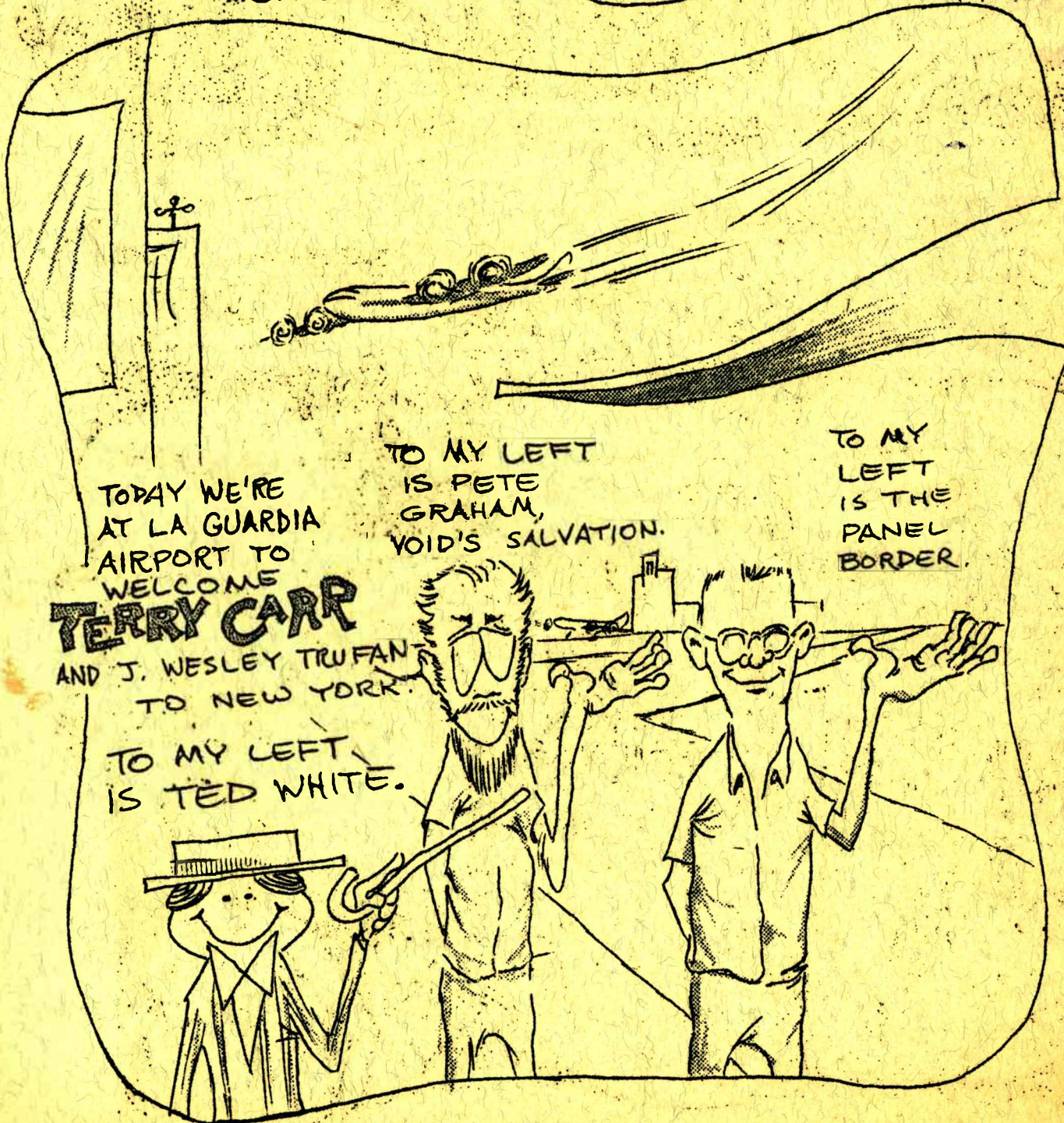
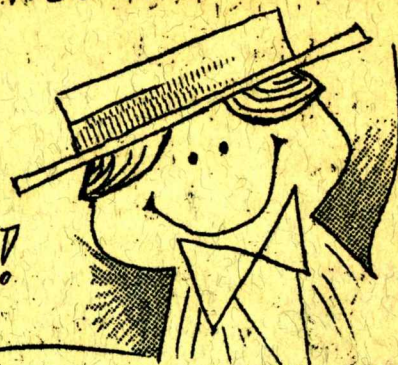


26 AUGUST...
OR SEPTEMBER...
Void
...OR SOMESUCH

Hi
Void
26
READERS!

ONCE AGAIN



TODAY WE'RE
AT LA GUARDIA
AIRPORT TO
WELCOME

TERRY CARR

AND J. WESLEY TRUFANT
TO NEW YORK.

TO MY LEFT
IS TED WHITE.

TO MY LEFT
IS PETE
GRAHAM,
VOID'S SALVATION.

TO MY
LEFT
IS THE
PANEL
BORDER.

TAKING TOWARD US AT THIS VERY MOMENT
IS AN AEROPLANE
CONTAINING
NONE OTHER
THAN



ANY SECOND
NOW THE
DOOR WILL
OPEN AND
OUT WILL
STEP THE

BURBEE
OF THE



AND J. WESLEY
TRUFAN
TERRY'S LOVABLE SIDEKICK

**WELCOME
TO N.Y.,
TERRY,
EARLY!**

WE'RE
HAVING
A LITTLE
TROUBLE
FINDING
THEM,
FRIENDS...

**BUT
STAND
BY!**

**BERKELEY
EXPATRIATES
ARISE!**

IT'S
BEEN
OVER
AN
HOUR
NOW
AND
STILL...
NO
SIGN
OF
TERRY

OR

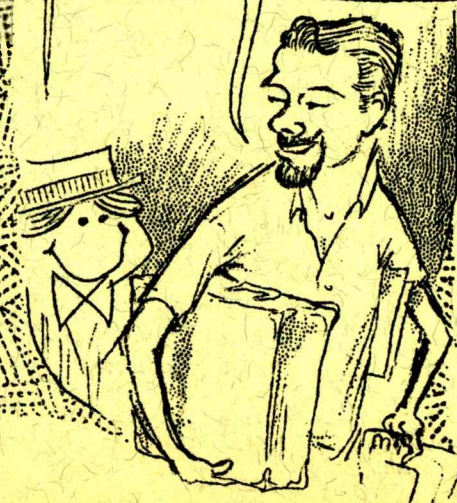
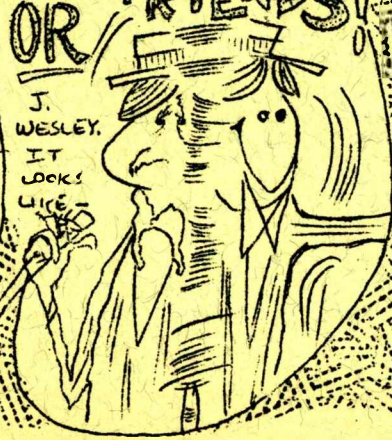
J.
WESLEY.
IT
LOOKS
LIKE

**OH!
HERE
COMES
TERRY,
FRIENDS!**

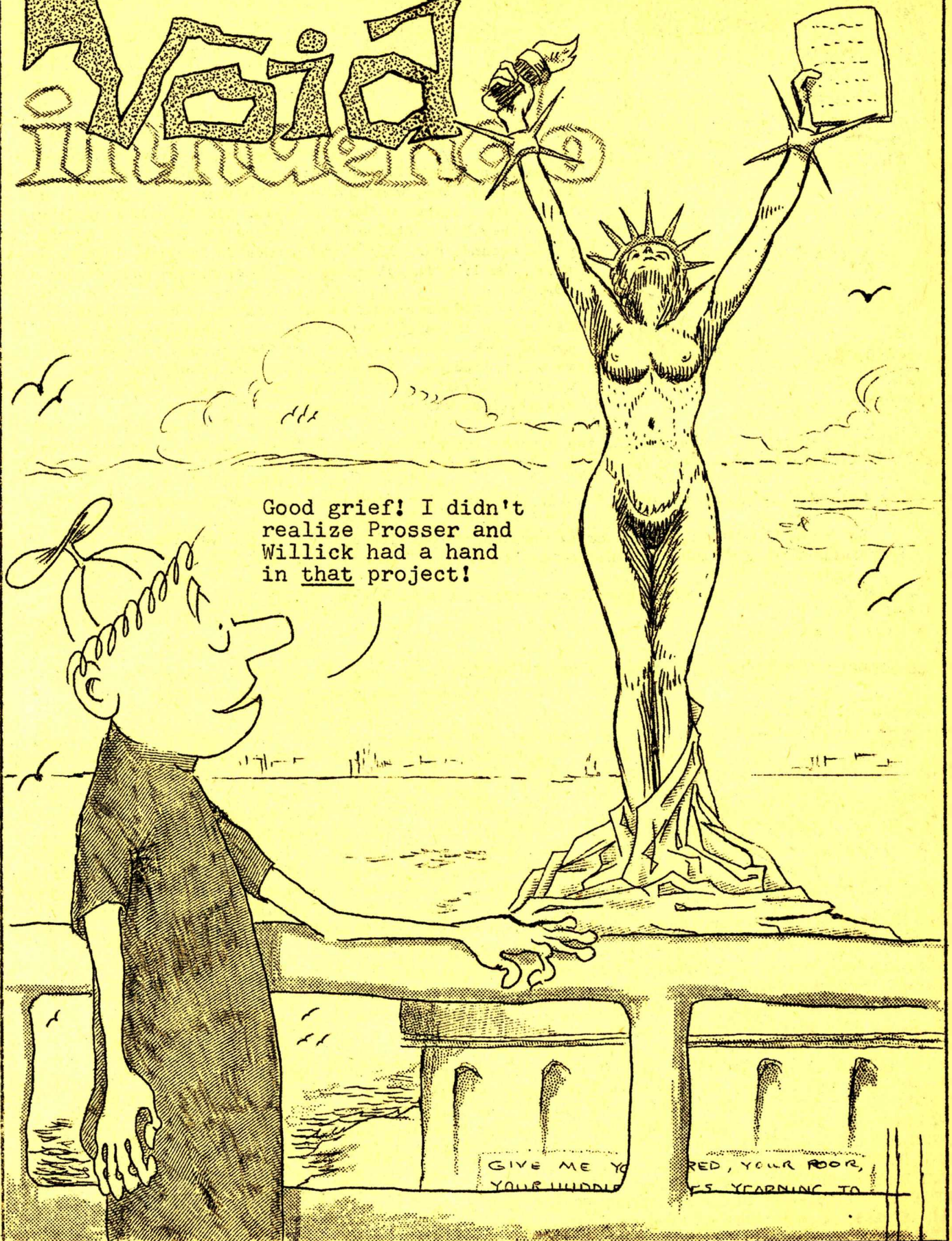
BUT WHERE'S J.
WESLEY TERRY?
DIDN'T HE MAKE
THE TRIP?

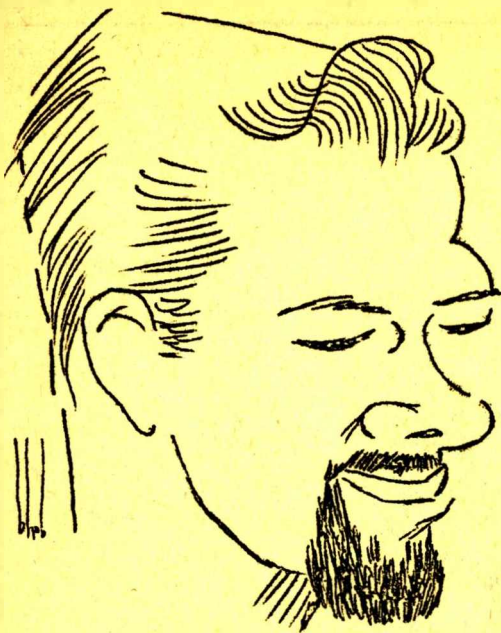
THANK YOU, Q..... AND YOU, TOO, HUGO...

HE CUT OUT WHEN
WE LANDED, Q.
...MUMBLED SOMETHING
ABOUT WANTING TO SEE
THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.



Void





TERRY CARR'S

inn a mist

SO HERE I AM IN NEW YORK. I got here at 11:30 one Monday morning in mid-July, having made arrangements with Ted and Pete to meet me at the airport. Unfortunately, they were nowhere in evidence when I came off the plane. I made a few phonecalls and learned from Sylvia that they had left two hours before and should be there. I paced around, carrying forty pounds of luggage, looking for them. By 1:00 I decided we must have missed connections somehow.

"If I were an incompetent clod who had come all the way out to the airport to meet me," I grumbled reasonably to myself, "where would I be?" At that moment another plane came in for a landing. "If I were such an incompetent clod," I answered myself just as reasonably, "I'd be out at the landing platform waiting for me."

So I stood by the exit from the landing platform and sure enough, two minutes later along came Pete Graham and a beard with small ears. The latter was of course Ted White. "Ah," said Ted, "here you are. How'd you get out here?"

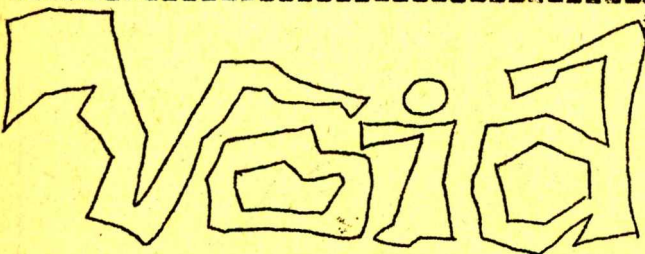
"I've been here an hour and a half," I said. "Another five minutes and I was going to call Belle Dietz."

So we piled into the Weiss Rak IV and laughed and joked a bit on the way into the city. We dropped allusions at each other and quoted Burbee often, I assure you. And Ted even tried to Put Me On.

"Terry," he said, "how would you like to become a coeditor of VOID?"

So I fixed him. I one-upped him. I said yes.

"THIS EDITORIAL STAFF IS GETTING OUT OF HAND," said Pete the next day. "It's getting to be like a damn convention around the editorial offices."



incorporating INNUENDO, is edited by GREG BENFORD (204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Oklahoma), PETE GRAHAM (Apt. 8, 635 E. 5th St., New York 9, N.Y.), TERRY CARR (c/o Graham) and TED WHITE (107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y.). Published by the redoubtable QWERTYUIOPress. White Slaves thish: SYLVIA WHITE, SANDY PHILLIPS, and SUZANNE PHILLIPS. British Agent: ROM BENNETT (7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks.). You can still get VOID for Trade, Contributions, Regular Letters of Comment, or,

like, Money (25¢ or 1/- per issue). Some former recipients of INNUENDO are receiving thish, but will have to Do Something for future VOIDS.

CONTENTS OF #26

COVER, another tradition-shattering masterpiece by Bbob Stewart	1
J. WESLEY TRUFAN Appears Again, brainstormed by the NY Syndicate, drawn by Stewart & White	3
INN A MIST by Terry Carr	4
WEST COAST JASS by Pete Graham	7
GAMBIT 43 by Ted White	9
MIKE HAMMER AT THE CLEVENTION, a VOID Hail of Infamy reprint by Walt Willis	10
DIAL B.H.O.B. FOR MURDER, an answer to a perplexing question, by Hal Lynch	16
ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, a look at "Ah! Sweet Idiocy!" by Harry Warner	18
A PAGE OF ANDY REISS, a penetrating, probing insight into Andy Reiss, by Andy Reiss	22
WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA, another Hail of Infamy reprint (originally, QUANDRY #21), by Willis	23
LES NIRENBERG by Albert Schweitzer	24
HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER by Happy Greg Benford	26
INNVECTIVE, letters of comment on INNUENDO #11	28
VOID LETTERS, more letters of comment	31
INTERIOR ARTWORK: Bbob Stewart- 4; Stewart & White- 7; Steve Stiles- 9; Naaman Peterson- 10,13; Andy Reiss- 16,17; Rotsler- 18,31; Ray Nelson- 26; George Metzger- 28.	

-5-

"Well," I said, "four coeditors--that's not too many."

Ted. "He'll probably think he's spawned a monster."

"I wonder what Greg Benford will think?" mused

"I think we should add a new editor every issue," I said. "Every Issue Bigger! Next issue we can add Jeff Wanshel, and the issue after that we'll get Dave Rike to move out here--we'll write him to start walking immediately--and then maybe Lee Hoffman..."

"You're getting gung-ho," said Pete.

"You're putting us on," said Ted.

"No I'm

not," I said. "It's a great bit. We can make the production of VOID into a beautifully simple thing--every month or so we'll all just sit down and bat out our editorials, and have Bhob and Andy fill up the holes, and we'll have the issue finished just like that." Ted and Pete stared at me with strange expressions. I waved my arms. "We can put in the colophon, 'Submitted manuscripts must be accompanied by the writer in person, to help stencil and collate the issue.'"

"Well, I don't know,"

said Ted, stroking his beard. Pete was frowning, and seemed to have a negative attitude toward the whole thing.

"Eventually," I said, "we can say, 'This Is Your Magazine!' Mainly, because our whole mailing list will be composed of VOID coeditors."

Ted and Pete exchanged glances. I raised my eyebrows and smiled winningly. Ted shook his head (beard, small ears and all) and put on an Ellington lp. He turned the volume up loud and sat down and stared morosely into his Pepsi. Pete didn't say anything. In fact, nobody seemed to have anything at all to say about the whole thing, so I don't know if we're going to follow my suggestions or not.

"IT CERTAINLY IS A WONDERFUL THING," said Bhob Stewart. He was clear down at the other end of the office, fifteen feet away from me, and the radio was playing, too, but I heard him. His voice filtered through the basement gloom that surrounds the desk where I was and am sitting. It spoke to my ears over the whole Billy May sax section. It fell on my ears as a gentle rain. (I do not mean to imply that it rains in Ted White's office.)

It was very strange,

hearing Bhob Stewart voicing that phrase. It was even pleasant, I think. Because those were my own words. I originated that phrase, almost three years ago, in INNUENDO #6. I wrote part of an editorial about Dave Rike's landlady in Berkeley, and characterized her as a very nice little old lady who was very impressed at the amount of mail that Dave received from people all over the world. "He is an internationally known figure in the world of letters," Ron Ellik and I told her, and she said, "Well, it certainly is a wonderful thing."

At least that's about how I wrote it up in that editorial. Actually, I have no idea whatsoever what she said. I remember that I made up that phrase when I wrote that editorial, specifically because I couldn't remember her exact words. I remember putting those words on paper and suddenly laughing aloud. That was the first time I ever laughed aloud at something I had written (mainly, because that was the first funny thing I had ever written, though I'd been in fandom for eight years by then).

I thought that phrase was so wonderful that I used it again a little later in that editorial. I was writing about how we, Ron and I, had met Norman Metcalf, who had gone on at great length about his plans for NEW FRONTIERS. This was in late 1957, remember, quite some time before NEW FRONTIERS ever actually came out. Norm told us that he was going to photo-offset his magazine, and maybe even pay money to some pros for material, and how it was going to have a huge circulation and be very valuable and worthwhile. I'm afraid that Ron and I were a bit amused at the sheer grandioseness of his plans. "It certainly is a wonderful thing," I said, in my offhand, whimsically cynical way.

Thereafter I was sort of fascinated with that line. Every few weeks a situation would come up which would occasion me to say those words. I think that when Ron and I were first making plans for FANAC, speaking of weekly publication and a center for all fan news and what a great medium it would be for publicizing the Solacon and such things...when our enthusiasm was at its height, I mean, I was moved to say, "It certainly is a wonderful thing."

And another

time Ron and Pete and I were staring tiredly at the huge stack of just-duplicated pages of THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE, realizing that we had about two hours to assemble and staple over a hundred copies of that 100-page publication so that we could dump them into the back of the car and drive down to Los Angeles to Burbee's birthday party and distribute 40 or 50 copies there (and also mail 68 of them that weekend to the FAPA official editor, in order to get them in before the deadline). We stared at the huge stacks of white paper, I say, and at the huge, heavy gang-bang stapler that we had to use on the volume, and I said, "Well, it certainly is a wonderful thing."

The phrase has a certain appropriateness, you see. I never could understand why nobody else ever picked it up. For awhile there, in fact, I was using that line every five minutes, every day for a week. I was trying to make the rest of Berkeley fandom aware of the phrase and its infinite value. But they ignored me. It got

so that sometimes they would even leave the room when I would say that.

But recently my words have come into their own. New York fandom has discovered them. It seems that Ted and Pete and Bhob and even Chris Moskowitz for all I know have been repeating my phrase at appropriate moments for months now.

Ever since I arrived in New York I have been hearing my words quoted to me. One of the first things Ted said to me was "It certainly is a wonderful thing."

Ted parked his car in front of the office and promptly got a ticket. "It certainly is a wonderful thing," he said.

A crudzine came in the mail. "It certainly is a wonderful thing, all right," said someone.

This was heady egoboo, I assure you. Here I was, a young fellow from the Coast thrown adrift in New York, and I found that I had already contributed greatly to the culture of the big city. My words were on everyone's lips.

Finally, I said, "You know, that's one of my favorite lines. I'm glad to see that you people have picked it up. It's wonderfully versatile, isn't it? It can be absolutely biting when used one way, or it can be used to poke fun at yourself, or you can sooth your soul by murmuring those words when something has gone wrong. I'm glad I wrote that line, bighod."

Ted and Pete looked at me with their heads slightly tilted.

"It's very egoboosting to hear my words quoted so often," I smiled.

"But Terry," said Bhob, "that's a Burbee line, isn't it?"

"Hell no," I said. "I wrote that line for the first time myself, almost three years ago."

"Oh," said Ted. "Come to think of it, I guess it was in one of your editorials. But I thought you were just quoting Burbee or something."

"You bastard," I said.

I SUPPOSE IT'S TIME I wrote something serious in this goddam editorial. Most inn a mists have their serious sections, after all, and if I neglect to get serious at some point in this one somebody will probably write in and claim it's all a hoax, that I've never been in New York and I never joined the VOID staff and I didn't write this editorial--Pete Graham faked it offhandedly one evening--and anyway where were the nasty remarks about discussionzines and comic book fandom if the goddam editorial was by Terry Carr. (Seth Johnson will write in and ask who Terry Carr is.)

Well, I've had my say elsewhere about discussionzines--good lord, I ended up writing a column for HABAKKUK! --and I can't say anything about comic book fandom because I've met Dick Lupoff and found that he doesn't look at all like Billy Batson. We were standing there in Central Park, and Ted said, "Terry, I'd like you to meet Dick and Pat Lupoff," and I turned around and there they were. (Pat Lupoff doesn't look like Billy Batson either, by the way.) "Shall I stand back out of the way, or shall I referee?" asked Ted.

"I don't think that will be necessary," said Dick Lupoff in his calm, unruffled manner.

"No, I don't think so," I said.

We shook hands and then all of us (Ted, Sylvia, Dick, Pat, Bhob, Dick Wingate's girl Ellen and I) sat down to listen to the jazz concert we'd come to hear. Dick and I sat next to each other; the seats were fairly close together but there was no friction. This may have been because we didn't say anything to each other. We sat in silence for an hour or so. It occurred to me while the brass section was wailing that Dick Lupoff sure didn't talk much.

Then right out of the blue he turned and said something nasty about a fan whom I don't like. My stony face broke into a wide smile and instantly I realized that Dick Lupoff was a good man. "Dick Lupoff," I said, "you are a good man. That sure was a nasty remark."

"Well, you are a good man too, Terry Carr," he said. "Did you know that I voted for you when you ran for TAFF?"

"Well, that's more than either Ron Ellick or Pete Graham did, and they are two of my best friends," I said. "Neither of them voted at all that year."

"What's more," said Dick, "if you were to run again I'd vote for you again."

"Well, by gosh," I said, "you are a god damned good man. You are a perceptive individual, Dick Lupoff, and I have great respect for you. And your wife is beautiful, too."

"In fact," said Dick, "I think I'll nominate you for TAFF next time."

"No you won't," I said, "because I'm going to nominate you."

"I do not choose to run," he said. "I will nominate you--now don't argue."

"Like hell you'll nominate me," I said. "Dammit, Dick Lupoff, you're going to run for TAFF or I'll know the reason why!"

"I'm not taking any orders from you, that's why!" he shouted. "Now I'm nominating you, and that's final, you so-and-so!"

"And I won't stand for that!" I shouted right back. "If anybody is going to do any goddam TAFF nominating around here it'll be me, Lupoff!"

And then the second half of the concert started, and we settled back into our seats grumbling. There was an icy air around the two of us. Eventually, though, we calmed down a little bit, and I noticed that Dick was occasionally casting half-sheepish glances at me from the corner of his eye. (I noticed this from the corner of my eye.)

At length, during a bass solo, I leaned slightly toward him and muttered, "This town ain't big enough for our mutual appreciation society, Lupoff."

So I'm afraid I don't actually have anything serious to write about. My two standard subjects are unsuitable these days.

Besides, if I wrote something deadly serious in this editorial you'd all just think that Ted White ghost-wrote it, anyway.

LATE NIGHT FINAL: This monstrous editorial staff creates some unique situations around here at times.

Just the other night we had a conference of all the New York editors, and we disagreed on some rather minor point. Ted and I were in favor, and Pete was vehemently negative on the matter. We argued for awhile, as we painstaking perfectionists will sometimes do.

Then I said, "We seem to have a difference of opinion. Perhaps we should delay a final decision till we consult with our Texas editor."

"That would take too long," said Ted. "I'm going to stencil the page right now. What we need is another coeditor here in New York to consult with."

"Fine!" I said gleefully. "The next person to walk in the door will become a VOID coeditor!"

Pete and Ted stared glumly at me; I don't think they find this editorial staff as amusing as I do. "We have three coeditors right here," said Pete. "That should be enough to make a decision, and it's an odd number so there'll be no tie vote."

"All right," said Ted. "Terry and I vote against you."

Pete was nonplussed for a moment, but shortly he said, "Terry is only the junior coeditor. I outrank him."

"And I outrank you," said Ted, in his more-coeditor-than-thou facet.

So we argued about this point for awhile longer, and finally Pete had his way. I don't know how he outvoted the two of us, but he did. I think maybe it's because he uses foul language.

But anyway, that's why Pete's editorial comes second in the issue and Ted's third.

--Terry Carr

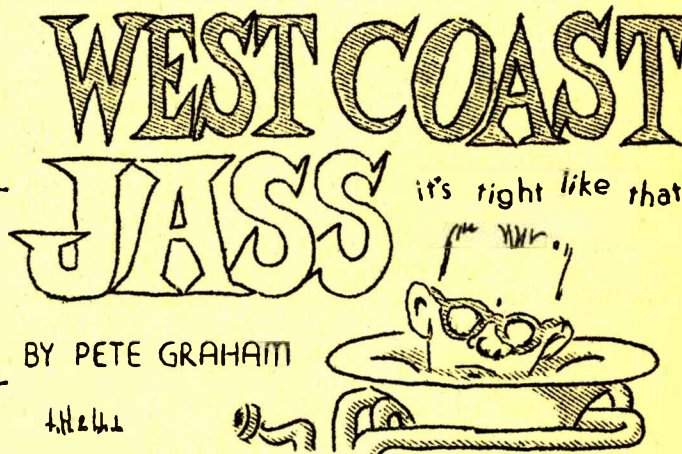
"I'M AN OLD STODGE," I said. I put my feet on the desk that Ted was typing on.

"Well then," said Terry Carr, "you're an old stodge in a great big hurry." I nodded as my swivel-chair shot backward--Ted had pushed my feet off the material he was typing.

Terry Carr had his feet firmly on the ground beneath the mimeoscope. He was stencilling some cartoons for LIGHTHOUSE, a Berkeley publication. At any rate, we had just been discussing the subject of Images as first brought up by TW in FANFARONADE, Jeff Wanshel's zine. Ted had decided that something had to be done about his Image in fandom of Bitching Ol' Ted White; he had decided that he was going to become Ted White, Libertine and Lecher.

And last issue of VOID Ted had called me the "bon vivant of fandom"; this was apropos of my saying to him once that my problem in writing for fandom arose from the contradiction that while I come from Fabulous Berkeley Fandom, I am really a very serious person. In other words, a stodge. Ted and Terry don't accept this.

Just the other night, though, I proved it to them. There was a big Fanoclast meeting--you remember the Fanoclasts; that's the club that talks about Earl Kemp all the time--which was mostly a party. In the middle of the



party, which was held in Ted's basement office in the Village, a fan who had gone out for Pepsis and mainly beer came back in followed closely by six other people whom nobody knew. They were, in a word, Mundane, and more than that--another word--they were Square. All six of them, just Square as hell.

Bhob Stewart at this point was holding up the ceiling for Larry Ivie. (He did not have his foot behind his head. Terry Carr has wanted to see Bhob Stewart put his foot behind his head, but Bhob has steadfastly refused. "I have stopped," was about the way he put it, "for the duration. The duration being mainly that until I hear Burbee tell the watermelon story, which I have never heard, I am never again going to put my foot behind my head." Ted thinks we should leave it at that, considering that in this case Terry's loss may well be fandom's gain, but Terry is adamant about seeing the trick. I think he wants to teach it to Burbee, though I can't quite understand why he wants to see Burbee telling the watermelon story with his foot behind his ear. But I digress.) Actually Bhob was just touching the ceiling at this point for some mundane reason--he is a Plaster Fan, and was describing this particular make and texture for the benefit of Bob Silverberg--but this struck my fancy. So after making the acquaintance of one of the Squares, George by name, I led him over to Bhob. Stewart had just got to Crackle-Finish at that point, and Silverberg seemed relieved when I told George to take over for Bhob and hold up the ceiling. George stood on the chair and did so. I mixed with my fine fannish friends then for a few moments, and then went over to the Squares again, who were being talked to by Lupoff and a couple of others. I went over to George's girlfriend, who hadn't noticed his absence yet, being both Square and like mainly Drunk, and I said, "Suzie"--for that was her name--"you'd better take care of George. He thinks he's holding up the ceiling." "Oh my god!" she said, and rushed over and got him and they all began to rush out with much argument and gesticulation. I went out with them, told them I had just wandered in there too and didn't know who all those crazy Buck Rogers types were either and weren't they a bunch of nuts, and we all agreed and walked around the block and they bought me a few drinks but that's all another story.

As I say, I was repeating all this to Ted and Terry and Sylvia, who was there too, and Sylvia saw the point immediately. "There, you see," she said triumphantly. "Doesn't that prove that Pete Graham is nothing but a stodge? Why, he went and left a swinging fannish party with lots of Pepsis and mainly beer to go off with a bunch of Squares."

Ted began to explode, but I nodded, as that was what I had in mind. "You're wrong--" Ted began, but he was silenced by Sylvia.

"No, Ted, now listen to me," said Sylvia. "No true fan would ever possibly"--she pushed Ted back down into the chair he had begun to rise out of--"could ever possibly leave a swinging fannish party for a bunch of Squares. To be a Good Man and a Fabulous Type means"--she wagged her finger at him--"means not associating with Squares at Fan parties!" Ted began to murmur but she shushed him again with a word and walked off. Grumbling to himself, Ted turned back to his typer.

This has been about Ted White, Libertine and Lecher,

"THIS IS MY JUNIOR EDITOR, TERRY CARR," I said, as I introduced TCarr to Bob Shea when he arrived at the party. Ted preened his beard, for he had just asked Terry a couple of days before to become coeditor of VOID, and it was something of a Coup and a Good Deal, after all. I brought this up as we were sitting around Ted's office discussing Images. "Tew," I said--he hates to be called Tew--"doesn't it bother you sometimes when you think of all the coeditors you have and you think about all the dilution of egoboo that results?"

Ted peered up from his typer. He was stencilling Warner's column. "What?" he said. I repeated my question and took a sip of his Pepsi. "Oh, no," he said. "Not actually. In a sense, I sort of look on it as my fanzine, and I suppose most people do. I'm listed as the publisher, and I get the subs, loc's and so forth. In a way, you people are sort of columnists for VOID. Since it's a QWERTYUIOPress publication, it's rather identified with me, I suppose."

"I see," said Terry. "What's left to be done on this issue, Ted?"

"Well, I'm just finishing Warner's article, and then we just have to run it off, assemble it, fold-and-staple it, address it, and mail it. It has to be done by tomorrow, of course."

"Of course," I said. "Terry, let's go get a beer." "By damn, let's do that," he said, and we left Ted White to put out his fanzine.

"THEME, THEME," I said to Ted White, making another allusion to an Old Berkeley Joke which he didn't understand. Ted is fascinated by old Berkeley jokes, and I like to one-up him, so we get along well. At this time we were trying to brainstorm an idea for another astoundingly original Bhob Stewart three-page cover. Ted had the idea that we should do a big Welcome Back To Fandom, Pete Graham splash. "It will be necessary for you to gaffiate for awhile--two or three days, maybe, because we have to have the issue out soon--in order to fulfill your staff position as VOID's Salvation," he said. This was a couple of weeks ago, before Terry Carr jumped on a plane and hurried to New York with a cover idea for us. But it is still apropos as all hell, because we'll need a theme for next issue's cover.

If there are any beautiful girls in the audience who would like to join me in some dark closet for a week-long gaffiation, please write soon. You, too, can be part of VOID's salvation. (Not you, Hugo Gernsback.)

--Pete Graham

HOW DO THESE THINGS HAPPEN TO ME? As the stodgiest co-editor of the lot, ever since I became connected with VOID I've been the one to write the Deadly Serious Editorials...you know, the ones about what's wrong with the issue and like that, and what kind of paper and ink are we using this time. I mean, this has always seemed to be my function on VOID. To fill it, that is.

Somebody has to write the Deadly Serious Editorials, you know. All this chitter-chatter is all very well, but it doesn't tell you the essential things you need to know, like about why page 7 is inked light on the left side (no, I don't know if it is, but it happens sometimes), and such very important details which would otherwise be left dangling.

So I kind of resign myself to the inevitable. When we started as co-editors, I felt even a little bit noble about it. After all, a balance is needed. My Deadly Serious Editorials kind of balanced Greg's light chatter, and even made his stuff look better by contrast.

I got a little shook up though when Pete became a co-editor. I mean, here I was, outnumbered. I can tell you, it was really work to be Serious enough and Deadly enough to balance two chitter-chattering co-editors.

And now suddenly here we are with three chitter-chattering co-editors, and I'm about panicked.

But I think I see my salvation. You see...

I THINK I STARTED SOMETHING. I wrote an article which Jeff Wanshel printed in FANFARONADE #3. Actually, to be technical, I printed it in FANFARONADE #3, because I mimeoed the zine, but that's stodgy nit-picking. Anyway, because I ran the zine off, I am one of the few people who got an advance copy, and everyone has commented on my article, which was called "I Had One Bitch But The Image Over There". The main reason everyone is commenting on my article is because Bhob Stewart did a couple of great illos for it, but that's beside the point.

The point of my article was Image. I talked about the problems of establishing a good Image. Apparently this article carried a good bit of (as we say on The Street) Impact. People around here have become very concerned about Image.

For instance, take my sane & sexy wife, Sylvia. She hasn't had a bit of problem with Image. Why, just the other day G² #2 arrived, and Robbie Gibson mentioned slides of the Pittcon Masquerade, and in the same breath said, "It's true, what they said about Sylvia White's costume." Sylvia also drew a number of whistles and cheers when she was introduced at the Midwestcon, and Bob Tucker said, "It's good to see The Blonde, in the flesh...as it were..." But now all she can think of is how can she top last year's costume, retain her Image, and not get arrested...?

Bhob Stewart has also been working on his Image. Bhob's had an inferiority complex about his image ever since he read the FANCYCLOPEDIA II. You see, one of the entries in the FANCY2 was an item I handed in about the word "Fillo," which is "filler illo" contracted. I credited it to Bhob, but when Eney put the volume together, he mistook Bhob Stewart for Boob Stewart, and credited it to him. Bhob hasn't been the same since. Ever since he found out about this, he's been wandering about, one foot behind his head, wondering if he'll ever make the FANCY3...

But our major problem has been Pete Graham. Lately Pete Graham has been growing despondent. "Basically, I'm stodgy, Ted White," he has said to me. "I'm very serious, and it's not easy for me to live up to this Fabulous Berkeley Fan image." It's been growing worse since Terry arrived. "What am I going to do about you, Terry?" Pete Graham has asked. "How in hell am I going to be witty and the Bon Vivant of New York Fandom with you around?" Pete said this because Terry is the Charles Burbee of the 1960's, and he's a pretty Bon Vivant guy.

"Pete, you're not a stodge," I said. "Really, Pete, you bubble with wit," said Terry Carr.

"That's right, Pete," I said. "You're not a stodge at all. You're a stidge."

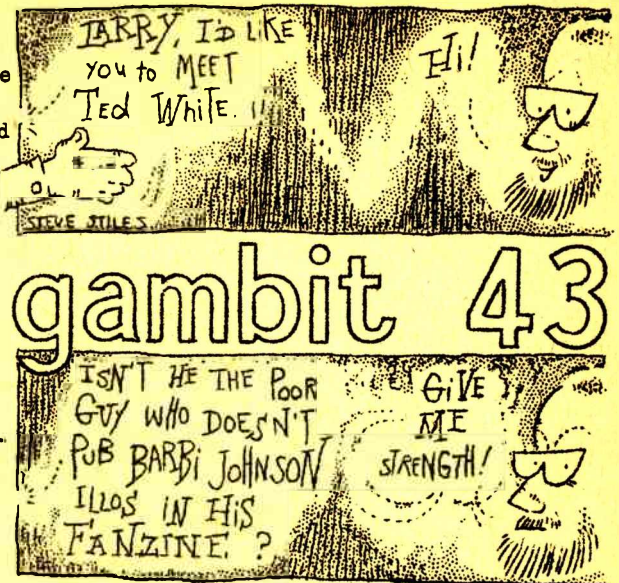
"What's a stidge?" asked Pete, thoroughly perplexed.

"Why, a stidge is a wishy-washy stodge," Terry said.

"Oh good grief," said Pete.

"What I mean is this," said Terry. "Here you are, basically a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 26]





mike hammer at

by WALT WILLIS:

Most of the great discoveries of history seem obvious once they are made. For instance it seems incredible now, doesn't it, how publishers used to behave. How year after year they went on in their own little ruts--science fiction magazines printing science fiction stories, western magazines printing westerns, detective magazines printing detective stories. How could they have been so blind, so lacking in imagination? And yet it needed an intellect of the stature of Howard Browne's to point out their error. He showed that science fiction magazines could increase their circulation merely by printing detective stories. Now that the true path has been pointed out, other publishers are bound to follow it. We shall have FANTASTIC SEXY DETECTIVE WESTERNS, SEXY DETECTIVE WESTERN FANTASY, WESTERN DETECTIVE FANTASY SEX STORIES, DETECTIVE SEXY WESTERN FANTASIES and dozens of similar magazines, all exactly alike and all appealing to the great majority instead of just a snobbish clique. This is True Democracy. This is the Century of the Common Man.

But what are we fans doing to further this great movement? Are we to lag behind the prozines? I say to you, NO! We must make our fanzines appeal to a wider, thicker audience. Even if for a start we only slant them at the detective story fans, what a difference it could make to us. Think of it, a million fans! What lovely big conventions we could have! As a small and humble contribution to this great work, I now offer the first example of the new-type fanfiction:

I screeched my Caddy to a halt in front of the Manger and parked beside a fire hydrant. Stepping on the face of an old woman who hadn't gotten out of the way quick enough, I strolled into the hotel. As I came into the lobby I saw a bunch of queer-looking whacks standing around talking, but they didn't pay any attention to me. I shot a few of them in the legs to teach them manners and went up to the desk.

The clerk was talking on one of the phones. I cuffed him on the side of the head with my Luger to attract his attention. "Wake up, Mac," I said, "and listen while I'm talking. Where's the boss?" He picked himself up and started looking through a book for the room number. "You should keep numbers in your head," I snapped. "See what you can do with these." I put a couple of .303's in the fleshy part of his skull and strolled to the elevator.

The operator was quite a dish. I gave her the eye as I stepped into the elevator. She took me up on it. There was a big crowd waiting by the time we got to the second floor. I blasted my way through them and tried

the CLEVENTION

the first door along the corridor. It was open, but I blasted the lock off it anyway to let them know I was coming in. I never enter a strange room without blasting the lock; and yet people say I got no manners.

There was nobody in the room. I was sore. I don't feel comfortable in a room with no body in it. I put a couple of slugs through the clothes closet on the off chance there might be somebody there, and went on into the bathroom. There was an old guy in the bath with a cigar in his mouth. A card left on the floor said his name was Evans. I drew a bead on him with my luger. "Say your prayers, Pop," I said. He couldn't see me properly without his glasses but he went white. The cigar nearly dropped out of his mouth. "Are you Laney?" he shivered. "No," I said. "I'm Hammer." "Thank Ghod," he said.

I was sore. "What mob does this Laney work with?" I snapped. "He ain't no tougher than me. Why I'd shoot you as soon as look at you." I took a good look at his face. "Sooner," I added.

"A man called Burbec in L.A.," said the man.

"I ain't afraid of no West Coast hoods," I sneered. "I'm looking for the boss. Where is he?"

He didn't answer quick enough so I walked up to the bath and kicked his teeth in.

"Oh you beast," said the old man, scrabbling about in the bath. "Now I'll never find them."

"You shouldn't have left them on the edge of the bath," I said. I reached into the water and picked them up.

"Where's the boss?" I asked again, gnashing his teeth at him.

"I don't know," he pleaded, "I just checked in. Try the next floor."

I felt mean. I didn't want to just shoot him, I wanted to do something real mean.

I shot the cigar out of his mouth.

It was the same elevator girl. I didn't have to say anything. The elevator went up half a floor and stopped. We didn't.

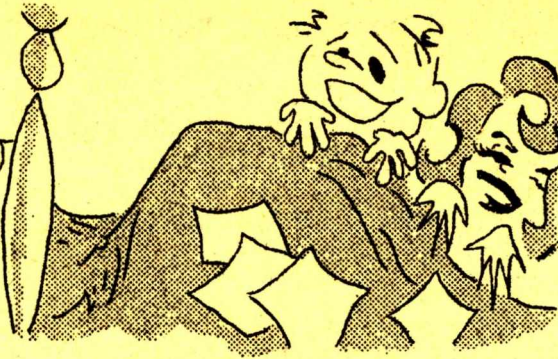
There was the usual crowd waiting for the elevator when I got out, some of them wearing bandages. I finished them off and tried a door along the corridor. The door wasn't locked, but there was a guy and a dame on the bed.

"Necking?" I leered.

"No," said the guy, "We were talking about FAPA."

They were, too. The bed was covered with papers with writing and stuff on them. I don't understand these fans.

"Out!" I told him.



"WE WERE
TALKING ABOUT
F.A.P.A."

He started to make for the door, but I figured the window was quicker. I threw him through it. The girl screamed. I picked her up and threw her into the corner. Her blouse came away in my hand. I picked her up again and threw her into another corner. Her skirt got torn off. Pretty soon I was out of corners, but it didn't matter. She got to her feet and stood there blushing, all over. "Never mind, sister," I leered at her, "I've got you covered with my luger."

But she wasn't looking at me any more; she was looking at herself in the mirror. Suddenly she lets out a peep.

"That's it!" she hollers, "What an idea! I'm bound to win the Fancy Dress prize with this costume. I'll show that Karen Anderson!"

I figured she was going to show everybody. I backed out of the room. I don't want to have nothing to do with no crazy dames. I didn't even shoot her in the belly.

I went back to the elevator. It was the same girl again. She'd gotten hold of a mattress from somewhere and layed it on the floor of the elevator. I don't know what dames are coming to these days.

There was a lot of yammering coming from one of the rooms on the fourth floor, so I went in and stood in the corner watching. There was a bunch of guys shouting and talking and working at some kind of a machine. After a while, one of them noticed me.

"Don't mind me," I said, "I only lurk here. What are you doing?"

"A one shot," he says.

"Jeeze," I replied, "all that fuss over one shot. Why I've shot 97 people today already and I'd hardly any breakfast." I sneered at them. "Who's this guy here?"

"That's Redd Boggs," he said.

"A Commie, huh?" I said, and shot him. "Me and McCarthy know how to handle that scum."

"He wasn't a communist," shouted some fresh guy. I don't like these fellow-travellers. Dirty cryptos I call them.

"Can he prove it?" I asked, smiling to myself.

"How can he? He's dead!"

"So are you," I laughed, and shot him too. I got a wonderful sense of humor.

The others didn't laugh so I shot a few of them to help them see the joke. "Where's the boss?" I asked.

"Try the next floor," says one of them. "The elevator's just down the corridor."

"I know it," I said. I took the stairs.

There was a party going on in one of the rooms and the boss was sitting on the bed with a bottle and a couple of dames. He goes under some phoney name like Robert Bloch or Edgar A. Poe in these places, so I whispers in his ear that I want to see him private.

He takes his bottle into the room next door. There was nobody there but some people playing poker.

"What's the trouble, Mike?" he inquired.

"Look, Mr. Spillane," I said, "I'm tired of the things you make me do, like shooting people alla time. Pretty soon I'll be running out of people and then where'll we be. Could you not figure out some way of using people over again or sump'in?"

He thought for a bit. "You know, Mike," he says, "I think you've got something there. Maybe the detective story fans are getting tired of it too. Tell you what, we'll follow Howard Browne's example and try to make the detective story appeal to s-f fans."

He holds out his hand. "Give me your luger," he says. I hand him the gat. "Anything else," he asks. I give him the guns from the holsters in my armpits, on my hips and legs, my sub-machine gun, my bazooka, my knives, the hand grenades in my pockets, my little automatics disguised as a fountain pen and a cigarette lighter, the miniature atom bombs I carried concealed in my hollow heels, and my brass knucks, blackjack and catapult. I was glad to get rid of them. That cigarette lighter was spoiling the cut of my suit.

He puts them all away carefully and takes out a funny-looking gadget.

"What's that?" I said. "This," he said, "is a zap-gun. You can still shoot it at people and it'll make a lovely noise, but it won't use the people up, unless of course they're very old."

"Gee, thanks Mr. Spil---, Bloch!" I grinned. I pointed the zap-gun at one

of the people playing poker and squeezed the trigger. It went zap! zap! It was swell. The guy playing poker looked up and grinned and took a gun out of his pocket and went zap! zap! at me. It felt wonderful. I rushed out into the corridor and went zap! at all the people I met and they went zap! right back at me.

Gee, I thought, this is more fun than anything. When I used to shoot people with my Luger they didn't do anything afterwards and I couldn't shoot them again, at least not very much. Now I can shoot them as often as I want and they like me for doing it, which they never did before. Gee, it's great to be a science fiction fan.

Zap! zap! zap! I went along the corridor, looking for someone to introduce me to Peter Vorzimer.

- Walt Willis

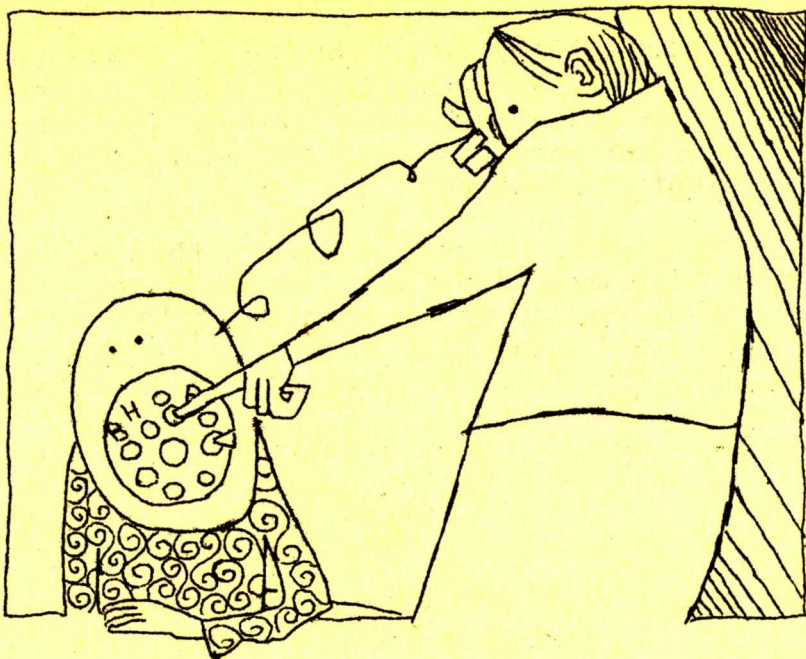
BACKGROUND: The foregoing piece was written by Walt Willis in 1954, for Harlan Ellison's DIMENSIONS. At the Clevention itself, in 1955, Harlan was touting the piece as he collected subs to his zine. Unfortunately, DIMENSIONS never saw another issue, although one entire issue was stencilled--DIMENSIONS 16, of song & legend--and ready to go. When Harlan was forced to give up the zine, he offered it to several other then active fans, among them Ron Smith (of INSIDE) and Charles Lee Riddle (of PEON). Both rifled the DIMENSIONS material files, printing pieces and art from it in their own zines without ever making any attempt to fulfill DIMENSIONS' obligations to its subscribers (the real reason Harlan wanted to turn the zine over rather than simply kill it). Harlan then offered the zine to George Spencer and myself, and I collected a part of it at the 1956 Nycon II. George grew disenchanted with the thing, and subsequently only made use of one or two items in his own OUTRE. In 1957, John Magnus recovered the rest of the file from Riddle (including about 60% of the stencils for DIMENSIONS 16, the covers for which had already been used by Lee and Larry Shaw), and the subscription list. I combined DIMENSIONS with my own STELLAR, with issue #13, and began using the better material. Over 300 copies of STELLARs 13 and 14 were printed and sent to DIMENSIONS subscribers as well as STELLAR's readership. There was little response, and STELLAR c/w DIMENSIONS #15 was never completed, although about half-printed. Instead, I began a letter-substitute, GAFIA, which metamorphosed into STELLAR when Redd Boggs complained about the use of his publishing title. Picking up where I'd left off, I published a series of 2, 4, and 6 page weekly STELLAR's, beginning with #15. Each used a bit of material from the scheduled large-size #15, and STELLAR #18 featured "Mike Hammer at the Clevention." STELLAR #18 had a very small circulation--about thirty copies--since it was mailed with John Magnus' RUMBLE NEWSLETTER. For that reason, the much-delayed-in-appearance story actually reached very few. The story is vintage Willis, just post-6th Fandom, and the illos, by Naaman, are also of the same period, when he was appearing in top zines like DIMENSIONS and PSYCHOTIC. Although I used the original illos, the stencils have been retyped from the DIMENSIONS stencils--Harlan never had a very clean-looking typer--and are presented here as I cut them in 1957.

(The above is presented in the interests of fanhistory and complete timebinding.)
- Ted White

I said "Cheerio, you son of a bitch", and nominated him for TAFF

DIAL B.H.O.B. for MURDER

BY HAL LYNCH



These are the facts of the case. On Thursday last (May 25, '61) I journeyed in the company of Pat and Dick Lupoff down into the Village in search of fan artist and man-about-town Bbob Stewart. Not finding him at his apartment, we hied ourselves over to the Pressroom of the Metropolitan Mimeo Service, renowned throughout fandom as the HQ of VOID, the QWERTY-UIOPress and of Ted White.

When we arrived at The Place, there indeed was B-with-an-H-ob, surrounded with the fannish aura of duplicating ink, etc. He informed us that Mr. White was also at hand, though the Master (I refer here to the vandal of VOID and not to a stencil or ditto original) remained unseen. He did not speak, either, though we could hear a steady Thump! Thump! Thump! coming from somewhere in the rear.

"Ted," Bbob reported, "is hammering some shelves in the back."

We remained in this santum fantorum for several minutes, but TW did not appear. We explained to Bbob that we were on our way to eat dinner somewhere, after which we were going to a movie. The steady thumping continued, the White remained invisible. Bbob led us off to a restaurant nearby, and suggested that afterwards we all go see an Alfred Hitchcock double feature uptown.

At the threshold we paused, to sing out farewells to the Master. The only reply was a steady Thump! Thump! Thump!

* * *

Those, as I say, are the facts of the case. That's all I really know. But I can't help wondering. And after seeing those two Alfred Hitchcock films, my imagination persists in reconstructing the events as follows:

International criminal Bbob "Killer" Stewart, paid a fantastic sum either by some disgruntled Cult waiting-lister or possibly by one of Sylvia's many admirers, had bumped off sweet lovable Ted White shortly before we arrived.

Having neatly skewered Theodore with a sharpened stylus, he was preparing to dispose of the cadaver, using the Les Gerber method (too long and too grisly to explain here, but it would have resulted in an increased mimeo capacity for Metropolitan) when he was interrupted by the approach

of the proverbial innocent passersby. In this case, Pat Passersby, Dick Passersby, and Me Passersby. Instantly, however, the cold-steel mind of Killer Stewart conceived a plan to lull our suspicions.

Quickly he dragged the corpse into the back room and strung it up by its beard in such a way that it was caught by the gentle evening breezes and swayed back and forth, its heels thumping at each end of the arc. Thump! Thump! Thump! By this simple subterfuge, he saw with icy clarity, we could easily be persuaded that the late Mr. White was all present, accounted for, and in excellent health, though we neither saw nor heard him.

"Ted," the diabolical Stewart said, his soft Southern drawl belying his evil intent, "is hammering some shelves in the back." A likely story! But we'd fall for it, he knew--not too awfully bright, and anyway there were always more styluses, or styli, or blunt instruments if they failed.

However, we suspected nothing. He calmly suggested a restaurant nearby. Nothing like a little vigorous exercise to work up an appetite. Afterwards there were a couple of Hitchcock films he wanted to see. To compare notes, as it were.

"What are these films, Bhob?"

Dick asked innocently.

Coolly, confidently, he smiled the smile of a bhobcat who has just eaten the canary.

"I Confess and Dial M for Murder," he said.

-Hal Lynch

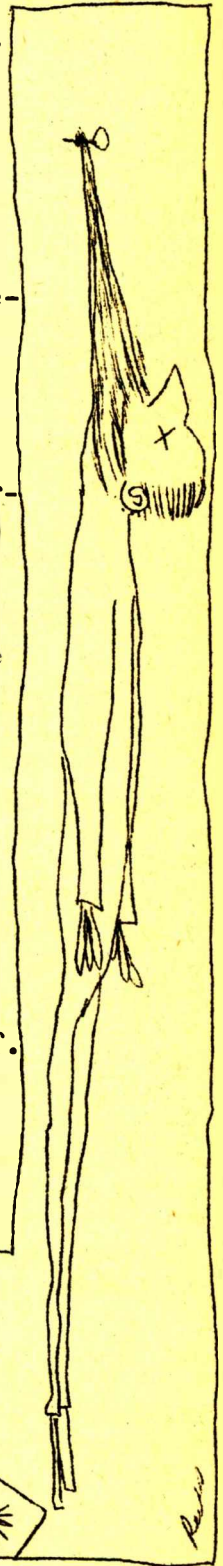
THE CASE IS NOT CLOSED. The above ms. was handed by Hal to a member of the VOID staff at the very same meeting of the Fanoclasts at which Jeff Wanshel and Noreen Shaw were speculating upon the sound--a clunk! or a splat!--which Ted White would make should he be pitched over the Lupoffs' terrace to the sidewalk eleven stories below. (Cf. FANFARONADE #3, p.4) It is significant that Wanshel did not mention carrying out the experiment; nor did he state that White did indeed show up.

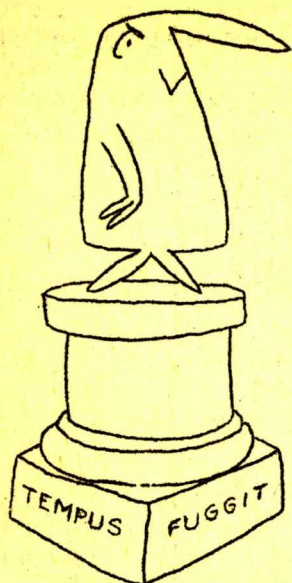
Of greater significance is the Mal Ashworth letter in VOID 25, in which Ashworth proves by brilliant deductive reasoning that White is no longer in fact publishing (or, presumably, editing) VOID. When this is taken into account along with the sudden and dramatic addition of Terry Carr to the VOID staff--an excellent example of brilliant misdirection--the solution appears obvious.

Bhob Stewart, as the agent of Graham, Benford, and Carr, murdered

White. The rest of the New York Fanoclasts were in on this. Lynch was not, since he still maintains his loyalty to Philadelphia. The motive for this skulduggery remains uncertain, but the entire plot may have been part of a Take Over scheme designed to wrest VOID from the unwilling White. Analysis, by the way, shows that Ted White's editorials are the joint product of Carr and Graham; Carr writing the chitter-chatter, and Graham the dull, serious parts.

--Everpresent NYC FANAC Spy G





ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

BY HARRY WARNER

Very often, today's fan is badly disappointed when he finally holds in his hands at last a copy of some famous fan publication of the past. I've heard about the disillusionment with SPACEWAYS from contemporary fans who can't figure out why it used to win first place in polls during World War Two. QUANDRY was recently pooh-poohed as a badly overrated fanzine, by a fan who hadn't been active during its existence. Undoubtedly, every new fan who sees for the first time a copy of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR must fight to conceal to himself or others the disappointment that he experiences to find that this scrawny and slightly inky thin booklet is the famed Willis production. There must be several causes for such reactions. In fandom as in other phases of life, too big a buildup is damaging to the topic; in imagination the unknown and desired object takes on proportions and qualities it couldn't hope to possess in actuality. Then there's the zeitgeist factor. Today's fan can't see the famous publications of the past through yesterday's eyes. There is also a certain amount of general upgrading in the average appearance and literary quality of fan publications as the years pass. The publication that was outstanding a couple of decades ago is closer to the average of excellence today.

All this leads up to the fact that you had better resign yourself to this chilling fact: you're going to be disappointed, if you have never seen AH! SWEET IDIOCY!, have heard much about it, and are destined someday to put your very own eyetracks on the famed Laney memoirs. This disappointment won't last very long, once you begin to read. But you'd better be prepared for a letdown, if you have thought of this one-shot as something glittering and sublime in appearance. There is nothing in it but typing--no illustrations, no lettering guides or handdrawn headings. It is mimeographed in legible but erratic style on a poor grade of paper that is turning brown from the edges inward, even though my copy has been kept in a light-tight envelope down through the years. There are no covers and there are some typing errors and badly corrected

strikeovers. But all those dreary details are forgotten, after you've plowed through the rather tiresome four-page preamble, and immerse yourself in the account of what Laney did in fandom.

AH! SWEET IDIOCY! got its major distribution through FAPA. The first 72 of its 129 pages were distributed in the spring 1958 mailing, and the remainder in the summer mailing of the same year. Later, Laney sold some additional copies to non-FAPA members. I don't know if there's any truth to the legend that he never possessed a stapled copy of his fan memoirs.

If your knowledge of fan history from this era shortly after the first atom bombs is shaky, you might assume some wrong things about AH! SWEET IDIOCY! It is not the final summing up of Laney's fan activities. He remained on the fringes of fandom for a half-dozen years after writing it, kept in contact with a few individuals for another year or two after that. Some of his most exciting FAPA hassles, for instance, occurred after the memoirs appeared. Neither is this something startlingly new and original that Laney introduced to fandom. He was following a hallowed tradition which most fans obeyed at this particular time: when you think you've had it in fandom, do something spectacular to call attention to your gaffiation. Often this took the form of a cynical and bitter letter to this or that fanzine, or an article blasting all fandom as a useless or dangerous institution. But there was a more direct and specific predecessor to Laney's mammoth article. This was "Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan" which T. Bruce Yerke had begun to distribute in FAPA in 1944. It was never completed, but it resembles strikingly the attitudes and general purposes of AH! SWEET IDIOCY! Laney undoubtedly had this as an either conscious or subconscious influence, when he sat down to cut stencils in the same city, writing about many of the same individuals whom Yerke had been concerned with.

Laney's stated reason for his magnum opus can be found in the preamble: "It occurred to me that if I were to start setting down my recollections it might help my self-analysis, would certainly give me something to keep me at home and away from money-spending temptations... And it always had seemed silly to me to write anything on paper when it is just as easy to put it on stencils." This may be the first use of a philosophy that has been reiterated endlessly in fanzines since then: When in doubt, use a stencil. Originally, Laney and Ackerman planned to publish the memoirs with Fantasy Foundation money, putting the profits from the sale of copies back into that organization. A series of personality clashes in Los Angeles kept this from occurring. In the end, with symbolism of frightening complexity, Laney traded his copy of "The Outsider and Others" for Al Ashley's mimeograph, and Laney and Burbee became the publishers.

Despite the volume's fame, no fan has seriously toyed with the idea of reprinting it. It is so long that even with elite type, it would be an enormous amount of work. Moreover, Laney possessed a magical immunity from libel action, and it isn't likely that any reprinter would fare so well. Laney names names in many narrations about matters which would undoubtedly have caused lawsuits to rain on the head of any fan who had less ability at striking back at enemies with the typewriter. In other places, he does not identify his topic but gives enough detail for anyone to deduce who was meant, and such circumstances are normally meat for the courts, too. Even so, AH! SWEET IDIOCY! is packed tightly with long sections which are sheer delight to read and absolutely safe to reprint. I would guess that it could be boiled down to a 50-page reprint

version that would be much milder but still agreeable, by skipping the actionable portions and the duller blow-by-blow accounts of fan politics in Los Angeles.

Particularly valuable are the little word sketches of almost everyone who did anything in Los Angeles fandom during the 1940's. You'll find nothing like them anywhere else. Typical is the one about Morajo: "She is very short, and in my opinion, very pretty. Since she herself has listed it publicly, I'll mention in passing that she is much older than most of the club members, having been born in 1904. She has led a fairly tough life, has been married and divorced twice, and the scramble of raising a strapping son and supporting herself has left her singularly without the ability to enjoy herself freely and casually, though others enjoy her company tremendously. Her chief interest in the club was her interest with Forrest J Ackerman, with whom she kept company for several years, and I hope he fully recognizes the extent of her services to him --keeping the club on a smooth financial keel throughout most of her membership, doing most of the drudgery of VOM and other Ackerman projects, and keeping the wolves from yapping about his heels in a score of other ways. Myrtle has an inquiring mind which is somewhat hampered by a too-conventional education, and thus is sometimes a sucker for something the least bit on the crackpot side. She is, however, an accomplished and stimulating conversationalist, and is well worth knowing from the intellectual point of view. And beneath that occasionally austere facade, there is one of the most kind hearted persons in Los Angeles, as plenty of club members past and present could testify. She is the first person most of the older members think of when they are in trouble, and in this selfish civilization people like that are rare."

Don't be astonished that this contains no awful disclosures about some nastiness. The person whom AH! SWEET ICIOCY! criticizes most severely is Francis T. Laney. He is very frank at describing the faults of others, but obviously was fond of most of them, makes it very clear that he likes Ackerman immensely after all the fusses, and he seems mainly sorry that these fine people have been led to do stupid things in fandom. The preamble even tries to bind up some of the wounds that E. Everett Evans receives from the pages in which Laney knocks him down and tramps on him. The preamble was written after the rest of the book, at a time when FTL had just learned about some extenuating circumstances involving EEE. But he is absolutely merciless toward his own failings, imagined or real. Sometimes he can look at them with amusement, such as what happened when he first discovered Merritt novels in the Munsey reprint magazines: "I started reading them. Meanwhile, nature called me, and I carried the darned magazines into the bathroom with me. Utterly oblivious to where I was and what I was doing, I sat there on that WC nearly all night, utterly lost in Graydon's weird adventures. When I finally finished 'Snake Mother,' the spell broke, I tried to stand up, and was so cramped and cold that my legs would not support me. I collapsed into a heap, and lay there on the floor laughing at myself for being such a damned fool." Some of his other anecdotes are less amusing, when he clinically describes how he rigged a FAPA election to make certain that his candidates would win, or the bad light that he casts on himself in his version of his troubles with his wife.

There is one more caution that I would like to leave with anybody who has come into fandom since the mid-40's and reads the Laney memoirs. Even though AH! SWEET IDIOCY! is a superbly fascinating work, which had an inordinate influence on the whole course of fanzine publishing, it was written by a human being. Therefore it is not perfect. Some of the

things it describes have been told better by other fans. Alva Rogers' account in INNUENDO #11 of the famous night when Ackerman made his public debut as a drinking man is far superior to the reference to this event in Laney's work. Laney did not possess Burbee's unique ability to make his readers burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter over the more remarkable actions of an Elmer Perdue or Al Ashley. Certain sections of AH! SWEET IDIOCY! indicate that Laney wasn't quite as free of the fan-nish dross as he believed himself to be after having been purged by the fire and the heat of the Los Angeles fusses. There is one incredible section dealing with a project that sounds as if it had emerged from the Cosmic Circle in a particularly hectic moment: Someone had proposed a Los Angeles science fiction organization complete with large club house which would actually be a secret hideaway for movie stars who would join it as a means of escaping from their public. The Laney who was so quick to see through the illusions that others set up for themselves thought that this was a marvelous scheme and was deeply hurt when other fans in the city failed to be respectful to the individuals who wanted to promote the deal. Laney could be very wrong about things, too. In one chapter, he tells of the delight that he found when he paid regular visits to the home of a quite prominent writer of murder mysteries. He contrasts by implication the ability of the habitués of this writer to handle liquor with the juvenilities of the LASFS. Only a year or two after Laney's work was published, this writer was in an asylum for chronic alcoholism. Laney repeats that old error about Al Ashley's IQ of 194. It wasn't an IQ of 194; it was a score of 194 on a test that Speer was giving to various fans.

AH! SWEET IDIOCY! is in the public domain. I would dearly love to see the printable kernel of it reprinted in a volume that might also contain selections from the numerous other autobiographical articles that Laney published here and there. They would give a very accurate estimate of the writing ability and the character of the only fan who has ever been compared with Dean Swift without creating a storm of laughter.

-Harry Warner

NOTICE THIS LINE ALL IN CAPITALS? Well, that marks this as a typical VOID editorial, full of gay hilarity, good fellowship all around, but mainly full of...Pete Graham, Ted White, and Terry Carr. Oh yes, Greg Benford too. Well, one day Pete, Ted, Terry and I were sitting around, and I said, "Bighol, Ted, Terry and Pete, it's about time I wrote a VOID editorial."

Ted White's face lit up. His face took on the general appearance of a man who is about to say a great and humorous thing. "Well," said Ted White, "it certainly is a wonderful..."

"Quiet, dammit," said Terry. "We can't let him write a VOID editorial. Do you realize what would happen if he did? People who have been reading VOID and wondering why the writing styles of the co-editors are so similar will know at last. They will understand why the only difference between the editorials is that Ted talks about Terry and Pete, Pete talks about Terry and Ted, and Terry talks about Pete and Ted. They'll understand why..."

Ted White's face lit up. His face took on the general appearance of a man who is about to say a great and humorous thing. "Well," said Ted White, "it certainly is a wonderful..."

"Oh shut up, Ted White," said Pete. "If we let him write an editorial it will mean the end of VOID."

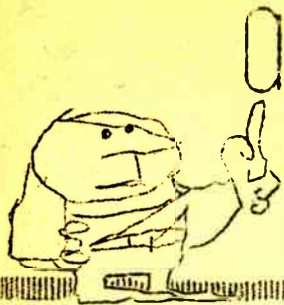
So that's why they won't let me write a VOID editorial.

Just because I'm the

mechanic who services the assembly line VOID editorials are run off on.

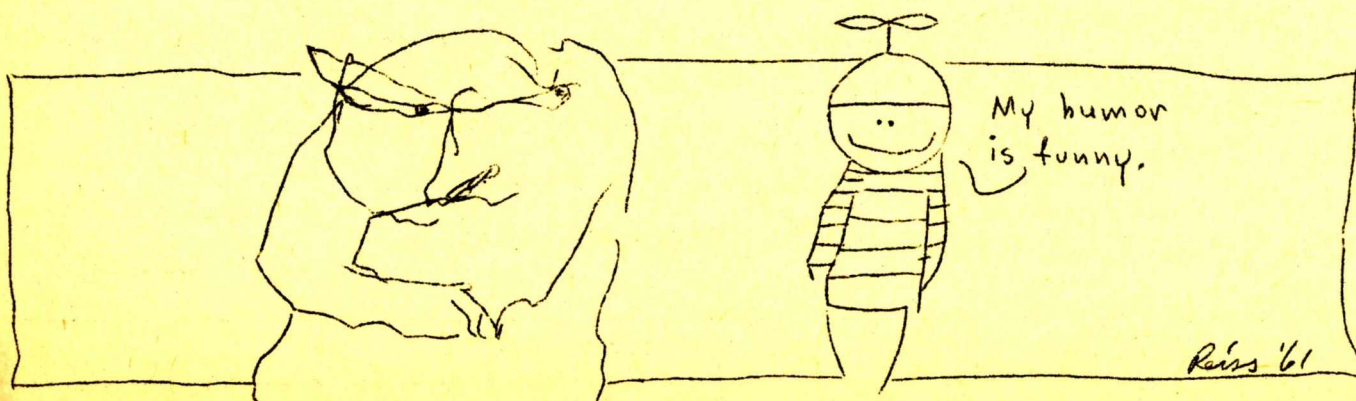
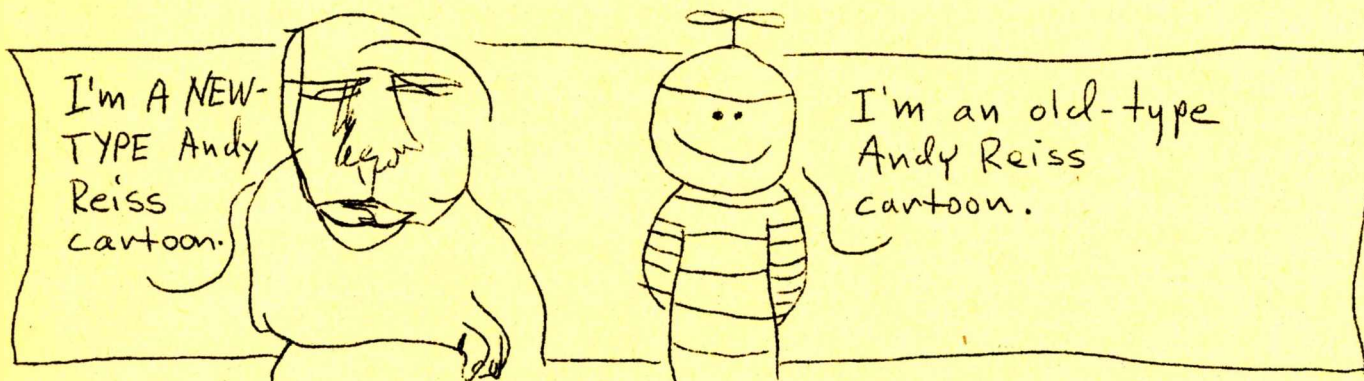
-Andy Reiss

Mind your DNP's and DNQ's.



page of Andy Reiss

JONES



WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA

PART FOUR

CHAPTER FOUR



Shelby totters into the dungeon with Willis's lifeless body and dumps it on the bed. He looks around at the cracked walls and sloping floor of the dungeon and protests to the guard.

"This place doesn't look structurally sound!"

"Naturally," leers the guard, "It's the condemned cell." He draws his gun and shoots the bolts. As the smoke clears away Shelby walks around the cell reading the cracks on the walls. "YNGVI IS A LOUSE...FORWARD WITH FOO FOO...I HAVE A COSMIC MIND¹...THE PCO IS MIGHTIER THAN THE YOBBER...EAT AT OMAR'S²...ROSEBUD³...MY ALL PRO ISSUE⁴...JOIN THE N3F...KONNERS CORNER WAS HERE⁵...UL-UL⁶...BURBEE WAS A GOOD EDITOR...KUTTNER IS VANCE⁷...THE MIRROR OF FANDOM⁸...BLOCH KORSHAK ESHBACK AND EVANS⁹...TUCKER LIVES ON...BHEER...NWT IN 53¹⁰...CHRISTIAN SLANS READING SLANZINES¹¹...ULTRA WEIRD ARTIST¹²...THE ROOSTER THAT WORE RED PANTS¹³...FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE...THE SOUTH SHALL RISE...ROOM 770¹⁴...UNENDURABLE PLEASURE INDEFINITELY PROLONGED...SOUTH GATE IN 58...SPRAGUE DE CAMP IS A LOUSE..." He breaks off on hearing a scrabbling noise behind him. Willis has come to what he refers to as his senses and is scraping on the floor of the dungeon with his screwdriver. Shelby watches him tolerantly for a few minutes.

"What do you think you're going to find under that stone?" he asks, "Max Keasler?"

"I'm digging a tunnel," explains Willis, "like the Abbe Faria in 'The Count of Monte Cristo'. I knew all that non-sf stuff I used to read would come in handy some day. Broadens the outlook you know. You ordinary uncultured fans wouldn't understand them littery masterpieces."

"If you really want to broaden your outlook," says Shelby, "take a look out of the window. This dungeon is on the Eighth Floor."

"Oh bother," says Willis. "What a cell! I've a good mind to retire from fandom in high dungeon."

"You can't retire from fandom yet," points out Shelby, "you haven't even started on your memoirs. Lee Hoffman would never forgive you."

"True," says Willis. "We must think of an egress."¹⁵

"Suh," says Shelby stiffly, "You have insulted a fair flower of Suthun womanhood."

"Tch tch," says Willis, "I only meant we must think up some way to get out of here." He goes over to the window.

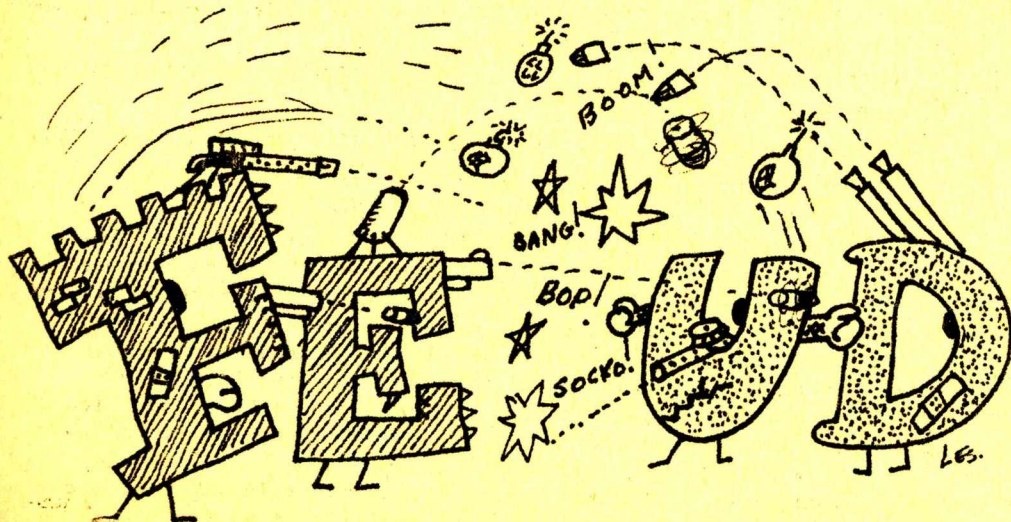
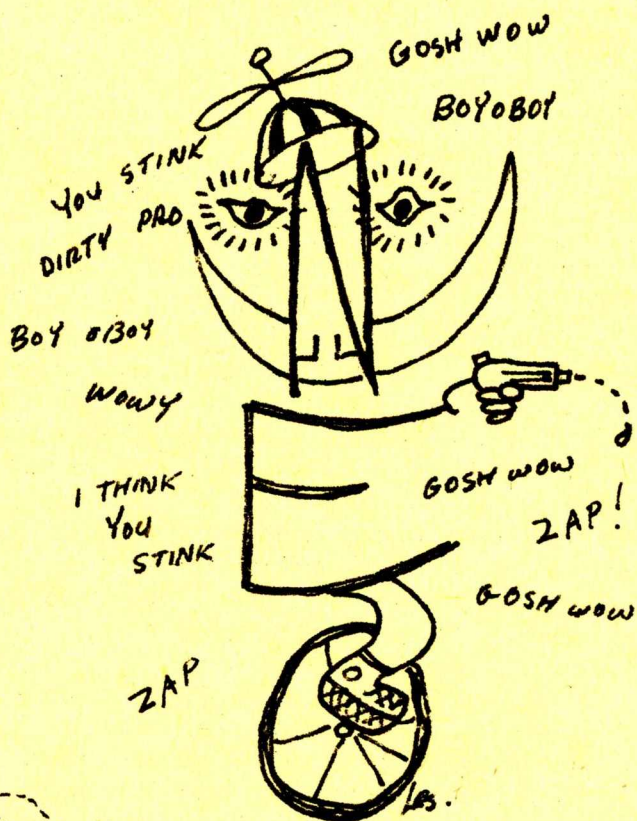
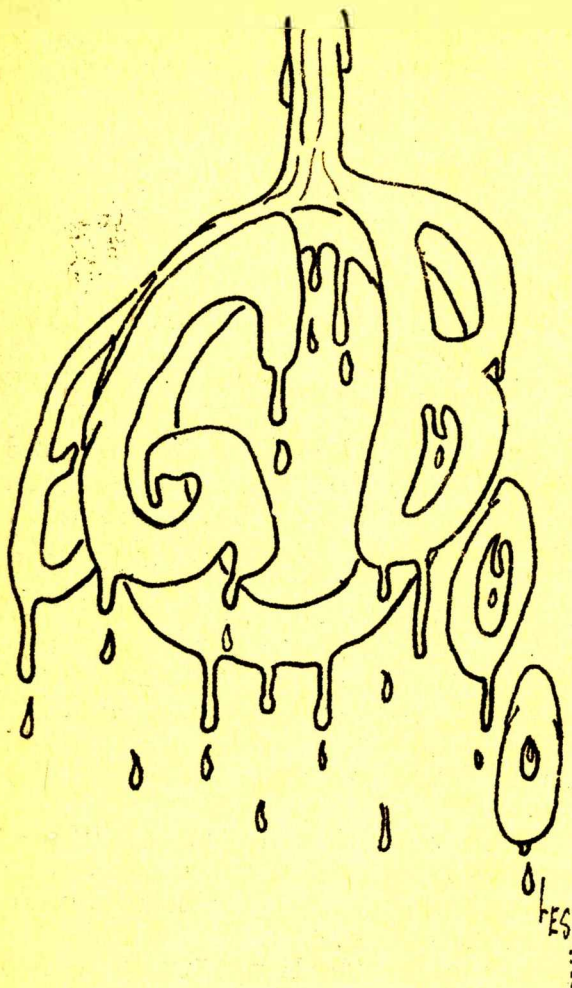
Suddenly a soft voice is heard raised sweetly in song and golden cadences of melody are wafted through the cell window.

"I say," says Willis, "Get a load of this. Golden cadences of melody are being wafted through the cell window!"

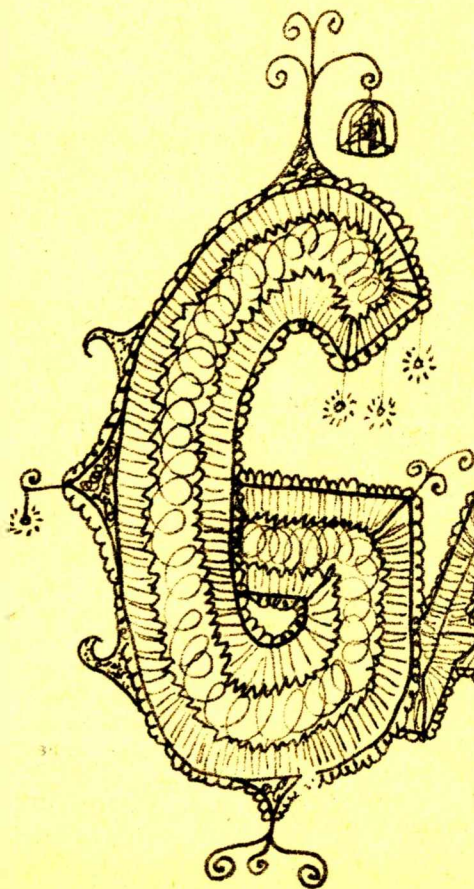
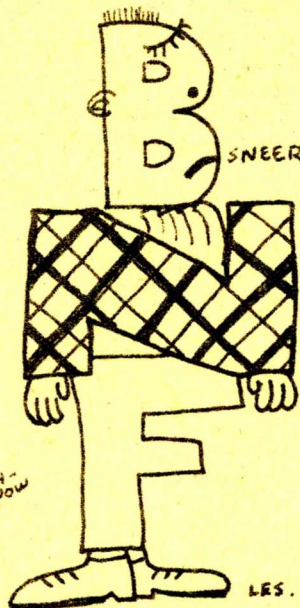
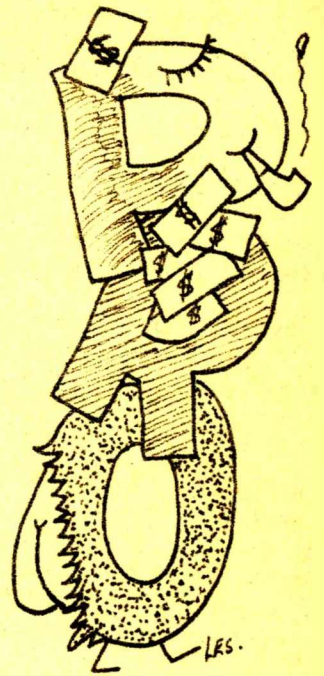
"No kidding?" says Shelby. He goes over to the window and looks out. "Why," he exclaims, "It's Sam Moskowitz! And there's Taurasi and Sykora too. I might have known FANTASY TIMES would get the news first!"*

1. On a trip across the country Jack Speer sent Degler postcards signed by various names, including Will Sykora, reading "I have a cosmic mind. What do I do now?" 2. Slogan popularized by Ian Macauley. 3. Mysterious word used by Battle Creek fans. /Invented by Mari Beth Wheeler under somewhat intimate circumstances with Tucker, L&bscher, and another female./ 4. Much heralded issue of crudzine UTOPIAN. 5. This column by Conner was now in its fourth fanzine. 6. Bem symbol plugged by Ralph Raeburn Phillips. 7. Notorious mistake by Tucker's ELOOMINGTON NEWSLETTER. 8. Motto of VOM. 9. Ubiquitous convention figures according to Tucker. 10. Slogan popularized by Bill Morse while stationed in North Canada. 11. Famous remark by Eva Firestone. 12. Ralph Raeburn Phillips' self-description. 13. Slogan in CHANTICLEER (Walt Liebscher). 14. Hotel room of famous Nolacon party. 15. Chuck Harris was afraid this might offend Lee in view of the race feeling in the South, but I knew she was of Illinois stock and took the chance. */FANTASY TIMES changed its name to SCIENCE FICTION TIMES./

LES N



ILIEBERG



GAFFIA... gaffia... ga...
LES.

stodge, see, but you haven't the courage of your convictions, and here you are constantly wishy-washily running off doing mad, impetuous things in the star-flung night. For christ's sake, Peter Graham, you can't even sit there and be a stodge, without chitterchattering about it for a page and a half in micro-elite. If you're going to be a stodge, Peter S. Graham, you should brace your shoulders and go all the way. You're going to have to work on that Image, Pete, and not go off Kerouacishly at the first sign of a Square and free drinks. Good grief, Pete Graham!"

"Yes," I said quietly. "It's about time somebody else did the Deadly Serious Editorials around here, anyway."

THE NEW YORK FANOCIASTS changed meeting places recently. The meetings were originally held at the Lupoffs' penthouse apartment in the East 70's, which seemed an appropriate way to dispell the image of New York's fannish typos as drunken, dope-taking slum-dwellers. But what with Pat Lupoff expecting on Labor Day (!), we had to find a new place.

The Metro Mimeo offices (the very same offices in which VOID is put together, bigolly) have been chosen as the new meeting place, more or less by process of elimination. In honor of the occasion, we've christened one section of them Towner Hall, in honor of a Great Fan and Inspiration for all of us. We sort of look upon ourselves you see, as the east coast LASFS, and since that worthy organization somehow has never publicly honored the fan who Put It On The Fannish Map we felt it our duty to correct the oversight, so to speak.

The LASFS is certainly a great inspiration to us, all right. We all eagerly read their fanzine, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, whenever we see a copy somewhere, and we feel a great bond of kinship. We are tempted, in fact, to issue a special Christmas supplement of VOID this year, using up all the leftover artwork in our files and perhaps even commissioning some especially from such outstanding artists as Barbi Johnson. And Real Soon Now, we are going to inaugurate a special column of selected Minutes of Fanoclast meetings. (Well, as soon as we get some officers, business meetings, and Minutes...)

do you think we could get John Trimble as a VOID co-editor? -Ted White

I wonder--



THE ISFCC AND ME: Do you know Ray C. Higgs? Have you ever heard of Eva Firestone or Seth Johnson? Probably not. But they are hyper-active fans, working at the very core of fandom, for the eventual good of fans everywhere. Yes, someday Ray C. Higgs, one of the B'est of the BNFs of our time, will actually benefit you and me by his works. It says so right here in my copy of EXPLORER, official publication of the International Science Fiction Correspondence Club. That's good enough for me, brother, and it should be for you, too.

Some of you might not be familiar with the EXPLORER, but that's because you are in the backwaters of fandom and don't know what's good for you anyway. You've probably heard that the major fans of today were members of the N3F. But I'll bet that you didn't know that those major fans are really just people left over from the ISFCC. I myself was once a member of the ISFCC, but since those times I have fallen among evil companions and lost contact with the people I mentioned above. In fact, I was president of the club for over a year; a sign, I guess, of how far I have fallen.

I suppose, though, that my good fortune in gaining that high post was more due to skullduggery than anything else. Nobody ran against me. The slate of officers was set up by Jan Jansen, Ellis Mills and I at a German regional convention, and by some feat which I considered amazing at the time, every person we selected won. It was only later that I learned that not only had they won, but they had got every vote cast; there was no one running against them, either. In order to insure my victory in the coming election I decided to join the club and vote for myself (I was nominated for president before I became a member). Since I wanted to appear friendly and benevolent during campaigning time, I mailed my dues to the treasurer and wrote a cheery note to Racy Higgs. I sometimes wonder whether I would ever have heard from Higgs at all had I not been president, for our correspondence was sparse to say the least. Higgs apparently was too busy publishing five or six fanzines at once to answer correspondence or ask for material, so he went blithely along, griping at the members for not Supporting The ISFCC and filling up the zines himself.

However, the first issue of EXPLORER that came out after I was thrust into office

by the mandate of the people (I think there were about a dozen votes, about half of which came from the people who were running) was very inspiring. Here was Higgs in all his two-color (black and white) splendor, building visions of giant memberships filled with hyperactive fans, all contributing to EXPLORER, joining round robins and fanning away to beat all hell. Someone (Eva Firestone, I believe) suggested that a committee be set up to welcome new fans to the organization ("a brand new idea," they said) and rope them into activities. About a week later I got a note from some poor soul welcoming me to the ISFCC and hoping I would join in all these wonderful things for us fans to do since after all I didn't want to waste my membership fee by just sitting around did I? I thought perhaps he was a little skeptical of my leadership to ask the president to take interest in the club, but dismissed it as a hangover from the decadent days of before. My term, I thought, would be different. It was, too. Whereas before things had teetered along on skimpy memberships and little activity, at the end of my term of office the club was on the brink of disaster.

The principal activity of the ISFCC, as one might guess from the name, was to encourage correspondence between stf readers, promote good will among fans and that sort of thing. To accomplish this the members joined round robins within the club, thus keeping in touch with a large number of people. In my first RR I found myself discussing things like the role of economic status in a fan's life, space ship models, and other topics. All the officers were members of this particular RR, and I expected a deluge of thought-provoking letters to greet me with every cycle. It was then, scarcely a month after I had joined, that the club began to fall apart. The officers wouldn't write. The RR was held up here and there at first, and then more and more as time went on. My god, I thought, if the officers won't participate, what are the members like?

After a few cycles of the RRs it became evident that, aside from a few notable exceptions, the members were more of the same. People were dropping out or losing RRs left and right. Havoc reigned. One or two of the RRs to which I contributed were pretty effectively concluded when all the members except myself dropped out en masse. Midst all this, though, a few voices such that of Seth Johnson and Eva Firestone remained. Of course, most of their correspondence was about Johnson's job as a street ice cream salesman or the weather in Firestone's Wyoming ("...to encourage the exchange of ideas among fans..."). For several RRs Johnson also told us about his space ship model and the difficulties in building it and much etc. "It's got to be exactly to specifications," he said. A while later he sent around two photographs of the model sitting in a sand quarry and offered to sell the pictures to any of the interested members for one dollar each. At the time I vaguely recognized the design, but couldn't remember it until a few weeks afterward I noticed one just like it in the possession of one of my neighbor's sons. Upon questioning he mentioned that the entire kit had cost \$1.50. "Take long to build?" I asked. "About half an hour," he replied.

But as Higgs pointed out, it was activity.

In a few months the situation had become so bad even the officers were dropping out. The faithful ones were dashing back and forth like rats on a sinking ship and all seemed lost. I mentioned to Johnson that all this seemed pretty good to me, because if everybody dropped out except those who Really Had Faith, at least we'd have some people who were interested in the ISFCC; the idea didn't seem to appeal to him, though. In an atmosphere much like a German Gotterdamerng, people began to propose new schemes of organization and projects to be carried out. There was talk of establishing a seal for the club, and several designs were sent around ("What good is a club without a seal?"). Higgs seemed at times much like Hitler, playing with paper memberships and committees as though they represented real things.

Before I knew it, a year had rolled around and it was time for elections again. Higgs announced that nominations were open and sat back to wait for the eager members to rush into positions of power. After a few weeks he wrote me that no one had filed, and in fact he couldn't even get in touch with the other officers to ask them whether they wanted to run. I wasn't too surprised, since I hadn't heard from any of them in half a year, but Higgs seemed a bit shaken by it. With great regret I wrote him that I was too committed to my other activities to continue on as president, and resigned my membership. The last I heard of Higgs, there were no officers and few members, but Higgs was apparently ready to carry on in the face of it all.

A few months ago I saw a reference to Higgs and the ISFCC, so I suppose the club is still out there somewhere, producing leaders for fandom. Johnson is still around, if his letter in V25 is any evidence, working away at the center of active fandom ("Who is Lee Hoffman?"). So I still maintain my simple and abiding faith in the club and its members. I am sure that any day now, after the ISFCC has completed its process of formation, it will produce those leaders of fandom I mentioned above. I think it can be a powerful moving force in our microcosm, and really do something for fandom.

Yes, I'm really sure of that.

WE ARE TWO: I haven't written much about my brother in fanzines, probably because he is not some fuzzy entity who exists only on paper and has no material substance. That is, he can strike back.

And things probably would have remained that way, except for the fact that Jim is making moves which would seem to indicate that he plans to enter fandom after all these years of inactivity.

Ever since VOID left us for Baltimore and then New York, Jim has been completely out of fandom. "I'm the modern-day Cliff Gould," he says. "A brilliant flash in the pan, and then I'm gone."

He has more plans now, though, for his dramatic entrance into fandom. "I'll come in under an assumed name," he said as he thumbed through DAFOE looking for ideas to steal, "and publish a big fanzine devoted to only the best fanwriters. I'll draw all my own artwork, and write most of the articles under pseudonyms, and in no time at all I'll have the no. 1 fanzine, win a Hugo and dropout again." Now, this sounds pretty much like the other stuff I've quoted from Dallas fans in the past numbers of this editorial, but you must remember that Jim is of my own blood. He doesn't simply plan; already he has some of the work done on his first issue. It's pretty good stuff, but Jim is planning on improving later.

How? Well, this first issue has a number of unknowns in it, but there's one real standout--a five-page article by Boyd Raeburn. The second issue will be even better, though, because it will carry a cover by Atom, a regular column from Willis and fanzine reviews by Tucker. Now, at first I thought this was a bit overoptimistic, but Jim quieted my fears.

"You see," he explained, paging through HYPHEN and trying to plagiarize some more ideas, "Raeburn and Willis and Tucker haven't written anything for me, but I'm sure they'll wish they had when I have the top fanzine. So I'm writing the articles and putting their names on them, and in the end everyone will be happier with the outcome."

I tried to explain to him that this simply Was Not Done, but he didn't listen. He just sat there, serene in his plans, and looked for ideas to copy.

"Three fake articles," he said:

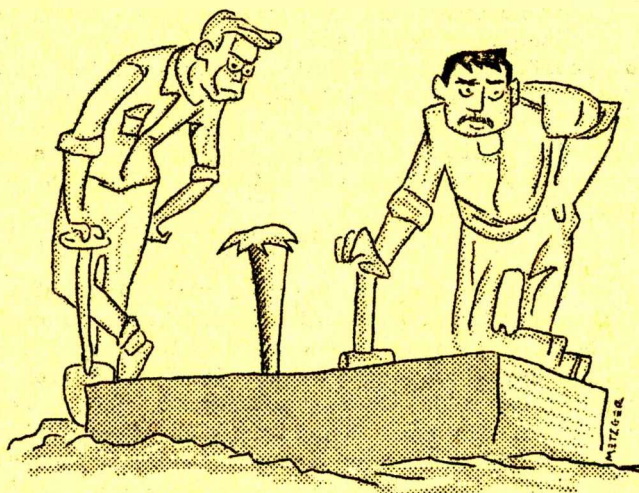
"that's not too many."

--Greg Benford

+++++

inn- vective

letters of comment
on innuendo no. 11



"But now how do we stop that damned propellor thing?"

MAL ASHWORTH

Well, this INNUENDO that you have now so brutally done away with was one hell of a brilliant fanzine, you know. The most outstanding thing this issue, for my money, was Burbee's piece, but perhaps that is a view that won't surprise anyone overmuch. I read this on a bus on my way over to York on a book-hunting expedition and you may like to know that INNUENDO served to keep me from reading my weekly magazine of news and comment on World Affairs, The Spectator. No doubt it is all part of a diabolical plot on your part to insulate fans from the Real World, to keep them from all contact with the World At Large, to shut them off from Reality. By Ghod, I hope you succeed. ((I won't ever succeed if you persist in reading things like the SAPS official organ. What World Affairs were you hoping to read about there--the Rapps' marriage? Fie, sir! -tgc))

But I was telling you about how good this Burbee piece was, wasn't I? Well, I lent it to a fellow who lives only a quarter mile or so away from me and whom I frequently visit for him to read, as he--hold your hat on--used to swap stamps with Laney some years, and he was kind of interested to know what sort of a guy he had been swapping stamps with, and then he lent it to our friendly neighbourhood bookseller to read, and he finally gave me it back last Saturday and they had all laughed themselves crazy over it and opined that it was brilliant. Gee, Burb, you sure do get around. [14, Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford.2., England]

.....

Alva Rogers on Laney was refreshing. He was one of the few LASFSers who was neither for nor against ftl, as I recall, and what he has to say is worth considering. He seems to be in agreement with my own memories re homosexuals in the club, etc. Alva refers to the years 1943-45; I arrived on the scene in '46, and (despite all the gossip freely offered by Al Ashley) had about the same impression. I saw no evidence to back up the gossip, in the clubroom or out of it. About the "wildest" thing I remember was a male fan and a female fan necking on one of the Slan Shack beds. Snogging, like-- kissing and hugging, completely clothed, and right there in front of God and everybody. (Well, maybe Elmer wasn't present at the time.) I wouldn't call this overt sexuality, homo or otherwise. Funny thing is that the male fan in this kissing scene was one of those who were supposed to be queer. Okay, so maybe he was ambisexual or whatever, but the female fan was enjoying it. Anyway, I think Alva's article should be required reading for all those who have read AH! SWEET IDIOCY, and other such writing of ftl and Burb. [10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.]

.....
GREG BENFORD

The Brandon satire was good, but not as excellent, I feel, as it might have been. I tend to feel that if someone else had been parodied I might have enjoyed it more, since I dislike the Lovecraft style, and even four pages of it is a bit too much. The weak ending was, I feel, the most effective part of the entire thing, for Lovecraft's climax is, with the exception of a few notable works, a sorry sight to behold. Your equally weak finish was about the closest thing, in spirit, to Lovecraft throughout the parody.

I agree completely with your appraisal of the German fandom situation, but it's been years since I was in contact with Gerfandom (which is, I believe, Bennett's term). [204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Okla.]

((Well, you finally got a letter of comment in VOID, Greg. -tgc))

.....
DONALD FRANSON

Jack Speer's item is great, even though I'm not familiar with the original. What prozine did Virgil write for? ((Eclog Science Fact & Fiction, of course. -tgc))

The article on Laney by Alva Rogers seems rather unbiased, and is welcomed as such. Who needs iconoclasts in fandom? This is the height of serconnishness, telling people they don't fan right. Incidentally, I used to think that "Stormy Petrel" meant stormy one or trouble maker too, until I looked it up. It means harbinger or predictor of storms; the appearance of the bird was a warning that a storm would follow.

I've caught

Willis, Speer and you in a goof. Certainly the Sept. '37 Amazing wasn't Gernsback's magazine. But there is no proof as to whose magazine it was, because in 1937 Amazing was bimonthly, and the September issue didn't exist. So maybe Willis knew this. And as long as I am being encyclopedic, there was a prozine Marvel Tales, following Marvel Science Stories, in addition to Crawford's mag. (Maybe we can form a new fandom around science-fictional trivia. Certainly this is just as interesting as the comic-book and Tolkien minutiae filling fanzines these days.) [6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif.]

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DON ALLEN

Many thanks for the back page of INNUENDO which arrived this morning. It came as quite a surprise! The best thing about it, what impressed me most, was your choice of postage stamps. They were excellent. I see one of them commemorates the Pony Express 1860-1960. Perhaps in another hundred years, by 2060, you'll have mail-trains and planes. Like us.

Now here we have a gripe. The name and address was very bad. The worst I've seen from you. But I suppose it was done in a hurry. A pity. It spoilt the whole effect of an otherwise good back page.

Rick Sneary's letter was indeed the best of the lot. And black ink on a yellow paper background was an excellent choice.

I honestly

hope that this will not be the last of Inn. It may be irregular but it is certainly one of the finest fanzines on the go. So please, Terry, don't give it up. Don't let Inn die! And if you do get around to turning out another issue perhaps you could make it larger than just one sheet?

Or use

stronger staples, dammit! [12 Briar Edge, Forest Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 12, England]

((Several

copies of the last Inn fell apart in the gentle clutches of the P.O., despite the fact that we used the strongest staples available. I hope I've already sent you a replacement copy. -tgc))

.....
GEORGE METZGER

The issue is dominated by Donaho and Laney...particularly Laney. He probably would have liked that. Donaho was damn funny...I can't control myself whenever I think of some guy walking around at a party

stark naked kicking out windows. But it also reminds me I've been missing quite a few parties. (In Berkeley, anyway--there's not been much up north. They tore up one house last month...since then, nothing. A bunch of the girls went to a Mormon-sponsored party. It was full of weak punch and party games and they all got home by 11:30.) I begin to wonder if I'm not considered dead or something... I don't actually have any proof to myself that I'm alive, except that I still get mail...

Pause here

...went to watch tv. Had some film clip on these space astronauts who are preparing to blast off into orbit later this year and they were doing simulated flight gigs; it was kinda disappointing. For years I've been conditioned to millions of spaceship pilots saying: "5, 4, 3, 2, 1, FIRE!" but this guy they showed took all of the tense drama out of it...in clear voice and deadpan he says: "5, 4, 3, 2, 1, launch!" Life is so cruel!

I wonder if very many fen, like Ted White, incorporate fanisms like "gafia" and "fugghead" and "faunch" into other than fannish circles, into daily life, etc.? I've used them off and on and haven't noticed much of anything, tho I believe I can recall one girl who uses "faunch"--but I think that's mostly because it sounds dirty.

I've been unexplainable these past few days. I have recently been possessed of an intense desire to buy a car. Not just any car, either, but a friend's 1936 Pierce-Arrow. All 12 cylinders and one bullet-hole of it. To what practical use I could put a gas-eating monster (7 miles to the gallon) like that I sure don't know. But I have hundreds of unpractical ideas. [2135 Leon Dr., San Jose 28, Calif.]

DICK ENEY

Alva Rogers' memorial to Laney is well-done portraiture, but slightly inaccurate toward the end when FTL's style is compared with that of Brann the Iconoclast--for Brann was a member of the Erudite Southern Gentlemen's Club, with a classical allusion in every paragraph and the lofty ascent to thee and thou when he got well wound up. Certainly, if Laney "drew" his writing style from Brann, it was only in the predilection for polemics; FTL's style was a lot more straightforward except when he got deliberately kittenish.

Brann, by the way, wasn't killed in a "duel," but in a shootout conducted with shotguns and revolvers in the best Bat Masterson style. (The villain fired from behind and Brann got him, as I recall, before dying of his wounds.)

Modified rapture for Carl Brandon's piece; Redd Boggs did this so thoroughly once (with "Lost in Lovecraft Land," in an old SPACEWARP) that all others seem pallid. ((I'd like to see a copy. -tgc)) I think the punchline to Brandon's version a little inadequate...but come to think of it, maybe you did that on purpose, too.

Idle thought: how many fans have never actually used a hekto? They know it only as a vague shape of dread, much as the historical fictioneers know merely that Valley Forge is a name that means you're to come all over shivery with patriotism and horror and like that. [417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va.]

((I just

took a quick poll at the VOID offices, and found that 5 out of 6 fans here have used hektoes. Ted, Sylvia, Pete, Bbob and I have; Walter Breen hasn't. -tgc))

EMILE GREENLEAF

I don't think Ronel looks like a teddybear with an ostrich plume stuck up his ass. I've met Roger Sims, and it would require considerably more than the addition of an ostrich plume to make him look like Ron.

Terry, I share your feelings toward the "New Era" of fandom, as proclaimed by the Prophet Lupoff. The day fandom becomes a gaggle of comic addicts, I shall espouse an insurgency which would make that of the late Francis T. Laney seem a mealy-mouthed Pollyanna-ism in comparison.

All the years we've protested that we weren't a bunch of comic-book readers--! Arghh! [1303 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La.]

WALTER BREEN

Concerning Rick Sneary's letter: Pointless lives are a waste in or out of fandom; but what can either of us do about the problem? Society has no particular place cut out for any above-average mind unless one happens to be a Specialist in something for which there is a big demand--like, ghod-helpus, nuclear physics. If one happens to be the kind of person with many different interests, one is all too likely to flounder, despite all the pious propaganda about our needing more generalists. I am certainly not inclined to use the FTL test on fans ("How good is he in mundane life?"), but I do think it a pity if an above-average person fails to make for himself a recognizable place in the outside world, no matter what his fannish achievements might be; and a FIAWOL orientation suggests this kind of wasted ability. It makes a difference, I suppose, if the person has decided that mundane holds nothing for him worth having, after having been there.

Terry, I earlier recognized, and still applaud, your attempt to make everything in Inn of lasting interest however faanish it might seem at

the time. This guiding principle has influenced me in my own submissions to other zines since I first saw the INNISH III last summer; it has, I think, influenced--more than one would suspect--HAB and a few other "discussion zines," no matter what they have been discussing. There is nothing impossible, or even improbable, about the idea of a worthwhile, lasting-interest zine devoted to fan-ish matters--or even comic books. ((Agreed.)) [1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, Calif.]

PETE GRAHAM

I regret Inn's demise, but perhaps it is all for the best. An annual fanzine may Timebind, but the temptation to include as fillers good items from the last issue, it seems to me, should be the warning bell on the question of Whether To Keep It Up.

Burbee's article is the usual fine, masterful set of ramblings. The two famous lines in the piece--if they weren't famous they are now--set me off the way Burbee implies they set off the original listeners...I figure that anything that comes out of Burbee's mouth must be good to hear. To say nothing of the fact that as far as I'm concerned, if it's humorous and involves the life and habits of the LASFS, I believe it.

Tew's conception that Ellison may have been responsible for the growth of the word "kook" in mundane argot is an example of paucity of intercultural integration (chuckle) on his part. "Kook" is a Jewish term of some standing (about 2,000 years, I think), which even Harlan can't quite match up to. ((If the term "kook" does date back to about 2,000 years ago, does that mean that it was originally coined as a description of Jesus? -tgc)) [635 E. 5th St., apt. 8, New York 9, N.Y.]

((Well, we had Benford and Graham...I wonder why Ted White didn't have a letter in here? -tgc))

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM: CALVIN W. "BIFF" DEMMON, who liked Inn and sent a copy of "SKOAN", "mainly because you guys are BNF's and because you gave me Cookies and Hawaiian Punch and let me pet your Cat and look at your Hugo and everything. That was a very kind sort of thing to do." # BOB BLOCH, who liked the Brandon, Rogers, and Burbee pieces in particular, and noted, "I'm not sure there ever was such a magazine as Sex Torture Tales. My own favorite of the late '30s was one I dreamed up with Henry Kuttner, along the Doc Savage line. It was called Captain Torture ('Look For The Big Red Bloodstains On The Cover')." # BUCK COULSON, who told me that "...you brought a moment of joy into my drab existence." Gosh. # ED MESKYS, who said, apropos of Donaho's articles, "Chee! How I wish I had been aware of such goings on when I first contacted the NY Circle some 6 years ago." # SHELLY VICK, who was delighted to run into the quote of his reprinted last issue from an old CONFUSION, and noted, "I really thought you missed a much better cf. quote. Went something like this: 'I'm waiting this on the lawn, because it's such a nice day outside--and besides, there's so much more room on a lawn; a sheet of paper is only 8 1/2 x 11, but a lawn's a yard...'" # BOB SMITH, who confessed, "Bill Donaho's 'Adventures in Fandom,' coming so soon after the Xmas/New Year festivities, made me feel like going out and getting plastered." # JEFF WANSHEL, who asked Don Franson, "Why forget about the WSFS squabble? Why, surely it represents a background for sick jokes for years and years?" # And GORDON EKLUND, who said, "I think Bjo runs the squirrel bit into the ground. Enough is enough. An occasional one is all right but I'm beginning to get squirrels in my dreams."

CRAIG

COCHRAN, STEVE STILES, ETHEL LINDSAY, SID BIRCHBY, MERVYN BARRETT, RON BENNETT, and a couple of others wrote too, according to my notes, but apparently their letters got lost in the shuffle. Many thanks to one and all. -tgc

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VOID LETTERS

LARRY M. HARRIS

Regarding only the book review thing ("The Wailing Wall: 'Some Of Your Blood,'" by Art Rapp)): If I am entitled to grind the faces of the competition, please note that John D. MacDonald did not write "Here Comes A Candle". Fred Brown did. Published by Dutton, I guess, about '54? And besides Kuttner and the Millars, there has been an awful lot of psych-based detective fiction--from the Professor Poggoilli stories of T. S. Stripling through Patrick Quentin's book on murder in a mental hospital, republished as part of the Dell Great Mystery Library (one of the "Puzzle For..." titles, but I forget which now).

All this for a purpose, to recommend a book by--believe it or not--Joel Townsley Rogers, "The Red Right Hand," also part of that Dell series. If you know Joel Townsley Rogers you are liable to avoid this book, which would be a mistake. This is a good book, one of the fifty great mysteries of all time, I should think, based on a professor of psychology and written--

apparently with deliberation--in a style previously unseen in the United States, England or any other place where English works are distributed.

Murray for Andy Reiss and Bhub S. Murray.

HARRY WARNER

"Breakoff" sounds autobiographical to me, not only because it relates to certain events that happened concerning fans but because it contains that extra vividness and gripping reality that occurs when Marion writes about something that she really knows something about, didn't just look up in the encyclopedias. This is one of the best fictional illustrations I've seen on the impossibility of communicating to the outside world the things you feel in fandom. I could complain a little about the underlinings. The writing is good enough for the reader to guess where the emphasis is intended without this guide.

I might become the second fan possessing the ability to put a foot behind the head. I still had some stiffness in the hip joint after the doctor told me that all was well, so I invented a series of exercises for myself. I use them on the left leg, since that's the one attached to the hip that got busted. However, I keep checking occasionally with the right leg to determine how close I'm coming to getting equal limberness back in the left leg. Only recently I realized what was happening: the left one remains a little less agile than the right one, but my exertions are causing the right one to improve, too. I can now kick myself in the nose with my right knee from a standing start, and it's hard to tell how many more unsuspected abilities I may discover before I complete the task of turning myself into the fine specimen of manhood that I was before my fall. ((You ole Harry Warner you. -pg))

I assume that Walter Breen jests about the fantasy fandom in Europe a few centuries back. But there was an article in Fantasy Commentator many years ago which purported to show that the mainstream of British mundane writing for the past 60 years or so has consisted of a fandom of sorts, directly inspired by Madame Blavatsky and her immediate followers. [423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland]

CHARLES WELLS

I have just decided, what with hints being dropped by various people and comments in this issue of VOID, that you, sir, do not exist, but are merely a beard floating around Greenwich Village getting in all the artists' hair and playing progressive jazz on a Jew's Harp.

Marion Bradley's story was the outstanding thing in this issue, and I hope you can get more like that from her...although I do see that this is the last of a series. Her story was just a little more exaggerated than situations I've actually known to exist. And of course being fiction, it should have been slightly exaggerated; that is what makes it a story instead of a case history. But the ending was a little soap-operaish, and the effect wasn't improved by that Nelson cartoon directly underneath it. [679 Wilson Road NW, Atlanta 18, Georgia]

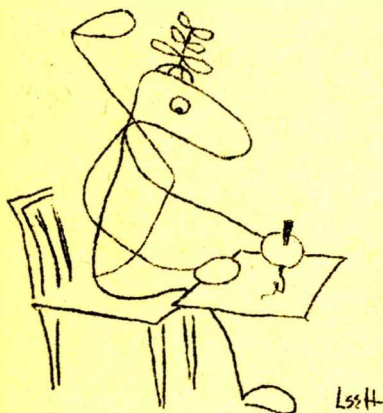
REDD BOGGS

Like Harry Warner, I've been wondering whether your three-page covers "are something entirely new to the world of letters." I can't remember anything like them in the world of fanzines before, but maybe some commercial magazine or other had something like them. If FLAIR missed this gimmick it was the only one they overlooked. The only similar gimmick I can recall, and it is not very similar, is the half-cover or cut-out cover, with a full cover underneath, that was used here and there in fanzines and other places. PLUTO used it in 1940. ((LIFE occasionally has at least two-part fold-out covers; viz. "The World We Live In" series and a Christmas issue a year or two ago. -pg))

Marion's story is interesting as an example of how fact is metamorphosed by the imagination into fiction that is truer than it was in the original form. (I'm always puzzled why historians want to find out what the Trojan war was "really" all about.) ((The most interesting theory I've seen interpreted Homer's account allegorically: the war was touched off by the Trojans kidnapping Greek women in wholesale lots. -tgc))

Incidentally, Walt did a good job of making his setting American, except in the matter of having the mail arrive before breakfast. Has anybody in America ever received the mail before breakfast? If you're lucky it may arrive before lunch. The earliest I ever remember mail arriving except during Christmas season was about 10:15 a.m.; the latest, 4:30 p.m.

Lichtman (in the letter column) is right that fans ought to take it easy on WAW on soliciting material for special Willishes and so on. I imagine Walt will be glad to provide as much material as he can, but the next year could easily turn



out to be a drag for him if he has to spend most of it fulfilling requests for funny articles. Let's not make him hang up his ghoddminton bat and put away his golf clubs for the next year. Pester him for material only when you've word from Belfast that it is too foggy and chill to do anything but hunch over a hot typewriter. As for obliging him to write a sequel to TMS: I don't think anybody, not even TAFF winners, should feel required to write a full-length report, if he can't or won't. But it does seem like an ingratiating way of saying Thanks, and, when the person is as excellent a writer and keen an observer as WAW, it's also a way of deriving something more than mere transient pleasure from the trip. TMS will remain an important document for the next 30 years, if the world and fandom stand that long. And maybe Walt owes it to fandom, 1991, if not to us, to set down some of his impressions of the second coming. But if he doesn't think so, I hope he doesn't find it necessary to apologize either to us or to 1991. I'm sure we'll Understand, and if 1991 doesn't, that's too damn bad. [2209 Highland place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota.]

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ELINOR BUSBY

Everything in 25 was very good. I particularly enjoyed the Bbob Stewart cover (gad, he's good) and Marion's story. Walt Willis' story was very good too, and so were all the minor items. Though Dave English doesn't really turn me on. I prefer his stuff to that of the girl Seth Johnson admires, but that isn't saying a whole lot. The Post Office tore up most of Andy Rass, but what wasn't torn up was good. [2852 14th Ave. W., Seattle 99, Washington]

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JERRY PAGE

By Russell K. Watkins, a Shelby Vick article. If this is what it takes to keep this boy active, let's start on the Fiftieth Anniversary Willis Fund as soon as we get WAW and Madeleine packed into their cattle boat for the return trip. ((You're putting them on? -pg))

Here in Atlanta at least, 6th fandom lives on. Honestly. I began right at the end and the only fans I knew--the ones who influenced me at the time--were all 6th Fandomers. I moved away and when I returned I raided Burge's fanzine collection (HYPHEN, PSYCHOTIC, etc.) which more or less sealed my doom to be a 6th fandomer once removed (at least once). Now that Joe Christoff has moved the only active fan around are Burge, Hank Reinhardt and myself. Charles Wells, whom I suspect many would call a 6th fandomer, is supposed to be here in town now; I haven't heard from him. Carson Jacks mentioned to Hank Reinhardt that he'd like to get together with Hank, Jerry Burge and myself sometime as soon as he can get time (he's helping to organize a stocks and securities selling racket of some kind, being a capitalist). Ian Macauley seems to be planning to visit us sometime this fall. I even got a letter of comment on SI-FAN from Henry Burwell...Sixth fandom must be coming to Atlanta to die. That's proof of its existence, and someday I must ask Harlan just where Seventh Fandom went to die (and whoo boy, the witty editorial comments you can make about just where Seventh Fandom went to die). ((You're right. We sure are witty bastards. -pg)) [193 Battery Pl., NE, Atlanta 7, Georgia]

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ROY TACKETT

Greg, I'm happy to see you point out that the "New Trend" label seems to be strictly something dreamed up by Ted Pauls. So far as I can tell none of the editors of the fanzines Pauls lists as "new trend" (with the possible exception of HABAKKUK) have acknowledged that they are putting out anything but a general fanzine ((You're forgetting Daphne Buckmaster and Pauls himself. -tgc)). Some of them have been rather vehement in their denials of new trendism or whatever it may be labelled. In actuality there is nothing new about serious socio-political discussions in fanzines. It has always been one of the livelier subjects in articles and letter columns. I would assume that, more than anything else, Pauls is attempting to build a "new trend" in which he can claim KIPPLE to be one of the leaders.

Pete, you mention that you used to be a fan in San Francisco. As was I, at one time. I suspect that I may have preceded you a bit, though. I was there in 49, 50 and 51 and clocked many a mile on my odometer commuting between the GGFS and the Little Men. ((First GGFS meeting I was at was the last one before the Norwescon. -pg. Do you remember meeting me at the GGFS circa 1951? -tgc))

Harry Warner's

article was very good. This is the sort of fannishness I enjoy. The memory of NOVA filtering through the mists of time is an enjoyable one (although I cannot, for the life of me, recall the contents of the two issues I received) and I know I was quite impressed when the first issue arrived in my mailbox. It was a thing of beauty.

The Slan Center has appeal even today. Perhaps only because it represents something that cannot be achieved. In these days when idealism has been beaten down by the harsh facts of reality the idea of a community of fans is almost enough to revive the sense of wonder. ((Demur. One of the harsh facts of reality that beat down a lot of fans' idealism was the realization by them that some other fans had this incredible conception. -pg)) [MSgt. L. H. Tackett, USMC; H&HS-1 (Comm), MWHG-1; 1stMAW, FMFPac; c/o Fleet Post Office; San Francisco, California]

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It seems strange to read a fanzine where a Willis item isn't the best thing in the issue--but this is the exception in question. Marion Bradley is the author I'm referring to, of course, and "Breakoff"--the title is the only fault in the story--the contribution.

I'm not sure why I liked the Moomaw faaan-fiction, and the same applies to MZB's. A moral? Yes, some brilliant psychology--I'm not sure about the accuracy of this narrative, but it's convincing as all hell. Well written? Superbly. I can't help but feel Marion either lived a small part--only a grain, perhaps, enough to build a story about--or knows someone who did. [2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Ill.]

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GORDON EKLUND

Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" was as well done and enjoyable as the other one in this series I have read in the last issue of INNUENDO. I have always liked Fan History articles such as this one because I am a neo and would like to be able to absorb as much fan history as possible. Personality studies such as Harry's item here are the things I like the most. Of course this is far from the only reason I have for liking this piece. It so happens that I consider Harry to be one fine writer and this one didn't change this opinion one whit. I presume that there is a sequel in the works in the works as to what Al Ashley did after he said "You Bastard." ((He did an encore at the Solacon -tgc)) [14612 18th Ave., S.W., Seattle 66, Wash.]

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DICK SCHULTZ

Benford had it all over Graham this time around (((!))) and everybody else just sat there and scintillated. You nasty bitching ol' Ted White you, when are you going to come out of that deep dark disguise and be your nasty ol' bitching Ted White self again, eh? As it is, the only place where I can find the NBOTW is in old TWIG's or something of the like. How much did you get for your NBOTW soul, old bwah? ((The day may yet come when we'll all remember the Nasty Bitching Ol' Ted White with, ah, nostalgia.-tgc)) [19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan]

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JAN SADLER PENNEY

Once long ago I must have sent you money...I really must have, to have kept the VOID's coming so faithfully, and without a letter of encouragement or anything. But now my money or my sex appeal or whatever it is making you be so nice to me, has run out, because I have to "do something" or stop getting your fanzine. Here's a letter, in lieu of a kiss (they're easier, but would you accept an air-mail kiss?). What other kind of "something" can I do? Will you wait until the '62 Chicon? ((Well, if I must, yes. But I have my New Image (Libertine and Lecher) to live up to, you know...-tw)) [5130 Clara St., New Orleans 15, La.]

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GUY TERWILLIGER

Enjoyed the Willis "Spanish Main." But, then, I seem to like most of Willis. And, while talking of the type of writing that Willis does, I might as well go on and say that VOID, fortunately, has some of the best faaanish type writing going today. There is a sharp contrast between the early writings of Willis, even Berry, and the imitations of the two that are floating, or were floating--I haven't received many fanzines this past year--around now. The way Willis and Berry did it seemed so effortless. The modern counterparts which fall so flat on my reading palate have to make such an effort to be funny. Forced humor is seldom humorous. It's good to see VOID avoiding these "cute" interpretations of the Willis-Berry styles. ((Cor! Sufferin' catfish! -tgc)) [Rte. 4, Boise, Idaho]

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LETTERS were cut short this time, in order to incorporate "Innvective". We've also put the "DE Anthology" on an alternating issue basis; it will return next issue, along with a few surprises.
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