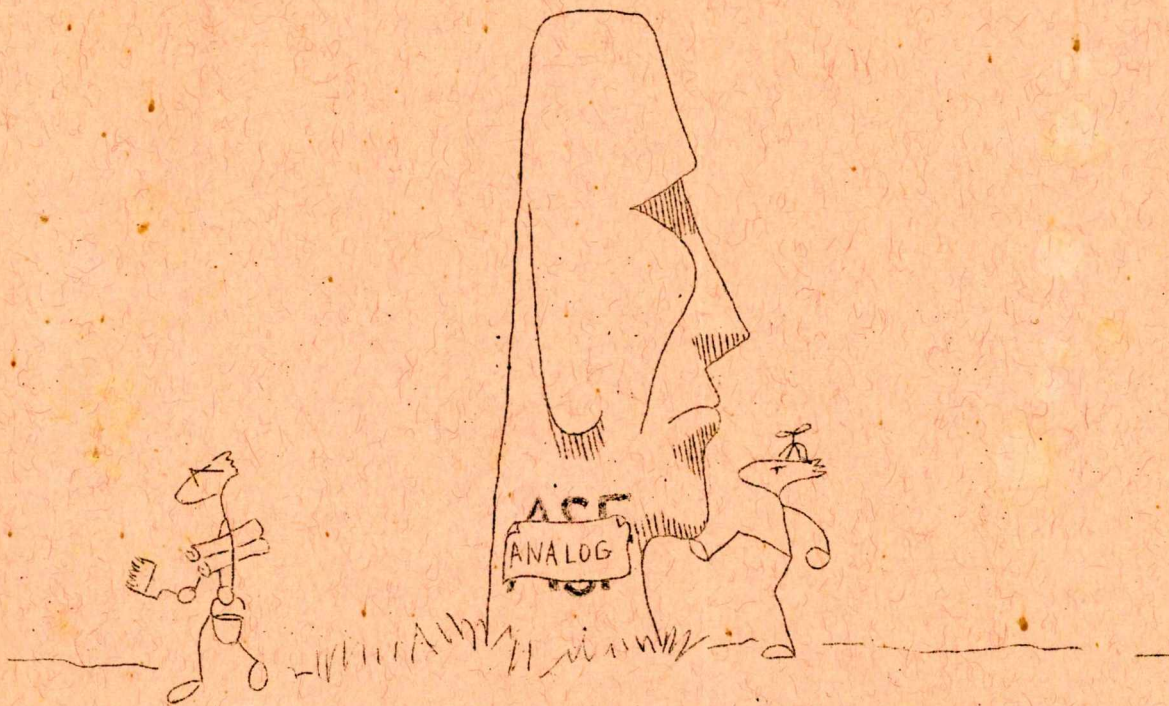


# VOID 21



"...and it came to pass that man changed the old ghods,  
which angered the true believers muchly..."

APRIL, 1960



# Void

is published sometime during each month by ye QWERTYUIOPress. The editors are those two sterling adventurers in fandom, GREG BENFORD (Boyd House, Norman, Oklahoma) and TED WHITE (107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y.). Next issue: The Void Boys At Yale... Copies are available, as usual (ho-hum) for cash (25¢ or 1/-), trade, contributions, or a lotter of comment on each issue. Our Sterling agent (he has adventures too): Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks., ENGLAND. --DC IN '63--

## CONTENTS OF #21:

HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER by Greg Benford of course . . . . .	2
A DAY WITH CALVIN THOS. BECK by Ted White, who <u>lived</u> it . . . . .	4
THE LOW DOWN GAFIATIN' BLUES by Larry Stark--a gafiate, unfortunately . . . . .	11
FANHISTORY DEPARTMENT comprising material by Ron Ellik and Others . . . . .	12
GAMBIT 35 now a column by Ted White . . . . .	14
ZOT a continuing comic page about antediluvian fandom by Les Nirenberg . . . . .	16
BRICKS FROM A GLASS HOUSE fmz reviews by Howard Lyons and Tom Condit . . . . .	17
JONES another regular comic strip in these pages (among others) by Andy Reiss . . . . .	18
THE BOOT a monthly award for outstanding fuggheadedness (nominations welcomed) . . . . .	19
and, finally, a few LETTERS commenting on V19 . . . . .	22

COVER by Lee Hoffran INTERIOR ART: Lee Hoffman- 3,11,20,22; Andy Reiss- 4,5,6,8,9,10,15,18,21; Jack Harness- 12; Bob Burleson- 14; Johnny Hart via Les Nirenberg- 16; Atom- 17,21; Gibson & White- 19. VOID consumes art as into a, well, void. More cartoons welcomed, like.

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## HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER

GREGG CALKINS, YOU'RE RIGHT. I got the FANNISH the other day, and never before have I been so dumb-founded with a fanzine. On reading through the issue, noting all the awards and reading Carr's analysis of the fan year, it suddenly struck me that if there is one fanzine in fandom that expresses the general trends of the day, it's FANAC. There's been a lot of talk in the last year about focal points and what they are, what they do, etc., but by just about and definition of the term, FANAC fits in. I don't mean this in the Let's All Cluster Around This Fanzine manner that a few others have interpreted it, but as a tribute to Carr and Ellik. FANAC is perhaps the only fanzine which encompasses every aspect of this microcosm. The spirit of the last two years' fannish resurgence, the 'feel' of the times, runs through FANAC's pages. It richly deserves its first place rating.

And you, Gregg Calkins, were right six months ago when you argued with my editorial on the first FANNISH poll. I just thought I'd own up to my belated agreement.

FABULOUS DALLAS FANDOM got quite a jolt late last August. Everyone had sort of mutually agreed that no expedition to Detroit would be planned, mostly because we were all going to be going to school or working or something. Then too, after last year's Souwestercon, we weren't too hot on conventions.

Actually, I had advance warning. Two days before, I had received a letter from Marion Zimmer Bradley in which she asked: "Do you happen to know a Texas fan named Marland Frenzels?" and went on to describe how Marland had written her, asking if she were going to drive to Detroit and could he go and if not, could she spread the word? I briefly skipped over the passage, and forgot about it. Two days later, at 12:30 AM, the telephone rang.

Now, I was getting up early for work. Working ten hours a day, I needed what sleep I could get, especially since it's a half hour drive to where I worked and I can't doze at the wheel. Therefore, people calling at odd hours of the night were most unwelcome. I picked up the phone.

"Hello, Greg. Remember, a fan in need is a fan indeed!" came a voice. Mighod, I thought. "I'm Marland Frenzels and I'm down here at the bus station I just got in here and come on down and pick me up before the cops do." I must have made some sort of astonished noise, because he repeated the statement. I told him I didn't have room, and Jim was in the hospital (he was) so everything was a bit fouled up and it would be difficult to put him up for the night. What's more, it was late.



"Oh, I'm going to stay in Dallas for three or four days and visit all the fans," he said. I was suddenly immensely glad that we didn't have room. Perhaps, said Marland, I didn't know who he was. "I had an article published in CRY OF THE NAMELESS once," he said confidently. I reassured him that I did not know who he was. He hesitated for a moment and asked me for the names of some Dallas fans. I remarked on the impossibility of finding lodgings at this hour of the morning, but gave him the names, hung up, and went back to sleep. At 3:00 AM the phone rang.

"I couldn't get Albert Jackson or Jim Hitt," said Marland, and asked again if I could rush down and pick him up. I gave him Randy Brown's name, George Jennings' and Koogle's. I went back to sleep. At 6:30 AM, as I was preparing to leave for work, the phone rang.

"Jennings didn't answer," he said. (Jennings was vacationing in Colorado.) "I called Hitt and got no answer, and Koogle said he couldn't arrange to put me up for that long." (I later learned that Koogle had answered the phone, listened to the request, shouted something into the receiver, and hung up.) Marland mentioned that he couldn't afford to go to a hotel, and he really did want to see some fans. I told him the YMCA would be fairly cheap if he didn't mind living among the smells of disinfectant and old meals, but it brought no response. He talked a little about his plans of hitchhiking to Detroit, stopping over at fan centers on the way. "I'd hoped to get in with the fan caravan," he explained.

That afternoon, Randy Brown called, asking what the hell was going on. He said he'd been awakened at some ungodly hour of the morning, heard a ~~weak~~ voice at the other end talking about fandom, and hung up without a word. I detailed my own experiences and we laughed a little about it. Koogle called, as did Hitt and Jackson. We all wondered out loud what kind of fan would drop into a strange city late at night and expect people who had never heard of him to put him up for a few days,

Since then, every time a Dallas fan has called me, he has said, "Hello, Greg. Remember, a fan in need is a fan indeed!" in a high-pitched voice. Did Marland Frenzel really get to Detroit, Ted White?\*

I DON'T LIKE to write continually about Dallas fandom, but each member of it has several interesting aspects, and they bear investigation. Take, for instance, Jim Hitt and Albert Jackson, who are publishing a fanzine. In fact, they've been getting it ready for about two years now, off and on. The first issue was untitled and received a few reviews in the fan press, but the second contains a New Concept in fmz editing. Hitt will buy a quire of stencils every few months, and he and Jackson will take them home and write on them. In other words, they're operating a sort of literary grab-bag in which each writes down an idea immediately after thinking it. No planning, no polishing of ideas. When the quire is finished, Jackson will buy the next one and they'll fill up those stencils. Someday they plan to get all the stencils together and run them off, assemble and mail them.

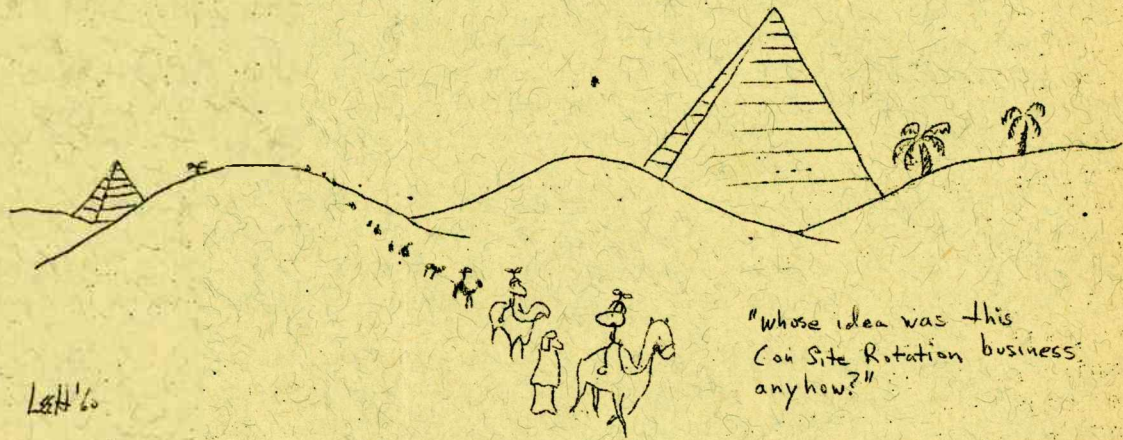
I asked Jim Hitt recently about this strange method of fmz publishing, but he didn't seem to think anything was very unusual about it. "Oh, sure," he said, "most people don't do this because they have difficulty in arranging their thoughts. Albert and I, though, do not encounter that difficulty. And we're not going to go around mealy-mouthed to a lot of punk fans and tell them how this is Y\*O\*U\*R fanzine and all that. This is OUR goddam fanzine, and we're going to run it the way we like."

This has been a review of the self-improvement program now underway in Dallas fandom.

-greg benford

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"Remember, a fan in need is a fan indeed!"  
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\*Well, I never saw anyone bearing that name-tag in Detroit, but then..."Marland Frenzel" sounds like exactly the sort of name Bob Leman might make up, and he wasn't there, either...-tw

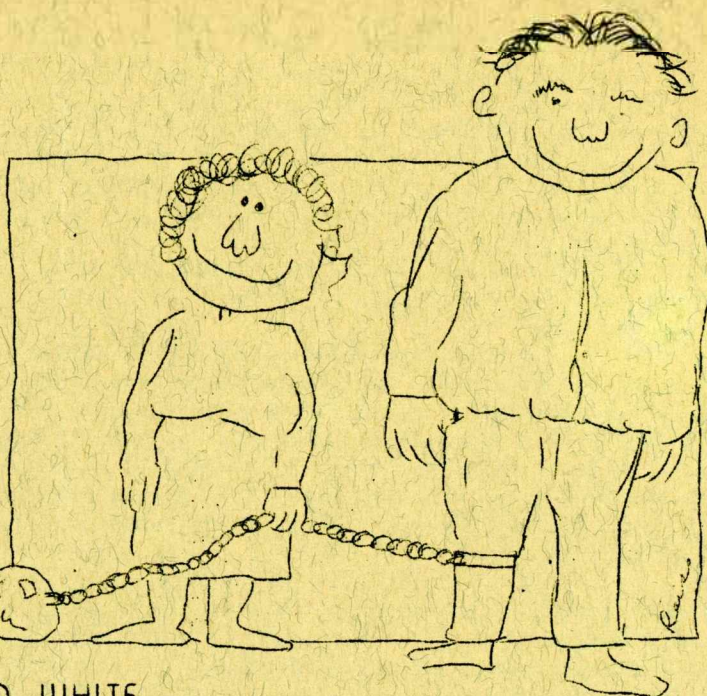


"Whose idea was this  
Coi Site Rotation business  
anyhow?"

Left's



# A DAY WITH CALVIN THOS. BECK



BY TED WHITE

I spent a day with Calvin Thomas Beck--twenty-four hours--yes, I did, actually and literally.

Now, long before we moved to New York, I had heard stories about Beck; stories which grew long and fabulous in the retelling. Stories about Calvin Thomas Beck and his mother, without whom he was never... And since coming to New York, it had crossed my mind several times that here at long last was a chance to lay a legend, to see if the Beck Mythos was only that, or whether there was a flesh and blood substantiation to the stories I had heard.

Luck was with me in the person of Larry Ivie, a fringe fan and professional artist, and a long-time EC fan. Larry Ivie had found himself doing the layout for the second issue of Calvin T. Beck's prozine, *THE JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN*. For a week, Ivie had been taking the bus over to New Jersey to the Becks' home early each morning, worked a long day, and returned late at night, and whenever he had the chance, he would regale me with stories about the Becks. Finally I could stand it no longer. I asked Larry if I might go along with him to meet these fabulous people.

"Well, it's your life..." is the way he put it. "But I could use someone to run inter-ferrance; the way they keep wanting to talk to me all the time I never can get any work done." So, it was agreed. Sunday morning at 9:00 I would meet Ivie at the Port Authority Bus Terminal, and we would ride out together to North Bergen, New Jersey.

The Beck house is a duplex, with the Becks on the left side. It is in effect a two-story, with a "basement" on the ground floor, and a "first floor" which is reached by climbing half a flight of outside steps to the porch. Fortunately, the house is about three doors away from the bus stop. The neighborhood is a seedy residential one, made up of lower-middle-class homes and cheap housing projects, with a run-down "business section" of a couple of blocks a half mile away. Like most of New Jersey, it is singularly depressing.

Larry knocked several times on the door, and finally it was opened by a small, plump, grey-haired woman in a house-coat. It seemed the Becks had just arisen. We entered through a crowded livingroom with an unmade studio couch-bed and two large bird cages, and Larry introduced me to Mrs. Beck. "This is Ted White," he said. "He came along to help me, since we're pushing so close to the deadline."

"Oh, yes,"

Mrs. Beck said, not for an instant questioning my qualifications, but simply accepting me. "Hello, Teddy," she said to me with a strange chirping-bird sort of accent. (Later I asked Calvin, who said it was a mixture of French and Greek accent.) I was to be "Teddy!"



for the rest of my stay. We were then ushered down into the "basement" where Larry began showing me what had been done, while the Becks presumably prepared themselves for the day.

The basement had been newly done over, into what amounted to an apartment, with separate (but equal) kitchen and bathroom facilities. (Calvin later said they intend to rent it as an apartment come spring. Here's a great opportunity for someone who wants to do a psychological study, close-up...) It was light and attractive and spread out all over the main room floor were layout sheets. "It was the only place where we had room," Larry explained, and started showing me what he had done. The layouts were rather good, I thought, but conventional and not very world-shaking. Larry had done lots of picture paste-ups, montages, etc., and a fair amount of title lettering. The latter I nearly uniformly deplored. (Later, Larry agreed: "I'm an artist, not a letterer. I don't know why people think artists make good letterers.")

The deal was this: the first issue of THE JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN had been a serious "work of love," and looked pretty lousy. It had also received lousy distribution, and lost money. But Beck (who also publishes various cheap physical culture magazines--"Queer bait," Larry calls them; he will have nothing to do with them) managed to find a better distributor: the one who handles PLAY-BOY. The distributor wanted something to compete with Ackerman's mag, so the slant of the mag was being changed 190 degrees. It was also getting better printing and would at least not look like a scrapbook, as the first issue had. The catch at this point was that the distributor wanted to see the final preliminary dummy the next day. And the issue was only half completed. Larry was still explaining this when we were called up for coffee.

"Coffee" turned out to be "Coffee with." In this case, with two fried eggs and loads of unevenly burned toast, plus cheese sauce. It happens that I am not an egg fan, and have only learned how to eat (and enjoy, that is) hard-boiled eggs and deviled eggs in the last year, and had never attempted fried eggs. Manfully, with a great spirit of adventure, and mindful of the fact that I had not eaten since rising that morning, I ate the two fried eggs.

I am still not a fried egg fan.

We were joined at this breakfast by Calvin Thomas himself, who turned out to be thirty-ish, plump, medium height, dark, and rather pleasant. It is difficult to imagine a man at thirty still bound to his mother as Calvin is, but the marvel is that Calvin seems to have adjusted to this as a life-long fact, and has accepted it with remarkable humor. (He often kids his mother, and puts her down, but still refers to her with child-like affection.) Calvin strikes me as a shy man, introverted, weak-willed, and aware of it. Much of this can be credited to his mother's dominance.

Strangely (particularly in light of reports I'd heard), I found neither Beck unpleasant, but in the long run only wearing. Yet, Mrs. Beck has certainly some very strange attitudes, which came out during the hour-long discussion we held as we ate. The Becks were pumping me of course, about my background, so I played my bearded role to the hilt with such remarks as, "I had to leave Washington DC of course. It is a beautiful town, but so dull. There are no real opportunities, and nothing ever happens there; there's nothing to do." I was actually referring to career opportunities in writing and editing, but Mrs. Beck took this as a comment on social life—which it could also easily





be. "Well," she said, "I should think a man of letters would not mind that. It is not good to leave the home too much."

The Mama Beck philosophy seems to be one of Staying Behind Locked Doors, one which was to bear itself out several times later. Larry had earlier in the week told me her rather interesting views on social life between the sexes: "You know what boys and girls do now? They date. If I had a daughter and she told me she wanted to go out on a date, you know what I would do? I would hit her over the head and put some sense into her! Of course, I have never had that problem with Calvin... He used to go to the YMCA. But finally he was going to the YMCA too much, and we had to move out here to New Jersey." Mrs. Beck still thinks highly of the YMCA however. "You know the 23rd St. YMCA?" (Larry had lived there a short time before he found an apartment---"The queers scrawl messages and advertisements on the walls in the halls!") "That's a very good place for boys, you know?" She nodded her head in approval.

The effect this has had on Calvin, a very malleable individual with apparently a very malleable sex-drive, was to drive him into the introvert's fascination for sexological studies, and a vicarious approach to what in his house is an unapproachable subject. He told a rather funny story (funny more in the way he told it than for its intrinsic humor) about how at one time he had published a pseudo-SEXOLOGY type magazine, and George Wetzel, who had decided he no longer liked Beck, complained to the FBI that Beck was a publisher of pornography.

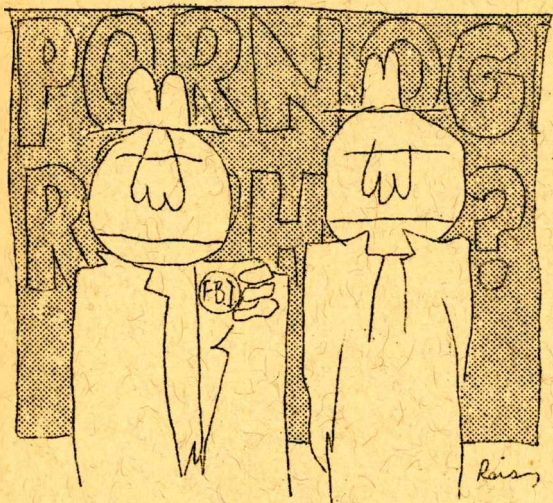
"These two men came around one day from the FBI, and demanded to see my magazine. I stalled them a bit, and told them I didn't have any copies of it around, because I didn't like their methods, but I was pretty nervous, because it isn't every day you're visited by the FBI. They said that if I didn't produce a copy immediately, they'd get a search warrant. Of course immediately I got them a copy, because I didn't want them look-

ing around through everything. You see, er, ha-ha, I did have one little item of pornography in the house; something I'd just picked up for curiosity, of course. I had it in my files, under 'P'..."

Little indications of Mama Beck's strong will and natural determination to take care of everything were amusing. For instance, she added milk and sugar to our coffee before serving it, and without asking if we wanted it. When I asked for salt, she salted my eggs (and Larry's, too, before he could object) herself. Later on in the day, when we were again having coffee, served the same way, I asked for a spoon, since I like to sip my coffee when it is hot. Calvin relayed the request, and back from the kitchen came, "What does he want a spoon for? I have already stirred the sugar and milk!"

Past reports (including the one of when Mama Beck, having decided that Calvin had spent too much time in a men's room, charged in after him, calling "Caaaal-vin, where are you?!"---which I can easily believe) of Mrs. Beck's activities have been pretty incredible, usually amusing if they don't involve you, and almost always indicative of the sort of busy-body-ish, PTA-ish, American "Mom" you'd love to hate. Mrs. Beck in person does not measure up to this. In person she is a humorously pathetic, plaintive, insisting, ingenuous stereotype of the Old World Mama, a simple person bound up in the success of her son. Unfortunately, in this case, someone forgot to cut the umbilical cord.

We didn't see much of Mrs. Beck as we worked, which surprised Larry, who said she was in the habit of bringing him coffee every ten minutes on previous days. "No kidding. I couldn't drink it all, and at one point I had lined up along one wall ten cups full of cold coffee. And every





little while, she'd come down with another cup of the stuff."

When we returned to the basement, Larry began to letter a thing which read "Zachereley's Wife Contest." When he had finished, after a couple of brief minutes, I said, slowly, "Larry...that looks terrible."

"Yes," he agreed. "Now that you mention it, it does." The outcome of this was that I found myself relettering the page and handling nearly all of the remaining title lettering. I'm not that proud of it--it was done for same-size reproduction, which I thought was a mistake, and was a little uneven--but it was reasonably esthetically pleasing to the eye. (Especially at a distance. The further away one holds it, the better it looks...two blocks away seems about best, and I recommend it.)

The way we operated was that Calvin T. would type up some text on his electric IBM, and bring it down and Larry would cut it to fit and past it up into a layout with photos and I would letter in the titles, usually hand lettering but sometimes using artype. (I'm rather proud of the one I did with artype for "The Hound of the Baskervilles"--you'd think it had appeared in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE...) Unfortunately, it was difficult to keep Calvin upstairs and banging away at his typewriter. After we had run out of material to paste up, and had ushered him upstairs to compose some more deathless prose, we would almost immediately hear this sound like two large barrels falling down the steps, and there would be Calvin, with a question, a joke, or two unusable lines of caption for a photo we'd previously decided not to use. This caused a considerable bottleneck, and was apparently the main reason for the previous week's slow progress.

In all fairness to Calvin, however, I should point out that he was apparently starved for fancish news of any sort, and seemed really very lonely. I was a new contact to the fandom he'd lost touch with--Larry had mentioned that I put out a fanzine, remaining purposefully vague--and he wanted to soak up all the news he could. Most of the fans he asked about have since departed the scene, although we did discuss in detail the Wetzel mess. Beck had at one time been friendly with Wetzel, like many other well-meaning people, because Wetzel and he shared an interest in fantasy and supernatural fiction. Beck had been one of those whom Wetzel had used to mail off letters with other cities' postmarks on them. One day Beck had investigated one of these letters and found it to be a poison pen letter to a friend of his, and had broken off relations with Wetzel. Shortly thereafter came the FBI episode.

Around mid afternoon, we ran out of india ink. Calvin wanted us to try water colors which we patiently informed him would not flow well through a pen, and black fountain-pen ink, which worked extremely badly, so finally we decided in desperation to set out and try to find a place which sold india ink, despite the fact that it was Sunday.

We were just climbing the stairs from the basement ("But why does Teddy want to go with you, Larry?" asked Mama Beck; "I take him around with me for good luck," Larry replied, truthfully) when we made an astounding discovery! We discovered Mr. Beck! I had asked Larry earlier if there was a Mr. Beck, and he said he assumed that if there ever was one, he'd since been swallowed up by the earth, since he'd not heard a word or reference to any such person.

But there at the top of the stairs, shuffling about aimlessly in the hall in front of us was a tall, thin, aging man whom we could only glimpse, as through a dimensional rift, before Mrs. Beck, who had been ahead of us, hurriedly ushered him into a room.

"Mr. Beck has hurt himself," we were told. "He tried to cut a corn off his foot with a razor blade, which he had no business doing, and now it is bleeding, so please get for me also a--a--" and here Mrs. Beck produced a series of inarticulate foreign-sounding noises. "Like, a--a--a--bandage, you know?"

"A band-aid?" I asked.

"No, no, no! A--a--" and again the inability to communicate. Inspiration suddenly struck, and she said, "Like this!" and pressed into my hand an extremely filthy, used band-aid.

"Yeah, band-aids," I said.



New Jersey has Sunday Blue Laws, and as I've pointed out, today was Sunday. We trudged over most of North Bergen's dumpy "business section," finding open only one drugstore, which had no india ink, and probably couldn't have sold it even if it had. We did get the band-aids, however.

So, after about an hour, we returned to the Becks, Larry betting that Calvin would have accomplished nothing during our absence (he won the bet), and there the decision was made to get out the car and drive around looking for a place which sold india ink. By now we were all very hung up on india ink.

Mrs. Beck was not going to be left behind, so she followed the three of us back out of the house. I watched in amazement as she took a small padlock from off a hook and padlocked the door shut from the outside, leaving Mr. Beck locked inside! (To enlighten you about Mr. Beck, I later pieced together enough information to discover that he was connected with a restaurant somewhere, and came home only one day a week, during which he was kept in his room. It sort of fits in to the Beck Mythos after all...)

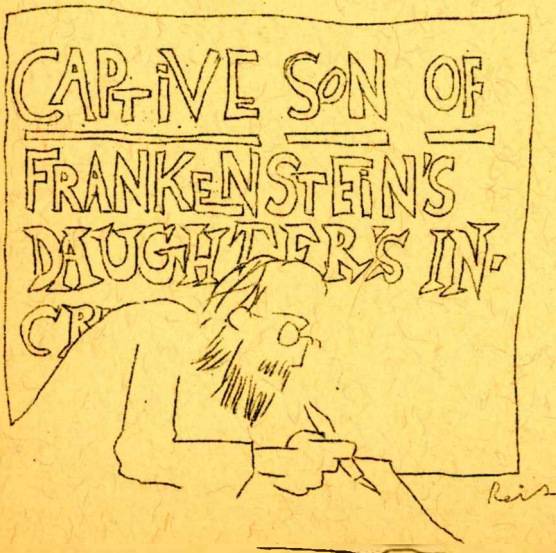
The four of us set off in the Beck's 1955 Buick and after searching most of New Jersey in vain, Calvin muttering all the while about how things were far worse than he had imagined--"I haven't been out on Sunday in four or five years..."--we finally headed over the George Washington Bridge to uptown Manhattan. On the way we talked about various things inspired by the subject of Blue Laws, finally settling upon a discussion of the Mormon control of Utah (Larry's home state) which is so strong that bus passengers passing through the state must stop smoking at the state line, and the morals of Salt Lake City's youth. Their morals turned out to be rather good, and I jokingly said, in a semi-non-sequitur, "I don't know about their morals, but the girls in Salt Lake City are prettier than in any other city I've ever travelled through." (The Society of American Girl Watchers And Letchers, formed by Bob Pavlat and myself on our various long trips to conventions several years back, using a one-to-five star rating system for the incidence of pretty girls observed in various cities passed through, gave Salt Lake City forty-eight stars!) Mama Beck took this to mean that I thought pretty girls were immoral, and over the protests of Calvin, Larry and myself, she lectured us on the morality of beauty, and how it was immoral to keep a beautiful girl locked up inside a house where no one could see and admire her beauty. We didn't think, then, to question this in light of some of Mrs. Beck's other statements.

We found ink in Manhattan without difficulty, and finally returned to New Jersey, Mrs. Beck pointing out "scenic vistas" every time the car rounded a turn and a new garbage dump was visible, and soon we were back at the Becks'.

From there on, it was work, work, work. Fortunately, when necessary, I could talk to Calvin Thomas and work at the same time, thus keeping him off Larry's back. I also freed Ivie from the drudgery of lettering, and thus speeded up his other work. By this point we were working on the latter portion of the mag, where a number of stills from a horror movie, plus captions, will be run, one movie to a page or two. Thus, I was really grinding out titles, like "Have Rocket - Will Travel," "The Woman Eater," and "Horror Film Cavalcade."

The magazine calls for a humorous approach, ala Ackerman, and Beck certainly has a weird and corny sense of humor. One of his "better" jokes was to name the magazine's new club the National Frankenstein Fan Federation, or N3F for short... I began riding him about this, making caustic jokes about some of his worst attempts, and I think this upset him a bit, but it did prod him into a slightly more productive vein...

It also





kept him out of our hair and at his typewriter where he belonged.

Around eight o'clock, we were called up at long last for dinner. We had had no lunch, and were famished, but the food was plentiful enough to quell our hunger. It consisted of a plate for each of us heaped perilously high with potatoes cooked with still-raw onions, navy beans, and overcooked lamb. It was fairly tasty, albeit overstocked on carbohydrates.

After dinner we hit the final stretch, monotonously pasting up photos and captions, and lettering titles. "My layout is going to pieces," Larry said. When you have to create a new layout every page for twenty pages or so, it is impossible to keep them consistent to each other and make them all good. We were also getting tired (it hadn't helped that Larry, Sylvia and I had been up till two or so Sunday morning watching old films over at Dave Foley's, and had thus gotten rather little sleep before coming out to the Becks'...), and feeling less creative.

It was a rather momentous occasion, then, when Calvin T. said quietly, "I think this will be enough." We were finally through! I glanced at my watch...it was four a.m.--four a.m.?! "The buses have stopped running," Calvin said brightly. "They don't start again till six. And look! It's snowing!" Yes, it was. And that precluded any chance of Calvin--who was as tired as we were anyway--driving us to New York. We decided to wait the two hours till six, and then catch a bus. The Becks offered us a single narrow cot to sleep on, but somehow Larry and I both thought we'd prefer to sleep in our own beds at home. So we sat around, those two hours long and indeterminable, filled with aimless talking and overpowering drowsiness. Finally six came, and we were ushered out the front door into the still-falling snow by the still up and awake Mrs. Beck, and after three minutes or less we were on a bus to New York.

From there on, the trip assumed a surrealistic quality. Safely on our way, we relaxed, but could not sleep. We took the A train uptown from the Port Authority Terminal, and split up at Columbus Circle, where Larry changed to the AA local, and I transferred to the down-town local IRT train. I boarded it with a crowd of bright, almost cheerful looking people who had just risen and were on their way to work. I slumped down in my parka in my seat and regarded them fuzzily through my tangled beard, and reflected upon the differences between us. I preferred it my way. I had put in my own hours, and now I was free for as long as I wished. I was going home and to bed, and would probably sleep for a good twelve hours; and they, poor slobs, were off to work, probably still not recuperated from their weekends, and with eight hours of boredom, drudgery, or hard work ahead of them.

At 42nd St., four or five college types got on, carrying a six-pack of beer. Here were people who were marginally my kind, still drunk (not yet even hung over) and returning from a weekend not yet quite finished. They split up and drank the beer and sang songs to each other at the top of their lungs all the way down to 14th St., where one of them exclaimed, "Boy! You know I gotta make it home and change my clothes and be at work in two hours---!" I sym-





pathized with him, but I don't think he made it... Especially since they were all on the wrong train, and thought they were getting off at Union Square, which is on east 14th St., and this was west 14th... The other passengers made an interesting study, as they attempted to ignore the college types (it has been said that if you disrobed on the subway, no one would stare directly at you, and probably most people would not notice), who made a little too much noise to be easily ignored. The whole scene--particularly when one fellow offered another passenger a can of beer (which was turned down)--furnished me with enough amusement to keep me awake until I'd reached the Christopher St. stop, and regained the street, where it was still snowing lightly. The sky was grey and darkly overcast, and I was still in a sleepy mood. I entered the apartment quietly, and surreptitiously slipped into bed, so as not to awaken Sylvia.

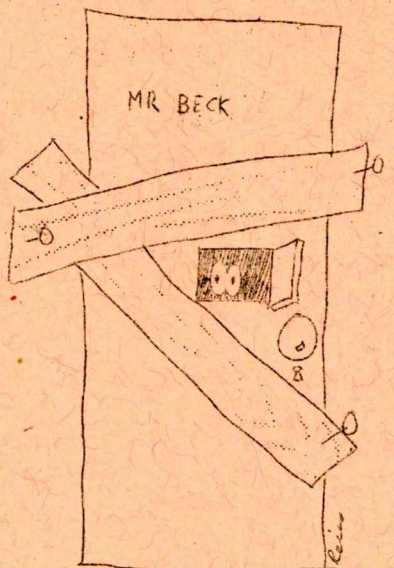
It was the

end of a long day.

An amusing aftermath occurred when Larty Ivie and I were discussing that day several days later. "You know, I had noticed that door to the room where they keep Mr. Beck, but I hadn't known he was there. It's real funny, though; the door opens inwards, and they have a rope tied to it from the outside, so that no one can open it without untying all these knots and everything."

"How strange," I said. How strange indeed.

-- ted white




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from APORRHETA 12: "Penelope Fandergaste\* -- \*Certified NOT a member of Inchmery Fandom"

from APORRHETA 15: "Oh, and needless to say, I am not an 'official mouthpiece' /of Inchmery Fandom/. Such a phrase rings of a bitterness unworthy of you, Mr White, and an apology might possibly be in order." -Penelope Fandergaste

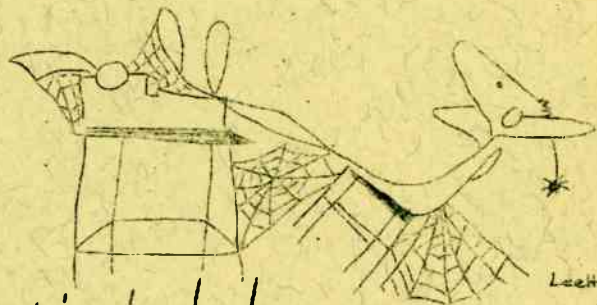
from CACTUS 3: "...I must make mention of the Penelope Fandergaste Question. You probably know that the pen name "Penelope Fandergaste" disguises a well-known fan who writes regularly a column in APE and also wrote in HYPHEN. The identity of "Penelope" is a well kept secret.../but/ everything points to the fact that Penelope Fandergaste is a member of Inchmery Fandom. This is elementary. And I announce here and now that in my opinion, Miss Fandergaste is a pen name for Vince Clarke." -John Berry

...And then again, apologies might not be in order.

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# FANNISH BLUES Department:



## low down gafiatin' blues

Goodbye Fandom---Fandom goodbye.  
Goodbye Fanac---Fanac goodbye.

Gonna fold my subzine, try to make FAPA my home.  
I'll fold my subzine, make the FAPA my home.  
And old fan and tired....that's where I'm goin' to die.

My friends in the Cult, they must think I'm dead.  
My good friends in the Cult all must think I'm dead.  
Ain't sent a comment-letter since last Midwestcon.

That last convention was the death of me.  
Last convention has been the death of me.  
Ever since that auction, ain't done Fanac no mo'.

Gonna tell the postman that I've moved away.  
Go tell the postman that I have moved away.  
One more new fanzine, won't fit in the do'.

You can tell Bob Pavlat, take me off his list.  
Tell old Bob Pavlat he can take me off his list.  
I need eight pages, and my dues is overdue.

Goodbye Fandom---Fandom goodbye.  
Goodbye Fanac---Fanac goodbye.  
My old typer's dusty---got the low down Gafiatin' Blues.

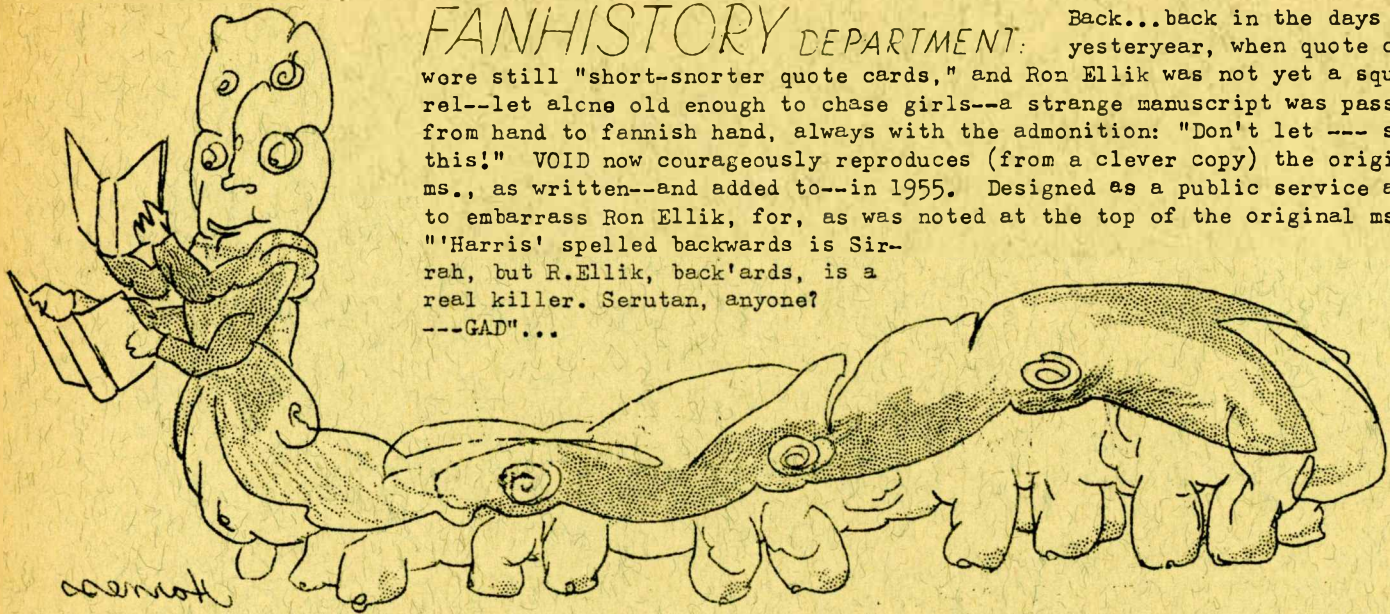
- LARRY STARK 3

To the best of our knowledge, C. Joshua (Terry Carr) Brandon started the fannish blues several years back, in the Cult. We printed two of his more recent efforts in VOID 14, and most of his others have been reprinted in other zines from their original Cult appearance. The one above by Stark was probably inspired by Terry's--what its original destiny or fate might have been, we don't know; it turned up as a carbon-copy in our files...thus "sort of just coming into existence" as blues are wont to do... We like this particular artform; we think it is ideally suited to fannish poets, and we welcome further contributions. A warning, though: don't attempt it if you're unfamiliar with the genuine article...no "Birth of the Blues" is wanted here...



## FANHISTORY DEPARTMENT:

Back...back in the days of yesteryear, when quote cards were still "short-snorter quote cards," and Ron Ellik was not yet a squirrel--let alone old enough to chase girls--a strange manuscript was passed from hand to fannish hand, always with the admonition: "Don't let --- see this!" VOID now courageously reproduces (from a clever copy) the original ms., as written--and added to--in 1955. Designed as a public service and to embarrass Ron Ellik, for, as was noted at the top of the original ms., "'Harris' spelled backwards is Sir-rah, but R.Ellik, back'ards, is a real killer. Serutan, anyone? ---GAD"...



# the great wall of china

by RON ELLIK

Anderson turned on his heel and strode out the door. "Now, what'd he get all het up for?" asked a very confused young lady of her husband.

\* \* \*

Wuns Ton Wall was a large man, in more ways than Jun. For Jun, his brother, was only large physically. Wuns was large psychologically, too. There were no rice patty farmers who could out-bargain him, anywhere along the Yellow River. Wuns could handle mobs, he could handle individuals. He was a massive individual who sat all day before his hut--the hut sat roasting on the Rimarock and Wuns was the master inbetween.

It was hot on the Rimarock, but Wuns did not mind. It was profitable to sit there before his hut all day. The villagers sweating amongst their rice stalks, wallowing in their mud, knew of Wuns, and respected him. They did not know how he made his living, they had no idea how one could continue to exist without working. Of course, one did not do so; Wun worked for his living. Wuns lived by a very clever method--he wrote poetry.

Poetry was financially successful for Wuns. He was an artist. Of course, his artistic talent went to other branches of the arts, also. He was a modern artist, living in the heat of the tributaries of the Yellow River, drawing flies. Furthermore, because of the heat, he was also a fan-artist. This helped with his flies, too.

Several of the villagers had heard that Wuns sold poetry, flies and home-made fans abroad, but could not figure out how he did this. After all, China had not yet been discovered by Marco Polo yet, and there were no magazines in the country to buy his poetry. Let alone his flies and fans.

All of this explains how Wun, Wuns' brother, earned his living. He spent all his time burying dead flies. When there were enough fans, Wun would whip them into digging his trenches for him. When the villagers came up to respect Wuns, Wun would capture them and force them to read the poetry. People were always being caught, for they could never understand which one to stay away from.

Oh, it was as profitable as the very devil.

THE CRIME



THE VERDICT

JANDEAR --read this and pass on naturly you wouldn't print it we starting plot that all fandom reads this... send to anyone but Lyle Amlin he'd print it... (Jennings?)

THOMDEAR --read this and pass on naturly you wouldn't print it Dallifen started plot that all fandom reads this... send to anyone but Lyle Amlin he'd print this... Ain't it TERRIBLE??? (Jan Sadler)

WHIBHOY --some texas member of the f.e.c.e.s. ('member?) cursed fandom with this started a plot to make all fandom read it of course no one would print it except maybe lyle amlin so send it to anyone but lyle amlin (307 E Florida, Hemet, Calif) he might print it...

oh GHOD! TP (Thom Perry)

Geisock: Fear Brings me to send you this...fear that I too may come to this. Being a man who believes a word to the wise is deficient, I'll give you a wise one. Don't for T.P.Caravan's sake read this.

-----  
Snakes on the wall, eggs in beer, and other queer types.  
-----

If you do read it, don't send it to one Lyle Amlin. He's just the type to print it. Send it around (if you can bear to part with it) to your friends but not to Lyle Hamlin. There's a rumor circulating that he'd publish this! Shun him. Wm. Deeck

Dagboy: Don't send this to Jim Bradley. You don't have to worry about Lyle A Amlin anymore, because his father said no more fan pubbing, so Lyle wouldn't print this. He'd just laugh and pass it on. But Bradley....Jim would laugh and put it in his room and it would get lost and get wet from spilled bheer, and it would get moldy and no one would ever hear of it again. Don't send it to Bradley. Send it to Boggs, Agberg, even Bloch, but NOT BRADLEY! ---REG

JeAndYoung: I feel your education is less than complete until you two too have marvelled (close your mouth, Andy) at this stirring--not to say inspirational--example of Man's triumph over his Unconquerable Soul. Or something. Read and send to Agberg, who can DaisyChain it to Reddtop, who can send it to Rotsler or some equally erudite entity. Don't send it to Ellison--he'd want to publish it and DIMENSIONS is overdue now. ewot?

--DAG

Bob: This is it. Gape and pass on. If you look above you'll see a list of suggested future recipiants. There is also a list of suggested non-recipiants; I might add that you'd better not send this to Ron Ellik, as I fear he might publish it; or worse, he might publish the comments it has earned. It looks like something out of a nightmare or Seventh Fandom or something. I doubt that even the Poo is mighty enough to overcome this. --AY

Redd: I won't have anything to do with this silly thing. Give it a moment or two and then mail it on. Better not send it to John W. Campbell. --Bob (Silverberg)

Ted: Since this is an example of why some people are glad they aren't fans, do not send this to F. Towner Laney. --Redd

LeeH: You hold in your hands the product of fannish insanity. Whatever happens, it must never reach the public. So whatever you do--whomever you send this to--do NOT send it to LARRY SHAW!!! He might print it in FANFARE! --TEW

And there the manuscript breaks off. Who did Leeh send it to? What strange journey has this accursed ms. made since? Has all fandom read it? Did word ever leak back to poor Ron Ellik? These are questions we can't answer... Can you?



**T**hat's right; the old UFFISH THOTS have been bannished; out with the old, and etc., and mainly here I am with this heading, and I'm a very parsimonious soul... I was planning to convert GAMBIT into a review-zine back last winter, and after mailing off #s 33 & 34, I typed up five stencils for it: two concerned with mystery novels and their relation to stf--I titled it IT ALL STARTED WITH A CHINESE DOLL, but only the title was worth salvaging from that attempt at on-stencil composition (see, Terry, I do have second thots about my stuff!)--and three of fanzine reviews. I snipped out the dated fmz reviews and printed the rest in the lastish of this mag. I said I was parsimonious... I'm also parsimonious with fmz titles, which is why GAMBIT is now the title of this column. Each issue, the number (which is part of the title) advances one. Sneaky, huh?

THERE'S BEEN A LOT going on here in New York recently. The Futurians are meeting biweekly now, at Condit's, and we've formed a sub-fandom, Subway Fandom. So far this fandom isn't well enough organized to warrent an Other Fandoms piece, but possibly in the future... Sylvia and I have made good our word on the subject and are now members of the Faircon Committee. That's the regional Faircon, I'm speaking of. Our first meeting was a very enjoyable one, which we didn't leave until the wee small hours of the morning... I predict a strong contender in next year's FANAC Poll for New Fan will be Walter Breen. He has a pair of Other Fandom articles coming up in VOID's to come. Which reminds me that next issue is VOID's Fifth Annish, and calls for some celebrating. It'll run a conservative fifty pages, but even that addition to our usual page-count is something unusual... Progress Report: I made it up to Contributing Editor at METRONOME (the MUSIC USA title has been dropped to the thankful sighs of all concerned), and the first new issue will be out on May 16, not April 15 as previously reported. Delays in contractual arrangements account for the full-back of a month. My first piece is an analysis of Ornette Coleman, the man some say is the new Charlie Parker. Jazz fans pliz note. I will also have a rewrite on a John Lewis article which appeared in A BAS about a year ago...

RECENTLY, I've received several letters from fans in the Detroit area which have dropped none-too-subtle hints about unpaid bills, etc. A typical one is Hal Shapiro's: "For a fellow...whom I am told I should not associate myself with because he won't pay his bills for Detention advertising or something, you put out a fine fanzine. You also, as I recall, have a pretty wife."

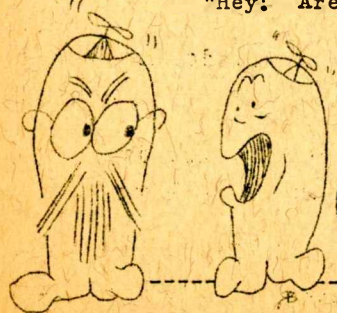
Apparently someone in Detroit (I won't mention names, but he is laughingly reputed to have a large heart--may it burst some day) thought of another clever way to Have Fun With Ol' Ted White. This consisted of sending Gullible Ol' Ted White a huge bill for ads in the Detention program booklet which had been previously been paid for by the DC Capicon Committee. Gullible Ol' Ted White did not bite. He did not pay this ridiculous bill (running somewhere over \$30 as I remember it), and since no bill was presented him for the smaller sum he did owe, he didn't pay that, either.

Now this nameless entity in Detroit (whose idea of a perfectly devistating maneuver in a fan feud is to send his enemies comic yallentines --isn't that devistating and clever?) is all put out because Nasty Ol' Ted White is not Paying His Bills, and this dark figure in Detroit has decided that in order to Save Face, he will try to smear Stupid Ol' Ted White's reputation just a bit. He should realize that this is a fruitless endeavor. He should realize that anyone who places second in FANAC's Fugghead of the Year poll is not going to be worried about some silly slander about unpaid bills.

He should also realize that Crafty Ol' Ted White never pays a cent to anyone without a fair and accurate accounting. (Knowing how unlikely this was, I was prepared to sit back and await my death of old age without paying Detroit a cent.) This is all somewhat past tense, however, as Sneaky Ol' Ted (Shylock) White finally found the perfect solution: he transferred the debt owed him by Harlan Ellison since 1955 to the Detention Committee...

Now he awaits new fireworks. (Speculation, anyone, on how Detroit made a surplus of four hundred dollars?)

"Hey! Aren't you the fan with 10,000 focal points?!"



gambit 35

is not a focal point, no matter what you've read. In fact, this isn't even a fanzine anymore--at least for the moment--it's a sneaky ol' column

BY TED WHITE



SPEAKING OF THE FANAC POLL, I see that once again I have come up against my old nemesis, G.M.Carr. It seems like no matter where I place in a contest or poll, GM is right in there with me, going neck and neck--if you'll pardon an unconsciously intimate turn of phrase. Why, only a year ago, after playing tag with GM for two years in the FAPA egoboo poll, we wound up tied for 10th place in the Top Ten of FAPA. It doesn't take much thinking to see the parallel with our first & second placing in the FANAC Fugghead of the Year standings...although I'm disappointed that I trailed GM's 30-some points with only 13. However, I have been assured by parties in Southern California that I'm a shoe-in for #1 Fugghead of 1960, and maybe if GM keeps quiet for a year, I'll make it.

(It is funny, though; somehow I managed to place in a four-way tie for 9th place in the Fan Face of the Year position in FANAC's poll, without GM being anywhere about. Do you suppose the monkey (pardon, GM) is climbing off my back?)

Well, at any rate, it's good to know I have loyal fans in SoCal. I understand that their mutual feelings toward me are what brought John Trimble and Bjo together. It makes me sort of quietly proud to think about that...

A LOT OF THE ART, this issue, is by New York fan, Andy Reiss. (Well, to be technical, he's a Brooklyn fan, but a lot of the art in this is still by him.) Andy impressed me very much with a small cartoon strip on the backcover of a recent CRY, and when he approached me with more clever cartoons, I welcomed him with open arms. He illored the Beck piece in this, and I want to say here and now that, without having ever met her, Andy has captured Mama Beck perfectly (we're shipping her to the Bronx Zoo), and his cartoons, dashed out hurriedly immediately after skimming the first draft of my piece filled the bill 100%. Andy has a lot of talent, and you can count on seeing a good deal more of him in future VOID's--as well as in a growing number of other zines, from what I understand. (Terry Carr, who is an artist completist, is even now trying to entice him to Berkeley, where poor Andy would be completely under Carr's domination. I hear he's even taken to writing letters to Andy on the backs of pin-ups of various Berkeley femme-fen...)

MY SENSE OF WONDER has been taking quite a beating lately. I'm one of those people who have SoW-type dreams, in which strange objects move across the sky, while I stand below and marvel. But I had a real-life experience which shook me, the last time I was in the DC area, visiting my folks. Like, I was battling Washington D.C. rushhour traffic with the Weiss Rak IV, when I saw and passed an atomic road vehicle.

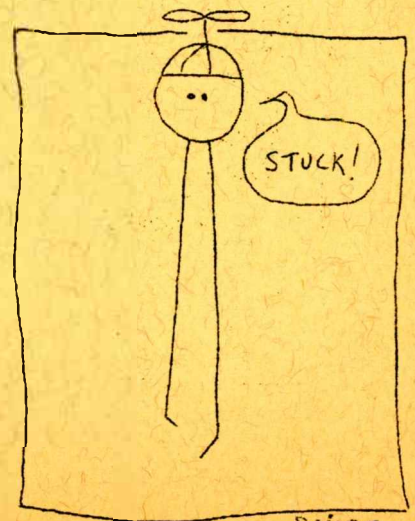
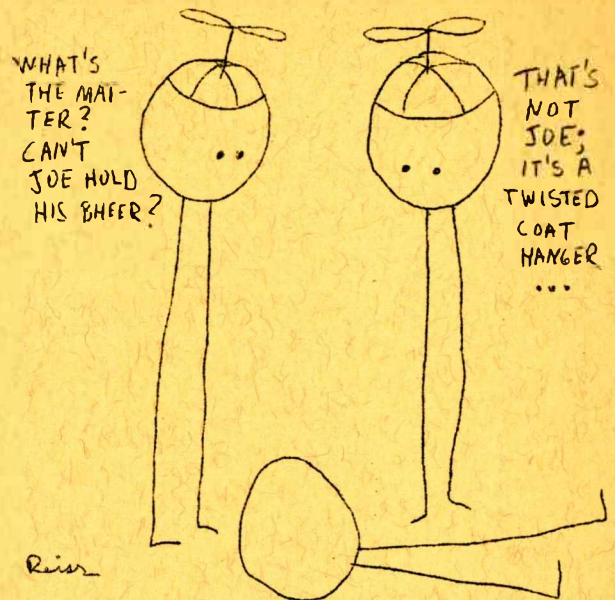
Yes I did, I'm fairly certain of it. When I first glimpsed it, I saw it from the back, and it looked rather like an old Trailways bus...the kind they don't use any more, with the snubby -rounded back end, no back window, and a ridge running along the top which blends into the back end. When I got closer, I discovered that this vehicle lacked windows, and while it was as long as a bus, it was a good three feet taller, thus looking much thinner; sort of high and narrow. It towered over all the other traffic except the large tractor-trailer jobs. It was painted two-tone, red and green, and emblazoned on the side was what read like "Aqua Nuclear Research Laboratories," though I couldn't examine it closely enough to be sure. My traffic lane was moving much faster and I was soon swept ahead of the thing. A glimpse through my rear-view mirror showed that the front windows, which looked like bus windows, were quite high, being close to the roof-line. I passed it on the 14th St. Bridge, entering D.C. It must have turned off immediately after, because I dawdled for several blocks without it showing up again.

I can't be certain, but logic says it was the right size for an atomic vehicle--just about that much shielding would be needed for such an automobile, if you can call it that. And with the news that Balto's Glen L. Martin Co. has developed a five-pound atomic engine, we may be seeing smaller versions of this monolith on the road before long.

Gives one to pause, doesn't it?

AND ON THAT NOTE, we cool it for this.

-ted white





# \* ZOT \*

BY LESLIE NIRENBERG





YEAH, THESE ARE FANZINE REVIEWS...



# BRICKS from a GLASS HOUSE

Well, this column has a title now (courtesy of Howard Lyons) and an extra reviewer (yep, it's Howard Lyons again). Next issue we add a third, Dave Rike, to the lineup, and after that things will be a bit more stable. Reviewers this time are TOM CONDIT (63 Clinton St., New York 2, N.Y.) and P. HOWARD LYONS (P.O.Box 561, Adelaide Sta., Toronto, Ontario, Canada). Send zines you want reviewed to them, and to Rike (at 750 - 60th St., Oakland 9, California) for next issue.

This issue we've instituted the old T.White rating system. Material and Appearance are rated separately on a 1-to-10 basis, with 10 being tops. The personality of the zine is also summarized. Reviews are initialed by the reviewers...

GROUND ZERO: Dietz, Dietz and Raybin, 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, N.Y.; half-size, mimeod; 15¢ for this and previous issues--there will be no more. \*\* I note the magazine is copyrighted, obviously with a view to avoiding piece-meal and out-of-context quotation. They give blanket approval for reprinting anything, providing it is reproduced in full. An interesting thought, but it could toll the knell of the Derogation. I wonder in passing if they really did cough up with the registration fee to copyright this. \*\* Issue five has a good, clear write up on the Detention by Ted Johnstone, and a little more detail on the masquerade under the title "Guise and Dollas" by Anon. These write-ups were a little cool, but seem to be comprehensive as far as what went on outside the smoke-filled rooms. \*\* There's a report on Inchmerry Fandom, which didn't do much for me. I was, however, pleased to see that Symposium has reference in Greek to a drinking party. So, let's follow the Greek Way and start admitting we hold Symposia, not conventions or conferences. \*\* There is a very dull story by Ken Brown in which the miniature invaders from outer space are killed by garden flit. \*\* The magazine is equivalent to 10 8-1/2 x 11 pages, and not really worth the 15¢, even though worth reading. ((GROUND ZERO has been folded because it was attempting to be a newszine, and as such was so late as to be useless, or so says Belle Dietz. I never noticed a particularly "newsy" approach, but certainly killing off GZ and replacing it with the eminantly more fannish PEALS seems like a good move to me-tw)) \*\* Material- 5; Appearance- 5; Personality- serious, but I read it with interest. -phl

HABBAKUK, Chapter 1, verse 2; March 10, 1960: Bill Donaho, 1441 - 8th St., Berkeley 10, California.

I just look in the box every once in awhile, and there it is. I suppose if you ask for it, you'll get it. \*\* This issue contains a Bjo cover (if an issue may "contain" a cover, rather than vice-versa) which is probably the funniest Squirrel joke since the birthday telegram; Art Castillo making a fool of himself on the beat vs. square issue; Bill Donaho being sage and definite on the same issue, tho I don't agree with him; some so-so fmz reviews (including an abominable non-review of INJUENDO); and a couple of letters. Layout is nonexistent, but reproduction is very nice. \*\* Castillo's article, by the bye, contains one of the most masterly pieces of invective ever unleashed (directed at Donaho): "Once again, as one settles down into Great Aunthood, with a respectably aged Cadillac in the garage, waxy waxy floors, and a houseful of cats, the most masculine of which is castrated (against principles), the cycle of the generations closes once again and the family face is perpetuated to fussy immortality." \*\* Material- 5; Appearance- 4; Personality- hrm, not as Great Auntish this issue as last. -tc



INNUENDO #10, December 1959 (INNISH III): Terry Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, California; 94pp, mineed; 30¢ or trade/comment/contribution. \*\* This is the third annish of INNUENDO. It's hard to review; I mean, there's so much of it. Actually, there's enuf material here for one average size good fanzine, and one mediocre one. Fortunately, the weak material is more or less spaced out with excellent stuff, which keeps the level of the issue well above average. The sheer mass of it makes for delight in ploughing thru. \*\* I'll mention first the stuff I found of little interest: First, there is some Light Fannish Poetry by Art Rapp and Bob Leman. Unlike most Light Fannish Poetry, it is not nauseating, but like almost all LFP, it is worth only the first reading to see whether it's any good. Bruce Pelz' "Another Chapter", on the other hand, is a rather good attempt at balladry, marred only by the fact that it deals with a basically prosaic (in the original sense of the word) subject. The metre of the thing is familiar as all hell, but I can't think from whence it comes. Again, not of lasting interest. The whole thing would have been better done as an article. \*\* In fact, it almost was. Although the visit of Pelz, Ellik, et al, to Dean Grennell's home is commemorated to posterity only by Pelz' ballad, it is preceded by an article by DAG himself on the visit of the Youngs, Berry and Eney to the self-same home. The article is witty, more or less memorable, et al. This is the sort of thing which (I guess) people mostly read fanzines for, and the honor of fandom is upheld, but basically I found it more of interest because I knew the people involved. \*\* Along the same lines is Ted White's "Berry in New York". It's the same sort of fannish gossip, a perpetually interesting category, and I found it more interesting than DAG's piece, I suppose because of its wider scope and the fact that the events in it are memorable to me (it's a strange egocentric quirk which attracts most of us to articles about events with which we're already familiar;--a sort of "I'm glad this-yere saga is being preserved for posterity" feeling).

Bill Donaho's adventure in fandom (?) is a little weak this time--an excursion to a Village faggot party. Bill's smooth style holds up, but this is the type of subject which I find surface treatments of somewhat boring. (How's that for syntax!) \*\* "On the Road" is beginning to pall a bit. I've started to compare it both with the original and with Dave Ish's "The Fantasy People," and it doesn't take the comparison. It's free from much of the selfconscious crap of Kerouac, but suffers from a contrived fannishness, which is worse. \*\* About half of "Fandom: Sick, Sick, Sick" suffers from the same contrived fannishness. The first two cartoons (drawn by Metzger and captioned by Carr) are just not funny. The idea is, apparently, that one is supposed to laugh just because a fannish reference or allusion is made. The rest of the group are funny, however, as are Ray Nelson's. Nelson is basically a mainstream cartoonist who uses fannish (or bohemian/beatnik) subjects, unlike most fan "humorists," who depend on fannish connotations to get their laughs. (An analogy would be the variety of "joke" told among grade-school children, which uses a dirty word instead of a punchline and draws either (embarrassed) giggles or (equally embarrassed) guffaws. The demarcation line between contrived fannishness and the use of fannish connotations for genuinely humorous purposes is as tricky as that drawn between dirty jokes which are funny, and those which are just boring or disgusting.)

And from this springboard, we dive into the better sections of INN. The first three items in the issue all illustrate the use of fannish connotations properlike to be funny, like... \*\* First is "The Raybin Story," by Walt Willis, an absolutely hilarious screen treatment which uses successfully the tricky device of pouring on absurdity with a steamshovel. Next, "The Return of LeftyFeep," by Robert Bloch, in which the redoubtable Lefty Feep goes to the Solacon; I found this better than the original Lefty Feep stories, but I imagine that it's funnier if you've read them. (Actually, I wonder if the story was really funny at all, or whether it just amuses me for nostalgic reasons. Failings of the critical faculty and all that.) \*\* Then there is "The Detention Revisited," which, with the Nelson cartoons and "All Our Yesterdays" really makes the issue. Dick Eney has assembled a group of miscellaneous photographs and stuck hilarious captions on them. Every one of the gag lines





THE BOOT: VOID takes particular pleasure this issue in awarding THE BOOT to two men who richly deserve it:

## HENRY SCHARF & J. WILLIAM LUSZCZ

Henry Scharf is a publisher whose business practices have won him few friends, and whose magazines have by and large typified mediocrity in their particular fields.

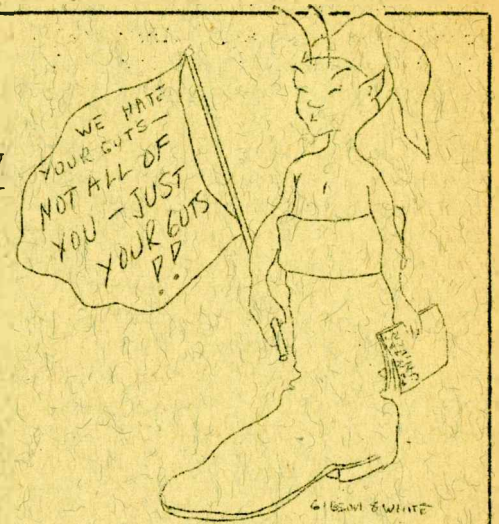
William Luszc is an art director with a good deal of imagination, and very little taste, and a dabbler in fields he knows little or nothing of.

TOGETHER, THESE TWO MEN KILLED FANTASTIC UNIVERSE.

To Luszc must go most of the actual blaim. According to reports, FU was folded after returns had come in on the second large-size issue. While the first large issue sold phenomenally well, the second did equally poorly. This can be laid entirely to Luszc's handling of cover logo coloration, which was such that without the two copies for actual comparison, most casual browsers at the newsstand could not tell the November from the October issue, and consequently passed it up. Variation in cover paintings is useless here, unless the full cover is displayed; with FU usually only the top two inches were visable. Luszc, apparently more interested in his unsuccessful typographical experiments than in assessing his medium, did not catch on to the idea of alternating contrasting logos and backgrounds from issue to issue until it was far too late. On the basis of returns on the second large issue, Scharf declared FU dead.

Henry Scharf bought FU only because THE SAINT was in the same package, and was probably looking for a way to dump it. The fashion in which he snapped up the first--even premature--opportunity to kill a promising title is indictment enough.

To these two prime bunglers, we'd like to throw in a Bronx cheer (undoubtedly seconded by the fans in the Bronx) and two ripe tomatoes.

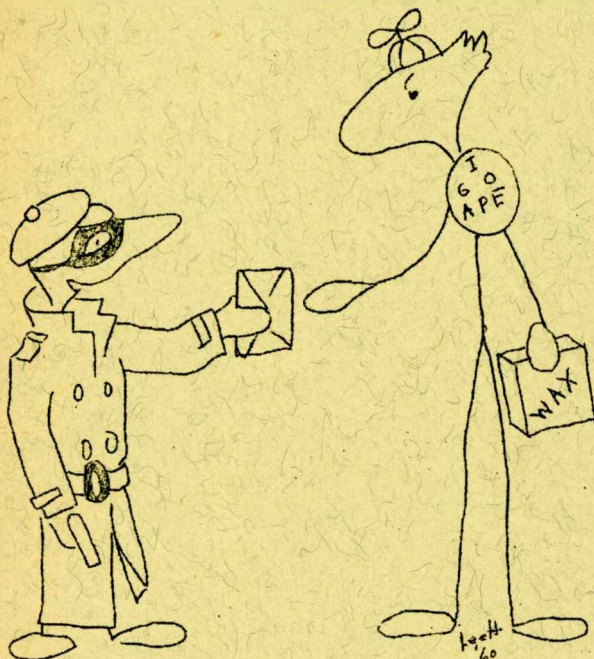


is strictly ingroup, and ultra-fannish, etc., but they're differentiated from the stuff I was bitching about earlier by the fact that they're funny. Just because a joke needs explanation to someone from Outside doesn't mean it's not funny.

With all I've said about INN, I haven't yet come to the real meat of the issue, said meat being the latest installment of "All Our Yesterdays," wherein Harry Warner focusses his eye upon The Immortal Storm. It is a highly critical, albeit benign, eye. Warner deals mainly with the greatest fault of TIS: namely, that it deals mostly with fanzine fandom and politics within fandom, and presents a very incomplete picture of the fandom of the thirties. He also points out that the book deals mainly with New York fans, and goes into more detail on the most obscure of them than on non-NYC Bnf's. (Any non-New Yorker who has lived in NYC can testify to the fact that it is the most provincial area in the country. Manhattanites especially seem to view the U.S. either as one big section of Queens, stretching into infinity--a view somewhat marred only if they've been as far from home as Queens--or as an unimaginable wilderness. If they are liberal or radical, this wilderness is inexplicably studded with factories and creatures called Industrial Workers, who are somehow related to the slavish subproletariat of the New York service industries. If they are middle class, and particularly if they are Jewish, it is studded with areas labelled "camp". Whole neighborhoods in the Bronx and Brooklyn are absolutely devoid of children during the summer--they've all been packed off to camp. Older teenagers work as counsellors at these camps thru their late high school and college years. Since there's no one at camp except other New Yorkers, they haven't really left "town." \*\* Illustration: garment workers outside NYC are organized by a section of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union which bears the official name, "Out-of-Town Department.") \*\* I tend to feel that Warner has been much too kind about other aspects of The Immortal Storm: its turgid style in particular, and its partisian spirit. The latter of course bugs me for partisian reasons, and Warner is probably right in that it would be impossible for anyone so deeply involved in the fray to be more impartial than Moskowitz. \*\* From this criticism, Warner develops a rough guide for future fan historians which should



make this article one of the most lasting items of fannish interest to appear in some time. \*\* There are also twenty-two pages of letters in this issue. The letter section is almost always my favorite section of any mag, mainly because I find other people's reactions to things of surpassing interest, but also because all sorts of interesting thought can be tossed out in a letter column which remains interesting only because it doesn't have to be padded out to make an article or story. 22 pages is a lot of juicy variety, but the most I can say is that they are interesting letters from interesting people, and the column is well edited. \*\* The only thing which remains to note is appearance, which is good and clean, if a trifle monotonous. \*\* Material- 8; Appearance- 6; Personality- Terry Carr, 'nuff said. Sort of, like, the best of any fmz now out, y'know. -tc



"...and this packet contains the Ted White nail clippings you ordered, Mr. Sanderson..."

is British for a mimeograph.-ed." Educational, that's what fanzines are... \*\* Material- 3 (for the reprints); Appearance- 2; Personality- substandard Gerberzine. -tc

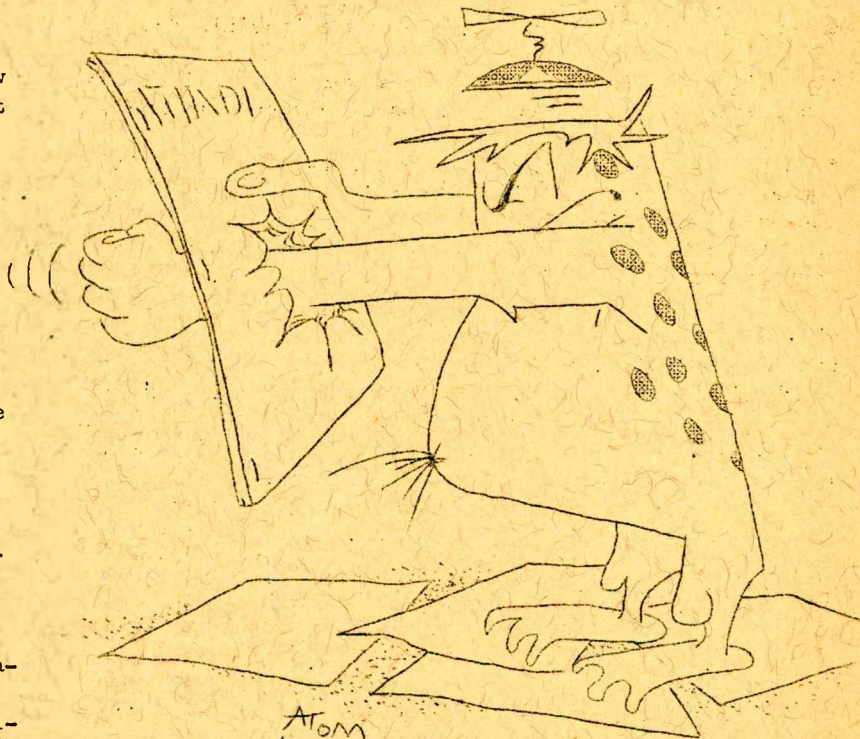
PEALS #4, February 21, 1960: Belle & Frank Dietz, 1721 Grand Ave., Bronx, N.Y.; 34pp. mimeod; free, I guess. \*\* This is the Inchmery Appreciation Issue of PEALS, and by all standards the best issue yet. The reproduction and general appearance is particularly good, tho Andy Reiss' excellent cover was somewhat botched in the process. ((I understand that as each copy was run off, it was pealed from the drum of the mimeo, by hand, due to the large amount of black areas. This understandably impairs the quality of reproduction a bit...-tw)) \*\* The issue opens with a definition of stf by SaMoskowitz, which I don't exactly disagree with, but I can't see using this as the opening item in a fanzine. This is followed by Chris Moskowitz' column, which contains a report of the Philly-con. Two things about this irked me. The first was Dr. Moskowitz' rather snide attack on the Ellingtons thru Marie Louise--it may be her opinion that a child should be raised in appropriate terror of his father (discipline, I believe it's called) the way Jimmy Taurasi reputedly has been, but I don't happen to share it. The second was her slanted report of the Faircon debate. She gives the impression that a large number of people joined the discussion and that the majority sided with the Faircon group. Actually, it was a small number, and those who sided with the Faircon people were of the calibre of Jack McKnight, who wanted to know why conventions should be held in the west at all, since "there're only about six active fans on the West Coast." \*\* The Inchmery section is largely devoted to the sort of meaningless little portraits so often and nauseatingly found in fanzines; the "he's 5'8, he puts out a fanzine, he crotches greeps, he's a nice guy" sort of thing. These are accompanied by little sketches of the participants which don't appear to resemble them, if we're to judge by the camera' eye. The Joe Casey illos in particular cannot conceivably resemble anyone, and the ones of Belle are incredible. I am told that the Atomillo of Joy Clarke is actually a much better likeness than the rather unflattering photos of her in the issue, which I can believe from my own unfortunate experience with cameras. Photographs are not to be trusted, but neither, unfortunately, are fan drawings or descriptions of other fans. Every woman in fandom is automatically beautiful in some circles--I think Ackerman started this foolishness. The best thing in this section was Sid Birchby's amusing tale of Inchmery repartee. Birchby has a type of wit which I appreciate very much: very dry and direct. \*\* To fill out the issue, there are some good s-f notes by Leslie Gerber, a so-so piece by Harry Warner, a sketchy biography of Chris Moskowitz, which gushes, and a few letters. The letter column contains a little bit by Frank Dietz which I will herewith reprint without comment: "You're right about dropping the subject of mes-calín, except that so long as fans continue to publish articles in favor of its use we feel that it's

METROFEN #3: Leslie Gerber, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, N.Y.; 13 pages, poorly mimeographed; 10¢ or trade/comment/contribution. \*\* This is/was the official organ of the now supposedly defunct Metrofen (who don't seem to know they are dead, and are still meeting), a NYC junior fan club which Dave MacDonald disclaims responsibility for; in reality this is another Gerberzine. \*\* The only Metrofen items in here are Larry Ivie's deadly accurate minutes of the last meeting, and a little something by Ed Meskys appropriately called "Meskys Mutterings." It's anti-"bohemian," sort of; the whole thing's a bit murky of purpose. \*\* There are a couple of so-so reprints to pad out the issue, and fanzine reviews by Gerber. The latter are the best thing in the issue. Gerber is much easier to take in print where he has a chance to stop and think, than he has been in person in the past. In fact, in print he's not only coherent but intelligent and pleasant, and I suspect he may be becoming a nice person to know. \*\* Not that you could really tell it by this fanzine, which was designed to be read by the most cloddish of neofans, and non-fanzine-type fans. The funniest thing in the issue is a footnote (to a Berry reprint): "A duplicator



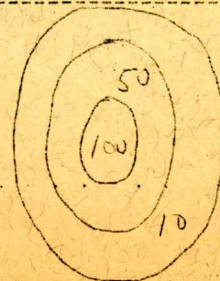
necessary to give the other side--the realistic side--of the story. There's no telling when some young neofan might get sucked into the trap and end up as a dope addict, if all he reads are articles telling How Good It Is and How Much Better A Person It Can Make You." Harry Warner also comments on mescaline, but like most of the anti-mescaline commentators, says nothing that is not equally or more applicable to common, drinking, ethyl alcohol--mescaline, at least, is not an addictive nerve poison. \*\* Material- 5; Appearance- 7; Personality- a slightly fannish Ladies' Aid Society. -tc

YANDRO #86, March 1960: Buck & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana; 23pp. mimeod + enclosures; 15¢. \*\* Neither rain nor snow nor dark of night seems to keep YANDRO from coming out (almost) every month--sometimes good, sometimes bad, always interesting. This issue, it's pretty good. \*\* The issue opens with a surprisingly good article by Redd Boggs entitled "A Rereading of Methuselah's Children." YANDRO has of late been running some of the most thoughtful sf criticism to be found, and this article is no exception. Boggs deals nicely with the ambivalence of motivation behind Heinlein's work. I'm really not going to comment on this, except to say that it's well worth 15¢ for this article alone. \*\* The rest of the issue is rather uneven: a funny Feghoot; a weak piece by Don Franson which should never have been published; a song by Leslie Gerber which is as bad as some of my drunken compositions but no worse than many others of like type; and a column by Alan Dodd which should have been expanded by at least one page to make it a little clearer--it never becomes clear just exactly what the Goodwin sands are. \*\* The letters this issue are mostly comments on Ted White's review of "Transient" in #85 (as a side note, I am here to say that you all ought to read "transient;" it appeared in the Feb.'60 AMAZING) and some are quite stimulating. \*\* One additional point: the enclosures mentioned above are material from the National Rifle Association. Now, I have had a few bones of my own to pick with the NRA; but basically I'm in agreement here. The right to keep and bear arms is the most important one in the Bill of Rights, because it's the insurance of the others. A man, basically has only as much freedom as he can defend, and the NRA has for years played a major role in making sure that the means of defense are available. This may sound strange coming from me, since I think my antimilitarist views are well known, but an armed people is the best safeguard against military or police dictatorship that I can think of. I honestly think that New York's absurd Sullivan Law is one of the prime factors behind the rule of crime, corruption and brutality in this city. When a people are disarmed as New Yorkers are, they are caught between gang terror (and remember, a criminal can always get a weapon if he wants one--it's only the law-abiding citizens who are affected by anti-gun laws) and the arrogance of police. ((An example of the latter came when a cop fired into a crowd in Grand Central Station to halt a fleeing crook several months ago. A bystander was killed, others wounded. -tw)) Besides, as a radical, I have a very clear idea of the difference a heavily armed people would have made in, say, Spain. \*\* Material- 7; Appearance- 6; Personality- relaxed, married couple. -tc



SEVERAL OTHER REVIEWS were crowded out, due to lack of space. Best send your zines to all three reviewers, if you can afford it; in case of duplicate reviews, I pick the best, and send the others directly to you for your own interest. The reviewers dig getting zines, too...

Zoom



Reiss '60



# LETTERS

MOSTLY CONCERNING ISSUE #19... ..

LEE HOFFMAN

VOID is a Thing of Beauty. Possibly the nicest mimeod zine around. I muchly admire your ability to use that minute type and come up with copy as legible as the standard size type faces produce in most zines. But enough of this idle praise of production, or you will, indeed, become Insufferably Conceited.

I find the contents as admirable as the mimeo work. Particularly enjoyed Warner's report on one of the Other Fandoms, and the editorials from the Barrington Bull.

Having been, myself, one of the clique or inner circle or whatever that orbited around FANVARIETY (and its successor, OPUS), I would like to make a few comments in response to Marty Fleischman's remarks about FV.

For one thing, then as now, fandom contained many sub-groups, and it was our group that acclaimed FV. Some of the other groups probably didn't rate it very highly, even then. But with us, it was excellent. A lot of the esoterica which is completely meaningless to the presentday fan (he may not even recognize it for the esoterica that it was) had a great deal of meaning to those of us who were within the clique. (Note parallel situations at the present, too.)

For another, remember that Max was purely a fandom fan. He openly disavowed any interest in science fiction. To my knowledge, his involvement in fandom was mostly social. He was publishing for fun, and his kind of fun was pretty fleeting. Like the punch line that is meaningless out of context, Max's zine may be meaningless out of its time and place. In its own context, which includes the people of the clique at that particular time, it was quite entertaining. In terms of our own enjoyment of it then, it was not overrated. As to its value and rating among presentday fans, I cannot speak.

We of the clique were a pretty juvenile bunch, for the most part, and we enjoyed juvenilia. When we rated FV at the time, it was by the standards we had at the time, which may be quite different than the standards we have today. So when confronted by the question of whether or not a particular zine from the past is/was overrated, I, at least, must ask, "overrated in relation to what? The standards its readers had for it at the time? The standards those who were not part of the inner circle may have had at the time? Or present day standards of fans who weren't even on the scene at the time?"

As to "...sloppy appearance, careless typography, and featuring nothing of any particular worth..." Its appearance was not much sloppier than most of the zines of the period (not all, certainly, but most of the ones I was familiar with). At least his mimeoing was legible. In those pre-Gestetnered days, discernable words on a mimeod page were muchly lauded. His "careless typography" was more than careless. It was done with complete abandon, and was entertaining in itself, to those of us who dug FV. Max's typography was considered as much a part of his fannish personality as Sneary's spelling was of his.

And "nothing of any particular worth..." is, as I stated above, a matter of worth to whom and when...? No particular worth to Marty Fleischman now, obviously. And perhaps of no particular worth to humanity as a whole, to generations to come, and to the world at large at the time of its publication. But still, highly entertaining to a few people at the time.

Which leaves us with the question "What will today's zines look like to fans a decade from now?" If the fans producing them are concerned with their lasting worth, it may be one thing. If the fans producing them are only concerned with the entertainment of themselves and their present readers, it may be another. ((It would be nice to strike a happy balance...-tw))

So...big deal...[Basement,

54 East 7th Street, New York 3, New York,

DON FRANSON

Dear Fanzine Editor Ted White . March, 1960  
✓ You sent me your fanzine, Void #19.

You are receiving this because:



✓ I liked it. Best item in the issue was: Open Letter to RAWL  
✓ I am swamped with uncommented-on fanzines at the moment.  
✓ Isn't this better than nothing? ((No. -gb))  
✓ Oh, well.  
I don't have time for any more checkmarks. ((There were thirteen other items, which we've spared you, loyal reader, all of them checked... This was a filled out carbon thing.)) [6543 Babcock Ave., N. Hollywood, California]

BILL DONAHO

Sanderson sent a one page rider for FANAC in answer to the GAMBITS, but Terry sent it back as it didn't address itself to the question at issue, but just made fun of you. ((He is referring to me, Ted White.)) That started a discussion between us about you.

I told him that you had once said, "Terry always supports me in everything important and puts me down in everything else."

"Did he say that? By Ghod, he's right!" The discussion went on as to why he put you down. Terry said that you were right most of the time, but so serious that you alienated people, like in the two GAMBIT's with FANAC in which you were mostly if not completely right, but who the hell was interested in reading four pages of micro-elite on the question, particularly in such a dead serious tone. It left you open for all kinds of things... ((Sigh\* Of course you're right, and with the invaluable aid of hindsight, I can see it myself. A pity I wasn't clairvoyant so's I could see enough into the future to gain a clearer perspective, eh? Well, I trust I've put a lot of that stuff behind me.-tw)) I said that I thought things like this happened because I didn't think you had any clear idea of what effect your writing was going to have on your audience (stylistic effect that is), that you were always trying to present your position and points as clearly and logically as possible without any reference to the reaction of your audience on any but a logical level. Or something like that. ((Right again, I'm afraid. This letter was printed so that Greg could append his own comments--Greg edits this column, you know.-tw))((I think you've hit it. The main reason people argue with Ted White is that they often refuse to recognize the main issues, but cling to some sidelight of the thing. It seems to me (me, Greg Benford, sitting on the sidelines as Inchmery fandom stumbles and gropes its way through its own opinions and Refutes Logic...but let's not get into that again) that most arguments with Ted have been differences of opinion which could not be resolved by argument alone, and these people have simply not allowed for differing viewpoint. As half of the editorial team here (hi, Boyd Raeburn!), I'd like VOID to be known as something other than a stamping ground for personal likes and prejudices, and the airing of same. I hope V from now on will not be a target for any animosities due to simple disagreement of viewpoint. Ghoddammit, if you don't like the way we look at things, give us some room for opinion; we'll try to do likewise. I hope this is all back issue material by now, and we'll hear no more of it, but I just wanted to Express Myself.-gb)) [1441 - 8th St., Berkeley 10, California]

HARRY WARNER

I didn't really expect to see another VOID, and I positively didn't hope that you'd perform the remarkable feat of putting out an issue after all this time that gives the impression of taking up where you'd left off. But you're still using GALAXY as a horrible example, still turning out the best layout in fandom, still managing to find at least one person to annihilate with a blast in each issue, and it makes me feel as if I were still back in the 1950's.

The postal guide is greatly appreciated. Lately I've been sending out non-FAPA copies of HORIZONS overseas at first class rates because of the varying opinions on cheaper rates that I was getting at the local post office. I'll try your calculations, and they'd better be right, because I'm going to refer the clerks to you if they claim differently. ((Refer them to the main Baltimore PO, where we got our info...-tw))

Nobody will decide whether FANVARIETY was a good fanzine until everyone decides what is meant by a good fanzine. It was juvenile, carelessly edited, occasionally vulgar, with atrocious illustrations. But it expressed the editor's personality, it had a supreme joie de vivre about it, and it was an important forerunner of the later trend to fandom for the sake of fandom. By my standards, it was a very good fanzine because it was fun to read and did no particular harm, two qualities which seem to me the most important good things that a fanzine can possess. [423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland]

STEVE STILES

You know, I fail to see how anyone can form a fandom centered around a circus; to me, the circus is a dying thing, replaced by tv and other more convenient medias of entertainment, and populated with seedy entertainers and weather-beaten equipment... The circus just ain't worth it.

I enjoyed "The Wailing Wall"... S.F. is going to pot...particularly ASTOUNDING; the artwork is incredibly bad. GALAXY, however, seems to be all right, perhaps because I've been steadily reading it, and thus have failed to notice



gradual changes. ((You can't understand circus fandom because the circus is dying? And you're a member of stf fandom? Don't look now, but... -gb)) [1809 Second Ave., N.Y. 28, N.Y.]

HAL SHAPIRO

I'm really not a good fanzine commentator in letters. I cannot bring myself to flay the zines to the editor. Specifically if I've met him or her. Now, when I write for publication, that's another matter. Although, I suppose, like others in fandom, my writings and deeds of derring do of five or six or seven years ago are forgotten by you. Or possibly never known. ((Nothing of the sort! I just recently reread the INVENTION Report, and I treasure the first two--were there others?--issues of ICE. -tw)) 'Tis a sad and lonely thing to be a fan who is trying to reenter fandom.

Harry Warner's item is excellent. I'm waiting for the day when he will turn out a piece which can be picked apart.

I shall have to reverse my thinking on TCarr. Not such a radical step when you realize that the last time I had a thought on TCarr was five or six or seven years ago. He has grown up, matured and all that sort of stuff, and developed, it seems, into a better writer and raconteur than even I. Which is none too good.

I did not receive my copy of THE BNF OF IZ! Of course, I have never heard of it prior to the mention on your bacover, nor have I paid for it. However, I'll take anything that anyone wants to give away. Just don't send anything COD or postage due, please. [2689 Clements Ave., Detroit 38, Michigan]

GEORGE SPENCER

You probably don't realize it, but you are committing one of the meanest, most subversive acts against society--namely, breaking the Don't Risk Offending Code. ((You're telling me?!-tw)) One of these days you're going to get a letter that goes something like this:

"Dear Sir: We here at the Tinker-Toy Mfg. Co. have noted with considerable alarm your continued use of our product's name in an unfavorable way. Specifically, 'Tinker-toy thinking.' We must remind you that such use will tend to give us a bad product-identification and will have a negative influence on the standard monthly consumer market-ratio in direct proportion to the cube root of the number of your readers. So cut it out, willya bud? Cordially, J.J.Kindheit, Head Tinker"

[8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Md.]

Maybe next issue we can catch up on letters... Well, here's the bit on why you're getting this:

- ☐ We trade (send us each a copy, thanks)
- ☐ You have something printed in this (☐ Egoboo)
- ☐ We still faunch for a(nother) contribution from you
- ☒ This is a complimentary copy (☐ For review)
- ☐ This is a sample copy--want more? Write
- ☐ You paid (☐ Your sub runs out thish)
- ☐ This is your last issue unless you do something



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