

25

(ABOUT) JUNE

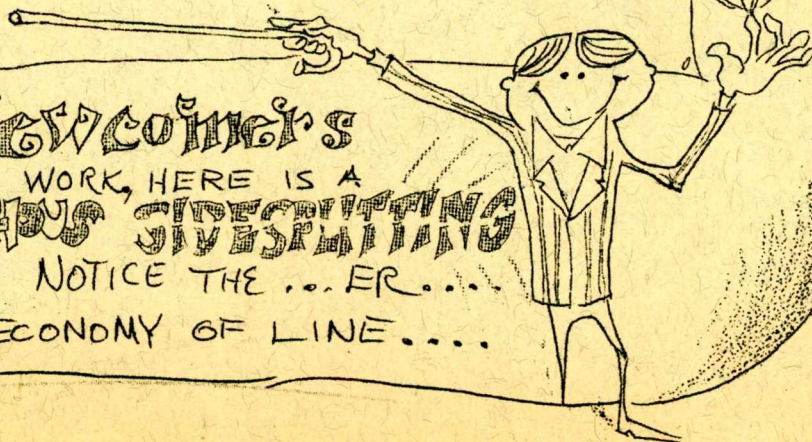
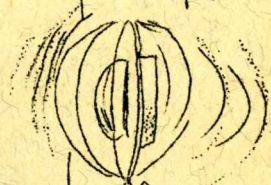
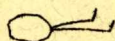
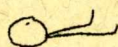
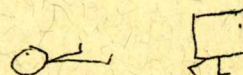
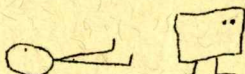
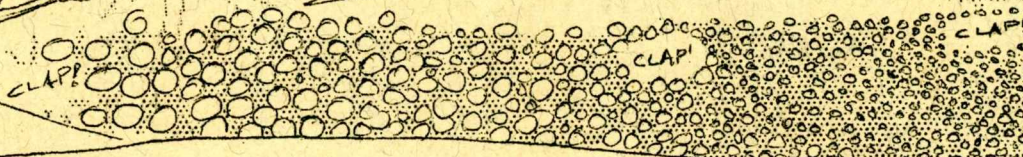
Vaid

Hi there,
FRIENDS!!
TONIGHT
WE'RE HONORING
A GREAT
GUY... YOUR
FRIEND AND MINE...



Andy Reiss!!!

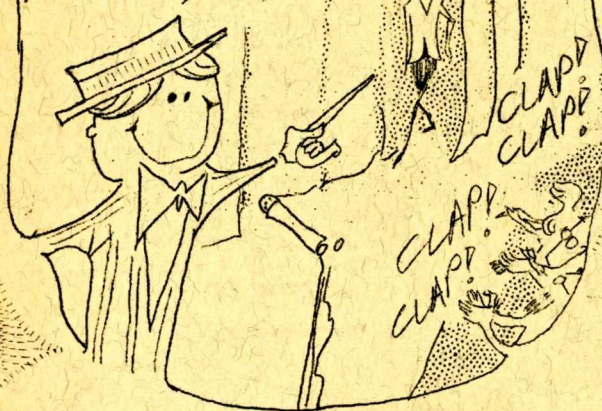
ANDY REISS FESTIVAL
BANQUET & MONSTER RALLY



FOR ALL YOU NEWCOMERS
UNFAMILIAR WITH HIS WORK, HERE IS A
TYPICAL-TYPE **VARIOUS SIDESPLITTING**
REISS CARTOON. NOTICE THE ...ER...
BEAUTIFUL ECONOMY OF LINE....

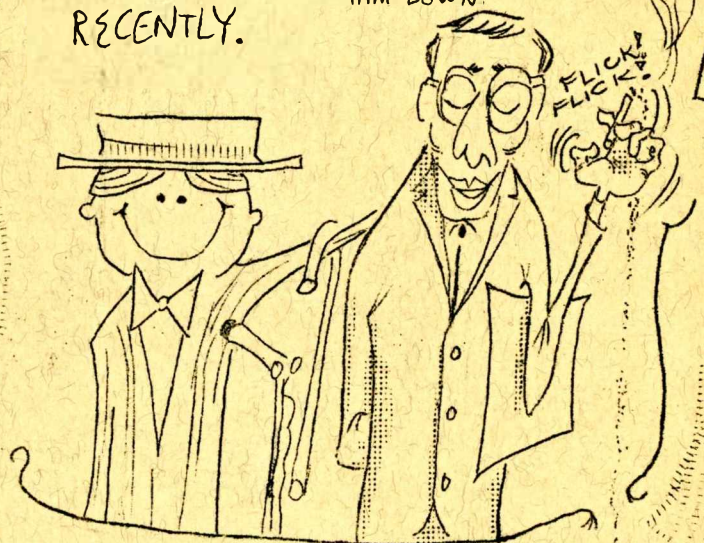
LET'S TALK WITH
THIS *modest* AND
UNASSUMING YOUNG TALENT.

..... BRING
HIM OUT WITH A
BIG HAND,
FOLKS!



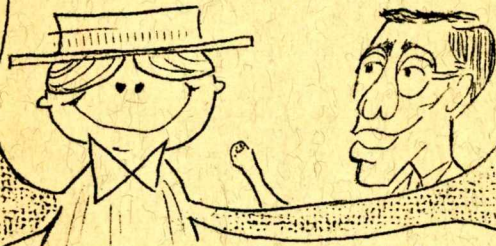
ANDY, I
UNDERSTAND
YOU ALMOST
MADE A
PROFESSIONAL
SALE
RECENTLY.

THAT'S RIGHT, Q.
JIM WARREN
OFFERED ME \$5
AND PUBLICATION
IN **HEIP**'S
PUBLIC GALLERY
...
... BUT I TURNED
HIM DOWN.



WHY WAS
THAT,
ANDY?

WELL, THE
WAY I LOOK
AT IT... IT'S
THE BIG TIME
OR NOTHING.

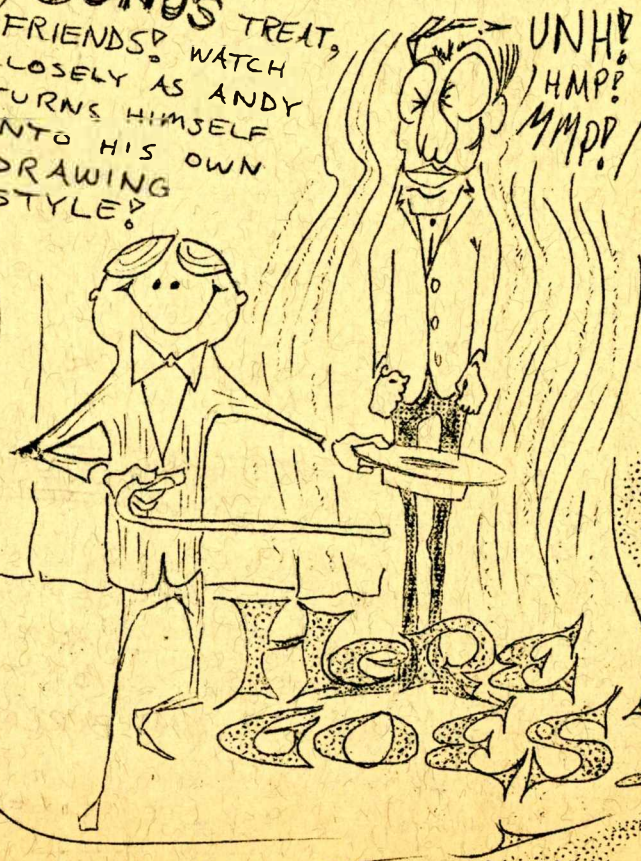


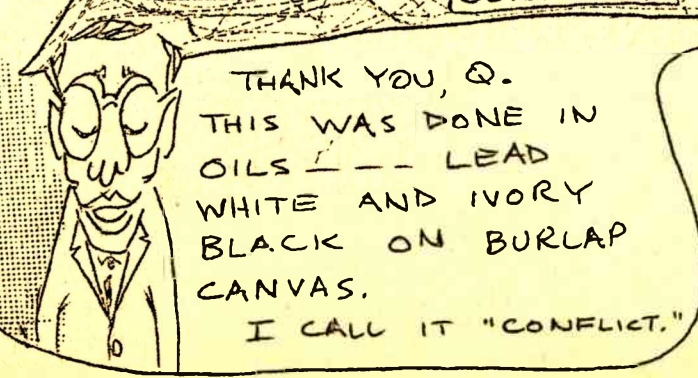
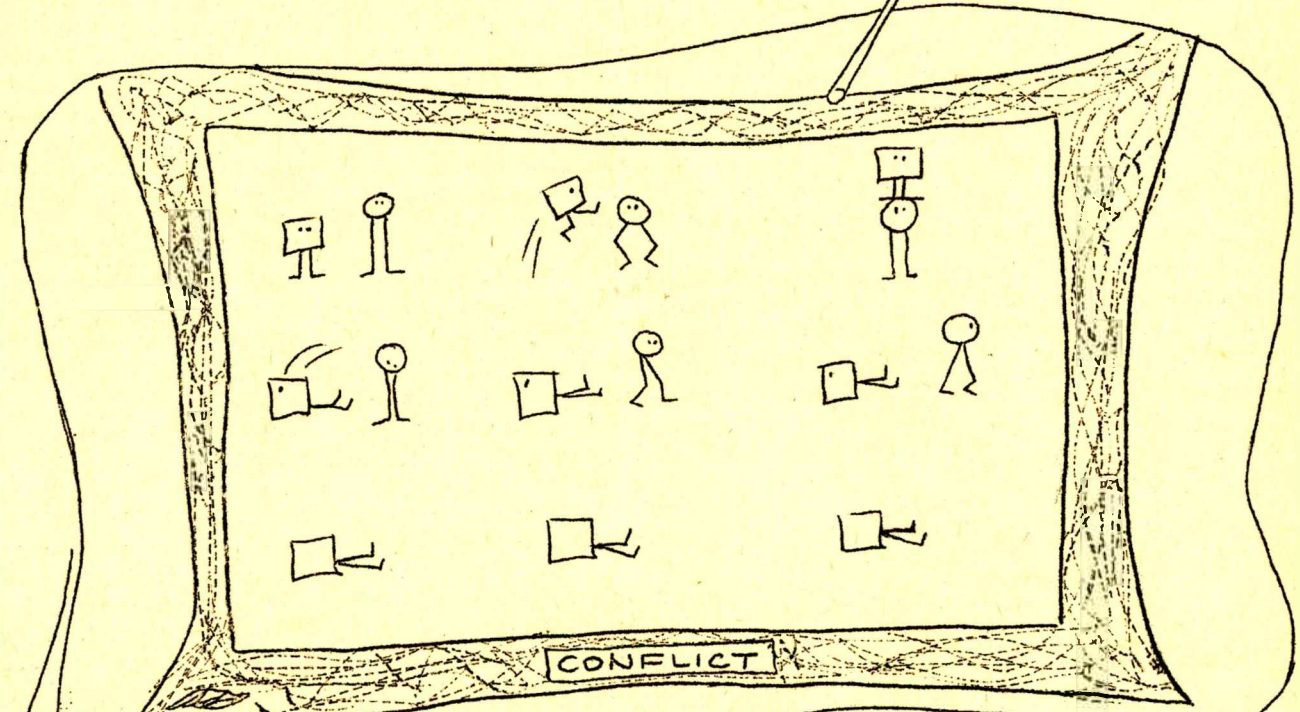
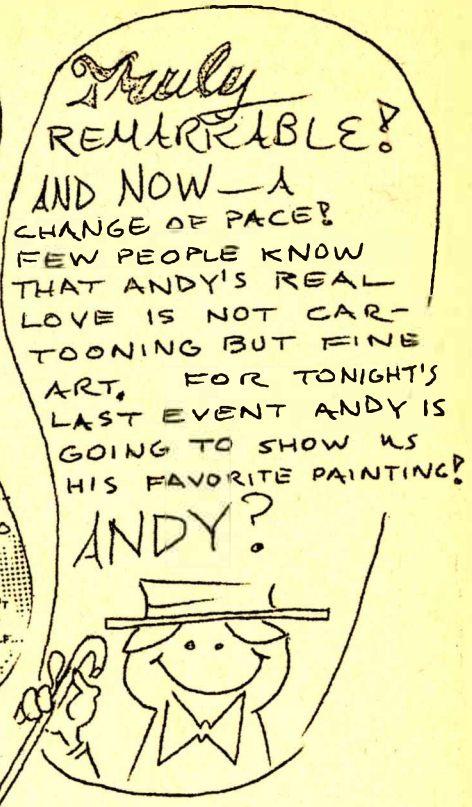
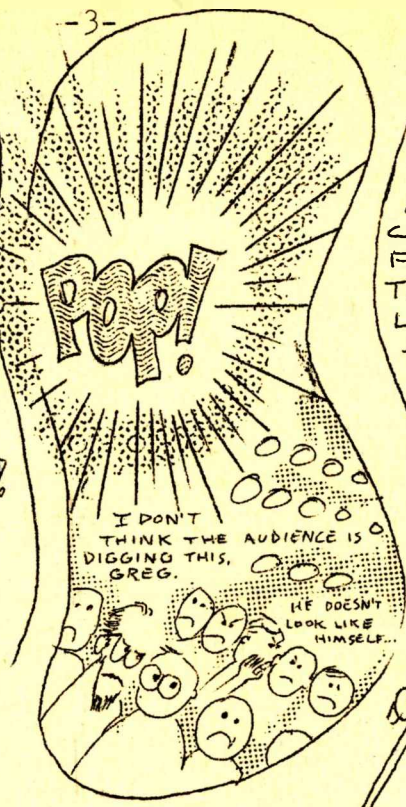
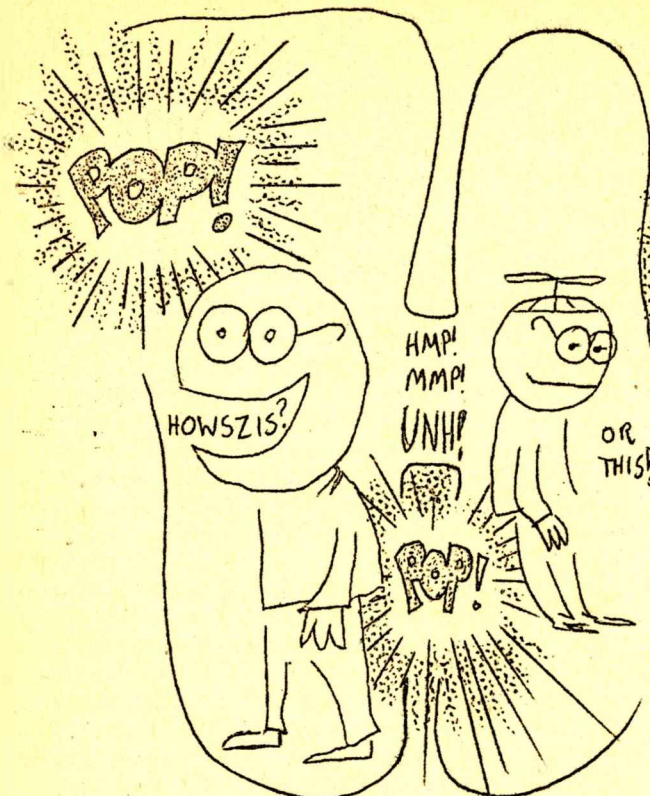
SOME PEOPLE
HAVE CLAIMED YOU
IMITATE JULES
FEIFFER. THAT'S
NOT TRUE, IS IT
ANDY?

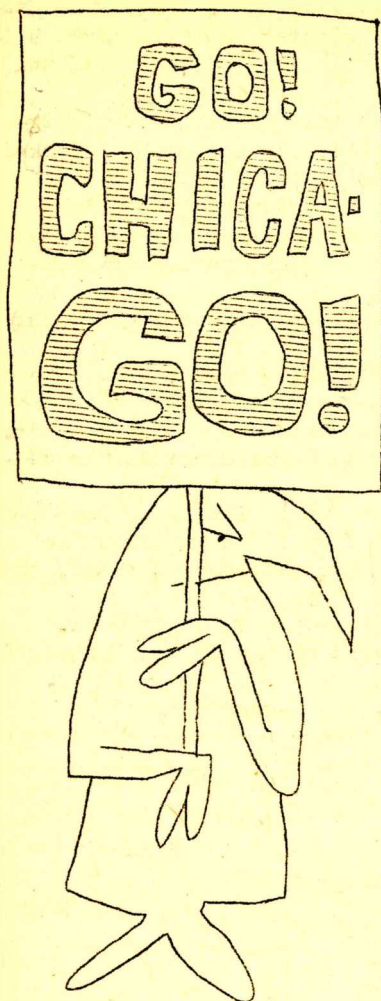
OF COURSE
NOT! HE IMITATES
ME...



A SPECIAL
BONUS TREAT,
FRIENDS? WATCH
CLOSELY AS ANDY
TURNS HIMSELF
INTO HIS OWN
DRAWING
STYLE?







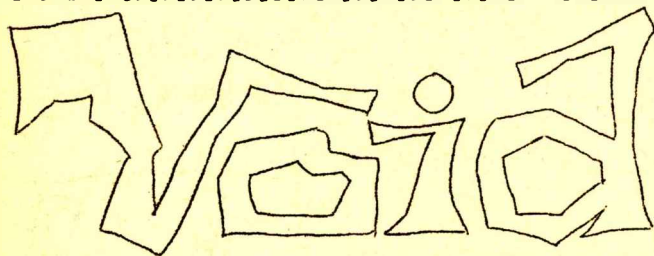
HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER

MIDWESTERN CULTURE: After the many letters which have poured into my mailbox in commiseration for my move to Oklahoma (well, there were two), I have decided to ease the troubled brows of fandom. Texas fandom was generally viewed with distain when I moved to that noble state, and Dallas in particular, I was soon informed, was none too good a choice. However, once there the Dallas fandom of olden days proved to be a shadow of the past, and impaired my fanac with only token resistance. But if I went to Oklahoma, I was told, all would be lost. As Boyd Raeburn said, "Don't you realize Oklahoma fandom is even worse than Texas fandom?"

I mentioned my exploits (or rather, lack thereof) before, so I won't go into that sordid tale. However, after living here for some time I think I've discovered a few of the incongruities which make an Oklahoma fan.

For instance, lastweek I was walking around campus during the evening and decided to stop for coffee. (I don't drink it, but the cup keeps my hands warm.) Since eating establishments are tucked into every conceivable corner within three blocks of the university, I wasn't familiar with most of them. Taking my life in my hands (literally, considering the quality of campus food), I went into a rather dark hole in the wall (no door), wandered around among the chairs and tables piled indiscriminately with people, and sat down. Aha, I thought, a real coffee house. Of course, "coffee house" doesn't mean a place where one drinks coffee, as it did in the Good Old Days (1958); now it is a place to bare one's soul and commune with the absolute (Willis was not there, however). It said this in somewhat modified terms on the wall: "A hall for entertainment, good food and to converse with others." Bad grammar, but noble sentiments.

The entertainment seemed to be nonexistent, so most of the people sitting around me were looking at each other and trying to stretch a 10¢ cup of coffee (which I later learned cost 40¢) into two or three reincarnations. There were a few girls there who looked like Radcliffe liberals in search of Meaning, and some people who read



is edited by GREG BENFORD (204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Oklahoma), PETE GRAHAM (new, permanent address: 635 E. 5th St., New York 9, N.Y.) and TED WHITE (107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y.). Published by the ubiquitous QWERTYUIOPress. White Slaves this: SYLVIA WHITE (who also did some headings) and LES GERBER (who has helped greatly on pubbing chores). Our Man in England is RCN BENNETT (7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks.). VOID remains available for Trade, Contribution, Regular

Letters of Comment, or even Money (25¢ or 1/- per issue). We can always use fresh White Slaves...

CONTENTS OF #25

COVER by the inimitable Bbob Stewart (spelled with a 't')	1
HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER by the Happy Greg Benford	4
GAMBIT 42, another in a long boring series of deadly serious editorials, by Ted White	5
BREAKOFF, fiction by Marion Zimmer Bradley	6
THE DAVE ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY pt. 2, by dave english	14
THE SPANISH MAIN, fiction by Walt Willis	19
PHUGO, a copyright violation by that devious Extracted Canadian, Les Nirenberg	24
THE WAILING WALL: On Some of Your Blood, by Art Rapp	25
WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA, a VOID Hail of Infamy Reprint by Walt Willis	26
LETTERS, but not so many this time...	29
REISS' RETALIATION, a rejoinder to our cover, by Andy Reiss	32
INTERIOR ARTWORK: Rotsler- 4; Ron Archer- 5, 25; Bbob Stewart- 9, 12, 19, 22; Ray Nelson- 13; Shelby Vick- 26; Dave English- 30.	

paperbacks in the darkness, but most of the crowd was fairly normal for a college town. They were jammed in so tightly it reminded me of the crocodile pit at the zoo; every few minutes one will move, setting off a chain reaction which radiates outward until it has reached the other side of the room, and then everything becomes still again.

A waiter came over and asked what I'd have. "Coffee," I said ignorantly. "Please order by number," he said, handing me a menu. "We only serve by number." I looked at the menu. Coffee, plain, number twelve. "I'll have number twelve," I said.

"Number twelve?" he asked. "What's that?" He picked up the menu and looked at it. "Oh yeah, plain coffee. We don't get that order very often. Are you sure you wouldn't like something more in it? Like cinnamon or raspberry?"

"No," I said. "Just plain coffee." "Sure you wouldn't like raspberry?" he asked, shuffling away. "It's good." "Nope."

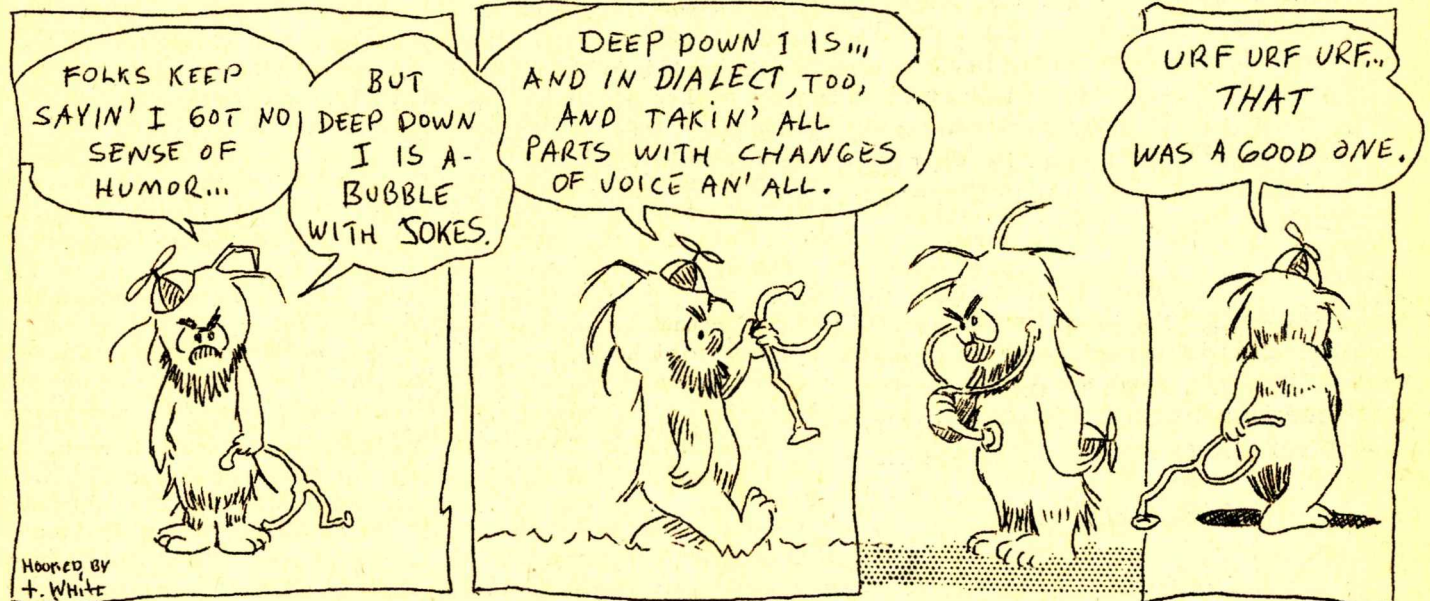
I looked around and found Earl Lafon, fellow physics major. Now, everyone knows that scientists are far-seeing people, with broad mental horizons and fine minds. Almost as good as fans, in fact. So I went over to him as he sat reading and tried to strike up a conversation. "Well, Earl," I overatured, "are you finally getting around to covering the background reading in tensors we were supposed to do last month?"

"No," he replied, tucking the book away. "I'm doing some reading in a field that's been neglected by physics for far too long." "Aha," I said, "I guess you're solving the relativistic laws of motion through covariant derivatives of higher than second order, then. I've always been inter..."

"Not at all," he said, breaking in. "I'm doing some really basic work. Tell me," he said, lowering his voice and drawing closer, "have you ever heard of the Shaver Mystery?"

My coffee came about then, flavored with cinnamon and raspberry, so I left.

-greg benford



g a m b i t 4 2

BHOB STEWART and I have been discussing his covers for VOID. They started as a kind of crazy one-shot idea which wasn't even intended as a cover, but which I decided to use that way to accent the unusual nature of that issue (the Willish). And now they've grown into some kind of Tradition. People are starting to faunch to see what next issue's cover will be like. Can Bhob keep up his fantastic ideas, or will he run dry? Will he keep getting better and better until he won't be able to top himself? People are starting to ask themselves these questions. Well, Bhob was pencilling his cover for thish the other evening, here in the Metropolitan Mimeo offices, and we got to talking about his plans for it and future three-page covers, and I said I hoped he wasn't going to use such unreadably ornate lettering this time. I pointed out that several readers had complained a difficulty in deciphering some of the words from his frontispiece last ish. "I don't understand why that should be," Bhob said.

"I think the trouble, Bhob, is that you make use of so many over-ornate designs, and like that, that when you make your lettering so ornate it confuses people," I said. "I mean, I had a letter from

This is the last of the series in "The Fantasy Blues" which includes "Way out West in Texas" and "The Feud of the Century".....mzb

Marion Zimmer Bradley

There were two letters and a postcard in the Student Mail System box when I got there, and one of those little slips from the SMS reminding all students that letter mail should be addressed to the individual student's dormitory or rooming house, and that the SMS was exclusively for the use of campus communication groups and personal notes. I wadded up the slip and threw it into a waste basket. That was all right for the kids who lived in the dorms and sorority houses. With my family, all the letters I had a right to get were from Grandma and Aunt Minnie. Mom's all right, I guess, but she's still living in the gay nineties; in her day, girls just didn't write to boys. Dad would have flipped a hundred times over if I started getting mail in a big flood. I couldn't have made either of them understand s-f fandom in a hundred years, and I'd quit trying by now.

I turned into the cafeteria, absent-mindedly picking up a bottle of milk from the snack counter, fishing out a dime for it, and dumping my load of books on a table. I had a trig review coming up, so I was just as glad the FAPA mailing hadn't made it this week.

"Hi, mouse!"

It was Giff, of course. He was the only man who had the nerve to sit down at my table. I wished I'd hunted up a quieter spot. I said, "Sit down, Giff," and stared at the letters.

DREAMKOE DREAMOUT

"Studying trig?"

"I guess."

I never went out on dates, but there was this thing between me and Giff. Dates? You figure it, with a family like mine and—well, I was still wearing out my high school clothes, and I worked five nights a week at Maxey's to pay for my books and so forth.

Besides, by me, all boys are... Well, I won't go into that. But believe me, I've got good reasons for it. I got on to the whole male sex before I was thirteen years old. Sure, I know; Giff's told me. It's real pathological or something. Giff's a good kid.

The way it was, we sat next to each other in Lit 114, and Giff is a math major and doesn't know the Venerable Bede from D.H. Lawrence, and Professor Dick had this real crud idea. Nobody was going to fail, because every "A" student had to coach a "D" student. Of course I was a natch. I never got anything less than an "A" in any course where I could read the textbook once and know the whole stupid business. To me it seemed like a real crud idea, like I said, but I could tell that old Dick thought he was doing a real cute thing and maybe giving that poor mop-haired little Tess a chance to show off her brains to a real dreamy guy. Hah, and double hah! I know just what's in their "brains".

One day the Dean even calls me into her office and lectures me on how I should stop being "Bohemian" and start wearing heels and nylons to classes like a lady. I give her a fast flash on my finances and she says sweetly, "But that's your father's responsibility, my dear." I tell her just how much he cares, but I quit halfway through. She isn't going to believe me, anyhow, and I should run my folks down for her?

Dad keeps telling me to quit that damn highbrow talk and be like other people, and quit trying to floss around that fancy college. "I know you girls," he says. "Trying to catch yourself a collitch boy! I tell you, Miss Fancy Pants, Miss Fancy Little Whore, you find out a good decent mechanic is better than any of these highbrow creeps up to your collitch!"

And about then, I walk out. I walk out on Dad when he starts it, and I walk out on the Dean when she starts in on her nice refined version of it—like, maybe I would be happier not to try to finish college under so much financial and social pressure. As long as I keep getting a straight A card they can't throw me out because I still wear sweaters and my old high school jacket. I hope.

But I was talking about Giff. To my surprise, he turned out to be a sort of right guy, almost like--well, you've got to remember, the only men I know, mostly, are fans. That is, I don't know them, but I write to a whole bunch of them. The thing is, they don't bother about whether my father is a college prof or a truck driver, they don't even know whether I work or whether I'm one of these sorority girls with about twenty dollars a week spending money. They don't care. They're interested in real things, and so am I.

Giff turned out to be almost as good. I mean, he has brains, even if he can't figure out the English Lit course. And then, one night when I finished up cleaning the counter at Maxey's, Giff walked in and asked for a cup of coffee and asked could he walk me home. Well, I let him walk me to the bus corner. And the next thing I knew, he was turning up all over the place. At first it was kind of a nuisance. I was working like the devil to put out my first FAPazine about then, and I let my correspondence go all to heck.

I'd kind of gotten used to having him around, though. I felt as if I didn't stick out so much in the corridors. For a while, it had seemed as if I was the only girl in State who walked between classes without some damn boy hanging on her arm. Of course I thought it was pretty disgusting--after all, I mean, a girl comes to college to get a good education, not to catch herself a goddam man. But it was kind of nice to get lost in the crowd for once instead of being the queer one, the Cat who Walked by Himself, I mean Herself.

I took out the letters. There was a postcard from Robert Bloch, and that gave me a charge. I mean, a real pro writer and everything. He said he liked my last FAPazine, among a few other things.

The second one was from a fan I hardly knew, Rob Brewster, so I didn't open it. He was just a friend of Kerry Stewart's, and the third letter was from Kerry. I ripped it open with a grin and Giff demanded "Hey, you're not supposed to get love letters from anybody but me!"

I laughed. "It's not a love letter," and unfolded the single sheet.

It read;

"Hi Tess honey;

This will be a short one; I'm still under the weather from that last seige, of which enough said; I'm already tired of the morbid subject.

Just got in from a trip downtown--my first in two weeks--where I picked up a copy of the new STELLAR. It looks like a good deal. You know, I told you that their art director, Tom Farr, looked at some of the work I did for Harrill's fan-mag in litho, and asked me to submit sketches for them. I promised, but I've been too beat to try it. As soon as I get back on my feet, though, it looks as if I were on the fringe of crashing the prozines, and my promise still holds to do the book-jacket for your first novel. I liked the synopsis you sent me, Tess. You know I want you to keep it up. Knowing how you're placed, I suppose it will be a long time, but you'll get there some day.

I had a long-distance call the other night from Dave. He and his wife are living out in Milford now; he's editing the new one on the Fiction Group chain, and Rosemary has con-

tracted to write a four-part serial for--but I'm on the point of giving away professional secrets. If you can make it to the Nycon next year, I'll take you out and introduce you to them.

There was a lot I wanted to write about--I finally found that copy of "Allan and the Holy Flower", which is rarer than a first edition of Poe, and I snagged a few other bits, but descriptions must wait for another time. I'll tell you a secret, I'm tired.

Love -
Kerry"

He had dated it on the fourth; it was postmarked on the twelfth. He was always forgetting to mail letters, then wondering why I didn't answer them. With his health I wasn't surprised. I'd have to write him right away and congratulate him on finding that rare Haggard--I'd promised to part with that old copy from my grandfather's attic if he couldn't get one--and I knew, from the hint about Rosemary and Dave Albinson, that he wanted me to tease him for more of the inside dope; he knew what a fan I was of the Rosemary Alban stories. Nobody since C.L. Moore has ever done anything in that vein, and even Moore couldn't make a four-part fantasy as enthralling as Alban.

The second letter, from Rob Brewster, was even shorter. Giff scowled at me across the table and said "How long is it going to be before you can spare a minute for me?"

"Just a sec, Giff," I grinned.

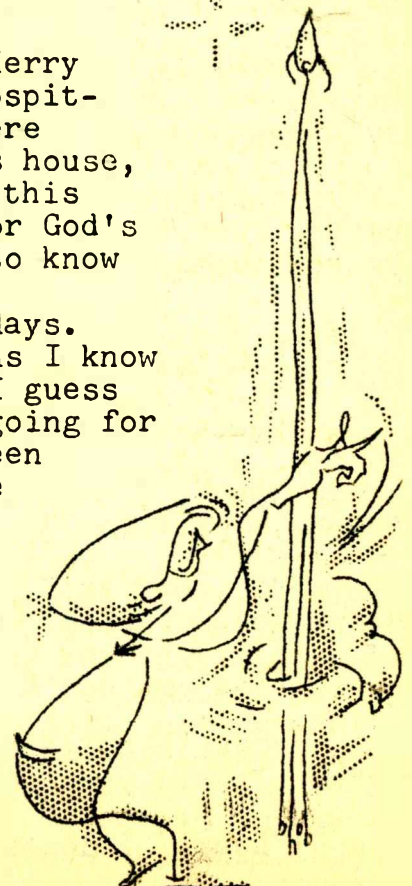
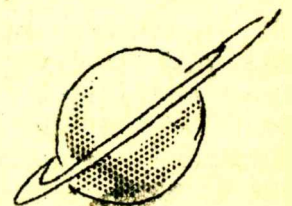
"Dear Tess;

I hardly know how to write this. Kerry Stewart died yesterday in the Washington Hospital. I went up there twice while he was there and took him the mail that collected at his house, and he asked me, if he didn't pull through this time, to write and tell you. I told him for God's sake not to talk like that, but he seemed to know he wasn't going to make it.

I'll try to write again in a few days. Right now it's pretty hard to talk about, as I know you can imagine. He had a rough time and I guess maybe he's better off; you know he's been going for a long time and the last few months have been pretty hellish. He tried not to let anyone know. It was bad, and I feel as if I'd lost a brother. I know you were one of his top favorite people. I'll write again.
Robbie"

I said out loud "Oh, my God!"

I felt so numb I couldn't breathe. And then I felt as if somebody had reached up inside me and grabbed my belly and given it a yank. It went all the way up to my throat. I thought Oh God don't let me cry now, not here, and I looked



across the table at Giff and then I started dripping tears all over and got up and ran out of the cafeteria.

Giff came hurrying after me.

"Tess! Oh, Tess, what's the matter?"

I held out Robbie's letter blindly. He leaned against the wall and read it and handed it back, his eyes gentle. "Some of your folks, Tess?"

I mopped my eyes. "No. Just a--a boy I knew."

He still looked sympathetic, but there was a queer wariness in his eyes. "I thought you didn't have any boy friends but me. I thought you told me your Dad won't let you go out on dates."

"He wasn't a boy friend! He was a--just a--a boy. A science fiction fan. I wrote to him for about four years. I only met him once."

"Then how come he made such a big thing of asking this guy to break it to you? How come you're all shook up?"

Something choked inside me. Suddenly it was all over me. Kerry was the only person I'd ever been able to talk to. He was--well, he was --he was gone. I'd never meet him at that convention, we wouldn't ever go book hunting along the avenue shops, not again. He'd gone on writing cheerful, friendly, offhand letters about offhand things while he was dying and I dumped my own stupid ambitions and troubles on him, just because he was the only person who ever cared, and now he wasn't anywhere, not anywhere in the world at all. I leaned against the wall and cried and cried while Giff watched helplessly, jealously.

"Try it on from my side, Tess. You've been my girl for a year, but you get all broke up over this guy. You said you never go out with anybody--"

"Oh, you know I don't! My gosh, you--you walk me home every night and you know how my Dad is! Please--look, I met Kerry just once in my whole life, he came to town and called me up, and I went up to the hotel --"

"At the hotel?"

"Sure--why not?"

"Look, I'm--I'm sophisticated, but--you mean you were in a hotel room with this guy?"

"Oh, Christ!" I gasped. "You're thinking--I mean--Kerry wasn't that kind of person! He wasn't that kind of person at all!"

"And you won't even ride in a car with me!"

"That's different," I said. Yeah, I knew what Giff wanted, all right. I told you, I'm on to the whole male sex.

"Look. I don't get you. You go out with me--as much as you go

out with anybody. I'm in love with you."

"Love isn't exactly--"

"Oh, all right. All right. You're a pathologically frigid virgin or whatever. But here all this time you're writing love letters to this other guy--"

"They weren't love letters!" I yelled.

"Well--my God--I mean, what else would you be writing letters all the way to Washington? I wasn't born yesterday, Tess. Girls don't write long, long letters just to talk about the scenery."

"We had other things to talk about!" Then, carefully and quietly I said, "Look. Some time I'll let you read the letters. Every letter Kerry ever wrote me. You could read them all out loud in Sunday school --oh, maybe a few, about personal things."

"Giff looked even more baffled. "You mean you talked about those weird crazy things you--well, if it was like that, Tess, then why are you so busted up? Why did the guy call you honey, and why did he send you his love?" He added, "Were you in love with him?"

I took out a kleenex and blew my nose. "No. I wasn't. I loved the guy, but I wasn't in love with him. I wasn't."

"So for God's sake if it was like that, what did you find to write to him about, for four years?" He muttered, "It's all I can do to write you once a week over the summer vacation!"

"Yes," I said, unable to stop myself, "and after you've told me you love me, and said it's raining, that's all you have to say."

"Well, my God, Tess--"

"Kerry and I talked about books and things. People in the publishing business. Ideas. Music. Oh--I don't know, new ideas, that kind of thing--"

"Well, you and I talk about books, don't we? I'm not an illiterate bum, am I?"

I said helplessly "It's not the same kind of thing. Science fiction, fantasy--"

"Oh, that stuff. What was the guy, a pansy?"

"I'm sure I haven't the least idea of his personal life!" I said stiffly.

"But if that was all there was to it--what were you bawling about?"

I couldn't speak or I'd have cried again. Giff said in a baffled way "What did you do when he was here?"

"Well, he showed me some books and pictures he'd bought at the Southwescon, and he'd taken from photographs of the fans out there. Then

we went out and had sandwiches in the bus station, and well, we just sat there and talked till his bus left. I told him about the fanzine I was--"

"Fanzine?"

"Fan magazine, a mimeographed magazine."

"You don't mean the Lit magazine?"

"No. One I published myself."

"And you never asked me to write for it," said Giff, offended.

"Well, you're not interested in science fiction, are you?"

"And this--Kerry guy--he wrote for it?"

"He was going to stencil the artwork for me." Suddenly I started crying again. "I don't think I'll publish it now."

"I don't understand you at all," Giff said. "You seem to have a whole life I don't know anything about!"

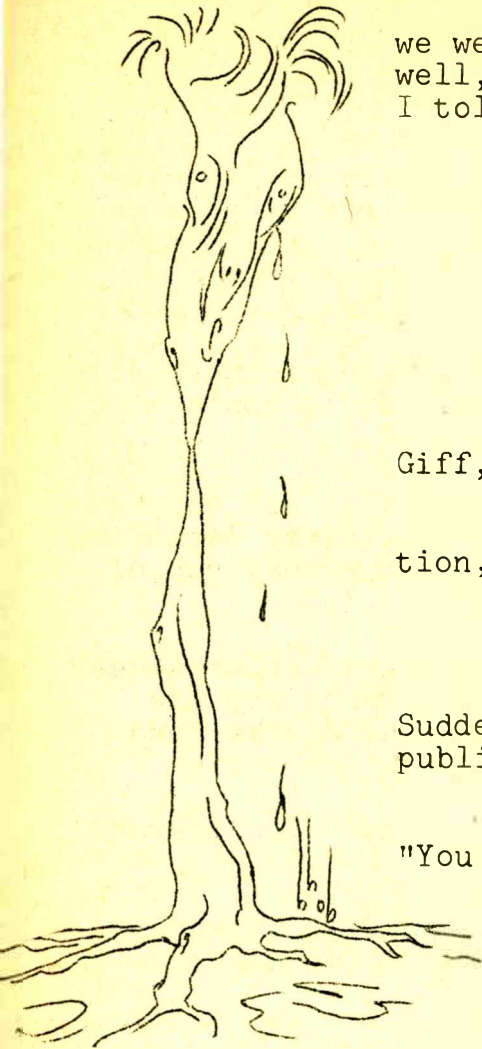
"Oh, I don't care! He's dead, he's dead, I'll never see him again, so what difference does it make?"

"Well, Tess, it just means I'm--I don't really know you at all."

"No," I said. "You don't." Suddenly I ripped off his ring and shouted "Go on, take it. It was in another country and besides the--the guy is dead, but that doesn't matter to you, does it? I never meant--I never met the man but once, I meant nothing to him, but the part of life we shared was the biggest slice of my life, and he was the biggest thing in it! Only like a fool I never knew it till now! You don't know a fanzine from a fracture line, and your idea of fun is to careen around in that damn car and park. You know how to read, but you're bored in a bookstore. This guy never kissed me, and I could have seen him every day and he wouldn't--oh, I don't know, maybe he would have kissed me. Probably he would, because we had a lot more than you and I ever had, only I didn't know, and now I'll never know! All I know is, I don't want you any more. Go on, go on, take it, I hate you!" And I threw the ring at him and ran.

Almost everybody was in class somewhere, so fortunately I hadn't added to everything by making a public scene in the hall. That, I thought drearily as I went into the washrooms, was all I'd need. Tantrum Tess.

My locker mate Ginny was tending to a broken fingernail inside. She's taking a business course, but she won't cut her fingernails short enough to make sense, so of course she's always breaking them. She al-



ways told me everything and I never told her anything, but she was a good kid. She thought I was a little bit nuts, but then everybody did.

"Tess, honey! You've been crying! Why--you're not wearing--did you have a fight with Giff?"

"That crumb!" I flung it at her. I might as well start getting used to being the Cat who Walked by Herself again. I already knew that girls didn't ever like girls unless there was something queer about them or unless they were popular with boys. Since I took up with Giff, I'd gotten more popular with the girls too, which seemed peculiar on the face of it. I'm never going to understand people.

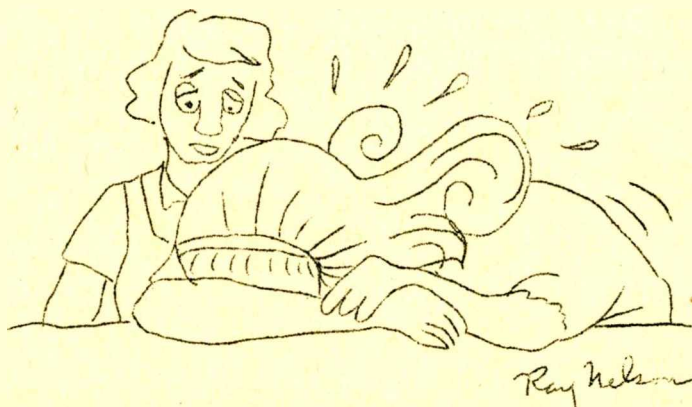
"Tess, what's really the matter?"

I gave her Robbie's letter. She read it and breathed, "Oh, Tess, how awful!" Then, the same slow bafflement, "But I thought--you and Giff--"

"Giff," I said deliberately, "was just someone to go out with. I've loved Kerry for years and years. I always loved him." Strange, that the lie I told Ginny should strike closer to the truth, the real inner soul truth, than all the painful groping for outer truth that I'd tried to make Giff understand.

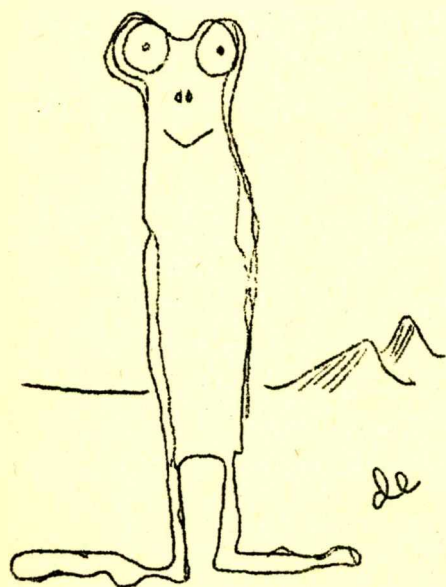
Ginny put her arms around me. "Oh, Tess, I'm sorry," she whispered, and I cried and cried for the lover I had never had until I lost him forever.....

-Marion Zimmer Bradley

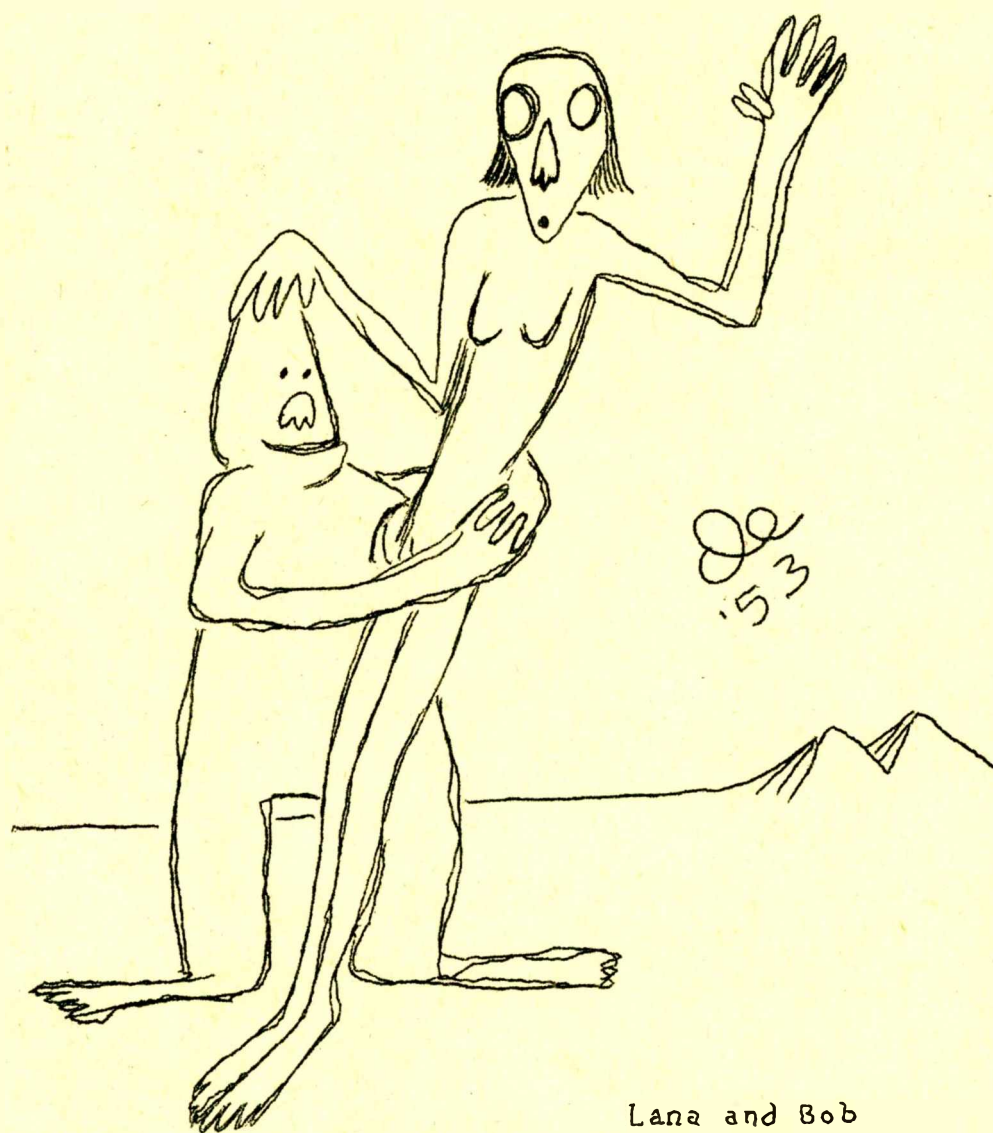


IT'S NO USE, MAMA... HE'S A
(Sob) BNF, AND I'M JUST A NED.

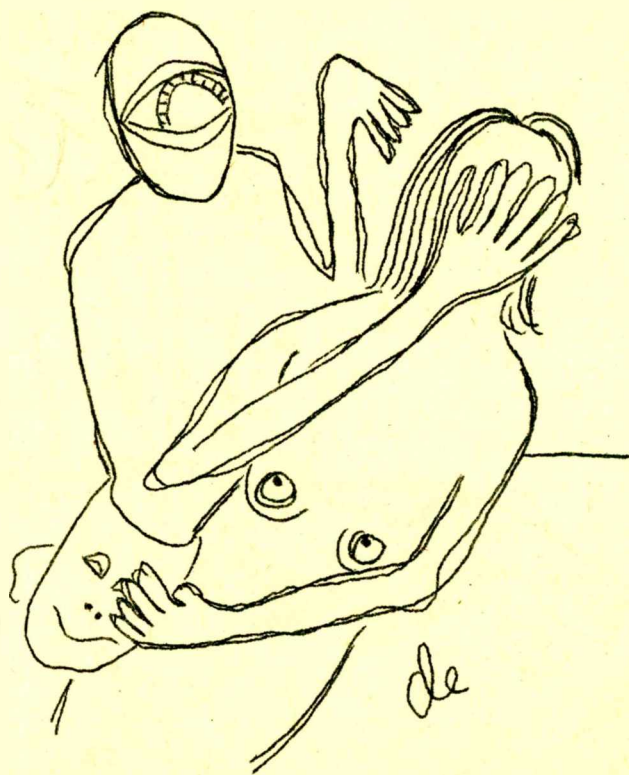
the Dave English anthology 2

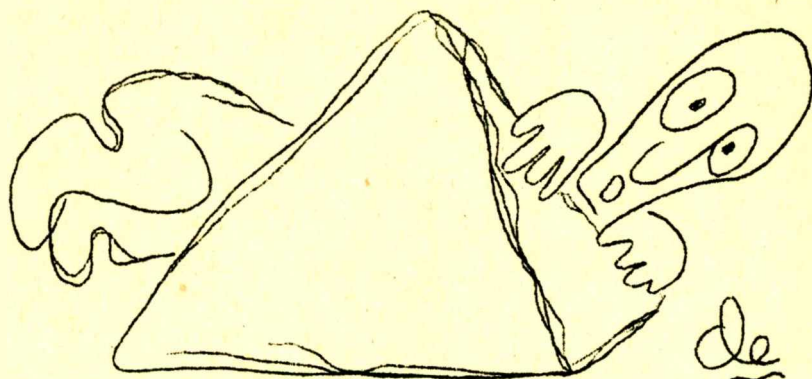


de by de



Lana and Bob





"They have been here always."

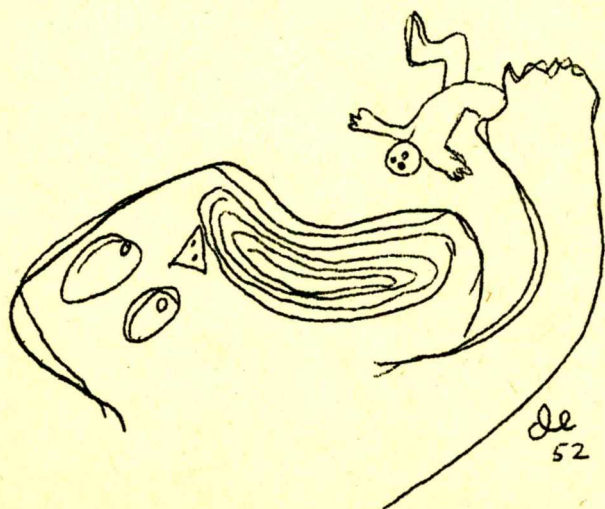
de
51



"Melvin,
you look
like hell."

"I never said
I was."

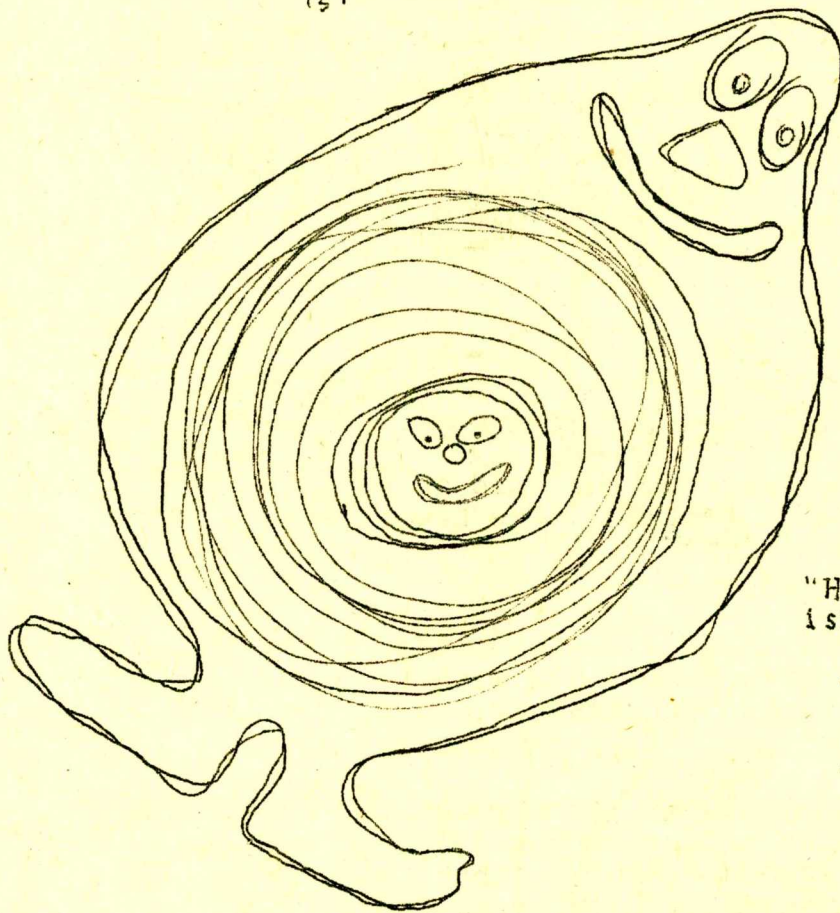
de



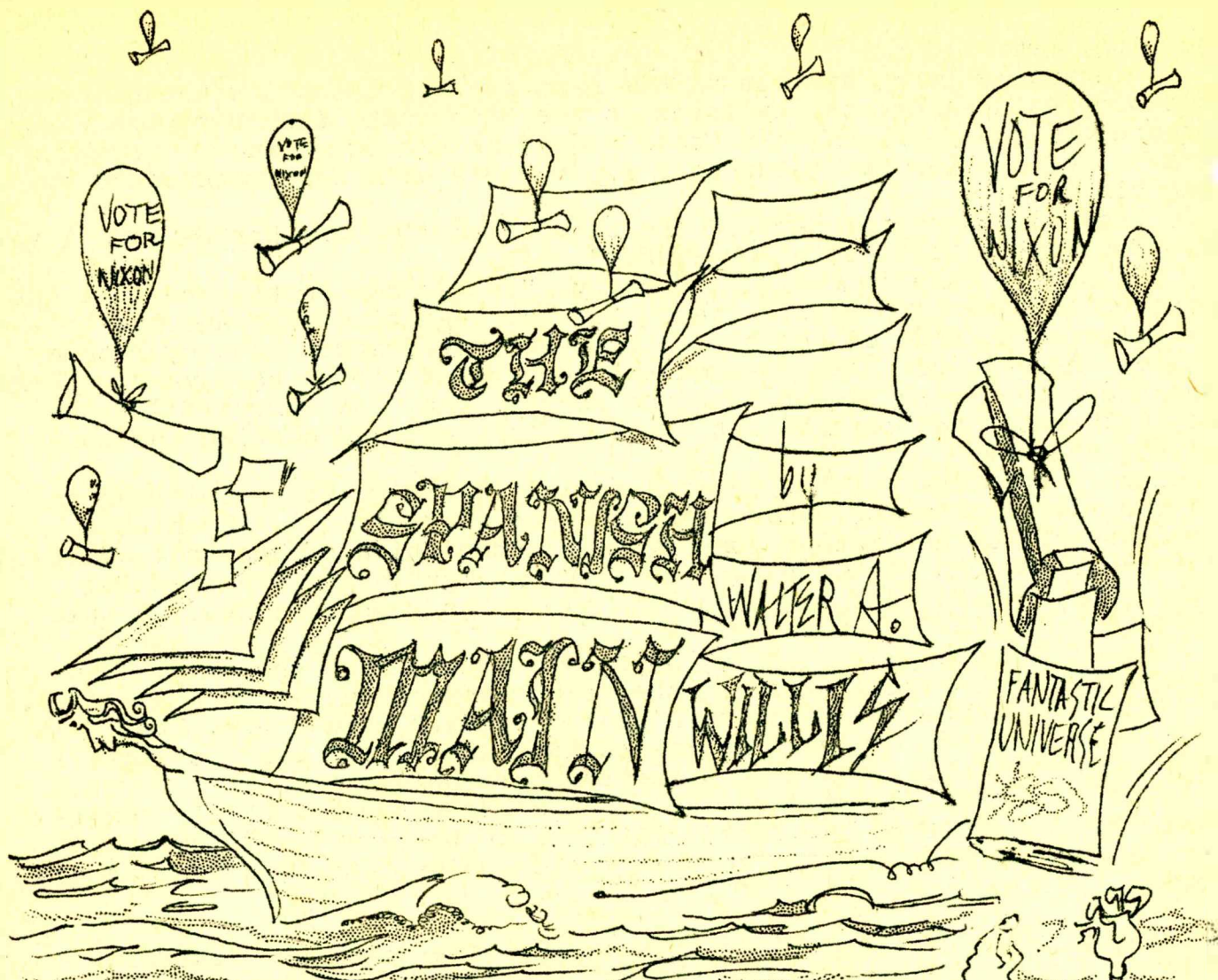
de
52

"I love you."

de
(51)



"He's cute,
isn't he?"



"FANTASTIC UNIVERSE was sold at a recent US Tax Auction...the new owner has no immediate plans for publication." -SF TIMES #352

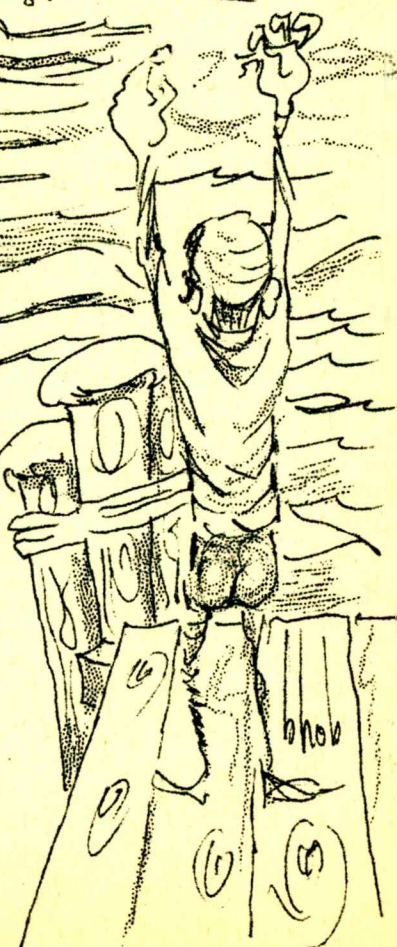
"GOING, GOING, GONE," said the auctioneer, hitting his desk a perfunctory blow with his gavel. "Sold to the gentleman at the back. Now, Lot 378, six dozen pairs of Zsa Zsa Gabor's panties, unused..."

Harry Kreutz made his way through the fringes of the crowd to the office. "Lot 377," he said.

"Ah, yes," said the clerk, "that's the miscellaneous lot just sold. Let me see." He ran his pencil down a list. "Here we are," he said, "one zinc bath, two bags of cement, 2000 balloons, 80 sheets of corrugated iron, one fantastic universe. \$17.50, including commission. Sign here. Do you want them wrapped?"

"No thanks," said Harry, "I have a car. I only wanted the bath, but I suppose I have to take the lot. What was that last item again? I didn't see anything else."

The clerk consulted his list again. "It's only a science fiction magazine. Look in the bath



under the cement."

Eventually Harry arrived at his home in Long Island, with the cement propped up among the balloons in the back seat, the corrugated iron strapped to the roof, the zinc bath wedged in the trunk and a parking ticket tucked under the windshield wiper. His wife Edna rushed out to help him unload.

"It's a fine bath, Harry," she said, "and I'm sure Horace will love it. But what's all this other stuff?"

"I had to take it too," said Harry. "It was all in the one lot. But maybe it'll come in useful." They laid the bags of cement and the balloons along the side of the house, with the corrugated iron over them to keep the rain off, and dragged the bath round to the back yard. There Edna swept the loose cement into the garbage can, and Harry filled the bath with water and brought out the goldfish bowl and emptied the contents gently in.

Harry and Edna watched tensely as the little goldfish twitched to and fro, bemused by the sudden expansion of the universe. Then it straightened out and with a long graceful undulation of its tail, darted towards the end of the bath. It circumnavigated it in a graceful curve under the faucets and sped back along the long straight. Little bubbles danced in its wake.

Edna sighed happily. "See, he's better already," she said. "The psychiatrist was right. Look at the colour coming back into his scales."

"So that's what he meant by a gilt complex," said Harry. "Well, it sure looks like he knew what he was talking about. It was just that I never heard of a goldfish with claustrophobia before."

"Horace isn't an ordinary fish," said Edna proudly. "He's sensitive. Besides this is New York. But look at the little fellow now." They watched Horace start on another world cruise, and then went in to supper.

ON THE MORNING of the day after next, Harry came down for breakfast, stealing a look at the goldfish through the landing window on the way. "Any mail?" he asked cheerfully as he entered the kitchen.

Edna pointed mutely to a sack propped up against the ironing board.

Harry undid the Post Office seal and pulled out a handful of letters. "They're not for us," he said, "they're all addressed to The Publishers, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE."

"What's FANTASTIC UNIVERSE?" asked Edna.

"Dunno," said Harry. "Wait a minute, though. It's a science fiction magazine. There was a copy in the bath. Has the garbage been collected yet?"

He rushed out into the back yard and poked around in the garbage can, eventually unearthing a dirty brown envelope from among the tomato skins. Scraping off the tomato-flavoured concrete, he carried it into the kitchen, and opened it.

"There's no magazine here," he said, "just a lot of papers." He read through them, and began paling.

"What's the matter?" asked Edna anxiously.

"We've bought a science fiction magazine," said Harry.

"That's what you said the first time," said Edna. "So what?"

"No," said Harry. "I mean we've bought the magazine itself, the whole thing. Look." He handed over a sheet of paper. It was headed "List of Assets," and it read:

500,000 copies of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE
One bundle of rejection slips, unopened

9900 copies of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS
100 fanzines
843 photographs of flying saucers and little green
men
One clay image of Isaac Asimov, impaled by a bolt
75¢ in uncanceled stamps torn off envelopes

Harry didn't hear any comments Edna had to offer on this, for at that moment there was a loud knock on the door. A burly truckdriver stood on the doorstep, holding out a clip-board.

"Sign here, Mac," he said. "Where d'you want the stuff?"

"What stuff?" asked Harry weakly.

The truckdriver stood aside, revealing a ten ton truck and trailer, both laden with brown paper parcels labelled FANTASTIC UNIVERSE.

"Oh," said Harry helplessly. "Oh. In the back yard, I guess. There's no room in the house."

Two hours later his little home was walled in by great stacks of brown paper parcels, except for a small clearing round the garbage can and the goldfish bath.

"I CAN'T STAND IT any more," cried Edna, when Harry came home from work the next day. "I feel just the way Horace felt."

Harry felt his way through the unnatural darkness of the living room. "Why don't you switch the light on?"

"At five o'clock on a summer afternoon?" wept Edna. "Besides I can't stand to see those great walls of brown paper--I keep thinking they're going to fall on me. I must be going out of my mind...they seem to be closing in on me!"

"We could go and see the psychiatrist again," suggested Harry.

"And buy me a zinc bath?" sneered Edna. "I told you, he's a fish specialist; he doesn't know anything about human beings. Besides, what we want is to get rid of the stuff, blow it up or something."

"The only thing we could blow up would be the balloons," said Harry ruefully. "Hey, there's an idea. Wait."

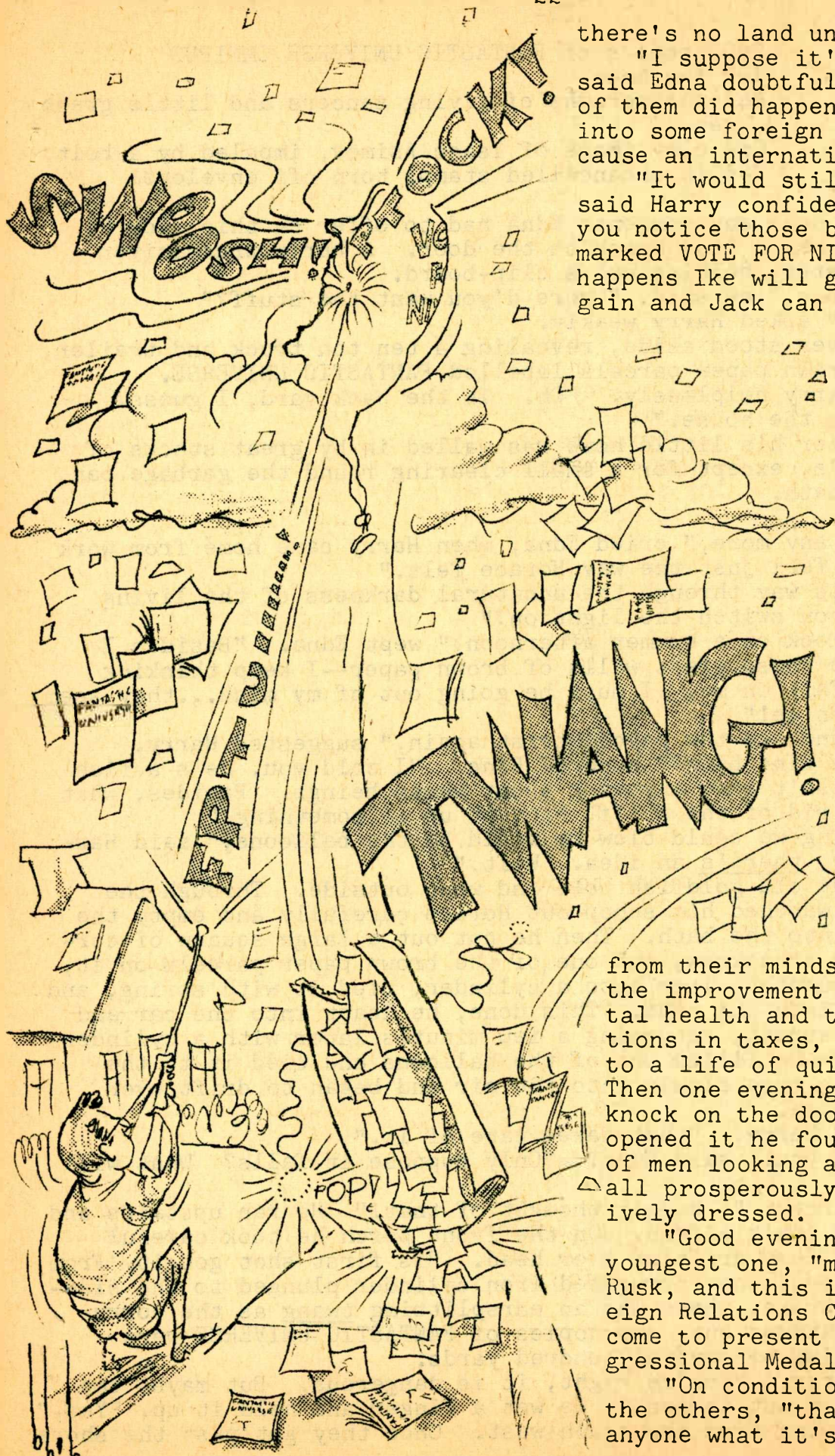
He grabbed the old goldfish bowl and went outside. Through the kitchen door Edna watched him scoop out Horace carefully and empty the bags of concrete into the bath. Then he cut out a large square of corrugated iron with a hacksaw, put one of the brown paper parcels on it, rolled up the corrugated iron into a cylinder, tied it with string, and rammed wet cement into the ends. This done, he leapt into the car and tore off down the street, returning a few minutes later with a cylinder of compressed gas. He filled one of the balloons and tied it to the string. The bundle rose slowly into the air and began to drift over the roof of the house.

"There," said Harry. "that takes care of it."

"I'm proud of you," said Edna. "Only suppose it falls? What will the police say?"

"Oh," said Harry. "I hadn't thought of that!" He ran upstairs and came down with his son's airgun. On the front porch he took careful aim as the balloon came drifting over head. His first shot got it. From a height of fifty feet the corrugated iron cylinder plunged to the sidewalk. The string broke, there was an earsplitting twang as the corrugated iron straightened out, and copies of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE were sprayed over a radius of several hundred yards.

"Hm," said Harry. "You're right, it is dangerous. But maybe the wind will carry them out to sea." He wet a finger and held it up. "Yes," he said, "it's blowing from the south west. Once they get past the shore



there's no land until Greenland."

"I suppose it's all right," said Edna doubtfully, "but if one of them did happen to get blown into some foreign country, it might cause an international incident."

"It would still be all right," said Harry confidently. "Didn't you notice those balloons were all marked VOTE FOR NIXON? If anything happens Ike will get the blame again and Jack can apologise for him."

Harry and Edna worked all evening and night making up the parcels and blowing up the balloons, and by dawn the yard was cleared. All the corrugated iron, magazines, books, fanzines, photographs, balloons and cement were drifting out into the North Atlantic. Happily, they restored Horace to his bath.

DURING THE NEXT TWO MONTHS the incident faded from their minds, and what with the improvement in Horace's mental health and the recent reductions in taxes, they settled into a life of quiet contentment. Then one evening there was a knock on the door and when Harry opened it he found a small group of men looking at him curiously, all prosperously but conservatively dressed.

"Good evening," said the youngest one, "my name is Dean Rusk, and this is the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. We've come to present you with the Congressional Medal of Honor."

"On condition," added one of the others, "that you don't tell anyone what it's for."

"That's easy," said Harry, dazed, "because I don't even know, myself."

"Well, it was those balloons of yours," said Rusk. "The FBI traced them to you. Most of them drifted right over the Arctic Circle into Russia, where they were shot down by small boys with slingshots. Within a month nearly everyone in Russia had read the stuff you sent with them, passing it from hand to hand. You know they teach English in Russian schools."

"I still don't understand," said Harry helplessly.

"That stuff was dynamite," said Rusk. "They'd never been exposed to anything like it in forty years of dialectical materialism. They've no advertisements or sensational newspapers, so they had no resistance and they fell for it like a ton of bricks. They've been importing hundreds of tons of old science fiction magazines ever since. Half of them have joined the Rosicrucians or the N3F and the rest are studying dianetics or building psionic machines. The entire Politburo is on the FAPA waiting list. Krushchev is coming to the Seattle Convention for a summit talk with Jack Speer. They've dismantled all their missile bases in case they might hit a flying saucer, the Red Army is digging for Deroes in the Urals, and their submarines are all out looking for Atlantis. The cold war is over!"

The Chairman pinned a medal on Harry's chest while he was still struggling for breath. "A grateful country would like to accord you some more tangible award," he said. "Is there anything you would like?"

Harry thought for a while. "Well," he finally said, "we're quite happy as we are, but maybe you could do something for Horace. Really, it's all due to him."

"Horace?" asked the Chairman.

"Our goldfish," explained Harry. "We got him a new bath, but he still doesn't seem quite right. I think it must be the chlorine in the water."

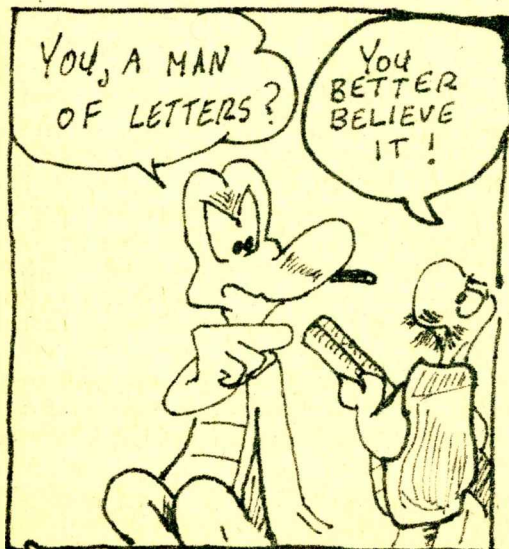
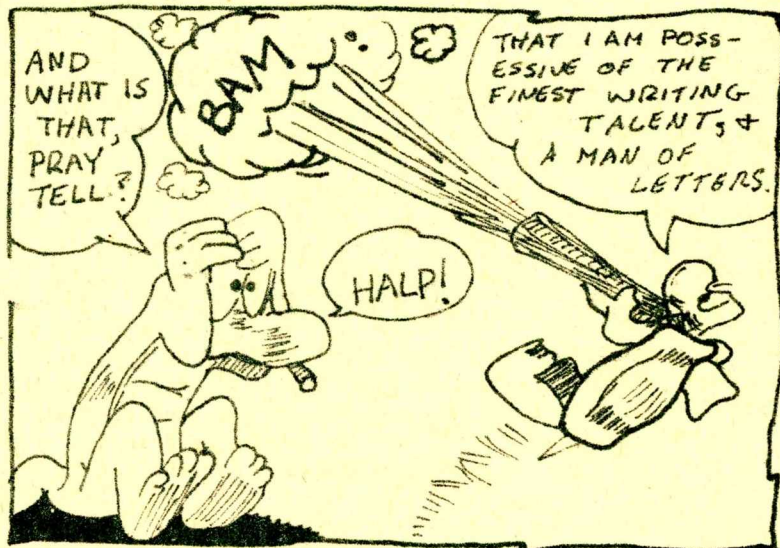
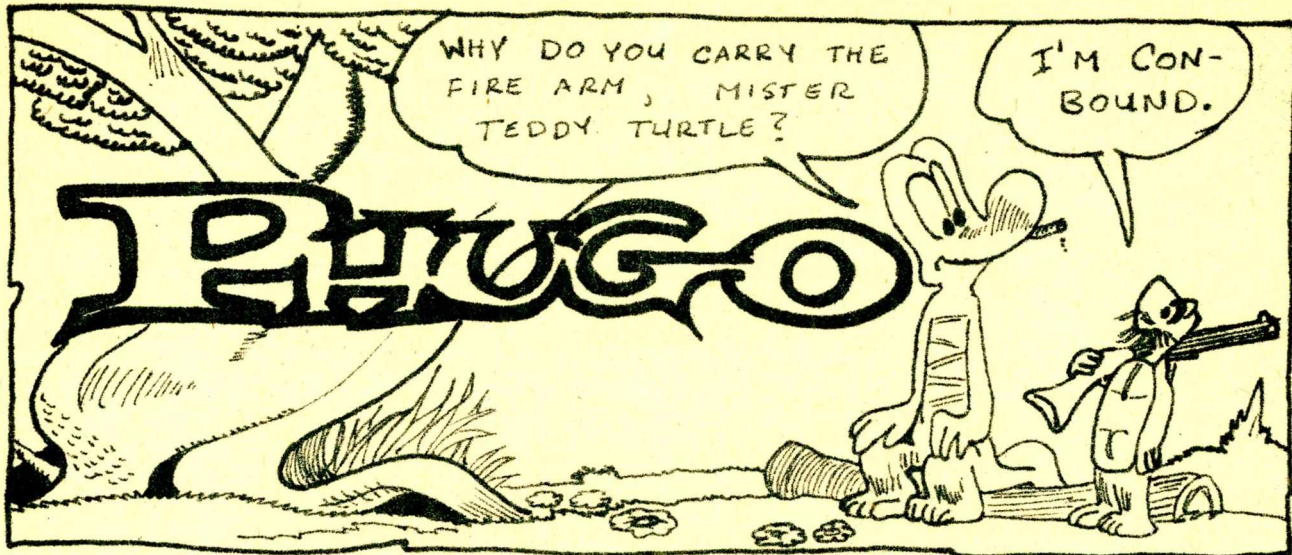
The Chairman had a whispered consultation with the Senator from Texas. "We'll have some better water piped in," he promised.

And that's how there happens to be a goldfish that lives in New York but swims all day in the warm clear waters of the Caribbean.

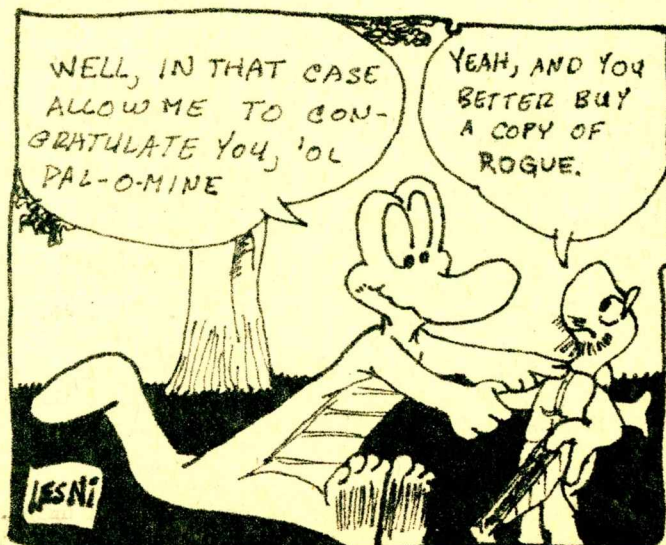
-Walt Willis

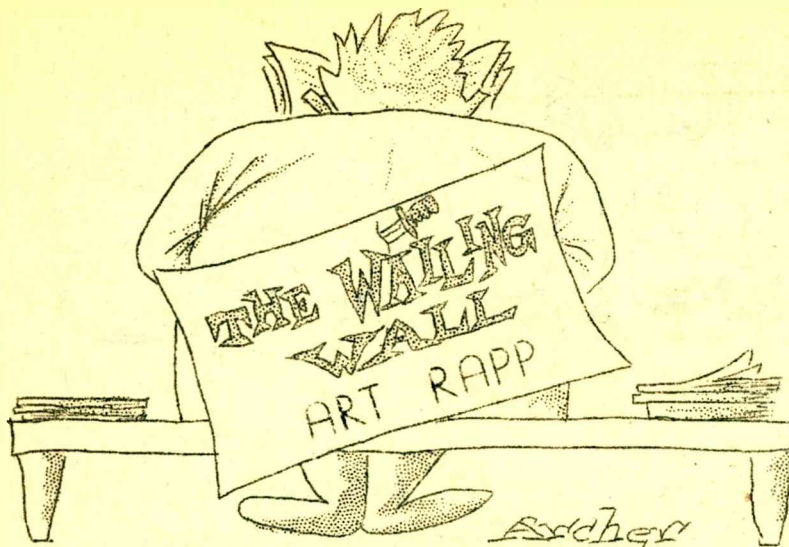
THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY WILLIS FUND: We're still plugging it. The idea this time was inspired by the LASFS. The Los Angeles group recently held an auction of fanzines containing Willis material, and donated the proceeds to the Willis Fund. Their check was in the vicinity of \$50.00! That's damned good going by any standards, and we'd like to publicly applaud the LASFS for this collective effort. What's more, we'd like to urge that if you have a fanclub in your area that you try something similar. Clubs often find it easier to raise funds (be it \$5.00 or \$50.00) than individual members do, and here's a really worthwhile endeavor for every club. How about it?

NEXT ISSUE: A Forgotten Willis Classic, "Mike Hammer at the Clevention," the wildly pun-filled epic originally written for DIMENSIONS and passed from generation to generation until a privately printed version was circulated among a Choice Few three years ago... Don't Miss It!



HACKED BY LES NIRENBERG, 1960





Some of Your Blood by Theodore Sturgeon
Ballantine Books #458K; 143 pp.: 35¢

Far as I know, this is Sturgeon's first novel which is definitely not science fiction--unless you indulge in the sort of hairsplitting which starts by defining psychoanalysis as a "science" and proceed to classify fiction dealing with it as science fiction for that reason.

Nevertheless, Some of Your Blood is Sturgeon at his best, and as off-trail a novel as you're likely to encounter in quite a while. It strikes me that Sturgeon is paralleling the course which Henry Kuttner followed a decade or so ago: in pursuit of insight into the workings of the human mind he took up the study of psychology and ended by being fascinated with it as a thing in itself. To any writer

who is deeply concerned with his craft, there is always a great possibility of this happening, and in most cases the results are worthwhile. Remember Kuttner's "Private Eye" in ASF? Or John D. MacDonald's "Here Comes A Candle" in which he blended psychology and the mystery-story form? [Kuttner wrote three mystery novels featuring a psychoanalyst as the hero, before he died. Ross MacDonald and his wife, Margaret Millar, have successfully applied this technique to the mystery field as well.--tw/

Some of Your Blood is a disturbing book--intentionally so. Sturgeon has a gimmick ending which is designed to disturb you, and the fiendish way in which he achieves this is a remarkable tour de force in itself. And since a good deal of the story is told in the form of psychiatric case-notes, it is rather strong fare for the lay reader who is unused to the topics which psychiatrists take in stride.

The circumstances are simple enough: a GI has been sent to an Army hospital as psychotic, the result of his striking an officer during an interview. The hospital psychiatrist is faced with the problem of whether his patient is sane enough to release, or a menace who must be confined in an asylum. Of course, if you've ever read any of Sturgeon's previous works, you know there's a lot more to it than that!

Any work of this scope is bound to have a few flaws, so at the risk of being called a nitpicker I'll mention them. Most serious is the fact that the central character, portrayed as a practically illiterate type who takes four days to write a two-sentence letter, suddenly turns into an articulate and voluble writer. Though this may have been a deliberate device on Sturgeon's part, explainable by the different mental states under which the two pieces were written, the change in literary ability is simply too great to be convincing.

The other inconsistencies are more excusable: the story is laid in the period of the Korean War, and Sturgeon's own military experience dates from WW II, so he goofed on a couple of technical points. Unfortunately, one of them is a central incident of the plot. The central character attracts the attention of the medics because of something a military censor notices while reading one of his letters. Alas, unlike WW's I and II, the Korean War was conducted without benefit of military censorship of soldiers' mail! (Partly because there were lots easier ways to get information, from the enemy's viewpoint, than via mail, and partly because, since our main supply bases were in Japan, which was not involved in the war, anyone wanting to evade the censors could merely mail his letters home via the Japanese postal system, rather than the military one.)

Another minor irritation is that the psychiatrist is an enlisted man, because, although a graduate student in his profession, he is below the minimum age for a commission. But since a degree in psychiatry takes something like 8 years (6 years of medical school, plus the psychiatric training), and since the minimum age for commissioned officers during the Korean War era was 18 years, this guy would have been a rather remarkable infant prodigy.

And one final carp: though he is running a military psychiatric hospital, this infant prodigy finds it necessary to go into town and visit the Public Library's restricted room to consult a volume of Krafft-Ebbing! Sturgeon must have a low opinion of the Army's efficiency in supplying its hospitals with adequate reference libraries.

But these are minor gripes. The book is at least as horrifying (and in much the same sense) as Psycho. And unless Hollywood is much more ingenious than I think, they'll never succeed in making a movie of this one! The only thing that saddens me is that Sturgeon, having proved with Some of Your Blood that he can compete with any mundane novelist around, is likely to continue in that direction, rather than writing the science fiction and fantasy tales that we fans would rather receive from his typer.

-Art Rapp

Willis Discovers AMERICA Part 3

CHAPTER 3

(CONFUSION no. 9)

Up on deck the Captain peers anxiously into the gathering fog. He turns to the Assistant Flag Lieutenant.

"Lieutenant Willow," he says, "I think the fog is thickening."

"Oh, I couldn't agree more," says the AFL. "I think it's pothitively dithguthting mythelf."

The Captain gives him a cold look and turns to the Chief Immigration Officer. "Would you mind going up top and having a look?"

The CIO pops up to the poop, peeps, and pops down again.

"Captain!" he cries, "There is a dangerous pile of flotsam ahead. I don't know what it is, but it looks for all the world like a shoal of musical instruments!"

Before the Captain can stop the ship there is an earsplitting noise, a hideous cacophony of sound.

"By Ghu," explains the CIO, "We have struck a submerged riff!"

"It must be that jazz band that was playing on the quay until it was drowned by the cheering crowd," says the Captain. "ABANDON THE SHIP!"

"I don't see any band on the ship," expostulates the CIO. "It's still in the sea."

"Don't quibble!" roars the Captain. "Get in the lifeboat." He turns to the AFL. "Go and join the CIO," he says, "and strike for the shore.¹ I am standing by my ship." He darts

into the radio room to send a message to the news agencies.²

When he comes out again the lifeboat is drawing away. "What about the prisoners?" shouts the CIO.

"Oh ghu yes," says the Captain. He throws open the hatches. "Are you there?"

"Bubble bubble," says Shelby.

"What about Willis?"

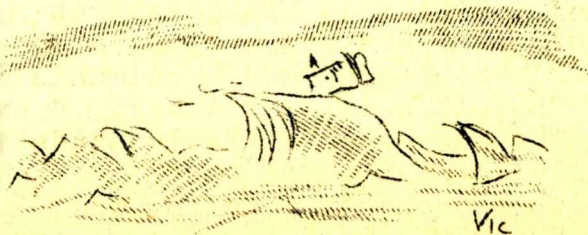
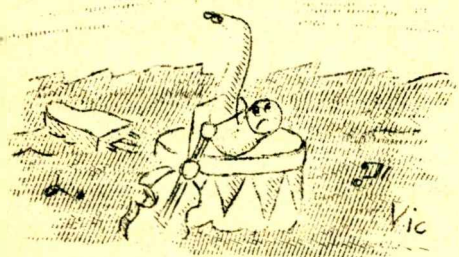
"O'bubble O'bubble," says Willis, with his last gasps of Eire.

"Well don't just stand there blowing bubbles. Come on up."

Vick and Willis emerge onto the deck and are thrown into the lifeboat. Before they have covered ten yards the waves close over the launch. The Captain's head can be seen for a moment, still looking for the news-reel planes, before it too disappears beneath the sea.

"I wish he'd never heard of Captain Carlsen," says the CIO. "Ah well, there goes the finest boat in the Immigration Service, the good old S.S. !*@&#%*!."

"What was that name again?" asks Shelby. "The !@&#%*!?"



"No," says the CIO, "the !*@&#%*!"

"Even so," says Shelby, "that's a funny name to call a ship."

"Yes," says the CIO, "but you see, while Judith Merrill was launching it she hit her thumb with the bottle."³

"It was a launching slip," comments Willis weakly.

"Shut up," says the CIO, "and keep rowing."

"She had real pain instead of champagne," says Willis, still working on it.

"SHUT UP!" shouts the CIO.

"There must be a better one," persists Willis doggedly. "Cursory send-off...stern words...embarkation to embrocation...bargee Pohl⁴...naughty-call names...quay words..." he mutters.

"I wonder where we are?" queries the Lieutenant, trying desperately to change the subject.

"Ghu knows," says the CIO. "Shall I give you a sounding?"

"Have you April 1943?" asks Willis stupidly.

The CIO ignores him and drops the plumb line over the edge of the boat. In a moment he pulls it up again. "This is plumb crazy," he says, "It shows the depth as zero."

"I wish the fog would lift," complains Willis. "I feel as if I were rowing into a brick wall."

The CIO stretches his hand into the fog. "You are," he says. The fog lifts for a moment, and they see before them the wall of an enormous building, stark and forbidding.

"Where is this?" asks Willis fearfully.

The CIO laughs cruelly. "We are on the mainland," he gloats, "and this is the dreaded Chateau d'IF!"

"NO! NO!" screams Shelby. Struggling vainly, the two fans are dragged inside the great iron doors and along vast echoing corridors to a door marked 'Prison Ghuvernor'. The CIO knocks and they enter. Behind an enormous desk sits the Governor of the Chateau d'IF.

"Sir," says the CIO respectfully, "these are the two Roscuitee prisoners we were taking to Ellis Island when our launch was shipwrecked. May I borrow a boat to proceed with our journey?"

"I don't have any lending craft at the moment," says the Governor, "but there's no hurry." He selects a long spaceship-shaped object from the box on his desk and lights it. Eying Willis thoughtfully through a cloud of smoke he remarks thoughtfully, "So this is the great fan wit I've heard so much about. Say something funny, Willis."

"Er..." says Willis, "er.... Duhhhhhhhhh."

"The reports seem to have been only half correct," sneers the Governor. "And this is the renegade Ghuist, Vick. I must say I cannot see how a man could sink so low as to reject the Ghuish Way Of Life once the True Ghospel had been revealed to him."

"You must remember," intervenes the CIO, "that he was under the corrupting influence of Willis for the entire Atlantic crossing, constantly exposed to rappturous⁵ pro-Roscoe propaganda."

"Well, they seem harmless enough," says the Governor, "but better search them for concealed weapons." The CIO frisks them rapidly and produces a horsewhip from a secret pocket in Willis' jacket. The Governor examines it gingerly. "What a ghastly weapon," he says, horrified. "To think that anyone would use this on a poor animal..."

"But it's for Max Keasler," explains Shelby.⁶

The Ghuvernor silently hands it back to Willis and turns to the CIO. "I shall arrange for their transportation to Ellis Island," he says, picking up the phone. "Hello, hello? Ghuvernor Fairman here. I---"

"FAIRMAN?!!!!" screams Willis hysterically. He throws himself across the desk, knocking over nine signed portraits of Howard Browne.⁷ Seizing

After some time he is overpowered and Fairman struggles to his feet. "By-Ghu," he exclaims, "he'll suffer for this. He'll rot here in the Chat-eau d'IF until his case comes for trial. The man is a raging maniac!"

"He's only raging because you asked Ken Slater to write your guest editorial," explains Shelby. "You shouldn't have done that, Mr. Fairman."

"But I'd never heard of Willis," says Fairman, puzzled.

At this Willis collapses on the floor in a foetal position, moaning piteously. After a few moments he crawls into a corner, where he begins to recite the QUANDRY Poll Results to himself. "Willis 76, Tucker 27..."⁹

Fairman calls the guards. "Men," he says, "lock these creatures in the vilest durance we have."

1. The AFL and the CIO are the two main US Trade Union organisations. ((Since this footnote was written, the two have merged.))
2. This was shortly after the episode of the 'Flying Enterprise.'
3. Judy Merrill was supposed to have a great command of invective.
4. ...And was married to Fred Pohl ((at the time)).
5. The True Faith of Roscoe was founded by Arthur Rapp.
6. ~~Max~~ was supposed to have designs on my wife Madeleine.
7. Fairman, then editor of IF, had expressed great admiration for Howard Browne and...
8. ...Had asked Ken Slater to write a guest editorial as the most prominent overseas fan.
9. The QUANDRY Poll results for 'Best Fan of 1951', just published.

-Walt Willis

๑๒๓๔๕๖๗๘๙๑๐๑๑๑๒๑๓๑๔๑๕๑๖๑๗๑๘๑๙๒๐๒๑๒๒๒๓๒๔๒๕๒๖๒๗๒๘๒๙๓๐๓๑๓๒๓๓๓๔๓๕๓๖๓๗๓๘๓๙๔๐๔๑๔๒๔๓๔๔๔๕๔๖๔๗๔๘๔๙๕๐๕๑๕๒๕๓๕๔๕๕๕๖๕๗๕๘๕๙๖๐๖๑๖๒๖๓๖๔๖๕๖๖๖๗๖๘๖๙๗๐๗๑๗๒๗๓๗๔๗๕๗๖๗๗๗๘๗๙๘๐๘๑๘๒๘๓๘๔๘๕๘๖๘๗๘๘๘๙๙๐๙๑๙๒๙๓๙๔๙๕๙๖๙๗๙๘๙๙

GAMBIT 42, Continued: one reader who was having trouble, and it turned out he was trying to read the panel border!"

But seriously, though, I'm very pleased to have discovered this facet of the multit talented Bhob Stewart (he also places his foot behind his head) to fandom through VOID. I'm kind of quietly proud of the fact that VOID has developed and given real prominence to both Bhob and Andy Reiss--as is symbolized thish with the first and last three-page sections--as fan artists and cartoonists par excellence. Coming up in future issues will be some more art surprises: next ish an unusual portfolio by Les Nirenberg, who is represented this time with a new (and one-shot) strip, "Phugo", which was so gorgeous that I didn't trust myself to stencil it, and so had to sit on it for almost a year until I could have it Gestefaxed; and the issue after that a cartoon folio by Greg Trend-
eine which exposes a lighter side than he's previously shown, with some of perhaps his best stuff to date. And of course there'll be more "Dave English Anthology" instalments, which represents vintage DE from that Glorious Era of Sixth Fandom. (I may have to start alternating issues with it; we're starting to get crowded with goodies again...)

APPROPOS THE ABOVE, I'd like to quote a short part of a recent letter from Seth Johnson, the N3F's gift to New Jersey. "Who the heck is or was Dave English. Cartoons on pages 16 to 17 [for some reason he cites only the last two pages of the five-page "Dave English Anthology pt.1"] rather cruddy to my way of thinking. Why not contact Barbara Johnson, 7546 Farnum Ave, Cleveland 30, Ohio for some really original and artistic cartoons that would be a real credit to you and VOID. Or contact Bjo and her fanartists for a competent cartoonist. Plenty of talent around if you take the trouble to look for it." (That's all, incredibly, sic.)

He must be putting us on.

I HAVE ANOTHER BHOB STEWART STORY: It's been our habit at recent Fanoclast meetings to ajourn after the meeting proper to a restaurant somewhere for an extended gab-session. Selections after midnight are somewhat limited, so often we head down to Chinatown to Sam Wo's 24-hour service restaurant. Last meeting we decided to take the 2nd Avenue bus all the way down from 73rd St. to somewhere below Canal (which is ten or more blocks below 1st, for you non-New Yorkers). There were around ten of us: Dick and Pat Lupoff, Hal Lynch, Will Jenkins, James Warren, Les Gerber, Phob Stewart, Chris Steinbrunner, Sylvia and myself. We took over the entire back of the bus (who says segregation is dead in the north?), and there was much wise-cracking and joking, particularly between Gerber and Warren, with interjections from the rest of us. Bbob was sitting on the back seat, facing up the isle, and I noticed he hadn't had a good line lately, so I suggested, "How about placing your foot behind your head, Bbob? That's always good for one laugh."

Jim Warren pitched in with, "Can you

really do that, Bhob? That's really great!" So thusly egged on by a fresh audience, Bhob carefully placed one foot behind his head, while still sitting, and then slowly rose on the other leg. The bus was bumping and swaying along, but somehow Bhob kept his balance. "Good grief!" Warren said. "One big bump, and he's fixed for life," said Will Jenkins. Spontaneously we all began applauding this daring young man on one leg. Gerber even whistled.

Every head on the bus turned. Bhob did a precarious bow, acknowledged the redoubled applause, and reseated himself.

At the next stop every passenger on the bus but those of us with Broad Mental Horzons immediately got off...

WITH ALL THE ART, this issue, things got a little crowded. Shoved out were a short story by Lee Hoffman and Pete Graham's "West Coast Jass." Of course, Pete neglected to write his "West Coast Jass," which may be another reason it was crowded out. It'll be back next ish.

-ted white

+++++

LETTERS

MAL ASHWORTH

Dear Whoever-You-Are:

Let me tell you here and now, friend, that you are playing a dangerous game, impersonating Ted White. They tell me he is as Nasty and Bitchy as all get out. As a matter of fact, that is how I latched onto you and realized that you were just a pale impersonation of the Real Ted White--try as you might, you just can't be Nasty and Bitchy enough. I mean--just look at what you do! You put me on your Regular List for VOID; you keep on sending it to me issue after issue--three parts of the fabulous Annish, The Willish, and now 24--not to mention all the several dozen that must have gone before. If I happened to be Jophann himself, or even Marland Frenzel, I could understand it; but who am I? What have I ever done? You see? That is how you gave yourself away; after only a couple of those issues had gone by unacknowledged, do you think for a minute that the Real Ted White would calmly gone on sending me issue after superb issue? Don't you think rather that all his Nastiness and Bitchiness would have come to the top and, at the very least, he would have cut me from his mailing list with a snarl and a flourish? Don't you think he might even have run a blasting expose of me on page 3 headed "Why Fandom Is Going To The Dogs"?

No, I'm sorry Whoever-You-Are, but you just haven't got it, to pass off as Ted White.

This is rather a pity because you sure as hell do publish some fabulous fanzines.

Still, even that won't save you when The Real Ted White gets back.

If I was you I'd get out now while your skin is whole.

But leave my name on his 'Regular List' when you go, huh? He might just not notice for a few issues. [14, Westgate, Bradford 2, ENGLAND] ((You've found us out! Next issue, Hal Lynch blows the gaff on New York Fandom's best-kept secret!))

BOB LICHTMAN

I got the Willish of VOID the other day and enclosed is the first of what I hope will be many dollars from me for the Fund. I intend to contribute about one of these with every letter of comment on VOID, so the more you publish during the next year and a half the more money I'll be sending you. ((So what happened to your LoC on V24?? -tw)) Also, I am thinking of issuing, this summer, a special publication containing in full the two London Convention reports that Walt wrote in QUANDRY, under the title "The Harp In England." If I do, pre-publication copies will be something like 30¢, with the price jumping a dime for the extras I print up after publication. Proceeds will go to the Fund, of course. ((Good man! And, while you're at it, why not include material from the later Harp columns in OOPS on the preparation for the SuperManCon, and the con itself? -gb&tw))

Aside from the spread-out VANNISH, I do believe this is the best issue of VOID I've ever seen, Ted. The material scintillates, it really does. The cover and lead-in are magnificent.

GAMBIT this time is most interesting and in places quite amusing. Why were you afraid to send copies of ZIP, the Gay Blade Fanzine, to BNF's? Shuck'ns, Ted, you shouldn't have been afraid. I don't know exactly what the tempo of fandom was back then as regards this sort of thing, but I know I sent PSI-PHI #1, which was no great shakes, to every BNF whose name I could find. ((In my days as a neo, 1. first issues (mine included) were cruddier, and 2. the BNF's seemed far more awesome. One does not tempt the wrath of the ghods with a crudzine...-tw)) The results were really gratifying. No one blasted me at all. Some people even thought the zine was a good start (the out-and-



"That one for the Old Beg!"
a brand at Drymouth.

out liars). And I did manage to land a couple of contributions and there I was going right along publishing quarterly. But you know all that...you were one of the nice people who responded.

I notice you say that you want to give Walt leisure time before the convention and trip. Well, one thing that would be a big help, I'm sure, would be a less materialistic attitude on the part of fanpubbers supporting the Fund in the pages of their fanzine. I'm sure that one of the most annoying things for anyone is to have someone solicit material with a "you better send it or else" attitude showing in their letters. We all know that Walt is a fine writer, so why bother making him be hyperactive to show it? It'd be nice, but it's not necessary. Also, despite Graham's interesting review of THE HARP STATESIDE, Walt shouldn't feel obligated to write another one of these books. If he wants to, fine, but please don't make it a point of honor that he write Harp Stateside Meets The Wolf Fan or something like that. ((We heartily endorse these sentiments. For the most part we will be relying upon "classic" reprints, like WDA, and "Mike Hammer at the Clevelation," and we notice the Shaw's are also reprinting vintage Willis in AXE.-gb&tw))

[6137 S. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Cal.]

.....
SETH JOHNSON

The cartoons on the cover weren't nearly up to former such cartoons. Not that the drawing wasn't good, but the idea or thought just wasn't worth all that space.

Benford's gossip about VOID becoming serconzine or something ((definitely Or Something)) was interesting. Is there any possibility or

trend towards becoming really serious fanzine. It might be an affect of your advancing years you know. We tend to get more serious as we get older.

Someday, somehow would you run a history of all the numbered fandoms and what the heck they stand or stood for. Constant references to one number or another tend to confuse.

Who is Lee Hoffman?

New Jersey]

At least Willis was very good. [339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall

.....
GREGG CALKINS

VOID 24 was as good an issue of a fanzine as I've read in I don't know how long. I thoroughly enjoyed it but I'm afraid I burned myself out commenting upon it in a letter to Tucker commenting on his "Vandals etc" just in case I didn't comment in FAPA. ((That's a switch!-tw)) It was a damned fine article --perhaps one of fandom's all-time best.

[1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah]

.....
HARRY WARNER

It is probably a demonstration of my ignorance of current magazine formats to assume that your multi-page front covers are something entirely new to the world of letters. This one is quite the equal of the first, and it will be interesting to see if you people can continue to think up ideas of such relevance and suspenseful characters. ((If you mean, will we change logo-designs every issue, the answer is no...-tw))

Your new Gestetner got both the postage stamp and the address label pasted on crooked and some of the little checkmarks on the last page ran outside their boundaries. But I'm sure you'll have those accessories adjusted by the next issue, and meanwhile I couldn't believe that you really got such fine results with that flimsy paper. I used second sheets during a time of troubles for HORIZONS, and I still shudder at the thought of the agonies that they caused me. ((It's not at

all hard to run on the new machine, but it was impossible on the old one. It presents some problem with static electricity in some kinds of weather, but the main drag is fooling with the slipsheets, which means running the machine at a slow speed, stopping every fifty copies to put more slipsheets in, and then separating the slipsheets afterwards. Oh well, I suppose many fans would think that a lark...-tw))

I think that the non-response that Tucker laments is a fannish phenomenon that almost always occurs for major projects. AH SWEET IDIOCY received remarkably little space in FAPA mailing comments, for instance, although many fans explained that they were preparing lengthy articles based on it. Probably many readers assume that everyone else will write interminably about such a major item, and they let George do it. And when a piece of fannish writing contains no major inaccuracies and covers its topic more thoroughly than any of its readers could do, there is a natural difficulty involved in finding lengthy things to say about it.

Somehow, the Dave English anthology pages missed fire for me. I have a baseless feeling that DE art should be crowded and jammed onto the pages with little white space between separate items, for maximum effect. I do remember enjoying very much the fat collection of his work that came out of Cambridge a year or two ago, and I can't remember whether that one was laid out to my specifications or not. ((The drawing on the opposite page is a Gestefaxed DE; the first in print, I think, to show his penmanship.-tw))

Lee Hoffman's article has nostalgia for me, but not the kind that you might think. It describes events that occurred just eight or nine hours before the fall of this man, and Christmas Eve has become an extra special day for me. It is incredible, how many fans have based writings on what they did that day: the winter FAPA mailing was full of references to it. ((It was a day not so different from any other day...-tw)) [423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md.]

.....
WALTER BREEN

VOID 23: There is only one word which would summarize my reaction to this magnificent thing: goshwow!!
My dictionary calls it a "wayzgoose," and one only wishes it could be an annual printer's holiday rather than something one had to wait ten years for (not that it isn't worth waiting that long for).
Willis Was Wondrous.

VOID 24: Juffus, the answer to your question about Queen Christina is too long to give here, but it's in an article of mine on Paleofandom which Bill Sarill has been holding for nearly a year. Briefly, there was a genuine fantasy fandom in Europe in the late Renaissance & Baroque periods, which didn't really die out until the French Revolution, if then. Queen Christina of Sweden was the ruling BNF of a local group in Rome, which continued after her death. [163 West 10th St., New York 14, N.Y.]

.....
JEFF WANSHEL

The cover was great. However, I, for one, am against this becoming a regular department; they seem to pall a little with familiarity. Keep the Stewart covers coming (!!); Bhob is potentially the finest legitimate artist to hit the far-scene in five years. This piece of Stewartiana was better, artistically, than VOID 23's; however I enjoyed it less. The touches of faces in the crowd are truly fabulous, as are the sidelights 'tween Pete and you. Cultivating fancy lettering is jes' fine, as long as you stay within the limits of readability; one or two of the words took me three minutes or so to puzzle out, and even then I was helped by my Sullivan&Allen Handy Cliche Kit.

VOID seems to bring out the Best of Benford. He is blooming, his basically (it seems) chitter-chatterish personality basking in the void. ((Oog!)) It's nice to still see him around; I wish he'd write something like this for me.

And if VOID has brought out the Best in Greg Benford, it has brought out the superlative in Pete Graham. BiGhod, I didn't know Pete could write like this. Graham is really going beautifully with his chitter-chatter style. (("My problem, Ted, is that I come from Fabulous Berkeley Fandom," Pete told me last winter, "and I really am a very serious person." That's the Inner Soul of Pete Graham, bon vivant of fandom. -tw)) I'm beginning to think that VOID has a Mystical Quality which drags the Best out of Everybody, if this is any indication.

Harry Warner is almost as interesting as usual; he projects a side of Ashley which I, and numerous other fans, I am sure, never expected. His attempt at humor in the opening paragraph is abortive, tho. ((Give Harry a chance. He hasn't quite caught the VOID style yet.-tw)) [6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, N.Y.]

.....
LES GERBER

As a philologist, Dean Grennell should know better than to label a four-line pome a "sonnet." That thing didn't even have fourteen words in it. ((So what? Who gives a damn? -gb))

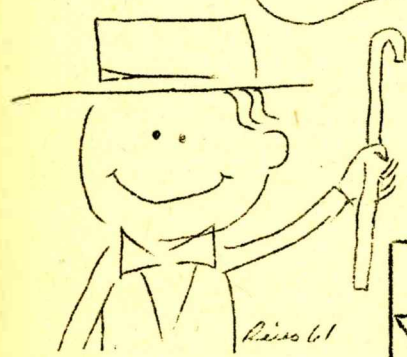
Why do yuo ((sic -tw)) always break up the letters ((as if they didn't break one up enough! -pg)) and make them so darned ((expurgated -bs)) hard to read? ((It seems like the fannish thing to do. -aphry white))
[c/o L. Felberg, 715 S. Mitchell, Bloomington, Indiana] [the foregoing five lines typed by Les Gerber]

ATURE
FELY
BOND

⇒ TODAY, VOID READERS, WE

PRESENT For Your
AMUSEMENT, DELIGHT, and
EDIFICATION

!!! → BHOB STEWART → !!!
WHO WILL PLACE HIS FOOT BEHIND HIS HEAD.



Reiss' RETALIATION:

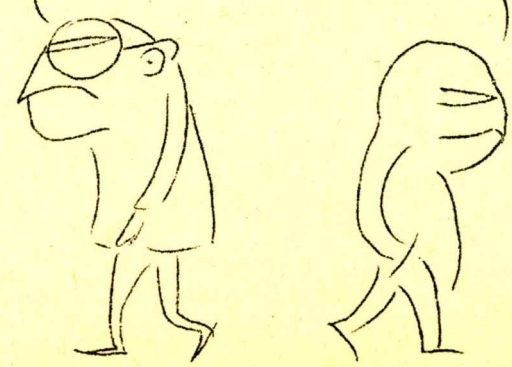
HEY, ANDY, I'M
GOING TO MEET
HARVEY SCHMIDT!

HEY, BHOB,
I HAVE
A SCHOLARSHIP
TO STUDY
WITH MOSES
SOYER!

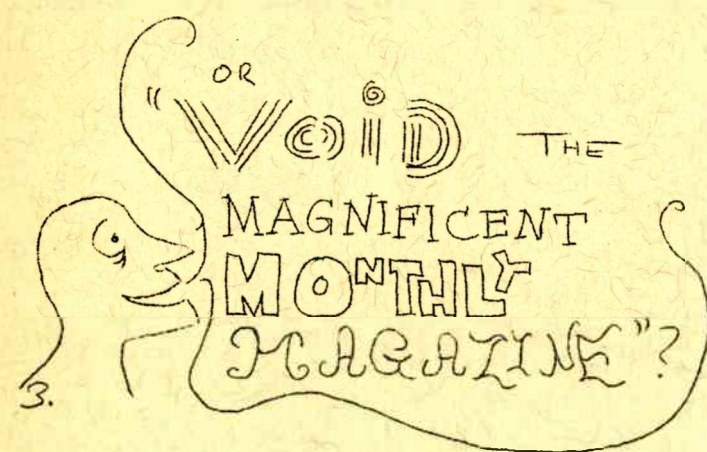
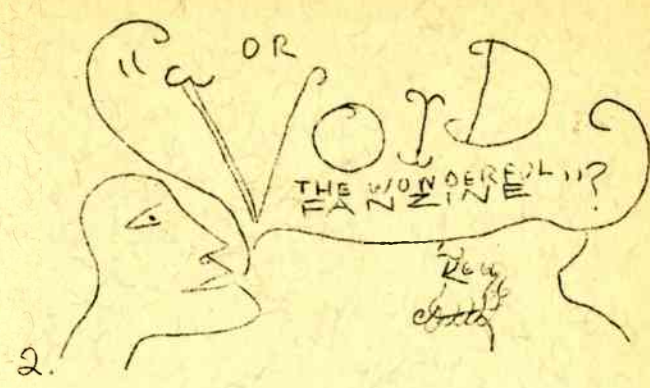
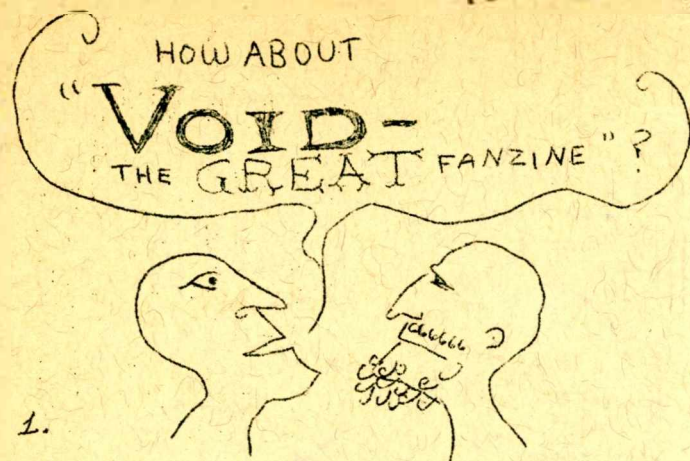


COMMERCIAL
HACK.

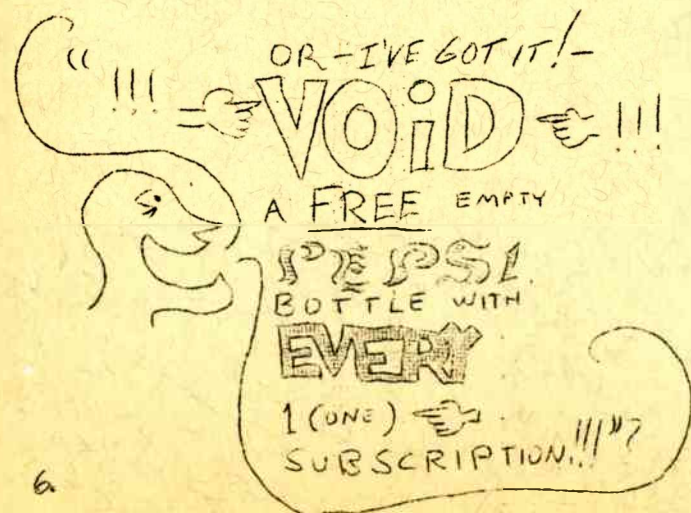
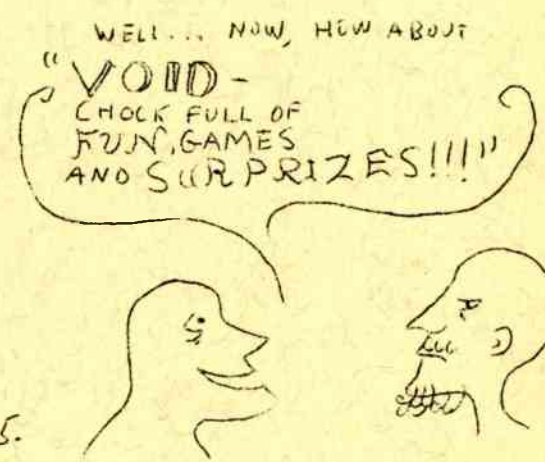
STUCK-UP
ARTY
BASTARD



OUR FI
Y. SA
NINGS



While Bbob Stewart was working on his "three page cover" for the last issue of VOID, and throwing out varied verbal suggestions, Andy Reiss sat nearby, a borrowed ball-point pen in hand, dashing off his reactions to the affair. The resulting "feud" between VOID's star cartoonists open and close thish.



more *Reiss 6/*



this is VOID 25
published by Ted White
at 107 Christopher St.
New York 14, N.Y., USA

the end.....

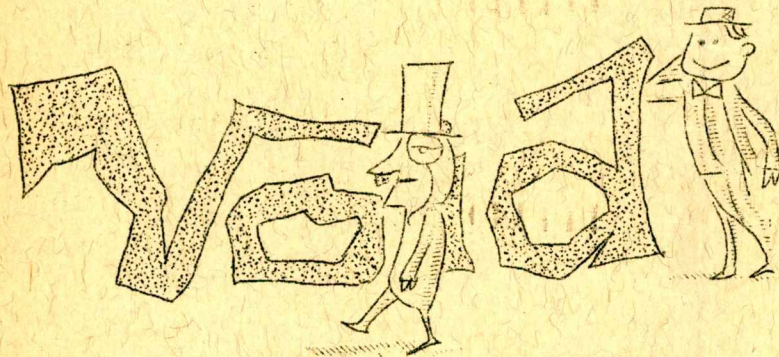
PRINTED MATTER ONLY - THIRD CLASS MAIL

FORWARDING and (if necessary) RETURN PSTG. GTD.

in such cases, FORM 3547 REQUESTED, urgently

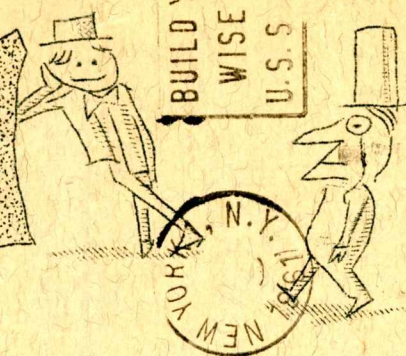
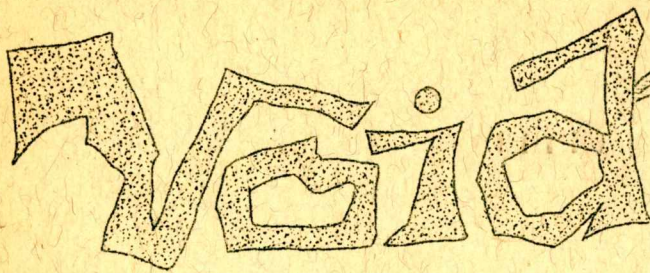


VERY
GAUCHE
-VERY!



Bruce Pelz
2790 West 8th St.
Los Angeles 5
California

WAW WITH THE CEM, AND MADELINE TOO! SUPPORT THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY MILLS FUND - WITH MONEY!



YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS BECAUSE:

- ☒ You're on our Regular list
- ☐ You paid ☐ This is your last
- ☐ You're a contributor
- ☐ We wish you were a contributor
- ☐ Your name is mentioned....hunt!
- ☐ This is a sample copy and--
- ☐ This is your last issue unless
- ☐ you do something...fast.
- ☐ We trade--all for all
- ☐ Well...we like you...