fandom...-tw))

"The Wailing Wall" interests me, not only because I am a somewhat frequent contributor to TWIG, but in the fact that your opinions are rather striking. I'm even more interested in the motivation for your comments than the actual comments themselves. For instance: why do you consider a fanzine which "has no reference points within the zine in relation to fandom at large" an inferior one? Perhaps inferior is the wrong word--in any case, you believe it to be a strike against it. Again, why? Is an awareness of fandom-at-large (or a seeming awareness) a necessary part of a successful fanzine? (I think if a fanzine is aware of 'fandom-at-large', fandom will be aware of the fanzine itself.-gb) (I believe that a fanzine of real worth to fandom must be involved in fandom, and must contribute to the mainstream of fandom rather than creating a corner of its own, and its own private fandom. A key word is "successful". A "successful fanzine" is what? What are the criteria for success? Well, I think the best framework for judging any fanzine is against that of fandom-as-a-whole. If this is so, a successful fanzine must to an extent contain an involvement in and with fandom-as-a-whole. Ignoring fandom just isn't cricket. There are various fanzines floating around--SPHERE, SIGMA OCTANUS, etc.--which contrive to nearly fully ignore fandom. I picked TWIG as the best-known (which somewhat defeats my definition, to be sure) of these fanzines. I was holding it up as an example of a type of fanzine, as I thought I'd made clear in the first page of my review. I was not, as various fen seem to think, "picking on" a small, defenseless fanzine which couldn't/wouldn't fight back. (I have it on good authority that Terwilleger intends launching a full-scale war on me...) -tw)) [2561 Ridgeview Drive, San Diego 5, California,

BRUCE PELZ: I'm inclined to agree with you as to the excellence of writing in "The Adversaries" at least as far as giving a feeling of realism and delineating a particular 'personality' to main characters. I went back and re-read Kent's letter in SPECTRE, and the MZB story in the previous SPECK, and came to the conclusion that Kent's is the better-written story. And if you don't mind some between-the-lines reading, it seems to me that the personality traits of two femmefen went into the character of MGolds--that of MZB in addition to GMC. (This is beginning to sound like the Roosevelt administration with all the initials.)

There are two types of fanzine reviews of any consequence--the slash-jab method used in Whitezines, and the all-but-the-kitchen-

sink method of Coulson. I happen to like both of them, and consider that each has its uses. To the fanzine reader and collector, the Coulson method is more useful, since it becomes a catalogue of fanzine fandom. I took the time to index the last two years of YANDRO and the last two years of CRY OF THE NAMELESS, then bound the zines and the index together. The result is a pretty good sourcebook on two full years of non-APA fanzine fandom--who published what approximately when. (You might consider publishing an annual index to fanzines published. It would undoubtedly require colabration and close checking to catch them all, but it would be worth it, and would serve as a good continuation of the Evans-Pavlat index which runs up only through 1952. -tw) On the other hand, the White-type review is of more use to the individual editor who is under the scalpel at the time, and possibly to other fanzine editors in as much as they can occasionally learn from others' mistakes. As for me, I liked TWIG ILLUSTRATED, despite the swelled head of Adkins, and the moronic comic strip. Why, I even liked "The Ins and Outs of Fandom."--and by the way, did you miss the line "If you believe this article you are OUT!"? Therefore, to be 'in' you'd have to disbelieve the article, which means admitting that the statements about White and Bonford being 'out' were wrong. I guess. Hell with it--I enjoyed it anyhow. (I'm rapidly tiring of being known as a slash-&-jab artist. Look over my reviews in DM and tell me which direction they lie in. And...dig the Wailing Wall this issue...-tw)

Terry Carr's "Detention Tales" were also enjoyed muchly. But I guess poetry that scans is also 'out'. A small quibble in the face of the enjoyment of the thing, but it annoys me to have to revamp the meter from one line to its rhyming partner. The same thing bugged me with "My Fair Femmefan" (of which I didn't get a copy until after the Brandon expose'.) With all the collaborationists in Berkeley, someone should be able to twist the lines slightly to make them scan. (Hoo! "The Detention Tales" was written in exactly the same meter, rhyme, or whatever (I'm not exactly a poetry fan), as the original. Carr was merely adding a Touch of Authenticity.-gb) [4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida]

J O E P Y L K A : "The Other Fandom" was very interesting, indeed. Der Pelz tells me he's commented on Caving Fandom, so I'll just throw something in about science fandom. Not bird-watcher societies, but Herpetological societies. With most of these people, it is just a hobby, but there are a good twenty or so clubs in the country, plus lots of outliers. A lot of AJ, too, best example of which is the Philadelphia Herp. Society Bulletin. Articles, mainly technical, but there is a lettercol of sorts, newsnotes, and ads. They hold meetings, etc., like other clubs. In a way, they have cons, too. It's a little different though, since the cons are scientific meetings of learned societies here and there, like AAAS and AIBS. There are even "Pros" in the ranks, people who have been established in the field for quite a long time, or else those amateurs who have published something in a scientific journal. Stf fandom, I guess, is not alone in the world. There are quite a few, I imagine, that are like it. But none, of course, quite as good. (I've found science fandom, or at least the part I'm connected with, to be much like fandom except that activity is mostly on a personal level. In a way, it's better than stfandom, in that New Ideas are constantly being introduced, and esteem is earned more by intelligence than by a lot of work.-gb)

"The Detention Tales". Ah, yes, indeed. Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, and yet again, wonderful. Again, I'm waiting for the next installment. TCarr may not be doing any campaigning, but this is just as effective.

H A R R Y W A R N E R : There's a lot of this literary grave-robbing that Greg talks about in progress right now. The amount of stuff that's been written about Kafka, for instance, has required several oceans of ink, although much of it is in German. I think the impression that you get of literary historians picking on only the far past results from the fact that there have been many years more for the learned commentaries to accumulate for Shakespear than for Fitzgerald. There's nothing distinctive enough in fandom to make it a target for the tribe for centuries to come, I'd judge, but we still have a chance for subsidiary fame if fandom produces some kind of immortal genius of world-wide stature. These all-out geniuses run dry as subjects for investigation after a century or so, then the research people turn to their closest intimates and the circles in which they moved. (It is barely possible that Ray Bradbury might make it in a small way...and it would be interesting to speculate on a researcher's discovery of Ray's fanzine of nearly two decades ago...-tw)

It's sort of funny, that Pittsburgh and Washington should be competing for the 1960 convention, when those two cities are close to fandom's most notorious American hermits, Danner and me. Maybe Bill and I will make a pact for one of us to spend a week or ten days with the other during the 1960 convention, the site of the rendezvous to be the place which is more distant from the city which wins the convention bid.

The unanimity with which your letter-writers hopped on Dick Geis this time is a bit surprising. Normally you don't find fans agreeing so fully on any topic. His letter in this issue, however, sounds much more like the original Dick Geis than the jeremiads that he had been producing the past year or two. At the same time, I'm surprised to find someone still harping on that "retreat from reality" charge against fandom. I like to think of the European fan who spent the best part of his youth in a concentration camp. If he can find pleasure in fandom, it's hard to take seriously the stern warning on this

subject by a fellow who knows of reality only what he reads in the newspapers. [423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland]

N I C K F A L A S C A : I picked up on Lynn's letter in this last VOID, and thought about myself, egocentric as I am, and wondered where I stood. Here I am, or at least was, the epitome of Convention fandom. Outside of writing some obscure thing for some minor fan about once a year, my only activity was going to conventions. Along came the WSFS and I rose to the defense --or was it to attack and destroy?--my kind of fandom. I was forced into serious letter writing, and (heaven--if there is such a thing--forbid) publishing!!! From that moment on, I had a monkey on my back and I published something that had little to do with conventions. But the final blow was, after eight long years of successfully "conning" fans, someone called me a fanzine fan. And if Geis could see me now, he'd call me "mature", and say I had passed through the cycle...

I'm in fandom because I like the kind of person I meet in it. I may be unhappy with some of them occasionally but fans are stimulating, and are, for the most part, sane. (I believe I know what you mean, but I still think I prefer fans-by-mail to fans-in-person. Or maybe this is only because of Dallas fandom. -gb)[5621 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio]

B I L L D A N N E R : Might mention a small quibble with Warner's remarks about the publication of photographs of people. It's a pretty involved subject, but publication of a recognizable likeness is not necessarily grounds for lawsuit, according to an article in the August '58 POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY which says, in part: "... even though the publication in a newspaper of a person being arrested or people engaged in a nightclub scuffle might offend the sense of decency of the person whose photograph was published, the courts would not hold that there was an invasion of privacy in those circumstances." And I seem to recall reading somewhere else that so long as a published picture does not violate the individual's right of privacy, a release is necessary only for pictures used for "trade purposes"--that is, in advertising or other uses that bring in money for the photographer other than a standard fee paid for pictures by a publisher as opposed to an advertising agency or some such. I'm no lawyer either, so if you want to publish anything further on the subject perhaps you'd better do a little research or get the opinion of a lawyer. But it does appear as though Harry's flat statement is a little too broad. [RD 1, Kennerdell, Pa.]

L A R R Y S T A R K : I like "The Adversaries" very much. It is certainly a classic, one I'd place in my roll of personal favorites, along with "Fantasy Blues" and "The Fan Who Hated Quotecards" as the best representatives of what this variety of fan-story can and might be.

I didn't read the Warner article in the last VOID. I don't feel up to plodding doggedly through another Harry Warner article. I frankly think that Harry's spate of writing fanish articles did an enormously great thing for fandom by keeping Harry alive and sane and with us. I think they do incredible harm to fandom and to Harry when they turn up, superficial and truncated, in so many struggling little general-circulation fanzines. This, from the look of it, is more lengthy and more thorough than the obviously bad examples of Warneriana I've seen recently, but exposure to so many bad Warner things (and, recently, to a HORIZONS, which has many of Harry's failings, but many of his virtues too) makes me unwilling to plodge through another Warner article. I have no doubts but that it will stir up comment enough, and that is a Good Thing. (I dunno, but that strikes me as one of the most weirdly biased judgements I've ever encountered...-tw)

I liked Terry's "Detention Tales" prologue very, very much. This is the Carl Brandon I worshipped a year ago. I certainly hope they continue...though you realize, Ted, that to be absolutely authentic, only one third or so of the tales should be written. Also, Terry Carr should go to jail for debt, though I hope we don't insist on total parallels. (Maan, didn't you hear? Brandon's in Rockland!)

I don't like the attitude displayed in "The Wailing Wall" much, because, as Adkins proves, it is so open to argument. In the first place, I think it should be your business as a critic, not only to point out a magazine's shortcomings, where they are obvious, but to discover its Real Purpose. That's why I think such lengthy reviews should be devoted to neofan fanzines. These zines are still groping for a format, for a direction, and for an audience. There is plenty about them that needs correcting, and some constructive advice is necessary. But, once a zine has continued on for a while, it obviously does fulfill its aims, or it perishes. (I'm inclined to question that statement, but go on...-tw) Those aims may not be to challenge A BAS for leadership in the fanzine field. They may not be to challenge FANAC or VOID in exciting comment from recognized fans (!). And to judge either Adkins or Terwilleger by the standards which fandom has agreed upon is unfair. (See my comments to Colin Cameron.-tw) The only decision such a critical stand comes to is that TWIG is not the kind of fanzine most fans of long-standing enjoys reading or receiving...a fact Terwilleger knows already by glancing at his mailing-list and his letters of reply. (I think that once such a fact is established, that the reasons for it should next be found. Fandom can (and does) function in two ways. Either as a centralized organism, rather like a spiral nebula, with arms reaching out into mundanity and the N3F, but still pointing in towards central fandom--or, as a disorganized, fragmented, chaotic group of loosely-if-at-all bound separate entities.

We've just come out of a three or so year period of chaos, in which there was no central-point in fandom to use as a reference-point, and in which all these splinter-fandoms sprang up around various far-out fanzines. Personally, I'm a strong believer in centralized fandom. I think it makes for a higher degree of productivity and a higher quality of general fanac. In the last year, we've witnessed an amazing revival of fanac, and the re-establishment of a central fandom. I feel an animosity towards those fans who egotistically prefer that fandom--their fandom--rotate about them and their fanzine, etc. I suppose all of this is in reaction to my close contact with "Fandom's Jackass," Warren Allen Frieberg, and his BREVIZINE, in which he tried to establish a New Fandom. Should fandom ever come to revolve about VOID, it won't be so much my doing, or Greg's, but simply fandom's--like the London Circle meeting in a pub, they aren't there to see the bartender, but to see each other. Anyway, I intend to keep on reviewing fanzines from the point of view of 'How well has this zine adjusted to fandom?' rather than 'How well has it created its own fandom?'. You dig? -tw) [11 Buena Vista Pk., Cambridge 40, Mass.]

BOB LICHTMAN: Dammit, Ted, how can I refer to old GRUE's for Degler info?--I've not been in fandom long enough to have any issues before the one in April 1958 (is it true that another one is due any month now?). The suggestion about an article on same in V still stands. (Now that Ellik's home, try him for reading back issues, or maybe other LASFSers might have old GRUE's. Don't despair! -tw)

I challenge Don Franson to show me "constant reiteration of how much better they [faanish fmz] are than sercon fanzines." (I prefer the term "serious" to "stfnal".) And his plaint about "esoteric terms" and referants. True, I must agree with him to an extent there, but not when he says that there is an attitude that "everyone should know all the esoteric terms". Heck, I picked up most of the so-called fanspeak terms and fannish background lore by the time I was in fandom six months. Strangely, "BNF" was the last thing I picked up!

Yes, Tucker, bring out a revision of THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE; and Eney, where's FANCY II??? (I understand Bob is doing just that; and the FANCY-CLOPEDIA II is now in its final manuscript form--a truly monumental piece, though I don't fully agree with Eney's arrangement of all the material. When it appears depends on how fast Dick can get the over-a-hundred stencils cut... -tw)

Hmmm, some more fannish insults: "INNUENDO is serious and constructive," "FAPA is just a bunch of neos trying to be fannish," and "Sandy Sandersod is impartial." (What about "Bob Coulson is a trufan"? -gb)

The adversaries came out to a fine ending; if this doesn't get in next year's BoF, you'll have missed a good bet. (And odds are it won't...) This is one of the finest fannish stories I've ever read, as good as many of the "Brandon" pieces. [6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California]

BILL CONNER: Man, I certainly share your disgust of contemporary advertising that ballyhoos "the 'better' life". Ordinary advertising is bad enough to sicken any half-way intelligent person, but this stuff is both sickening and revolting in the extreme in its attempt to ride the sick American status-seeker's neurosis. You are very perceptive of the more outrageous of our society's stupidities, Greg. Like, I can just see "Fabulous, Cultural Dallas" as personified by one Orville Mosher. Of course it's Not Fair to judge Dallas by just one of its citizens, but that's what came to mind when I read those words. (That's what came to mind when I wrote those words. You are very perceptive of the more outrageous stupidities of our society, Bill. -gb)

Geis says nothing in his letter in #16 to give me reason to believe that he is not a fugghead. "A depression is shaping up..." Ghaaaa. Double Fie. Yes, maybe we would have a depression if there were a few more of Geis' ilk in places of authority and power. If Geis is so sure a depression is coming, why doesn't he enlighten us fools who believe that we are now suffering from a strange mixture of both inflation and recession at one time? I wonder if Geis has ever taken the time to crack an economics textbook? Or is he indulging in the favorite of American conversational pastimes--making unfounded statements about things he knows little about. Or is Geis psychic?

When fuggheads decide that they have "outgrown" fandom, fandom should be glad to get rid of them. The farewell blast at fandom is becoming an established custom among those who decide to Gafiate Forever. Somehow most of them manage to put their foot in their mouth when they do this. As for Geis--move over, Degler! (I don't really think that was a farewell blast. I think Dick is getting a huge kick out of all this. See below. -tw)

I certainly have never read anything more fannish in the way of fan fiction than Kent Moomaw's "Adversaries". That was Kent--hyper-fannish. I get the impression that Frank H. Ford is the sort of fan who characterizes Kent's feelings about some of the ghods of fandom who have fallen down to mortal status, and also that the story reflects a certain disillusionment with fandom in general. I mean, like the "immortal storm" of the Ford-Olds feud degenerates into petty bickering and fighting, only to become fizzled out. "The Adversaries" seems to be a sort of fannish tragedy where the main characters do not fall upon their swords in the end but merely go their merry ways as is typical of fandom. (I don't believe Kent had that much 'reverence' for the "ghods of fandom", but perhaps you're right. -gb)

Dan Adkins certainly surprised

me by admitting to cutting his own wrists when he was younger. Such an admission to all fandom takes the kind of guts I admire. Not everyone is willing to admit that they were ever anything but perfectly sane. Of course no one is ever perfectly sane. After all, sanity is only the psychological norm of behavior. (Now, define "sane"...-tw) [115 W. Water St., Chillicothe, Ohio]

D I C K G E I S : Good enough! I've called you and fannnnish fans sick and escapist, and you and some fans in your letter column have called me sick and escapist. We're all dick-sick-sick.

You're right; selling that first story (for \$100) was very important to me. I couldn't resist bragging about it to you and my friends and even strangers when I could squeeze it into a conversation. I opened that lovely Knight Publishing Co. envelope, saw the acceptance, and did hand springs down the street, whooping and crowing as I went. There is nothing like the thrill of selling that first story; somebody is paying good money for words you wrote! A fabulous sensation.

Tcha! Your condemnation of me for wanting egoboo and adulation from fandom, and money, is laughable. I have entertained thots of making a profit, true, and of course everyone wants egoboo and adulation...why else publish a fanzine? (I don't want to disillusion you, but there are other reasons...-tw) But this coming from you, you, the guy who is only happy running a publishing service, running FAPA, the Cult, dominating VOID, picking apart other's fanzines (I also walk dogs...-tw)...for you to condemn me for wanting egoboo...har-de-har har. (Look, friend: not everyone places as strong a value on material benefit as you seem to. You're right: I get kicks from the egoboo that accrues from my fanac (though I can't say I've ever gotten much if any adulation), but that's not the only reason I'm in fandom. I'm not even sure it's the top reason. If I stopped all publishing activities tomorrow, I'd still stick around for all the friends I've got, and the wonderful times I have at parties, conventions, etc. So I'm forceful, and when people let me I tend to want to run things...I don't sit down and cry if I can't. Like, that's a pretty superficial attitude, Dick. So don't start willy-nilly applying to me...-tw)

And for you to sneer patronizingly at the self-conscious Beatniks...you who have grown a true-blue Beatnik beard, and no doubt studiously aped non-conformity...again...har-de-har har. (You speak from the sheerest ignorance, pal. I had a beard before I'd ever heard of Beatniks, and as soon as I could grow one--it was a childhood ambition, if truth be told. I've still got it because Sylvia likes it. Sometime you talk to a close friend of mine--any of them--and ask him if I "studiously ape non-conformity"... You just don't know what you're talking about. And if you keep up with crap like that, you might even get me mad...-tw)

We're both of us hoist by own own petard, Ted. We may as well admit it. (Speak for yourself...) [Rm.11, 19 Wave Crest Ave., Venice, California (new address)]

M A R I O N Z . B R A D L E Y : In regard to "Happy Benford Chatter", I wonder; do you really think that any writer today could do real justice to the Beat Generation's literature? I believe a perspective of at least ten or twelve years is necessary to survey any strong literary movement. Scott Fitzgerald's ultimate worth can be surveyed better at present than it could when everyone was surrounded by the milieu of the "Jazz age" in which he wrote, and blinded by their own personal reaction and participation to that age. I think it will stand out in freer perspective, even, fifty years from now when the prejudice and participation have died away. Not to mention that a dead author can be dispassionately blamed or praised without stirring the passionate defenses or attacks of those who knew and loved him; his personal habits and (as in the case of Gide or Walt Whitman) sexual orientation can be discussed without libel suits; the pattern of his life stands out against the facts and not merely the swirl of emotions surrounding them. As the French novelist Colette aptly remarked when asked why she had not written of the nineties until she was an old lady in the nineteen-thirties, "One doesn't write love stories while one is making love." (After all this, I almost hesitate to mention that the Lost Generation--which was what I'd mentioned--was the period during the twenties--Fitzgerald, Hemingway, etc--and not the Beats. I still can't understand, tho, why people regard literary characters as intensely interesting. Most seem to be dull clods. -gb) (If I may take exception--ever read of Ross, or the entire New Yorker gang? Most definitely not "dull clods"...-tw,

I think it is true that a monthly, or at least a very regular and frequent fanzine, does become, if not The Hub of Fandom, at least a hub of a fandom. Each regular fanzine--or most regular fanzines--bring into existence a particular clique of fans who, if they aren't the most active and vocal fans when it starts, soon become the most active and vocal fans.

I have in my day (says this doddering white-haired old fanne) participated in a successive number of these in-groups, the ones I remember best being those centered around VEGA, DIMENSIONS and HODGEPODGE. FANVARIETY, too. I can think of only two fanzines which have never brought such groups into existence (exclusive, of course, of such off-beat bits as FANTASY COMMENTATOR which had its own circle which I never entered, and SPACEWARP in which I participated very actively until it handed itself over to the Insurgents).

Those two are SKYHOOK and YANDRO. I have written for both, but SKYHOOK has always struck me as more of a scholarly magazine than

a fanzine with a clique of friends centered around it, and YANDRO is something of an anomaly in fandom.

I've always been excessively curious about just why YANDRO, despite its regularity, legibility and readability, never formed such a group. ((FHFord thought he had the answer in YANDRO's "colorlessness"; I'm inclined to think it lies in the fact that Buck refuses to think of himself as a fan--and the warm air of camaraderie just isn't there, because of this.-tw)) This despite the fact that both Buck and Juanita are people I like most tremendously. (I've always thought YANDRO was more of an intelligent-reader type magazine than a fanzine. That is, many of its attitudes and the type of material presented are general in scope, and as Ted would say, has little contact with the main stream of fandom. -gb))

I got quite a boot out of Psychotic Geis. His definition of how the world was going to hell while we sat around reading fanzines made me sit back and guffaw. Jee-sus.

I have written pornography on occasion myself, and the results were probably valuable in "ridding me of my inhibitions" and letting me "express myself". That done, I considered its purpose accomplished and filed it promptly in File Thirteen--that is the big round metal one on the floor slightly to the left of the desk. So many young writers--or, that is, fans who like to fancy themselves as Young Writers--go on this self-expression kick. But I'd say anything written to express the self is of value only to the self it expresses --or to a psychiatrist analysing that self. The test of good writing (here beginneth the First Chapter of the Gospel of Marion, hear hear hear) would be that it shall not express the self, but communicate those things the self has to give to others. In other words, not tip up and root around in the ash-bin of our personality, dumping out all the garbage, but communicating the best we have to give. (Fandom, best utilized, is just such a media for communication...-tw)) [Box 246, Rochester, Texas]

W A L T W I L L I S : The position here is that we have to get out of this house in ten days, having sold it for much the same reason as invading armies burn their boats. As you'll readily understand, I'm not capable of any gay fannish baginage and I wouldn't even attempt this gasp if it hadn't been that I admire you two and the new monthly VOID and feel I couldn't call myself a fan if I didn't say or attempt to say something. So, a few brief notes on places where I put crosses in the margins.

"The Adversaries" was amazingly good--quite lived up to your billing. // I'll hold your coat if you want another round with Geis. I noted that one of the ways in which Geis advanced fearlessly towards reality was to omit to return the subs (which as I remember he demanded --"no trades" -tw) which us impractical fans had contributed to his fanzine. As you'll remember, he said he donated them to some charity. Bully for him. Richard Geis, Richard Geis, riding through the glen...or don't you have that tv series.// Not only you and Boyd seized simultaneously on those snob ads--at what must have been pretty much the same moment I was burlesquing them in HYPHEN.// I liked that bit in GAMBIT about Parker waiting on your doorstep all that time so as not to waken you up, a sidelight which makes me think he must be a pretty nice guy. It would have surprised me more before 1952, when I found that the people who visited Laney must have belonged to a special type attracted to his doorstep like flies. Ron can darken my doorstep any time he likes. ((Since Ron is now stationed in Europe, that's less unlikely than it might have been... I know how you feel about moving. Seems like we're making a steady practice of it...-tw))

D O N A L D F R A N S O N : I've often thought about future historians pawing over fanzines, but for a different purpose; suppose someone who writes in then becomes really famous (more so than Bradbury) and biographers and completists hunt up every scrap he wrote? ((This has been done, in a minor way, with Lovecraft...-tw))

I thought CRY worthy of being a focal point too, though I think many fans ignore it (on its past reputation, maybe?). It's the fanzine I most enjoy. So we come to the letter of F.M.Busby, and I have some Fabulous Fannish Insults: "F.M.Busby has gafiated," "Raeburn furiously denounces jazz and sportscars," and "Ted White peddles YANDRO for a living". [6543 Bahcock Ave., North Hollywood, California]

B O B P A V L A T : I've discovered another fandom. Western fandom, complete with mimeographed magazines, collectors, and even conventions. This is a brand new discovery (why shucks, FANAC doesn't even know of it yet), and I don't know whether to delve into the subject or not. There is a corral (really!--the Potomac Coral) organized in Washington, but I haven't really looked into it yet. Maybe I'll subscribe to a couple of the magazines or something and give you a full report. The news is disappointing in a way tho. It probably means that my OMPazine title has been used before, even tho in another fandom. Tsk!

Your review of PSYCHOTIC was rather like cutting a snake to pieces after you've already chopped off his head, just because it's still wriggling. Effective, but unnecessary, dissection. Or was PSY 25 published much more recently than I remember? Seems to me like it was well over a year ago. ((No--around last Christmas, and I wrote the review soon after.))

I'd not agree with your statement that "The Adversaries" is strictly story without allegory or moral. It is a well drawn sketch of conflict, and about the only place where the story fails to ring true is

in some of the conversation—not a serious defect, and not too surprising when you think of Kent's apparent withdrawn life. There's a fairly strong line of resignation running through the story—the fight that had to be between Olds and Ford, the misunderstanding (and the quite truthful uselessness of trying to explain "fugghead" to anyone—husband or hotel dick—while still bearing scars of the battle), the lasting marks of the battle throughout the convention and in FAPA, and the lack of accomplishment of anything. This was not a moral or theme Kent pointed out as having some meaning to fandom; in that much you are right. I doubt if Kent realized how down-beat his story was (and you're welcome to disagree with me that it was down-beat, but I think the marks are plain). I haven't read (or maybe I should say "paid attention to") enough material by Kent to know if this was a general characteristic of his writing, or just happened to come through this once. It was a fine bit of work showing some real talent. I'm glad you printed it.

A good defense of WSFA in VOID 16, you covered the highlights well.

I doubt if any fan who's been in fandom for any time would have any legal grounds for objection if a letter in reply to a fanzine saw print. The habit is too well known, and I imagine that there is some legal provision or interpretation which says that letters in comment on a magazine are subject to print, and normal common-law copyright provisions do not apply. There must be—I'm sure our nationally circulated magazines must have fought and won a test case by now. The neofan who didn't expect a letter to a fan to see print, or the fan-to-fan rather than the fan-to-publisher might well have grounds for legal action if his letter was reprinted. I wonder if printing a DNQ passage in a letter generally sent as open to publication except for that one passage could get the printer in trouble? Seems like the interpretation should be that the writer has reserved his proprietary rights to that one portion of his letter, even though surrendering his rights to the rest of the material. (I notice that recently Lynn Hickman stated he would disregard any DNQ's in letters to him. I imagine the effect here will be that people just won't write him anything they consider private. Personally, I respect DNQ's, as I imagine most fans do, simply because I want mine respected too... It seems you can no longer rely on the taste of the fan you're writing to see that what you want kept private will be. Thus, the DNQ. -tw) With respect to your footnote to Warner's article, the British not only may, but must, send copies of printed material to the British Museum. [6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md.]

ROG E B E R T : Like man, my eyes are all bugged out from all that micro-ekite type, but keep it up. It makes for much more reading material, even if the individual letters do get buried, somewhere in the hairy finish on that glorified toilet paper you insist on calling pulp. Sad part of it is, the stuff is so little that it's no happy task to follow tiny lines of type all across an 8 x 11 page. In newspapers, they say 6-point type is too small to use double-column in editorials and like that, and that's where all the 8- and 10-point editorials and odd-width columns have been coming from.

So, if 6-point is too small for anything but columns of statistics and baseball box scores, then that 1-1/2 point, or whatever it is, must be too small too. (I don't think it's that small—I have no difficulty reading it, especially since the type is on a non-glare paper.-gb) [410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois]

A FEW UFFISH AFTERTHOTS

IN THE 44th JD-ARGASSY, Lynn Hickman devotes a page of editorializing to the misconception that I was accusing him of dirty campaigning in my editorial in V 16. I'm sorry it wasn't obvious to Lynn, but the heading title, "Dept. of Dirty Campaigning", was intended to refer facetiously to that which followed: ie, my support for DC IN '60. There was certainly no intention of accusing Lynn of any dirty campaigning, and no reference was made to any in the text of the editorial. While it was, I guess, an ambiguous heading title to anyone with a chip on his shoulder, it was meant in the cleanest of fun, and just about everyone else took it that way. Unfortunately, Lynn has now taken cudgel in hand to sneeringly beat down every point I raised, in this fit of pique over a fancied insult. Fair enough, I guess, if you believe that I took "paragraph upon paragraph to explain why [Hickman] is a dirty campaigner." I hope no one else thought this was my reason for devoting a page to boosting the WSFA and DC IN '60.

I think it is needlessly silly to indulge in personalities over something of this nature. There's hardly any call for "I decided in favor of Pittsburgh because all of the members that I know there are responsible people..." with the implication that DC is lacking in "responsible people" and the flat statement that this is the only reason Lynn chose to support Pittsburgh over DC. I don't think that the degree of "maturity" (a word Pittsburgh supporters are over-fond of using) or "responsibility" of any of the clubs bidding is markedly different, nor that it is worth basing a campaign upon. Further, I consider it offensive to spearhead a campaign on such a platform. I think a majority of fans will agree with me that this smacks unhealthily of fuggheaded snobbishness, and won't earn its users many votes. I wonder at the people who feel they must resort to such tactics to win a convention. And I notice that P.S. Miller has wisely refrained from entering into such tactics. My original editorial remarked on the coincidence of two Pittsburgh supporters emphasizing "maturity" and sought to

show that this is a mute point; that DC can easily hold its own in this respect. In return, Lynn got "a laugh from the 'maturity' of my editorial"--thus contriving to miss the entire point. How silly a rebuttal; what if I was to point out all the pettiness, sniping, "immaturity", etc. in Lynnd's editorial? What difference would it make? Lynn isn't going to put on any convention Pittsburgh might win, just as I'm not going to put on the Capicon. Attacking me, or the "maturity" of my editorials is pretty silly; the men responsible for the Capicon will be Chick Derry, Bob Pavlat, Bill Evans, and Dick Eney, plus other less known members of WSFA--all highly responsible and "mature" fans--any way you want to spell it. They don't need defending on this score, and further, questions like "how many others of the 'mature' group will be active" will only be detrimental to the questioner. I mean, grow up, Lynn! Leave the grade school innuendo for those "immature" enough to have no better recourse.

'You irked me, Lynn, but I along with any number of other fans who read JD-ARGASSY got quite a laugh from the "maturity & responsibility" of your editorial. They're for DC IN '60 now too...'

THE MOVING SITUATION is still in the air. Because I'm rushing to put this out, I still don't know my new address, but all mail will reach me if addressed to my Baltimore address. I'd prefer, as with last issue, that letters of comment be sent to Greg for the duration, at least until I can announce a New York address.

-ted e. white

hang down your head and cry, dean grennell...

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- ☐ This is a sample copy--want more?
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h goodies, some of which we haven't even received

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