

27

OCTOBER
1961

Variol

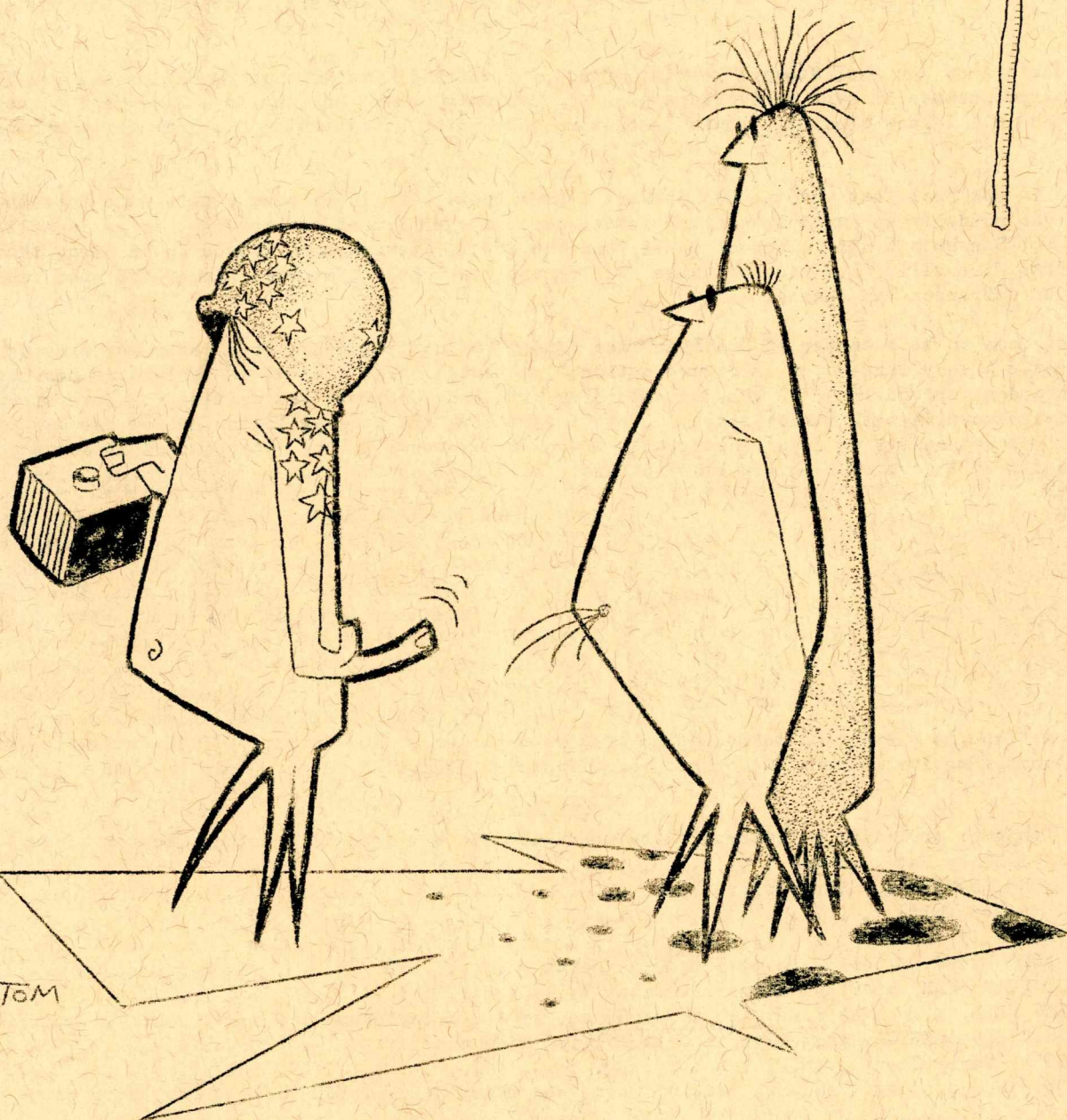
"SIC SEMPER FUGIT TEMPUS"



ER... WE'RE
A LITTLE
LATE...

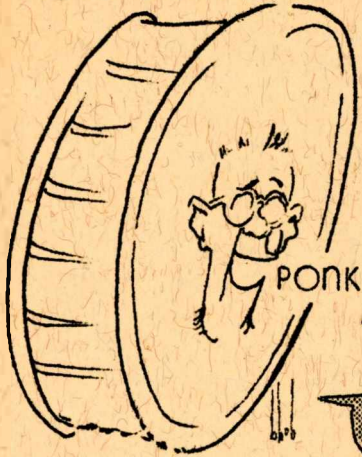
SO...
ER...

G'NIGHT,
FOLKS?



"It's a dummy Panic Button--he pushes it whenever he feels things getting on top of him."

PETE GRAHAM



WEST COAST JASS

WHEREVER I GO, HE'S THERE. It was about a year ago that Ted said it to me; but I'd heard it before: "Meet Bob Stewart", was what it was. I closed my eyes and let that delicious feeling of this-has-happened-to-me-before wash over me, then I got up and shook Bhub Stewart's hand. "Pleased to meet you", I said to him.

When I was living at my first address in fandom in San Francisco I was going to junior high school and delivering the San Francisco Shopping News. Boob Stewart was doing both of these things. I don't remember too clearly how he got to fandom; I think I was responsible. We used to sit on street curbs and rest our backs from the weight of the papers; we'd exchange dirty limericks and Confucious Says jokes and I would tell him the ones I'd found in fanzines.

I don't know how Bhub Stewart got into fandom; I think it was through EC comics and Ted White. I don't know whether he ever delivered a paper; I can only assume he went to junior high school. In fact, about all I know about his youth is that he once put his leg behind his head for a sports editor.

But it was Boob that was the Bob Stewart I knew best. Oh, there were others--the Roberta Stewart who suddenly appeared in prozine letter-columns when I went to Berkeley to go to college, and the Bob Stewarts I met in school there, and the Bob M. Stewart that showed up in Texas that wasn't from Kirbyville, but none of these ever became very real to me (the former for good reason--she was an eoBrandon by Wegars).

Boob came to be a center of San Francisco fandom (as distinguished from later Berkeley fandom); he was never a very large fannish figure nationally, though for a time at the height of his career in macrofandom, around 1953, he was corresponding with Dean Grennell and writing for several of the more widely-known Seventh Fandom zines. I still remember that strange letter he got one day from Grennell; it was only 3 or 4 pages long, but there were several photos attached and it had a cover-sheet on it. "It says GRUE in big blue letters", said Boob on the phone; "you'd think it was pretty



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seroon if you hadn't read the letter."

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His effect on San Francisco fandom--a sort of boobonic plague, as we said--has been well documented in Terry Carr's THE EXPURGATED BOOB STEWART, a collection of his writings that appeared in FAPA 91. Obliquely he is referred to in the Fancyclopedia II, also; he was more than partially responsible for the sobriquet applied to San Francisco fandom of "The Adolescent California Crowd." In an ill-timed maneuver--other things considered--in early 1953 he sent out a small flyer to several people announcing that Terry Carr was a hoax, though he didn't know whose hoax it was, and "134 Cambridge Street (TCarr's address) doesn't exist; it's a vacant lot. I went by there, and I know."

But Terry's collection left out a few things about Boob. Some were omitted on purpose, since they were unprintable--and as Terry says, one of the charming things about Boob was that most things concerning him were unprintable. Other items, though, included the time I was running through a park to catch up with Terry, and Boob pissed on me from an overhead tree...I guess we deserved to be called the "ACC" at that. But not all fans have been pissed on by a correspondent of Dean A. Grennell. Boob's troubles with girls were myriad, particularly so because of his age--a tender 15 or so in his fannish prime. He had Terry and me convulsed on the floor once when he told us--absolutely seriously, his attitude toward most things he told us--about a girl he'd been petting with the day before. Evidently she had been artificially enhancing what nature had granted her, and when he had removed this enhancement he had lost his enchantment with her. "When I saw those runty, scrawny little tits", he said, "I sort of gagged and crawled off her and went in the front room to read HARPERS' Magazine."

Boob had a tremendous effect on Berkeley fandom; he created in the early years an atmosphere of a sort of lyric abandon that permeated all of us who knew him. What other kind of crowd could have created a Tower To The Moon of Beer Cans, for example? And I hear in Berkeley they used to put out a weekly fanzine...the kind of ridiculous, unattainable idea that only a Boob-influenced mind could come up with. Boob was one of the influences that made San Francisco fandom fabulous, fulfilling for us a role Willis has assigned on a larger scale to Bob Shaw. That is, he would be the one who, neolike, would goad us on to huge Daugherty-type projects that never came off and projects that never got started...but I'll bet Daugherty never had the LASFS membership trooping through an abandoned museum, or taken en masse to a police station on suspicion of having started a race riot.

On his way out of fandom Boob got involved with becoming a Writer, an involvement that had Terry wrapped up as well for a good period of time. This meant taking the ten-part writing course offered at the time from WRITER'S DIGEST, as well as advancing from cruddy science-fiction to what was for them the best representation of l'art ultime of the century, the NEW YORKER and HARPERS' Magazine. For a long time near the end Boob vacillated back and forth from intense interest in fandom to total boredom with the subject. As Terry says in THE EXPURGATED BOOB STEWART, "you could never tell from one day to the next whether Boob would open a conversation with comments on the latest ATLANTIC or with a statement on the impressionism exemplified by Lee Hoffman's stick-figures." But with Boob the writing jag unfortunately never developed as far as it could have and should have. After a period of infatuation with Dylan Thomas he suddenly reverted to the more orthodox tendency in his Catholic background and entered a seminary to being religious training. He's presently somewhere around Washington, D. C., studying for missionary work, and the drinkingest, wildest, dirtiest-mouthed fan in San Francisco has left all his fannish friends behind him.

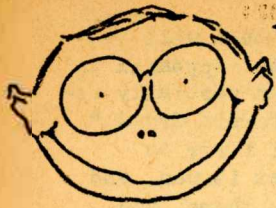
Time tracks never repeat, they tell me, but sometimes I wonder. In college, in Chicago, here in New York--everywhere I go there's a Bob Stewart. No small part of the Fabulous Berkeley Fandom atmosphere was created by Boob Stewart. Will Bhob play the same role for New York fandom?

He can put his foot behind his head, I know. I'm not a sports editor, but I suppose that's a good start.

"WELCOME TO NEW YORK FANDOM" I said to Ted White as he got out of his car on arriving back from the Seacon. "And you too, Hugo. And you too, Hugo", I repeated, as he set the one for Ed Enshwiller down on the sidewalk next to the one for Analog.

--Pete Graham

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THE THREE-PAGE BHOB STEWART COVER planned for this issue is absent, owing to a number of reasons, like the fact that Bhob is now working regularly, going to Cooper Union for night classes, art-directing for XERO, and, mainly, because he missed the deadline. Next issue, though, a gala five page Bhob Stewart cover.
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GREG BENFORD

HAPPY BENFORD CLATTER

A PARTY FOR DALLAS "Come on over", Tom Reamy said, "we're having a party for Dallas." I thought about that for a minute. It does not do to say the obvious thing that pops immediately into your head when dealing with Dallas fans, for that is almost always the wrong thing to say. "Are you sure you can get them all in?" I replied. "Oh", he said, "I mean all the Dallas fans. We're going to have a little party for them."

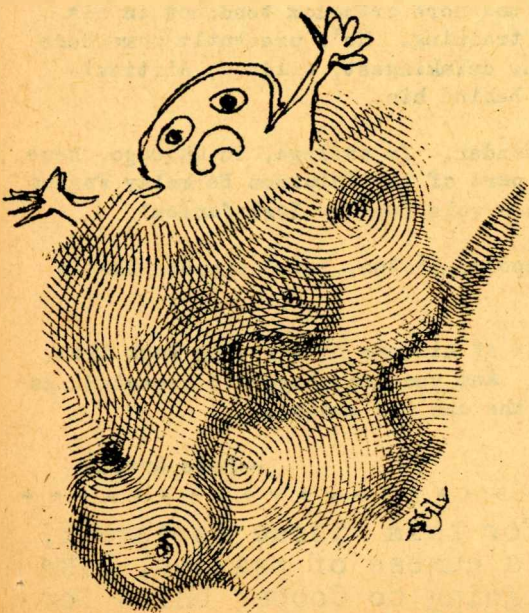
And so it came to pass that I attended my only fannish party in Dallas. I asked Jim if he wanted to go, but he demurred, saying he wanted to do something constructive, like sleeping. Later he arranged a date, explaining that this was more constructive in the long run, so I was forced to go alone. I contemplated taking a date along, but I realized that taking a girl to a place full of science fiction fans would probably be frowned upon, if not by the girl at least by the fans.

The Dallas slant shack, where Reamy, Dale Hart and one or two others lived was a bit depressing as seen from the street, obscured as it was by an overgrowth of shrubs and weeds. The interior was crowded with people, though, all talking at a furious pace and running back and forth to the kitchen for drinks. I immediately spotted Richard Koogle (who has no middle name) holding forth in the center of a group of fine minds, and insinuated myself into the outer regions of the circle. I stood there for a while, letting the words wash over me and ripple into the surrounding people, until Koogle noticed me. "This certainly is a great party, isn't it, Greg?" he burred. "We don't have these often, but when we do they're good."

"Yes", I said, "standing here and listening to you talking and the hifi wafting music over our heads, it's almost possible to believe I'm among real people." He beamed at me and called over Reamy, who took me out to the kitchen to get a drink.

We went out on the back porch so Reamy could show me the surrounding undergrowth and get some fresh air. The porch was the starting line in a furious race for survival on the part of local weed-dom, for the back yard was one great mass of greenish growth. I broached the subject of yard upkeep (which I loath) to Reamy. "Have the neighbors gotten up a petition yet?" I asked. In the conversation which ensued, Reamy mentioned that the landlord didn't especially want the weeds rolled back because the remains of a stolen car of doubtful age were hidden somewhere in it.

Coming back in I noticed one woman there of largish proportions who was circulating around collecting signatures in favor of Dallas getting the worldcon. I signed. What the hell, I was getting free drinks. Actually, the only remarkable thing which occurred during the evening was my accidental discovery of a fan who had been fairly active in Dallas a few years back but had since dropped out of sight. I can't tell you his name because Rich Koogle was trying to sell me part of his fanzine collection (over 100 separate and distinct fanzines) and I couldn't hear over the general noise level. The oldtime fan seemed like a normal, intelligent person, though, unpolluted by his surroundings. He told me about meetings of the Dallas Futurian Society at which Mosher would go out on the street and pull in passers-by in hopes of enlarging the membership. At the time the meetings were being held in a cafe, and whenever the club had a guest speaker Mosher would round up a number of panhandlers, promising them a cup of coffee, in order to present a large membership to the speaker. "Did he find many science fiction fans among the bums and loafers?" I asked, but since Mosher was not there at the moment, I could not find out. Considering recent 4 issues of HABAKKUK, perhaps the answer would have



been a little suprising.

-5-

Shortly after this one character came wandering through the rooms moodily staring into peoples' faces and mumbling a few greetings. I asked Reamy who he was. He was identified as Dale Hart, who was currently running the plans for the Souwestercon VI (the convention that killed southwestern fandom). "Say, would you like to join the committee to work on publicity for the con?" Reamy asked as Hart drew nearer. I looked over at Hart. I looked back at Reamy. I went out to get another drink.

"I'm not worried about a war at all," one of the regular members said a few minutes later. "I've got my plan all worked out."

"What?" I said, taken aback. "Well", he gestured, "if we have a war they'll be sure to drop a bomb on downtown Dallas and then my troubles will be over." I thought he was probably right, but I wouldn't have been so foolhardy about it.

"The draft board is right in the middle of town, and if they drop any bombs my records will be destroyed. Then if anyone comes around trying to get me in the Army I'll tell them I've already done my time." The group around him fell silent.

"Don't you think if we have a war they'll just draft everybody in sight and not worry about the records?" someone else asked. "No", the planner said, "I'll appeal to Congress and by the time that gets through the war will be over."

"Well then", I said, "we'll all do that and there won't be any more war and we won't have to fight." The fan who had his future all mapped out in his head thought a moment to himself. "I don't think that would work. Somebody has got to defend the country in times of peril." At this time I was relatively new to Dallas Fandom so I ignored the opportunity to say something nasty and true. But my infinite patience and understanding for people has withered somewhat since then, which is why you're reading this article.

I was walking into the stf room of the slan shack when Reamy, who is a little on the heavy side, turned to me and said, "What do you think of that?"

"I think you're wrong", I said automatically. Usually that works pretty well. "You're always talking about how science can give everybody a better way of doing something. Tell me how I can lose weight without dieting." He stood there waiting for my answer. "Close your mouth", I said.

Rich Koogler was there, looking through the Astounding collection. He was still enthusiastic about the party. "It's just like last summer", he said, waving an aSF at me, "when we had all our parties out at our swimming pool." I asked him what he meant. "One of the members of the club had a pool in his back yard and he invited the club over every week to have a meeting and talk by the pool."

"Why, that's fine", I said. "That's the best thing I've ever heard about Dallas fandom. It sounds like quite a change from just sitting around and reading old fanzines during meetings. I can hardly imagine a Dallas fan club meeting where you could lie around in the sun and swim."

"Oh", he said, "we didn't do that. None of us could swim."

In a little while the resources of the club began to evaporate and someone had to go out and replenish the food and drink. The oldtime fan whose name I never learned was driving, so I decided I'd go with him; as we were going out the front door Reamy, fearing that someone was leaving the party early, came over and told us to stay for the later festivities. "It's all right", I told him, "I just wanted to go out for a while and see some real people."

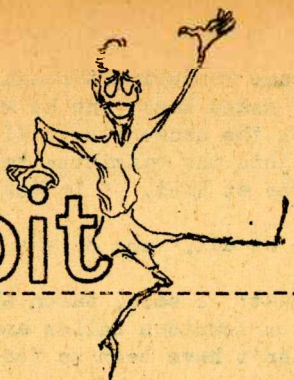
WE ARE FOUR Some of you have commented on the vast editorial staff which VOID now supports, and I'm happy to say there has been general approval. I'm rather glad it happened myself. At least we might be able to get the zine out regularly now. Of course, we realize that we will be breaking a tradition in fandom if VOID comes out more often than every once in a while, but we are adamant. "On to punctuality!" is our cry.

I'm so pleased by this addition to the VOID staff that I've been considering doing more of the same. Why, we can make it an honor in fandom to become a VOID coeditor. There can be a regular little club, sort of like the N3F or Foreman Scotty's Space Patrol. We can have a special VOID Coeditor's handshake and secret signal ring (with a picture of one of the First Four inside which lights up in the dark so you can recognise one of us if you chance to meet us in a back alley somewhere--it's that sort of a club) and all sorts of other things to induce people to join. All you have to do is send in a regular little column about Dallas fandom or one of the other 3 coeditors. Ted White will run it off and put your name in the colophon (it's his fanzine and we're all just sort of columnists, you know) and you'll be in.

Does anyone want to join?

-Greg Benford

gambit 45



want to tell you about Warren A. Freiberg. I'm not going to tell you want to know that much about him. But there are things about him which deserve the telling.

Like, Warren A. Freiberg, Major Publisher. Warren began in active fandom, I'd guess, around 1951. He collaborated on one or two zines with Joe Semenovitch (oh, he was a hot one!) and then struck off on his own, in early 1952, with BREVIZINE.

BREVIZINE was a little fanzine. It was printed on a postcard mimeo, and the pages measured 4" x 6". As I recall, he rarely ran over 40 or so pages--the equivalent of about ten letter-sized pages. The zine was bimonthly, and printed the usual run of fan-crud: stories, articles, columns, cartoons, etc. I seem to recall the burning issue in the first issue was a hot debate over whether or not space travel would kill s-f. But BREVIZINE's main feature was the stories. These were all fanwritten imitation-pro stories, usually very badly done. I know this, because I wrote some of them.

BREVIZINE was my first contact with fanzines, and I used to ship off artwork, cartoons, stories, and articles at a prodigious rate to Freiberg. For my efforts I was made a Staff Artist and Staff Cartoonist. My stories appeared along with those of George Wetzel (who then was known mostly as a Lovecraft fan), Al Rothlands, and a host of other stellar writers.

What I didn't know then was that most of that superb staff of regular contributors (everyone but Wetzel, Bobby Gene Warner, Henry Moskowitz and myself, in fact) was Warren A. Freiberg, under his cloak of peanut butter.

The reason I never suspected this was that Warren used to tout these pseudonyms with a blare of trumpets far outblasting any Ray Palmer editorial, often heralding his alter egos as "The next A.E. vanVogt" or "Better than Heinlein" or some-such. (Actually, I am informed authoritatively that one of VOID's present coeditors once had a 2,000 word short-short published in the magazine under a blurb warning that "Ray Bradbury had better look to his laurels!" The 2,000-worder was billed as "A Science Fiction Novelette, Complete In This Issue!")

Warren was a perfect example of what Redd Boggs later called the Pseudo-Campbellian fan-editor, who edited his fanzine exactly like a prozine, aping the conventions of prozines even where they had no validity for a fanzine. For some time, in fact, Freiberg copied the makeup of Other Worlds, with the "fan features" segregated from the stories. In his heart, Warren always believed his readers read BREVIZINE for the stories.

Finally Warren came to believe that his fanzine was too good, too big, for active fandom. He meant to go outside fandom for readers. It was at this exact moment that Howard Browne was telling the readers of Amazing and Fantastic that he was printing Mickey Spillane and other "mainstream" writers because he meant to go outside the stf audience for readers.

Freiberg bought a regular-sized mimeo ("BREVIZINE is making bold, startling changes," he said modestly. "We've gotten a new press, a new staff, and a new title!"), added a few more pennames to the staff-listing on the contents page (Erwin Hughmont, or some-such, became the Managing Editor), and changed the title to BREVIZINE ADVENTURE.

Slowly Freiberg began cutting himself off from fandom. With talk of Brave New Publishing Frontiers, his "magazine" (no longer a lowly "fanzine") wandered off into the arena of extremely sophomoric "Off-Beat Stories".

"You have to strike new paths, if you intend to amount to something in fandom, Ted," he told me soon after I started my own fanzine in 1953. In order to show me the True Way, he wrote for me an article called "The Science Fiction Fan: A Jackass". This article (which appeared in ZIP #2, and for which I am still indebted to Freiberg--it stirred up enough controversy to establish my zine despite its general crudeness) propounded Freiberg's favorite theory that Howard Browne was the true Savior of science fiction, and that he, Warren A. Freiberg, was going to do the same for fandom.

This was at a time when Howard Browne's name was the muddiest in the field. Browne had just run (in Fantastic) a very bad story with the by-line of Spillane, and (in Amazing) a far worse one purportedly by Jack Lait & Lee Mortimer. He had written both himself, and published them in the role of Raising Stf to

FANDOM'S FORGOTTEN FUGGHEAD: There was a time when this story was too close to me for me to tell it. There was a time when I had not yet mercifully forgotten the Forgotten Fugghead about whom I am going to reminisce. That was a time before I had met many of the fuggheads of later years--a time of naivete.

Goshwow, gang, how many of you remember Warran A. Freiberg? Not too many, I'll bet. I

tell you all about Warren A. Freiberg, because I don't think you want to know that much about him. But there are things about him which

Higher Planes.

What ever happened to Freiberg? Well, sometime in 1953 or '54, he folded BREVIZINE ADVENTURE and started FREIBERG'S MAGAZINE. It lasted at least into 1955, when at last I lost track of it and Freiberg. The magazine was mostly just the same old stuff. For all I know Freiberg may by now have a paid circulation of 50,000. He may be rolling in money and, Brownelike, ghostwriting contributions in his magazine like "Only On Mars" by Harry Golden, "Listen, Earthman" by C. Wright Mills, and "The Lomokome Papers" by Herman Wouk...

If so, then he's come a long way since his vociferous peak in fandom, when he was fifteen years old.

BEHOLD SAM YOUNGFAN! The hit of this year's worldcon (I'm afraid I'm going to talk mostly about the con from here on, but I'm doing a mammoth conreport for Chuck Devine, so don't be dismayed)...as I say, the hit of the Seacon was Sam "Rocky" Moskowitz. Sam was the talk of the con (not an easy task with Robert Heinlein in attendance), and it's easy to see why.

Sam is a born humorist, and his ready wit opened and closed the convention. Because I've decided not to write deady boring editorials any more, and because Sam is such a fount of anecdotes, I'm going to tell you all about Sam Moskowitz and his Electric Wit.

Sam is a rapier-sharp satirist. Some of you will remember the '52 con in Chicago at which "Weakeyes" Korshack earned his soubriquet by failing to recognize most of the notables it was his duty to introduce to the assemblage. If you weren't there, you probably still remember it from Willis' sharp depiction of the scene in THE HARP STATESIDE.

Sam remembered. With a gleam in his eyes, he told us as he began to introduce the notables this year at the Seacon, right there at the Hyatt House, "My eyes are a little weak...I can't see much beyond the fifth row!" The first mark of the satirist, no less--picking up fine old lines from famed sources. Sam knows the ropes. To carefully underscore his line--not all of us have bright eyes--he peered about and said, "Well, I see Bob Heinlein isn't here yet, but here's an old friend of his--E. E. "Doc" Smith!" Doc stood and took his bow, and then noticed that Heinlein had at that exact moment wandered into the back of the hall.

"I see Robert Heinlein just came in...instead of me, how about a hand for him!" Doc said.

Heinlein stood, looked pleased as the fans all applauded, and then sat. We waited for Sam to continue with the introductions, and then Sam delivered his punchline. "Well," he said, "I see Robert Heinlein has just come in! Stand up, Bob, and let's all give him a big hand!"

Heinlein stood for a moment, expressions of both puzzlement and annoyance crossing his face, and then quickly sat.

How about that! A double ploy from Sam--on us and on good ol' Bob Heinlein.

Sam hadn't quite played all his cards yet, though. After running through the scattering of pro's in the audience, he said, "And now, a fan who came all the way from the east coast...a fan who made it all the way from the New York area--and that's quite a trip! --stand up, Mike Deckinger!"

Wally Weber spoiled it, though, by introducing the other fans and non-entities, like Ella Parker, and the rest of us fans from the New York area.

Sam has a new schtick these days, too. Steve Stiles tells me he's been doing it at ESFA meetings too. It's a stand-up routine in which he cleverly explains that he is the Rock of Gibraltar. This is a kind of pointed routine, but it's still funny. First he explains about how fans today are leaving science fiction fandom to talk in their fanzines about jazz, atheism, and communism. This is a good line. Then Sam tells us that these fans think they are Moving Forward and leaving the original ess-tee-eff fans behind, but In Reality these fans are mere drips on their way to the sea, flowing past such worthies as Sam Moskowitz, whom he--Sam Moskowitz--refers to (in the third person) as the Rock of Gibraltar.

As Sam delivers this buildup, which includes phrases like "losing their roots," "withering and dying," and "we'll still be

(continued on p.24)



FOR EVER



"Cupcake Charlie?" repeated the Division switchboard operator, "Never heard of it. It's not over in I-Corps, is it? Damn Eyecor people are always six months behind in sending us info for our wire charts."

"No, it's supposed to be in this Corps Area", I said, rereading the smudged letter. "It's an Engineer outfit, probably works out of Scotch Advance." I knew it would make life much simpler for the harried operator if he knew I was seeking the Umpty-Umpth Engr Bn, but you didn't refer to units by their official designations over the telephone in Korea, 1952. There were too many Communist agents tapping the lines.

"Wait one", said the operator, a slight edge of panic creeping into his voice. Unstable types, these switchboard operators. According to rumor, they were only good for about two months on the Division board before they cracked up and had to be evacuated to the base hospital psychiatric wards in Japan, where they spent their days screaming "ARE you finished? ARE you finished?" into imaginary telephones. But what accounted for this particular operator's panic was more likely the fact that I'd called him over the Ivanhoe-6 line, the Division Commander's phone, and while I hadn't actually said it was Maj Gen Yount who was interested in how to route a phone call to the Umpty-Umpth Engrs, I hadn't said anything to refute such an idea either. This is a technique quickly learned and frequently employed by anyone working in a Division Headquarters command section.

Of course such a technique isn't foolproof either and I had the sudden thought that the operator, if he found out how to do so, might in an excess of efficiency and zeal ring thru to Cupcake Charlie and get the commanding officer on the phone for me. I grabbed the wire attached to the 6-volt battery wired in series with the EE-8 field phone and scraped it across the opposite terminal. This was a refinement on the hand-crank ringer which was allowed only on VIP phones. Mainly because it would probably drive operators nuts even faster if universally adopted.

8 The battery voltage, on an open circuit,

caused the drop to fall on the switchboard--but on a circuit to which the operator had plugged in his headset, it caused a hideous snarling and crackling.

"Yes SIR?" said the operator, fairly panting with eagerness, tho the injured undertones of his voice betrayed his wish to tear off his headset and trample it into the rice-paddy earth.

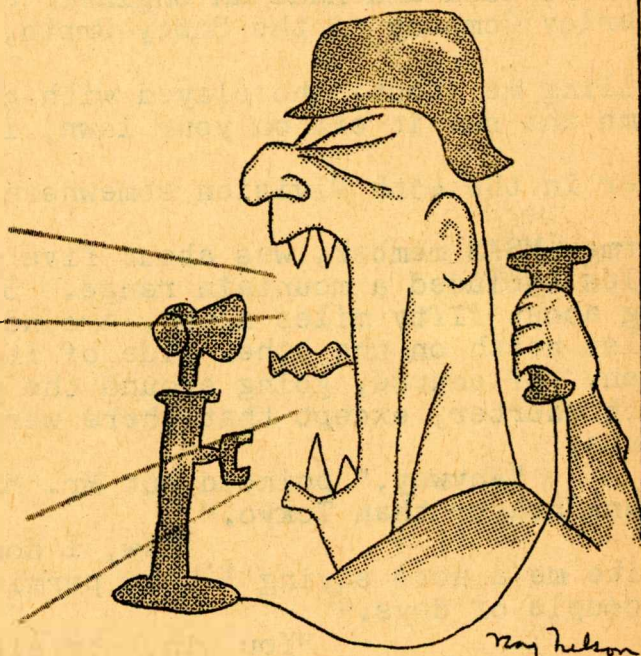
"Operator, we don't want this call put through now", I informed him. "Just find out what switches it should be routed through, and call me back. We may try putting it through later in the night, when traffic has eased off some."

This minor interlude in the Korean War came about because I'd just received a letter from George H. Young, ex-President of the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society, and currently a member of the Umpy-Umpth Engineer Combat Battalion, Eighth United States Army, Korea. Since I hadn't seen George in a couple of years, and since I was spending a night on duty in the office of the Commanding General, Second Infantry Division, also in Korea, I figured that bending the efforts of the vast and complex communications network of the US Army Signal Corps to the task of getting George on the phone was quite the fannish thing to do.

At the time, we were in Corps Reserve, snugly ensconced in squad-tents and tropical shells (galvanized-iron prefab buildings, salvaged from the South Seas where they'd been abandoned at the end of WW II, and rushed to Korea, whose climate is not very tropical at all). George had just written me that his outfit, C Company, had been detached from its battalion and sent forward to repair roads near Chorwon. This meant he was only 30 or so miles away, and it seemed likely that even thru the hellacious difficulties of EE-8's and field wire we might be able to hold a phone conversation.

Alas, my plans were shattered when the operator reported back with a list of six or eight switchboards over which the projected conversation would have to travel. As anyone who has ever con-

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versed over Army field phones knows, each switchboard attenuates the volume by at least half. Surely any GI who has served in a headquarters outfit carries memories of walking by the S-3 or S-4 section and hearing the hysterical screaming of some luckless staff officer trying to make himself understood over the wires to someone a few miles and several switchboards away. (Legend had it that junior staff officers were chosen mainly on the basis of their bellowing ability, and that now and then an assistant would tap the shoulder of the man at the other end of the line and say, "Sir, you could hear him better if you didn't block your ear with that damn phone.")

Well, minor obstacles never stopped a determined fan. Next morning I approached CWO Mills, my boss, and requested a three-day pass.

"You mean you want 10 days' R&R in Japan?"

"No, just a three-day pass, so I can go look up a friend of mine."

"Look, Sarge, you've been over here too long. Now why don't you let me phone Personnel Section and reserve one of those spots on the R&R quota for you? Who ever heard of a three-day pass in a combat zone?"

"I DON'T WANT TO GO TO JAPAN; I WANT TO GO UP NORTH OF CHORWON AND LOOK FOR THE UMPY-UMPTH ENGINEERS!"

"You haven't been reading those Battle Aces comic books the Red Cross passes out, have you?" he asked suspiciously. He figured I wanted to get up to the MLR and conduct a one-man patrol into Chinese territory, or something.

"I don't read comic books, sir," I protested indignantly, pointing at the stack of science fiction magazines tossed into an old C-ration carton next to my desk. "It's just that I got a letter from this old buddy of mine that got drafted and they sent him to Leonard Wood and made an Engineer out of him, and now he's over here in Charley Company of the Umpy-Umpth, and..."

"This isn't the guy you were telling me about, who played with chemicals all the time, and built a bomb and set it off on your lawn, is it?"

"Naw, that was Fred Reich. He's over in the 45th Division somewhere, as an Artillery FO."

Fred, another former MSFS member, was about five miles away. Unfortunately, the five miles included a mountain range. By jeep, getting to him meant traveling about fifty miles south, around the end of the range, and then fifty miles north on the other side of it. He might as well have been on the moon. Of course, going around the north end of the range would have been much shorter, except that there were several CCF divisions occupying that route.

"Anyway," pointed out Mr. Mills, "I doubt that there's a pass blank nearer than Tokyo."

"Aw, I don't need a regular printed form. Just write me a note saying I have permission to be away from the outfit for a couple of days."

"You win," he sighed. "Type it up and I'll sign it. Anything to get you out of my hair for a while."

So bright and early the next morning I tossed a couple cans of C-rations into my pack, taped a couple of 20-round magazines of carbine ammo to the stock of my weapon, adjusted my fatigue cap to a jaunty angle and wandered out to the road, where I soon thumbed my way onto a six-by-six full of ammo headed toward the front.

The summer sun beat down hotly on the dried-up rice paddies, the occasional passing honey-carts caused us to gag and try to stop breathing until we were out of range, and each mud-&-thatch village had its row of kids standing at the roadside screaming "Hey, GI! Choon gum? Chocorate?"

At the big traffic circle on the dusty outskirts of Chunchon the ammo truck turned off toward its own destination, and I consulted the bored MP who sweated in the noonday sun as he directed traffic. "Umpty-umth Engineers? Yeah, I think they're up that way. You can recognize their compound because they've got a big wooden Engineer castle built for a gateway."

"Fine. OK if I stand over there by the 'stop' sign and thumb a ride?"

"Don't do that," said the MP, waving a passing weapons-carrier to a halt. The driver immediately assumed the expression of injured innocence which every GI dons when stopped by an MP. "The sergeant here is looking for a lift north," the MP told him. "He'll tell you where to let him off."

The driver fairly drooled with relief and hospitality. "Sure, sure, hop in, Sarge." As we barrelled off he confided, "I was sweating that one out; I've got a case of Canadian Club under the tarp in back."

Presently the road left the rice paddies and wound thru a hilly stretch of pine forest. Here and there bulldozers and graders were at work repairing the rutted surface, and I noted with satisfaction that their bumper markings indicated they were part of the Umpty-Umth. Then we swept around a curve, the hills opened out to reveal a wide valley with a sparkling lake in its center, and in the foreground a hideous wooden three-turreted replica of the Engineer Corps insignia.

"George Young?" said the clerk in the squadtent that served as C Company orderly room. "Oh yeah, he's one of those guys down here on TDY from Battalion. He's supposed to be working on a compressor truck, over in the motor pool. But more likely you'll find him goofing off somewhere."

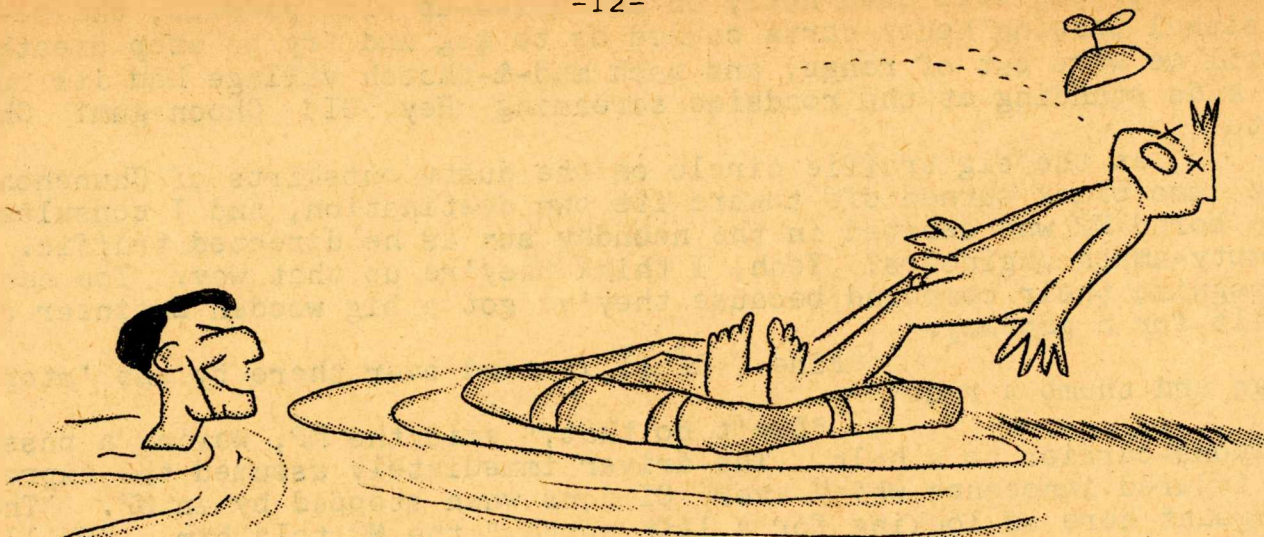
The air compressor stood in partially-disassembled solitude in the motor pool, and a grease-smudged PFC stuck his head out from beneath a neighboring vehicle long enough to inform me that George had bugged out to go swimming. "Just follow the path," he said, pointing.

Following the beaten trail thru the fields of last year's rice stubble, now dried and brown, I crested a small hill and descended the slope to an incredible strip of sandy beach lapped by the crystal lake water, and dotted here and there with little heaps of clothing, boots, and rifles, belonging to the dozen or so GI's who were splashing around in the water.

The prospect was irresistable. In two minutes I'd shed my own sweat-soaked clothes and heavy gear, and was in there with them. "George?" one told me; "he's out on the raft, trying to get a suntan."

About fifty yards from shore a platform of timbers and oil drums floated, and on it lay a naked, sleeping figure. I swam out to the raft (I'd never before attempted such a distance in deep water, but this was no time for technicalities), clung to its edge, and as soon as I'd gotten my breath back roared "HEY GEORGE! WAKE UP!"

The ex-President of the MSFS jumped up, took one startled look at me, and promptly fell into the lake.



Ray Nelson

It was a great fanvisit. Later in the afternoon, after a brief visit to the motor pool, where George explained to his platoon sergeant that the trouble in the air compressor had taken him all day to repair, George conducted me to his tent, where he hauled two cartons from beneath his cot, one full of fanzines and the other full of beer. "There's two or three guys in my squad who don't drink," he explained, "so I get their beer ration. Lucky for me that I don't smoke."

"Things are all screwed up back in Detroit," he said. "They just can't seem to run the fanclub without me. Just wait till I get back, and we'll have a big convention there real soon now."

A couple of George's buddies came in, and confided to me that George's chief fame in the outfit rested on his habit of always wearing a bandoleer full of clips of M-1 tracer ammo. His theory was that if he had to shoot, he wanted to see where the bullets were hitting.

So we chattered on and on about fanzines, prozines, the good old days of the Michifen; later in the evening we sat in the log-bench outdoor "theater" and watched an ancient movie, as we slapped mosquitoes and drank beer. Along the northern horizon the muzzle-blasts of the artillery flickered like heat-lightning, and rumbled like midsummer thunder.

Along the 38th Parallel, that summer of 1952, the Chinese little knew what odds they faced. For besides George and me and Fred, Ed Cox and Steve Metchette were there, and Ed's fellow Maine-fan, Russ Woodman, had just recently died in battle with the 7th Infantry Division. Of the Michigan fen who in 1948 and 1949 had composed the MSFS, practically every one who was of suitable age had wound up crossing the Pacific for a look at the exotic Orient.

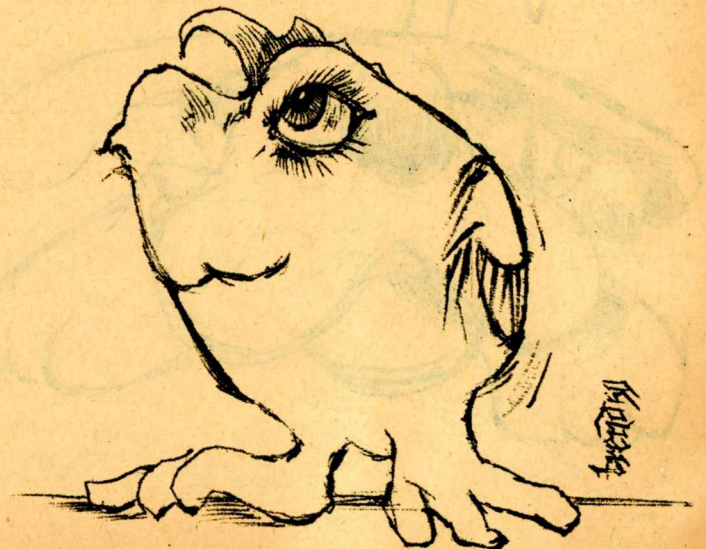
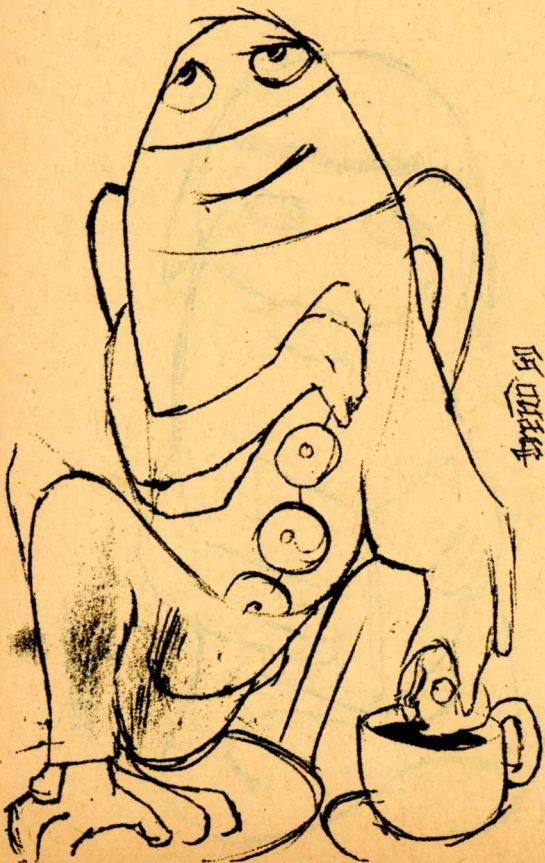
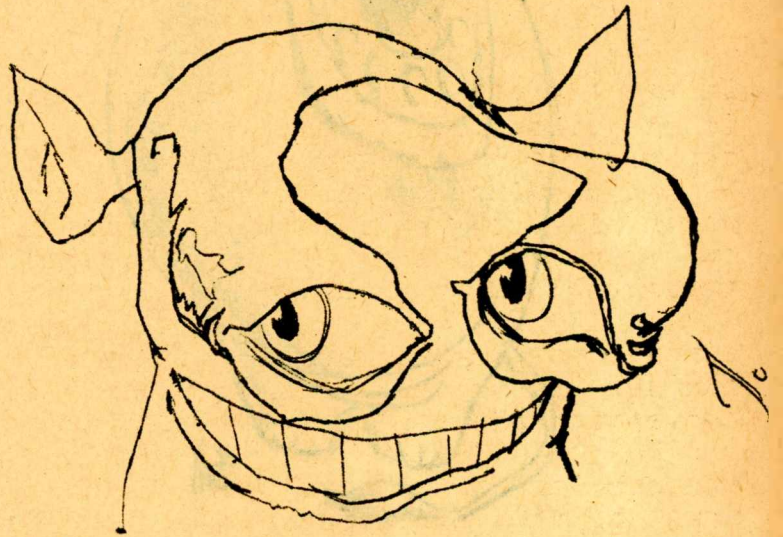
But the Chosen-vention, consisting of George Young and I, stands as the only combat-zone fanmeeting of the Korean war, so far as I've been able to learn. (A year or so later, back in Japan, Ed Cox and Steve Metchette met at 7th Cav Hq in Sapporo.) It is unfortunate that femmefen in general refuse to accord proper recognition to the tradition which we launched there. I maintain that, in memory of the Chosen-vention, all fancons should begin with the attendees assembling in the nude.

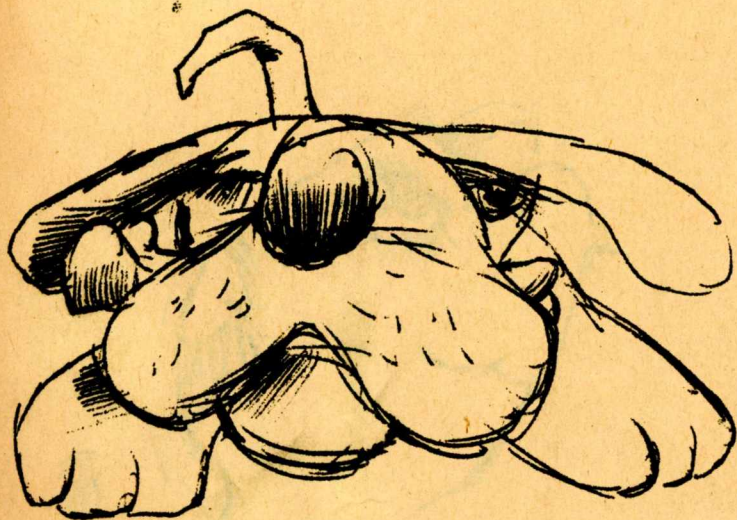
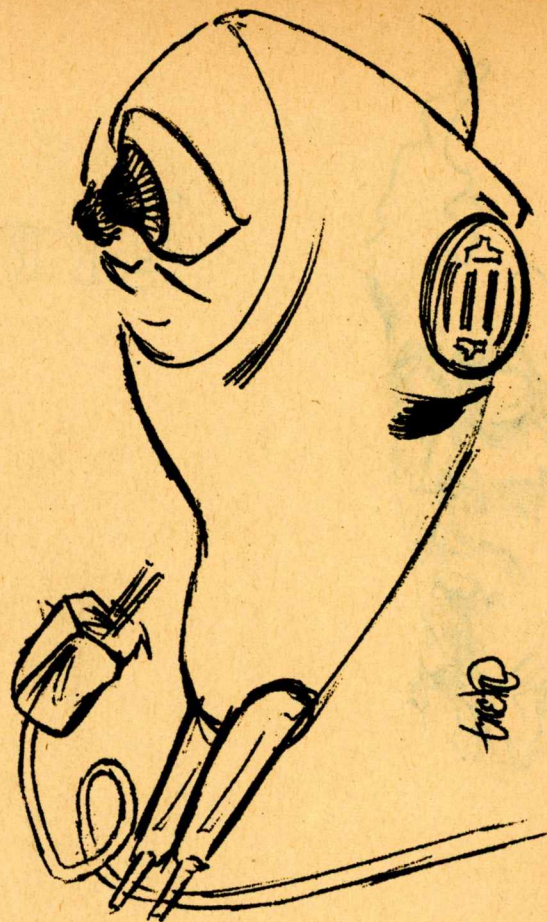
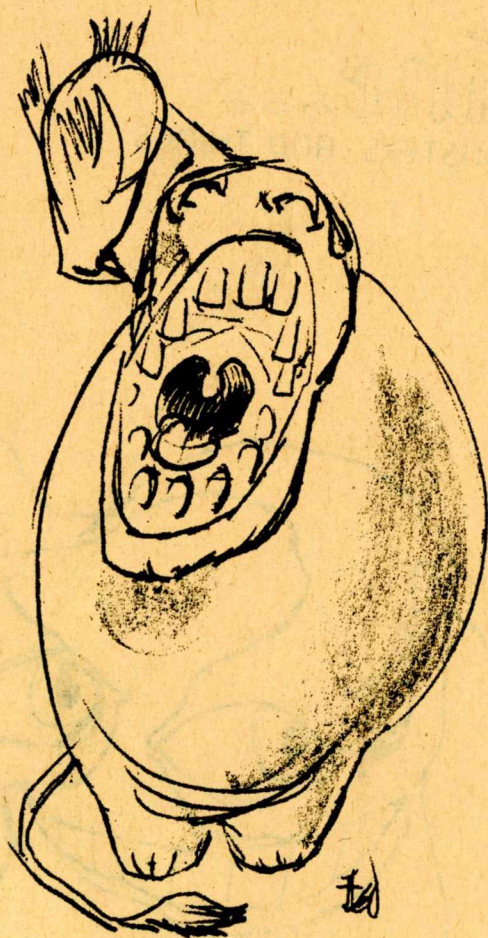
the fannish thing to do.

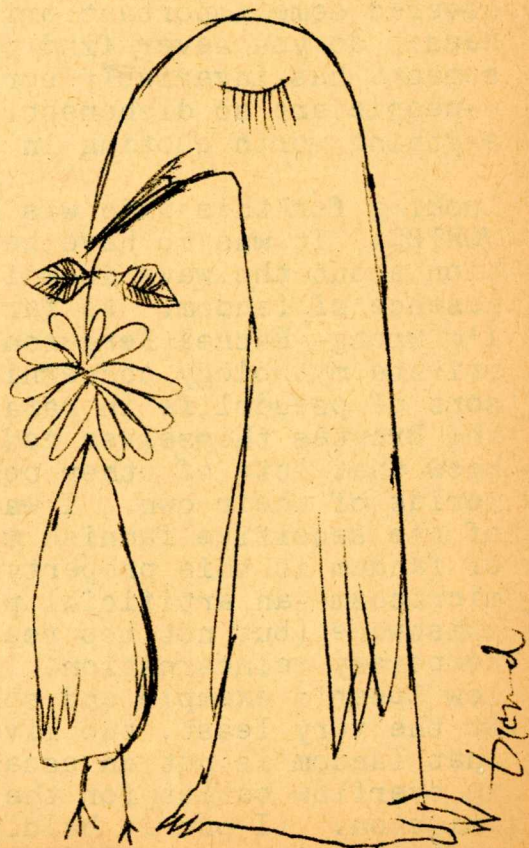
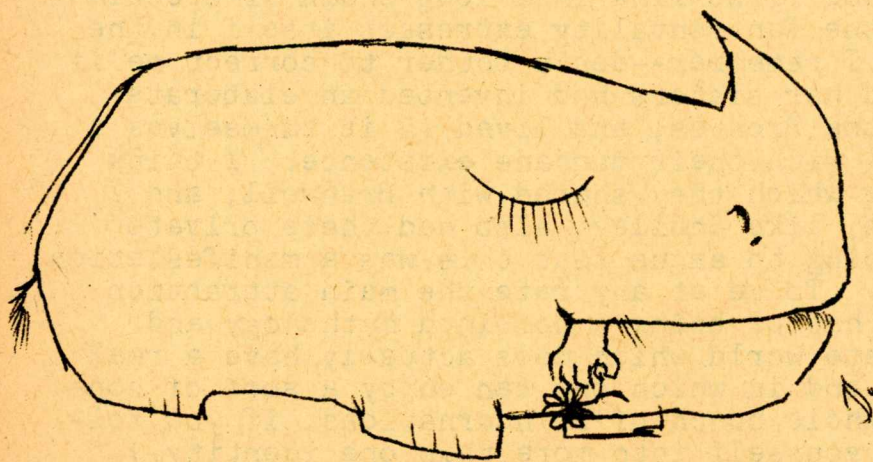
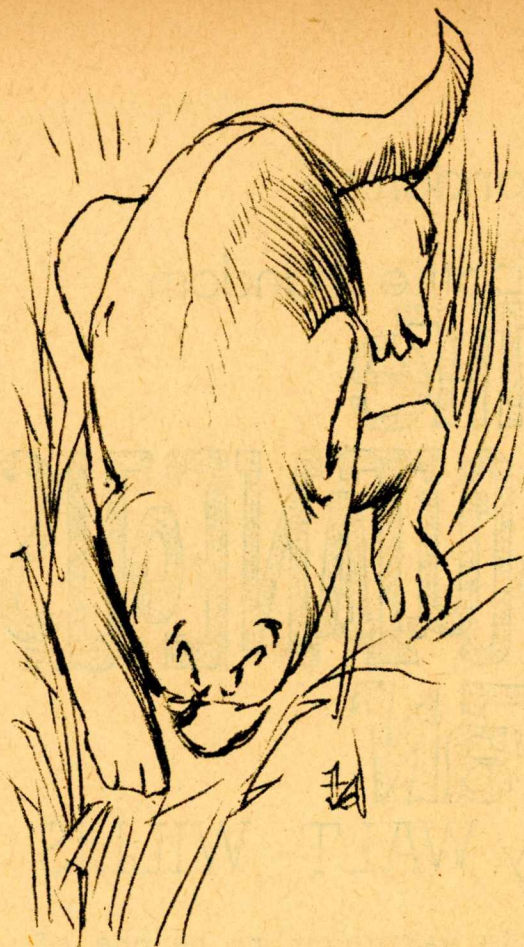
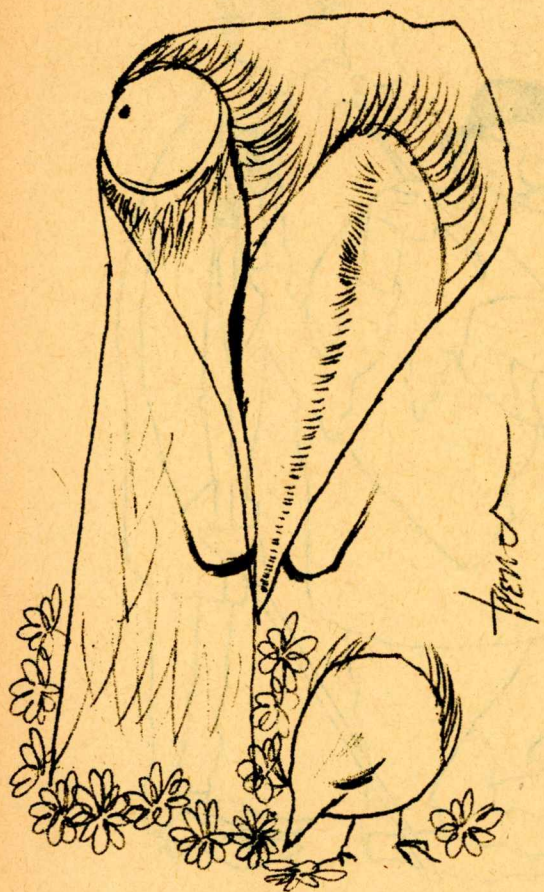
It would be
-Art Rapp

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-- MONSTERS AND THINGS







• end. •

other fandoms:

Sauce Bottle Fandom

THE SUBTANTANEOUS FAN

by WALT WILLIS



This was meant to be one of those scholarly, constructive articles that Redd Boggs so excels in, but I'm beginning to think that he has discovered some important principle in life that has so far eluded me. Redd: do you never find that when you want to look up a reference someone has invariably borrowed the book? It's always happening to me --people are so dishonest. The worst of it is that I never seem to find anything worth quoting in the books I have of theirs.

The one I was looking for this time was Rachel Ferguson's THE BRONTES WENT TO WOOL-WORTHS. It was to have been the first link in a long chain of speculation about the ways in which the fan mentality expresses itself in the absence of fandom. As far as I remember--don't bother to correct me if I'm wrong--Rachel Ferguson and her sisters had invented an elaborate private mythology concerning the Brontes, and lived in it themselves a sort of pseudolife in parallel with their mundane existence. I think the Brontes themselves had one which they shared with Branwell, and I know that lots of other people, like Shelley, also had these private worlds of their own. I was going to argue that this was a manifestation of the sensitive fannish mind. To me at any rate the main attraction of fandom is this property it has of being a combined mythology and microcosm--an artificial private world which does actually have a real existence (but not too real), and in which one can enjoy a sort of contemporary reincarnation. (A whole bunch of reincarnations, if you follow Speer's example and split yourself into more than one identity.) At the very least, two lives for the price of one. It could be argued that fandom is not an escapist hobby at all, but almost the reverse--an overflow outlet for the creative imagination. Fandom is a nocturnal emission. (I put it baldly like that with a view to the remark's immortalisation on a WILD HAIR-type cover.)

However, in the absence of

the Fergusen book I'm afraid this article is going to degenerate into personal reminiscence. I only hope I'm right in assuming I can get away with this sort of stuff in FAPA. Certainly I can't think of any other audience likely to be interested in the rise and fall of Sauce Bottle Fandom.

Sauce Bottle Fandom flourished in Belfast about 15 years ago and at one time had as many as four members. We met twice a week in a local cafe, and at first we talked only of the usual things students talk about--art, religion, politics and other dirty jokes--but it wasn't long before we invented sauce bottle fandom. We were all the sort of people who read at meals and if there was nothing else to read we would read the labels on the jars and things on the table. We soon found that we all knew off by heart the label on a sauce known as "H.P." Not only did this label carry a much greater wordage than any marmalade jar, it was of immensely higher literary standard. For one thing, part of it was in French, which gave it an immense distinction in the eyes of us Franco-philis. The label had three sides. The middle one had a picture of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, a statement that the sauce was made by Garton and Company, and a description of its constituents--pure malt vinegar and oriental spices. On the lefthand side was the blurb in French--"Cette Sauce de premier choix...."--which we intoned with the solemnity we gave to Baudelaire and Rimbaud. And on the righthand side was a copy of a certificate by two public analysts that they had "regularly taken samples from stock and found the sauce to be in every way pure and wholesome.--Signed A. Bostock Hill & William T. Rigby."

It was those names that got us. There seemed to be a limitless significance in them. A. Bostock Hill was obviously a short stocky type, stolid and unimaginative, but steady as a rock and honest as the day was long. William T. Rigby, on the other hand, was a wayward genius, brilliant and erratic with a streak of the Bohemian artist. In no time at all we had the two characters fitted out with parents, schools, careers, love lives, friends--an entire world. Every detail was filled in with loving care. Finally we had constructed an entire imaginary universe for Hill and Rigby, with a cast of scores which included virtually every proprietary name in British bottling, canning and confectionery industries. Every change in a proprietary label was the outward sign of some vast drama taking place behind the scenes, and the occasion for long and serious speculation by us. We were, for instance, saddened when the H.P. people suddenly substituted typed signatures of Hill and Rigby for the holographed ones we had known from childhood. It could only mean that poor old Hill was failing. No doubt he had for some time been unable actually to take the samples from stock himself, but his loyal friend Rigby, ever the more dashing of the two, had shown him his results and guided his faltering hand in signing the hallowed document. Then in 1938 two things happened. The war broke out, and the certificate disappeared altogether. The latter could mean only one thing, and sauce bottle fandom came to an end.

By that time the mythos was really immense. We had not only accounted for every idiosyncrasy in proprietary labels, but had incorporated dozens of other odd items that had caught our imaginations. Things like an enormous and mysterious unsigned painting of a lady in blue that hung in the attic of my grandmother's old house, several Victorian lithographs of domestic scenes in the downstairs rooms, and a photograph of an unknown Edwardian ancestor whom we christened Wallace Willis. And finally we had integrated the whole thing with another equally massive mythology in a different field, quite incommunicable since it dealt mainly with local placenames and Irish words,

and ingenious theories as to what ever happened to the Picts.

Nobody ever got around to writing the whole thing down--it would have been quite a job--and I thought it had perished completely until the other day I found among some old papers a draft I had sketched of the main events in the Hill-Rigby story itself. It started off with A. Bostock Hill's childhood, and already one of the two Holy Grails of the saga--absolutely pure malt vinegar--was making its appearance. As you probably know, vinegar is made from inferior wines, and in the first chapter, based on one of the Victorian lithos, old Squire Hill is staggering home drunk after his nightly debauch.

"'D--n and b---t,' he roared thickly as he reeled up the stairs. Mrs. Hill blanched. 'Shut your ears, children,' she murmured, clasping her eldest son in her arms. 'Arbuthnot,' she cried, 'tomorrow you embark on the great sea of life. Swear to me by a mother's love that you will fight this daemon Empire Wine that has enslaved your father, and that you will remember always our family motto, SPIRIT VINI RECT.'"¹

In the next chapter Hill goes to boarding school and falls foul of the school bully, Guy Fletcher (Fletcher's Tomato Ketchup) and his toadies Cyril Urney and Sidney Needler. (Urney and Needler were makers of chocolate we thought vastly inferior to Cadbury's.) He is rescued by William Terence Rigby, one of the school bloods, and confides in him his dream of transforming his father's curse into a blessing for all mankind. Later at the University, where Rigby is specialising in tropical plants, they meet some of the other characters in the saga--Wallace Willis, Vladimir Potemkin the mad painter, Richard Cadbury and Sidney Garton. They also spend a holiday at Heidelberg, where they meet Gustav Tobler and Heinrich Heinz.² Towards the end of their university life, however, both Hill and Rigby fell in love with Wallace Willis's sister, the mysterious blue lady painted by Potemkin, and Rigby goes out East to forget. Worried by reports that he has gone native, Hill presses on with his monumental work.

"The furore which greeted the publication of PURE MALT VINEGAR, ITS PAST need not be described. The book was at first greeted with derision and obloquy, but when it was realized that the author had effectively discredited all previous thought on the subject a wave of despair swept the world. Such was the position when Hill produced the second volume--PURE MALT VINEGAR, ITS FUTURE. It was the young men who first realised the daring scope of Hill's ideas. Absolutely pure malt vinegar, hitherto thought but a vain dream, was possible. In Paris, Montmartre student opinion rallied to the new leader as a result of some anonymous prose poems and manifestos..."

Hill can now afford to organise an expedition to search for Rigby. He enlists the aid of old Professor Heinz ("'57 Varieties have I made, and I will no more until Rigby is found make.'") and with Tobler they set out for the Orient. They find Rigby in the heart of the Burmese jungle, "writing feverishly on a bamboo table covered with scientific instruments. The piercing gleam in his eye belies the signs of dissipation on his features... 'Your book made a new man of me,' he says, 'and I have begun my researches again. I don't want to raise false hopes, but I think we have an appointment with Sidney Garton...and I have one of my prose poems ready for Sidney if he cares to use it. 'Cette sauce de premier choix...'""

1. The pharmaceutical name for vinegar.

2. "Ich habe mein Heinz in Heidelberg verloren."

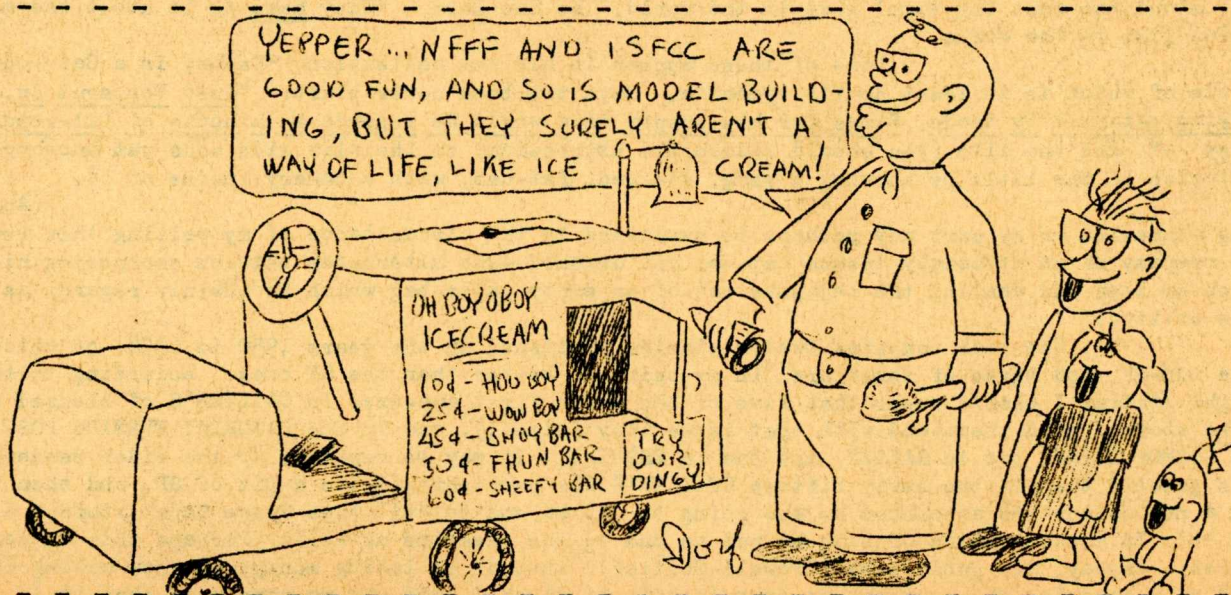
They all return in triumph to England (except old Professor Heinz, who succumbs to malaria with his life's work uncompleted) and Garton produces the ultimate sauce. Not without opposition from Fletcher, Cross and Blackwell, but the saga ends at one of the "quiet dinners Hill gives regularly to his friends. The genial old man sits at the head of the table, with Rigby, frail but indomitable and with still a youthful gleam in his eye, on his right hand and Dr. Otto Heinz, son of the revered Professor, on his left... The gay conversation rises and falls, stilled only when the butler enters bearing tenderly a priceless cob-webbed bottle of old vintage vinegar."

And to think I might have poured all that energy into fandom instead of a sauce bottle, if I had come across the Belfast SFL in 1935!

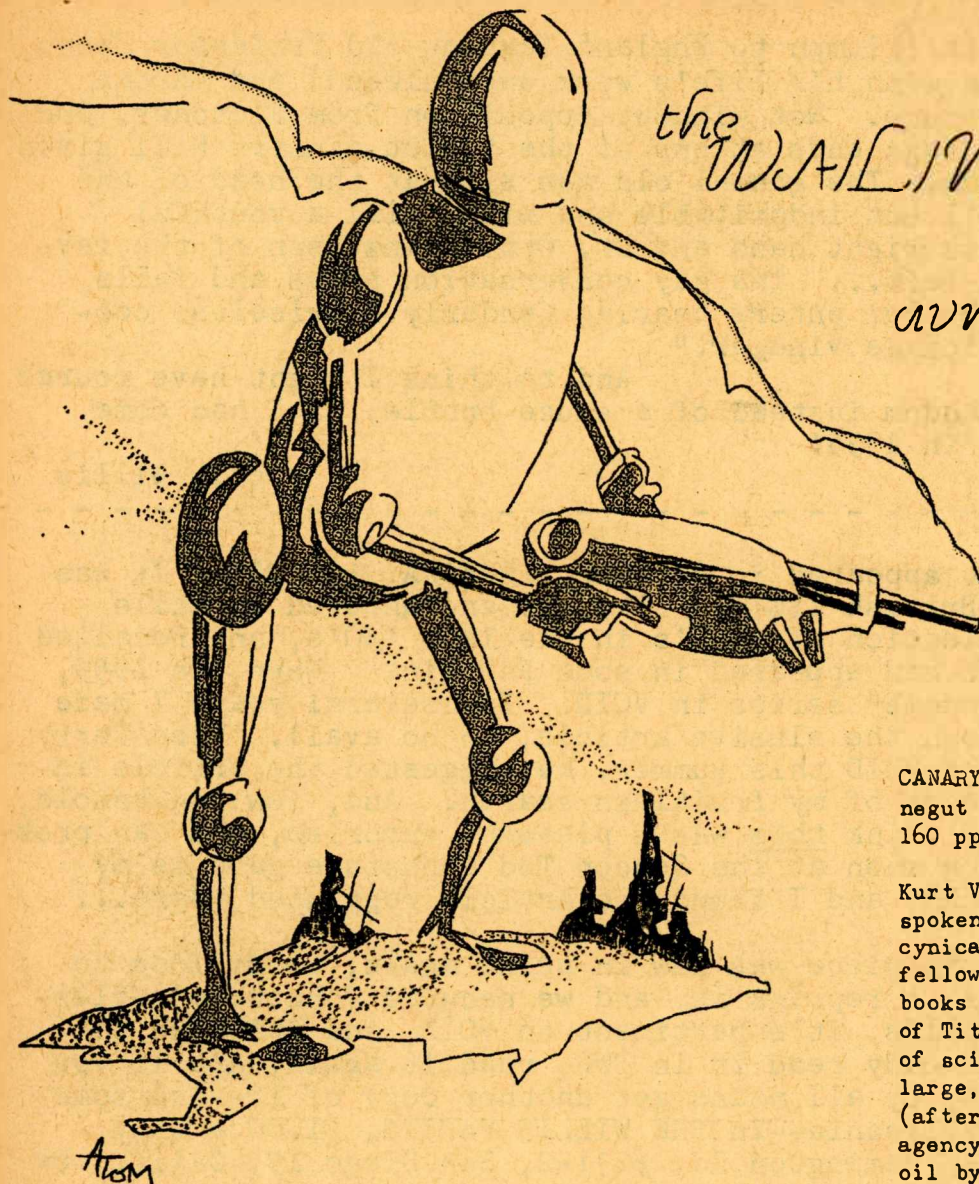
- Walt Willis

The above article first appeared in SKYHOOK, in FAPA, in 1952. It was then reprinted in the British EYE #1. I first encountered it while reading a borrowed collection of SKHK's in the late '50's, and recalled it and the fact that it had appeared in some FAPAZine when, in 1959, we began the "Other Fandoms" series in VOID. For several years I made the attempt to track down the elusive article, to no avail. When Terry Carr joined the staff of VOID this summer, he suggested the article independent of any knowledge of my fruitless search. And, low and behold, he had EYE #1! If you think this was a pleasant surprise, you can probably imagine my reaction when at the Seacon Ted Johnstone gave me my copy of THE WILLIS PAPERS, and I found the article reprinted there...

Despite the fact that the piece was now in print again, we decided to continue with our plans to reprint it, and we secured Johnstone's blessings as well. It's Willis, it's pertinent to VOID, and it's fun to read. So, if you've already read it in TWP, read it again, and if you haven't, and you dug it, by all means get another copy of it--and some choice other vintage Willisania--in THE WILLIS PAPERS, \$1.00 a copy, from Ted Johnstone, 5337 Remington Rd, #231-2, San Diego 15, Calif. -tw



I had one deadline, but the co-editor over there...



the WAILING WALL

avram davidson

CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE, by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Gold Medal Books. 35¢. 160 pp.

Kurt Vonnegut Jr. is a tall, soft-spoken, sturdy, amiable, witty, cynical, resigned, optimistic, decent fellow, neither of whose earlier books ("Player Piano," "The Sirens of Titan") I have read. His output of science fiction has not been large, and in recent years he has (after giving up an automobile agency) gained his bread, wine, and oil by writing periodical fiction of a frankly commercial cast. "They

are all about the most beautiful girl in the world," he has said. "They have to be about the most beautiful girl in the world."

None of these appear in his new collection, "Canary in a Cat House," the title of which is at least doubly symbolic. Says the back cover blurb: "Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Scarifying satirist by trade. Sings for his supper in a world He regards as a house of ill-repute Or worse --" And the illo (you should excuse the expression) on the flip side adds yet another interpretation of the title by showing a smug, striped, fat-cat, with a canary inside of it.

(Any seeming obsession on my part may perhaps be explained by the circumstance of my writing this review in the company of an obviously insane cat--as yet unnamed--who alternates between sharpening his claws on my legs and whaling the bejaysus out of an empty paper-bag which he plainly regards as a hostile entity.)

The book contains twelve stories published in the years 1950 to 1958, of which six are non-SF, and three of these are, in my opinion, better than the SF ones. According to the copyright listing I should guess that five of the dozen first appeared in COLLIER'S of blessed memory (one story I sold them--and with that issue they folded!), one in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, two in COSMOPOLITAN, two in GALAXY, and one in ESQUIRE. It may be recalled by the older readers of this gazette that in the early fifties COLLIER'S was publishing quite a bit of SF, and then they got in a new editor who announced he was going to put an end to "all this Space Cadet stuff," as he called it. In a short space of time he put an end to the magazine as well. Perhaps this is less than just: anyway, the publishers (Crowell-Collier), instead of losing money, are now making it: instead of a magazine they put out an encyclopedia of which I need say no more than that it is touted to prospective customers with the gimmick that "You and your kids can both use it."

Anyway, back to Vonnegut. "Report on the Barnhouse Effect" is a story of a psi-type weapon, and its non-appearance in ASTOUNDING (olav hasholem) is probably due to two factors: 1) Jno. C. Campbell Jr. was then (1950) still high on Dianetics; 2) Kurt Vonnegut Jr. can do simple arithmetic as well as most men, better than some, and COLLIER'S fiction rates started at \$850... Read today by someone used to the complexities of genre science fiction, it seems not only slick but flat: plot, situations, characters alike appear fatiguingly over-familiar. But I venture that, written today for the first time, it could sell to the SEP, partly because of wish-fulfillment (an end to war), mostly because of its competent grasp of the requirements of the market.

"All the King's Horses" is one of those stories in which live men play the parts of chessmen.

"D. P." is about a German mulatto-boy. It has all the elements of pathos, and a miss is as good as a mile.

"The Manned Missiles" predicted, in 1958, that the "first true space man" would be a Russian, that the second would be an American, and that both would die in the same accident up (or "out") there. I don't quite know what to say about it, except that it has more sentiment than science, and that the facts as subsequent leave the fiction nowhere. This is hardly Vonnegut's fault.

"The Euphic Question," you'll excuse me, I didn't finish reading.

"More Stately Mansions" is a good story, a very good story; it more than makes up for the clinkers, and I'm not going to tell you any more about it.

"The Foster Portfolio" isn't quite as good, but it's good enough, and if you like jazz maybe you'll think it's better.

"Deer in the Works" (the only one from ESQUIRE) says everything about homo corporationensis that needs saying; maybe if Kurt had done it as a book he could afford to forget about the most beautiful girl in the world.

"Hal Irwin's Magic Lamp" is one I read as a kid with the byline of some Maurice something-or-other attached to it; it was about a gahdamn blue-bird.

"Tom Edison's Chaggy Dog" is amusing. Hell, I don't want to sound patronizing; it's funny!

"Unready to Wear," I also didn't finish reading. "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," I read twice--this time, and the time it first came out in GALAXY; liked it both times. Maybe we all had more zap in those days--Horace, Kurt, and I.

Also on the flip side, the book has Tony Boucher, nature's nobleman, saying that "...Kurt Vonnegut Jr. has proved himself as a craftsman, an entertainer, and an artist." True enough; I just wish that in "Canary in a Cat House" he'd proved himself more often. Still, he beat the 10% minimum of Sturgeon's Law by some.

-Avram Davidson

FOR CHRISSAKE, ALL YOU OUT THERE! Listen, we've fallen short on our mimeo payments this month! And you know why? It's because a lot of you aren't doing your bit to finance us. Now what the hell's going on! QWERTYUIOPress needs your patronage. Putting out VOID and all the other fanzines we produce is an expensive hobby, and it's non-profit (unless we run off somebody else's zine--like yours). Boy, is it non-profit. We don't have a lot of money to cover the necessary expenses, like stencils, ink, paper, mimeo payments, correction fluid, typewriter brushes, color-change kits, half-tone gestefaxing, and all those other items which are so essential to our having fun. And remember, too, that QWERTYUIOPress Has Something To Say, and we damn well intend to get our zines out to the general public. We want, eventually (as soon as you get off your butts), to arrange for newsstand display of VOID and such. And that costs money! So we are asking for Sponsors and Patrons. (The difference is that Sponsors give us only a set sum--like, say, \$100--while Patrons tithe 10% of their income. Both, of course, earn our undying gratitude, and are entitled to subscribe to VOID at a 15% discount--16% if they're Neffers.) Remember: we can't have fun, unless you pay our way! So, let's see a little life out there. All of you--dig in! Finance our hobby!

Do it now! Act without thinking! Do it now!

BY WALT WILLIS-

CHAPTER FIVE

(from CONFUSION 10)

With limitless velocity the slender fish-shaped object plunges through the inchoate darkness. With each millisecond its speed increases a thousandfold, though aeons ago it had already far outstripped human comprehension. Far behind in the impenetrable darkness there is a faint sussuration as unnamed entities of the darkness voice their frustration, their feral eyes glowing with mindless hate. Unheeding, the silver fish speeds on, to the confines of the known universe, tearing at the very fabric of space itself. The structure of the cosmos changes beyond belief. The spacetime continuum warps into alien shapes, into a fantastic maze of intricately connected cylinders, crossing and recrossing in mindwrecking complexity. Grimly the fish struggles on, each cell of its being indelibly impressed with one indomitable purpose. To find! To communicate! More slowly now, it moves onward to its destiny.

One final torturing twist, and the breakthrough is complete. Totality becomes a blinding white light, searing at the tortured consciousness. Slowly, painfully, sense-impressions emerge, coalesce, are collated, analysed, integrated with the purpose. At the rim of the new white universe there floats a reddish orb. It falls into a familiar pattern of spatial relationships.

A human face.

From out of the plumbed depths the fish speaks, all doubts at an end, wishing only that this typer had italics...

"Is this Flushing?"¹

In the next room Moskowitz and Sykora are resting from one of Fandom House's riotous one-shot publishing sessions while they check Taurasi's calculations on the postal rates to Minneapolis on second-class bombs.²

"No, we'll never get Rich that way," agrees Sykora. "By the way, Taurasi's a long time in the bathroom. Do you think there's something wrong?"

"Maybe we shouldn't have given him that Elsberry wine," says Moskowitz worriedly. "It must have disagreed with him. We'd better call a fan doctor."

There is a strangled cry from the bathroom.

"He seems to be a little hoarse," says Moskowitz.

"Better make it a fan vet, then," says Sykora. "He must have caught a colt." He dials a number. "The Van Houten residence?"³

"Don't be a foal!" shouts Taurasi, dashing in from the bathroom. "Sturgeon was in there and he says that Willis and Vick have been arrested by the Immigration Authorities."

"I always said fans were arrested adolescents," comments Sykora cynically.

WILLIS DISCOVERS
AMERICA

PART FIVE

Moskowitz ignores him. "What a scoop," he gloats. "Did you catch him before he could tell Tucker?"⁴

"No," says Taurasi regretfully, "He came and went like a flush in a pan. Said something about having to catch a fast drain for the South."

"He must be making for Savannah," says Moskowitz, "That's for sewer. There's not a moment to lose before Tucker gets the story. You should have been able to catch him some way. Cast a net for instance."

"He already had one," says Taurasi, "and a couple of maracas. Said he picked them up from some band he met on the way that had been drowned by a cheering crowd. Their music had been pitched in a quay of sea."

"That's enough of that," says Moskowitz. "Did he give you any more of Willis's message?"

"Only something that sounded like ASF 43," says Taurasi puzzledly.

"That doesn't sound like Ellis Island," muses Moskowitz. "It must be the Chateau d'IF."

Taurasi hastily notifies Van Houten and Meyer and within an hour a special edition of FANTASY TIMES is on the streets.

"You know," frets Taurasi, "I can't help thinking we should have put some in the mailbox too. People are just kicking them into the gutter."

"Well, at least Keasler will get one," says Sykora. "But keep quiet for a moment. Moskowitz is calling Wollheim."⁵

"Hello? Hello?" says Moskowitz. "Wollheim? We're going down to rescue Willis and Vick. Can I give you a lift?"

He listens for a moment and then turns sadly to the others. "He still refuses to have any truck with me."⁶

"Gosh, Sam," says Taurasi, taking his fingers out of his ears, "I wish you had used the phone."⁷

"What, on a local call?" sneers Moskowitz. "But for long distance I open the window."

"What window?" asks Taurasi.

"Oh dear," says Moskowitz. "Has it gone again? Never mind, we can go out that way and save time."

They all jump down to the street, where Sykora starts to board Moskowitz's truck.

"We haven't got time for that," snaps Moskowitz, knocking the planks and hammer out of his hands. "If it rains we'll just have to let our insurance cover us. Let's get going, and Laney take the hindmost."

1. This was supposed to be a parody of van Vogt. The editorial offices of FANTASY TIMES (now SCIENCE FICTION TIMES) were at Flushing, New York. (At that time, Taurasi called his publishing house "Fandom House, but when he tried to incorporate it, Random House learned of his existence and threatened to sue if he did not change the name.)
2. Rich Elsberry of Minneapolis was unpopular with FANTASY TIMES because he used their name in a hoax about ASF having folded.
3. Van Houten is leader of the Fan Veterans.
4. There was rivalry for news between FANTASY TIMES and (Tucker's) BLOOMINGTON NEWSLETTER (later, SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER).
5. An old enemy. See THE IMMORTAL STORM.
6. Sam Moskowitz...was a truck driver.
7. He is renowned for his loud voice.

- Walt Willis

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THERE WOULD APPEAR TO BE SOME CONFUSION among newer readers about "Willis Discovers America." At least one fanzine reviewer referred to it as "an account of Willis's trip to America..." This it is, but somewhat fictionalized...Willis wrote the series in early 1952, before his actual trip to this country, as a promotion for the trip. Each chapter originally appeared in a different fanzine (thus, the credit lines), and in 1955 Willis published them in one volume, with footnotes. The text printed here is from the 1955 version, with bracketed additions by yhos. -tw

GAMBIT 45 --Continued from page 7:

Here!", he does it replete with much waving of arms and bellowed emoting, all in superb imitation of Ed Wood.

Then he digresses to another vein in which he mimics those who've complained that fans are talking about subjects on which they are not Authorities. "I read in fanzines," says Sam, "thirteen-year-old fans talking about philosophy, narcotics, jazz, sex, books--things they know nothing about! When I want to talk about such things, I turn to an authority in the field!" (Sam knows the value of understatement. Some fans have suggested that at this point he should add, "For instance, when I want to talk about Good Books, I call up Orville Prescott at the Times--'Read any good books lately?' I ask." But these people simply don't realize that this would be overstating the point.)

Finally Sam builds to his punchline. He turns to someone who is working in another field--the time I was present, he turned to me. To this someone--like me--he says, "When you talk about Science Fiction, I'll listen to you. But when you start to talk about music, or jazz"--and that's a subtle touch: "or jazz"--"I'm going to ignore you, because you...don't...know...anything...about...music!"

This created a sensation at the Fan Panel.

Sam has another line he's used at the Seacon for a closer, although this may be due only to circumstances. The circumstances this time were the Willis Fund raffles. The package containing a complete set of SLANTs was up for drawing, and when the number was called it turned out that Lee Anne Tremper (who'd been faunching like crazy) was holding it.

Sam, who is sitting inconspicuously in the audience, turns to those around him, and with a gesture he picked up from Ralph ("Aren't we devils, folks?") Edwards (Sam is always willing to learn from his fellow wits), Sam rubs his hands together and chortles, "I wonder if that stupid girl knows the value of those things... Heh, heh! I think I'll see if I can't just talk them out of her cheap." A trace of burlesque Jewish accent is barely noticeable in his voice. It always gets a lot of laughs from those in the know.

Sam has other great bits, too. In one number he uses his wife Christine in the classic Laurel & Hardy tradition. The two of them are quite well rehearsed. ("I never said any such thing," Christine says with a chuckle; "...and anybody who says she did is a liar," laughs Sam--this is the punchline to a fabulous, but unfortunately unprintable, schtick.)

But I don't want to tell them all. I'd spoil Sam's routine for you. You've simply got to make it to the next convention and dig it yourself.

"OH, DAMN THAT TERRY CARR!" cried F. M. Busby, blushing furiously. The scene was a room party at the Seacon, and the occasion was perhaps the tenth time in as many minutes that Buz had struck his palm to his forehead in anguish.

"F. M. Busby," I had said, "this convention certainly is a wonderful thing."

And F. M. Busby, who seemed to be enjoying the convention fully as much as I, turned to me and agreed with me and said with his mouth, "This is true."

It was immediately after this very moment that F. M. Busby took Terry Carr's name in vain.

Terry Carr, you see, has a wonderful way of discovering the essence of a person's writing or speaking style. With his fine mind and bright eyes he will swiftly scan and analyze a person's written output or spoken words, and he will break it all down into its stylistic components until he has isolated the absolute essence of that person. A year or so ago, he added a second page to a one-page oneshot that Jim Caughran had written one night while drinking; the second page was done in near-perfect imitation of Caughran's style. Why, even Jim Caughran was fooled when he first saw his oneshot in the FAPA mailing, and is reputed to have spent many moments in doubt, wondering what black cloud might have enveloped him as he had stencilled the publication.

Just last issue, Terry Carr again exhibited his amazing talent. You may not have realized it, but he wrote a portion of both Pete Graham's editorial and my editorial. Terry was stencilling Pete's editorial, and he saw that as written it would fall just twelve lines short of the bottom of the page. His mind (a mind with broad mental horizons, far-seeing of implications, vast in scope)...his mind, I say, immediately grasped the fact that there was not space to start a new editorial on that page, but yet too much space to leave blank. "What should I do, Ted White?" he asked me.

"Why don't you finish it out yourself?" I suggested (since Pete wasn't around). And he did just that. "THEME, THEME" on page 8 of VOID 26 is by Terry Carr.

Later on Sylvia and I were talking to Terry about this, and he began talking about other people's stylistic devices. "After we stencilled THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE," Terry said, "we were all full of Burbee lines. We once kept a conversation going for ten minutes, using nothing but Burbee lines. Why, that was fantastic!"

Then the conversation turned to our impending trip to Seattle, and Terry said, "You know, the Busbys have a couple of lines they use a lot. For instance, Buz will always say, 'This is true, this is true' when he agrees with you, and Elinor will say, 'Very sensible, very sensible'. You listen to them, and see if I'm not right."

In my usual uffish manner, I completely forgot this conversation until one afternoon at the Hyatt House when, during a lull in the convention, we were sitting with the Busbys and Sylvia turned to them and began to repeat what Terry had said. "And, he's right!" she said triumphantly. "You do say this."

"Umm," said Buz slowly. "This is true."

I looked at him and

smiled enigmatically. He stared at me blankly for a second, and then smote his forehead. "Good grief!" he said. "I just said it!"

And suddenly, his shoulders burdened by this new load of knowledge, Buz became self-conscious about his speech. I could watch him, and see the magic phrase begin its way outward, groping its way to his lips, only to be suddenly repressed as Buz clamped down on his conversation.

It was later, but not much later, that he began damning Terry Carr to many vicious, hekto-purple hells.

ROLL 'EM! Gad, VOID is in fantastic demand these days. For the last three issues we'd been running a Print Order of 150 copies from our Giant Presses, and it hasn't been enough for you insatiable readers out there in fanzine landt. The reason I say this is because we ran out of copies of V26 when we got around to mailing it. (I am using the word "we" loosely here. Actually I was 500 miles away when V26 was mailed. When I left for the Seacon, I gave Terry Carr ten dollars and told him to feed the cat and mail VOID 26. All the way out to Seattle, and most of the way back I was promising people that VOID had been mailed and Would Arrive Shortly. As a matter of fact, VOID was mailed by two of my trusty co-editors about a day before my return. Oh, co-editing VOID is not all peaches and cream!) So anyway, V26 went into a Giant Second Printing, in order to satisfy you insatiable readers out there. And this issue we're printing 200 copies.

Well, at least page 7 wasn't

- Ted White

inked too lightly on the left side.

FLJACH, REMEMBER? This is the Reminiscence Issue of VOID, as you may have gathered.

VOID is, of course, committed to a policy of timeliness and topicality, and by damn the Big Thing in fanzines these days is Reminiscence--from Dean Grennell writing about Flying Aces to Good Ole Mike Deckinger turning his eyes mistily back to Captain Video. It's really all the rage; I tell you, I have seen Jim Harmon break down and bawl his head off at the mere mention of Jack, Doc and Reggie.

Well, VOID's orientation is a strongly fannish one, so it shouldn't surprise you to find us all writing this issue on topics from the fannish past. Pete writes about Boob Stewart, Ted works up a helluva lump in his throat remembering Warren A. Freiberg, and Greg takes us back to one of the more fabulous gettogethers of Fabulous Dallas Fandom. I don't suppose all this will move the fans of long-standing like Tucker and Warner, of course. (I remember the time Ted Johnstone or somebody wrote to Ronel and me and harked fondly back to "the good old days of fandom"--the previous year.) But you must admit that, for instance, Freiberg was a Fascinating Fan, as worthy of legendry as the fabulous Peter J. Vorzimer, and yet the Freiberg story had never been chronicled for fandom. (I really rather wish that Ted had used the XERO style outline for his article, telling us all about Freiberg's costume, origin, super-powers--one of them was his ability to put words on paper without having to think--and what word he said to change from his normal identity as Warren A. Freiberg to his super-identity as Al Rothlands, who was a greater writer than Ernest Hemingway.) And God knows that if Benford weren't writing about them, the members of Fabulous Dallas Fandom would already be lost to the memory of fankind. God knows that's true.

For my part, I'd like to tell you about San Francisco fandom of the early '50's. I know that this overlaps Pete's editorial about Boob Stewart, but wot the hell archie if i dont write about those fabulous fans then they too will be lost in the mists of fannish antiquity. That's the whole point of Reminiscence, you know--to remind people of things they forgot long ago because they were so unimportant.

The particular period I'm thinking about was that around 1953 to '56, when the Golden Gate Futurian Society was meeting

INN

TERRY CARR

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MIST



every two weeks at Helen Vasquez' place. Helen--or Shorty, as we called her because that was her height--was one of those fans you never hear about till they run for TAFF or something...a stalwart in local fandom but never heard of nationally. Helen's place was the official and unofficial meetingplace for all San Francisco fandom during those years; for quite some time we were not only meeting there every fortnight but also holding two or three bheerbhusts a week. She provided the meetingplace, went around recruiting new members right and left (her son Gene, at that time around ten years old, ended up joining the club), laughed at all our jokes and terrible puns, and kept voluminous minutes of all meetings. Of course, about half the time she couldn't find those minutes when they were needed, but that is, after all, in the Great Tradition of club secretaries. (And most of her minutes consisted of bad jokes and terrible puns anyway--also in the Great Tradition.)

As I say,

Helen was never known nationally. She once edited one issue of a fanzine--I think it was called GGFS NEWS or some such thing, and it ran to two pages of news snippets and gossip in an edition of about 25, with strictly local distribution. She also wrote a paragraph or two in a oneshot that we published in 1956, called SIC. Other than that her fanac was completely in-person, and consisted largely of baking cakes. And yet...and yet her address was for a time a well-known one in general fandom. You see, it was her address that we used for Carl Brandon's mail. Brandonhaus was her place at 543 Diamond St. in San Francisco.

Actually, that's getting ahead of the story a bit. She and the GGFS didn't move to Diamond St. till late '55 or thereabouts; before that we were over on Blythedale Ave., just three blocks from the Staples Ave. house where Forry Ackerman had lived when he was first in fandom, and where during the '40's he held the Staplecons. One night this near link with fanhistory suddenly struck us, and we adjourned a meeting for half an hour and all trooped up to the former Ackermanse to view the site. Keith Joseph salaamed in front of it and Boob Stewart wrote Fandom Is Just A Fuggin Hobby in chalk on the sidewalk and then we all went back to reconvene the meeting, buying a couple more sixpaks on the way.

It was out in the back yard at Blythedale that Dave Rike, Frank McElroy and I held the conversation which led to the formation of the Tower to the Moon of Bheercans mythos; we were of course quite high at the time. On subsequent evenings we repeated the gist of it to Boob and Pete and Helen and Bill Collins and the rest, and about a week later we discovered to our absolute horror that Helen's son Gene was actually collecting our empty bheercans and building a tower in his bedroom.

It was also during this period that Boob's older brother Gene (you must keep track of all these Genes, as any biologist will tell you) was holding beerbusts with his nonfan friends at the Stewart home and dumping the empty beercans in a shack in their back yard. Boob took a photo of this pile (which covered the entire floor to a depth of five inches) and Dave Rike borrowed the negative, had a friend of his who was a college photography student print up 50 or so copies, and pasted it in the next issue of his CALIFAN, labelled "one of the many secret bheercan caches around the Bay Area, being readied for the great Tower to the Moon of Bheercans Project". This was the first mention in print of the Tower.

As you may surmise, we were a frivolous group. My recollection of GGFS meetings of those days is reenforced by having fairly recently heard an hour-long tape-recording of one of them. Most of it is taken up with long, impassioned speeches by Bill Knapheide about what should be done with the club treasury ("The Projector Fund shall not be touched!"), and Helen intermittently snapping, "Gene, you get out from under the table!"

Come to think of it, that was the meeting where we were voting on whether or not to expell Keith Joseph from the club--Knapheide didn't like him and was arguing from strength due to the fact that Keith hadn't paid his dues for several months. Most of us didn't especially care about the issue--Keith missed most meetings anyway--and we were getting dreadfully tired of hearing Knapheide filibuster. Keith finally settled the dispute by voluntarily resigning. "Will you accept my resignation as an end to the discussion?" he asked Knapheide. Knapheide said yes. "Fine," said Keith; "now, having resigned, I hereby apply for membership again. Since this is my first meeting I don't have to pay dues, right?"

Knapheide was the bete noir of the GGFS--not only for his floorhogging filibusters, but also for the fact that he was such an utter fugghead. One time when we were sitting around after a meeting, just drinking and talking, Knapheide started displaying his vast knowledge of astronomy. (I think he'd spent the afternoon memorizing a few tables in "The Conquest of Space".) He cornered Frank McElroy and said, "Frank, do you know how far Mercury is from the sun?" Frank shook his head and Knapheide rattled off a figure. "Now," he said, "how far is Venus from the sun?" Again Frank shook his head, and again Knapheide rattled off a figure. He went on like this all the way out to Pluto, and when he got done Frank heaved a sigh of relief--prematurely. "Now," said Bill, "how far is Pluto from Earth?"

Frank stopped his bheercan in mid-hoist and stared at Knapheide speculatively. He looked at him for a long time. Then he said, "Do you mean from my house, or from here?"

We loved to one-up Knapheide; he really irritated hell out of us. His favorite subjects for bullsession filibusters were sex and politics. Sometimes at these sessions we would

drag out a typewriter and start writing a roundrobin story--which Knapheide invariably ruined by writing in all sorts of crappy sex. We had a fairly nice mood-piece going one night, for instance, but the moment Knapheide got to the typer it went to hell. Onto the scene dashed a beautiful half-naked femme being chased by a monster with seventeen and a half eyes and slithery tentacles; he got her into a helluva mess and turned the typewriter over to Boob Stewart, chuckling idiotically. Boob read Knapheide's section, retched, and had the monster eat up the wench and wander off belching contentedly. Then Frank and I went back to the original story, which had no half-naked femmes or monsters (half-naked or not) in it.

The next time Knapheide got to the typer he read our sections, frowned stupidly, and wrote, "Meanwhile, back on Terra, beautiful Sarah Glutz stepped out of her shower..."

We never finished that story.

Knapheide was an absolute nut politically--an ardent follower of one of the most fanatical leftist movements. We made it a point to steer clear of political discussions with him, but his orientation continually came out anyway. One night he and Helen were having a big argument over whether or not the bathroom door was to be open or shut; the odor of cat-feces in the bathroom bothered Knapheide, but Helen wanted the door open because it was a hot night and there was an open window in the bathroom. They argued about it at length. Finally Helen, exercising her prerogative as hostess, strode up and opened the door and put a block under it to hold it open; then she went back into the kitchen. Knapheide walked into the room, saw the door open, kicked the block away and slammed it. "I SWEAR BY MARX AND LENIN THIS BATHROOM DOOR SHALL REMAIN SHUT!" he shouted.

Because of Knapheide's undeniably charming personality, the rest of us in the club were forced eventually to hold caucuses on any matters of club business which Knapheide might feel like opposing. Boob, Frank and I were doing most of the running of the club then, with Knapheide as the Loyal Opposition; prior to meetings at which any business of importance was to be discussed the three of us would get together at a hamburger joint and outline a method of attack. Around the time of the SFCon, when we were busy recruiting new members, we found ourselves meeting two or three nights a week at that hamburger joint. And when we realized how much time we were spending there, it suddenly occurred to us to ask ourselves why we got together there--the hamburgers were awful and the chairs were uncomfortable. Its only attraction, really, was that it stayed open late.

We discussed this one evening rather loudly, over hamburgers. "This place is just a slopshop," Frank said.

And all of a sudden the owner, a heavysset woman in her late forties, stormed over and delivered one of the most beautiful streams of invective it's ever been my pleasure to hear. She bitched and hollered at us for ten minutes, defending her hamburger joint. It certainly was a wonderful thing; all three of us sat enraptured. When she got done we all clapped and ordered second hamburgers.

And we continued to hold our private little meetings there. But we also continued to call it the Slop Shop, and to this day I don't know the real name of the place.

I could write much more about the GGFS of those days, but I think you've had enough for now. Anyway, it sure has been fun reminiscing like this. I think next time I'll tell you all about my collection of gum cards.

LAGNIAPPE FROM AUSTRALIA: Awhile back I got a notice in the mailbox to the effect that there was a package waiting for me at the E. 14th St. U. S. Post Office hostel; there'd been no one at Pete Graham's apartment, where I was then staying, when they'd tried to deliver it. (As a matter of fact, there was hardly anyone in any of the centres of Frabjous New York Fandom that week, what with various fans off to the Seacon and Pete Himself doing something political or maybe sexual--he's wishy-washy, you know--in Chicago.)

Anyway, the apartment where Pete and I were then sleeping nights (on bad nights, anyhow) is on E. 5th St.; thus, it being a mere nine-block walk, I got up to the post office within the week. I spent the interim wondering what in the world the package could be. Surely FAPA OE Marion Bradley wouldn't have sent my FAPAmailing to New York; I'd asked her plainly to send it c/o Bill Donaho. (Anyway, I'd just talked to Bill on the phone, and he'd said he'd received it.) Had good old Ray Nelson sent me some of my Treasured Possessions that I'd forgotten and left behind in Berkeley? Had my mother finally got that watch fixed and sent it out?

I went to the post office and was handed a package about 2" x 2" x 4". It was but the work of a moment to heft it lightly in my hand, note the size and shape, and say to myself, "Somebody has sent me another empty bheer can." It was really but the work of a moment.

The package was from Australia...from Mervyn Barrett. It had been forwarded from Berkeley. I tore it open, and there, neatly wrapped in a full-page newspaper ad for Parramatta's Finest Super Mart (where Allowrie hams in 2 lb. pear shape tins were only 19/6), was an empty bheer can. It was but the work of a moment for me to see that it was an empty bheer can, honest to God.

It was Foster's Lager, "brewed and canned by Carlton & United Breweries, Limited, Melbourne, Australia". All around the side of the can and even on top were scratched signatures of various Australian fans--John Foyster, Margaret Duce, Ian R. Steel, good old Mervyn Barrett, and one or two others whose names I couldn't decipher at all. There was also a letter enclosed with the package:

Please accept this fannish relic in the spirit in which it is offered. It is the first beer can that I have ever opened (beer comes sensibly packed in no-nonsense large bottles in New Zealand) and it was drained with full fannish ceremony by those whose names are scratched on to its enamelled hide (with the exception of John Foyster who doesn't drink and Margaret Duce who drinks gin) on the occasion of a get-together-and-record-a-tape-to-Alan-Dodd evening at my pad last night.

I realize that there must be many other and more important beer cans and so I would not dream of suggesting that this one be kept for that most honoured of positions at the top of your Tower but perhaps a spot in a not too inconspicuous place at about eye level and near the base.....

Mervyn

I was touched. I assure you, I really was. Here these fine people in far off exotic Australia had got together with a batch of potables, and they had actually stopped to think of me. They had sent me a memento of their evening. I was touched, I tell you.

Of course, they were under a misapprehension. That Tower To The Moon Of Empty Bheercans which we in the Bay Area used to be building (strictly in the interests of furthering the Race for Space, naturally...or, as Boucher once put it, Man's Unfaltering Urge To Get The Hell Off This Planet) is no more. No. As a matter of fact, it never existed, strictly speaking. (I exposed this whole thing a couple of years ago in my CRY column, when Arthur Thomson sent me an empty bheer can from London and I had to go down to the post office on a blistering hot day to pick it up.) Oh, it's true that whenever we used to have bheerbhusts we would usually stack our empties in a triangular tower off in some corner...or at least Gene Vasquez would. But it was never seriously intended as a real Tower to the Moon...for one thing, Jim Davis always came by sometime during the evening and kicked the Tower over.

We were never serious about it; it was just a model Tower to the Moon. Once or twice one of us would go over and peer at the thing and mutter something about Hieronymous Towers, it is true, but that's all. That was the extent of it. (Once we were quite shaken when Dave Rike noticed that the Tower was actually sticky, but it turned out that Ron Ellick had spilled some root beer on it.)

But it's the thought that counts, Mervyn, and I surely do appreciate that you people thought of me, way down there in Australia. It warms the cockles of my goddam heart, it does. In fact, I think I'll speak to Ted White about actually constructing a Tower here in New York; he might like the idea.

If he suggests a Tower to the Moon of Empty Pepsi Bottles I'm going to hit him over the head, though.

I MISSED OUT ON A HUGO THIS YEAR, by ghod, and I didn't even notice. FANAC was nominated again for the fanzine Hugo (and since the period of contention was 1960, I would have had a share in the Hugo if it had gone to FANAC), but I was so sure right from the start that HABARKKUK would get it that I didn't even get worked up when I was waiting for news from the Seacon. As a matter of fact, when I heard that WHO KILLED SF? had won the award my immediate reaction was to sit down and send Donaho a card saying "You was robbed".

I wasn't really too concerned about that Hugo this year anyway. I've written in the past about how badly Ron Ellick and I wanted another Hugo for FANAC, so that each of us could have one--but that situation no longer exists. We do not especially want another Hugo; no. (Well, if someone were to call us to the podium at the awards presentation and press a Hugo on us we wouldn't be cloddish about it, of course.) Ron and I have evolved an alternate plan for the disposition of the single Hugo that FANAC has, and it is a thing of egoboo and a joy forever.

We have separate custody of the Hugo, you see--Ron keeps it for awhile and then passes it back to me and I keep it for awhile. This is the way it's been ever since we got it, and I must admit that on the face of it this modus operandi seems like nothing but the compromise that it is. Ah, but we have gone beyond the simple and basic. Our fine minds have devised a scheme for making a Good Thing out of this necessary compromise.

The basic plan remains the same: Ron has custody of the Hugo half the time and I have it the other half. But one day it occurred to us that now that I'm on the east coast Ron and I will probably only see each other at conventions. Hence, the passing back and forth of the Hugo will have to be done at these conventions. This is a perfect setup for perpetuating our own egoboo for years and years to come.

We have decided that each time, instead of simply handing the Hugo to the other person, we are going to make a full-scale presentation

of it. Whoever had it last will stand up at the largest room-party we can find and, cradling the Hugo lovingly but unostentatiously in the crook of his arm, will deliver a long speech on the vast and dreadfully important contributions made by the other to the publishing of FANAC, the stabilizing and sensitive guidance of fandom, and the cause of world culture. He will wax eloquent about the tremendous store of talent and unstinting energy poured into the publication of FANAC. (There is an opportunity here for getting in a little self-egoboo, too: it involves such casual phrases as "...no one knows better than I..." and "...working side by side with me...") At the end of this oration he will with a flourish present the FANAC Hugo to the other party, amid great swells of applause and cheers and whistles and stomping of feet.

Ah, it will be glorious. And as I say, this will take place every year...back and forth between us. Year by year we will become more polished in our presentation speeches; golden words will roll from our tongues, egoboo drip from our lips in a steady stream. (Sounds rather slobbish, doesn't it?) Each year at the world convention the FANAC Hugo will be presented thus.

Eventually, we assume, this ceremony will become a tradition, as integral a part of the fan scene as the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace is to London. The Presentation of the FANAC Hugo...ah, what a fine tradition!

Ron, don't forget to bring the damned thing to Chicago.

THE DECEMBER ISSUE of this fabulous fanzine will be out in December, as scheduled, but so far we have only 26 pages of stuff in our gigantic air-conditioned chrome and plastic files. This issue, in order to be properly presented to fandom's jaded eyes, has got to have at least 30 pages, so why don't some of you who are literate enough to write, write and send your puling efforts in here. You may think it stinks, all fandom, not to mention the First thru Ninth Fandoms, may think it stinks, but there are no literary standards at QWERTYUIOPress and we'll use your stuff. Robert A. Heinlein got a hyper novelette thrown right back in his face with the laconic comment, "Too good". John Campbell Jr. asked if he might write something to help but I haven't answered his letter and I don't intend to. The standards of this mag are not going to be raised while I have anything to say about the matter. Spoil the reader, as I will sometimes orate to my coeditors, and you have gotten yourself an Old Man Of The Sea. The readers begin to expect good stuff and you knock yourself out trying to supply it to them and who appreciates it? Your nurse might seem to, but then, she's supposed to be pleasant to everybody.

-terry carr

+++++

LETTERS

GARY DEINDORFER

You are Very Funny Guys. Whenever I receive a fanzine from Very Funny Guys, I write a letter of comment right away. Sometimes, when I am particularly impressed by a fanzine from Very Funny Guys, I even send material which I hope the Very Funny Guys will print. Then I can say I have had stuff printed in the fanzine of Very Funny Guys. Christ, that is always a very wonderful thing to be able to say.

The best thing in your V#26 is tgc's column. It outclasses every-goddamn-thing else, fellas. There is something about tgc's style which I have always found immensely, intensely funny. More from your new co-editor, please. (As a sort of example of how funny your man is, I remember tgc writing in INN #8, I think, on a jazz movie thing, with fans portraying the musicians, and it went like, sort of, "Yes, Ron Ellik as Bix Beiderbecke." And there was a long pause, and then Dave [or somebody like that] said, with a very earnest expression on his face, 'And Ray C. Higgs as Guy Lombardo!'" Anyway, I hope that that excerpt will serve to give you guys some idea of the immense talent of that new co-editor which you have acquired. Don't pull rank on this man.) ((Well, in the first place, the whole schtick was attributed in that editorial to Carl Brandon. In the second place--and mainly--the whole schtick was actually dreamed up by Pete Graham, who is also a co-editor who should never be pulled rank on. -tgc!)

Les Nirenberg's pages are very good. I particularly consider his "gafia" to be very, very illustrative of the meaning and--better--of all the rampant connotations of the word. And I offer these for Les to work on for the next issue: Fakefan, N3Fer, Fringefan, Fanac, Trufan.

As for the written material in VOID, it is generally very good. However, I lean more towards the type of fanzine material typified by poetry by John Pesta, articles on the death and/or pregnancy

of science-fiction by Ed Wood, and little magazine stories by John Mussells, with maybe an editorial by Art Hayes (on how he writes 15,000 letters a year), and letters by the Reverend C. M. Moorehead and Betty Kujawa. (And, to get back to artwork, drawings by Barbi Johnson and NOTT, and a cover of a nymphomaniac hassock as drawn by Robert Ernest Gilbert.) This, to me, would be the ideal issue of a fanzine. However, since this kind are very rare, I will say again, VOID has some damn good faanish material, by God.

Harry Warner again turns in a well-written, evocative and informative article in his series of nostalgia. I like nostalgia, when it is done like this. And, whilst I am in the mood, I'll do for you an "All Our Yesterdays" which you may print in the event HW doesn't come through some issue:

"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 THE SICK ELEPHANT, have heard much about it, and are determined someday to put your very own eyetracks on the famed Wells fanzine. It is hectographed in illegible but consistent style on a poor grade of paper that is turning black from the edges inward, even though my copy has been kept in a box in my cellar down through the years. There are no covers (or at least they don't look like covers) and there are some typing errors and numerous strikeovers (many of the strikeovers even being errors). But all these dreary details are forgotten, after you've plowed through the rather tiresome four page preamble, and immerse yourself in the bacover."

There's more to this; you just give the word, and It Shall Be Sent.

I am collecting a list of things which, when done, are considered Inherently Faaanish. One of these is to have a Physical Thing which can be commented upon ad infinitum by fans in your own and other fanzines. Usually that thing is most conveniently a beard, particularly a hip one with small ears. However, my parents won't let me grow a beard, so I am for the same purpose cultivating a Clubfoot. Please make copious references to it in VOID.

Benford's comments on ISFCC: hahahahaha. I know N3F well from Old Days, and like every other damned Original I am preparing an article on my experiences. I know Seth Johnson the best of all those people mentioned. Greg's comments on Seth are beautiful. By Christ, I fell off my chair when I read about Seth and his ice-cream wagon, because, by all that is Holy, this was all he ever talked about. Johnson is also one of these bhoys who boast of the size of their correspondence the way other people boast of their sexual prowess.

ll De Cou Dr.,
Morrisville, Pennsylvania,

REDD BOGGS

J. Wesley Trufan was tremendous. Poor George Willick has been absorbing an astonishing number of blows in the coccyx over his fan awards project; perhaps it would be seemly to call time and allow him to apply salve to his hurts. (The story of this act of Christian compassion may someday be told under the title "Willick Discovers Arnica".)

Harry Warner's copy of AH! SWEET IDIOCY! is evidently in better shape than mine. I crudely bound my copy in brief covers, doing an incredibly botchy job for some reason. I lent this copy to several fans and somebody seems to have eaten his lunch on the title page. Ah well. As for the influence of T. Bruce Yerke on ftl, I had the same thought myself, after reading MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS FAN, in a copy purchased from Towner himself about 1948. Towner agreed that Yerke was the greatest influence on his writings in both style and content. He also said Burbee influenced him greatly, and pointed out a few other influences, more obscure, which I have forgotten. Yerke's SUPERFLUOUS FAN is an impressive fragment, but whenever I think of Yerke I remember ftl's description of how Yerke terrified LASFSers with his wild pranks, such as setting fire to the newspaper under which some fan or other was taking a peaceful snooze. That one anecdote looms above the whole corpus of Yerke's own writings.

Letter departments: I sometimes use "fugg-head" and "faunch" in mundane conversation, and recall once replying to a query what I thought of somebody or other with "He turned out to be a prime fugghead" in the exact intonation of Burbee's remark (about a wellknown pro) on "Sneary at Bay" (1950), a wirecording I have available on tape and often listen to. Come to think of it, this puts me one-up on you Burbee-quoters. You mimic Burbee's words, but how often do you mimic his exact delivery of those classic phrases? ((Every now and then, I guess--whenever the original intonation seems appropriate. I can say "Well, Meyer, you may be right" in the correct intonation, for instance. -tgc))

I can also say "Right!" in the exact way that ftl used to do it. You didn't realize how talented I am, did you? ((Right! -tgc))

I'm glad to have met you and Sylvia and your son Andy Main, but sorry to learn you don't know anything about music, Ted. Of course I don't want to learn anything about music anyway. I'm far more interested in frozen

foods. Know any authority I can consult?

Pete may be correct about the origin of the term "kook," for all I know, but Dictionary of American Slang says nothing about its being a Jewish term, though they identify a good many terms as such or as pseudo-Jewish terms ("goniff," "schlupp," "schlemazel," etc.). Actually, they're from Yiddish; is that what Pete means? If "kook" is a term 200 years old, it probably couldn't be Yiddish, a dialect probably--I'd guess--somewhat younger than two millennia. ((Avram Davidson, with whom we conferred on the matter, confirms your guess as to the antiquity of Yiddish, and says he doesn't know of "kook" as a Jewish term. I think maybe Pete was putting Ted on... -tgc))

[2209 Highland Pl. N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota]

STEVE STILES

I'm quite happy to see Terry here in VOID, and in this city--it will really alter N.Y.'s Image. I imagine that Buck Coulson will look on the whole thing negatively, though.

The interior artwork was good as usual, with the exception of the Peterson illustration on pg. 10; it should've been ruthlessly eliminated and replaced with either a Dave English or Barbi Johnson illo--that way you could've pleased at least one group. Reiss was grossly appreciated as usual too, dammit. But I was really receptive to Nirenberg's small portfolio. This was probably derived from something I've been seeing in PLAYBOY, and I'd like to see more of it. ((No, I think it's derived from Saul Steinberg's stuff in the NEW YORKER. -tgc))

[1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y.]

GREG BENFORD HIMSELF

Note that I outrank all of you coeditors since I created this fanzine out of a bit of mud and a hank of hair and therefore hold 51% of the stock. Therefore next major editorial issue that comes up one of you run out here and ask me. You can even stay overnight if you like.

Do you realize

VOID is becoming a BNF zine? Only BNFs (except for Lynch & Nirenberg & Graham & Benford) can appear, apparently.

Did I ever write about Nameless W. Nameless's turning queer after we ran him out of the Dallas Futurian Society? Perhaps I'd better not, at that.

[204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Okla.]

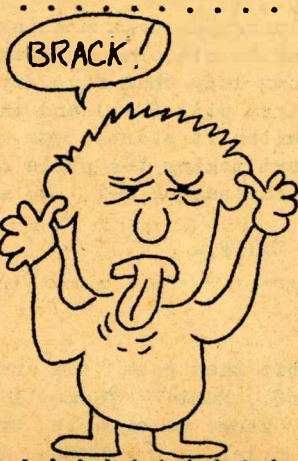
SCOTTY TAPSCOTT

I'm certain that this can't go on forever; eventually you'll reach a saturation point and have to set up a VOID Editorial Staff Waiting List.

By the bye, it might be well to conscript somebody to the ed staff who can spell "Nirenberg". Or am I missing out on something terribly esoteric? I enjoyed the...shall I call them "cartoons"? Too much. LesNi is one of the most perceptive and enjoyable personalities to descend upon fandom in many a moon...and this should be heady egoboo, coming from a rank neo such as me. ((Les, take a bow...I think. -tgc))

[1147 1/2 Fairview Ave. N.,

Seattle 9, Washington]



LES NUREMBERG

INGRATES!

INFIDELS!

DESPOILERS!

CADS!

DIRTY GUYS!

...you spelled my name wrong...

not only is it wrong, but it is wrong in LARGE BOLD LETTERS!

((We hoped you wouldn't notice. -tw))

[1217 Weston Rd.,

Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada]

DEAN A. GRENNELL

I've frequently included fanisms in the gun magazines, ie, faunch and grotch and so forth. I've noted no sign that they're taking the country by storm, nor even gunfandom as yet. Gunfandom, by the way, has certain corollaries with Our World. It has its BNFs (I'm not one) and its cons (I've never been to one so can't say if they hurl beer cans from windows...nor even if they douse each other with waterpistols) and letterhacks--but no fanzines as we know the phenomenon...true, some people send around mimeo'd lists of guns they want to sell and Gil Hebard, a dealer in Illinois, sends out bargain lists with some rather salty interlineations (many of which we'd never dare publish in our zines except for those of us who adore dangerous living).

I read Art Rapp's review of SOME OF YOUR BLOOD in #25 with considerable interest, having had a bash at reviewing the same book in THE GOLDEN APPLE (I concede Rapp the honors). Psychiatric Pstories are nothing very new: Hollywood had a rash of movies around 1945 or so, mostly starring Ingrid Bergman, and I've never been convinced that THE FIFTY MINUTE HOUR wasn't at least adulterated with fiction.

By the way, much of the plot-armature from THE FIFTY MINUTE HOUR got carried over into BLINDFOLD, by Lucille Fletcher (Bantam #A2248). This is a good yarn; one that really throws the hooks into you and won't let go. They have this scientist, see, who is Teddibly, Teddibly Vital to the Defense Effo't, and the trouble is, he's gone deep-kook. So they approach this cove, Dr. Richard Fenton...only the greatest psych-doc in the world...and they talk him into letting himself get spirited off to someplace in the boondocks to interview this kook, only they got a canvas stretched across between them so he can't see the patient and the conversation is strained between microphones and there's a censor who is standing by a buzzer button ready to jam the air if the conversation starts to touch on critical areas and...well, it sounds silly as hell but you'd be surprised what a grabby book La Fletcher makes of it. Oddly, the general tone of the book does not sound like the writing of a woman except for perhaps a couple of scattered instances such as the place where she has the Good Doctor skiffing the spark-plugs from the villain's car with a pair of pliers...it's a Buick and I venture Lucy never tried to get the plugs out of a Buick with a pair of pliers.

Despite the boxcheck, I doubt if my name is mentioned in #26...I challenge that statement!

[402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin]

SETH JOHNSON

I think I prefer YANDRO type art to the type you've been using in VOID. Seems rather childish and neoish to me somehow. But then perhaps that's the very effect you're striving for.

That coffee shop of Benford's sounds interesting at that, although I can't say I would appreciate things like cinnamon in coffee. Sounds like those long haired spittoon philosophers clubs they used to have in Greenwich Village before WWII.

Is that story by Marion Bradley a true story or just fiction? Sounds realistic to be sure and I'm just wondering.

Hope future issues will have less cartoon filler and more reading-matter. Why not contact Bjo though, and she might get some of the N3F artists to help you out.

Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey]

DAVE RIKE

I'll have to take a rain cheque on that editorship of VOID since I'm busily occupied in a scientific experiment of lasting importance...a passionate young lady and I are testing Envoid oral contraceptives. I am busily drawing up charts and calendars, all to remind this young lady that five days after the beginning of her menstrual period (M-5) is the day to take her first pill (P-1) and that M-24 is the last day that she takes a pill (P-20) until after her period (after it starts, she has to start counting, M-1, M-2 all over again) or after M-31, when she has to start taking the pills once again, even if there has been no period, counting, tho from M-5 and so on, instead of M-1. We are totally devoted to the Cause of Science.

[75 Waller St., San Francisco 2, Calif.]

LES SAMPLE

You are damned sneaks! Right there on the outside of VOID #26, under the bit that goes "You are receiving thish because:," there is a line which says, "Your name is mentioned...hunt!" There is, next to that line (on the left), a small circle. In that circle is a checkmark, made, presumably, by a ballpoint pen. Taking said checkmark to mean that I might find my name in print, I forthwith and immediately read VOID from cover to cover, eagerly scanning every page in ecstatic expectation. Fie on you! You lie! Other than the mailing label, I find no possible reference to myself, save possibly

the line directly under the one checked, to wit, "This is a sample copy and--"

Greg Benford: The ISFCC is still kicking around...about 40 members, but not much activity to speak of. During elections (chuckle!) this spring, those few members who volunteered to run for office, I among them, met no opposition, and Clay Hamlin, the president, declared us officially in office without any voting ever taking place.

An ISFCC apa has been proposed, with constitution, etc., already drawn up, but I don't know if even that will bring the club out of its lethargic state. I somehow doubt it.

RA 14737569,

Med. Det. (3416), Valley Forge General Hosp., Phoenixville, Pennsylvania,

ROY TACKETT

I do think that Terry's suggestion of adding more coeditors has some merit. Just think of what the final glorious results would be. It would take a bit of time to get it all done, of course, but if you added 10 or 15 new coeditors each month then by 1964 you should have most of fandom included. Well, most of fanzine fandom anyway. By 1964 you might have something in the vicinity of 500 coeditors. Since each coeditor would write about a two-page editorial you would be publishing a fanzine which ran to 1,000 pages per month plus outside material. Not that there would be much outside material, of course, since all of the fan-writers would be busy turning out the coeditorials.

You would have clear sailing at Hugo time since all other fmz would fold once the publishers became coeditors of VOID. Picture the scene in LA in '64 when Trimble gets up to announce the Hugo winner. "For the first time in history we have a unanimous vote. The winner is VOID. Will an editor of VOID step forward to receive the award?" The entire assembly surges to its collective feet and storms the platform. Gad. What a sight! What chaos! What slaughter!

Ummm, I do seem to recall a chubby-cheeked youngster named Terry Carr in the GGFS circa 1951. Oh, he was an eager lad filled with fire and enthusiasm and sense of wonder. Yes. ((Yes. Was it you to whom I bumbled on for ten minutes about my first published letter in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES? -tgc)) Just out of curiosity, Terry, what happened to the rest of the people who knocked about the GGFS at that time? People like Knapheide (shudder) and Plum (gasp) and all the rest? Ah, memories of the GGFS. It certainly is a wonderful thing. ((Last I heard of Knapheide he'd gone off into some microscopic splinter-group of a completely nutty far-left faction. Dave Rike runs into him occasionally, I think...Dave, can you give us a progress report on this Fabulous Fannish Legend? I don't know whatever happened to Claude Plum. By the way, Agnes Rundle--who has a different last name now; I forget what--turned up in fandom again at the 1959 Westercon in Seattle, and shortly thereafter wrote me a letter about how she was moving back to San Francisco and wanted to get active again. She never showed up, though. -tgc))

Gee, Ted White,

Libertine and Lecher, I enjoyed your deadly serious editorial. As one of the more serious types of fans it is always a pleasure for me to read editorials which show that the coeditor is thinking deep and seriously concerned with life and the world and the state of the nation. What I mean is that all Terry and Pete did in their columns was to talk about each other. Just chitter-chatter. But, by golly, Ted White, you showed them how to write a deadly serious editorial. Did you just talk about Terry and Pete? No, sir. You were deadly serious. You talked about Bhob Stewart.

I hope you've managed to get Harry Warner's leg behind his head and are twisting hard to ensure future contributions of "All Our Yesterdays". This is excellent fan history and Harry does an excellent job of bringing yesterday back to life without getting bogged down in nostalgia.

MSgt L.H. Tackett, USMC, H&HS-1

(Comm), MWHG-1, 1stMAW, FMFPac, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.]

CHUCK DEVINE

Actually, Greg, the ISFCC has made great strides forward since you were president. I don't know how long ago you were in the club, but things have changed. Now I'll admit that the ISFCC has a pretty loose political setup. We held elections not too long ago. I was elected Official Editor for the very reasonable reason that I was the only person in the club at the time with access to a duper (the TWIG Azograph).

The club has been growing steadily over the past 10 months. Of course, membership will take a slump pretty soon, since a third of the membership neglected to pay their dues, but we don't let little things like that bother us.

I've been in the club for a year or so now, and I've never heard of anything like what Greg says our purposes are supposed to be. Clay Hamlin (the pres) has practically started the club over with a bunch of us enthusiastic neo-types. Maybe we won't turn out to be any more successful than the club was in the first try, but we're having a hell of a lot of fun trying.

By the way, who is Terry Carr? 922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho,

LYNN HICKMAN

The cartoon on page 3 of V26 should easily go down as the best of the year. Terrific! ## I can't enjoy Greg Benford feeling he always has to dig at someone in his editorials and make fun of them. This time he picks the ISFCC and Racy Higgs. Sure, many years ago I too was President of that club. At the time it was fun. Racy Higgs has been in fandom a long time. I first met him at a con in 1949. If he still enjoys the club, more power to him, don't hold him up to ridicule for fanning the way he enjoys it. And why poke fun at clubs? Perhaps for you and me they aren't fun, but to a lot of fans they are! ((Why criticise Greg 's editorials? Perhaps you don't enjoy them, but many do! -tw)) [224 Dement Ave., Dixon, Ill.]

LARRY MCCOMES

Terry's discussion of his pet phrase "It certainly is..." reminds me of an occasion on which we took up someone's favorite remark and drove him near insane with it. It all happened on a geology field trip a few summers back, when about a dozen Caltech geologists spent five weeks living at a dude ranch in the Arizona desert, working like hell in the daytime but having a life of nearly fannish bliss in the evenings. One little fellow from Texas had a rather squeaky voice and a marvelous accent which were naturals for imitation. After a few days it became apparent that his stock reply to most any new or annoying situation was "God damn!" However, as rendered by his accent, it became a four-syllable expression of marvelous value as a carrier of emotion. I can only attempt to render it phonetically as "Gaw-ud Daa-un!" but that is hopelessly inadequate.

At any rate, this expression was soon being echoed back at him about five times as often as he used it, and in a few weeks his use of the phrase had been reduced to a negligible amount and he began to wear a certain harried look whenever anyone looked as if they were about to say it. But shortly thereafter he was saved by the advent of a new phrase--it was picked up from a small Mexican boy on one of the weekend rum-running trips to Mexico. It too must be rendered phonetically, something like this: "Bool sheet!"

Ah, that rarest of items--a review that makes me want to read the item being reviewed. Thanks, Harry, for the suggestion; I'll read AH! SWEET IDIOCY! first chance I get. From the somewhat biased position of LA fandom, I'd gathered without ever hearing it said in so many words that the Laney memoirs were just so much bitter and venomous drivel. ((Beginning shortly, selected portions of AH! SWEET IDIOCY! will be reprinted in VOID. -tw))

Hey, Greg Benford. Watch that brother of yours. My "little" sister has been sneakily getting older while I've been away at college, and when I went home recently I discovered she was a good-looking young lady of admirable talents in many fields including writing. And I made the mistake of giving her a few fanzines. Now, every once in a while, I see her name in some fanzine, and I wonder ... What wild fanac is she carrying on in some fan-nish circles that I don't inhabit? Someday, when at long last I have struggled to fannish fame and glory, will it be only to discover her there to greet me? How do you know your brother isn't Raeburn and Willis and Tucker? Hmm? ((Well, at least Greg's brother has not turned overnight into a good-looking young lady of admirable talents... -tw)) [147 Bradley St., New Haven, Conn.]

GEORGE WILLOCK

The cover blast got a point across that all the verbal criticism could not. Funny and fruitful...you bear fruit, often? ## Either VOID is getting better or I'm getting worse. [no address on card]

WE ALSO HEARD FROM Boyd Raeburn, Gregg Calkins, Phil Herrell, Gordon Eklund, Bob Lichtman, Ethel Lindsay, Rick Sneary, Alva Rogers, Ruth Berman, Geo. Metzger, Ted Forsyth, & maybe others. Some will appear nextish.

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Richard Bergeron
110 Bank St.
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