

VOID 22 PART 3

a copy), trade, contributions, or regular letters of comment. Subscribers get all three instalments (this being the third) of the Fifth Annish for their 25¢. British agent: RON BENNETT (7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks., England).

is edited by TED WHITE (107 Christopher St., New York 14, NY), GREG BENFORD (204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Oklahoma), and PETE GRAHAM (who is c/o Ted White until he gets moved), and published by the venerable QWERTYUIOPress. As always, VOID is available for cash (25¢ or 1/-

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EARL KEMP WANTS TO KNOW



BY PETE GRAHAM

"I entered a dream world when I was five," I said. The fire cracked once and subsided. Lupoff noted all this down on a scrap of paper which was used later to kindle the fire again. "When", he asked Noreen Shaw, "did you discover the world of fantasy? Earl Kemp wants to know."

With lighthearted wit and good humor the questioning travelled around the room. Earl Kemp seems to have sent out a questionnaire, a poll of some kind, in an attempt to find out what is a fan... and why. A meeting of the Fanoclasts seemed destined to provide the answer. We answered all the questions--"Were your parents fans? Why? When did you discover fandom? Why? Were you an only child? Why?--but, as I say, the answers are lost forever. Poor old Earl Kemp.

"Fanoclasts", said Bob Silverberg when he came in. "Fanoclasts. That's an inferior name." Bill Meyers, who had created it, looked up. "But we decided that the common denominator of all of us at the first meeting was our, ah, iconoclasticism." "It's an etymologically inferior name," said Bob Silverberg. "You're not fan-breakers." Bill cocked his head to one side, nodded and went back to reading the first Fanoclast report.

Ted White had put out the first Fanoclast report. He had also put out the previous mimeo'd invitations to this new New York club. After the second meeting I said to him, "Ted White". (for that was his name) "it is time to put out the second Fanoclast report." "We do not exist for the purpose of putting out Fanoclast reports!" he yelled at me. I pondered that for a moment and, though he was already holding his head in realization of what he'd done, asked him, "What...um, what is the purpose of the club then?"

"You're not very au courant", he said, and went back to stencilling the 8th Cult fractional he'd put out since FR #89.

Now, only a week before in the Lupoff's living room it was Ted White who was tied to a marshallow fork in the center of the living room while the two Lupoffs, Sylvia and I had danced a strange tribal dance around him chanting "Honi soit qui mal y pense! Honi soit qui mal y pense!" He had never heard of the French phrase before. So I thought his telling me that I wasn't au courant was a bit up-stageish. "Droit de seigneur", I said to him. "Noblesse oblige." He tore a gash in his stencil.

Besides, I was feeling a bit defensive. He actually had a point on me, since a few minutes before I had been reading the Detention program booklet and on seeing a Bjo for Taff ad had accidentally said "When will Bjo make the trip, anyhow? When is the Loncon?" Ted and Sylvia danced another dance around their cat and doubled over in laughter. Ignoring this display of risible gymnastics, I corrected myself and made clear I was well aware the Taff campaign was long over and

even though I had been out of general fandom for two years I was well aware that she was back by now.

But I was speaking of the second Fanoclast meeting. The Fanoclasts, as organized, is a New York club for fanzine fans. "A fanzine fan," said my co-editor Ted White in VOID 14, "is someone who has enough interest in--" Stop.

Let's say that again. Roll it around on the tongue. "'A fanzine fan', said my co-editor Ted White..." Why, that's fantastic. "My co-editor Ted White." Why, Terry, think what a hilarious joke that would have been in 1958! To think that today Ted and I are, in all seriousness, cooperating to put out this fanzine VOID after all the past years of Berkeley-White unhappiness. Why, if you'd humorously alluded to such a possibility two years ago, who knows what my humorous reaction might have been? I would have hit you on the head.

"A fanzine fan", said my co-editor Ted White in VOID 14, "is someone who has enough interest in science fiction or allied subjects to verbalize about it. He doesn't necessarily publish a fanzine, but he reads them, writes letters to them, and almost inevitable contributes to them." (Think how much work Earl Kemp and breathless fandom would have been saved if he had read VOID 14.)

And the Fanoclasts is a club for fanzine fans. These hyper fanzine fans talk about jazz and they talk about science fiction. We talk about the Green Lantern comic book and the Jade Lantern Chinese restaurant. We talk about Adkins-art in Amazing and we talk about the Bortalino we drink at the meetings, but the one thing we don't talk about is fanzines. At the last meeting, as a matter of fact, Barbara Silverberg made clear she had never read a fanzine through.

These are the fans, as a matter of fact, who sat around one night making up a new comic book character. He's called Captain Capitalism. In real life he's merely a lowly bank messenger, but when he wants to turn into his other self he says the magic word "Mazuma!" He has a dollar sign on his chest and he wears a green cloak, and...

You wanted to know, Earl Kemp. You wanted to know.

WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

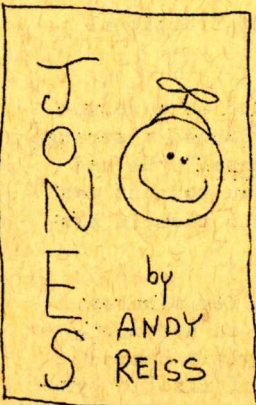
As the GAMBIT 37 circulated with the last section of this issue of VOID told you, I am now co-editing this hyper fanzine, along with White and Greg Benford, who at this writing doesn't know it yet. What he has to say will be disregarded in the traditional spirit of good fannish fun. Actually even though VOID is beginning to take on some aspects of being Published-by-Committee, I think we can all satisfy ourselves in putting the magazine out. Greg has so far seemed happy with what his role has been (I wish it would be larger), Ted of course has played the major role and made the most impress on the magazine in the most recent issues, and I expect to make my presence known in various ways.

The last genzine I had anything to do with was 5 or 6 years ago. I've been involved in Berkeley fandom in one or another ways since then, though, and in FAPA through all that period, including the last two years when I've done nothing in fandom but minimal FAPActivity. The worm has turned, though (as they say); and here I am.

Welcome to VOID, everybody. And you too, Hugo Gernsback.

--Pete Graham

VOID, the national image fanzine



I'M AN OMPA WAITING-LISTER, A SAPS WAITING-LISTER, A CULT WAITING-LISTER, AND A N'APA WAITING-LISTER.



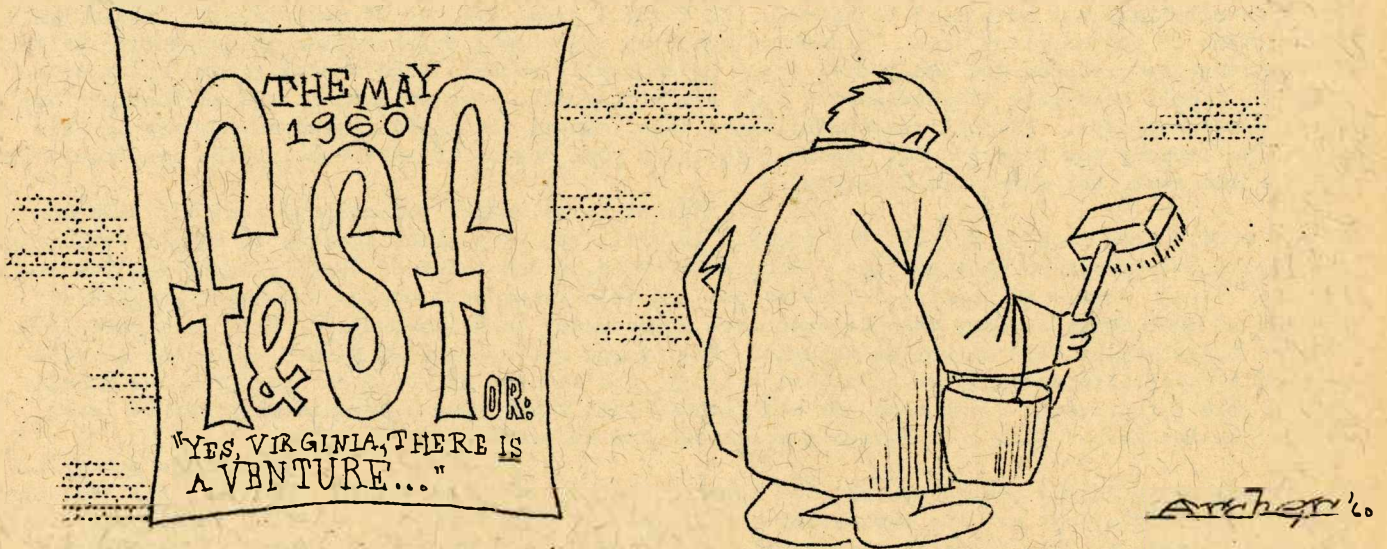
I WRITE LETTERS AND PUBLISH FANZINES FOR EACH MAILING, AS WELL AS A GENZINE.



I BET I'M MORE ACTIVE THAN THE ACTIVE MEMBERS!

Pete 6/5

THE WAILING WALL- by John Champion



I have always admired F&SF for two reasons: its quality, and almost as important, its undeniable variety when compared to the products of Campbell and Gold. Unfortunately the May 1960 issue isn't a good example of either, but it does clearly show how the magazine has changed under Mills, into a loose blending of the old F&SF and VENTURE. I preferred things when the two were separate, but c'est la prozine, as the saying goes.

This issue has six short stories which don't require too much comment, and a 45-page novelet by Philip Jose Farmer which veritably screams to be reviewed; most of this will deal with it, then. Not only is it probably the most noticeable thing Mills has given us since "Starship Soldier", but also, like the Heinlein story, it can be criticized in just about every way possible (not necessarily hostile ways, I might add). First, though, to the others:

"The Oldest Soldier" (Fritz Leiber) and "The Man From Tomorrow" (Fred McMorrow) open with similar situations, but develop in rapidly diverging manners. Leiber's deals with some vague but believable galactic intrigue, on a small-scale and in the author's generally strong style. It's not outstanding, but skilfully done; and is much the better of the two. McMorrow, alas, has just whipped off another goddam bar story, with highly stereotyped characters and an obvious ending. It's also far too long for its climax. Both of these suffer a bit from appearing in a sfzine; elsewhere it wouldn't be so foreseeable that the apparent mental cases will turn out to be fantasy types. Of course, who else would buy them?

"American Plan" (Rex Lardner) pulls a switch on the theme of the tourist who misses the comforts of America, with a scene set on Mars. Had the situations been more alien, it would have helped; as it is, familiarity makes for lack of science-fiction. The story is minor, but enjoyable, and has a rather deft ending.

"The Tender Age" (John Collier) is a reprint from The New Yorker; offered sans quotation marks, and even character separation by paragraphing. This makes it a bit hard to read, but seems to somehow blend nicely with the theme. (It's all dialogue, by the way.) The title is a typical Collier touch; it means nothing until the end and then rounds the whole thing off neatly. By skilful underplaying the author avoids making the ending too obvious, and his writing is up to his usual high level.

"One on Trial" (Gordon R. Dickson) has only a single character, and not a very humanistic one. After a fast-paced and tightly constructed development, the usual trite ending would have fallen flat; thankfully it is avoided and the non-hero comes through his difficulties without a scratch, so to speak. Not too new, but well worth reading.

"A Specimen for the Queen" (Arthur Porges) is reminiscent of much of Sheckley's work in Galaxy:

smooth, light and amusing, with a bang-up ending. The aliens are supposed to be beelike, but they are thinking creatures; earthly bees are definitely not. But this can be ignored, and while I didn't believe a word of the story, it was fun.

Here it is, kiddies, the story you've all been waiting for: Philip Jose Farmer's "Open To Me, My Sister". Unlike the Ellison school, smart money says that Farmer writes from his id. The guts involved were those necessary to print the story most likely. It has also seemed at times as if Philip were striving for a reputation as a taboo-breaker, and this story is certainly his strongest claim yet to such a name. While it tastefully avoids cannibalism, not much else is spared. In fact, a great deal of it deals purely in sex, in a highly basic if rather slimy form. A dash of what you might call interstellar miscegenation (although no offspring are produced and the sexual event never really occurs) adds a nice touch, and a scene where the female lead gets slapped around tops everything off, even if such things as the last are rather passe nowadays. I would mention religion also, except that it's played down a bit in this story. How touchy you find it will depend largely on your degree of tolerance. (The same could be said for the rest, but much more strongly)

It strikes me as rather unfortunate that all this sex doesn't really have much to do with the story. In fact, two very minor changes in detail would make it entirely extraneous to what happens. Because of this, I can think of three reasons for its inclusion: first, merely as padding. This is not the only thing that could be considered padding, as there is much other biology that is even more unnecessary to the narration, but I'm purposely going to forget about such an unkind thought. The second reason is that Farmer wanted to do some supposedly scientific speculation about e-t biology, and thought it would be nice if he were paid for it. The third reason I can name but not fathom; that would take a psychiatrist, or at least somebody better versed than I in Farmer's conscious and unconscious desires.

But before going on, and to break my possibly unkind remarks for a while, let us talk about sex. That is, the type practiced by the Eeltau, who are the extrasolar race involved. First of all, a bit of terminology is necessary. There are two types of reproduction found on Earth: asexual and sexual. The asexual type includes fission, budding and spores; and the biological processes involved are essentially the same as in any form of growth. The sexual type is accomplished by union of the egg and sperm, or gametes, to form a zygote which develops into an embryo, and eventually becomes adult. Gametes are produced by a type of cell division called meiosis, and are the only cells so produced. All other cells divide by the process of mitosis, and asexual reproduction may be included here (admittedly, this becomes rather hazy in some of the lower plants, such as algae, which have life cycles in which the adult plant can act as a gamete, but such adults are still produced by meiosis; at any rate, I am talking about highly evolved organisms and my remarks had best be taken as applying only to such).

These two types appear in several ways. Some organisms are purely asexual, others use both methods. Sexual animals are generally broken down into two more groups: hermaphrodites, where all individuals have both male and female organs which function; and the bisexual ones, where the two sexes are distinct (remember, an animal can be sexual but have only one sex). Parthogenesis is a variant; it is basically an asexual method that appears in bisexual animals. Forget about it.

The importance of the sexual method is that it is what has made most evolution possible. Mutation is the basic factor, true; but it is made "effective" by sexual reproduction. Asexual animals and plants evolve immensely slowly, and it's not too surprising that all the higher forms of life use the sexual method. There other advantages of sex (and a lot of them have nothing to do with sensualism) but this is the main one from a scientific viewpoint. It appeared, very roughly, about two billion years ago, and since that time no major changes in it have occurred, not even in methods of fertilization.

Now as to the Eeltau, they are sexual reproducers, but cannot be called either hermaphroditic or bisexual. They are all "females", and they produce only one type of gamete, the ovum. But new Eeltau are produced by fusion of two ova, so they are hermaphrodites of a sort. They also have a larval stage, which metamorphoses into a humanoid child. Eeltau life cycles and method of fertilization are inseparable, as the larva is involved in the latter. Here's how: two adults and a larva are necessary. The adults sit around fondling and kissing each other just like we do (or the Lesbians among us) and this excites both them and the larva. After a time it picks up an ovum from one and then the other, entering via the respective mouths, a happy orgasm is had by all, and the wormlike larva goes on doing this until it collects 30 or so pairs of eggs. Then it metamorphoses; the resulting child grows to puberty (at 14 years, oddly enough), and now and not before this do any of the egg pairs fuse. But now one pair does; a new larva is produced and vomited up in birth, and so it goes. As you might say, it's different at least. Farmer's description is more colorful, but the above is all that's involved.

And so, let us turn to the story, such as it is. Lane, the hero, is on the first Mars expedition (from Earth, of course). He and four others leave the main ship, which remains in orbit, and set up a base camp. The other four promptly and mysteriously disappear while out exploring, so he goes off to look for them. And, of course, finds out the truth by falling into the same amoebic quicksand. Well, he gets rescued by an Eeltau, Martia by name, who is

highly humanoid and quite feminine. She shows him all around the place, including the Martian wildlife, and so gives us all the details of Martian and Eeltau biology. These details go on for quite a while, but nothing much else, except Lane sort of falls in love with her.

What's she doing there in the first place? Well, the Eeltau have been Looking At Us for quite a spell, from this Martian base, but all her companions were killed and she's been sitting around, waiting for home to send a ship to pick her up. Now it seems that among Martians, the males are highly ferocious critturs, and very dangerous. And one of them got loose a while back, and when the smoke cleared away, all Martia's companions were dead, along with the male Martian. Of course, this was the first type of male she had ever seen (the same appears to be true for other Eeltau). The Martians are bisexual, of course, and they copulate (I refuse to tell how); and when Lane strips down to shower, the girl suddenly realizes what he is. It's quite a shock, but she gets over it... Well, eventually our hero remembers he has to report back, and now he's in a fine fix. Because the Eeltau don't want Us to know about them, Martia probably wouldn't let him get away, and anyway, he's rather fond of her by now. But then there's loyalty to Homo Sapiens to consider; he's not a misanthrope. What happens? Does he remain loyal to his kind? Does he forsake humanity for a strange planet and its strange women? What will our hero do next in this thrilling drama of action and sex on uncharted worlds?

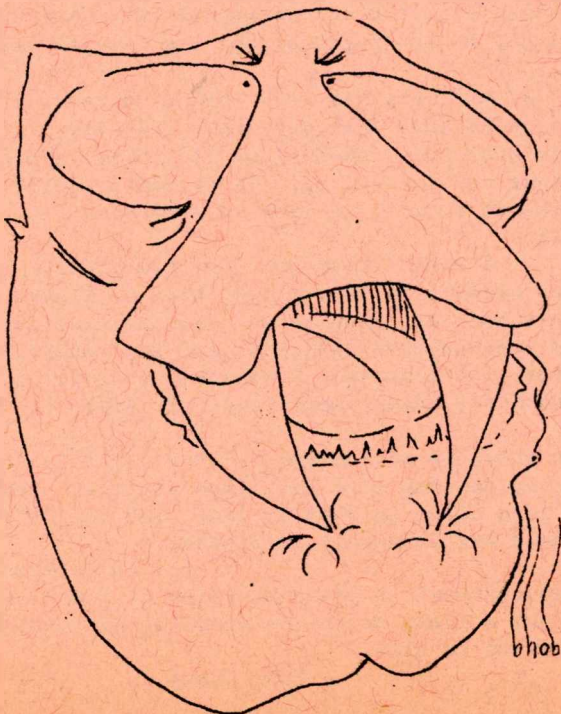
You wouldn't believe it, friends. But remember now, this is a typical Venture story (in case you hadn't guessed). Think about it--what would you do on the Planet of Virgins? What will Lane do with Martia, she who lacks breasts and resembles a store-window mannikin in the pubic region (a fact brought out explicitly more than once)?

Well, naturally, he seduces her. I told you this was a typical Venture story. Actually it's all a vile scheme; he couldn't go through with it even if he wanted to. But he gives her the eye, and Martia must have hot pants for him, because she toddles right over with her friendly larva. The fiend has her just where he wants her now, and so with a stomp of the foot and a judo chop to the neck he disposes of the pair. Now the full realization of what she wanted to do sweeps over Lane like a wave of feces, and his nobility vanishes in clouds of black hatred. To cut this colorful prose short, he's just about to make sure she stays unconscious for a while by using her sten-gun on her, when the gods step out of the machine. That is, her Eeltau friends come to pick her up.

Lane wakes up on their ship to find his sins forgiven, but they're still not letting him go. And so as their rocket vanishes into the Stygian depths of space, Lane feels unspeakable terror growing within him, and your noble critic, confused by the ambiguity of this terror, couldn't care less.

Now, I fear, I must say a lot more unkind things. Since the biological details are blurbed (and probably meant in part) as that backstay of science-fiction, wonderful scientific speculation, a scientific critique of it seems only seems fair. I have no quarrel with the Martian ecology presented; while complex, it's certainly possible. As for the Eeltau, my succinct professional opinion as a third-year biology student is a loud "bah!" Let us consider

something: the number of individuals needed to effect a fertilization. Asexual animals don't fertilize anyway, but only one is needed, which makes it simple. Hermaphrodites occasionally fertilize themselves, but usually it takes two. These two can be any two individuals, of course (well, in most cases; some of them alternate their sex). Bisexual types also need two, but each must be of a certain type. You need no skill to see that two random hermaphrodites are twice as likely to be able to breed as two random bisexual cratures. The Eeltau, however, need three. Two can be identical, which helps, but the chances of three random individuals being able to reproduce is still lower than with humans. This doesn't help their survival potential any, considering how hard it is for most animals to maintain the species. Overpopulation problems are much less common than underpopulation ones, for organisms as a whole. In addition, the problem of infant mortality enters. For the Eeltau this includes both larvae and pre-puberty "adults", and the death of an infant will have far more serious effects for the Eeltau but thirty more, and makes just that many less larvae around when the desire arises to breed. And the complication of the method itself doesn't help any; in primitive days, there's no reason why having a wormlike crea-



ture crawl into your mouth wouldn't likely bring in hostile bacteria, viruses, etc. The idea of a newly-formed embryo trying to survive in a stomach is amusing, considering the hostility of said organ to all forms of protein.

But what if the infant mortality rate were low, due to a lack of disease? Then, of course, we have the overpopulation problem to worry about. And although the author doesn't say so, it would seem that each Eeltau will produce about thirty offspring during her life, which means infant mortality is necessary to control the number of people, but then...

No, people; I don't think it will fly at all. Considering the simplicity of sex, and its efficiency, there is no reason to believe that evolution on the Eeltau planet would ever have gone any further, and I find this three-member method very improbably to have ever occurred at all, much less be the reproductive way of the dominant species. Dysfunction exists in humans, but not of a major sort. The other problems are not easily ignored, either. Granting the evolution of the method, it's still unlikely that the Eeltau would ever develop civilization, let alone starships.

Of course, you can always solve the problem as Lane does (it does bother him a bit, although not for any reason in particular) by attributing the whole mess to the unknowable ways of God. So all right, but that hardly makes it very scientific.

As to literary qualities, while the narration is usually good, the construction is not. There are too many devices used; in fact, almost everything that happens is a device. Consider: Martia's inexplicable susceptibility to Lane, when she has never seen a human male before, and in fact the only males she has seen are not of the sort to arouse any sexual feeling in her. Even if she were a deviate (and nothing is brought out to say so) sexual deviation is a developed taste. I fear that her only reason for such action is that Philip Jose decided to write things that way. Even granting a Platonic love affair, there is no reason why sex should enter the picture. Nor is there any reason why Lane should decide to use this scheme, instead of saving himself much anguish by getting her in her sleep, except that it makes things more exciting (or disgusting, if you like). He had decided to be loyal to humanity long enough before this that surely he would have taken advantage of some superior chances that did exist. His scheme is also rather inconsistent with his characterization as a peace-loving humane person. I fear the tinkertoys in this story are getting more apparent. When the remarkable coincidence of the Eeltau arriving just as things are worst for Martia occurs, I can't really think of much to say, except again "Why, for God's sake?" Why not earlier, when they wouldn't have seen Lane in such unfavorable circumstances? Why not later, when he'd be gone with his captive, and they'd probably assume Martia had died also after calling for help? It all works out with precision that I doubt even Hitchcock could achieve...but you expect more than pure vicarious thrills from a story like this (anyway, there aren't enough to satisfy even a rather placid 13-year-old).

Characterization for Martia is little or none; admittedly her lack of English doesn't help. But considering that she was supposed to be observing Earth, how come she can't speak any of the languages? Her rescuers can, sure enough. As for Lane, introspection is about the only method used on him, and this is not much different from the Omniscient Author, a person in rather low esteem these days. (The introduction of scientific details by having one character tell them to another, for pages on end, is also a bald-faced evasion. It may be interesting, but its lack of relation to the story makes it more to be censured than pitied.)

If all this sex were worked in as an integral part of the story, it would pass easily; but maybe it would have been too taboo that way. I'd also excuse the flaws in it if it weren't for the possibility that some non-thinker will raise the cry of smut, a situation I do not at all want to happen, ridiculous as it would be. It wouldn't excite anybody sexually, but their morals are another question. Like it or not, we have to live with it, and subtlety is often a good policy for other reasons as well.

I wish I knew more Freudian theory than I do, because I can see a large number of rather obvious symbols in this story, even if I have only the vaguest idea what they mean. For instance: Martia's lack of external sex characteristics; Lane's near-destruction by sinking into the mire; the Eeltau reproductive method in all its detail, the qualities of Martian males, etc. Some of it may be deliberate, but I doubt. I will say no more, but it still bothers me...to malquote MacDuff, "'twas from its author's id/untimely ripped." Maybe it should have stayed in longer.

To conclude all this (and one possible virtue may be that I rarely find this much to say about a story) I can best describe the tale by calling it a brilliant failure. Brilliant often in the writing, and in what it tries to do; a failure often in what it does, and how it's put together. I neither liked it nor disliked it, but at least was immensely intrigued.

As an afterthought, I chortled long and loud over Hilbert Schenck's "Wockyjabber", a brandonization of Lewis Carroll into higher mathematics; and there are also a demon knight column, an Asimov article, and another lesser but still good poem. Mel Hunter's cover is best described as blah.

- John Champion

EQUATION II#2: Paul Stanbery, 1317 N. Raymond Ave., Pasadena 3, California; 28pp, mimeod, dittoed or something; 5¢ or trade/comment/contribution, and not worth it. ** I have difficulty in looking at this long enuf to even think about reviewing it. I am croggled. After sludging thru the incredibly bad repro, layout, et al, not to mention illustrations of a quality unseen in years, I am happy to report that none of you who were unable to get this issue are missing a thing --the contents are entirely unworthy of the low quality of duplication they received. ** For once we'll forego any rating.

RETROGRADE #3, May 1960: Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn; 10pp mimeod; trade/comment. ((The title has since changed to DISCORD -tw)) ** This issue contains a few comments, a review of the FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS, and a column by Jim Harmon, of which the review is by far the most interesting and makes several very good points. Boggs continues to be one of the most stimulating writers in fandom, and any of his zines are well worth obtaining. ** Material- 6-1/2; Appearance-5; Personality- lively.

HOCUS #13: Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Avenue, Millburn, N.J.; 56pp mimeod; 15¢ or trade/contribution. ** This issue is twice the size of HOCUS #12 (it's Deckinger's first annish) and, unfortunately, contains twice as much material which should never have been printed. In fact, Deckinger, not contented with bad material submitted to him, has actually reprinted several pieces better left buried. ** There are three pieces of interest in H 13, totalling 15pp, and these, together with the letter column (21pp) would have made an adequate issue without the addition of 20pp of pure crud. These three items are: a rather pedestrian, but interesting, review of the film On The Beach by Deckinger; a little rambling piece on the Notting Hill area by Arthur Sellings (the only fault of which was brevity--I for one could have used several more pages of this); and a story by Edward Ludwig. The Ludwig story is fanzine fiction of the traditional type: a fantasy which while not of pro quality, is interesting and the sort of thing which was published when fandom was still to some extent regarded as a training-ground for pros. ** One of the reprint articles is by Bob Silverberg, and was possibly worth printing, but hardly worthy of reprinting. The rest of the issue is undistinguished, sports poor illos, and very poor (tho legible) mimeoing. The number of typos would probably be inexcusable to anyone except so poor a typist as myself. ** Material- 3; Appearance- 3; Personality- like the poorer fmz of the late '40's and early '50's.

POLHODE #2: Ed Meskys, 723A - 45th St., Brooklyn 20, N.Y.; 20pp mimeod and dittoed; 10¢ or trade/comment/contribution; free thru NCAPA. ** This issue of POLHODE has abominable repro, altho Meskys seems to be improving. The most annoying thing about it is the multiple-continuation of stories--jumps are excusable in promaga (tho lamentable), but there is no excuse for two jumps on a short fanzine piece. Meskys seems to be frightened by white space. ** The contents vary from interesting to ridiculous. Ed's comments on the IES, the condensation of deCamp's speech at the Phillycon and Art Rapp's article on the economics of subzines are all of some interest, but the rest of the issue is an ill-calculated miss-mash. Jean Bogert's disconnected column on horror movies was a particularly glaring example of what happens when people with neither talent nor (apparently) intelligence turn their hands to writing. If Meskys dropped this sort of thing in favor of more articles like Rapp's, plus an expanded letter column (this issue had one letter, altho 4 others were received), POLHODE might acquire some quality. As it is, I don't see why anyone would read it except for review purposes. ** Material- 3; Appearance- 3; Personality- incoherent.

DUBIOUS 1#1: A.J. Budrys, 631 Second Ave., Long Branch, N.J.; 6pp mimeod; free; copyrighted, by ghod! ** This is one of those pleasant little oddities which sometimes pop out of FAPA (in this case, FAPA's waiting-list), consisting of pleasant reminiscing and comments by Budrys, most of which I find interesting, as I expect you will too. Budrys is a Writer. ** Material- 8; Appearance- 5; Personality- pleasant and engrossing. ((DUBIOUS is a general circulation zine, not an apazine. -tw)) As usual, rating run from 1 (horrible) to 10 (excellent). Due to the time lapse, these reviews are dated.

BRICKS from a GLASS HOUSE

FANZINE REVIEWS BY

TOM

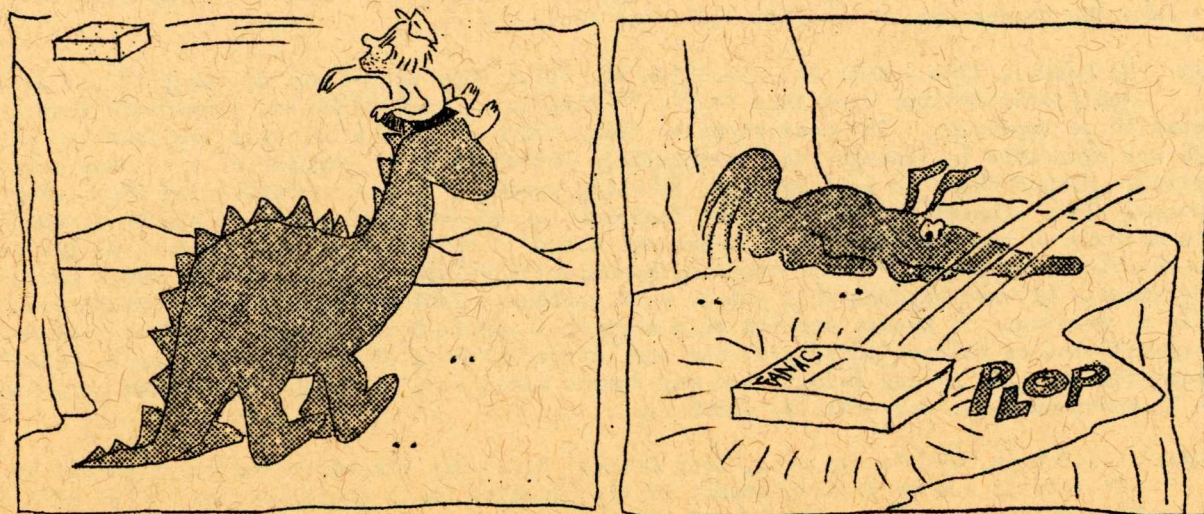
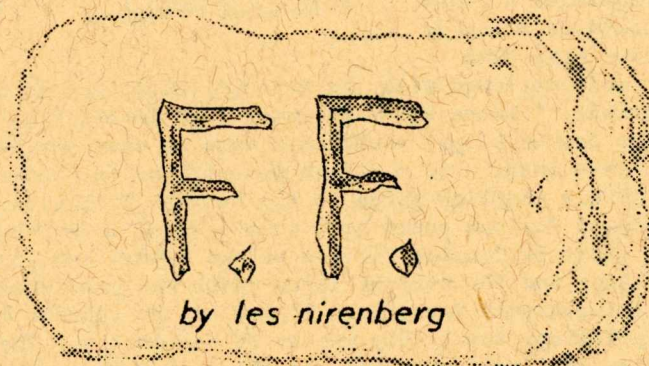
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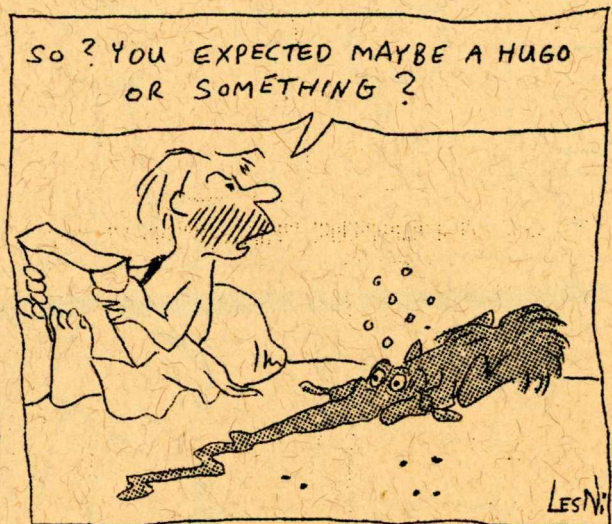
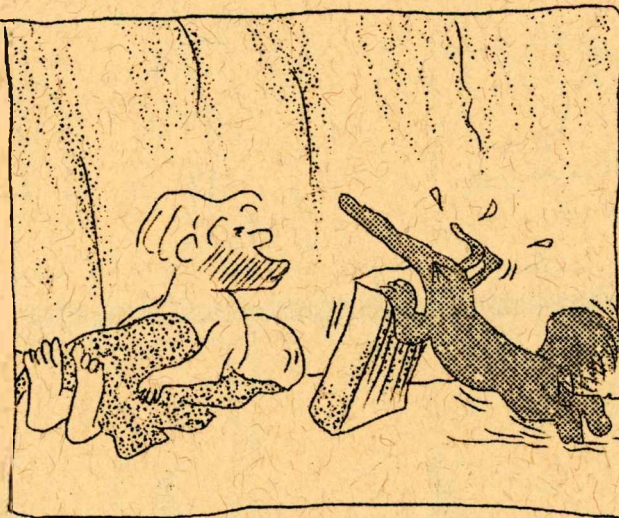
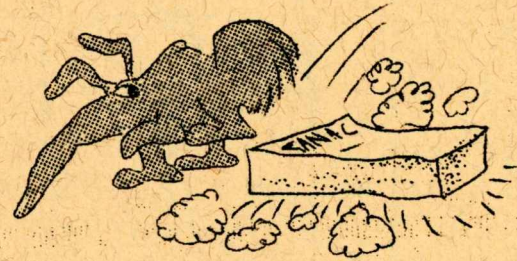
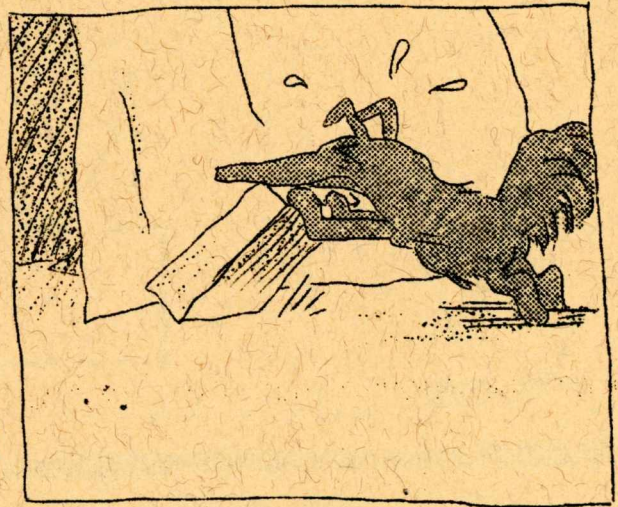
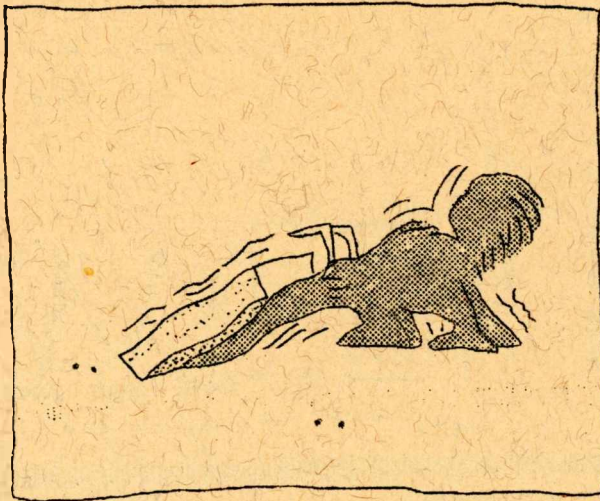


COMIC SUPPLEMENT DEPT.: Manfully resisting the urge to title this section "SHMUCK - THE COMIC MONTHLIER" (a pun suggested by an individual who shall remain nameless, if only in the interests of preserving his own reputation), we hereby present seven pages of scintillating cartoons and comic strips . . .

void's SURPRISE SECTION

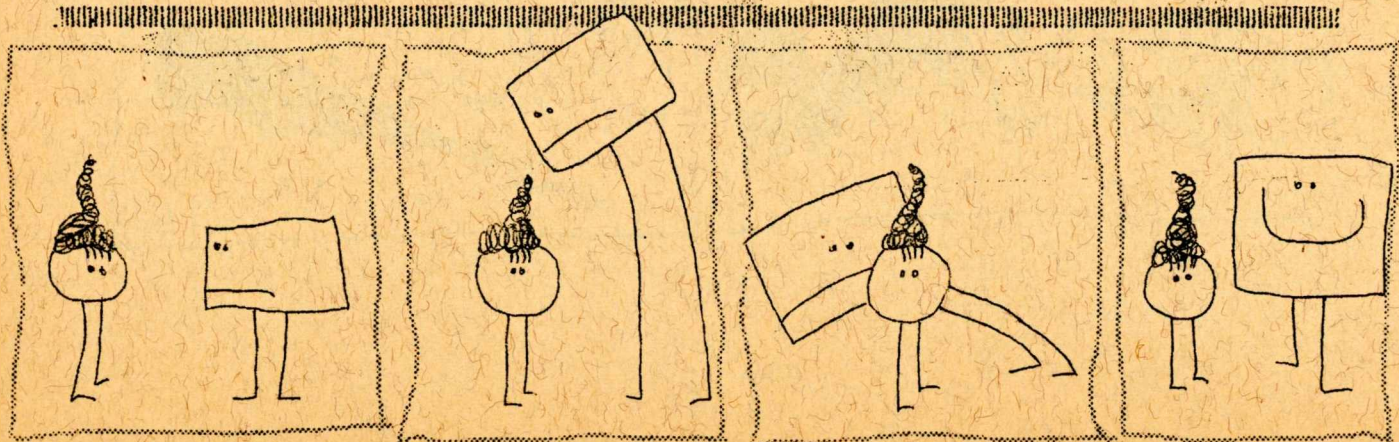
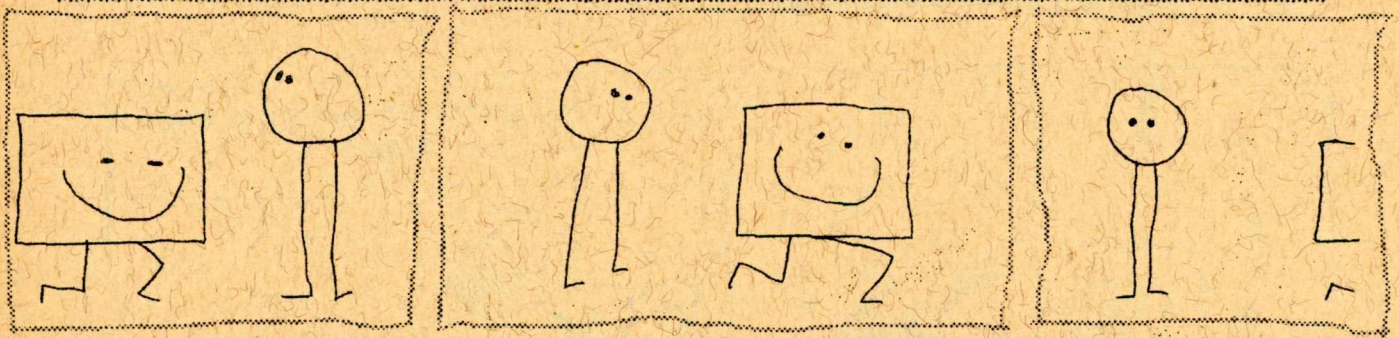
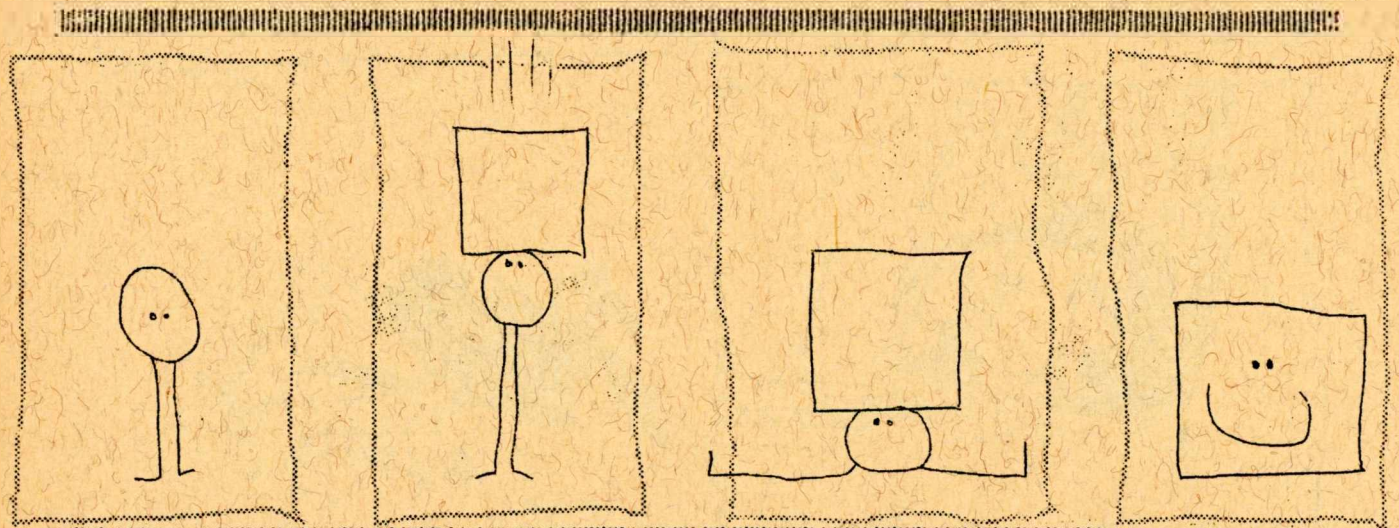
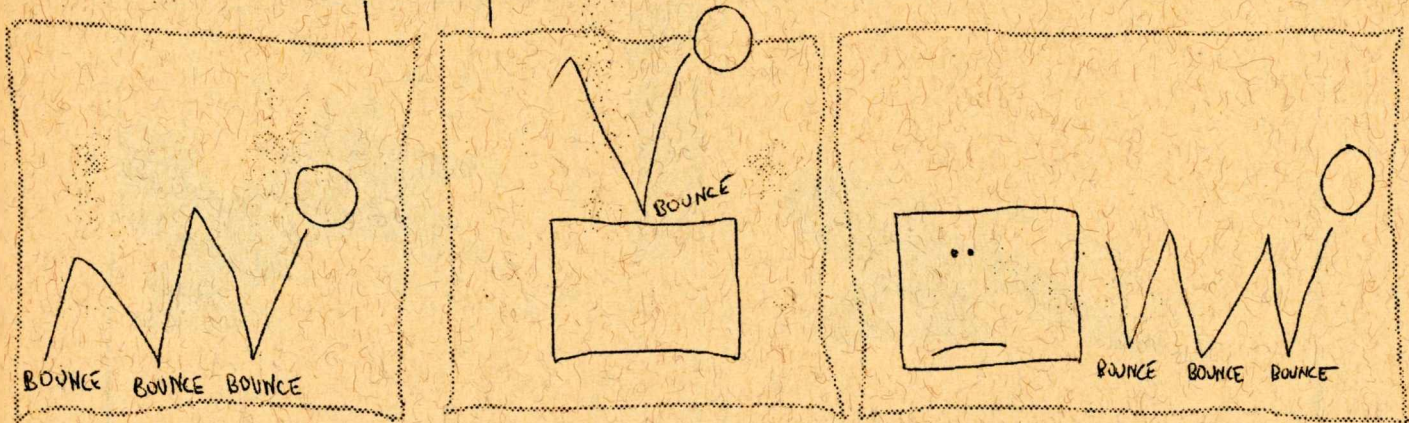
F(irst) F(andom) by Les Nirenberg MISS HILL by Les Gerber & Ted White
DIG (Surrealist Cartoons) by Andy Reiss JONES by Andy Reiss

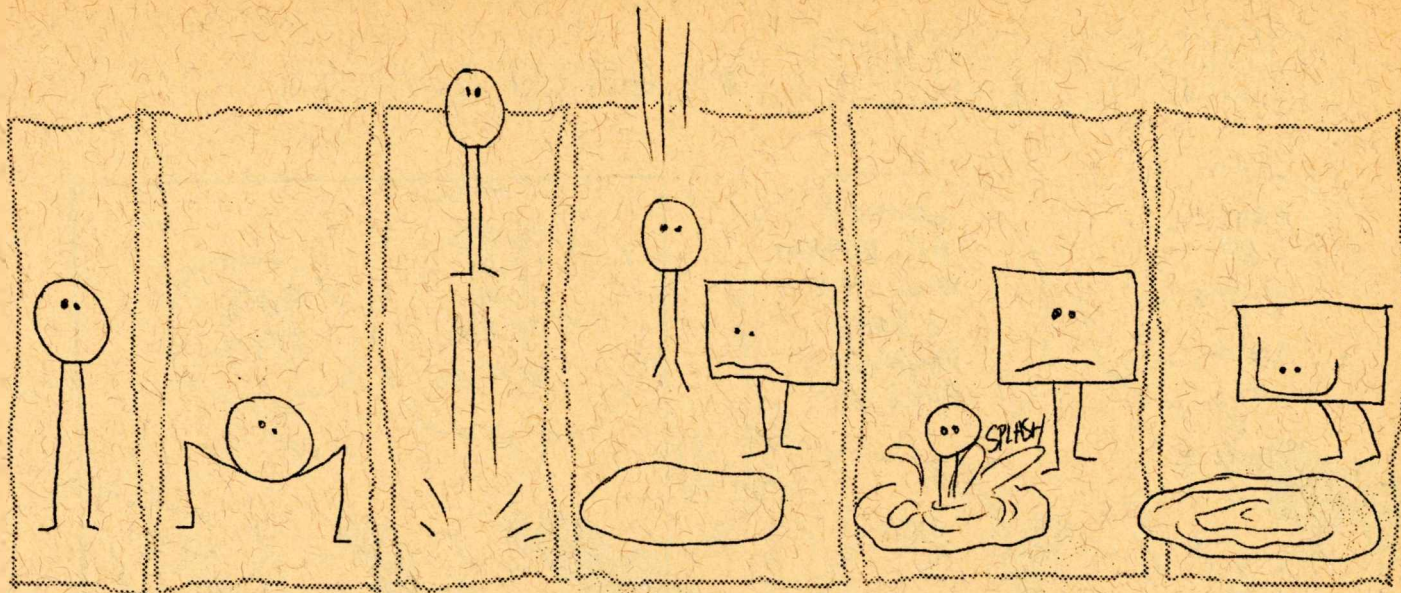




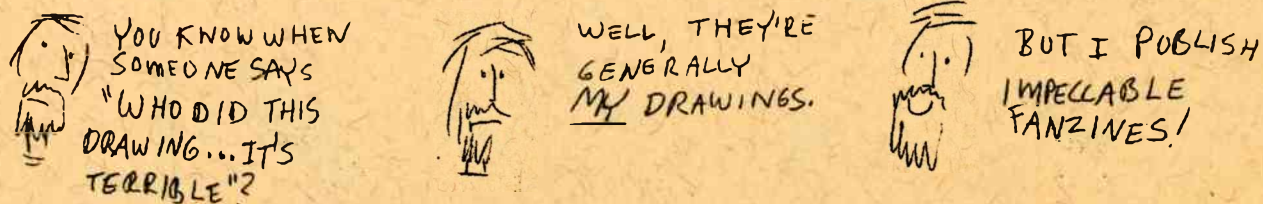
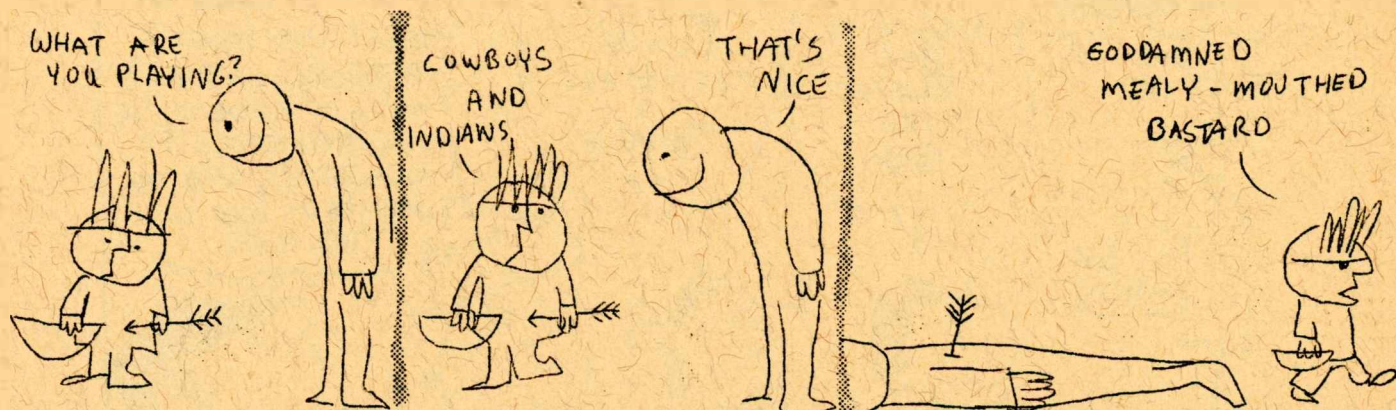
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DIG by ANDY REISS

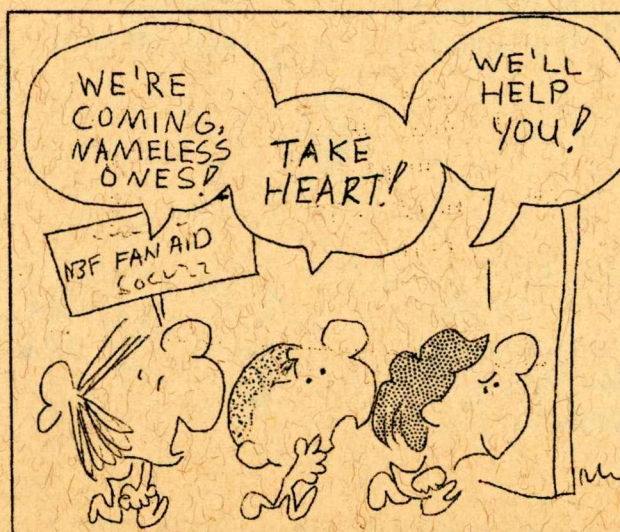
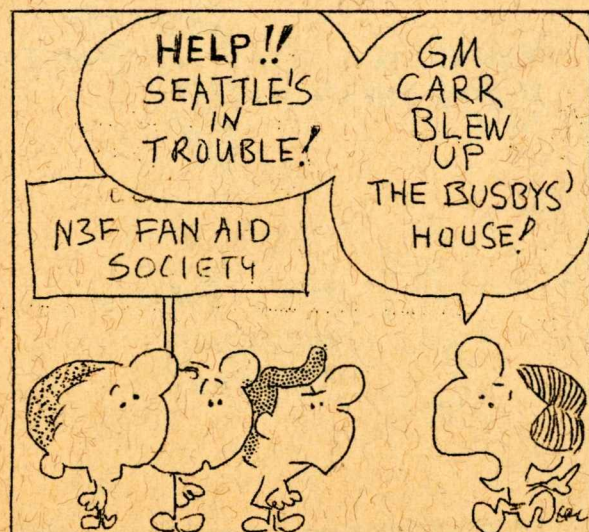
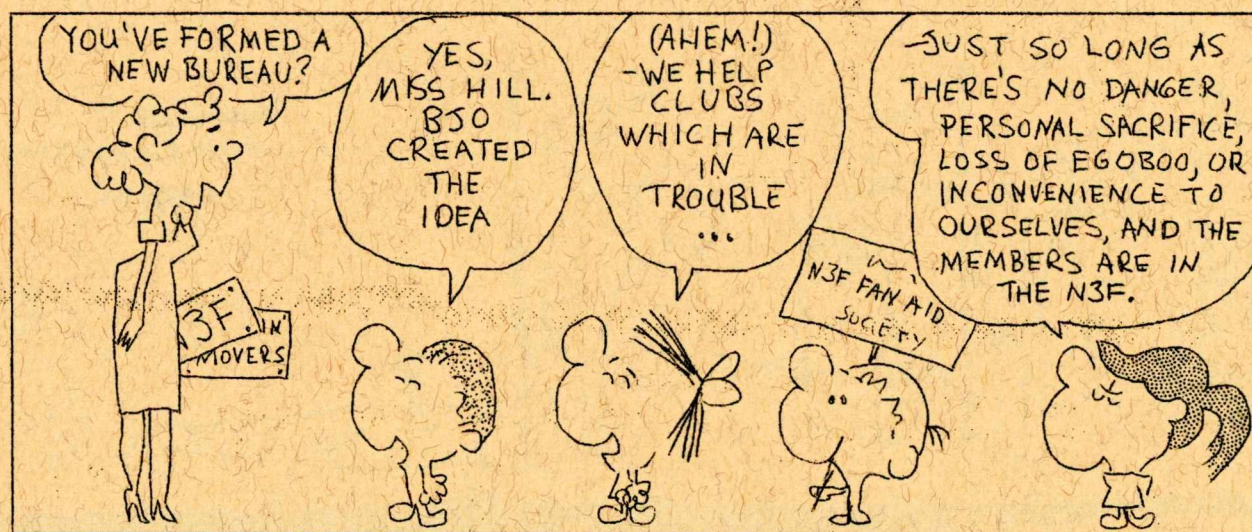
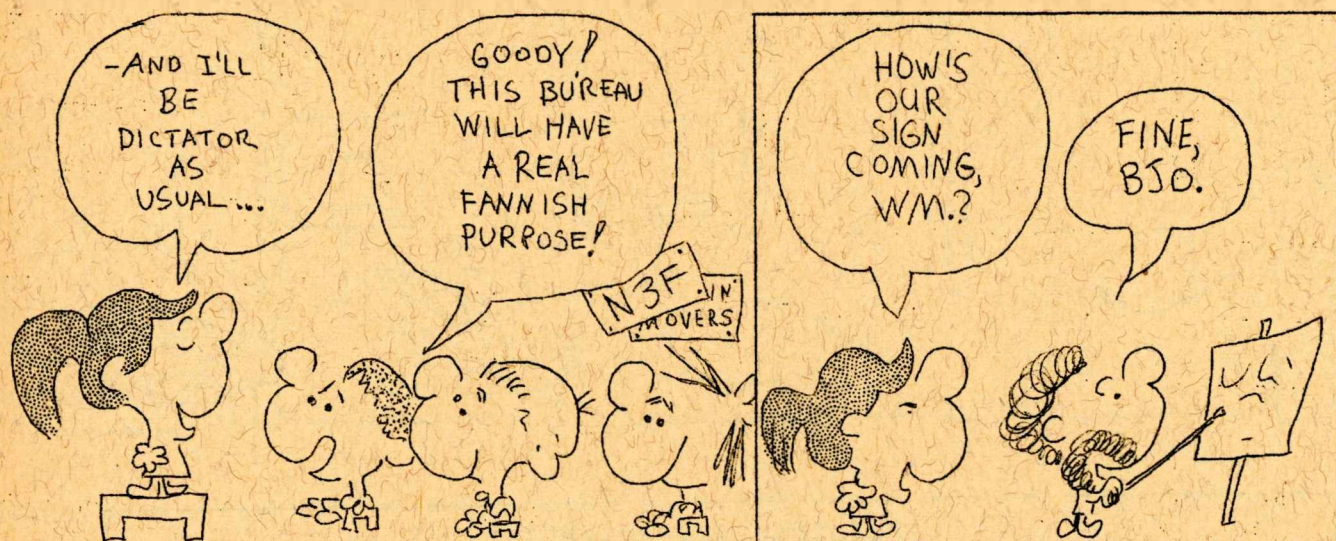


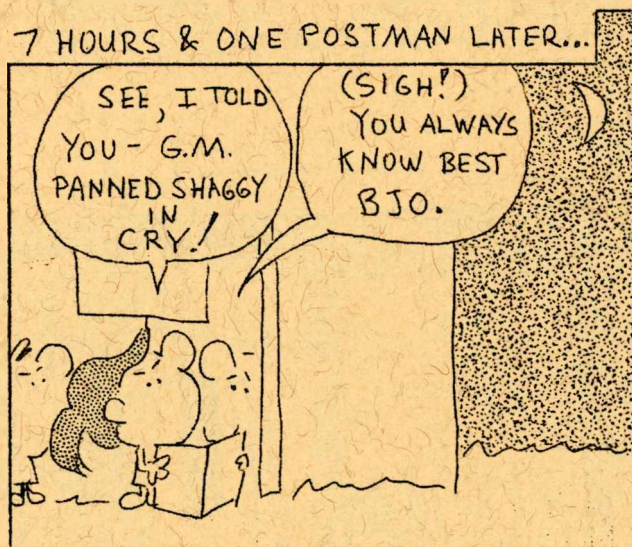
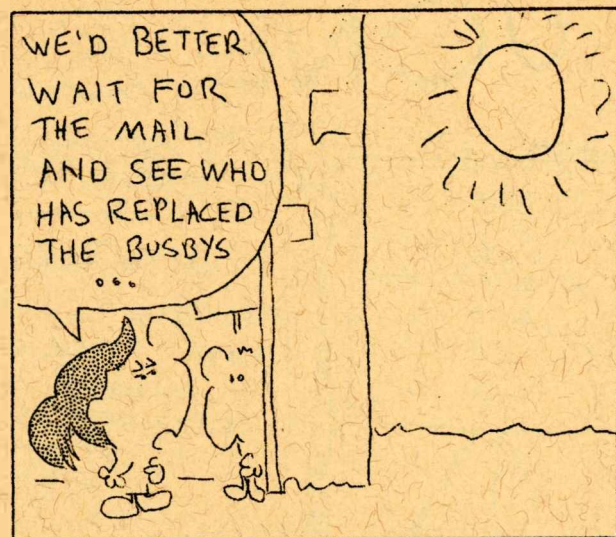
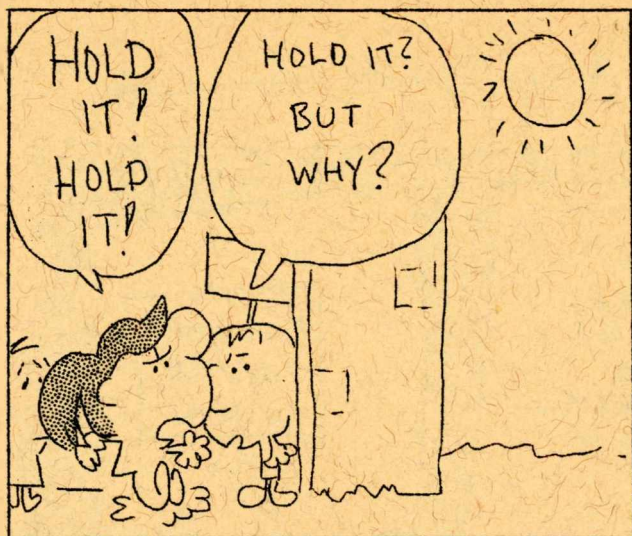


It requires concentration



MISS HILL BY GERBER & WHITE





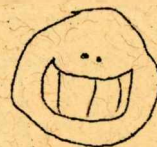
advertisement:



DO YOU SEE THAT SMILE?



WELL IT'S NOT MINE.



IT'S MY BADGE OF TRADE.



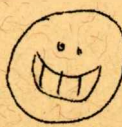
YOU SEE, I WORK FOR DENTYNE.



ONLY, I WAS CHEWING DENTYNE FOR YEARS... AND IT ROTTED MY TEETH.



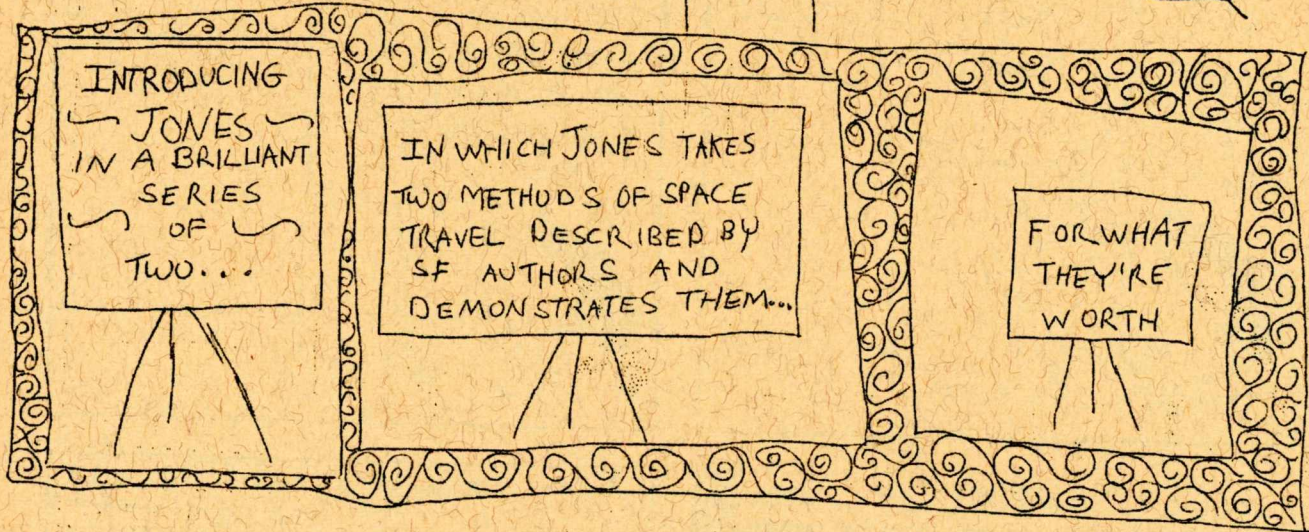
THIS CLEAN-TOOTHED SMILE ISN'T MINE.



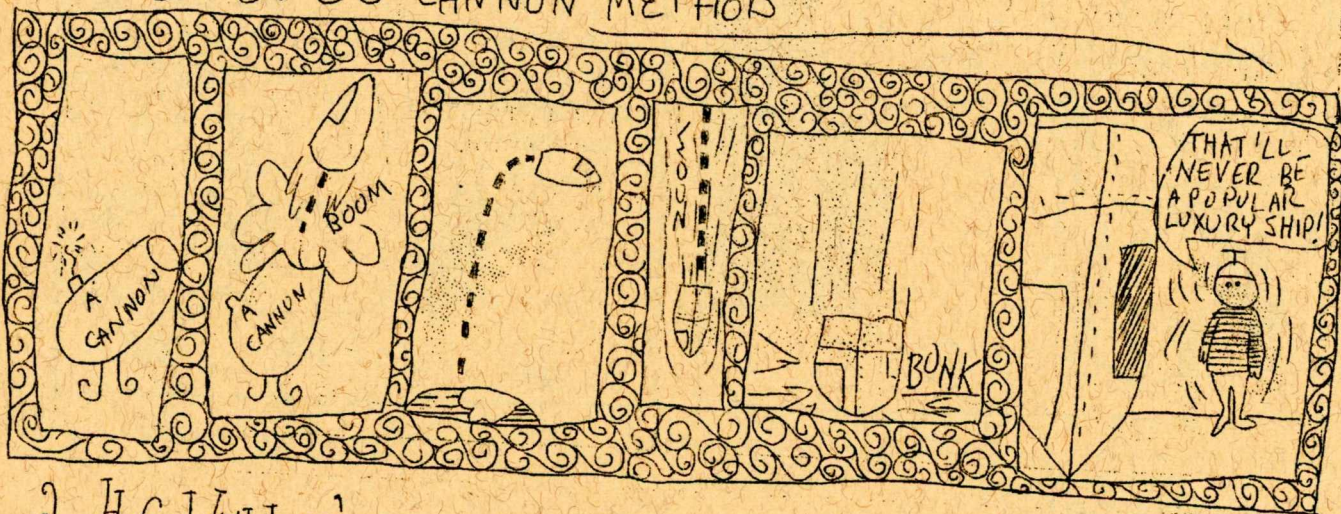
IT'S PASTED ON.

CHEW
DENTYNE...
GOOD FOR YOUR TEETH

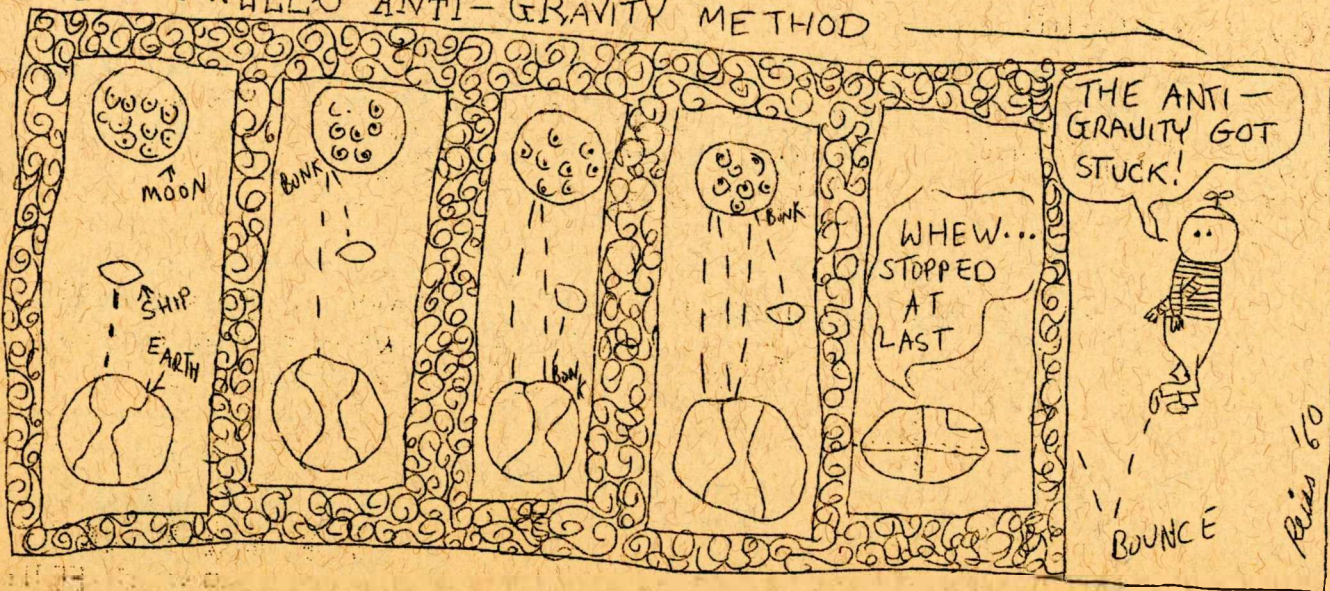
JONES by ANDY REISS



1. JULES VERNE'S CANNON METHOD



2. H.G. WELLS' ANTI-GRAVITY METHOD





OUT WITH THE OLD~

Archie Goodwin: Parker's not really bad, in his more serious moods...
as infrequent as they are...

Ivie: ..It kind of makes me want to write an article titled...

ELEGY TO RONALD PARKER ...or something!

Arch: Well...it's not really like he's dead, or anything...

+ + +

As Parker boarded the bus bound for Ft. Dix, from which he would be immediately leaving for a two year stint in Germany, I got kind of a funny feeling.

I had last seen Ronald Parker a little over a year and a half before, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He had been the inspired young teenager I had corresponded with back in the old EC fandom days; that I had met briefly one summer before; and with whom I had co-produced the first three issues of CONCEPT. On this visit, I noticed he was fairly well addicted to cokes, and we spent quite a bit of time, during my stay, at the local fountains. And one day, shortly before I left, Archie and I went past his home, hoping to find him in. It was already dark, and the lights were out in his apartment, but Arch--almost instinctively--started towards a group of indistinct little blobs playing on the lawn, a few doors down. Sure enough, in with the group of kids, aged from five on down, was Ronald Parker. This was the Ronald Parker I had known.

Arch prepared me for my next glimpse of Ron, now a year and a half later--a good nine months of which, for him, had been army time. Although Arch had not seen him for the majority of that time himself, his preparatory description of what to expect was correct to the last detail.

Ron had phoned Arch early in the morning from Ft. Dix, telling him of his arrival in the state, and that he would have a few hours of city time before shoving off. Arch and I went to await his arrival at the Port Authority bus terminal.

Amongst the herd of army green that poured from the bus was the distinct presence of a civilian clad figure with a white jacket, with turned up collar. Gone was the boyish crewcut. From his lips dangled a cigarette.

"You look like a New Jersey hood, Parker!" said Arch, in a friendly, but truthful manner.

We headed toward the Village. Parker felt like a beer. Not that he was strictly a coke man when last I saw him, or anything...but this was just not the same Ronald Parker. His choice of language was also a little more flavorful--not like the kid of old attempting to sound "grown up", as before. He was a pretty convincing "fringe hood". He even displayed a long switchblade from his pocket.

"Ghod, Parker!" I said.

It was Sunday morning, so most of the bars were closed. We had hot chocolate at Rienzi's, and talked. By the time the three of us reached my apartment, Parker seemed like a different person. At least to me.

We showed Ron the neighborhood where, three years previous, we had been living while I first corresponded with him.

In my own apartment, we talked some more, made several tape recordings, and used up two rolls of polaroid film.

Ron looked through my ECs, and I gave him the duplicates he still lacked. We pored through some of the remnants of my original volume on the history of EC, with the photos Arch and I had taken during our first year in New York. Then we brought out the bound volume of Ron's first fanzine, HOOHAH!, and the CONCEPTs on which we had collaborated.

By the time Ron left, it was getting pretty late in the day.

"We saw him for just the right length of time," said Arch. Perhaps so...Perhaps if he had stayed longer, the mood of the moment might have left.

Parker, fresh from his fanzine enthusiasm,

had joined the army to thoroughly, as he had been promised, learn the trade of printing.

I remember writing him a long letter, the night before receiving word of his enlistment, advising him of his eligibility for the six months plan of active duty which only required 3 1/2 years weekly Reserve time. What might have been is now in the past. The army's promise of giving him his choice of training, upon enlistment for three years, was worthless. The eventual regret of his decision was inevitable. I said this in the letter I sent to Pvt. Ronald Parker, in place of the one I had intended for his home in Tulsa. The letter came back, as he had entered under his full name of Milton R. Parker. I did not resend it....it would be unnecessary. I had spent six months in the army myself. When the realization of Ron's move sank into me, I felt pretty bad. I really did.

On this last day with Parker, before he "shipped out" for Germany, I once again knew the Ron of old. Perhaps many things merely exist in my own mind. If so, it's just as well I don't know reality, for, as Arch once observed, I'm pretty sentimental. Anyway, on this day, I knew the Ron Parker of the HOOHAH! days--a remnant of the era of EC. The era of EC fandom was something sort of special--at least to me. And Ronald Parker was a part of that. For one day, I renewed an acquaintance with both an era I loved, and a darned swell guy.

Two years can change each of us quite a bit. The EC-era Ivie and Parker may never exist again. I truly hope they do...but...

Parker boarded the

bus, and turned around for one final look. I waved.

-Larry Ivie

I think it must have been in 1956 that I first heard of Ronald Parker. He was an EC fan, and had just decided to put out an EC fanzine. Along with Larry Stark and Bhob Stewart, I was a kind of elder statesman in EC fandom--I knew what a fanzine was, at least... Anyway, Ronald Parker, as he preferred to call himself then, sent me a copy of HOOHAH! #2. Later on, Fred von Bernewitz showed me #1, and I did not regret missing it. HOOHAH! was the product of a comic-book reader. The writing was barely functional, and each sentence ended in an exclamation point. (In the comics this serves a purpose--periods often don't print by themselves.)

HOOHAH! was a half-sized zine published on a

junior mimeograph probably like the one Dave Ish once used for SOL. In every respect, it was a neozine.

That was my introduction to Parker, and HOOHAH! was Parker's introduction to EC fandom, and, by osmosis, sf fandom as well.

In a couple of years, Ron Parker (as he now preferred to call himself) was appearing in STELLAR, CELSY, YANIRO, and was a member of SAPS and the Cult.

You can get a vague idea of the energies which burst constantly from this fellow.

Then something happened. Perhaps it was the traumatic experience of being expelled from the Cult by Carl Brandon (he missed his deadline), or maybe it was advanced fannish old age--but suddenly Ron Parker joined the Army.

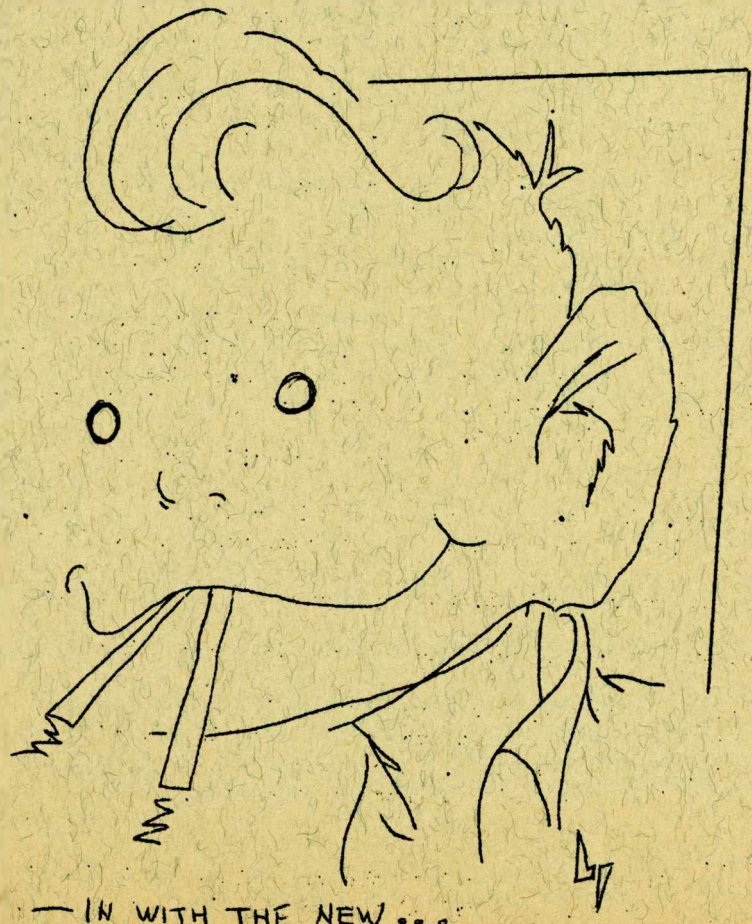
It changed him.

Ron Parker is in FAPA now --the Elephant's Graveyard has claimed yet another dead enthusiasm.

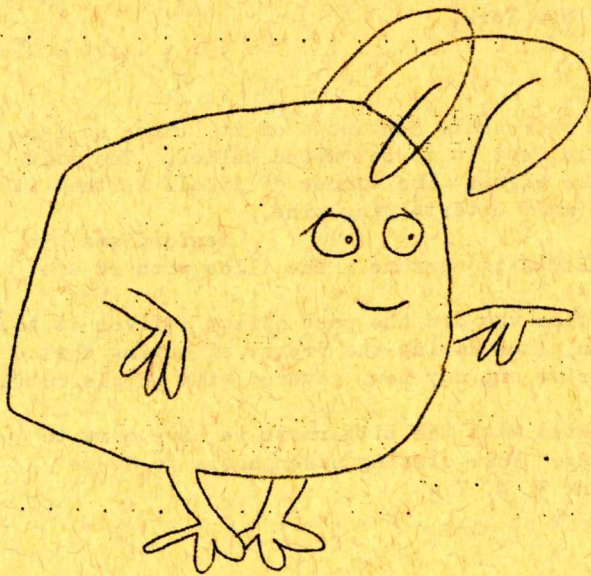
It seems rather like a capsule history of fandom...
-TW

"The Fandom Calendar will be released sometime late this year (probably November). It is sure to become another big fannish addition...with such as the FANCYCLOPEDIA... 50¢...16 pages..."-R.P.

/1957/



- IN WITH THE NEW ...



GOOD GRIEF! YET MORE LETTERS!

ROG EBERT

The cover on VOID 21 I think sums up everybody's feelings about the whole ludicrous Analog-ASF mess perfectly. Congratulations to Les Hoffman, who may someday join the ranks of America's top political cartoonists with such a shining example as this. Or mebbe not, eh? [410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois]

LARRY STARK

I have an anecdote which I must have told before; concerns the problems I had trying to start a Literary Magazine at the Rutgers Night College...which, like all of Rutgers University, is spread out between four or five cities through the state of New Jersey. Most of the organizational work went on at the center in New Brunswick, where the advisor did most of his teaching; those interested were invited to come in on Wednesday evenings (the free night with no classes), and generally the thing had actually been put into motion, when one evening the advisor showed up with an odd story to tell.

"The people in Newark seem to have taken the bit in their teeth," he explained. "Last Wednesday night we tried to hold an organizational meeting. There was a mixup about what room was being used. Anyway, five people from Newark got together, and elected themselves an editor and an assistant. (We had already elected officials at New Brunswick, who had been functioning for weeks.) Anyway, I don't put much faith in the editor, since out of only five votes cast, one was from the editor himself, and the other from his mother."

"Calvin Thomas Beck!" I shouted.

"You know him?"

"I know of him."

[11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass.]

LES GERBER

I find it hard to believe that (W.) Marland Frenzel could be guilty of such a fuggheaded stunt. I corresponded with him on and off for about a year, and he wrote a serial for me and that thing in CRY (which I thought was a great piece of absolutely hilarious slapstick). Oh well, that's the way it goes. And he owes me five bucks, too!

Mighod, Hitt and Jackson are putting out a Kerouac fanzine! ((I can see it now--First issue, whole number one, containing "Do Beat and Sex Mix?", "Who Killed Beat?" and "Ah, Beat Idiocy." --pg))

I like all sorts of things about your day with Calvin Thos., such as the dry gags ("I'm still not a fried egg fan"), the Reiss illos, and mostly the visualization of the events. I seem to be able to do that better than most people, and I get laughs out of things which leaves others cold because I can just imagine them happening.

Glad Uffish Thots has been banished. Is that anything like being Fannished? What I really am glad about is the funny bits in the editorial. I actually enjoyed squinting through the micro-elite. Even that nasty crack about the Detention making money didn't grotch me as much as it should have.

I don't get the title gag behind "Zot" but, having seen the parodied cartoon just shortly before, I got a good laugh out

of this instalment. [201 Linden Boulevard, Brooklyn 26, New York]

LEE HOFFMAN

Today VOID 21 arrived. I see it with my own eyes and am thoroughly convinced of it, since so far no one had brought any reason to my attention why I should feel it to be beyond belief. You said it would be out and I took your word for it. And you were right. The wonder of it all is that it continues, unlike so many fanzines, to be consistently a most entertaining zine.

Benfordisms are enjoyable, as ever. And the report of the visit to the Becks is awesome. The illos with it are marvelous.

Who did I send the ((Ellik)) mss to? Ask rather who did the post office deliver it to. I never saw it before. But this would seem to have taken place during the frenzy of moving that I was involved in a few years ago, and mayhap it will arrive any day now, covered with purple rubber stampings indicating its various travels.

Gambit is tainted with the bitterness we have come to expect of kindly old Ted White. Balance also entertaining. Your closing parenthesis to Steve Stiles worthy of note. [basement, 54 E. 7th St., New York 3, N. Y.]

STEVE STILES

I was surprised, and again, pleasantly so, to see Andy Reiss' artwork; I have, in my sordid past, kidded Andy about some of his old pre-gafia fan art work, but the VOID Andy Reiss is a very good Andy Reiss.

There's some doubt in mind as to whether or not s-f fandom can be compared to circus fandom. Circus fans go to circuses. If the circus died, where can they go to? S-f fans go to cons, and s-f prozines are not the backbone or principal part of a con, although vital, so if s-f drops out of sight fans will still be going to cons.

Secondly, to some extent, fandom has evolved (or degenerated) into a self-supporting microism; there are parallels of this. Howard is dead, but Conan fandom is not; the same for EC and its fandom. The child has grown up. ((I tend to believe that if stf should ever vanish, fandom would at first try to get it back, and then fade gradually away if that was impossible. Probably quite a few would drop out immediately, too. --gb)) [1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, New York]

G. M. CARR

I chuckle with amusement at your sour remarks, Ted (or was it Howard?), at Chris Moskowitz's remarks about the Ellington permissiveness in their training of their daughter. I wondered when I saw that original caustic comment in PEALS just what reaction it would bring. Yours is the first I've seen so far... Why is it, I wonder, that you--who never hesitate to speak your mind when you find something of which you disapprove--can resent it so much when someone else does the same? But that's human nature, I suppose. ((Tch, tch, Gertie. You goofed again. It was Tom Condit who spoke his mind. --tw)) [5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Washington]

NORM METCALF

I enjoyed Carr's editorials from the Barrington Bull but then part of the enjoyment comes from knowing Barrington Hall, its people and atmosphere. But then these are well enough written and edited to appeal to nearly everyone. Not at Barrington but at one of the fraternity houses was one Al Rafferty. Al was a souse through and through and no one ever saw him sober. After he navigated his way homeward for over two miles while nearly out cold Rafferty was a man for the fraternity to boast about. Then came finals. Was Rafferty to be stopped by finals? No, Al had a system. He took two bluebooks into the exam room with him. In one of them he copied the questions. In the other he goofed around at answering the questions. During the middle of the exam he asked permission to visit the latrine. Slipping the blue book with the questions under his jacket he turned the fake one in to the proctor. Outside he gave the questions to a pal who went back to the frat house and looked up the answers. Using the same method he managed to make it back into the classroom just before the end of the exam with a bluebook containing the answers furnished by his pal. And about a week later he was called in to the Dean's office and asked why he had turned in a typewritten bluebook.

Your rating on the Fugghead poll is ridiculous. While no doubt you've irritated people you're quite capable of apology and you're not trying to be malicious (as per G. M. Carr) nor put a lot of fans to the torture of the UnFaircon (as per Taurasi). Indeed I'd say your main problem is taking fandom too seriously. This opinion is based on reading your zines without having met you and it's concurred in by Rich Brown on the same basis (unless he might have met you briefly at South Gate). You're too willing to rise up in Righteous Anger to suit many people's tastes (well, 13 of them anyway). And also you've changed lately. Your arguments are more convin-

ing and more directed. There isn't that impression of a neo-Don Quixote tilting at every visible windmill. ((Ted White, BNDQ. --pg)) [Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida]

WONDERFUL TOWN: Most of the preceding letters were stencilled by Pete Graham. It stands to reason that the editorial comments initialled "pg" are Pete's. They are, too.

Pete typed these up only a couple of nights ago during a typical session up here in the Twonk Tower. Pete came over about six in the evening, and we began going over the stuff left to be stencilled for this instalment of VOID. There wasn't much to do. Just Pete's column to be stencilled, and the last of the letters.

"There isn't much to do," I said. "Just your column to be stencilled, and the last of the letters."

"Why, that's fantastic!" said Pete. "Do you realize that in a mere couple of evenings we have put together an entire instalment of VOID, The Layaway Plan Fanzine?"

An hour or so later, Andy Reiss turned up, with a chick named Judy in tow. "Merry Christmas, Bitching Ol' Ted White," he said, and he waved a bottle of cheap bourbon in my face. A label on the bottle said in Big Red Letters, "This Whiskey Is 6 Years Old." "I think they're proud of that," said Andy. I looked at the labels more closely. "Big-bhod, I think I know how it spent those six years too." I said. "The damn stuff has been on the road ever since it was distilled. Look: 'Distilled in Kentucky,' 'Bottled by Esbeco Distilling Corp., Stamford, Conn.,' and 'Bottled Expressly for Charles J. Valente Inc., Manhattan.' It was probably 'aged' in some railroad tank car."

"JD it isn't," said Andy, choking on a shot of the stuff.

I tried to get Andy to sit down and do us some of his fine fan-ish cartoons, but somehow every time he sat down, it was with Judy in his lap. He didn't get much cartooning done. "This isn't my night for cartooning, Ted White," he said.

Pete didn't say anything. He was appreciatively eyeing Judy.

After a little while I called up Lee Hoffman. "This is Proxyboo Ltd.," I said. "We have some fresh egoboo for you." Then I read her the comments on her V21 cover, the very same comments which appear in the exact column which precedes this account. After my soul-lifting Message, I went into the Commercial, and Lee chuckled and said she would go right to work on some stuff for the next issue of VOID, The Monthlier Annish. Next issue is going to be a pretty special issue in a number of ways.

What with the free flow of hard cider, cheap bourbon, and vintage pepsi's (I'm pure), the night wore on quickly. About 1:00 am I suggested to Pete that we call it a night. "After all, we've got to get up early tomorrow, Pete," I said.

"We do? What happens early tomorrow, Ted White?"

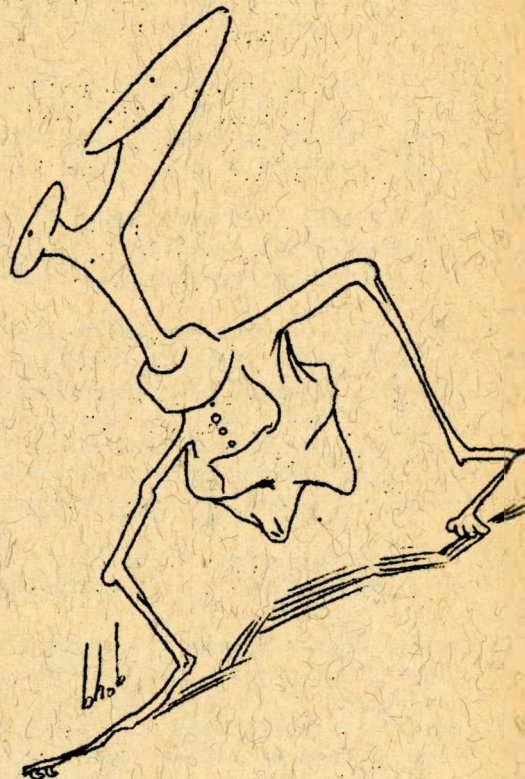
"We set out tomorrow at 10:30 to forage into darkest Brooklyn for paper," I replied.

And we did, too. It was a caravan. At about 9:45 the phone woke me up from a sound sleep. It was Dick Lupoff. "Well, we're ready to come on down," he announced very cheerfully. "Unngg," I said. "Why, Ted. Did I wake you up?" Dick inquired solicitously. "No," I said sadly. "I had to answer the phone anyway."

Exactly at 10:30, Bob Stewart arrived, and the Lupoffs came up right behind him. Then we sat down to wait for Pete. We waited an hour. When he finally arrived, Pete said, casually, "Well, I see nothing happened early today after all..."

Out on the street at last, we encountered a box of records. A large cardboard box of records. Sitting on top of a garbage can. In the trash. We salvaged some old Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Chippy Hill 78's, and a Kurt Weill Columbia lp package in dubious playing condition. Many of the 78's were broken, unfortunately. It's fantastic what you can find thrown out on the streets these days.

We finally made it out into Brooklyn, site of a bad plane crash only a day earlier. I'd talked with Les Gerber, who was home on vacation, the previous night on the phone. "Had any good plane crashes in your neighborhood, Les?" I asked. "Gad,"



he said, "I didn't expect a sick joke on that subject for at least three days." Maybe it was in bad taste. The crash occurred over Staten Island between two airliners, one of them a jet. It has been called one of the worst in history. One hit in Brooklyn and set a block of houses afire. The other struck in Staten Island, about five blocks from where Larry and Noreen Shaw live. I couldn't reach Noreen on the phone when I heard about it, because her exchange was tied up, but I did get Larry at work, and he told me she was safe, but that the house had shook from the shock of the crash. When I'd heard the newscast, I'd been pretty worried about Noreen.

The section of Brooklyn where we went for our bootleg 85¢-a-ream paper wasn't in the plane crash neighborhood. Bhob saw a plane flying overhead, though, and waved to it. "Lots of luck!" he shouted. We bought thirty reams of paper for VOID, FORTGOTTEN WORLDS (my comic-book fanzine; sample copies free on request--plug!) and XERO. It was lucky there were five of us, even if I did have a shopping cart which held nine reams.

I don't know what to make of this next bit: when we returned to the subway station, Pat Lupoff found a pencilled message scrawled across a poster. It said: "Says Yogi Bear: Pat? You are a peasant." But that's typical of the sort of messages you can find in New York subway stations.

After we unloaded our paper here in the Tower, we went out for breakfast. It seemed like the fannish thing to do. We went to our favorite nearby spot, the Gallery Delli. Harlan Ellison once ran up an on-the-cuff tab there which covered two full shirts. Pete ordered cream cheese and lox on a toasted bagel. When it arrived, he stared at it. "They burned it," he said; nothing more. He put the two halves together, and attempted to compress them into a thin enough sandwich to bite. Cream cheese and lox spurted from all sides, and the holes in the top and bottom as well. "Don't bite on it, Pete!" cried Dick Lupoff, who was quite alarmed. He was sitting right next to Pete. "Mighod, don't bite on it!"

Pete looked at the thing he was holding in his hand for a moment, turned it over, examined the sides of it, and then murmured to himself, "Why, that's fantastic!"

Pat had been served French fries. "Does anyone want some French fries?" she asked. Eventually they got to Bhob. Bhob began to casually eat them, munching one he held in his left hand first, and then one in his right. Then he put one behind his ear for a moment, and transferred his cigarette to between his little and his ring fingers on his left hand. Then he munched another fry from his right hand, took the fry from behind his right ear, munched a little of it, and transferred it to his left ear. He picked up several more fries, and began eating them with both hands and throwing an occasional one down his sweater. We stared at him with our eyes hanging open.

Then Bhob munch in rapid succession a French fry from his left hand, one from his right hand, and his lighted cigarette from his left hand. He followed these with several more fries, until suddenly the dish was empty. We stared at him.

Bhob looked at us for a moment, paused, picked a strand of tobacco from between his teeth, and rose to pay his check.

After we'd all eaten, we came back up here to continue our work on V. Just about everything was stencilled, so we began running stuff off. I was running off a page of VOID when George Scithers came up. Right behind him was Bill Meyers, with some Louisville records he'd ordered for me. In between running stencils for V, we managed to talk fandom, music, subways, and Burbee and even sneak in a dinner which I myself cooked. Late that evening, George, Sylvia and I took a ride out to Newark on the H&M, the Subway Nobody Knows About.

Walter Breen is due back on vacation within a day or so. He'll be staying here. This sort of thing goes on all the time. Who says New York isn't fannish? Why, we haven't had a lawsuit in weeks. It certainly is a wonderful thing.

-Ted White

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"...welcome back, dean..."