

# VOID 20

AUGUST - THE FANZINE  
OF INNER SIGNIFICANCE





# Void

"THE MONTHLY FMZ."

GREG BENFORD, Boyd House, Norman,  
Oklahoma... -&-  
TED WHITE, 107 Christopher St.,  
NYC 14, NY... are the editors.

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## HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER

THE LAST ISSUE probably  
came as a  
surprise to most of you. I  
know it did to me. In fact,  
I was so surprised I almost  
dropped the clean lurid  
pages with their impeccable  
reproduction in the mud

(Oklahoma, the sunshine state) when I opened the envelope. (I get my VOID's in envelopes  
but this is just courtesy for my Position--I don't get payola.) I was surprised, but  
it didn't take long to recover. I won't say I had come to think of VOID as a lost cause  
and "the monthly fanzine" title as a hollow mockery. I won't say I had, in all good  
faith, begun to believe Ted White had mysteriously sunk into the earth upon reaching  
New York City--perhaps becoming digested in the bowels of the subway system... After  
all, Charles Fort had mentioned such things. I won't say I thought I would never pub-  
lish another fanzine again. I won't say these things, but that's how I felt.

(It is too  
bad Sylvia White won't be co-editing VOID with me immediately...was she really going to  
give her All? Fandom still waits impatiently.)

TERRY CARR and his Barrington Bull sagas have set me to thinking. Well, not actually  
thinking--just envying. To hear Carr tell it, U of California at Berkeley  
is just one mass of fabulous people engaged in a continual witty dialog. Now, perhaps  
this is an exaggeration. Maybe there are two or three people there who are not fabu-  
lous, and do not say witty things. But surely there couldn't be many more than this,  
since Terry has apparently written these witty, Burbee-ish episodes for weeks on end  
without undue effort. And this sets me to wondering.

If people are like this in Cal-  
ifornia, what is wrong with Oklahomans? (I mean, excluding Kent Corey.) People here  
are not fabulous and fannish. The normal conversation for a morning consists of grunts  
and muffled sobs, sporadically lifting in pitch to something resembling human speech  
(people here don't like to get up in the morning, although I suppose this is not uncom-  
mon in California, either). Nothing ever happens around here. One student hanged him-  
self from worry over grades, and there is the usual running fight over parking space,  
but these things are common to all campuses. (I think.)

You may ask if this might be a  
result of the type of people we have here. Well, I don't know. The people in this  
dorm aren't mental giants (if you had to live with some of the people in this dorm you  
would not ask this question), but they could still be fabulous in their own noisy way.  
Maybe the root of the matter lies in the fact that there isn't any campus or dorm pub-  
lication which publishes this sort of material. Yes, that's it. I'm sure that's the  
answer. All we need is a yellow-sheet of some sort to gather up these things.

But then,  
maybe it's better that we don't have one, since I would probably be forced to steal all



these Barrington Bull editorials to fill it up.

I GOT A CARD today from Donald Franson. This in itself is not unusual; I imagine Don sends cards of one type or another to lots of people. But this card was a little strange--it made me an official CRY letterhack. Now, I am flattered at this title bestowed upon me, and my head is bowed under the honor of it all...but really, don't you see what this means? There will spring up a new ingroup within fandom: a race apart. Only by having a letter published in CRY can one become a member; this excludes vast numbers of people--perhaps even as many as three or four fans! This new clique within our little microcosm will address only those who share their honor. They will cluster together at conventions, laughing at their own little in-group jokes, and holding locked-door parties. They will probably form a CRY Letterhacks APA. The seeds of war and prejudice are even now being sown in fandom!

And what's more, how do you think mundane people will react to this? Do you realize that by this one act you can become a card-carrying member of an organization not recognized by the United States Government? (I have buried mine in a ditch outside of town.) One letter can implicate you for life! Fans will cluster in cellars, fearing the knock of the jack-booted FBI. A new peril will descend upon our land. Larry Stark will have material for a whole new "Death of Science Fiction" series. And all this because Don Franson thought of sending cards to CRY letterhacks.

It's frightening, I tell you.

THE EDITORIAL seems to have fallen out of favor these days. Almost every fanzine I receive (sometimes totalling two or three a month) has a page near the front given over religiously to several paragraphs of turgid prose, relating the editor's reproduction problems (with his mimeo or ditto, I mean), his financial status, etc. It's all pretty damn boring. They have nothing to say, but the good ol' editorial has to stay in. People have got to realize that editorials are supposed to offer entertainment, not just fill space. I decry the practice of just sitting down and writing whatever comes into your head until a certain amount of space is filled up. Down with it, I say!

Well, this fills up my space, so I guess that's all I write for my editorial this month.

-greg benford

## AN UFFISH THOT

OR TWO...

"THERE'S A GROSS BREACH OF ETHICS THAT I PULLED LAST ISSUE WHICH I MUST DEFINITELY RECTIFY OR FACE ANNIHILATION" Dept.:

Like, my deepest apologies to Bob Christenberry for not crediting him with the cover photo lastish. Apologies are also due him for the quality of the reproduction; I had

to have his snapshot enlarged from the print he gave me, which didn't help, and the Gestefax process pretty well finished the job up, removing the remaining middle tones from the pic. Still, as about the only fannish photo I know of in existence of Kent Moomaw, I felt it deserved publication. (The quote? That's from a Peter J. Vorzimer editorial in ABSTRACT... Pete had forgotten to credit the artist of a cover one time. Situation sound familiar?)

A few more apologies to people who missed issue 19--I printed up more than twenty more than the usual circulation (100), and still that wasn't enough to cope with everyone who sent zines, letters, or money during the Long Hiatus. This issue, I printed 150 copies, and I hope none of you have been slighted.

-ted white

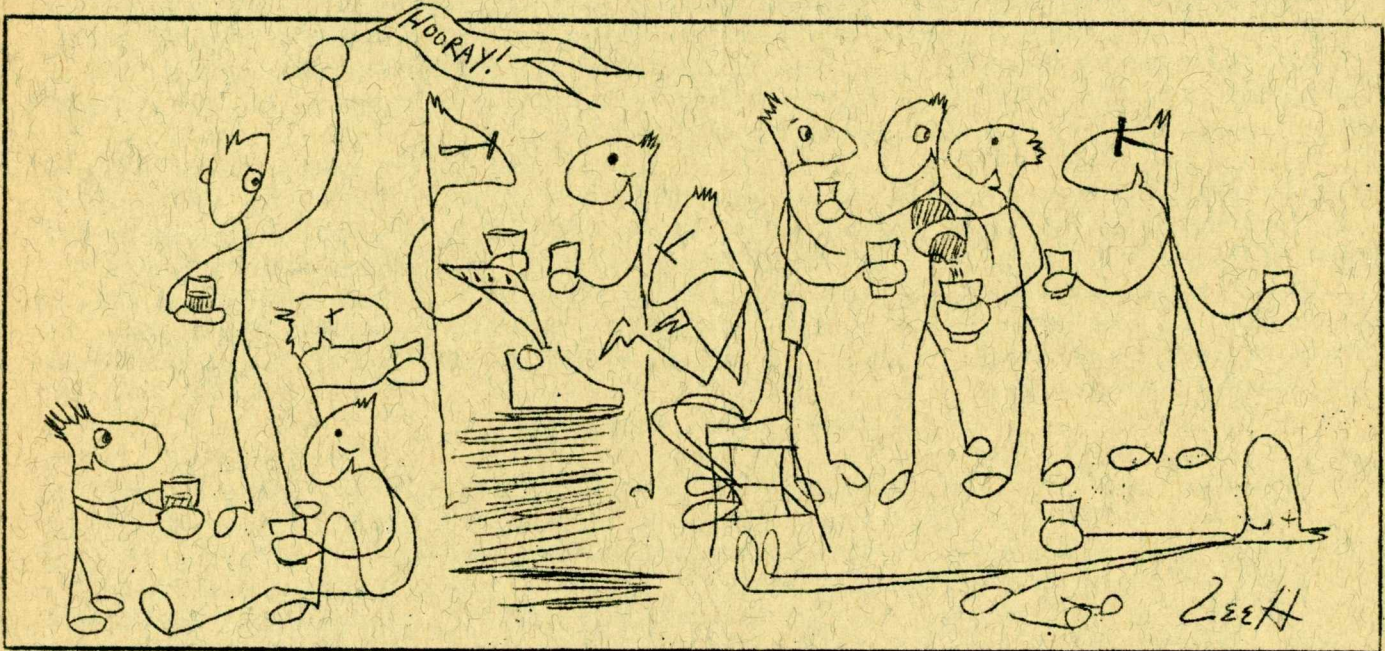
THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO--  
BOB SILVERBERG

Whose solution to a Major Problem can be found on nearly every page in this issue...



ted white—

# DETROIT - OR BUST!



## BEING AN(OTHER) ACCOUNT OF THE DETENTION

For a while there, it looked like we'd Bust. The Detention was the first world con I hadn't actually prepared for in advance. A lot of things interfered, among them the financial killer of the move to New York, and an even more costly corellary, the replacement of the engine in my car, the Weiss Rak IV.

Then again, I kept thinking that the Con was all a long way off—a couple of months away at the very least—which is why, when Noreen Shaw said to us, "You know, the Detention is next week...?" that I went into a mild state of shock. When John Berry arrived, he was another diversion (a very pleasant one; see my writeup of Berry In New York in INNUENDO) to lull my time-sense. What was a few months away was all too soon a few days away, and a close inspection of the White Family finances revealed a net total of less than a dollar, cash.

Undaunted, I managed to hock a few treasured items (a practice I've had to resort to several times since) to raise a bare minimum of cash to see us through the labor-day weekend. I was beginning to feel like a beatnik as well as looking like one.

The whole episode has a dreamy feeling to it—which may account for a few factual errors later on—which reminds me of Christmas. You see, when I was a wee young tad, I faunched for Christmas and the goodies it would bring (an event rivaled only by my birthday) for weeks in advance, the anticipation mounting exponentially as The Day approached. Finally, after a totally sleepless night, at around 4:00 or 5:00 in the morning, unable to wait any longer, I would tip-toe down to the living room and my sock full of "advance" presents. But as the years passed by, my enthusiasm for the event fell off, along with the number of presents I received, until finally, what with school (and later yet, work) off only



one or two days before the 25th, I sort of lost my "Christmas Spirit," waking up to the fact that there was such an occasion only when firmly plonked square in the middle of it.

Much the same happened this year with the Detention. But despite such feelings and the foregoing, there was a Detention, and we were there. I know this, because we are now shorter \$50 (a record-low con budget for me alone--how two of us managed it I'll never be sure) and hours of needed sleep.

Originally, we'd hoped to cop rides with someone else; while towing trailers between New York and Baltimore, the Weiss Rak had developed a bad whine in the differential which signalled undue wear and the chance of a breakdown. But, after making and scrapping several plans, and several last minute phone calls the Night Before, we left Thursday evening, Sylvia and myself with Martha Cohen along to share expenses, but not, unfortunately, the driving. We set out pacing the Shaws, who were driving a '59 (Plymouth?) stationwagon and taking the Ellingtons and Bill Donaho. We stopped together at several (shudder) Howard Johnson places along the way and then became split up in the night, the others pulling far ahead of us.

The trip was by turnpike most of the way, and largely uneventful. There was some discomfort during the night due to the cold--because the exhaust system was leaky, windows had to be kept partly open, and the Pennsylvania mountain nights can be quite cold in the summer--but by Ohio the sun was up again, and soon it was too hot instead. Personally, I probably enjoyed most several of the cars we passed. Apparently there was a classic car meet somewhere ahead, for on the Ohio Turnpike we passed several beautiful fully restored classics; the two which I most vividly remember being a Cord L29 and an Auburn boattailed Speedster. These were being driven at normal highway speeds with no obvious signs of discomfort. Driving a battered, needful-of-repare old Ford, I envied the owners of those cars.

We arrived in the early afternoon, Friday, with a bare minimum of difficulty. Rarely have I found a convention hotel so easily; this one was clearly marked as a "point of interest" on my map! My memories of the arrival are fragmentary; there were the old friends, some like Harness and Ellick from far away, and others whom I'd more expected, and there were the surprises like Lee Jacobs who was fully as great as ever, and Art Rapp and Burnett Toskey. I half expected Burbee and Purdue, after discovering LeeJ.

I found myself in a lobby argument with Al Lewis (the Westcoast one) over TAFF and allied subjects, while Bruce Pelz kibitzed. Lewis seemed a rather smug type, a little too proud of his unfannishness and a little too uninformed on the subjects he gave his considered attention to. In the course of our argument (a very mild one, of course) he said that he didn't think Charles Burbee was at all funny, either in person or in print, and his opinion of Terry Carr (hi, Terry!) was not much better. "He's written some good stuff, but most of it is just prattle," Al said. "It doesn't have any point." (Hi, Rich Brown!) Pressing him a bit, I tried to find out just what Al included in the categories of "good" and "bad".

"Aside from the business in CRY," I said, "what strikes you as poor Carr?" Al thought a minute and then said, "Well, that piece of tripe in the latest TWIG." He was referring to TWIG 15. "Hell You Say," I asked, "that one?"

"Yeah," said Lewis. "Now that one wasn't any good. It was just pointless and generally bad."

At this point Pelz leaped the breach, saving me the trouble of saying, "But, ghoddammit, that was a great story!" by saying just that. I agreed and Bruce said, "Didn't have any point? Mighod, the whole point was the way it used for the first time a pun on an honored old fannish phrase!"

"Besides," I said, "what do you mean, 'It is bad,' or 'It is good'? Do you mean it is, point-blank, bad, or just that you don't happen to like it?" Lewis smugly answered that if he said he thought something was bad, he meant it was bad. I gave him a short disgusted lecture on subjective vs. objective value



judgements, and then turned away to talk with Pelz with whom I could converse much more easily.

Another discussion took place not too long after Nick Falasca handed me a copy of THE DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT #2. Not too strangely, the discussion was between Nick and myself, and it occurred as soon as I could find Nick after reading the first page of the zine.

I grabbed him, swung him around, and shoved the zine under his nose. "Look!" I screamed.

He looked. "Yes, Ted, I see it. That's a copy of my fanzine. It looks like the copy I gave you a few minutes ago."

"Look—look what you put on the first page!" I yelled. "Look at what you have me saying!" I shook him once to assure his attention. "Ghoddammit, look! You've gone and put words in my mouth. Right here! On this very page! You have me saying things I never said!"

Nick pulled himself loose. "Now, Ted," he said in a tone calculated to soothe

me. "Take it easy, Ted. You've got to understand; this was just a little bit of embroidery. I just had you say those things for Heightened Dramatic Value...it doesn't mean anything, Ted."

"But, but" I sputtered, "this...event never occurred! You made it up. Out of whole cloth, if you know what I mean. It--none of it is true."

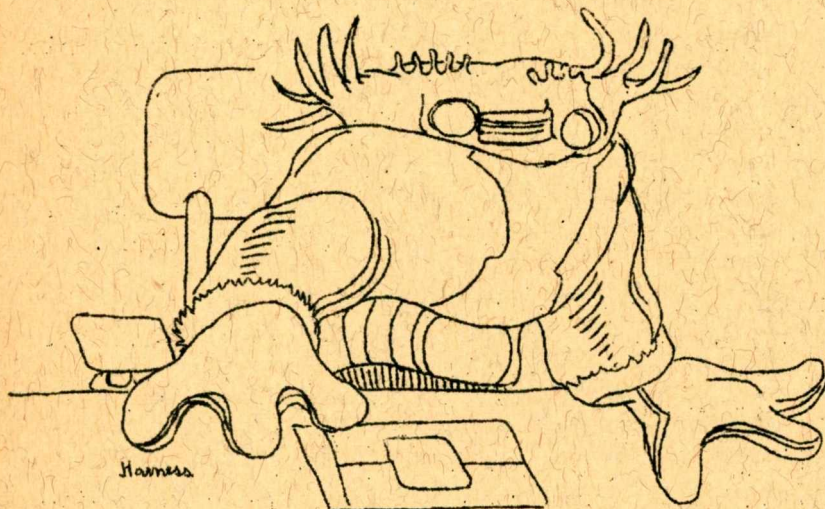
"Now, take it easy, Ted," Nick said. "It certainly isn't that important." He chuckled. "Why, probably no one will take it seriously. Besides, what's there to object to?" I stared at him for a moment and then back at the offending lines. I read them again: "The NFFF is probably fandom's most worthwhile organization..." I was supposed to have said that! Just then I noticed a persistent tugging at my sleeve. A small neo was standing there. He said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. White...Seth Johnson said to sign up with you..."

I clouted Nick with the neo, and ran.

Towards evening Boyd Raeburn, Andy Young in tow, showed up, and very soon I was pushing my powers to emote to their very limits in explaining the FAPA foulup. I must have been successful, and undoubtedly my careful refraint from calling attention to Boyd's English accent helped, for soon I found myself going out to dinner with him, trailing behind a long line of fans trooping towards a steakhouse. Once inside the door, we discovered that the place was operated cafeteria-fashion. "Mighod, this is a cafeteria!" Boyd said in horrified tones. "Let's go back!" But then we were in line, and our orders were being taken, and within a short time we were esconsed at the end of a very long table eating very good steak. (John Berry gives a fuller description of the place in his report in CRY 135.) Boyd began enlightening me about Leslie Nirenberg.

"Leslie is quite real," he said. "We just got the new CRY (131) airmail. Your letter all about how Nirenberg couldn't be real was a gasser. Les laughed and laughed over it. You and Lichtman, boy..." I put forward a sceptical ear, reminded Boyd of the many fans who'd met Carl Brandon, and complimented him on a real fine snow job, almost equal to the one Ron Ellik had done on the Falascas. Boyd cured me quietly...

Actually, I have few doubts





any more about Nirenberg's existence. Raeburn, Steward, Kidder, AndYoung, and Bob and Barbara Silverberg have all sworn to his existence, and much as I might disbelieve the Canadians for trying to foster a hoax, I'm inclined to trust the last three as reasonably disinterested bystanders with no motive for prevarication. Still, it was fun to counter each sincere expression of avowal with something like, "Yeah, and I remember Carl Brandon," or "That's just the way Ellik told it, too," or the like.

The real hit of Friday evening for me was John Koning. He was quietly huckstering REVOLUTION, a oneshot honoring Berry, and I took a copy out with me when Sylvia and I went out for more food. (The place we found is worth noting. Someone--I disremember who, but he had a stomach ache because of it later--recommended a place where hot dogs, hamburgers and chili were sold. "The food is real good, and real cheap," we were told. Ever mindful of our limited budget, we decided to hunt the place up. It turned out that within one block were four or five or more "Coney Islands"--places which serve only the above types of food. This is a strange phenomenon, since they are nothing like the places at Coney Island itself... They all seemed about the same, so Sylvia picked one at random and we ate there. The food wasn't bad--and was less limited as to type--and didn't remind us of its presense afterwards. But the whole idea of calling such places "Coney Islands" croggled me more than a bit.) I bugged Sylvia by reading the zine while she wanted to talk to me, and by uttering every so often, "Why, this is great! Wow! Jeeze, is this ever better than DAFOE! Mighod, this guy is gonna be another Bill Meyers. This is great!" My respect for John Koning has not dimmed in the time which has since passed. I particularly liked the idea of his "Denouncement" series, although I didn't go along with the zine (DISJECTA MEMBRA) he picked.

When we returned to the hotel, we found that a "FAPA Session" was going on upstairs on the mezzanine. When we got there, we found that everyone had his shoes off, and these were being passed around, along with various other epiphenomena like rubber bands, to be autographed. I passed my copy of REVOLUTION around and collected the signatures of Marion Bradley, Stan Woolston, Ron Ellik, John Trimble, Jim Caughran, Boyd Raeburn, Jack Harness, Bob Pavlat, Noreen & Larry Shaw, Jean Young, Andy Young, Dick Eney, Rick Sneary and Bob Bloch. Jean solemnly swore never again to wear her sandals (with autographed soles), and Jack Harness stood and proclaimed that never before had he been able to tread upon so many big names.

I drew Boyd aside, and showed him a copy of REVOLUTION, and as he thumbed through it, he too began making little exclamations of wonder and delight.

As the FAPA gathering broke up, someone came along and began passing out copies of the new SHANGRI LA'AFFAIRES. I thumbed through my copy, and found a review of VOID in which my editorial was termed "stuffy" by John Trimble. Being rather curious about this, and having Trimble close at hand, I asked, "John Trimble, why did you call my editorial in VOID 18 stuffy?" Trimble blinked twice at me. I think that's the closest he ever came to speaking to me throughout the entire convention.

For some reason, Trimble was quite cold to me after the Solacon's camadery; he also seemed thinner and more nervous. I may as well offer a few other impressions here gained from that first evening.

Jim Caughran surprised me with a fine Abe Lincolnish beard. I hardly recognized him, but he was still the same Jim Caughran. What was up front hardly counted at all... (Meaning his beard, of course; not his metholated grey matter.) Marion Bradley wasn't at all as I expected. She chattered rather like a naive squirrel (no comparison to Ron Ellik intended). Sometimes she was very intelligent, sometimes almost unspeakably fuggheaded, as at the later official FAPA meeting and during a couple of the programs.. She seems very nice, but sort of misguided and uninformed about a lot of things, apparently.

John Koning looks rather young and curly-headed, which prompted me to refer to him as looking like Ron Kidder's younger brother. For some reason this stuck, even after I renewed acquaintances with Ron, whom I had last seen in 1957. John seems very talented, and makes fine fannish



company. A high spot of the evening came when the Derelict Insurgents, Ron Ellik, John and myself walked down Lafayette again to the "Coney Islands", where we compared Pepsi's with Root Beers.

Officially, Sylvia and I were part of the Washington DC group, and were in the "Washington Suite." This turned out to be two bedrooms with connecting door, and two single beds in each room. Pavlat and Madle had one room; we and the Magnuses were to sleep in the other. You can imagine our joy at discovering that we had to share a narrow single-bed. None of this was rendered any more palatable by a \$13.00 a night room bill which we of course had to pay half of. If we hadn't already been committed, we'd have tried to find a cheaper separate room.

When we'd checked in that afternoon, I'd asked Pavlat, who was in charge of the DC suite, how the DC publicity was coming. I was amazed to hear that the booklet which Chick Derry had had underway since April or May was still uncompleted, the banner promised us by the DC Chamber of Commerce had been lost by that group on previous loan, that no DC buttons were available, and virtually nothing else had been done. Pavlat seemed curiously unworried about this. Throughout the rest of the convention, surrounded on every side by the tremendous publicity push by Pittsburgh, I felt lower and lower as I watched DC's prestige drop through the floor with a barely audible thud. It seemed my ads in the con booklet were DC's only publicity.

Saturday morning was off to an early start as the Magnuses rose at about eight. Whether it was this morning or a later one--they rose at that hour and chatted in loud voices every morning--I remember sleepily hearing Joanne remark on the strange fact that she needed to iron her pajamas. I considered this a fitting remark from a person who rose at that ungodly hour during a world con... Somehow we got up later that morning ourselves, and descended to the mezzanine to sign up and receive our program booklets.

The program was scheduled for 1:00 that afternoon. Naturally, it actually started some time after two. We spent part of the time conversing with Ray Schaffer and Al (East-coast) Lewis, who had just gotten in, and with Gregg Trendeine and his brother.

Gregg is something of a phenomenon, a teen-age would-be beatnik (see p.16, lastish), and a talented but unschooled artist. He and his crowd have an affinity for peculiar and far-out names; like for instance Gregg's brother calls himself "Khan Jonn August."

"Why do you call yourself 'Khan,'" I asked him. "Well, my name is really 'Conrad'," said he. "And 'August'?" "I was born in August," he said. Well, there you are.

Gregg gave me copies of FARSIDE and RETNA to look over, and I was amazed by the quality and style of art in these zines, most of it Gregg's. He does still swipe a good bit (although I thought it hilarious when Dan Adkins, of all people, called him down for this), but his technique is quite fresh and ornately fabulous. The zines were multi-lithed, which allowed a freer rein with technique, but the multilithing was poor, which kind of dampened it a bit again. Gregg's ambition is to go pro, and with a little bit of schooling in basic design and layout, he could easily do this. Both he and his brother are blonds, with long upswept "Presley" type haircuts. Both seemed a little over-anxious to clutch a drink in his hands that evening, but they managed their liquor reasonably well, being fairly unobnoxious types.

The program finally opened with Roger Sims' announcement that, "In 1953, Howard Devore said that a convention would come to the area over his dead body." Whereupon, Devore's body was promptly hauled onstage.

This got things off to a good start, and was followed by Dave Kyle's introduction of "notibles." Larry Shaw and Dick Ellington had stood by the doors, and copied down on cards the names of the people as they came in. These were then sorted into types, localities, etc. The idea was to insure that everyone notable who was present would be introduced. Unfortunately, Dave nervously dropped the neatly sorted piles three times



during the course of the introductions, pretty well scrambling them up. Despite this, these were about the best introductions in a long while, and just about everyone who was anyone was introduced...even Sylvia and myself. It gave the gathering a closer air, since there was little if any division between "notibles" and "attendees". Well, almost everyone was introduced. Afterwards Dave said to me, "What bothers me most is that the people I missed were people who felt it, like Evelyn Paige and Harlan Ellison." In many ways this was fated just not to be Harlan's convention...

Bob Madle followed with a thoroughly botched-up and apparently off-the-cuff explanation of TAFF. He opened by saying that he would not go into any history, and then proceeded to do so, and then he asked Don Ford, Bjo, and Ron Ellick (for Terry) to stand and speak for themselves. Since only Ford was present, nothing came of this, and the whole bit sort of fizzled out.

The program book lists the AUCTION BLOCH and SALVE AUCTION separately, but they were one and the same thing. Sam Moskowitz did his usual windy, would-be-humorous, overlong spiels, and consistently referred to the last Auction Bloch "in San Francisco," and "last year in Frisco," despite repeated corrections from the audience. He also thought that the funds were going to the con, rather than to TAFF.

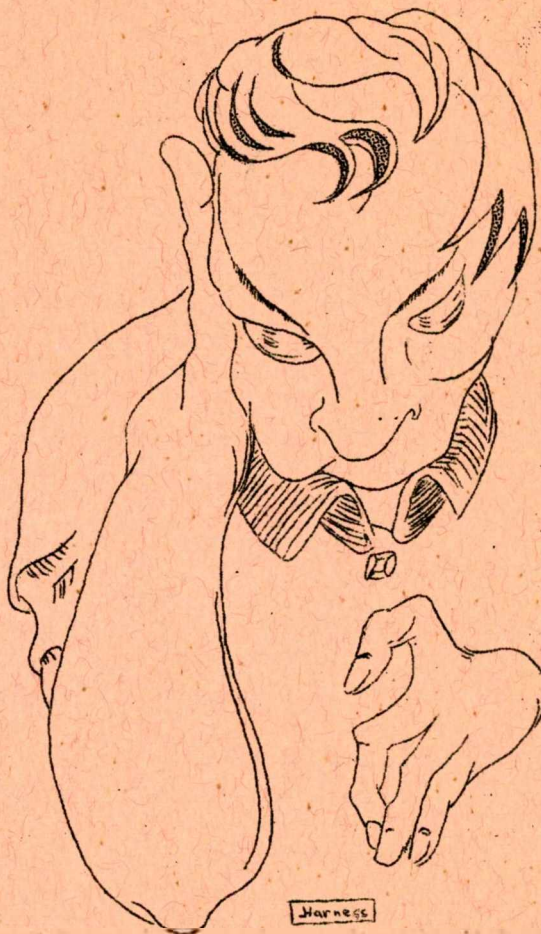
Prices were poor this year; about half of last year's, although the sum total was about the same. Willy Ley brought \$12.98, Isaac Asimov \$17.00, Poul Anderson \$13.00, E.E. Smith \$12.00, Judy Merrill \$15.00, and Ed Emshwiller \$12.00. I would have liked to bid on Ed; I could have used an hour's art from him... Then Christine Moskowitz leaped onto the stage and auctioned Sam. Sam went for only \$9.00, and at that Christine did a better job of huckstering. The total take for TAFF: \$90.98.

The Fanzine Editors Panel was scheduled to follow Willy Ley, but was postponed until next morning at 11:00. This was the first in a long series of postponements...

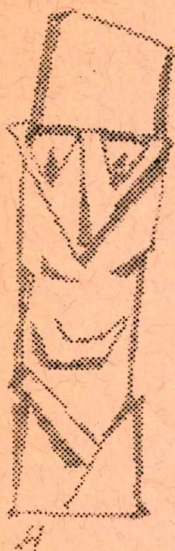
Skipping some of the program, we encountered Jean Young and the Magnuses, who had decided that whether DC wanted it or not, it was going to have some kind of publicity! Tom Condit and Bob Pavlat joined us, and we made up a series of small posters, decorated small candy suckers with the legend "Don't Be A Sucker--Vote for DC in '60." Jean did a beautiful job of lettering and design on a larger poster which said "WASHINGTON IS DYING TO HAVE YOU." The irony of the message was not at all unconscious. Throughout all of these preparations and all other DC campaigning, Dick Eney was conspicuously absent.

As we were finishing the signs up, John Koning dropped in, dressed in Ivy togs and shades, and coming on very cool with an extra long cigarette holder. He was dressed for the masquerade ball. We gathered up our signs, and trooped down to display them.

The masquerade was an utter gas. The music was superior to that at any other I've attended (albeit I am prejudiced in favor of modern jazz), and the girls...Wow!







Before hardly anyone had showed up yet, Ron Ellik said to me, "Wait'll you see Bjo's costume... Maan, it's really sexy; it'll knock everyone out!" In all deference to Bjo, her costume was a long way from sexiest--due mainly to terrific competition. At the Detention I saw what were probably the sexiest costumes--to say nothing of the femmes wearing them--I've ever seen at a Con.

It started with Djin Faine. She wore an abbreviated costume which wasn't too special--except that only elastic and the natural shape of her body kept it from falling down. When she began jitterbugging with Harlan Ellison, who seemed to be trying for just that very thing, it was a real question as to whether anything would keep the costume up. Djinn has a pretty face, and a pleasant personality, but in that costume just about everything else was bovine. She reminded you of a bowl of jello in constant agitation. Needless to say, her bout with Harlan was avidly watched by a large percentage of the room's male population, several with cameras in readiness...

Then Virginia Schulteis came in, surrounded by a tight knot of admiring, indeed, lecherous, men. Somebody came up to me and asked, "Boy! Have you seen Virginia Schulteis yet?" This spread around the room quite hurriedly. She was wearing the most revealing costume of the evening, one which covered a number of non-essentials, but all but bared the essentials... She seemed somewhat embarrassed by the leers she was drawing, but stuck it out till the very end. It was certainly easy to see what (or at least one of the things) had endeared Steve to her...

Nancy Moore Shapiro, however, copped the "Sexiest costume" award, more I think for what was obvious under her skin-tight blue costume than the costume itself. Joanne Magnus wore two hotel towels, which prompted waggish remarks from certain male parties. Pat Ellington wore a more ornate, if just as brief, costume with a cape and jewelled rings on her toes. Sylvia improvised by modifying a black sheath until it came barely below her hips, and there were a number of other appealing feminine costumes. (Among these, rather surprisingly, was Joe Cristoff's, which won the "Most Beautiful Costume" award--but Joe seemed unaware of the irony or mockery of that award...) Bjo, in her tastefully styled costume (tights with tunic) appeared quite modest, if decorous.

Christine Moskowitz was aptly fitted out as the Tin Woodman; this combined with her manish stride completely disguised her sex. To mention about the only male costume worthy of note, Bill Donaho was a prize winner in a red-burlap friar's habit, a false beard, and a sign saying "First Fandom Is Not Dead! --Friar Tucker".

After everyone else had showed up, Ron Ellik rushed up to the bandstand, and requested the band to play a fanfare. This it did, and as everyone paused, expecting an official announcement, Karen Anderson swept in. She was outfitted in a beautiful white gown, regally made up, and she acted her part to the hilt, moving slowly and majestically through an open lane to the band-stand, where she paused, carefully, and posed expectantly for the photographers.

It was so phoney, from the word go; so much an egotistical bid for prominence, so stagey--up-stagey--and posed that a number of people were repelled. A member of the costume judges later confided to me, "We were determined not to give her a prize, after a show like that. It was insolent; it demanded attention, rather than getting by on the intrinsic merits of the costume--and she could have bought one like that anywhere as a gown--and she was so poised and artificial that it repelled us." I have seen in several con reports since, several questions asked about the way the committee ignored Karen; perhaps this will explain it a bit. Personally, I--and I count myself a friend of Karen's--found the spectacle distasteful. I preferred her as at the Solacon: simply one of a number of girls relying on original costumes and approach to costumes to win prizes. Significantly, Karen won the prize at Southgate, too... I've since heard that her costume was not simply "store-bought"; that she worked on it a good deal. That this



was misunderstood can be laid to the relative lack of imagination of the Detention costume over the Vampire costume of the previous year.

Throughout the Ball, a female photographer from ROGUE took pictures, which included several of Sylvia and several of a posed group which included Sylvia, Bjo, Pat Ellington, a model, and Randy Garrett.. (How he got into the act is a question a number of like-minded male fans have been asking themselves since.) These, along with other convention shots may accompany an article on fandom by Ellison for ROGUE. The deal was tentative at the time, and I've heard nothing more of it since.

The sextet on the bandstand played for the most part modern jazz watered down for dancing. At one point, Sims, noticing my distress, said, "Why don't you ask them to play something for themselves--something real jazz. I talked it over with the leader (trying for "Parker's Mood") and settled for "Perhaps," another Charlie Parker composition. Later on in the evening, the group began to really wail on a couple of funky numbers, and Boyd led a contingent over again to ask if they knew Giuffre's "Big Boy," or "Big Girl." They didn't...

About 12:30, the bunch of us adjourned upstairs to the Washington Party where Nuclear Fizzes (only slightly imperfect, due to mass-production methods) were flowing freely. There followed a long number of great gab-sessions. I remember at one point telling John Koning that increased physical activity can burn off alcohol quicker, and we decided to test this theory by jogging down the hall and back three or so times. It seemed to be effective, but "It--leaves you--so--winded afterwards--!" I remember discussing jazz again with Lee Jacobs (this seems to be a yearly ritual which I hope will be repeated at the Pittcon...), and getting a terrific kick (again) when he "did his trick" for me: snapping his fingers and imitating a far-out hipster...

About 5:30, after dozing off several times, I roused myself to the point of leading the Magnuses in throwing the remainder of the party out of our room, and then went to sleep. And I'd swear that it was only three hours later that Joanne began ironing her damned pajamas again...

Sunday morning Magnus told me that the Faneds Panel was now scheduled for 11:30 that morning. As I had agreed to do the night before, I called Boyd (waking him, I think; poor fellow) to relay the information, and then rose and went downstairs. Naturally, the panel had been again postponed (and I was just as glad--it would have been pretty poorly attended at that hour, and I myself would have left at 12 for-- but that will follow in due time...) until that evening, when it was to replace a Dollens slide show...

The FAPA meeting (there; that was what I almost mentioned prematurely) was at noon, and quite a few showed up, including several N3Fers, apparently under the impression that this was an N3F meeting. But whathell, I guess they had the right; who can tell the do-nothing NFFF from the do-nothing FAPA these days, eh?

The main point of discussion was the waiting-list amendment, and the news that it had passed. Marion Bradley wanted it repealed after its initial use. She also spoke about how she felt undue slander (referring here, I suppose, to GMCarr's periodic and vicious attacks, first on Willis and recently on the Busby's, upon their entrance into FAPA) and political discussion should be censored by the OE, in addition to obscenity. She was herself censured for this. She seemed extremely naive about things; quite trusting in the powers of censors for some reason. I wonder how her opposition to Burbee and Laney ten years ago would have fared in the hands of an OE-censor who was partial to the LA Insurgents...

The Banquet was scheduled for 1:30 that afternoon; actually more a luncheon. At the prices quoted, we were forced to ignore it, showing up only afterwards for the speeches, which were worth it. I won't detail the awards given, since these have been adequately hashed over elsewhere, but I must pay notice to Poul Anderson's superb speech--which was only marred by the obvious fact that he was reading it, and it did not sound natural spoken aloud. I think potential speech-makers at conventions should give more thought to the differences in construction and phrasing between verbal and written communication.



Because Anderson's speech was well-written and on an important topic, it avoided the boredom of Matheson's Solacon banquet speech (during which I actually fell asleep, after watching JWCJr. rise and stalk out in protest), but a read speech has got to fight to keep the listener's attention. It would have helped if Poul had improvised his sentence construction over the sense of the written speech... Still, that's a minor carp at a very fine speech. (And I notice Campbell didn't walk out this time either...)

Immediately following came the convention bids and voting for next year's site. On the mezzanine outside the door to the main room, I met Bob Pavlat, who was carrying a load of DC chamber of commerce booklets on the Wonders & Marvels of DC. He gave me a big stack, and I thrust these into everyone's hands as they passed by. John Koning (I think) came by and I deputized him to stand at the other side of the door with some.

Once inside, I found that Pittsburgh had placed a similar leaflet on every chair. Their banner on the wall dwarfed our improvised poster (courtesy Jean Young) and pretty well symbolized the differences in campaign intensities. But that was only the beginning...

The first "nomination" was a token bid for Chicago by Earl Kemp. There was no apparent purpose in this, since Chicago was disqualified by the rotation plan. But later the reason for this, an out and out political maneuver designed to impress the uninformed voters present, became obvious. Next, Philly was nominated by Hal Lynch, who stressed that a new group (one in no way connected with the ones which had already put on two world cons in Philly) was bidding, and a new hotel was to be the consite; and seconded by Dave Kyle, who really spoke only as a courtesy, and wasn't for Philly, and left everyone confused as to whether he was supporting that city or not. Philly had used the regulation (as in the past) one nominator and one seconder.

This went out the window when Pittsburgh began a high-pressure sales pitch rather reminiscent of the Madison Avenue approach to political elections: i.e., sell them on non-essentials, and salesmanship and the quality of the product be damned. Doc Barrett began by reading off a prepared tentative program (one I doubt will be closely followed in actuality). This was a clever ruse designed to insure the support of all those committed to appearing on such a program--and to keep any other city from successfully approaching the same pros (every name in the field, it sounded like; most of them committed by P.S. Miller, who traded on his own professional standing--after all, we wouldn't want our books unfavorably reviewed, eh?) with its own advance program plans. Thus, many of these actually non-committal pros were virtually bribed with egoboo. DC and Philly had, as almost all bidding cities in the past have done, honored each other in planning types of programs, rather than making specific commitments. We felt that the best program could only be assembled after a city had won the bid; any previous plans being hamstrung by opposition commitments which of course would not pan out if the opposition did not win. Typical of the pros sounded out on the subject was Harlan Ellison. Questioned by his old-time friend, John Magnus, Harlan admitted, "Yeah, I'm gonna vote for Pittsburgh. Why not? They asked me to speak. What has DC got to offer?" A better convention apparently is an unimportant factor...believe it or not, the pros have egos too. They are many of them small potatoes outside our restricted field, big frogs only in our small pond. To be asked to speak before a national (or "international," if you will) gathering is still pretty important to many of them, some of whom make their everyday living in such prosaic ways as slinging hash at a luncheonette counter...

Worse crime yet, the proposed program was unspeakably dull, compounded of the worst features of New York, Chicago, and the other big, Big, BIG cons. This will be, if adhered to, about the dullest program in years, without but a single feature of interest to fans. Significantly, it was planned by non-fans, and pros eager for a little ego-stroking.

After his brief program rundown, Barrett reintroduced Kemp, who withdrew his bid for Chicago, and "threw its support" to Pittsburgh. This was quite enough in itself--a transparent maneuver designed to win over those who didn't know that Chicago couldn't bid anyway--but Kemp embellished his remarks with a few odious remarks about DC, the least about which can be said that they were



uncalled for and dirty politics. Kemp noted that Chicago had supported DC (in its advertising) up till now--in fact, he had committed Chicago to the DC camp earlier in the year--but now he had discovered--and he presented this as a cold, clear fact, rather than the biased opinion that it was--that DC didn't want the convention, wasn't doing anything for it, and, bigolly, didn't deserve the convention. And, since Pittsburgh obviously was raring to put a con on, Chicago had switched its support. The theory, I suppose, is Support The Winner--It Saves Face. It certainly didn't help DC.

I dunno;

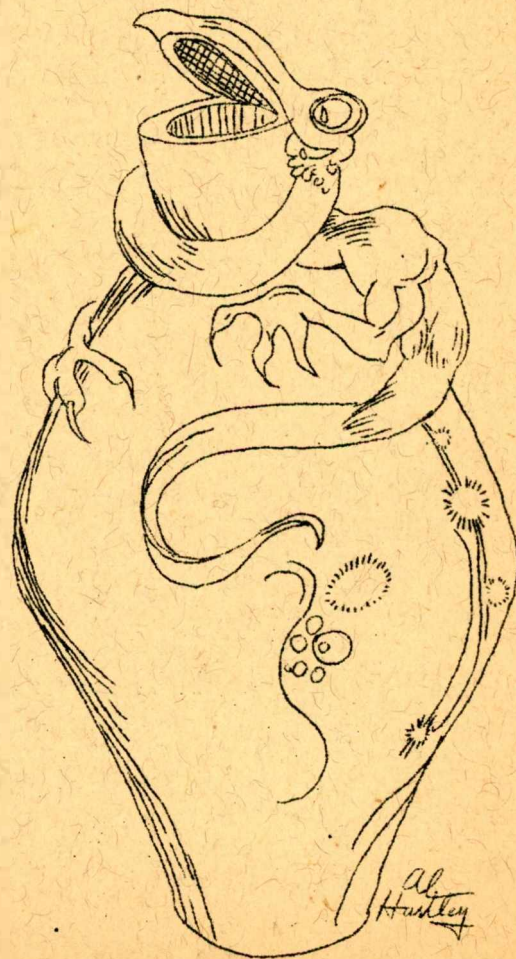
I kinda feel that campaign stuff like that--and I'm reminded of when in New York Marty Greenberg said he knew London didn't want the 1957 Con, and wasn't prepared for it; an out and out falsehood--is dirty, and out of place during convention bids. If your city can make it on its own merits, it shouldn't be slamming another city. Kemp has prompted the revival of an ancient department (filched, appropriately, from Ellison's SFB/DIMENSIONS), but here and now I want to document the Boot dedicated to him which you'll find in the back of this zine. Kemp's stunt was dirty campaigning. Pittsburgh certainly had no need of it with everything else they had going for them. I can only put it down to a fanatic desire to cover every possibility. In actuality, I understand that the fact that no one from DC could make it to the previous Midwestcon is what triggered this switch. It was taken as evidence that DC didn't want a world con: logic so specious as to not warrant examination. In any case, Kemp didn't gain any friends with his remarks about DC, and probably lost several. At this writing, I will back anyone against Chicago in 62. My feeling is that them as deserves it must fight fair--on either side. Obviously this disqualifies Kemp.

After Kemp came an incredible line of others; Emily Schulz (a special representative of the bidding hotel, there at hotel expense), Frank Freas, Jim Harmon, Sam Moskowitz, Willy Ley, Sky Miller, and probably others, all doing their bit to increase the pressure of the Pittsburgh campaign, until it was practically a circus.

Sylvia spoke for DC, and was seconded by loyal Hans Santesson, who refused to be snowed under by his apparent support of a losing cause, and who mentioned that DC has the lowest liquor prices in the country, due to an absense of state taxes. After him, we put on Ron Ellik and Bob Pavlat, since obviously the old nomination-and-second bit was passé. We weren't so high-pressure, but I think we were a great deal more sincere, and I think our points (unfortunately, logical and rational, and without the sway of Pittsburgh's emotionalism) were better taken.

Then the Emily Schultz woman--who had no place in the voting hall in the first place--spoke up and asked for a rebuttal. Sims was loath to do so, but she badgered him out of thirty seconds. She said, "Why worry about the liquor prices in DC? Have you noticed us charging for ours?" This referred to the free liquor available at the Pittsburgh suite (price: to wear one Pitt in 60 button), with the implication that Pittsburgh would supply free liquor again at their convention. This I doubt like hell; and once again, I think the point was in bad taste. One does not trade (at least so obviously) upon hospitality. Also allowed thirty seconds, Magnus spoke for DC (he was cut off just as he was winding up) and Lynch for Philly.

The voting followed, and then an auction while





the votes were being counted. The results: Philly- 13, Pittsburgh- 13<sup>4</sup>, Washington- 71; total voting- 218.

At this point I'd like to digress for a moment and discuss the entire campaign and bidding. I am, of course, sorry that DC lost, although not so much for that simple fact as for the way in which DC lost; I'm sorrier for Philly, which suffered a far more ignominious defeat. (Indeed, I would have been relatively happy if Philly had won, since I know and like the Philly boys, and I think they would put on a better con than the one we have in store for us this September. Certainly, they campaigned harder.)

The bid was won this year through what I can only call Big Business tactics. The winning city must have spent over \$500 during the Detention alone. They had an extremely expensive suite, and liquor flowed--literally--like water. Fans don't have this kind of money (neither Philly nor DC could afford anything like it); where did it come from? I would guess that the bidding hotel supplied a good deal of the funds, as well as its "representative"--possibly even obtaining courtesy rates from the Detention hotel on the suite. I would also guess that the "fans" in Pittsburgh used all available business connections, just as they unscrupulously availed themselves of every fan and--more-so--pro connection. The campaign was conducted on a basis of Do Or Die.

It wasn't difficult to see this coming. Philly's main, or at least original, reason for bidding was because the Philly chamber of commerce asked the club to. It may be supposed that Pittsburgh's CoC also had a hand in that bid. In DC, we were approached out of the blue sky by several hotels, asking that we consider them for any convention we might get--and one of these we finally accepted. It is not difficult to imagine that some hotels will do more than request the convention passively; some will offer active business assistance in the campaign bidding.

I do not hold this against Pittsburgh; they probably saw a good thing and took it. I do feel uneasy about future conventions. World Science Fiction Conventions are becoming respectable: they're big money. It is a fact that the hotel associations have compiled a book on the Conventions, going back to the 1948 Torcon. Hotels can tell you expressly what the attendance was each year, the profits, if any, or debts. The DC Mayflower did not ask any guarantee; it told us approximately how many it would expect, based on past figures. I am afraid that hotels are going to enter into the campaigning more actively as the years continue. Campaigns which we would consider extraordinary by the standards of 1957 will be commonplace; budgets may run over \$1000 on campaigns alone! (Although the hotels will know how to shave costs by wholesaling, obtaining courtesy rates, etc.)

On the surface, this doesn't sound bad: lots of free liquor for con attendees from vying cities, and less money outlaid by fans for their campaigns and more being taken care of for them in their campaigning. Yes, that sounds fine until we look a little closer. But-- what about smaller cities? What about cities with inadequate chambers of commerce, with hotels which refuse to enter into the campaigning (there will always be those--and in some cities the pick of hotels with adequate facilities for a convention may be slim indeed, and restricted to hotels which remain conservative about such campaigning)? What will happen then? Will the city which most deserves the convention--which may have worked hardest, in actual fact--which a majority of the fans agree will put on the best convention; will that city get the bid? No. The sad fact is that non-fans, locals and uninformed readers decide the voting. It is for them the campaigns are keyed. Most fans have already made their minds up months in advance; they would remain unmoved by such stunts as Kemp's. They do not equate free liquor with future good conventions. And they have not sufficient margin to decide the voting. This was proven at Detroit.

When I mention poor chambers of commerce, I am not theorizing. Washington DC has an abominable one. It was unable to supply more than a few leaflets. It lost its own banner, and has no facilities for such things as buttons (which Pittsburgh's came through with--you didn't think the fans bought those buttons, surely? The prices--we priced them--are prohibitive). It was of almost no help at all to the DC bid. And because DC wasn't able to display such stock



CoC items, it was assumed that DC wasn't trying for the bid...

On the other hand, DC certainly wasn't putting on a very good show. The original Man With The Idea was Chick Derry, who unfortunately hasn't been to a convention in the last five years, and was unaware of the more concerted efforts being made in bidding today. His was a day when often a city bid on the spur of the moment, and won. Added to this was the fact that Chick was holding down two or three full jobs at one time, with no spare time at all, and you can see why the nominal Chairman pretty well left things in Pavlat's hands. Pavlat, on the other hand, did not want to run a convention, and I suspect he was as happy that DC did not get the bid. He knew that probably a lion's share of the work and responsibility would fall on his shoulders, since the others were more eager to talk about the work they would do, than do it. The foremost of these was Dick Eney, who throughout the convention tried to keep himself completely disaffiliated from DC, contenting himself with huckstering the FANCY 2 and sneering at DC's feeble last-minute efforts. Dick, of course, is President of the Washington group. At the con itself, the Magnuses, Jean Young and Tom Condit were the hardest workers on DC's behalf--none of them residents of the DC area... As near as I can see, none of the Capicon Committee's money, nor WSFA's, was used in any connection with the con, except to finance program booklet ads and pay for the Nuclear Fizzes Saturday night. All those who slept in the DC "suite" were forced to fend for themselves on the hotel bill, which was pretty much of a screwing at \$13.00 a double a night. (If this weren't bad enough, the Pittsburgh hotel offers these low rates: Single- \$8.00; Double- \$5.00 per person; Twin- \$6.00 per person... I think we'll take rooms in another hotel.)

So, DC fumbled badly--particularly in underestimating the competition--and Pittsburgh won with the "hardest sell" in years. (Special thanks for an extra bit of turn-coating to Detroit for joining Chicago in its switch of allegiances. After promising DC their support after DC promised to help Detroit's 1958 campaign, the Detention hosts--all except Rog Sims--took ads supporting other cities, with the lion's share of the support going to Pittsburgh. Recently I was asked if I wasn't aware that they were merely following tradition in splitting their support among the bidding cities, regardless of personal sympathies. This is sheer nonsense. There is no such tradition; in past years the host city has simply kept quiet on the subject in print; and I was able to satisfactorily prove to my correspondent that the support was not evenly divided: a heavy preponderance went to Pittsburgh. I consider this a basic violation of campaign promises...but then, what can you expect of campaign promises...? Apparently no one has any compunction against lying in order to win his city the bid.)

With the voting out of the way, and the high tension of the campaigning over, we were able to enjoy the rest of the convention a good deal more.

A large group of us headed out en mass to show John Berry a pizza pie. After much travelling through the streets, we found ourselves at the doorstep of an Italian resaurant which served good pizzas at high prices. Unhappily, John found his a bit too spicy for his taste. I think that being relatively unused as he was to highly spiced foods, John was probably a little overwhelmed with the Spanish, Chinese, Mexican, Italian, etc. foods he was being shown constantly here. He seemed to enjoy a good deal more the American foods, like steaks.

We returned in time to see most of Ed Emshwiller's films. These started out fairly simply as abstractions, wherein Ed put some paint on his board, shot a few frames, applied more paint, shot a couple more frames, etc. Then followed a similar sequence-shot film showing how he painted a cover for INFINITY, which was quite interesting, especially for would-be artists like myself. Then came an 8-mm film in which he'd "animated" various magazine photos and ads. Quite clever, but dim, and hard to follow. Then, back to 16-mm, and the announced "Dance Chromatic," which was like the earlier abstract films but more imaginative, featuring panning, sweeps, and, superimposed, a dancing girl--all with a taped musical background. Very fine stuff, and deservedly award-winning. Ed received a much-deserved standing ovation after these films. I for one was very pleased with them; they revealed the deeper, more seriously artistic side of Ed Emsh-the-illus-



trator--a side only hinted-at in some of his better covers for VENTURE, F&SF, and INFINITY.

After this came the pro-eds panel, featuring Campbell, Cele Goldsmith, and Hans Santesson. Robert Mills didn't show--apparently his Hugo was all he'd come for. Each editor spoke briefly about his plans, Hans alone directly addressing the fans in no-nonsense terms. He immediately afterwards gave out free copies of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE's first large-size issue. The session was lightened a bit by laughter when Seth Johnson asked "Why is there a conspiracy of silence"--his very words--"against the N3F in the pro-zines?" It seems that worthy organization wasn't receiving any publicity...

By this time, the convention was hours behind schedule, so an unannounced auction was held. At least it can be said of Harlan that he knows how to auctioneer. Sam Moskowitz is slow; he will chant "Going once, going twice, going--now let me tell you a story about this..." and then ramble for five minutes while the audience fidgets before returning to and running through the whole routine again and again, finally ending with "Are ya through?" Most of the audience wishes Sam was. Ellison is brisk, he does not dawdle, will sell material at whatever price it will bring, or not at all, gives "specials" to clear out the debris which otherwise remains unsold, and generally keeps things moving at a brisk and profitable rate. He deserves a vote of thanks from the Detention Committee as well as the committees of every other Con he has auctioned for, for raising much-needed money when it's needed.

We avoided "MARS--A DIFFERENT THEORY", and apparently this was a mistake. Live and learn... We did return for the critics' panel, though. Damon Knight gave a wonderful talk on believability in sf, and Schuyler Miller managed to ramble somehow on in a very foggy fashion, revealing some priceless examples of non-sequitur thinking. It was criminal to put him on the same stand with Damon.

By this time it was late--nearly time for the Bheer Party--but at long last the faneds panel was on. We (Hickman, Berry, Ellik, Raeburn, Weber, myself, and Bjo as moderator) were on, but it seemed impossible to believe, after the shunting around we'd gotten. After a slow start, things picked up with questions from the audience, which gave Ed Wood and Harlan Ellison a chance to heckle us about Why Aren't Fanzines Stressing Science Fiction--as if either of them would know what fanzines were stressing these days--and much etc. We had lots of fun, and before we'd noticed it it was two hours later, and bheer from the Party was being brought in by the quart pitchers, as well as cokes for Ron and myself. Finally the session was thrown completely open to the floor, and altogether the session lasted from 11:00 pm until after 3:00 am. Ellik and I counted heads at about midnight and found 50 people present. An hour later there were 55. When we broke up, there were 60. The session was notable for harangues by Ellison, Pat Ellington, Santesson, Larry Shaw and Dave Kyle. Dave kept going and going, so Ron and I cut off our mikes and discussed things to ourselves, like for instance Bjo's controversial measurements, and how to check them. We agreed that we couldn't make an accurate check while she was dressed, and then Ellik suggested that "Now, my hands have a reach of about six inches, so if I were to measure Bjo..." At this point she turned and gave us an odd look.

When we finally left the stage--people were still making speeches--we met Harlan outside and a circle formed around him as he began expounding on various conversational subjects. At one point, speaking of his writing, and how he is driven to express himself in it, he turned to Ron Ellik, and said, "I know you! You're like me. I can tell; I can sense the same dissatisfaction, the same driving urge in you as I feel in myself! I can pick you out in a crowd, the way a dog sniffs out another dog! We've got something these other clods don't." Ron cringed.

Boyd began asking questions about ROGUE, ones Harlan was of course eager to answer. Soon he was telling us of the rivalry between ROGUE and PLAYBOY (to hear Harlan tell it, ROGUE is driving PLAYBOY out of business), and how PLAYBOY had Charles Beaumont tied up so that ROGUE was forced to print his stories under the name of C.B.Lovehill... Then he invited the lot of us up to his room to look over the current ROGUE, and an advance copy of the November issue. He thumbed through each, pointing out the holdovers from the cheaper "old" ROGUE, and what was being done to im-

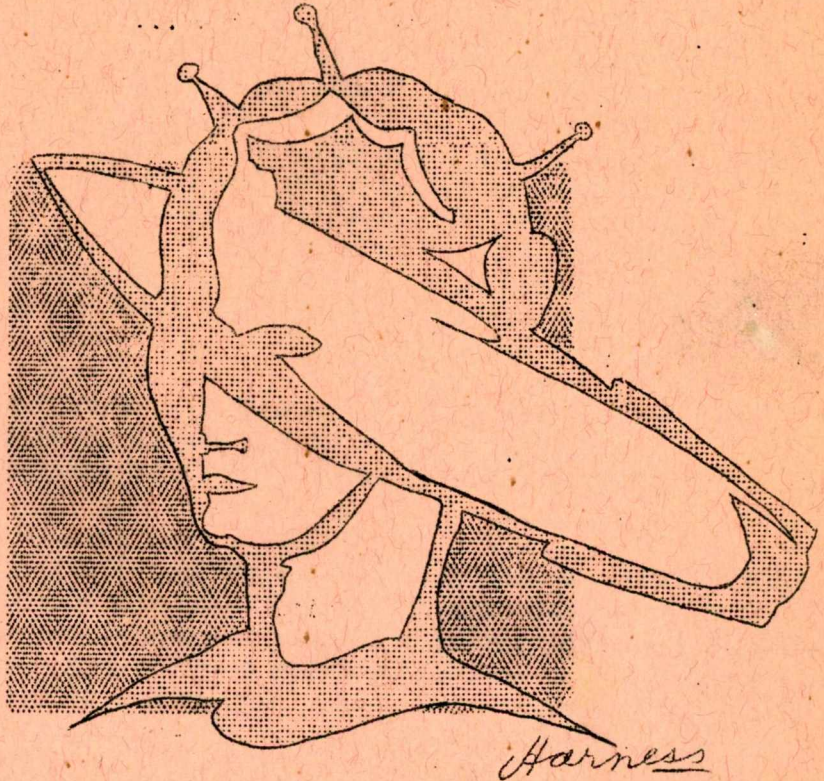


prove the new mag. He made it an entertaining guided tour, and became quite mellow and friendly. He answered questions of all types, and had just been questioned about the famous "Door Incident" when Jim Harmon, Ed Wood, and others came in. Jim and Harlan face to face, they compared notes, and found themselves in nearly total agreement. The "true" story differs little from past versions, except that Harlan was not responsible for the firecracker in the hall, so I won't rehash the whole bit here. (Lord knows this is quite a comprehensive report as it is...) The crowd, convivial and full of good cheer, broke up finally around 6:00 am, when we all went out for coffee and breakfast.

Sylvia and I returned to our room, and found Karen Anderson and Andy Young settled on our bed. We ushered them into the other room, where a feeble party was still holding forth, and then collapsed into bed.

Monday was anti-climactic. Campbell on "The Right to Be Wrong" was semantically quibbling, and of little interest except to ASF writers who needed to keep up on the party line.

The Fan Turned Pro panel included Jim Harmon, Larry Shaw, Damon Knight, Bob Silverberg, and Marion Bradley. It might have turned into another exciting session, ala the faneds panel, but it was nipped short.



About this time we ran into Ed Emshwiller again, who asked if he could take some pics of Sylvia. It seems that she has just the hair he likes to paint. "It's funny, but I find it very hard to find girls with hair like yours, so I would very much like a couple of shots of you." We were both flattered (hell, I'm always flattered when people say nice things about Sylvia) and we followed Ed out onto the sunlit sidewalk where he took four or five poses. One was used on the cover of the February 1960 issue of F&SF ("Mills says we need another girl on the cover--haven't had one in some time."), but several of the other poses he especially wanted have not been used yet, so Sylvia may show up again from time to time in Ed's work. He also remarked on the lack of the color yellow in his cover for F&SF's 10th Annish--"It saved \$400 in printing costs..."

Judith Merrill's "speech" on "The Men in Science Fiction" was simply an impromptu talk on various make authors she'd known, with a special tribute to Tony Boucher in conjunction with her first anthology, Shot in the Dark. (She told the story of how the collection came to have that title: It seemed that Bantam, the publisher, was afraid of out-and-out sf, and demanded that all the stories be by mystery writers. After haggling over a title for hours, during which Judy was getting to be really bugged by Bantam's increasingly pessimistic attitude towards sf, she stood and said--or so the story goes--"Oh, why don't you just call it a 'shot in the dark'!" And the title stuck.) Mostly this was light nattering, a fill-in till the play was ready.

The play, BEYOND THE UNKNOWN, was the usual sort of spoofing thing, with actors only just pressed into service and still reading from their scripts. The story of the original script is a strange one. As near as I can puzzle it out, the script, credited to Dean McLaughlin, was act-



ually originally done by Dean Grennell. There followed much rewriting (although those who've seen the original say no rewriting was necessary), apparently started by McLaughlin, and finally winding up with Bob Bloch totally rewriting the entire play. If this was not enough, Karen Anderson insisted on rewriting her lines. Karen claims acting experience, but her emoting--if I can call such blatant over-acting that--was so stiff and ridiculous that it made her look unhappily quite foolish. The star of the show was Randy Garrett, who apparently adlibbed all his lines--superb lines superbly delivered, in a parody of JWCJr.--much to the confusion of his supporting players. Confusion really was the order of the day for the play; everyone seemed to be working from a different script, and some scenes which were explained to me afterwards were only incomprehensible on stage. But, I suppose, 'twas ever thus...

After the play, things broke up. The collectors' panel never went on, and apparently there was no business meeting. We spent the last couple of hours before 9:00 pm packing and checking out, and, that done, sat in the lobby with Bob Silverberg, Andy Young and Ed Emshwiller (all of us men bearded...), talking quietly of various things. By 9:30, after a little more confusion, we had collected our riders--Martha Cohen, Joe Casey and Ian McCauly--and loaded our baggage away in the Weiss Rak, and were trundling on home. It was all over.

AFTERTHOUGHTS: It was a very unusual con, with for the first time a program which vied with the parties for fannish attention. The whole aura, amid the sloppy handling of various items, was one of close informality; truly a fan's convention, and an awful lot of fun.

WORST THINGS: A character from Milwaukee with a moustache and curly hair who apparently had come to Detroit to do his beer drinking. At Ellison's party he got stoned on several pitchers of beer and was obnoxious for hours afterwards. Also, Dick Eney's uncommonly uncivil behavior towards Jack Harness, ignoring him, steadfastly snubbing him, refusing to sell him a copy of the FANCYC 2, in which he had unfairly written about Jack (perhaps this was why he didn't want to sell Jack the book).

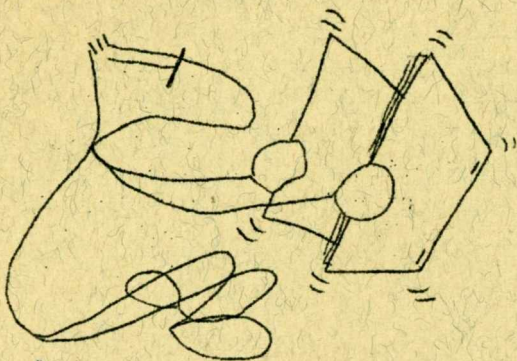
BEST THINGS: The faneds panel, the fan-turned-pro panel, and Poul Anderson's speech, all of which centered themselves around the current problem of science fiction ("this con is just one big wake for sf," someone said) in a highly provocative fashion; and the wonderful people we got to see again or meet for the first time this year. Truly, one of the best conventions in years!

--- Ted White

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW Dept: There's an old cliché which goes, "In print he's an entirely different person than in person." I have been collecting quotes to substantiate this, and I'm sure you'll pardon me if I use quotes about myself--they stuck uppermost in my (of course!) conceited mind.

Burnett Toskey: Ted White was beyond a doubt the biggest surprise of the entire convention. I expected a 35-ish uffish, stand-offish austere type or something like that, but Ted is not much over 20 ((22, to be exact)), very friendly, and quite down to earth. And when he talked he was quite broad-minded, and he made sense. (He) most absolutely does not convey his true personality in his fanzine writings. John Berry: I had a long talk with Ted White about fandom and fanzines. It was a considerable help to me in judging the Ted White character, which for so long had baffled people. His written words had somehow conveyed a picture of a fan who was, how can I put it, rather embittered, or ultra cynical. This was obviously not true. The words had lied. Ted White was one of the nicest chaps I had ever met. He was honest and frank, and surely this is not a fault; and he was also considerate and helpful. Juanita Coulson: When I learned Ted White was to be on the panel, I was a bit sceptical, for my previous impression of TEW was a morose man who mumbled, and I had put him down as another of these characters who is a ball of fire in print and totally uncommunicative in person. I was quite wrong, and Ted made a dandy panel member. ((I have more quotes, but they follow the same pattern... -tw))





"IT'S NO GOOD — THE COVER  
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TOM CONDIT, WHEN PRESSED FOR A  
NAME FOR THIS, SAID, "OH, JUST  
CALL IT FANZINE REVIEWS..."

HYPHEN #23, Nov. '59. Walt Willis, 170 Upper N'ards  
Rd., Belfast 4, N. Ireland. 24pp., mimeod. \*\* What can I tell you? A fair issue of HYPHEN, as HYPHENs go, which is to say pretty damn' good. Bob Shaw's section of "The History of Irish Fandom"

was a little weak by BoSh standards, but "Homing Odyssey" was fine. There's a nice little piece by Vin~~g~~ Clarke, too. Everything pretty much this issue is either by BoSh or in imitation of him. It is very difficult to comment on HYPHEN. Get it.

HOCUS #12, Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Milburn, N.J. 28pp., mimeod; 10¢ or trade/comment/contribute. \*\* This issue contains an interesting article on Arkham House by August Derleth, really in the best sercon tradition, and a little interest in the letter section, but little else. Robert Lambeck's conreport is one of these blow-by-blow—"At 10:10 I had a second breakfast with Buck Coulson"—type things. A lot of fans don't seem to realize that conreports are not time-tables. No one is really interested in what happened to Jophan at each specific moment during the convention. A conreport should consist of a running commentary on events of importance (i.e., Hugo Awards or consite voting) or interest, and skip everything else. What I mean is, if you don't have anything in particular to say about an event, don't waste space reporting that it occurred. Conveying the atmosphere of a con is more important than making sure you've got all those facts. \*\* The other articles in the issue are boring, and the whole zine seems aimed at neofans (as distinct from being neofannish itself). Reproduction is a bit spotty and I noticed that one spot was bad on almost every page. Poor ink-distribution. Needs slip-sheeting, too.

HABBAKUK 1:1, February 1, '60, Bill Donaho, 1441 - 8th St., Berkeley 10, California. 12pp. mimeod; free, like. \*\* Nice little informal chatterzine. The interlinations, relative to the Donaho cats, are uniformly non-funny; but the rest is interesting and pleasant, if not world-shattering. Send for it.

RETRIQUE #1, Bill Sarill, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass. 16pp., mimeod; trade/comment/contribution/10¢. \*\* A very promising first issue, very well mimeographed. Dick Eney has an interesting article on the breakup of the old Futurian Society (the "First Futurians," as we call them), and the issue on the whole, while not outstanding, is worth reading. I found Harry Warner's article a little disappointing—it was good, but not as good as I tend to expect Warner to be. \*\* Bill, as you may know, is sort of the "Son of the Ivory Birdbath," and has thus managed to avoid some of the more glaring neofannishness of most neofans. He does have a "how-I-got-into-fandom" piece, but I suppose that was inevitable.

GUMBIE #1, Steve & Virginia Schultheis, 477 Woodlawn (Apt.C), Springfield, Ohio. 22pp., dittoed; 15¢/trade/comment/contribution. \*\* By some mysterious process, this fanzine manages to have the flavor of a clubzine. The entire contents could easily be fitted into SHAGGY. Can two people, married yet!, have the collective mental processes of a Club? \*\* I think, actually, it's a sort of underground Goon Defective Agency organ (this just occurred to me as I was writing this). The GDA has always bored me silly, and now that I think about it, it's because it's the sort of forced humor you find in clubzines. The peculiar clubzine flavor I'm trying to define is that of grown-ups acting silly or "cute". Like a Rotarian costume ball. \*\* If you like SHAGGY and RETRI-



BUTION, get GUMBIE.

- Tom Condit

The foregoing reviews were hurriedly dashed out longhand to meet VOID's deadline, by Condit, who is VOID's new fanzine reviewer. Send zines for review to Tom at 63 Clinton St., New York 2, N.Y. The following reviews were originally stencilled for an unpublished issue of GAMBIT, and are being spliced into this stencil. They are the work, of course, of T. White, who is not to be confused with T. Condit (who says that the rumor that he is Henry Kuttner was scotched in 1953)...

NOMAD #2: Jennings, with the second NOMAD has created a lively and interestingly informal mag which EGO #2: is, with contributions and a lettercol, something better than an ephemeral chatter-zine, and yet not loaded down with the grim responsibilities of a regular subscription-type zine. With a three-weekly schedule, the zine achieves a nice immediacy which should help it along. Other differences from the norm include a regular letter column. I agree with Terry Carr that this zine could very well become the zine DISJECTA MEMBRA did not--the balance of letters and non-letter material is quite good. The material this centers mostly around Bill Donaho's stay in Texas. Poor Bill was rather lost in the world of the Mundane; this was a recent postcard from him: "N.Y. seems misty and unreal. I'm surrounded and engulfed by an all-prevailing Texasness. I can't even quite believe in San Francisco. Tell me, Daddy, what is fandom? -Bill" George and Elob Stewart rescued Bill, temporarily from his plight, and all concerned write it up here.

George also, for some reason, has put out EGO #2 as a flyer to accompany Ted Pauls' DHOG (which Ted does not want reviewed...okay, Ted; no review). It's a one-sheeter which features a main writeup on the activities of Jim Hitt and Albert Jackson, and a few other notes. The incident reported was humorous, and certainly worthy of and fitting for NOMAD, which is where I think it belonged. I don't remember EGO #1... (NOMAD ratings): Material-6; appearance- 6; personality- light and friendly, with potential interest in the letter column. (George Jennings, 11121 Tascosa Dr., Dallas, Texas)

HOBGOBLIN: It's refreshing to see Terry Carr reviewing fanzines again, and even more so when he takes his time at it as he does here. In four pages he covers only two zines, but does so thoroughly and quite well. There's not a lot I can say about this FANAC-rider, without commenting on the fanzines reviewed, but I will mention that Terry seems to bring up a point I've noticed myself in the rather contrary editorial procedures of SHAGGY. He mentions that an article he'd written on the amount of stf-talk in fanzines was rejected (and I doubt that there was any excuse but that it ran counter to some editorial prejudice), and a Ron Ellick column was cut from six to one-and-a-half pages. Sight unseen, I'd print material by Ellick or Carr, and without editorial cutting in any such grand manner. This coupled with the apparent latent nastiness in the SHAGGY staff in other respects makes me wonder about the zine I said last June was a real comer.

At any rate, Carr can be depended on for a wide range of good, well-written pieces, and HOBGOBLIN is typically excellent Carr. Material- 8; appearance- functional; personality- good-humoredly critical reviewing with no special axe-grinding. (Terry Carr, 70 Liberty St., San Francisco 10, California)

TWIG #17: The third TWIG annish is really regaining its "Illustrated" facet, but happily that word has not reappeared on the masthead or the title yet. Carr is a far more fitting collaborator than Adkins, since he fulfills the art requirements to perfection without intruding upon the editorial contents as Adkins did. The cover is a beautiful piece of design and execution, although I'd be happier if all this Branches, Shavings, Leaves, Scaled Bark and Sawdust stuff were dropped. Terwilleger's editorial is of a piece with his one in #15: he speaks his mind on a topic of some importance, and does so well. I agree with him this time, too.

Gregg Calkins contributes a very badly thought-out article on the supposedly controversial subject of "sense of wonder," and manages to avoid that subject nearly entirely in a torrent of misinformation, illogic, and confusion. (Example: he says of the stf mags in the forties, "Not only were the competitors unmentionable but so were the editors, your own included. It was a rare magazine indeed that printed the name of its editor on the contents page, and much speculation in this ultimate of guessing games was indulged in by the active readership." Most of whom addressed their letters to the mags to the editor, by name. A glance at the masthead of nearly any prozine of that time would show Calkins up in this, and many other misstatements of fact.) Calkins concludes by hoping that the field will continue to collapse. If he be a friend of science fiction, Ghu save it from its enemies!

Terwilleger contributes a strangely humble conreport of the Westercon, and Jim Caughan has two pages on focal points which add nothing to the situation. Berry contributes another minor piece, and John Koning has a well-written but unimportant story. Rod Frye's "The Last Sunset" fin-



ishes out the main body of material poorly. The theme is reminiscent of "The World, The Flesh, and The Devil," far more clumsily handled. Frye parrots various stereotyped concepts, uses various profound emotions (among these the profoundest, love) casually, and writes in a pedestrian style. This was another piece of fanwrittenfiction better destined for the wastebasket.

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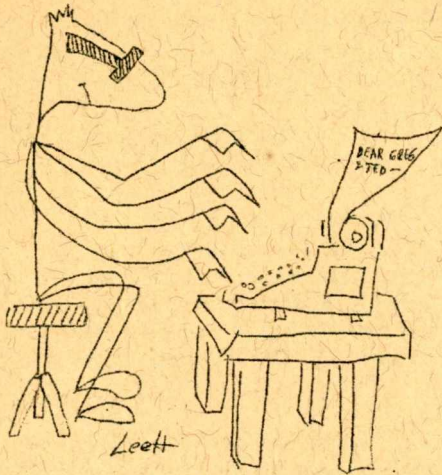
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VOID - March, 1960



VOID being a focal point any more...there are people out there who just don't dig no-how! -tw))

I hope the rumor that Sanderson is going to run for TAFF proves untrue. ((It didn't.)) How can I stand for a clean TAFF race, if he is running? ((Well, I dunno...there are those here who would like to see Sanderson meet face to face the people he has branded "dirty liars," and like that. Might be interesting.. -tw)) [2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California]

BOB LICHTMAN

...I did enjoy the GAMBIT's, slight of dimension thought they might have been, and I've even found myself agreeing with you as I read more than I probably should. ((Eh?)) Your dissertation on focal points in general and Ted White-&-VOID in particular was most enlightening, not to mention informative. ((Aw, go on; mention it...)) [6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California]

((As I type this, New York is in the midst of one of its most unusual snow-storms. It's the heaviest of the year, it having been cold enough to stick when it started, and being an all-day heavy snow which hasn't stopped yet...but, the oddest thing is that this is a thunder snow storm! Every so often the heavens rumble ("the whole bit must be a heavenly avalanche," I remarked to Sylvia) with a great clap of thunder, and the snow keeps right on coming. Interestingly enough, this isn't the first winter thunder-storm we've experienced here...is there something special about New York City, or are winter thunder-storms more common that I thot? -tw))

SETH JOHNSON

Your GAMBIT's arrived the other day wrapped in FANAC. The extremely small type intrigued me incidentally, for I have trouble getting good reproduction with this pica type which I had considered to be the smallest type available on typer until I started corresponding with European fan. ((The type on the typer you used for your letter--which is badly worn, I might add--is not pica (10 spaces per inch), but rather elite (12 spaces per inch). The type I'm using here is micro-elite (14 spaces per inch). As for your reproduction from that typer, in addition to worn type, your touch seems very poor; very uneven.-tw)) But yours has mine and theirs beat for economy. What gets me is how you could get such perfect reproduction with that small type. I take it for granted you used a mimeo, but what sort of stencil you used is beyond my imagination even. Must have been something pretty special. By the way, did you use a varityper for that? Or is there an office size typer on the market with type that small? ((To take your questions in order: I use(d) a mimeo, a Gestetner 160M, but any decent mimeo will suffice. I used to run micro-elite pages off on my ARDick 100. For GAMBIT I used some dried-up Gestetner stencils (which don't fit my machine, by the way, it being Modified) which were all I had left. For this I am using real cheap Hoyer Bulletin's. It makes very little difference, so long as the stencil is usable. When typing stencils on any typer, I observe the same technique: I use an acetate backing sheet ("typing plate") directly behind the stencil, no carbon sheet, and a pliofilm over the stencil. This cuts the best stencil on nearly any machine. This typer is a recent model L.C.Smith standard with a 20" carriage and a couple of different keys (+=[\_]) which I traded a Royal for a couple of years back. While it is possible to obtain m-e type for a varityper, I've never bothered to get one, since varitypers (which do come in "office sizes") are clumsier and have much slower action.-tw))

Frankly I wonder if you have read any dialectics, either of the Hegel or Marxist or materialist school of thought. ((No, but I just asked Tom Condit, who is sitting here stencilling a Cultzine, and he explained dialecticism--"I never understood dialectics until I went up on peyote"--and I find that I accepted such thought about the same time I came to an understanding of mysticism...-tw)) The idea that through the clash of old ideas and concepts new ideas and theories are born. Frankly I see no reason why any fan should be preoccupied with any one phase of fanac unless it's attractive to him. ((Well...?)) Trading for the sake of trading or collecting is silly. Trading for something good to read is something else again. ((Maybe Don Ford finds all those apple boxes attractive... As a collector who has never read about half his collection and doesn't intend to, I can certainly sympathize with other like-minded souls...-tw)) And frankly I see no reason why a fanned for instance should limit himself in any respect. Man does not live by bread alone. ((Sage observation.)) We like variety in our diet, and the minute you run for a single thing to exclusion of all others, you begin to run your readers gafia and will wind up gafiating yourself.

Frankly I think the ideal zine is one like SHAGGY where the whole gang pitches in to turn out a superb mag with no great sacrifice by anyone ((or egoboo for anyone)).

So I suggest you pub your fanzine for fun and for no other reasons. Write what you have on your mind and blow off steam. I am of the school that believes the more honest controversy the more good and new ideas are likely to emerge from the storm. ((That's fine for the onlooker, but what about me? You know what "good and new ideas" emerge? "Lynch Ted White!" That's what emerges. You blow off your own steam, friend. -tw))

But one thing I'd like to see run in some zine would be a series of ideas of what a world con should be like. Is everyone



satisfied with lectures, panels and auctions? I personally got pretty sick of the auctions at Detroit. Especially when there wasn't a thing there that I wanted at all. ((I think Auctions will stay as long as they're needed to finance the convention...-tw)) And frinstance one thing I'd like to see at the world cons is an exhibition of duplicating machines. Bet that would be popular with the fen, and the manufacturers would no doubt make a few sales too while they were there, and think of the thrill of putting out your one shot right at the world con. ((I'm kinda dubious about that, but I do think a discussion of convention features is worth looking into. Comments? ))  
[339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey]

JOHN KONING

Something I've neglected to mention, but which I've been noticing for some period of time, is your writing style in arguments. I've been on the varsity debate team at high school for two years now, and I'm experienced in logical argumentation and debate. I find your presentations usually stand head-and-shoulders above most arguments in their logical and well-defined trains of thought. Your opinion, though I don't always agree with it, is always easy to follow and thus very convincing. I suppose, since I admire this, I pattern my own work (the Denouncement of DM) after it, not because I am in awe of you as a person, since I didn't know you when I wrote that, but because this manner of argument seems the most superior to me. [318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio] ((I'm honestly flattered. One of the things I have always strived for is to be able to express myself coherently and co- gently. If I'm finally succeeding, I'm very glad.-tw))

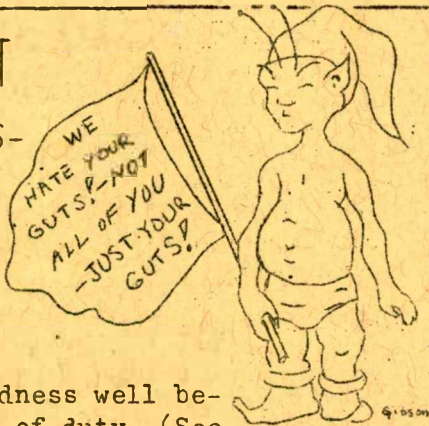


Dick & Pat Ellington  
Canyon  
Contra Costa County  
California

## THE BOOT

GOES THIS IS-  
SUE TO -

EARL  
KEMP



For Fuggheadedness well beyond the call of duty. (See pages 12 & 13, this issue for details.) Earl has won this outstanding award for some of the dirtiest politics ever to make a convention floor. Congratulations, Earl!

- ☒ We trade (send us each a copy, please)  
☐ You have something printed in thish (☐ Egoboo)  
☐ We faunch for a contribution from you  
☐ This is a complimentary copy (☐ For review)  
☐ This is a sample copy--want more?  
☐ You paid (☐ Your sub runs out thish)  
☐ This is your last issue unless you do something
- VOID is not the Focal Point of Eighth (or Nineth) Fandom  
 ...or whatever we're in.

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