

JULY, 1959



THE FMZ THAT DARES DISCUSS SCIENCE FICTION

VOID 19



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### happy benford chatter

I FEAR the worst. I really do. Dallas fandom is coming back. Or at least it has begun to stir its mouldy bones, which is a bad sign. Richard Koogler (the English major at SMU) and Albert Jackson have bought our mimeograph and are preparing to crank out a fanzine on it. George Jennings has already mailed an issue of SPECTRUM and is even now working on the next. And Randy Brown has returned from California, all enthusiastic about publishing. I was over at his home the other night, and he even had a dozen or so pages run off.

I don't know what this means, but I fear the worst.

ON DALLAS FANDOM again, I've been meaning to tell you about Randy Brown. Brown the Legendary Fan, who has retired from fandom off and on for four years now, and still remains an active fan. Yes, that's true. Randy Brown is an active fan. He doesn't publish fanzines or write letters, but somehow fandom remembers him.

I think it's because Randy never really announces his withdrawals from fandom. Instead, he puts out an issue of HARK and drops out, leaving fmz reviews filled with his address. Neofans come on the scene, and think HARK will make a good trade. So Randy Brown, ex-fan, gets free fanzines for one to two years. But by then Alan Dodd has stopped mentioning him in connection with Dallas fandom and HARK is no longer mentioned in reviews or his name placed in Bennett's DIRECTORY, so neofan Brown is forced to produce a fanzine again. In recent years, perhaps due to the speeding-up of modern times, Brown has had to publish one HARK a year, usually in July (last summer was an exception, for although he mimeographed a fmz, he forgot to mail it).

It isn't only this quality which cares for his fan-nish needs, tho. People use him as examples of this or that, and his name keeps cropping up from time to time. Bob Bloch even wrote an article about him in a recent OOPSLA; how many fans have that distinction? How many fans can casually write a few lines to a fanzine and have an entire article written by Bob Bloch in reply? Randy Brown simply has a knack for continuing his influence in fandom. I imagine 25 years from now Bob Tucker will write an article about oldtime fan Randy Brown, and wonder at his prolonged activity and service to fandom.

For that matter, why am I writing all this about him? Does Brown exert some strange power over we normal fans which makes us retain his memory? Is Randy Brown the fan with The Power?

I BELIEVE it was Buck Coulson who wrote some time ago on the subject of fans and athletes, and why the twain never meet. Of course, a lot of fans are principally intellectuals, and have more regard for books than muscles, but saying that fans aren't athletically inclined just isn't so. There is probably a sub-fandom within fandom itself consisting of fans who bowl, because it seems every fan I meet wants to go bowling or compare scores. Terry Carr plays (or did play) baseball. Robin Wood was on his school's tennis team, as was I, and Rich Alex Kirs seems to have played almost every game imaginable at one time or another. John Berry mentioned his past feats as a runner last YANDRO, and Ron Bennett's rugby is well known by now, if only for the occasional lessons he gives visiting fans. And then Walt Willis plays tennis, as well as the more popular sport of Ghoddminton.

There isn't a great deal to be drawn from this athletic business, I suppose, except that fans aren't as one-sided as some would have us think. Which is a good point in itself, perhaps.

LAST ISSUE I announced that I was selling my fanzine collection. A few people, in particular Elinor Busby, commented on the awesome feat with wonder and trepidation that I would do such a thing. Selling your fanzine collection is practically cutting yourself off from the past of fandom, and thus the mainstream. One even wondered if this meant I was dropping out of fandom.

Well, this issue I have more news. I'm selling my science fiction collection...or rather, have sold. Jim and I went down to Harper's, a used magazine store in Dallas, and sold our stf collection for pennies. This, I feel, is a great step. Soon I will have no contacts with fandom other than the fanzines I receive in the mail. But that's not really what I'm worried about, you see. All that can be replaced fairly easily. What really worries me is that Jim and I disposed of all that stf for one dollar cash...and a collection of SCIEN-TIFIC AMERICAN.

-greg benford

### uffish thots (& explanations)

THE LAST SAINT Mystery Magazine pubbed by King-Size (the new publisher is Great American) contained an unusual story in "Miss Sillithorpe's Hobby," by Lee Chaytor, which the blurb identifies as "Introducing the first psionic detective--". The story might almost have better appeared in THE SAINT's companion mag, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. But it does give rise to some interesting speculation over the future for this blending of stf (and in this case, fts) and mystery. Really, THE DEMOLISHED MAN



is a psionic detective story, but I envision something a little more palatable to the masses...for instance, in the new issue of ASTOUNDING PSIONIC MYSTERY STORIES,

"Simon Onique, the Fabulous Detective who learned while in the Mysterious Far East the power to Cloud Men's Minds--and occasionally women's too--and read their thoughts. Sy Onique, who, beneath his invincible cloak of Peanut Butter stands revealed as Bob Silverberg in yet another of his myriad aliases!"

All right, now, who'll be the first...?

THE KIPLINGER LETTER (that's the sheet that will not allow quotation, so I'm paraphrasing) recently announced a new product which could very well spell the doom of a great fannish institution. The beer industry, said the KL, is converting to aluminum beer cans. The advantages include the lightness. However, due to the increased value of the cans, brewers are now offering 1¢ or more per can for their return! This, it was claimed in KL, would probably lead to more tidiness as cans would no longer be discarded along roadsides, etc. No doubt a deposit setup, as on bottles, is envisioned.

Well, Berkeley, are you going to take this threat to a continued supply of beer cans sitting down? Will you trade in your cans for the pennies it takes to buy stencils, ink, paper, the Necessities of Life, or will you Stand Fast? All fandom awaits your word!

GUY TERWILLEGGER really is not nearly as nasty as you may have thought from his letter in V17. In fact, he had simply lost his temper, was all. As often happens, we've both made up since; we each independently wrote conciliatory letters which crossed in the mails. Which is a pretty good example of Basic Decency, I guess. So all you out there who were watching for another Big Fight, there won't be any, and I'm afraid your hopes have been worked up for nothing. (I had a letter from Guy--the letter--which I was going to print here; unfortunately, in the bustle of moving to New York, and the following six-month period, it was lost. My apologies, Guy, since I had said I would print it. Most of the volumes of words I wrote Guy were printed in TWIG 16--which is old stuff by now...)

Bigolly, who do you suppose I'll make up with tomorrow? Stay tuned, gang!

THE WAILING WALL this issue concerns itself, not with the forecasted ASF review, but with a reply to a Lowndes editorial in SFS. Reason for this being that I am expanding the scope (and audience) of the WALL a bit. During the hiatus of this zine I have been contributing the column to YANDRO (and I'll bet that surprised a few fans in the Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria area) and may make it even more or a roving column in the future. As far as VOID is concerned, the column will also use outside material, as well. Coming up next issue, I believe, is a Franklin Hudson Ford review of Harlan Ellison's writing in ROGUE, for instance... And, if you would like a soap box for a review, try us with it...the worst we can do is say No...

THERE WILL BE/ARE/HAVE BEEN SOME CHANGES MADE: It's no news that this is late--over six months late, which is pretty damned late for a monthly fanzine... This is unfortunate in a number of respects; we've been forced to scrap outdated material, such as a truly witty plug for Terry Carr for TAFF by Wm. Rotsler. (And I note that a recent Giuffre lp on Verve had a cover photo by Rotsler; better watch that boy, he's going places!)

The reasons for VOID's delay are far too numerous for me to go into here: they began with our move to New York City from Baltimore, and then began piling up on each other. One of the main reasons for our move to this city was so that I might establish a career for myself in the professional magazine world. This I have done to an extent...although I have sold several short items to PLAYBOY, my main concentration is on the Jazz field. This should be no surprise to those of you who received the GAMBITs of a year ago, with my New Sounds columns (in fact, I am now rewriting and selling those very same columns...). I have sold a huge backlog of material to METRONOME-MUSIC USA, a magazine which has just been bought out by a new publisher. The original publisher was nothing if not stingy, and the magazine was dying of it. The new publisher expects to pump a quarter of a million dollars back into the magazine before it shows a profit, and he has great plans for the mag. Due mainly to the fact that I stuck close-like-a-leech to the editor, Bill Coss, I find that in the new, reorganized magazine, I am a record reviewer and In Solid. If anyone is interested, the first new issue, dated May, will be out April 15, and will probably contain my first professionally published jazz writing. (I say probably...I have material sitting with DOWN BEAT, JAZZ REVIEW, and JAZZ QUARTERLY, but I place no great faith in its publication...)

Now jazz writing is an awful lot like fan writing...and when I began it, I decided that I couldn't support both; one would have to go. The logical choice was fan writing, since it doesn't even promise to pay. So, I turned to my lovely Sane & Sexy wife, and said, "How would you like to put out VOID with Greg Benford?" I won't say she leaped at the chance, but she finally decided to. That was four months ago. "I'll get V19 out of the way," I said, "and from there on, it's yours--if you'll keep it a monthly." So Sylvia accepted.



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SYMBOL: The Best Laid Plans Of Mice & Fen Are Often Badly Dated			
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UFFISH THOTS, continued: Then, this January, Sylvia began working part time as a medical receptionist, and February 8th she began taking courses again at City College evenings. This hasn't left her much spare time. Lazy ol' me cleans the house, cooks the meals, etc., but Sylvia's studies take up a lot of time. "What about VOID?" I asked her recently. "How can you keep up with your present activities and put out a monthly fanzine?"

Her answer was candid and to-the-point: "I don't know," she said. "But I still want to. I'm adjusted to the idea. I'm enthusiastic. I'm faunching to publish that pumbly ol' fanzine!" So the next issue (out in one month, no matter what) will probably see Sylvia replacing me. I may still help type stencils now and then, but it will be Sylvia at the helm, doing layouts, choosing material with Greg (hi, Greg!), and generally seeing that the zine makes its appointed rounds on time.

Me? Well, I sent out two GAMBITs with FANAC a month or two back, which most of you must have gotten--what? You don't get FANAC?--and I have most of another issue on stencil. But I've been thinking about a new idea: a new fanzine that-- but no, I'll have to keep this under wraps until I investigate it more closely. Anyway, I'll still be around, still doing a WAILING WALL now and then, still pubbing something...

Goodbye (snif)...

-ted white

## letters (somewhat doted)

H . L . G O L D : My grudge-bearing mechanism seems to have been omitted. I try--honestly, I try-- to carry resentments, but then I get distracted by a job to get done or something or someone interesting and, blooey, there goes another opportunity to hate or dislike. ((Sounds like a wonderful way to do--I shall have to try this myself. -tew)) The best I can do is get mad for a while. And you sound so likeable both in your letter and magazine that I'm afraid I find no cause for anger.

...I'll try to do my best to comment on your appraisal of GALAXY, but you'll see why that's difficult.

--Your art and layout evaluation is out of my department. You may provoke a statement out of W.I. van der Poel, our art director, but I doubt it. ((Your doubt has been confirmed...-tew)) I'm sure his position will be the same as mine on...

--Your editorial evaluation, which is unarguable. Once an issue has been set out in the marketplace, it invites appraisal and reaction, both negative and positive, or mixed. The one thing I take exception to is your unwitting fall to the personal level that you honestly determined not to operate upon. Almost nothing that you either knew or heard about me is true any longer, and the rest is on its way --swiftly--toward being removed.

I agree that there is an upward trend in GALAXY's quality, but ascribe it to our bimonthly schedule, which means I am less forced to settle for less (I have deadlines, remember, even with a bimonthly and can't in Olympian fashion declare this or that kind of plot unacceptable in reviews and have two magazines shot out from under me in actual editorial combat), and the marginal markets no longer in operation, the function of which was to pump material out of writers and buy it sight unseen, and a battalion of new authors coming into the field, most of them busily learning their craft now, but watch them become names! [Galaxy Publishing Corp., 421 Hudson St., N.Y. 14, NY]

D I C K L U P O F F : I wish you would do me a favor and check your subscriber list, because I think I am supposed to be on it, and yet I have not been receiving my copies. ((Records forwarded by Greg last year do not show you as a subscriber to VOID. You have not subscribed since. Ergo, you are not in the subscriber list, and are not receiving any copies of VOID, QED. -tew))

Fortunately, I am visiting Joe Sanders tonight, and he mentioned to me that you had reviewed my TWIG article, "A Primer to the In's and Out's of Fandom" in VOID. I told him ((continued on page 21))



## OTHER FANDOMS:

My first knowledge of circus fandom came when I had been working for the newspaper for only a few months. Regularly on trips to the composing room I noticed a man entering and leaving the door that leads into the subterranean vault housing the bound volumes of old newspapers. I finally deduced that he must slip in there to loaf or smoke, and commented on the dangers involved in the latter occupation around all that paper.

"Naw, he doesn't even work here," one of the linotype men said. "He's looking up something." It was only much later that I learned what he had been hunting. I refused to believe it at first. "You mean to say that that man went through every old newspaper in the building to write down the dates when circuses came to Hagerstown?" I marveled at my informant. "It must have taken hundreds of hours."

It had. He was a member of the Emmett Kelly Tent of the Circus Fans Association. Since then, I've ceased to wonder at the energy of the organization's members, and the parallels between circus fandom and science fiction fandom have frequently impressed me.

One of the first things that I learned was that the visitor to our vault was not unique in the nation. Members of the CFA are constantly compiling historical records about the circus experiences of each city where there's a chapter. They like to determine what circuses played the town on exactly which dates, who were the stars in the case of lesser-known shows, and any other information about the circus visits that the old newspapers can provide. Hagerstown's history will apparently remain incomplete for ever, because there is a gap of several years in the newspaper files during the mid-1800s. (That stems from the time the local press got the town needlessly excited with a false report on a big Civil War battle. The people were so enraged that they stormed the newspaper office, wrecked it, and burned six or eight years' files.) The CFA magazine, a quite attractive printed publication, is constantly publishing lengthy accounts of the history of old circuses, mainly the 19th century organizations that were so small and fly-by-nightish that their chronicles should be all logic have been lost for good.

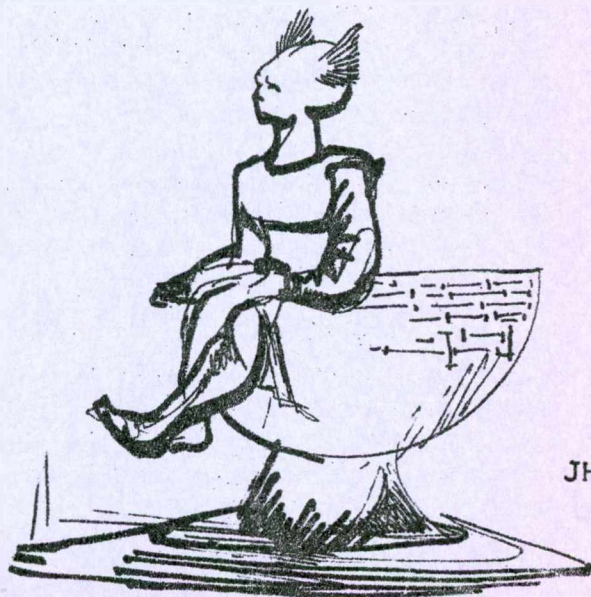
However, historical work isn't the sole occupation of circus fandom, any more than The Immortal Storm and Bob Pavlat's checklist of fanzines represents the major center of science fiction fandom. Circus fandom is similar to science fiction fandom in this important respect: there are many ways to be a circus fan. Just as a science fiction fan can specialize in collecting or fanzine publishing or research or convention going, the circus fan can devote most of his spare time to attending circuses or collecting objects

HARRY WARNER JR

INTRODUCES

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# CIRCUS FANDOM





associated with them or acting as a circus historian or being an amateur circus performer or building scale model circuses. The number of circus fans seems to be fairly equal to the number of active and semi-active science fiction fans, too: Something fewer than a thousand, with the exact total impossible to determine until higher powers issue an eternal verity on where you draw the line between interest and activity in the hobbies. Another parallel is the fact that there is no apparent common factor in active circus fans that makes them pursue the hobby in this manner while so many hundreds of thousands of other people enjoy the circus but don't feel compelled to do more about this liking than attend one or two circuses each year. This is quite like the mysterious unknown ingredient that makes several hundred people active as science fiction fans, while huge quantities of other people enjoy reading the stuff without entertaining into fannish activity.

However, circus fannishness expresses itself in somewhat different channels from science fiction fandom. I think that the main difference between the two fandoms, aside from subject matter, is the fact that circus fans know that they're fighting a losing cause, while science fiction fans keep seeing their interest justified by the progress of science and the increasing prominence of science fiction as a major field of literature. The CFA members acknowledge that every year it is more difficult for circuses to exist, that today's biggest circuses are not drawing the crowds that they once enjoyed, that there's the constant threat of extinction for the circus as it has been known in the United States up to now as a traveling tent show employing lots of persons. This seems to represent a challenge that makes the circus fan more constructively active in promotional and missionary work than the science fiction fan. Not since the early days of Gernsback could you find a science fiction fan striving to bring his favorite field of fiction to the attention of the general public or pestering publishers to print more of it or attempting to save from bankruptcy a tottering prozine. On the other hand, the circus fans are a very real and important part of the public relations of the circus today in the United States. In every city where there's an active chapter, the CFA is constantly attempting to arrange for a local showing for several circuses each year, by locating lots on which the tents can be pitched--a constant problem in these days of municipal expansion--and finding local sponsors who will sell advance tickets in return for a share of the profits. In Hagerstown, the CFA members have in several recent cases taken over all the advance publicity for oncoming circuses, except for the actual purchase of advertising space and time, thus relieving the show of this nuisance job. The circus fans also do a year-round job of striving to make sure that newspapers and radio stations plug circuses in general at every opportunity, arranging interviews with any circus star who might happen to be in the vicinity while the show is in winter quarters or calling attention to television programs that will feature performers seen here in past years.

The CFA also seems to take definite stands on certain matters pertaining to circuses, although I confess that I don't know if this is spontaneous or ordered by the officers. For instance, the CFA members stood up on their hind legs and bellowed like a whole ring full of wild animals, when Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey a couple of years back decided to give up its tent and traveling. When the circus officials announced that in the future they would operate in arenas in a few picked cities, almost like a Broadway show on tour, the CFA set out to counteract the publicity this statement got with facts and figures about the circuses that are still managing to survive on the old basis.

The CFA's determination to keep the circus tradition alive even extends to a strict widow's mite policy. The first and greatest ethical principle of the circus fan is to pay his way. If he is inside the big top during a circus performance, he has paid full admission, no matter how much he may have done for the circus in question. He usually will have coughed up a substantial sum of money to help buy a good, big meal for some of the circus performers, as a change from the tent-cooked food on which they normally subsist; he may have seen the same circus in a dozen other cities before it reached his home town that year, but he won't take a pass or any other kind of free look at the circus.

What kind of people are circus fans?

Well, all circus fans to the best of my observation are men. The women serve food at meetings, but they don't seem to take part in circus fandom. Perhaps I should give a few examples from Hagerstown. Jim Harshman is probably the most active from the public relations standpoint, a rolypoly and jolly fellow who occasionally does a turn as a clown at small circuses in this area as part of his hobby. Charley Miles spends the most time at his hobby, because he goes to Florida for one or two months each winter to shoot off hundreds of rolls of films in the winter quarters of every circus he can locate down there. Carroll Baechtel specializes in circus movies--if you think they are easy, you try to shoot in color inside a tent during performances--and in recorded circus music. Bill Brish is the superintendent of schools, and hasn't enough time to be active as a circus fan in person, but he occasionally pulls strings to aid the organization, such as the day last spring when he arranged to put the circus parade on the county's closed-circuit school television network, in order to permit all the boys and girls to see the procession during lunch hour. Ed Kuhn and Porter Lynch concentrate on two types of modeling. The former has created a tabletop, folding circus that gives the very aroma of the big top through form and color and conglomeration; the latter prefers scientific accuracy and devotes himself to painstaking tiny replicas of famous old circus wagons and other pieces of circus equipment, working from old pictures and drawings. Occupations of circus fans are just as mixed as those of science fiction fans, except for the scarcity of students. CFA members are all ages, not predominantly young people; locally they include a couple of salesmen, an athletic supply dealer, manager of a photographic department, real estate dealer, and plumbing expert.

Collecting represents a major part of circus fandom. The packrat instinct is even more pronounced in this fandom than in ours. I am pledged to preserve for the local members every mat, publicity folder, and even unused passes that come to the newspaper office from visiting circuses. These are collected, traded, and given away as door prizes during the organization's monthly meetings. From somewhere, a CFA member occasionally scores a sensation by unearthing a few bill posters that were used by 19th century circuses. The gaudy things are handled with as much reverence as if they were fragments of the true cross and unfurled only on the most special occasions. Any published material dealing with circuses of the past, like programs, articles in magazines, and books, are ferreted out and treasured. And while circus fandom does not specialize in publishing as fans do, they do emit a fair quantity of circuszines: the publications of the CFA and two smaller organizations devoted to models and history, the little news bulletins that are put out by the local chapters, and special publications for the annual conventions.

The CFA held its national convention in Hagerstown about ten years ago. This event is always staged in the spring, just about the time when the circuses of the nation are beginning their season, and its location is largely determined by the first cities that the big circuses will play. Then the actual dates are chosen to coincide with the first performance of the year for some particular circus, plus the preceding two or three days. This permits the circus fans to be around real circus people all during the convention, to see a couple of complete performances, and to get a look at the final stages of rehearsals. I don't think the circus conventions are anything like science fiction conventions, despite my abstention from the latter, because the circus fans actually talk circuses and spend all their time hanging around circus atmosphere while they are on convention jags. There's always circus music on records playing in the convention headquarters, the circus fans always have their arms filled with their treasures, and they indulge in much less drinking and rioting than delegates to most types of conventions. The theory behind this behavior is that they can get into an alcoholic haze in their home town all through the rest of the year, but they don't want to waste the precious convention days on this mundane activity. The local convention climaxed with the first performances of one of the larger circuses of the nation. It was an ugly night with drenching rain and frightening winds, and the circus would have cancelled its performance if it hadn't been for the conventioners. I was covering the thing for the newspaper, and sat trembling, crouched into a foetal position, too frightened to take any pictures, because of my conviction that the gale would bring the entire tent down or cause the uneasy wild animals to go on the rampage at any



instant. The circus fans were in their glory; it was the kind of weather to make this convention a really memorable event, a refreshing change from the bright sunshine or warm, calm nights in which they normally attended circuses.

Science fiction fans, I might add, have shown little inclination to work on amateur rockets or become scientists or to volunteer for the first flights into space. Circus fans are much more inclined to practice what they preach. Most of them dabble in the safer kinds of circus work, such as ringmaster, clown, or tame animal trainer. They're all the time giving small benefit performances at hospitals and kids' meetings in this area, or augmenting the scanty resources of the tiny carnival-type shows that aren't big enough to be called circuses, upon their local appearances. One or two of the local group have actually spent a whole season on the road as a performer with moderate-size circuses.

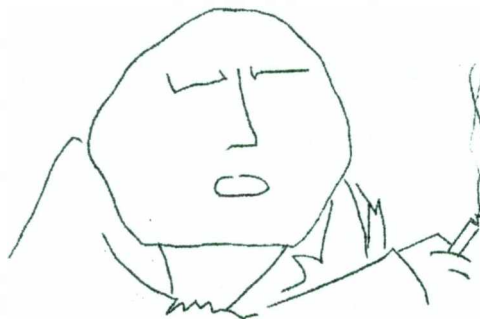
It's quite possible that the circus in this country has a limited future. Television, rising costs, lack of convenient vacant lots with plenty of nearby parking space, transportation bills, and other factors are reducing annually the number of shows on the road. But this doesn't seem to worry circus fandom at all. The CFA is thriving in the face of this challenge. That might be a pretty good clue to the way science fiction fandom will react if science moves ahead so rapidly in the next few years that science fiction topics will turn into reality.

---Harry Warner, Jr.,

If only we could learn more about each other, the world would be a better place in which to live.



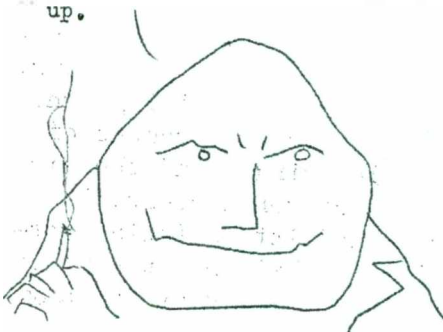
For instance-- The other day Charlie said that you have obvious homosexual tendencies...



But when I told this to Mary, she said that you just have this hatred of your strong-willed mother, which causes your---



And then when I was talking with Boris, he said that you and Jane were no good for each other, but I quoted your accurate description of him as a paranoid, and he shut up.



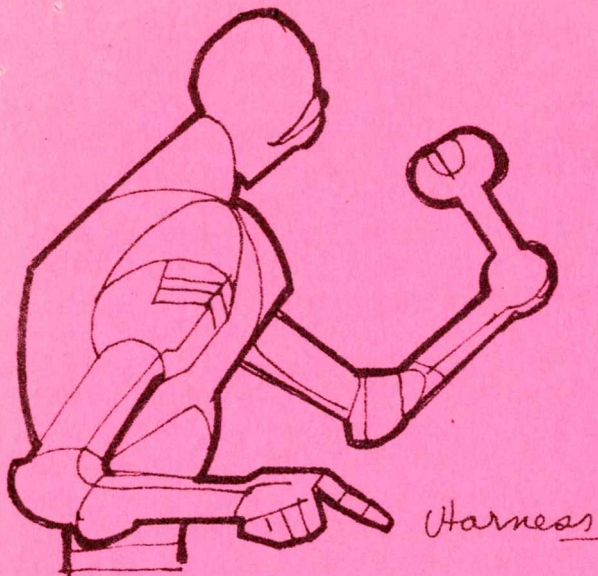
Oh, Hi Boris  
Hi Mary  
Hi Charlie



Communication is so important, don't you think?







andre norton offers

A FEW NOTES ON

THE CARE AND RAISING  
of

ANTHOLOGIES

As a mere novice in the field of compiling and editing it is perhaps not correct for me to write as an authority and offer any profound statements. But even blundering along at it one does learn a lot.

Anyone or everyone who is an enthusiastic reader of fantasy and science fiction must at sometime in his career believe that he could assemble a far better collection of stories than some unfortunate volume he has just tossed aside. Well, it is somewhat harder than it looks.

Anthologies are of two varieties: the hit and miss collection of stories on various unconnected subjects which happen to appeal to the taste of the particular editor who compiled the book, and a more careful arrangement of tales built about a central theme. In the past, the first type was more in evidence, but lately we are receiving more of the latter. And to my mind this is the more interesting of the two.

Space Service (if you'll forgive my use of that volume as an example--but with it I can speak with some authority) grew out of a single story--Kahn's "Command". From the first time I read that I had a vague idea of a book which would deal with the ethics and ideals of a service organization of the future. From such narrow limits the plan eventually broadened into the dream of a collection covering the various occupations of space free men. And, since the book was intended for the teenage market, there were certain other limits which had to be considered in the selection of stories.

Some first choices had to be relinquished because they had already been selected for other collections--always a frustrating disappointment for the compiler who wants the best of any particular type of story--and one which means that it is always necessary to "stock-pile" about a third more stories than you intend to use.

It took months to clear the rights for the final choices--including a wild race at the very last to include "Spectre General", which had just been printed in ASTOUNDING. But, because it fitted into the theme, we wanted it badly. And so is an "idea" anthology born from a single story.

On the other hand, there are anthologies which were started with the theme in mind, and the selections woven into that. But in the long run it works out exactly the same.

The prime need of a compiler is to be fitted with a missionary spirit. You may like what you read but you must also burn to set this particular gem before others with your recommendation. That crusading drive is what pushes you into outlining themes and pestering collectors for leads in tracing down stories. And your belief in your own choices must be strong enough to enable you to fight for



your favorites.

One of the greatest problems to be faced is that there are only too many other hunters prowling the same paths. To have one of your favorites snatched to grace another's collection is the bitterest of blows, and it happens far too often. If there were only some sort of a clearing-house to which the editor could resort before he becomes too attached to a story in order to discover whether it is still available--that would be a boon indeed.

For the repeating of stories in anthology after anthology is one of the great sins. The book-buying public is very, very tired of encountering old friends between too many hard covers. And they are entirely right in their protests.

The answer might be smaller anthologies instead of dictionary-thick volumes, and a firm resolution on the part of publishers not to reprint from book to book no matter how great a "classic" the story may be.

I have recently heard another protest which I do not believe--that the collector-buyer wants stories from the magazines of a much earlier date, rather than those of semi-current issues. This may hold true for those collectors who have storage space enough to house large stacks of magazines. But who possesses this marvel nowadays? And to my mind it is better to have a favorite story in hard covers than to try to keep straying magazines to hand when one feels in the mood for re-reading.

My other argument against the exploration of earlier issues of the magazines for material is strictly literary. Can anyone believe that, with the exception of the products of a handful of writers, much was printed from 1920 through 1940 which will hold the interest of new readers introduced to sf through the pages of such magazines as the modern ASTOUNDING or F&SF? To go back to the cruder examples from the past, written when sf was just beginning to be recognized as a distinct form of literary work, is an unnecessary retreat. A story worthy of being between hard covers should be just that--worthy.

But in all, there is no hunting as satisfying to any collector and admirer of science fiction as that of scouring through yellow and brittle pulp pages for prey. And the finished product of such trapping is worth far more to the trader than \$2.50...

--Andre Norton

## HANDY POSTAL GUIDE FOR FANEDS...

Ye proprietors of QWERTYUIOPress recently indulged in a spot of scientific inquiry, regarding the maximum number of pages mailable for a given sum. The paper used was 20-pound (which means this is applicable for any user of 20# paper, be it mimeo or ditto; masterweave or mimeo bond--or even typing bond), and allowed for were staples (four, heavy duty), address sticker, and stamps (two). No envelopes were used, since these vary in weight and quality considerably. Zines can be mailed flat or folded. In each case, a slight margin was left for error, heavy address stickers, or too many staples.

Two Ounce limit.....for 3¢, domestic.....	maximum number of 20# pp:.....	24 pp.
Three Ounce limit.....for 4½¢, " .....	" " " " " " " " :.....	38 pp.
Four Ounce limit.....for 6¢, " .....	" " " " " " " " :.....	52 pp.
Five Ounce limit.....for 7½¢, " .....	" " " " " " " " :.....	66 pp.
Six Ounce limit.....for 9¢, " .....	" " " " " " " " :.....	78 pp.
Seven Ounce limit.....for 10½¢, " .....	" " " " " " " " :.....	90 pp.

These are actual weighed measurements, not computations on theoretical weights. You'll notice the initial increase is 14 pages per ounce, which on the last two decreases to 12 page increases. This is due to the fact that 14 pages weighs slightly in excess of one ounce, and the initial margin was narrowed with every additional one-ounce increase. Foreign rates, by the way, are 4¢ for the first two ounces, 6¢ for three and four ounces, 8¢ for five and six ounces, and 10¢ for seven and eight ounces; 2¢ for each additional two ounces. Providing all the paper you use is 20#, you can use this scale to figure all your postage, without weighing your zine. Just another VOID service without charge...



BY TERRY CARR

The BARRINGTON BULL was a sort of fanzine, and by rights this might be printed under an Other Fandoms heading, but...

Terry

Carr and Ron Ellik edited the BULL, the official publication of Barrington Hall at the U of C at Berkeley, for a year, and their collected editorials, wonderful bits of Burbee-like fancifulness--if not downright fannishness--appeared in a special FAPA-circulated issue of the BULL. The following semester, in the fall of 1958, saw Terry Carr once more editing the BULL, this time with the able, and fanish, assistance of Jim Caughran. And, true to form, Terry produced another fine batch of editorials, of which he says, "these aren't all of them, just the best and more printable ones. Obscure or unmailable parts of the editorials included here have already been edited out to the best of my ability."

And so comes the beginning of another semester, with what is possibly a record number of new students here at Barrington. It used to be that I could walk through the lobby and recognize almost every face I saw, and exchange a friendly "Hello, you bastard" with each. Now when I walk through the lobby I see new faces, strange faces, and when I say, "Hello, you bastard," I do not get a cheerful, friendly response as I used to.

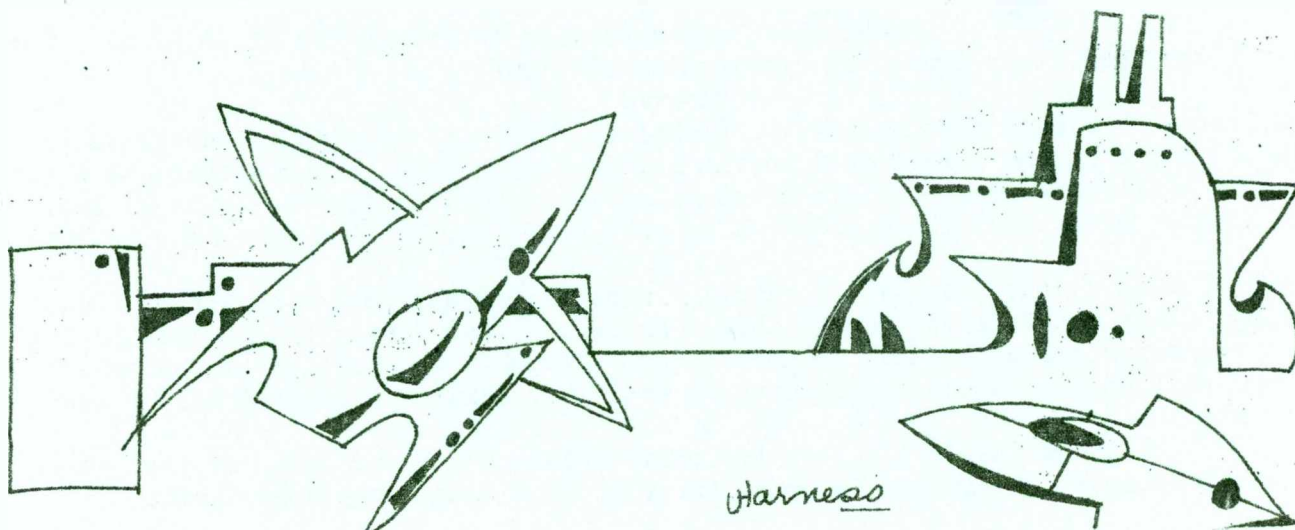
Oh, the old faces are still here--some of them. The guys who never leave Barrington are still around--Ralph Howells, Bob Pott, Al Meyers, Bob Brown, Gordon Mon and the rest. The same old faces you see every night in front of the tv set. They still say the same old things: "Drop dead, Carr;" "Hello, you bastard;" "Go skrew;" and so forth. Their tired greetings, though offered in the spirit of friendly camaraderie, are depressing to the ears--I don't know why. But as I walk through the halls of Barrington I find my ears getting very depressed.

What Barrington needs is a shot in the arm. No, that isn't the phrase I want. What Barrington needs is a--come to think of it, the phrase I want is unprintable.

But something is wrong. Here we are, starting a new year, opening brand-new books which we got because we waited until all the used copies were sold out, writing lecture notes in clean new notebooks, breaking in new churchkeys. Here we are, at the threshold of a new academic year, and there is something missing at Barrington.

# MORE barrington bull

EDITORIALS FROM THE





I think it's that damnably cheerful attitude that the new students have that is bothering me. Barringtonians shouldn't be so cheerful. After all, here we are, living in Barrington Hall (otherwise known as Abject Squalor)--we have no right to be happy about it.

Why, I was down at the snack table the other night, and I was making my usual remarks about how I hate good old co-op peanut butter sandwiches (and fixing my seventh GOCOPBS of the day), and some new member actually smiled and made some wishy-washy, cheerful remark about peanut-butter-and-mayonnaise sandwiches.

It's frightening. Are we going to let the new members break our spell of gloom and depression? Are we going to let them lead us down the primrose path of contentment in our surroundings? Hell no! We've got to set about, immediately, to convince them that this is the worst of all possible worlds. We've got to point out to them just how bad Barrington is, so that they'll soon come around to being as hopelessly miserable as us.

This is the only way we can get any unity in this house.

\* \* \*

I think it is about time people stopped insulting Bob Brown. After all, Bob Brown is an Institution here at Barrington Hall. Bob Brown has been wandering around Barrington for probably as long as anyone here can remember. Bob Brown has served this Hall ably and earnestly in many facets and in many positions, including Passed Out Under The Table.

Bob Brown is a fine fellow. He always has a cheerful word for everyone. Why, I remember when a few days ago I walked down into the lobby, feeling sleepy and cranky, since I'd just got up. There I was, feeling low and vile, and Bob Brown came up to me and said, "Terry, I will cheer you up with my renowned wit."

He looked at me for a moment, and said, "Terry, were your mother and father in love when you were born?"

"Of course!" I grumbled.

"Well," said Bob Brown, "then you were a love-child."

"Mmmmp," I said obscurely.

"Was there anything unnatural about your birth?" asked Bob Brown. "Were you born Caesarian or anything?"

"No," I said.

"Then you were a natural child," said Bob Brown.

Bob Brown is full of humorous things like this. Friendly, cheerful words for the millions—he's got 'em.

Like I say, Bob Brown is a man to be admired and respected, not insulted and vilified. Just because he is the filthiest-talking person known to the civilized world is no reason for everyone to say bad things about him. After all, we all have our idiosyncrasies.

People should stop trying to insult Bob Brown, I say. They should realize that it is impossible to insult Bob Brown.

\* \* \*

I had a letter this week from someone in Richmond, Virginia, wanting to subscribe to the BULL. Judging by the name signed to the letter, Jenny Leakey, the writer was a girl. I haven't the faintest idea how this sweet young thing (as I prefer to think of her, knowing nothing about her) got ahold of a copy of the BULL, but I'd sure like to know.

Who has been sending the BULL to this girl, I wonder. And why? Do we have some lecher at Barrington who has Evil Designs on this poor defenseless female and chooses to loosen her moral restrictions by sending her the BULL during the school year? Then when this presumed lecher goes home in June there she'd be, morally corrupted and an easy prey for him.

I think that's it. It's the only explanation I can think of that makes any sense. Someone at Barrington is using the BULL as a long-range aphrodisiac.

This brings to mind all sort of frightening thoughts. I can see other members of the Hall



taking up this practice, and sending the BULL each week to their girls back home, then hopping off home-ward come vacation-time to reap the fruits of their insidious campaigns.

This could very well happen.

If Barringtonians should start using the BULL to corrupt the morals of the girls-at-home, that would make me an accomplice to any frivolity (to use an innocuous term) which might ensue. I could be dragged into court, by God. That could happen. The judge would look at me and say, "Son, your position in this case has been nothing less than that of a Procurer!"

The whole thing frightens me. But anyway, whoever sent Jenny Leakey that issue of the BULL will have to send her the rest of them himself—I'm not going to mess with this sordid business.

\* \* \*

The other day I was down in the lobby and Bob Brown came up to me. "Hello, Terry Carr," he said to me. "Do you remember that editorial you wrote about me a couple of weeks ago in the BULL?"

I said I did.

"Well, I got a letter the other day," said Bob Brown. He showed me the letter. It read like this:

Congratulations, evil Bob Brown,

On midnight of Halloween, we the members of the Witches' Horror Enterprises have voted unanimously to give you this honorary membership.

This is based on many factors, such as your evil mind, filthy vocabulary, evilness rating ( $9.7 \times 10^{53}$  evil units), lewd drawings, evil jokes, and other quirks in that evil personality.

With this membership you will be privileged to receive a one year supply of feces to paint your room a healthy brown, a dried elephant's foot (shrunk-en hards are too hard to get any more), and one life-sized picture of Liberace (in full color).

Congratulations.

"Well," I said, "that's amusing."

"Amusing!?" said Bob Brown. "Amusing? Why, Terry Carr, this is all the fault of you and that filthy BULL of yours! You are giving me a bad name!"

I was taken aback at this. The last thought in my mind at any time would be to give Bob Brown a bad name.

I looked at the envelope in which the letter had come. It was addressed to "The Evil Bob Brown".

"There! You see?" said Bob Brown. "People think I'm evil!"

"If they thought you were evil," I said, "they wouldn't have to specify the evil Bob Brown. They would simply address it to Bob Brown."

And I began thinking about that.

Do you suppose there are two Bob Brown's? An Evil Bob Brown and a Good Bob Brown? Sort of like good fairies and bad fairies? (I don't mean to imply that Bob Brown is a fairy.) I wonder if that was what they had in mind when they wrote that letter.

\* \* \*

Barringtonians are a merry lot; a group of happy, carefree chaps who stroll through life whistling cheerful tunes (which they have picked up from "Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads"), flashing smiles to passing coeds (and leers at their retreating backsides), and in general enjoying life to the hilt.

People at Barrington just can't seem to stay serious for more than a few minutes at a time. Why, just this evening an announcement was made over the loudspeaker of a speech to be given by Dr. Sherriffs, and the whole assemblage broke into a wild cheering just because his subject was to be "Sex in Modern Society". Is nothing sacred?

They play tricks, too. All the time they're up to some prank or another.

Last night, for instance, my roommates discovered that the light outside our

door had been replaced by a red light. A sign had been hung from it, too:

MADAME WELLES	&	MADAME TIGAR
\$5.00		\$4.98
\$4.00		\$3.98
\$3.00		\$2.98
\$2.00		\$1.98
\$1.00		\$ .98

Now, I would like to rise to the defense of my roommates, Rad Welles and Mike Tigar.

The placing of a sign like that was in execrable taste, was totally uncalled-for, and merely betrayed the stupidity of whoever put it there.

Hell, everybody knows that Mad-  
ames don't sell themselves. They merely oversee operations at a house. In fact, they're sort of like House Mothers.

And anyway, that sign shouldn't have been put there because Welles and Tigar are both fine fellows, nice guys, good men. They are princes among men. They are the salt of the earth. (No, that doesn't mean they're "salty dogs".)

Mike Tigar  
and Rad Welles are such fine people that I'm sure if they should ever sink to prostitution they'd fetch a much better price than is quoted on that sign.

Understand me, now---  
just because they're my roommates, that doesn't mean I know for a certainty how proficient they are in the World's Oldest Profession. I say that they're worth more money than that simply because they are intelligent, talented individuals, and I have faith in them.

The sign really should have quoted their prices at at least two dollars.

\* \* \*

It's an odd state of affairs when you can tell a guy reads comic strips because he knows when Beethoven's birthday is.

Yet that's just the state of affairs at Barrington. All day Tuesday I was constantly being wished a Happy Beethoven's Birthday. Half the conversations I've heard this week have been about Beethoven. At Council Meeting, Tuesday night, a grim debate was held over whether the name was Ludwig van Beethoven or Ludwig von Beethoven.

This mania for Beethoven is hard to understand. Now, I'll grant you that the Barrington library of lp's is predominantly classical, and that we do have one or two highly cultured people around here. But really, no matter how many classical records we have in our collection, I must point out that I haven't heard any of them being played on the hi-fi set lately. All I hear is Stan Getz or Gerry Mulligan or Joe Houston or Little Richard. I don't think any of these could ever be mistaken for Beethoven.

What is  
there about Beethoven that makes him so popular all of a sudden? It couldn't be just the "Peanuts" comic-strip--there must be something inherently fascinating about the man himself.

I got to wondering about this, so I did a little research about the man.

Did you know that Beethoven wrote his Eighth Symphony while visiting with his brother Johann, who was at the time living with at least one and possibly two mistresses? Aha, of course you did. It's little touches like this of human interest that make Beethoven such a fascinating man.

You knew, of course, that he was deaf. When he conducted the premier performance of his greatest work, the Ninth Symphony, the audience broke up in wild applause at the end, but Beethoven couldn't hear them and it wasn't until a member of the orchestra turned him around to face the audience that he realized he had a hit musical there.

His life would be perfect for the movies. I can see it now: THE LUDWIG



VAN BEETHOVEN STORY, starring Yul Brynner as the young Beethoven, Charles Coburn taking the part later in the picture, when Beethoven is old.

I can see the scene where Brynner plays the Moonlight Sonata for Kim Novak.

Oh yes, it would make a fabulous movie. Somebody should hop on the bandwagon and start exploiting this Beethoven craze.

Who knows, maybe Beethoven could replace the hula hoop...

\* \* \*

Well, a new year has rolled around, as it does in regular yearly cycles. We're all back at Barrington, rested up from our vacations, and we've made many brave resolutions for the future, like resolving never again to chugalug straight creme de menthe with beer for a chaser; and never again to bet against the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl; to find some other present for your girlfriend next Christmas than a padded bra; to have the doctor check that swollen eye she gave you; to discard some of the more quaint Barrington expressions in your vocabulary when you're home with your parents; and never never to ask your mother to "pass the f--kin' salt, please."

Like I say, we're all back here now, and we're all prepared to work hard and pass all those finals that will be coming up awfully soon.

Sure we are.

Finals are very easy to pass, you know. Why, I know of one guy\* who passed a course, and he didn't even exist. A bunch of fellows got together and enrolled him in the course, and took turns taking his exams. They'd all taken and passed the course before.

I think it was down at U.C.L.A. that the same thing happened, only the enrolled student was a dog. Same system.

Hell, fellows, if a dog can pass his finals, surely we can.

You've just got to go into the finals with a confident air. If you look confident you might be able to fool the teacher into thinking you know the material. I've heard a story about one guy who walked into the exam room, looked at the final, smirked a little, read it through snickering now and then, and then guffawed out loud and dropped the test on the teacher's desk and walked out of the room laughing uncontrollably. "My God, what infantile questions!" he said as he left.

He flunked, of course.

What university life needs is more originality, like that fellow showed. He was magnificent. We need more students who will take the bit in their teeth and, when asked a question they can't answer, will change the subject. The type of guy who'll say, "But really, prof, it isn't important whether or not Hamlet was crazy--the point is, the play should be banned. It can have very bad psychological effects on children who might read it. Now, I was reading this book by Dr. Frederick Wortham called Seduction of the Innocent, and--" Not only does this effectively change the subject, but it gives the student a good excuse for not having read the play.

Students at Barrington are certainly not lacking in originality--we've seen lots of examples of their original thinking in devising pranks this semester. I expect all Barringtonians to take their finals in the same frame of mind. With enough forethought on their part, I see no reason why any Barringtonian should have to answer a single question on any final exam. Tell you what--let's all start a big beer-bust and carry it on till the finals are over.

\* \* \*

This is the next-to-last issue of the BULL which Jim Caughran and I will produce. At the first meeting of the new Council Tuesday night, Bruce Kane was chosen as next semester's editor.

Jim says this gives us a perfect chance to issue a Lame-Duck BULL next week. "We don't have to worry about getting fired or anything," he says. "We can do all sorts of \*The fellow was not Carl Brandon, no. Somebody else. -tc

things we've been wanting to do all semester."

And he's right. We're already making plans for special features for next week's BULL. Wild ideas are flitting through our heads at this very moment. Things we would have been hung in effigy for any other time. Jokes so obscene that we'd have been drummed out of Barrington had we published them earlier this semester. Why, we've been exchanging some wonderful four-letter Anglo-Saxon idioms for publication next issue. We know some good ten-letter words, too.

We're getting all excited and enthused about the idea. For instance, how about a comprehensive listing of all the houses of ill repute in the East Bay? Sort of a Barringtonian's Entertainment Guide, with measurements of all the prostitutes in residence at the houses.

Or maybe we'll publish a Connoisseur's Guide to Aphrodisiacs, with suggested tasty mixed drinks.

Or a listing of all the dirty parts of the Bible. I heard of one fellow who made a hobby of tracing down all the dirty allusions in that Book. He was always reading it, and gained quite a reputation for piety, even though he'd tell people privately that he was just a Dirt Christian. I suppose that's some sort of penetrating comment on present-day society.

Maybe we'll take up a collection to finance the publication of a portfolio of nude shots.

I'll bet we could publish a special selection of some of the dirtiest jokes ever to assault the ears of man. Jokes which would read as though they had been dipped in concentrated filth. Jokes to curl the ears of even Bruce Kane himself.

Or maybe we'll get classical, and publish some of the more interesting parts of the Decameron, the Canterbury Tales, some of Henry Miller's banned books, and so forth.

Hell, the possibilities are endless.

Next week's BULL will be an Adventure Into Thinking, you may be sure of that. It will ring with the joy of living and creating life; it will have the ineffable lilt of a Danse Sexualis, the heady rhythms of a tribal fertility rite, the carnival gaiety of a Black Mass. It will be a BULL to be remembered and whispered about by Barringtonians for decades to come, a collectors' item, a classic of modern realism in literature.

Hell, I think we'll copyright it.

-- --

AFTERWORD: The last issue of the BULL we edited, previewed so enticingly above? It came out, but really wasn't too rank. I took a Jim Cawthorne nude from the back cover of SATELLITE, undraped it completely with a little redrawing. Had a few mildly dirty poems, some crudities in the way of jokes and so forth--rather typical college stuff. Jim Caughran wrote a piece called "Tom Swift and his Electric Motherf---er," of which the title was the best part. There was a two-page allegorical story--not dirty--which slammed the various Council members who had been giving Jim and me a bad time about the BULL during the semester. That was all. No editorial in that issue, thus none reprinted.

--Terry Carr

-----  
"I'm not well known to Fandom... But, then again analogous to my position stasis, did Fandom know of most fans when they were 15, which happens to be my age... I happen to be an iconoclastic, non-conformist, and mainly Beat, similar to a Dave Rikean manifestation of the Midwestern area, which I will cut out of for the West Coast as soon as I finish high school. I'm around 5-9½, medium slim build. I am nearsighted, 3.8 diopters of that, for those that are acquainted with technical terms, and wear a heavy black horn-rimmed glasses, oyes, and a moustache a la mexicano and Detroiter-style hair and black attirements, black Levi spikes, black knit shirts, a black leather-knitted sleeve jacket, a black Italian points, only Dave Rike may understand the preceding." --Gregg Trend' in FR #62... Well, now Gregg, maybe Fandom will know you better now...



FREE PLUGS FOR OUR BUDDING  
YOUNG AUTHORS DEPT:

It was a plain  
unsealed post-  
card, without

a return address. On it was scrawled a simple mes-  
sage:

"SUPPORT NATIONAL MENTAL HEALTH WEEK OR I'LL  
KILL YOU!"

This, I imagine, was meant to be a joke.  
Or, as they say in India, a "Sikh, Sikh, Sikh joke."

I don't pretend to Hindustan such things.

All I  
know is that whenever I have a mystery novel pub-  
lished, the funny business begins, and Box 362  
turns into a coffin.

Now, as a science fiction fan,  
I'm used to getting peculiar things through the  
mail—even fanzines. I got a pound of guava jelly  
from Dick Ellington, and once upon a time Rotsler  
sent me a drawing of a nude with clothes on. At  
least, I guess it was Rotsler, because the gal was  
wearing a beard, although come to think of it, "Ab-  
raham Lincoln" is a funny name for a female.

# THE PSYCHO path

But, as I say, fandom has inured me to such items.  
It's the mystery field that baffles me. Readers of  
mystery novels—most particularly, psychological  
suspense novels—seem a breed apart. When one writes  
a science fiction yarn he seldom gets letters from  
Martians, but when one writes a story about a psycho-  
path...

To be strictly accurate, not all the mail comes from the folks who model re-  
straint-jackets. Psycho has already produced a couple of letters from psychology pro-  
fessors and their ilk (Edmund Bergler hasn't reported in yet, but he's bound to turn  
up, as he did when The Scarf appeared). And there are a fairish number of comments  
from other writers and more or less faithful readers. But the odd missives, invariably  
scrawled in longhand on lined dime-store tablet paper, predominate. Candidly, I'd hes-  
itate to give samples or examples; despite my flippancy, I regard most of these spec-  
imens as pathetic.

Of course, the usual "professional" mail accompanies these bits.  
There's the inevitable offer from a Clipping Service—so named, I suppose, because  
with an offer of eight clippings for two dollars, they're really out to clip you. And  
lots and lots of people want to become my agent. I have also been offered various  
Writer's Courses, and this cheers me up; it means that at least these folks must have  
read the book and want to help me.

But honestly, I worry about the weirdos; do you sup-  
pose there's a whole group of would-be or actual psychotic murderers who read this sort  
of novel as a How-To-Do-It text? I'd hate to believe that I'm somehow responsible for  
increasing the sale of knives, hatchets, and nooses. Particularly when I don't get a  
commission.

Maybe I ought to start a special zine  
for Lunatic Fringe Fandom...



— robert bloch

the wailing wall:  
An Open Letter to ROBERT W. LOWNOES:

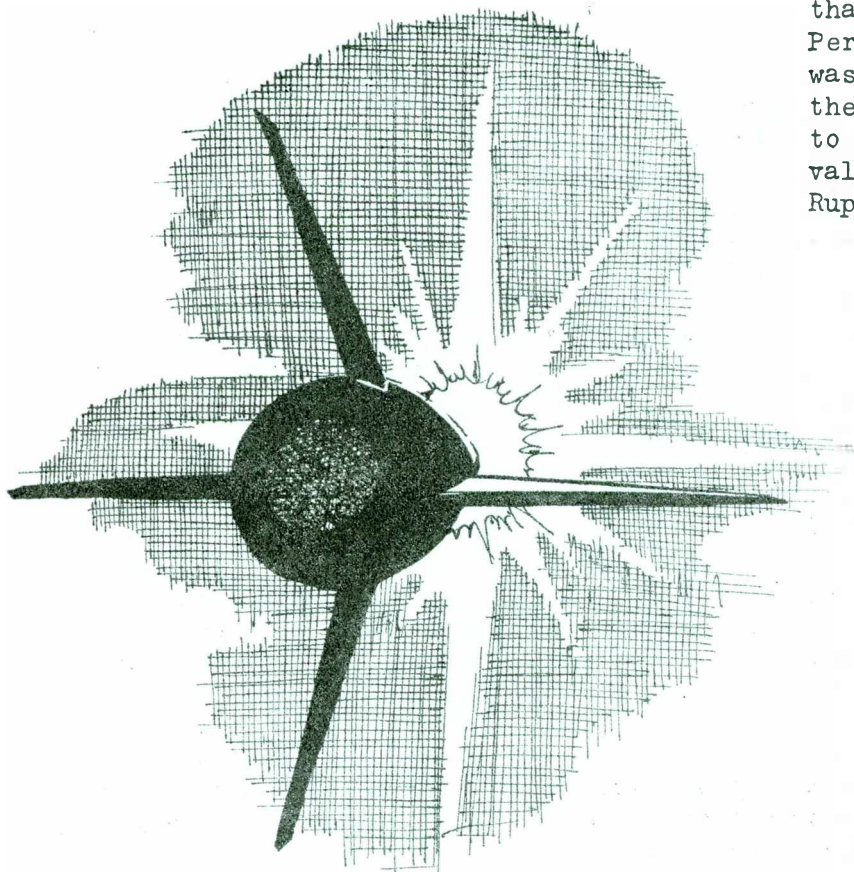
In the September issue of SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, you devoted your editorial, "Who's to Blaim" to answering the question of Whither Fan-Departments in the prozines.

After some beating around the bush and rehashing of stale facts, you conclude that the fans are no longer helping the stf mags, so why should the stf mags help the fans?!

Strange logic, this. Once again, it is the fan's fault...it certainly couldn't be that the ever-shrinking amount of space available crowded the departments out, they being the most expendable...? No, of course not. Just as the relative cheapness of your new line-cut three-color covers over the older half-tone/color separation four-color covers has nothing to do with that change... This naivete is touching, but misplaced. Fans aren't that stupid. They can count pages... They can see that this "132 Page" magazine devotes only 115½ pages (in the September, 1959 issue) to text or illos, and by using their toes as well as their fingers, they can see that 16½ pages in the same issue were taken up with ads.

Let's face it: your considerations in dropping various departments, as in using cheaper, lower quality (and they are--I will no more believe a claim to the contrary than I will Ford's Big Lie that the 1959 Ford was "The World's Most Perfectly Proportioned Car"... ) covers was strictly a financial one. Ads pay the magazine; departments might have to be paid for, and even when free waste valuable paper which could be sold to Rupture Easer...

On the other hand, there are other alternatives. Despite the fact that space considerations force SFS to use fewer pages for text, making for a total of only about 38,000 words an issue, the type used is much larger than necessary. A smaller type is used for the editorial and letters, but the book reviews are in the larger type. Probably an additional 4 to 6,000 words could be added by using that smaller type, which is quite readable, for the main text, and yet a smaller type for the features, including the book reviews. Why hasn't this been done? Would the additional outlay for material break the budget? I shouldn't think so--at 1¢ a word and less, and you could fill the extra





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the wailing wall;  
An Open Letter to ROBERT W. LOWNOES:

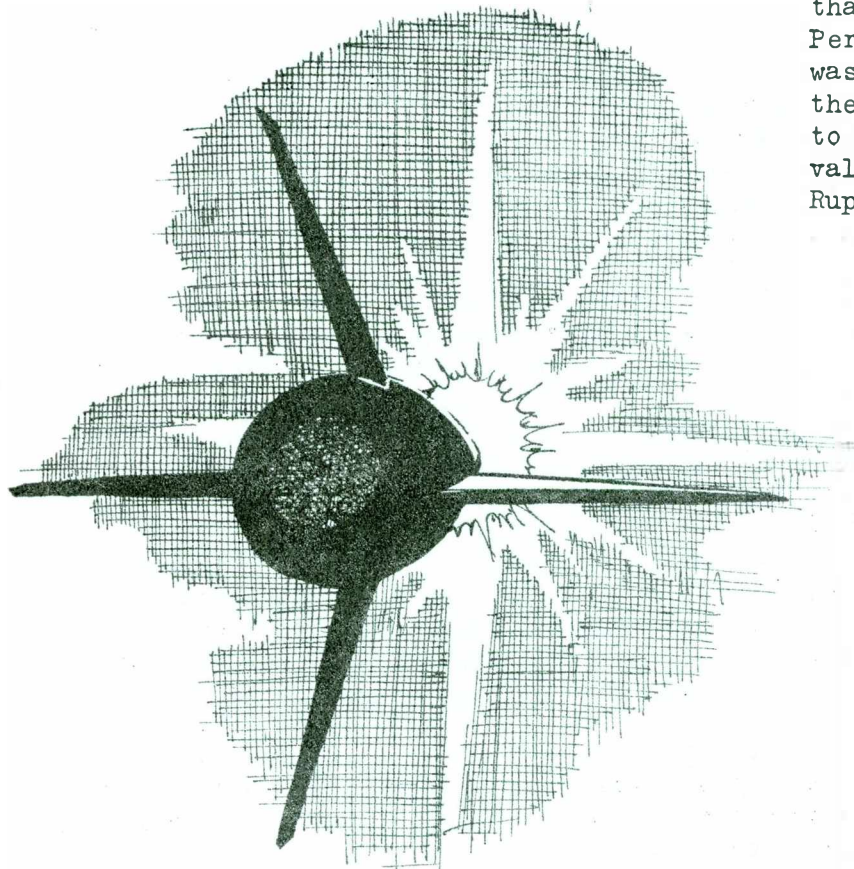
In the September issue of SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, you devoted your editorial, "Who's to Blaim" to answering the question of Whither Fan-Departments in the prozines.

After some beating around the bush and rehashing of stale facts, you conclude that the fans are no longer helping the stf mags, so why should the stf mags help the fans?!

Strange logic, this. Once again, it is the fan's fault...it certainly couldn't be that the ever-shrinking amount of space available crowded the departments out, they being the most expendable...? No, of course not. Just as the relative cheapness of your new line-cut three-color covers over the older half-tone/color separation four-color covers has nothing to do with that change... This naivete is touching, but misplaced. Fans aren't that stupid. They can count pages... They can see that this "132 Page" magazine devotes only 115½ pages (in the September, 1959 issue) to text or illos, and by using their toes as well as their fingers, they can see that 16½ pages in the same issue were taken up with ads.

Let's face it: your considerations in dropping various departments, as in using cheaper, lower quality (and they are--I will no more believe a claim to the contrary than I will Ford's Big Lie that the 1959 Ford was "The World's Most Perfectly Proportioned Car"... ) covers was strictly a financial one. Ads pay the magazine; departments might have to be paid for, and even when free waste valuable paper which could be sold to Rupture Easer...

On the other hand, there are other alternatives. Despite the fact that space considerations force SFS to use fewer pages for text, making for a total of only about 38,000 words an issue, the type used is much larger than necessary. A smaller type is used for the editorial and letters, but the book reviews are in the larger type. Probably an additional 4 to 6,000 words could be added by using that smaller type, which is quite readable, for the main text, and yet a smaller type for the features, including the book reviews. Why hasn't this been done? Would the additional outlay for material break the budget? I shouldn't think so--at 1¢ a word and less, and you could fill the extra





space with letters or other free-for-the-asking fan material.

But let's overlook these problems, which are immediate to SFS, and examine the field, as you have done.

You mentioned AMAZING's original letter column. But you failed to mention that Gernsback, realizing that he had something new--not just another category of pulp fiction--and being fairly missionary-minded about "scientifiction", deliberately built up reader loyalty with his letter column and through reader campaigns. He sponsored "national days" and "weeks" during which, he urged his readers, scientifiction should be bally-hoed, subscriptions sold, etc. He held contests for "What I Have Done For Stf." He fired his readers with a zeal which made for prompt responses.

When Hugo left AMAZING and started the WONDER twins, he carried with him those campaigns. He sent out queries to AS readers, and sample, dummy and advance issues of the first SCIENCE WONDER, AIR WONDER and SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE magazines, supplying him with a ready-made letter column of comments and well wishes. (The custom of a "special" lettercol in first issues persisted at least up through Palmer's OTHER WORLDS...but then, Palmer was one of Hugo's early readers too.) Gernsback was fan-conscious. He hired Charlie Hornig (the same fellow who started "the original" SCIENCE FICTION and FUTURE FICTION, you remember him...) a seventeen-year-old fanzine editor, to do the actual editing of WONDER. When circulation fell during the depression, Gernsback cut the cover price--and he also started the SFL, the first nation-wide (or international, for that matter) stf club.

Gernsback was his own publisher, and he was able to follow out his own ideas with relatively little interference. He catered to the fans, because, with his nearly fanatic faith in science fiction as a sugar-coated-science-pill, he viewed fans as fellow-travelers, fellow missionaries helping to spread The Good Word.

Gernsback and his readers felt an affinity. SF was an Oppressed Minority, which appealed to a relatively select group of readers; readers who were sensitive to this fact. There was a closeness, and almost a feeling of conspiracy; fans were simply the inner circle who acknowledged this fact, who indeed gloried in it. But they were on the same side of the fence as the editor and authors...all felt or hoped that science fiction was more than a pulp category, and that someday this fact would be acknowledged.

As science fiction prospered, the close, clan-ish feeling began to dwindle and to die...but yet it was there, that ineffable sense of wonder, in every new recruit.

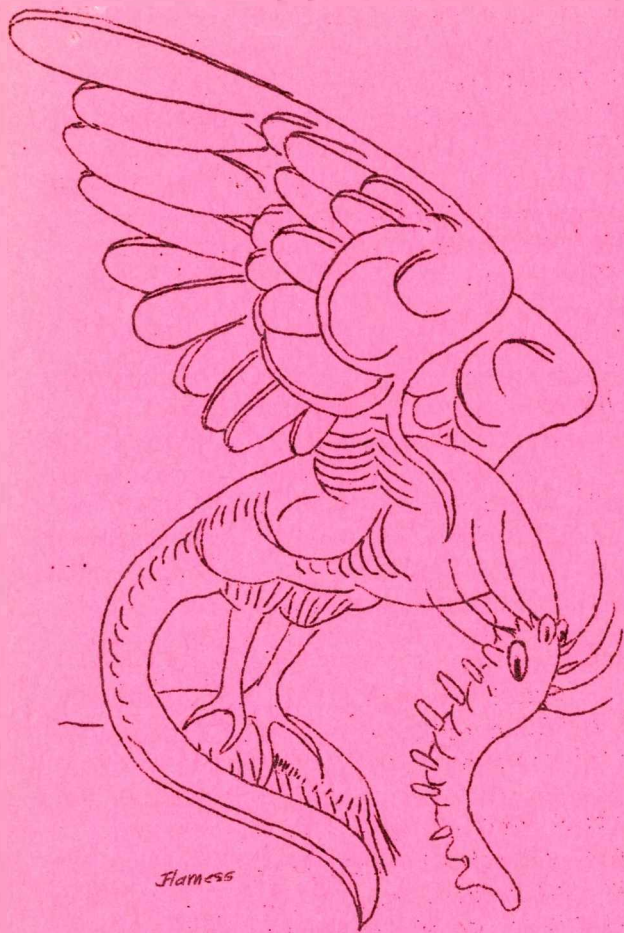
Then, in late 1950, GALAXY hove onto the scene. GSF was notable as the first successful prozine to utterly ignore the fans. For the first time fans were not merely the most enthusiastic of the readers; they were something else, a separate minority group quite apart from the sane and sensible Readers who actually supported the magazines. Fans were those silly creatures who cavorted under the baleful eye of ol' Sarge Saturn: silly creatures full of bad advice. GALAXY, despite Gold's token protests that this wasn't what he'd planned upon (but nine years later history repeated itself and Gold again made scathing comments on the worthlessness of fans to a prozine), ignored the fans. And once this was done, the follow-along publishers who had been devoted up to twenty pages on these "fans" because everyone else was doing it, saw that it wasn't necessary, and they too stopped "appeasing" the fans.

And all of a sudden stf was just another category of pulp-fiction after all, at least in the minds of the publishers. If mystery and western mags didn't need to devote space to their "fans", why should stf? Why, indeed?

At the same general time, a new stimulus was added. The big changeover to digest size came. Space was at a new premium. The digest mags printed only two or three pages of letters, in larger-sized type, barely the equivalent of one or two pages in a pulp-sized mag. The lettercolumns, along with the other features and departments, were strangled. And people saw a few miniscule letters, and figured, "Why should I write? They wouldn't print my letter anyway..."

Larry Shaw tried, with INFINITY, to reverse this trend. He tried to spark controversies, and discussions, and probably





was more successful than any other editor of a digest-sized mag. But economics were against him: he couldn't allot over six or eight small pages to letters, and they (large as that number sounds today!) weren't enough to start the ball rolling or keep it going. I don't know...maybe in time they would have picked up--maybe they were picking up--but they didn't get the chance.

So let's look again at this September SFS, a typical issue: It contains three letters; two and a half pages. Why, your editorial is probably longer.

Why aren't the fans writing you? Why aren't they "supporting" you with their interest? Because you, along with every other editor in the field today (possibly excepting Hans Santesson, who appears to be swimming upstream in this respect) have squeezed the fans out. Strangled them. And then kicked them in the teeth with such inannities as this sad excuse of an editorial. You can blame anyone but yourself/your publishers, and--why not the fans? There aren't enough to kick back...

You profess an interest in meeting the fans half way, but this is purely a token comment. Perhaps you are sincere (which makes you the naïve one), but it certainly doesn't communicate. You have, since FUTURE and SFS went digest, pared the fan columns stringently, devoted your editorials for the past two years to boring

capsule histories of old prozines, and you printed one Madle column in the last year--a full year after it was written--and you print from one to three short, narrow-columned letters an issue.

And then you have the gall to wonder why the fans aren't all flocking out to "support" you, flooding your office with letters. Fer ghod's sake!

This is a period of drastic changes, of quick deaths and lingering deaths, when the prozines are being forced to reassess their "ignore the public/fans" attitude. It is an era which has witnessed the passing of a number of fine prozines. And I imagine yours will be added to that number. The thought doesn't really sadden me; they're dead already, dead of a cheap publisher and an editor who refuses to admit his own faults; dead of make-do substitutions which telegraph to the casual reader and wouldbe purchaser, "THIS MAGAZINE IS CHEAP! IT'S PROBABLY ABOUT TO GO UNDER." (And if you want a concrete example of what this can do to a magazine, the same "cheap" aura about finished off METRONOME magazine...to a point where its last issue under the old publisher was almost completely ignored by the distributors...)

Yep, your rags will probably die...they haven't published much if any good material in the last two years, and there are no other reasons to buy the skinny things. And no doubt when they're dead, I'll see in some fanzine an article by RAWL blasting the fans, those strange people whom the publisher and editor ignore when times are good, for having "deserted" the field, for "ignoring science fiction," and for having "killed the mags off from lack of interest."

But that's your lookout. The fans are still here, they're still reading and discussing science fiction, and they're all talking about the new FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. Stop blaming fandom for the general state of your magazine, and for your mistakes. We're getting tired of it.

-Ted E. White



LETTERS , continued : that I am one of the unfortunate few who do not receive that estimable magazine. He offered me the loan of his hallowed copy. So I read the review, and find you addressing personal messages to me in it.

Well now, Ted, I guess you think I am one of your subscribers, to be asking me personal questions in the magazine, and so, as I said before, I suggest you check your subscriber list.

But as for the substance of your question: Why did I say that both you and Benford are out?

I will not discuss at length both yourself and Greg; let me say simply that I regard him as a sort of washed-out carbon copy of you ((!!!)), and that what I have to say about you, read in a murky light, will serve to describe Greg.

Now, why say that you are out, Ted? For the following reasons:

1. You are insufferably conceited.
2. You are utterly obtuse to any viewpoint other than your own--actually this is a correlary of the preceding point, but then all your faults, which is to say most of your characteristics, are.
3. You have lice in your beard.

PS: My home address, to which I am confident you will continue not sending your publications, is: 29 Fieldstone Drive, Hartsdale, New York.

((I had only just remarked to Sylvia anent the above letter that "It's good to know who your friends are," when there arrived in the mail the following short missive from the same author:))

I don't know whether you really have lice or not. I don't even know whether you still have that beard. But A PRIVATE WAILING WALL ((in TWIG 16)) is a damn fine piece of work and it reveals an altogether superior type of person than my former impression of you indicated.

((You see, I have cause to be Insufferably Conceited... -tew))

B I L L D O N A H O : Reading yet another account ((Ron Bennett's)) of the Holbrook affair was rather amusing. All of them are more or less accurate, but they leave out a lot... As we staggered out in the wee hours of the morning, Ron and I were clowning around a bit (repulsive thought at 4:00 am) and perhaps making a little more noise than was strictly necessary. Anyhow, as related, the character ((the motel owner)) came out and started handing out sarcasm and witty sayings. I started answering him in the same vein, while continuing to load the car. We continued our jolly exchange for some five or ten minutes, with me getting much the best of it--if I do say so myself. He completely lost his temper and started cursing me out. I said in my best Texas voice, "Don't call me a son of a bitch." This thoroughly alarmed him and he pulled the gun and threatened to blow my guts out, pointing out that he could do so quite legally.

I pulled out a cigarette, lit it and continued the sarcasm. He kept telling us to leave. I gently pointed out to him that we were even more anxious to leave than he was to have us go. I further added that he would get out of our way, we could leave that much sooner. He sputtered awhile longer and then put up his gun and left. We left too.

Some months later I was over at Dave Mason's, playing Monopoly with the TV rumbling in the background. The program "You Asked For It" was on, principally because no one was watching TV anyhow. Suddenly numerous shots of Holbrook, Arizona flashed on the screen. Someone had asked to see "The roughest, toughest sheriff in the West today." He lives in Holbrook. Ah, memories, memories... 1441 - 8th St., Berkeley 10, Cal.,

A L (east coast) L E W I S : Teddy seems to decry everything as "Tinkertoy Thinking." Well, to go by his "definition" it is, but also by his definition everything that doesn't STRICTLY adhere to the known "scientific" rules is Tinkertoy Thinking. Therefore, almost ALL of sf is TT thinking--but Teddy declaims TT thinking. It seems to me that either Teddy doesn't like to read sf, or he's latching on to these little flaws--most of which are more of a "writer's license" than anything--in order to make an outraged outcry against these stories. Now, I'm not holding GALAXY up as a good sf magazine--in my pocketbook it's almost the last one I'd buy if I had the money to buy them all--but I think that Teddy is trying, more than anything else, to justify his thinking by non-sensible means. Ted, if you don't like these stories, just say so but don't give for a reason anything that'll apply to most stf--the "good" ones included. 4550 W. Maple Rd., Birmingham, Mich., ((Man, rarely have I seen such a massive misinterpretation embodied in such a fey sort of letter. Naturally, Tinkertoy Thinking is not prevalent in good writing of any sort. Tinkertoy Thinking is a characteristic of... but, hell; I'll let Greg explain it. -tew))((Ted was criticizing the idea that you could have a character fool around and casually turn up an invention or new principles just because they had to exist for the story to come out right. Science fiction has a rational basis, and going out into left field to invent a device which will produce an effect needed in the story, simply because the effect is needed, not because the device is the logical consequence of an idea put forward earlier in the story, is sloppy thinking. That's "tinkering with the story to make it come out right," which is what Ted means by "Tinkertoy thinking." I believe it also illustrates well the "intellectual poverty" of much stf these days. -gb)) ((Thank you. You put that very well.-tew))

WILLIAM ROTSLEER: Recd VOID...where did you get them and how did you print the titles like the "Interfanna" ones? Also the Zuber illos, how were they done? Acid stencil? They are quite good, by the way. ((The headings for "Interfanna", "Colonial Excursion," and "Rail Fandom" were done with Arttype--the "A Prozine Review" title used arttype and the word "prozine" from a drug ad--which is a printed-on-cellophane sort of overlay. The stencils for these titles and the Zuber illos (as well as all the other illos in V18, and a good percentage of those in this) were by Gestefax, a superior version of Stenafax. The Zuber were originally done with ink on, apparently, blotter paper and reproduced exactly as originally done. -tew))

RON PARKER: Willis' letter gave me no end of egoboo, but I feel it not as likely as it might be. While I do plan, early next year, to take a fairly nice sized leave, encompassing England and Ireland, as well as Spain, France, Italy, Switzerland, etc., I imagine that by that time Willis will have moved so much that I'll be darkening all sorts of doorsteps without finding him. And the thought of sleeping on doorsteps with notes attached to myself in the middle of Ireland somewhat boggles even my somewhat mentally perturbed mindbone... [PFC Milton R. Parker, RA 18 547 359, 693rd Engineer Company (Depot), APO 227, US Army, New York, N.Y.]

MARTY FLEISCHMAN: I see Marion Bradley mentions FANVARIETY and the clique or inner circle or whatever that gradually grew around the zine. I'm inclined to think FV is one of the most overrated fanzines there ever was...sloppy appearance, careless typography, and featuring nothing ((I'd amend that to 'little' -tew)) of any particular worth (with the possible exceptions of Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" which I personally don't care for, and the photos and occasional "just right" headings.) I suspect a hell of a lot of people will disagree with me on this, but hell, go on and disagree. I am steadfast in my opinion of FV...all it had was a sort of juvenile charm, which maybe you could call "faannishness", I dunno. So big deal. ((I have one issue of FV (un-numbered) and from what I've seen you could easily be right. The zine is sloppy, juvenile in spots and of general poor quality. Mind you, I'm not passing judgement on one issue, but it seems my impression of FV was gained entirely through an article /by John Magnus -tew/ in GRUE a few years back and a few items by Keasler in the fan press. Perhaps FANVARIETY wasn't as good as it was made out--what do you say, Mr. Willis? -gb))

To all the critics of Moomaw's "The Adversaries:" admittedly, the story had faults, but I defy you to name me one piece of serious fan fiction equal to it. The truth is that very little serious fan fiction has been written, and until something better comes along, "The Adversaries" is the outstanding example of such writing.

As to Calkins, I disagree violently that Moomaw was a "rather inept writer." I think he was a good fannish writer...nothing more. ((Let's please remember Kent's age and experience; he hardly had time to develop into the Grennell, Tucker, or Leman class...but on the other hand, I wonder how he would compare with those writers at the same age...?-tew)) So I'm inclined to go along with Calkins that a collection of Kent's writing is completely unjustified...altho he was, as I just said, a fairly good faannish writer, he wasn't that good. I mean, very few fans' stuff is worthy of reprint and Kent's is no exception. I wonder more than somewhat about all these "collections" that everybody and his cousin is either planning or working on. Ah weel... [90-09 153rd Avenue, Howard Beach 14, NY]

BILL CONNER: Walt Willis's "Interfanna" proves once again that WAW is capable of coming up constantly with bizarre fannish ideas. His "audible punctuation" is nothing new, however. I have oft noticed at conventions that some fans expend more effort trying to communicate with their hands than with their mouths.

I admire Ted's true fannish spirit--he was willing to wade through GALAXY in order to review it. Ordinarily, I lack the patience to plough through the GALAXY-type crud to find the good stuff that occasionally appears there. If GALAXY does improve, I will willingly support it once again by buying a copy; as for now, I see no sense in wasting 50¢ on a crudzine. GALAXY seems to suffer from much the same malady as ASTOUNDING. ASF also seems full of "unsanity". The difference is the difference between the two editors' pet manias; in ASF we get Ted's "Tinkertoy Plots" adapted to psionic stories. "But, I Don't Think," by Randall Garrett in the July ((1959)) ish of ASF seems to me to be a perfect example of the "but nothing" type of stories appearing regularly in ASF and GALAXY. This type of story inspires nothing more than a yawn and possibly the thought, "why-the-hell am I wasting my time reading this crud?" [no address on letter]

ED COX: I rather doubt that we should find a higher incident of science interest among fans, especially these days, Greg. There are always the few in any group. Then again, there may be a lot of people who just don't talk about it. How far would a fan-written article about science get in a fanzine today? ((Andy Young had one or two in EXCELSIOR several years back, but he is one of the few who can do this sort of thing well. -tew)) You've no doubt seen the science quiz type thing in fanzines. Usually pretty awful. Almost as interestless as the science quizzes that were often found in prozines. What for? Why fool with something you had in high school physics? Most people, unless they are really inclined toward a science (or general science interest) wouldn't give it a second glance.

I'd just as soon see more interest in science in science fiction and sf fandom. Why? Because it would



make things more interesting, widen the scope of discussion and interests. It is pretty bound up in its little world, this fandom of today. But I don't see that ((science discussions)) are necessary or of vital import.

The best thing in the zine, this time, was the article by Bill Evans. Well written, interesting, etc. Obviously Bill is a "juice" fan. I'm not exactly...but I did pore over that big book on oldtime Los Angeles trolleys for hours and hours. Simply fascinating. The big red cars might still be running down to Long Beach. I'm not sure though; but I did see them a lot over a period of time from 1954 til about last summer. Haven't been down that way much since but I used to consider them a nuisance. Never thought of riding on them just for kicks, but I think it ought to be fun. Did ride the cable cars in San Francisco but that, of course, was long after the earthquake! ((Personally, I'm quite taken by the history and aspects of New York's subways and elevated lines...-tew))

The GALAXY review was extremely interesting to me. I've read darn little GSF in past years and used to be quite enthusiastic, as was everyone, when it first came out. However, I think Ted might do well to remember that in the slump stf is in, the magazines have to appeal to everyone, not just fan-types. ((I don't really think that fans' tastes in stf are that opposed to general tastes. If anything, fans are simply more discriminating, due to their greater reading (in stf) experience. -tew)) Remember the general disappointment, after a while, with the SF Book Club? They had to cater to general tastes, not to us. So must the magazines now that the huge post-war boom is over and stf isn't so sparkly anymore what with two dogs and a rabbit circling around overhead, the latest in a procession of the type of thing that does most to dull the glitter of stf to the more mundane minded.

Walt Willis... A fine writer, great sense of humor and like that. But this bit evoked few chuckles. Seemed too pat, "ho-hum-ish" as it were. Didn't have the sparkle he used to. Jaded? Oh, well. Still worth inclusion and an asset to any contents page, but didn't have the charm and carrying qualities of the Bill Evans article, for instance.

I think I'm gonna have to disagree with Ted Johnstone. There aren't any major type zines issued from the Los Angeles area. Nothing as strongly "focal-point" as CRY or VOID, for instance. ((He said that; I didn't! -tew)) Shaggy comes the nearest but it doesn't have much solidity to it, as far as I can see. Pleasant reading but nothing controversial. What it needs is micro-type and a long letter column! Haw! ((I haven't seen SHAGGY since the Detention; apparently my credit is bad, probably because I supported Carr for TAFF or something like that...-tew))

D O N S T U D E B A K E R : Science Fiction is indeed a term involving two words. But you will notice that the word "fiction" is the noun, and that "science" is merely an adjective. There is also "Mystery Fiction," but how many of its readers are sincerely interested in mystery, outside of its fiction?

I submit that in fandom there are a great deal many more people who are interested in this particular subject for a fiction than in any other specialized field of fiction. Also, although I don't know how many fen I know would pick up a copy of Hoyle's Frontiers of Astronomy, I have come across several fen in the act of reading what I would consider heavy astronomy textbooks. And look at Andy Young perched up in his observatory, Asimov and Bill Evans in their chemistry labs.

And so what if everyone did flock to the writer instead of the scientist. A writer, because he has a gift for saying things, is usually the more fascinating personality, and what's to stop the writer from being a scientist as well as a writer? If the scientist is Isaac Asimov and the writer is Harlan Ellison, who do you think will be flocked around? And then you have a category apart from both: Editors; who can also be both of the other two. And then there are those stellar personalities who are neither of the other two types but can hold their own in any group. Personality is what counts, at a party, not profession. ((It would seem to me that mystery fans would have to possess some interest in mysteries, or they wouldn't read the magazines. That matter of the party was an illustration, assuming the two people were equally charming and subject matter only entered into the question. Given different personalities the reactions would naturally change accordingly.-gb))((I must disagree with Greg slightly about mysteries... Mystery fans are quite often not interested in factual "mysteries" or true crimes; the appeal of the mystery story is something else. I don't think the mystery readers cross-breed much with the True Detective Cases readers...-tew)) 7648 Lombard St., Kentland, Hyattsville, Md.]

J I M C A U G H R A N : Yes, it is somewhat odd that more fans don't embrace science--I can name several more who do: Busby is an EE, Steve Tolliver and Lyn Hardy are freshmen at Caltech in something-or-other, Billern is a physicist and Dale Frey an engineer or physicist or something ((sic!)), but there are still altogether fewer than one would expect. In fact, I know several fans who seem to go out of their way not to have anything to do with science, which seems odd. Maybe science fiction is used as a substitute for a field in which they have little talent. ((Perhaps so... I know some fans look down on science as Crude and Boring and, it would seem, un-Arty. But then, some engineers & scientists probably have the same attitude toward humanities-type people.-gb))

R I C K S N E A R Y : Enjoyed the review of GALAXY, being as how I still read the silly stuff. But as I agreed with about everything said, I don't know what more I can say than that it was good and most clever to agree with my unspoken views so well. Especially interesting were

the remarks regarding the art work, and its place in a magazine. This I had felt, but never been able to think up clearly enough for it to be impressed on my sub-mind. It would be interesting to see what Busby would do with equal page space ((about five pages)) for one mag. Possibly he has gotten so used to the small reports he would find it hard to spread out... ((Frankly, I think Buz could do a much better job with a little space and forethought; the quality of his rushed, crowded reviews shows that...-tew))

This was perhaps the most Willis-like article that Walt has done in a couple of years... While I enjoy his serious comments very much, it's good to see he can still sling words around for the sheer fun of it.

This was a rather outstandingly good issue, and my hat is off to you for prying something out of Bill Evans for a general fanzine. ((Bill has said he was working on more material for VOID...-tew)) 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California

A FEW FINAL "UFF'S": The cover slogan this was, we thought, rather clever...when we planned to use it last July. Since then discussion of stf has bloomed out all over, and even manifested itself in two remarkably good new zines, the WSFA's SPECULATIVE REVIEW (which suffered only from format) and Norm Metcalf's NEW FRONTIERS. So, no doubt there will be some more screams from Across The Water about our usurping the prerogatives of other fanzines, and much etc. Ignore it, won't you...?

In moving, I accidentally misplaced a number of orders for THE BNF OF IZ, which had been packed away some time in advance. If you have not yet received your copy, but paid for one, please drop me a card saying so, okay? My apologies to all of you thus slighted.

I invite speculation: what was written when, and which was stencilled when in this? You may be wrong...  
+ + +

After sitting down and calmly working out her schedule, Sylvia has found it impossible to handle a monthly fanzine in addition to her other activities. She wants it understood that when she accepted the position she was neither working nor going to school. So, I guess I shall remain at the same old stand for several more issues yet. But look for some changes. VOID will remain a monthly fanzine, but I guarantee little more.

By the bye, I am open (VOID is open...) for a good regular fanzine reviewer. Applicants welcomed, with samples...  
-ted white

- ☐ We trade (send us each a copy, please)
- ☐ You have something printed in thish
- ☒ We'd love a contribution from you
- ☒ This is a complimentary copy
- ☐ This is a sample copy
- ☐ You paid (☐ your sub runs out thish)
- ☐ This is your last issue unless we hear from you

VOID is available for Cash, Trade, Comment, or Contribution, or a combination thereof. Respond Somehow.



VC

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Md.

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