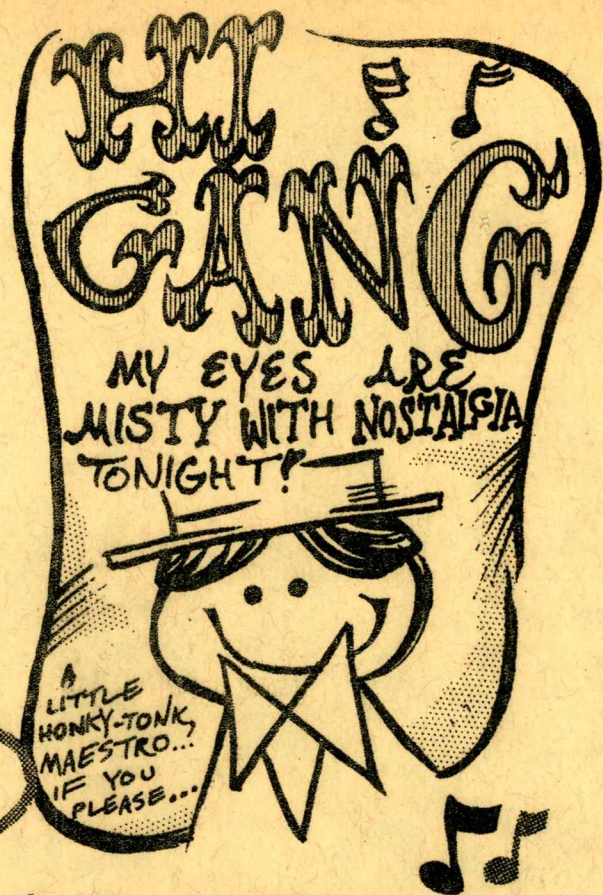


28

FEB. 1962

VOID

GALA 1ST UNANNISH



WHEN TUCKER DIED EVERY YEAR?
WHEN ALL FANDOM WAS PLUNGED INTO THE GREAT STAPLE WAR?

WHO TODAY MOUTHS HIS CIGAR LIKE A LONG-LOST FRIEND?

WHO REMEMBERS THE ROOSTER THAT WORE RED PANTS?

OR THE TIME

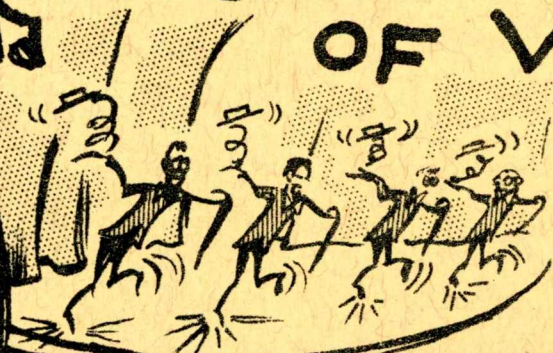
THE TIME...
THE TIME THE VOID BOYS PLAYED THE PALACE?



I'M TED! I'M TERRY! I'M PETE!
AND WE ARE THE VOID BOYS~



WE SING SONGS OF FANDOM...
HITTING OUT AT RANDOM...
FOR WE ARE ALL CO-EDITORS
OF VOID!!





TELL ME, MR. GRAHAM, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE VOID OFFICE AS A WHOLE?

..WELL, AS A HOLE IT'S FINE, BUT AS AN OFFICE...

THOUGHT SO!

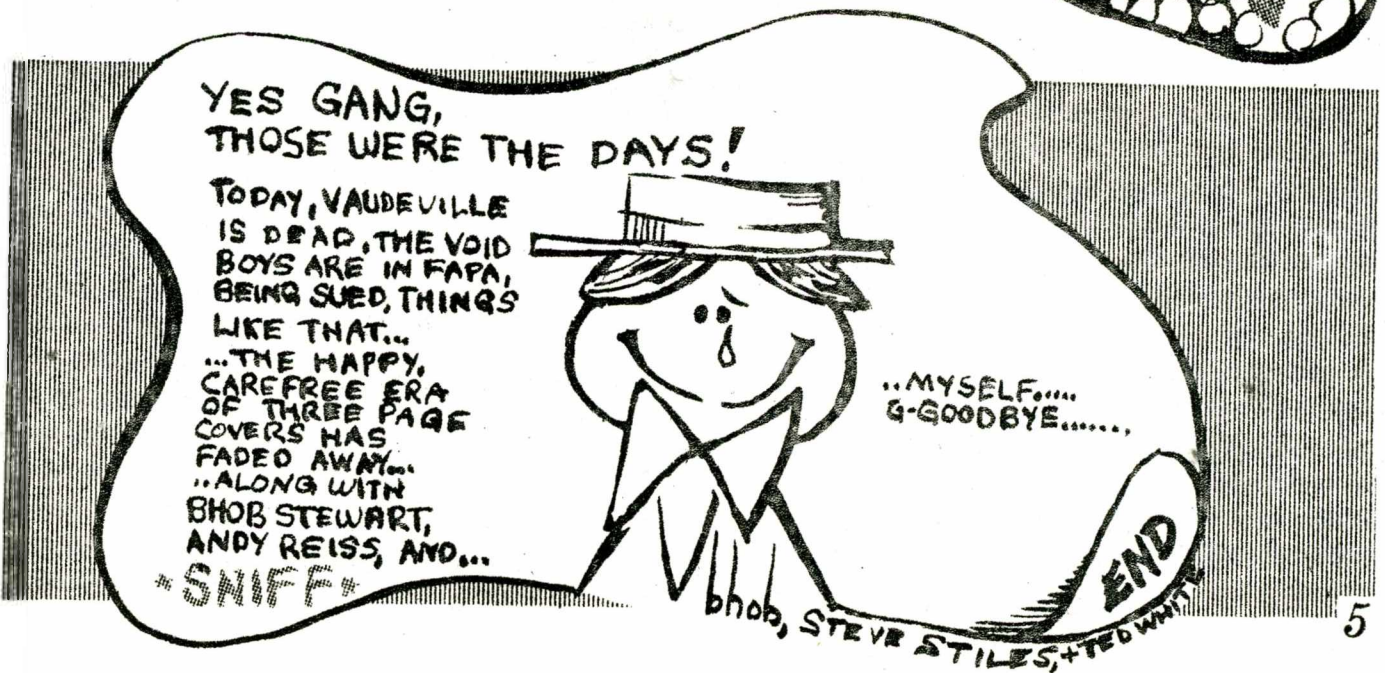
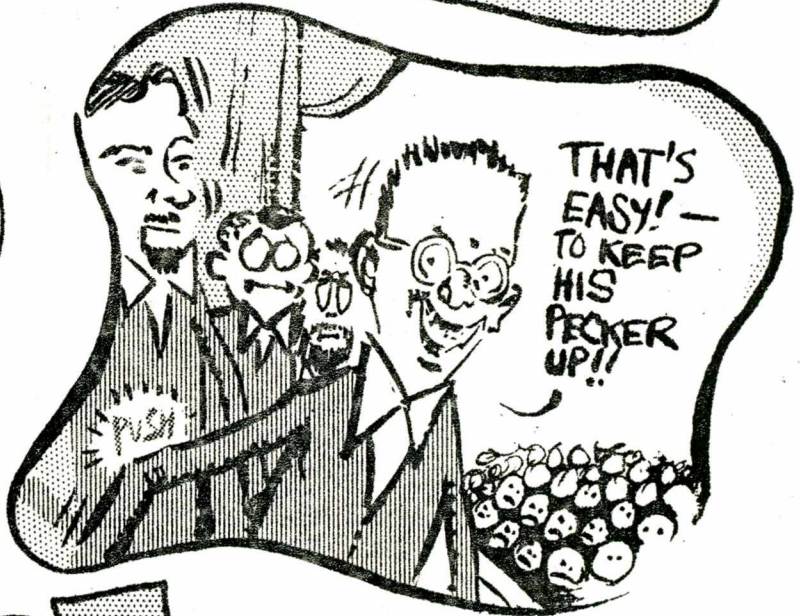
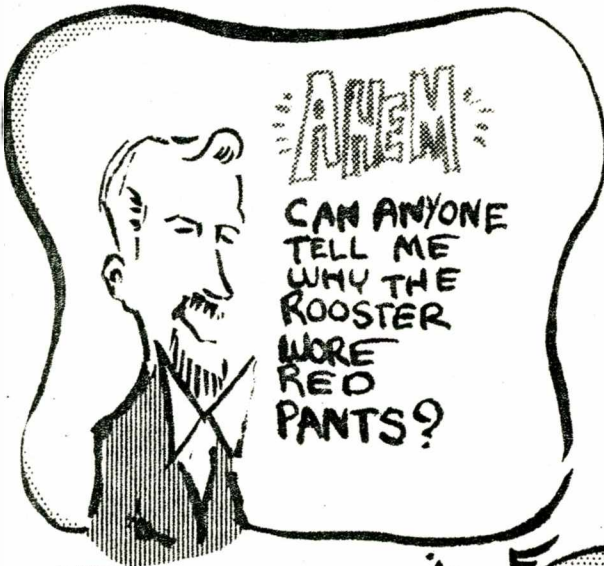
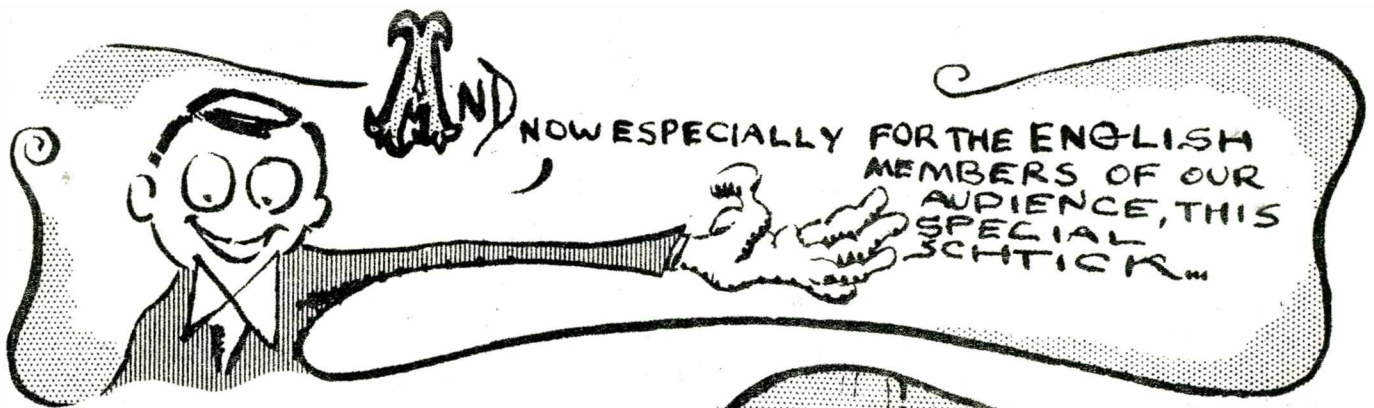
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I LET YOU RUN THE QWERTYUIOPRESS?

TED, TED!! NO BITCHING, PLEASE!

I DON'T KNOW, TED, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MIMEO INK AND HORSE MANURE?

TELL ME, PETE — WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MIMEO INK & HORSE MANURE?

OH, I'M SORRY--I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS PART OF THE ACT...



TED WHITE:

SO NOW WHAT DO WE DO
NOW THAT WE'RE
"PEPSI-BROTHERS"
MR. WHITE?



gambit 46

us twenty years from now, however... Anyway, fans are fad-conscious, as I said, and it has always irritated me slightly to hear fans parroting phrases or words from the latest fad in books or stories.

Mind you, I'm not referring to an occasional word which an author invents that makes good sense in conversation. I'm not rebelling against the notion that an author can enrich the language now and then. What bugs me is the wholesale adoption of a book or author or work or something by a clique or group of fans who immediately so deluge the rest of fandom with phrases and allusions from the New Book and succeed mostly in turning the rest of us off. For a while there it was Tolkien, and a fugghead was an "orc," disliked mundane authorities (like the Postmaster General) were "legions of Sauron," an industrial smog was "the cloud over Mordor," and much loathsome etcetera. (A lot of us were probably dissuaded for some time by the actions of these faddists--Mal Ashworth, among others, has remarked that he read Lord of the Rings in spite of the enthusiasm rampant...) More recently it's been Silverlock. Now the word is "grok" and Stranger is in style.

Pardon me while I quietly puke.

So a correspondent advises me that some fans are setting up a religion centered around "water brotherhood," while a couple of femmefen have

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gathered their own adolescent male coteries of "water brothers," various other adolescents are calling themselves and their correspondents "water brothers", and so on and so on and...

Friends, let's just for a moment examine the phrase being so neatly mangled by these Trend Setters... The "water brotherhood" is one of Heinlein's best worked-out concepts, and is presented explicitly in Stranger after a couple of previous previews. "Water brothers" become so by sharing water, but only because the thing originated on Mars, where water is the most precious need of life. To share water is to share anything and everything. "Mine is yours," and like that.

On Earth, once the "water brotherhood" is set up and formalized, it means a total sharing of possessions, and a complete sharing of bodies. Now I don't want to be vulgar, but, kids, "water brothers" share the same bed. You dig, they have sex. According to Heinlein, in fact, they have sex most all the time. Heinlein skirts the question of what if the "water brothers" are both the same sex (although this does not prevent a good deal of kissing between such "brothers"), but he asserts that once you're in the "brotherhood" you can sample any stew in the pot, with or without company or sight-seers.

Somehow, I can't see the inhibited, frustrated, emotionally hung-up fans who're making such a big thing out of "water brothers" really participating in this scene except in their wet-dreams. Somehow I doubt if they really mean it when they say they're "water brothers". Like, if I became your "water brother," buddy, could I lay your wife or girlfriend? (Don't ask me about mine--I'm questioning your beliefs and not vice-versa, and anyway my wife is not chattel; she has a mind of her own.) And you there, the cute femmefan over in the corner, blushing; at the next con, if I offer you a drink, can we spend the night together?

No? Then let's not pretend to be something we aren't. If the thing doesn't mean enough to you that you'd seriously "take the pledge" and go whole hog with your "water Brother(s)", sharing not only sex but your possessions, money, opportunities, and everything which means something to you, let's cool all this phoney "water brothers" crap and use words with more exact meanings, like "friend," "mountain mover," "pen-pal" or somesuch.

Heinlein came up with a form of society which could be a damn good thing, if wholeheartedly and sincerely subscribed to. But it has nothing to do with the adolescent and sophomoric use currently being made of his key phrase, "water brother."

You grok?

THE PHILLYCON this year was a gas. The official program was so-so (although I dug Sturgeon), but there were many enchanting side-lights which more than made up for this.

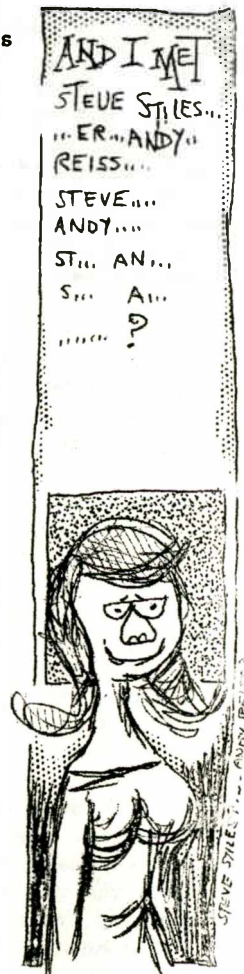
For instance, Sam Moskowitz did his marvelous stand-up cabaret act. This time he featured a wry wit and deft understatement. One of his biggest laugh-getters was to introduce Larry & Noreen Shaw as "Larry Shaw and Noreen Falasca." "Wow, gang," Sam said, "here's Larry Shaw, editor of INFINITY, and with him, from Cleveland, Noreen Falasca. Making a weekend of it, folks?" I didn't quite catch the expression on Larry's face, but Noreen seemed to be a little ill...no doubt due to all the excitement and being seven months pregnant. But the rest of us sure broke up and howled at that one, folks! (Coming after this, Sam's introduction of Jerry Page as "editor of PSI-PHI" was a bit anti-climactic. Sam still needs to work on his pacing, but his delivery is picking up...)

Then there were the fabulous doorprizes at the Kolchak Party. Boy were they great. Les Gerber got a loving cup labelled "World's Greatest Big-Mouth." Ed Meskys got the male equivalent of a chastity belt. Sylvia got the female version. She also got a mascot who lapped at her heels, named Mr. Kolchak. It must've taken him much doing for him to pry himself away from his Playmate Room...

And then there was the dinner in a nearby restaurant where Peggy McKnight joined Les Gerber, Andy Main Steve Stiles, Sylvia and myself. Poor Peggy could not figure out who Steve was, although we gave her hints. "He's an artist," we said. "And he's from New York." "Oh," said Peggy Rae McKnight, "then he must be Andy Reiss!" Peggy is a sweet young thing; it was not in our hearts to disillusion her.

Gary Deindorfer was there. It was his first con. "Hello there, Gary Deindorfer, you Funny Man you," I said to him. "What do you really think of Ornette Coleman?" Gary replied. I could see we would hit it off well. Mike Deckinger was there too. Perhaps five minutes after I gave him his copy of VOID 27 (which was then yet the October issue), Mike approached Gary, who was at that point outlining a comic strip for me to be called "Uncle Seth." "Did you do this cartoon on page nineteen, Gary?" asked Mike.

"Why yes, I did," said Gary. "You have Seth's ice-cream truck all wrong," said Mike, sincerely. "It's called 'Freddy's Ice Cream,' and it's more like a real truck," Mike said. I could see this meant a lot to Gary, so I drifted away. Ten minutes later I bumped into Mike Deckinger



again. He was making a counter-clockwise circuit of the room, in opposition to my own clockwise circuit. "I've been giving Gary a lot of great ideas for his new 'Uncle Seth' comic strip," said Mike. "I told him all about Seth's truck. It's really 'Freddy's Ice Cream', you know." "That's very interesting," I said, one ear cocked for the latest drollery to roll from Sam Moskowitz's nearby lips. It is just possible that I missed some of what Mike proceeded to tell me during the next five minutes. "...It's really a regular ice-cream truck," Mike said, as I returned my attention to him.

tainly is a wonderful thing," I replied.

"That certainly is a wonderful thing," I replied.
-Ted White

GREG BENFORD:

HAPPY BENFORD CLATTER

CLUTTER TIME: Every year when my desk becomes submerged in a sea of papers and it seems as though I'll be cut off from fandom by a wall of unfinished business, I make a valiant effort to restore order. This year I thought I would let fandom see the workings of a great mind as it struggles to surmount the morass of inefficiency which it has brought upon itself.

The pile is larger this year, though, because shortly after Pete Graham joined us I got the wonderful idea of writing down my casual thoughts on little bits and pieces of paper so they wouldn't be lost forever. Well, that's what I thought at the time. I have steadily collected all the interesting material I hear: ideas for editorials, comments on fanzines, humorous quotes (two of those, one stolen) and other things. Right here I have a slip of paper upon which is written, "Save ideas by writing them on slips of paper," which shows the usefulness of the system. There is an article which I began entitled "The Secret Master of Fandom". It concerns a nonentity in Dallas who thought he was a BNF because he got two or three fanzines a year and someone recognized him at the Sowestercon. It was going to be a pretty good article, but I note that the first paragraph has three words misspelled so I think I'll leave it.

Here is another note which says, "St. James have HABAKKUK vs. TPauls & FMBusby," which would probably make a pretty good article if I could understand it. There are two pages of calculations which I was supposed to show to a professor last year. When I opened the envelope containing them in his office, out fell a copy of FANFARONADE, ending the conference. Here is a postcard from someone asking for material, PLEASE!, since he is on a tight publishing schedule and has to get the zine out quick. Perhaps he's out of fandom by now, since his frequent fanzine hasn't shown here yet. There is another request for 25 copies of VOID to distribute to someone's local fan club. He is sure we will want to send them the fnz because here is a real chance to pick up some subscribers and some active club members on our mailing lists but don't we think that 25¢ a copy is a little too high? His club magazine (which is only distributed to the members) is only 10¢. Perhaps we can work out a trade basis or something, if we would like to sell the club magazine to fans we know; he says this way everyone will come out ahead. I wish I would stop getting letters like this. Everyone knows we coeditors are just columnists in Ted White's magazine and have no control over the zine, but perhaps this fact has eluded the searching gaze of the club secretary.

There's a questionnaire I've been saving in here too. It's not George Willick's; I filled that one out right away and forgot to mail it at least two months ago. This is a mundane questionnaire designed to Test Your Personality. Things like this take time to get used to; you have to fill out several before you really get the hang of it and know what to do and can fake the results. It's not a thing one can lightly take up overnight, like writing for fanzines, or give up overnight, like writing for fanzines. I have practiced on these though and I thought I would answer a few of them in the typical manner of a midwestern hyperactive fan in order to let the rest of you know what it is like to live in this cultural wasteland. "Do you occasionally feel ill at ease?" Typical Answer: No, to one who views time as one continuous scroll there are no troubled moments. "Are you ever lonely?" TA: Well, yes, but I know that all over the country there are people who are my friends or would be if I ever saw them, and this keeps me well. If I ever get lonely I can always take out my files of letters and talk to them.

I had some more written, but the rest is either illegible or too personal to be printed and pored over by all of fandom so I'll let it go. It might interest some of you to know that the questions were taken from typical examples culled from a wide sampling of data which is to say I made up most of them.

There's a note here about my visit with Ron Parker in August, but I don't think I'll write anything about it, since most of you probably don't know Ron. This is because he is not well known (or something like that). I was also going to finish an article about my recent trip to Dallas (well, it was recent when I wrote it). I talked to Tom Reamy, who may come back into fandom yet, and he told me about the recent exploits of the legendary figures there. He mentioned the night Dallas was plagued by a series of long-distance phone calls from Rich Koogle, who was in New Orleans, asking for money to come home from visiting fans down there. Gee, just like old times.

So I won't write that article either. This is the way I keep from overworking myself in fandom and becoming a burnt out cinder. All this desk cleaning allows me to get rid of most of the ideas I've had throughout the year, saving quite a bit of time that would have otherwise gone into writing them up into articles, which nobody else would read either because they're too busy writing their articles.

In case any of you want to relieve yourselves from incessant fan writing you can buy this idea from me for \$2 (postpaid).

A LETTER FROM RICH KOOGLE: I must say I never expected such a tremendous response to my editorial chatter about Dallas fandom. Why, at least two people have mentioned it already and the comments are not yet all in. Least of all, though, did I expect Richard A. Koogle himself to write a full half page of inspiring comments. Things like this make fandom worth while.

I haven't space here to quote in full from his lengthy criticism, but a few bits demand publication. Typical of the Koogle we all know is, "I have an autograph from 4e Ackerman that said that Ufa Reporter was the best zine since Star Rockets." There's another rare old Koogle typo, too: "I really did want those left over zines but dead Dad took me to New Mexico and you were all ready gone when I came back." Ah, but it is not all sweetness and light. Koogle observes sardonically, "I remember you said, 'Rich, fandom forgets easily. Why don't you go back into it?' I did come back to the fold--and what do I find? 'Fandom forgets if Greg Benford forgets'."

Write again, Rich.

-Greg Benford

THE QUICKSANDS OF QWERTYUIOP: VOID is such a carefully-put-together, neat fanzine (well, we like to think so) that it might surprise some of you if you knew the dreadful morass and melange of paper, notes, patched stencils, broken pencils, and just plain kipple that permeates the office in which it is produced. (It was Miriam Nameless who about a year ago figured out that the title of Ted Pauls' fanzine referred to a conglomeration of unthrown-away miscellanea; the word's application has since proven invaluable and credit should go where credit is due.) It is my firm belief that, were one to look at any typical Ted White fanzine and then be given a tour of Towner Hall/QWERTYUIOPress, that one would be unable to make the correlation between the neatness and order of the fanzine and its wildly disorganized source. In fact, one would be much more likely, given one look at Pete Graham's neat, tidy apartment in the slum-district of East Filth Street, to assume that such a neat fanzine would much more likely have been planned and produced there. This merely displays the uselessness of applying logic to fannish realities.

INN A
MIST

TERRY
CARR:



Around the office here we refer to the five-inch-thick covering of half-read fanzines, unfinished manuscripts, letters-of-comment, scribbled addresses, and--that word again--kipple which covers every available surface of every available desk, bench, and most chairs in terms of some amusement. That is, sometimes we do. I'll admit that there are times when, maybe faced with the frustration of finding the bottle of correction fluid when he needs it, Pete will shout, "For Chrissake, why doesn't someone clean up this CRAP?" but these are exceptions. For Pete Graham is a mild-mannered person.

So are we all, all mild-mannered persons. There is an unwritten rule at Towner Hall, and that is that whosoever puts anything down, anywhere, must be prepared to find it missing if he turns his back for even a moment. No sympathy is given to anyone who loses something around here; it's his own fault. He should have known better.

(continued on page 32)

BY TED WHITE

Stranger in a Strange Land; Put-
-nam; \$4.50; 408 pp.
6 H - Six Stories by Heinlein
Pyramid; 35¢; 191 pp.

I don't know about you, but I was lead to expect miracles by the advance reviews I read of Stranger... and 6 x H has been strictly a sleeper. I'd like to tell you why I think their roles should be reversed.

Stranger in a Strange Land is an interesting, but very uneven book. It attempts ideas and directions previously ignored by Heinlein, but I'm afraid that it is, nonetheless, a failure. Let's take a box score:

Failures:

1. Story
2. Characterization
3. Presentation of ideas
4. Scope of vocabulary

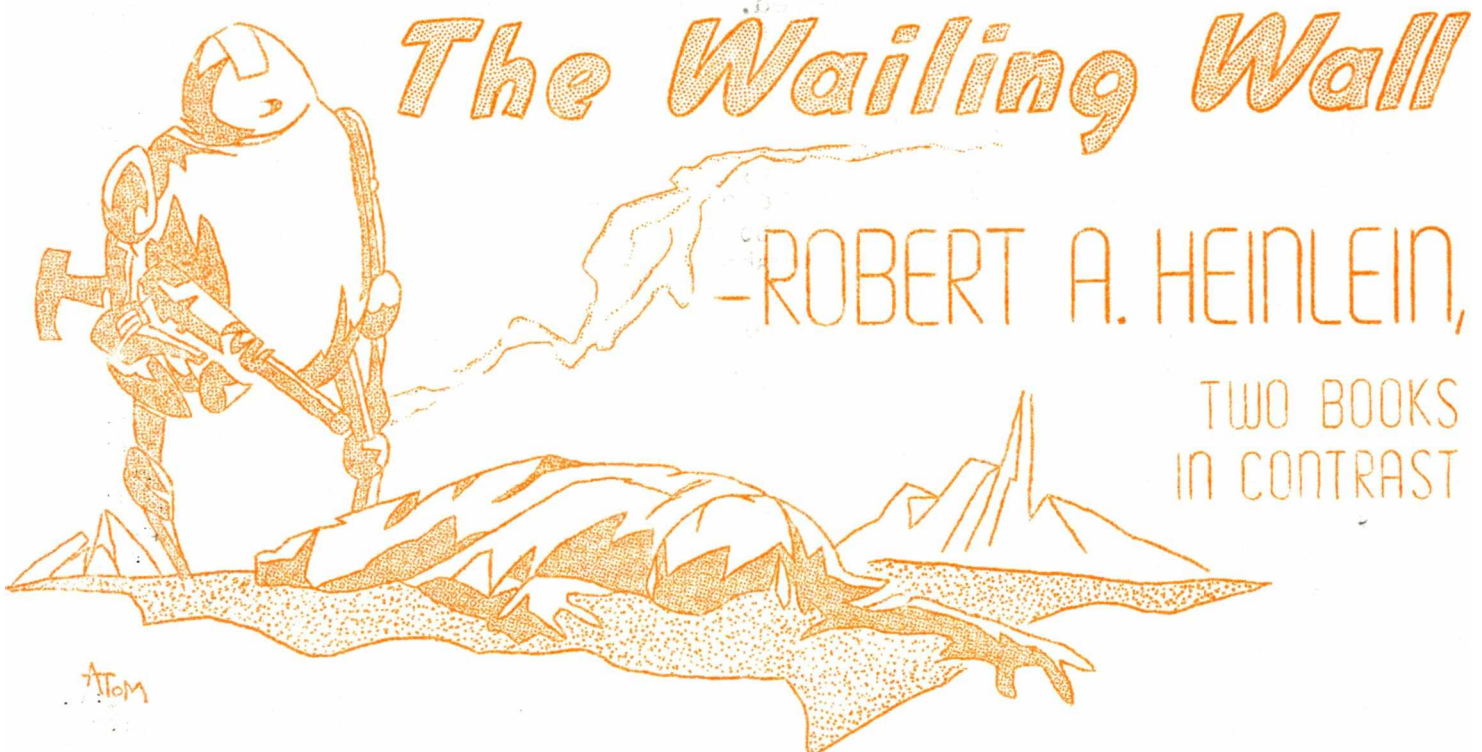
Successes:

1. Presentation of several incisive indictments against modern man and his society
2. Not much else

Let's run down each of these.

Story: Heinlein's greatest talent has always been that of a storyteller.

While he has occasionally told some pretty ill-plotted stories (most of them, like Beyond This Horizon, fairly early in his career), he has always managed to make--through sheer storytelling--his pieces come alive for the reader, and hold us entranced from start to finish. Carefully dissected, many Heinlein stories reveal rudimentary plots, but this is unnoticeable to the spellbound reader, whose identification with the story and involvement in it is such that he couldn't care less. It's a pleasure to reread most Heinlein (and recently I've been doing just that) because even though the plot may well be more familiar than the back of one's hand, the stories are fun to read. This is particularly observable in Heinlein's juveniles, where he has pared away the occasionally wordy



expositions on politics or science, all of the sex, and gotten right down to the bare essential of good story-telling. (For this reason, I've most enjoyed rereading his juvenovels.) Heinlein's stories, as a rule, have pace, good movement, and an ingenuous quality which holds the reader spell-bound--as good storytelling should.

Unfortunately Heinlein apparently decided to make Stranger "significant", a Book with a Message. And that Message gets down on its knees in front of the story, tripping it up completely. As though scornful of his storytelling powers, Heinlein has ignored them here.

In the sense of plot, the story is hackneyed: it's yet another redevelopment of the Christ theme. Mike Smith is born a bastard to high IQ parents on Mars. He is brought up from infancy by Martians (Wise Men), and is "rescued" back to Earth twenty-five years later. At this point a couple of new plots rear their heads, but Heinlein valiently smashes them back at about the point when you'd expect a little development, and we are subjected to a general tour of the countryside, both actual and moral. After a bit the Newer Testament continues (I am not being terribly facetious about this; Heinlein heads his sections, "His Maculate Origin," "His Preposterous Heritage," "His Eccentric Education," "His Scandalous Career," and "His Happy Destiny") and Smith founds a "religion" for the purpose of teaching to others the Martian Language and Martian Way which had turned him into a virtual superman. At the end, he martyrs himself to the Cause, and that's that.

Heinlein's concern for this plot, and the Message it entails, forces him to lose perspective completely, and often he spends pages on verbal harangues between characters, in which he tries to reinforce views which are not always defensible. And, because the "plot" is so important here, its skeleton shows through far more than is customary in a Heinlein novel, the slick facade of storytelling lost in the shuffle.

Characterization: Heinlein's characterization has never been as full as many have believed. He uses a stock set of characters over and over, gradually developing them into live human beings. Because in Stranger he is not concerned primarily with the characters, but has that preoccupation with Message, his characterization is a good bit flatter than usual. Only Jubal Harshaw, Heinlein's Father Image/Idealized Self, is realized in three dimensions, and this because (a) he is Heinlein's voice (although the book is told third-person, it is through Harshaw that Heinlein explains himself to the Doubting Thomases among both characters and readers); and (b) Harshaw is merely the latest incarnation of Lazarus Long, the somewhat crusty, undeniably brilliant, ultimately practical, covertly sentimental, completely individualistic genius. It is probably significant that Heinlein spoke at the Seacon often as Long/Harshaw would speak, and that a mental picture of Heinlein goes well in reading about Harshaw. Harshaw is Poul Anderson's "Renaissance Man," an admirable figure in today's society of specialized talents, a complete man. Harshaw has three beautiful and intelligent secretaries endowed with eidetic memory (wonderful for dictation!), and soon a similar female is added to the cast. At one point Harshaw states his specifications in females--and they coincide remarkably with Heinlein's own choice of females for his books: competent, not too feminine (for "feminine" read: "flighty, emotional, intuitive"), maternal, and rather like one's Older Sister. (Most of Heinlein's characters fall into easily definable types, and these have become more statified through the years. It is curious and interesting to note that in the very young and very old he observes

no great differences between the sexes.)

The women here are nearly faceless, never given sufficient identity to remain alive when off-spotlight, identical except for names and color of hair. Indeed, in the scene where one of them seduces Smith, her identity is purposefully not revealed, and the dialogue and text reveal nothing about her.

It is in the area of characterization that Heinlein most completely betrays his pulp-magazine origins, for these characters are flat devices given enough color to create a momentary illusion of depth; yet as insubstantial upon close inspection as shadows on a wall. They become animated only by the action of the plot.

Of course, we have been told, the characters and action are secondary to the ideas in this book...

Presentation of Ideas: Heinlein has a sharp eye, but a parochial view of the universe. He views the world as an engineer, with a feeling for logical placement and rational motivation, although at times it seems to me an incipient mysticism rears in the recesses of his mind. But for the most part Heinlein seems to view people and what people do as totally unrelated pieces of data, and for the most part his focus falls only on what people do. His basic plaint against the world here is that people ain't being good, like they logically should. His world-shaking proposal: change 'em.

This is not what I call a penetrating view or scathing attack upon the conventions and mores of modern-day society...which is what I had been led to believe.

Heinlein's cure for the evils of the world is to turn some or most of us into telepaths. I submit this is less than a usable answer. It may well be the answer, but it isn't accessible. It's a lovely rabbit, neatly pulled from a question-begging hat.

The rest of Heinlein's ideas are couched in personal bias, and about as heterogeneous as possible. He castigates hucksterism savagely, praises religion for its mystic values without evincing any understanding or appreciation of mysticism (and its emotional values), exhibits a frighteningly chauvinistic attitude towards art (which for him must, not surprisingly, Tell A Story).

A major message is that an after-life exists wherein the "soul" or "ego" (or "astral body," for that matter) embarks after the "disincorporation" of the Earth-bound body. Because of his knowledge of this, Smith has no fear of death, and meets it willingly at the end. Unfortunately, Heinlein's metaphysics are only hazy, and the resultant concept (reading mostly like a watered-down Scientology) departs rational acceptance and becomes a caricature of itself about the point where Heinlein begins interpolating a set of chapters which take place in the "afterlife," and, so help me Patchen, read like sections of Green Pastures. Here are all the stereotypes of the fantasy "heavens" save the robes and harps: religions are segregated to their own paradises, post-Biblical saints are alluded to, and various Departed Souls view scenes on Earth with Angelic Amusement. The reader's suspension of disbelief, so precariously nurtured, falls completely by the wayside at this, and he will most likely smile, lean back, and murmur, "Oh, come now." At which point the book is transformed into a "cute" fantasy and all solemnity and Message is lost.

Concurrent with this is the somewhat more serious idea that we are all "God", in that we are capable of "Grokking." The word, presented as a totally new word in meaning, is a direct

synonym for one aspect of "dig." So much for that. The view here is one subscribed to by a variety of mystic philosophies (found in Taoism, and, distilled from similar Buddhistic philosophies, in Hubbard's Scientology, of all places), but treated matter-of-factly and without substantiation beyond endless repetition. It's not new, but it's not convincingly presented. I wish it had been; I subscribe in part to it myself.

The lack of convincing presentation is strongest in Heinlein's sex theories. I cannot help wondering who Heinlein was actually trying to convince--the reader, or himself?

Sex is Clean and Good, says Heinlein, and I couldn't agree more fully. Sex is for Pleasure, says Heinlein, and I agree that it damn well should be. But it isn't. Sex, because of our conditioning, and because of the imperfect nature of human beings, has been inflated well beyond its natural proportions in the western mind, and even in the "saner" days of previous civilizations there is little evidence that sex between real people on a continuing basis was ever mutually enjoyed by most as a purely genital pleasure. That "philosophy" has been confined to the men's magazines. There's pain and sorrow in sex, misunderstandings, misalliances, even tragedy. Every orgasm is not Perfect. The real world does not function as an ideal.

Heinlein throws in a mammoth Red Her-
ring: When humans learn Martian--well, apparently; this is never given any background, but comes out suddenly, unexplainedly, plop--they become telepathic, and, coincidentally, the soul of Goodness and Righteousness. Conceivably the earthly paradise of promiscuity Heinlein shows us is possible for such supermen and women. But in showing this to us Heinlein is not telling us about ourselves, he is saying nothing about the real world, and the state of sex therein: he's spinning wish-fulfilling fairy tales.

Heinlein's questioning belief in the world he's built is quite evident here. Sex is treated devoutly, but for Heinlein demonstrative love is to kiss, even chastely; and sex is treated like water in a faucet, something as easily turned on or turned off--rarely possible for women who do not exist exclusively in the fantasies of men. It is, in fact, in his treatment of the woman's approach to the New Sex (a doctrine of constant supply and demand, incessantly filled; like unto an orgy) that Heinlein goes furthest off-base. Although I'm sure this was not his desire, Heinlein has depicted his women as faceless chattel--and whore-house chattel at that. Even granting the techniques of "Martian" love-making, I find the concept of women taking on and enjoying (with orgasm) dozens of men in a day as unbelievable as those ludicrous chapters of the afterlife.

Scope of Language: By this point you will have realized (even if you've heard nothing else about the book) that there's a lot of sex in it. There is. And this includes a number of sexual scenes of intercourse and/or sexual exploration of bodies. The whole point of this, as near as I can tell, is in order to (a) deal honestly with a subject too important to dismiss from human behavior; and (b) present an indictment of present-day sexual attitudes along with the New Ethic on the subject. And Heinlein doesn't bring it off.

He doesn't succeed, because he can't talk the language of sexual honesty. With his background of pulp magazines, national slicks, and juveniles, I'm not sure he knows it (although I still remain croggled by the incident in Tunnel in the Sky where a boy and girl share a cave intimately for days before the boy discovers the girl is a girl--but then, that was a juvenovel). But here, in

a hardcover, supposedly adult novel written around a series of controversial subjects, where is that honesty? Where is the reality of language (both narrative and dialogue) one finds in a writer like Mailer or Bour-jaily? Heinlein proposes to speak from the same podium, but his words are weaseling. His characters never take a crap; their language is profane (mildly) but never obscene (despite a few obscenities rendered in foreign languages or ambiguous phrases for "color"); and pornography and/or sexual poses are specifically referred to by both the author and his characters as "naughty". This is the euphemism of the Saturday Evening Post and bygone pulps, not reality. Heinlein's language conveys the same "well, it's all very nice, but not the sort of thing we talk about" hypocrisy which he pointedly deplores. Ghod help us, the average sex scene even fades out and into the classic "Later..." Heinlein's language is emasculated and unequal to his task. He asks us to believe in real men and women, screwing one another in an emotional state of ecstasy and telepathic rapport, achieving a union of minds, bodies and souls which would be indeed Utopia Found. And he tells this to us in a vocabulary purged of reality, about characters more likely found in DOC SAV-AGE, circa 1935.

Such language badly cripples the presentation of those scenes which most deserved an honest handling.

On the plus side of the ledger: Heinlein is not totally impotent as a writer by any means, and he gets in some damned fine cracks, the best of them at the commercialization of religion. His Fosterite Church is frightening in its vivid possibility. Indeed, I wouldn't be surprised if a neo-Foster or two didn't Get The Message from this book and go out to Spread The Word. The idea behind it looks like a sure-fire thing, which is why I call it frightening. It is the one touch of 1984 in the book.

Although Heinlein has occasionally fooled me with his dates (I would've pegged Starship Troopers for only 200 to 500 years in the future, rather'n thousands of years thus), I wouldn't be surprised if the time this book takes place isn't right around 1984 too. The date has to be close, from internal evidence, such as Harshaw's age and birthdate, and it's the sort of beautiful touch I'm sure Heinlein wouldn't pass up if he thought of it.

In many respects the book is also an antidote to Starship Troopers. It is studiously anti-authority, and a brief off-stage scene occurs when Smith is inducted into the army, which he then totally disrupts by "destroying" the weapons because they are "harmful."

One of the more interesting (for me) side aspects of the book is the Martian mythos. Heinlein is vaguely consistent in his books--in an infuriating way--about the life forms of the various nearby planets. In various of his juvenovels he will, for instance, allude to life on Mars and Venus, but while Martian life is always tripedal, Venus may be populated by intelligent water life or intellectual giant lizards, depending on whether you're reading Space Cadet or Between Planets.

The most obvious overlap, from book to book, has been the Martians. Always tripedal, and triple-organelled where we are double-organelled (eyes, nostrils, etc.) they have remained fairly constant in the upheaval of Heinlein's fictitious universe. In Red Planet (over ten years ago) Heinlein introduced the Martians of Stranger in a Strange Land. All three varieties (or stages) of Martians were present: Willis, the nymph, Ghekkos, the adult Martian; and the Old One, a "ghost" or free soul. This was presented without much explanation (Heinlein had a habit

of ending his earlier matter-of-fact juvenovels with a note of vague mystery, usually centering around the discovery of an alien life form or artifacts, as in Rocketship Gallileo, Space Cadet, Farmer in the Sky, and Red Planet), and aroused my curiosity.

I'm glad to say that about twelve years later we've been given the metaphysics of the Martian set-up, including the missing background material and "explanation" for their powers.

Red Planet also presents for the first time the concepts heavily exploited in Stranger of "water brotherhood," and the "growing together." There are, of course, no sexual overtones in the earlier book.

Double Star gives us another view of Mars. Here the Martians (adult) are about as described in Red Planet and Stranger, but their "young" are apparently only junior editions, and not nymphs like Willis. The characterization of the Martians is similar, and includes a water ceremony. In this case, however, a "life wand" is thrown in as the magical doodad which creates deaths and/or disappearances.

The Rolling Stones alludes to the mythos of Red Planet, but introduces a lower Martian life-form, the tri-pedal "flat cat", a fast-breeding pet.

All of these books seem to point in the same direction, but any attempts to dovetail them will fail. The most useful chronology I've been able to work out (strictly in relation to Mars) is that of Stranger first, Red Planet second, Rolling Stones third and Double Star last. These books seem to show continuing stages of political development on Mars and portions of the solar system, but ignore various side issues raised in each, such as the effect of Smith on society and civilization. I doubt there can be any resolution of this; Heinlein has been, as I said, only partially consistent from book to book.

Stranger in a Strange Land is a failure, as I said; most particularly a failure as a "significant" work. But it is not totally disappointing to read, and with the caution that \$4.50 is a bit steep for a book you may never read twice, I'd recommend it to you so that at least you'll know what the shouting (on both sides of the fence) is about, and perhaps because you won't agree with me and will decide for yourself that it is a successful book.

* * * * *

But, I'd suggest that soon after you read Stranger, you read 6 x H.

This book (known in hardcovers as The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag, from the title of the lead story) is everything that Stranger is not, including unpretentious. The book is a collection of shorter stories and each superbly illumines another facet of Heinlein's many skills.

The reason may lie in the fact that these stories span the years 1940 - 1959, and have appeared in a diverse set of magazines from UNKNOWN and aSF to SATURN and WEIRD TALES, plus F&SF. The result of their collection is a reaffirmation of Heinlein's abilities and great talents as a writer and story-teller.

The lead story, "Hoag," was presented as a complete novel when it appeared in UNKNOWN under the "Riverside" by-line. It marked two departures for Heinlein: a delving into fantasy and the use of the private-eye framework. Hoag is a man who cannot recall his daytime occupation, and hires a detective and his wife to find out. Fairly early in the game Hoag turns out to be a pretty weird fellow, apparently cap-

able of appearing in different places, doing different things, simultaneously. The story quickly builds up a high degree of tension, and holds it through the thoroughly chilling resolution. The final couple of paragraphs of statement, however, are anticlimatic, mood-destroying, and should've been chopped. Sunshine falls not at all well upon a grey lingering horror. (The story runs through page 112, by the way; a less scrupulous publisher could well have sold it as a complete book in itself for the 35¢ cover price.)

"The Man Who Travelled in Elephants" appeared in SATURN in 1957, and to me it reads like Heinlein taking Bradbury aside and saying, "Look here, old fellow; here's how you do it!" The story has no real plot, and were it not for the sheer quality of story-telling, it would collapse into a saccharine mass of women's magazine pap. What Heinlein is talking about here is the joy of life and the beauty of humanity. He brings this off as Bradbury never could, because he has made these more than platitudes: he has shown them experienced by people. Bradbury at his best has always seemed thin to me, because Bradbury seems to tackle only a single idea or mood in his work, leaving the story unfleshed--then too, there is little compassion in Bradbury, only fear.

"'All You Zombies'" is the most recent of the lot, from a 1959 F&SF. A.J. Budrys was the first to point out that this was a parody of Robert Bloch, which it most certainly is, even to such puns as organizations whose initials spell out W.E.N.C.H.E.S. and W.H.O.R.E.S. ... But, as usual with Heinlein, there are levels within levels in the fourth-dimensional construct of this time-travel story. Strictly as a time-travel story, "Zombies" tops them all, including Heinlein's own, previously definitive, "By His Bootstraps." As before, all the main characters are the protagonist...

"They" still strikes me as the weakest story in the book. A "classic" horror story, it deals with a paranoid whose fantasies of persecution and grandeur turn out to be true--the entire world has been constructed for his benefit. Unfortunately, in fantasy and sf we have a conditioned response: when a protagonist insists things are not as they seem, we believe him because we've found this to be true in such stories. Thus, the ending in which we are to be "surprised" to find our protagonist was right all along, is no surprise at all, but only a final confirmation.

"Our Fair City" is a lovely satire of the typical pulp story of the '40's. It explores most of the stock pulp cliches--the wisecracking newspaper reporter who uncovers municipal corruption, the Neighborhood Bar, etc. --with the added delightful whimsy of a sentient whirlwind who helps "clean up." Heinlein pours it on here; our hero even phones the FBI in Washington for help.

"'And He Built a Crooked House'" is Heinlein pre-occupied with an Idea--what if: a man built a house in the shape of an exploded tesseract and an earth tremor shook it into a state of collapse so that it became a real fourth-dimensional object? The plot beyond this is rudimentary, and the characters undeveloped stick figures, but the fascination for the idea exhibited by Heinlein soon transfers itself to the reader, and we're off again!

Box score? 1. A combination detective-weird story
2. Bradbury one-upped
3. The definitive time-travel story, with a side-long glance at Bob Bloch
4. The story of a valid persecution complex

(Continued on page 21)

old bottles

a new column by ☐
☐ BILL MEYERS

Whatever Happened...

There we were, sitting in the dank, subterranean depths of Ted White's mimeo shop, Andy Main sitting across from Larry Ivie and me. Andy and I had just been introduced to each other and, for lack of much else to say, I suppose, he told me SPECTRE was one of the few fanzines he still saved in his permanent collection. His reasons were mostly nostalgic. He said he associated me and my fanzine with Es Adams, Lar' Stone, and the other wild members of the crew that, supposedly, made the letter column in CRY first begin to swing. If I remember correctly, Andy had entered fandom about that time--actually, not too much later than the

rest of us. I've re-read those old lettercolumns enough, as time has passed, to realize they're not worth saving or re-reading for any other reason but nostalgia, and it's impossible to keep from getting nostalgic over them. Nostalgia seems to me to be a simple longing for lost enthusiasm, and those old letters were full of enthusiasm, if nothing else printable.

So now, about three years later, Andy Main comes to New York with a carload of fans, returning from a science fiction convention in Seattle, making plans for his next fanzine, apparently still going strong...and asks me: Whatever happened to Es Adams, anyway?

For that matter, whatever happened to that whole group which, as Andy put it, "started publishing fanzines at the same time and disappeared about the same time"? As I understand it, most of us faded away gradually. But what could have made Es Adams disappear so suddenly that Andy Main, Ted White, and a number of others would occasionally perk up their ears and ask, "Say whatever happened to Es Adams?" as if everyone were sitting around talking in a big room and, after awhile, someone noticed Es was no longer there. Perhaps the conversation had been too loud for anyone to take notice of the barely audible "poof" of Es's sudden disappearance. Or maybe it was a barely audible "crunch".

I went back to Larry's apartment later and, after sitting around for awhile, decided to dig out his file of SPECTRES to see if there really was anything to them. They were bound in a black notebook along with--significantly--his file of Es's ROCK.s and a couple of CRYs that contained letters and articles by both Es and me.

Oddly enough, I found myself reading through the ROCK.s, laughing, and enjoying them as much as ever, something I've never been able to do with my own old publications, maybe because I'm aware of how much my opinions change, and, consequently, how worthless the old opinions are without the embalming fluid of humor to preserve them.

Strange that Es and I should be associated together like we are. I suppose it's because we were good friends, lived close to each other, and, because of that, managed to see each other quite a bit. But, fundamentally, we were two radically different personalities. At the time when we were in fandom, I took all my interests extremely seriously, and I tended to be moody and somewhat introverted. I was almost idealistic about the things I loved, and thus put myself in a precarious position for being disillusioned. Es, on the other hand, took nothing so seriously that he felt he couldn't laugh at it if things got out of hand. He cloaked himself in such a strong



shield of light-hearted sarcasm that he became almost self-conscious when he felt he was getting too serious or opening himself up to a potentially irrefutable blow to what he, himself, loved. In fact, he would probably have even considered the idea of disillusionment laughable.

Yet, after I had seen Es and talked with him a couple of times, I realized that however much our personalities may have differed, we had essentially the same character--the same world-picture--due probably to the similarity of the environments we were brought up in (not only regional but personal).

Throughout our relatively short tenure in fandom and up to the time when we both went north to college, we retained this same character and same difference in personality. I see now that that difference in personality is the reason behind why I'm now writing about him and not the other way around.

Perhaps I can illustrate it in a few of the more vivid scenes in my friendship with Es.

Es first came to Chattanooga to visit me at the time when his enthusiasm for fandom was at its peak and mine had slightly begun to wane. He bought some fanzines from me, ran off some stuff on my mimeograph, and talked about recent letters of comment he'd written. I was in the midst of compiling material for the last issue of SPECTRE, had begun to sell random parts of my fanzine collection, and had given serious thought to making the forthcoming issue of SPECTRE the last one (which it was) and dropping out of everything entirely.

This was the state of things when, that night, we stocked up on beer and found ourselves sitting in--of all things--a treehouse above a moonlit cemetery. After a while, we got fairly high, and, somehow because of the way the moonlight sifted down through the tree limbs and glimmered on the gravestones, we got very serious. I must have made a few excessively cynical remarks about fandom, because he confided that someone had been expressing his sorrow to him over my premature disenchantment with things.

"Really?" I said. "You mean it's that noticeable?"

He nodded. "Personally, I agree with everything you've said about it all, but, hell, it's not important enough to get disenchanted about. What if it does have a lot of neurotic aspects? It's just kicks."

This seemed to me like a sane attitude--but not for my kind of temperament, which, as far as I am able to conclude, is rather insane. When I become interested in something, I immerse myself in it, go to extremes in seeing if it will seem just as good to me by exploring its every facet. If its facets are too numerous and complex for my understanding to encompass, so much the better. If they're too simply assimilated and limited in number, all interest and fascination is lost. The insanity lies in the distorted sense of values that would apply this sober doctrine to fandom. But, being a fan, I exaggerated the importance of little things, and found myself an ex-fan in short order, after making some appropriately solemn announcements.

The next time I saw Es was the week just before his departure for Yale. Alex Bratmon happened to be stationed with his Army outfit in Huntsville, and while I was visiting Es, he was helping him feverishly write and assemble an issue of ROCK. Apparently, Es was still getting his kicks from fandom, and so, envisioning myself as wise and tolerant, I joined in and had an enjoyable time writing inane comments on-stencil and peddling some fanzines I'd brought with me. However, I felt strangely nauseous every time Bratmon would start to talk about the many conversations he'd had with Burbee, in the manner of one who had just returned from Valhalla, and I told Es I expected him to start feeling nauseous over this kind of thing, too, after a year at Yale. He said he didn't think so and bought some fanzines from me.

I had a year to go before I was to leave home, too, and go to Columbia. In that year and the following summer, I got one letter from him (after an almost weekly correspondence during the previous year) in which he told me he hadn't read any fanzines for months, had dropped out of SAPS, folded ROCK., and was failing all his courses but Physical Education. He sounded very dejected, but rather than making a few biting comments on the things that displeased him, as he had always done in the past, he seemed to have metamorphosed into a new, uncaring Es Adams--not hardened, but broken.

After sending him a couple of letters which were mysteriously never answered, I left for Columbia at the end of the summer, wondering what had happened to Es Adams, anyway.

My Freshman year was, so I am told, like most Freshman years: for the better part, wretched. My glittering adolescent belligerence was quickly smashed by a number of intellectual spankings, and, for the first semester, I was constantly worried about my grades. Toward the end of the year, however, I grew to love the hard challenges and grueling routine, and decided that throughout my plus high school life, I hadn't been doing a damn thing. While all this stunning advancement was going on, I was from time to time sending "Are you still alive?" cards to Es at Yale. He was, in a sense. Eventually, he answered, saying Yes, he was still alive, and why not write him sometime. I was overwhelmed.

As it turned out, he had recently managed to buy himself a Jaguar for going to and from Huntsville and Yale, and I just happened to be looking for someone to drive me home (which is something like 1000 miles away and a hell of a train fare).



AVRAM DAVIDSON ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS

Dear Mr. Davidson:

I wonder whether you would be willing to say if the material in your unusual essay, "Mr. Stillwell's Cage" was telepathic?

I read it in the Seventh Series of "The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction."

Some of the writers are frank about their own faculty for obtaining stories in this way. The similarity of style in the various essays, however, has piqued my interest and caused me to inquire whether there is a field for people to supply telepathic material?

My reasons for asking are personal and urgent.

--Mrs. R. B. McL., New Jersey

Mrs. McL.: I am answering your query on condition that you tell me why you asked if this particular story was telepathic.

However, I am not certain just exactly what you mean by your question. Did you mean, did I get the idea by telepathy? That is, did I pick it up from the mind of someone else who was writing or thinking about a similar story? If so, I can only answer, not to my knowledge.

As you say that your reasons for asking are personal and urgent, I will withdraw my condition as stated above. Let me, instead, ask if you are at liberty to state the name of any writer who told you of his or her "own faculty for obtaining material in this way"?

I can tell you this: on any number of occasions I have thought of story ideas, sometimes planned or plotted stories, sometimes written the stories--only to have another story on an almost identical theme appear. Many other writers I know have had the same experience. One such writer, Ward Moore, says that it is inevitable because people who write in the same field--say, science fiction--are thinking along the same lines and are bound to come up with the same ideas. It may be so. Though it has happened to me in general fiction as well. An-

other writer, Richard McKenna, who has also appeared in at least one of the Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction annuals, has another explanation. He says it is because all of us are in touch with the "collective unconscious", as described by the great psychoanalyst, Jung. Whatever the explanation, the experience of "losing" a story this way has itself formed the basis for several stories published in s-f magazines.

A few years ago I did a story for VENTURE SCIENCE FICTION magazine, now defunct, called "Now Let Us Sleep." I did it because the editor asked me to write him a story, and I got the idea from a newspaper article I saw about that time, in a N.Y.C. paper. Within two weeks of the publication of my story, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE magazine, also now defunct, published one by Thomas Shaara --title forgotten--which was not only on an identical theme, but contained at least five scenes which were identical to five of my scenes! Shaara and I have never met nor corresponded. There is no possibility of either of us having copied the other. He lived in St. Louis, I in New York. Why should two strangers (I don't think I'd even so much as heard of him at that time) have been in telepathic communication? And yet it is a great and multiple coincidence of the most unlikely sort.

Some years ago I wrote a story with Theodore L. Thomas. Neither of us was content, and I withdrew, "selling" him my share for a bottle of whiskey which we also shared next time we met. On several occasions we have written to each other about things which the other had been thinking about at the time of the letter's being written. Ted calls this "the Vibrations." The other day I wanted a point of information on trial procedure for a story, and--as Ted is a lawyer--I decided to write and ask him. As I thought of this I also wondered why he didn't rewrite the story and try to sell it. His answer to me includes this line:

"There's no doubt about it;
the Vibrations are at work again. Just three days ago
I hauled out the...aborted collaboration...to see if a
story can be rebuilt..."

So there you are.

My last question to you is: What do you mean, is there "a field for people to supply telepathic material?"

-- Avram Davidson

(Mr. Davidson's questions were not answered...)

THE WAILING WALL concluded from p.16 --

5. A whimsical jaunt through some pulp cliches
6. A "classic" science fiction story.

A pretty varied lot, and a good demonstration of Heinlein's versatility.

What do these two books side by side prove? That Heinlein, when unconcerned with the idea of writing more than a damned good story at the moment can (and does) write a damned good story, and with a great deal more variety of style and ideas than he's been given credit for. But, when impressed with the significance and scope of his work, he tends to be over ambitious, and to underrate those qualities for which his writing is most valued.

And maybe they prove something else: Don't try to typecast Heinlein. He's a giant in the science fiction field, and a far more valuable giant than we tend to give him credit for. He's not afraid to Think Big.

-- Ted White

BRICKS FROM A GLASS HOUSE

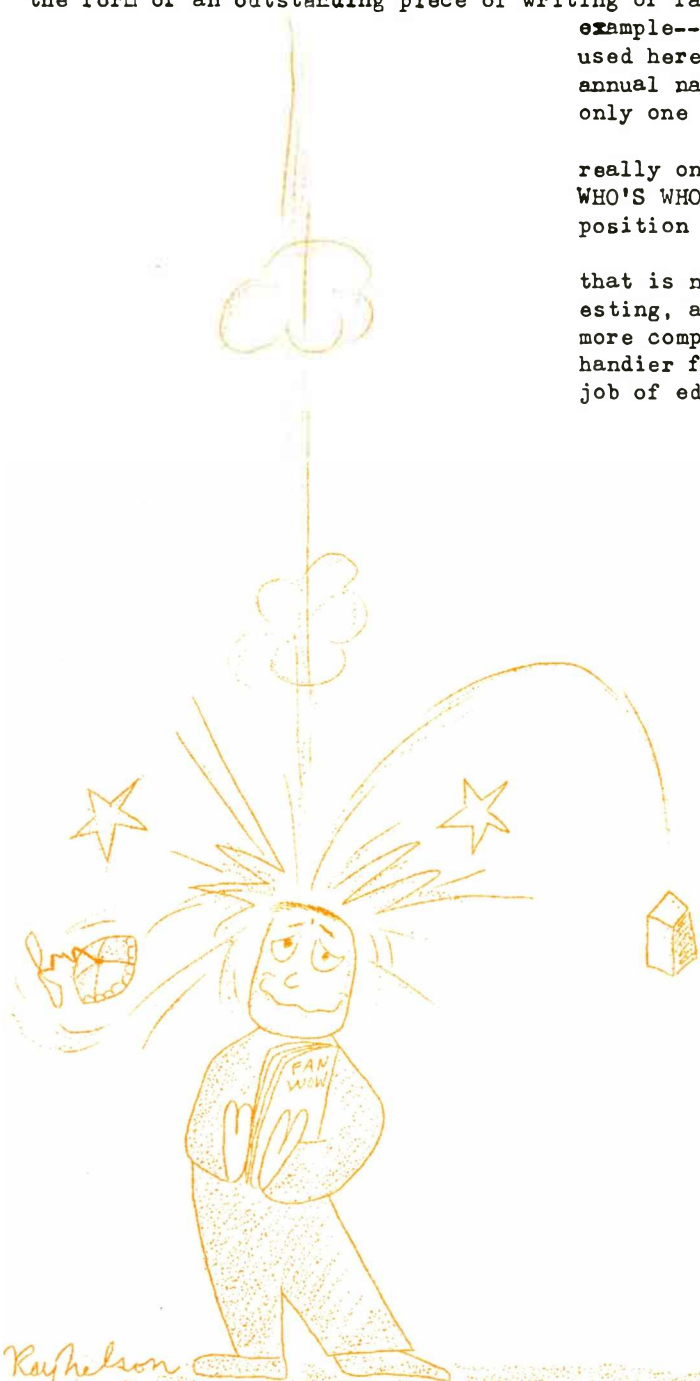
WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION. 50¢, from L. D. Broyles, Rt. 6 Box 453P, Waco, Texas. 40 pp., half-sized photo-offset.

Every once in a great while some fan does something in fandom that is worth praising as a really good job, worth much more praise than the ordinary kudos we customarily give to the run-of-the-mill good fannish production. We're all used to giving essentially similar words of praise to the latest issues of, say, PANIC BUTTON and CRY, but somehow we find a way of reserving special comment and distinction for those few fannish creations which significantly contribute to our enjoyment of fandom. Usually these take the form of an outstanding piece of writing or fanzine production--THE HARP STATESIDE or INNUENDO 10, for example--but only occasionally (and "usually" and "occasionally" are used here in the strictly relative sense imposed upon me by the near-annual nature of their occurrence) in the form of a compilation; the only one I can think of offhand is the FANCYCLOPEDIA.

While not really on the same pinnacle as the Speer-Kney effort, L.D. Broyles' WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION deserves at least the penultimate position on that scale.

What Broyles has here is a directory of fans that is not only complete (or nearly so) but is intrinsically interesting, a major feat. While Bennett's worthy annual directory is more complete--probably definitive in that connection--and is far handier for day-to-day mailing list purposes, Broyles has done a good job of editing the free autobiographical responses he requested from fans into a readable compendium of information about all his respondents. His lack of completeness is by its very nature certain to be remedied in the next edition: one group of non-inclusions to his questionnaire circulated last spring are the fans sufficiently inactive not to be heard of or reached by Broyles or not interested enough to return the form; Bennett may list these but they are certain to be of only minor interest to most fans at any rate. The second group are those well-known fans, not to say BNF's, who looked on this as what it appeared to be, just another neofan project not worth wasting time on; three out of the four VOID coeditors fit in this category, Greg Benford being the only one of us with the necessary humility to have taken the time to respond. Given the appearance of this well-produced, attractive photo-offset pamphlet of 40 pages I feel sure this group will be represented in the next edition, promised for some time "next year" from this 1961 edition.

About 300 people seem to be listed. The questionnaire asked for, and the pamphlet lists, a number of relevant facts about each fan. The address and such vitae as birthdate, occupation, birthplace and phone number are followed by individual fanhistories: what fanzines published, cons attended, clubs joined, collection penchants followed, and the like. Tape speeds are given, fantasy vs. science-fiction preferences indicated, other hobbies are tabulated, desirability of correspondents advertised. Status achievements, such as holding office in a club or apa?--they're there. And each fan was offered a self-descriptive statement of which a number took good advantage.



FANZINE REVIEWS BY THE MULTITUDINOUS EDITORS OF VOID. Information on the availability of the zines reviewed does not include trades, letters of comment, etc.; it should be assumed that they are available by this method unless otherwise noted. ++ This column will be a reasonably regular one in future issues of VOID.

A couple of samples:

BURBEE, CHARLES, 7628 S. Pioneer Blvd., Whittier, California, USA; 4-9-15; machinist. LASFS (45, 46 Sec.) Pub.-Shangri-L'Affaires (44-46), Burblings (46 to date). Writes some, for Shaggy, Burblings, Cry. 25-44. Attended Pacificon, Solacon, one Westercon (for 10 minutes). 3.75 & 7.50. Collects ragtime/blues/stomp/boogie piano rolls (500). Corresponds to a small degree, USA; taperesponds hardly at all. "I like steam cars, pneumatic guns, amateur movies."

KAYE, LENNY, 418 Hobart Rd. Sutton Terrace, No. Brunswick, New Jersey, USA; 12-27-46; New Brunswick High School student. N3F, ISFCC, ESFA. Pub.-Obelisk. Written "A Step in Time Killed Mine" etc. 56-60. 4-speed tape recorder. Collects records (178), books (50), magazines (280). Corresponds with 45, tapes with 2.

Many of the entries are much longer: Ron Ellick's runs to 25 lines (and Bergeron's to only four; but I'm sure that's more his fault than Broyles'), Breen's to 18, Tyrannical Al to 18, Bjo to 24.

Ray Nelson has an interesting genesis: "I am: originator of propellor beanie as fan symbol, also globbly style of cartooning; proud to say that I am one of the last surviving members of Degler's 'Cosmic Circle'; ...beatnik poem writer with one slender book of verse published; play the guitar and have a beautiful voice, also write songs; am handsome, brilliant and sexy, even tho married and father of a 2 year old son." The Moskowitzes seem a little precious; they give their ages as "1-7-?" and "6-30-?". Darrell Pardoe has "read The Lord Of The Rings seven times." Rotsler "has beard--like girls," but the directory doesn't indicate his source of bearded women. He's also "good at fast draw".

And Walt Willis, in the classic doublebarrelled understatement of fannish history, says he's "Written THE HARP STATESIDE, THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, etc. ...Attended local cons and London." A question for you compulsive fanhistory types out there: Walt says he has been a member of, out of a total of 16 listed organizations such as FAPA and TLMA, some obscure groups on the order of RFVSDS, OF, WAPPOTED, HSC, and KSF. One mystifies me; will someone write and tell me what EMSCC is?

There were only 400 copies of this directory printed up; I have a feeling he may run out. If you want a copy of one of the most helpful fannish reference works to come out in years, you'd better send him your half a buck pretty soon. And when you get it, you might write him and tell him how good it is; this kind of job needs encouragement, and he should get it from all of fandom. -pg

SKOAN #13. \$1.00 apiece (trades or letters preferred), from Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, 1002 East 66th St., Inglewood, Calif. 20 pp., dittoed.

This is Strictly an Individzine, and Happily So. There's a Whimsical Cover by Gary Deindorfer and a lot of Disappointing Ray Nelson Cartoons inside, but the Star (or maybe the Asterisk) of *SKOAN* ("the magazine that laughed when you sat down to play the piano") is Demmon Himself, who writes Virtually All of the material in a Style which I can only call Silly. It is so Silly it is Infectious: in the Lettercolumn we find even Redd Boggs and Daphne Buckmaster writing Silly things. This is certainly a Sense of Wonderful Thing. (ahahaha!)

All the material is by Demmon because when he Pleads for Contributions people just send him Fake Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon Things--like Biffables, which are Strange and Whimsical Tales which Seemingly Have No Point and in actual fact Usually Don't. There's a Genuine Biffable in this issue about a little boy who found a Genie in a Bottle but it turned out to be Mr. Clean so he smashed the bottle and Went Away. And there's a Whole Lot of Other Stuff, including some Lovely Satire on the use of the "Editorial We". Whee. Whee. -tgc

BEDLAM #2. No price listed; ask Mike Deckinger, 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey. 27 pp., multi-lithed.

Mike Deckinger seemed pretty much like any other youngfan a couple of years ago, when he was publishing a neozine called HOCUS which, about the end of its first year, began to develop into a fairly good zine. But all of a sudden he folded the mag and spent about a year writing voluminously (and badly) for others' fanzines. Then he disappeared into the white-collar workinglclass and has finally returned with what seems to be an attempt at publishing a quasi-discussionzine modelled largely on Les Nirenberg's recent mags. God knows what he'll do next, but I hope it will be something else --this effort is a dud.

Having access to photocopy equipment, Deckinger has gaily pirated all sorts of strange things from the mundane press, including some funny cartoons and some idiotic ones, a couple of pages of ads for deviate sex partners from a Canadian magazine, and a cleverclever little filler consisting of a newspaper ad for "Never On Sunlay" captioned "Freudian Slip?" Maybe that will give you some idea.

The more original material includes a parody of Nirenberg's recent coverage of homosexuality, titled "Interview With A Heterosexual," which takes a fairly good idea and runs it into the

ground. Al Andrews tries to write a cleverclever piece which is just heavy-handed; sample: "HMMMMMMMM," said Flora thoughtfully...and because she just couldn't think of anything more pertinent to say. As a matter of fact, for all her beauty and wealth Flora had never been noted for possessing a particularly brilliant conversational repertoire." (Spelling sic.) And for some reason Deckinger prints a manifesto by Betty Blanck calling for an American Revolution.

The only really worthwhile material in the issue is a half-page of Rotsler cartoons inspired by the Nirenberg set published in VOID #26. -tgc

ETWAS #6. Apparently available for just about anything, from Peggy Rae McKnight, "Six Acres," Box 306, Lansdale, Pa. 11 pp., mimeoed.

ETWAS is a non-fanzine. I say this because I think "fanzine" implies "magazine," which in turn implies an editor. And ETWAS is not edited. I don't think Peggy, who is a charmingly normal high school girl, has ever thought much about editing, and certainly she hasn't bothered with such a superfluity here. The issue, thrown together with no apparent forethought and spotty stencilling, contains very little. An exact list would show: Peggy's rambling editorial, an open letter which begins "Dear People"; a new column by Bernie Zuber, "Zuber's Zoo"; two sketches of Peggy's childhood, titled "It Happened"; a "telegram" of propaganda and information about Chicago from Marty Moore; a brief squib by Jack McKnight, "Shades of my Father"; and a few closing snippets. The Zuber is interesting, and Zuber shows possibilities as a columnist, although his first attempt is rather self-conscious in spots. Moore is unreaable as stencilled, but worth deciphering. Jack McKnight is dull. Which leaves Peggy. Well, she's trying to learn how to write, and the bloody path she's torn across six issues of ETWAS shows she's made progress; she can now sometimes sustain a thought for more than one paragraph, and she's giving some attention to mood. Most beginning writers do, unfortunately; "It Happened" was a good try but should never have been committed so irrevocably to print.

ETWAS is a good example of a non-fanzine which exists and survives only on the manna of its contributors. Thus, a good issue may occur if some people send in good material; but of equal likelihood there'll be a bad issue if people send in bad material. I once berated Guy Terwilliger for not exercising his editorial prerogatives and for printing very good material along with the very bad, indiscriminately. I don't know whether this had any effect upon TWIG, since he folded it not too many issues later. But I think it's time the non-editors of non-fanzines woke up and started paying a little attention to their publications. Some sort of level of quality can be arrived at, if an editor will just edit. -tw

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #58 (mighod, have there been twenty issues since it was revived?), Sept.-Oct. 1961. 25¢, 5/\$1.00 from Fred Patten, 222 S. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles 4, California. 22 pp., mimeoed.

This final issue under John Trimble's editorship throws together behind an interesting Eddie Jones cover a conglomeration of fannish material, most of it lightweight but pleasant. In this category must go Eric Bentcliffe's account of meeting a Texas fruit fly at the top of the Empire State Building (I always say that if you read fanzines long enough you can find an article on any subject), Felice Rolfe's account of a Bay Area fan party, and the editorial (appropriately typoed "The Shaggy Shaos" on the contents page) and digested LASFS minutes. Of somewhat more importance are Joe Gibson's article arguing that it's time we got rid of the Brotherhood of Fans/Fans Can Do No Wrong tradition which leads to exploitation by parasites and thieves, and Ed Cox's plea for better advertising and public relations for TAFF--a sound and possibly necessary idea.

Shaggy's usually strong stf-orientation is lightly handled this time with a few short reviews and a brief piece by "Peter Rogers Ilic" which is too-too cute but has a nice snapper at the end.

Rick Sneary says in the lettercol that Shaggy, being a club fanzine, lacks a definite editorial personality. That may be true, but it does do a good job of portraying the LASFS personality and is usually interesting if not fandom-shaking. -tgc

ABANICO #2, Nov. 1961. 15¢, 8/\$1.00 from Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Village of Norton, Barberton, Ohio. 16 pp., mimeoed.

One of the newer crop of neozines, this one has a modicum of promise. There's no artwork, the format is distressingly heterogenous (pica and elite type used apparently at random, some pages double-columned and some not, some headings done--badly--with typewriter and some letteringuided, etc. etc.), and the issue as a whole is skimpy--but Bowers comes across reasonably well in his ramblings and displays good editorial ability in a section of quotes from various fans.

And he's got a column by Seth Johnson. Now, there's no one in fandom --no, not even Gary Deindorfer--to whom I'll take a back seat in my admiration for the humorous

(continued on p.45)

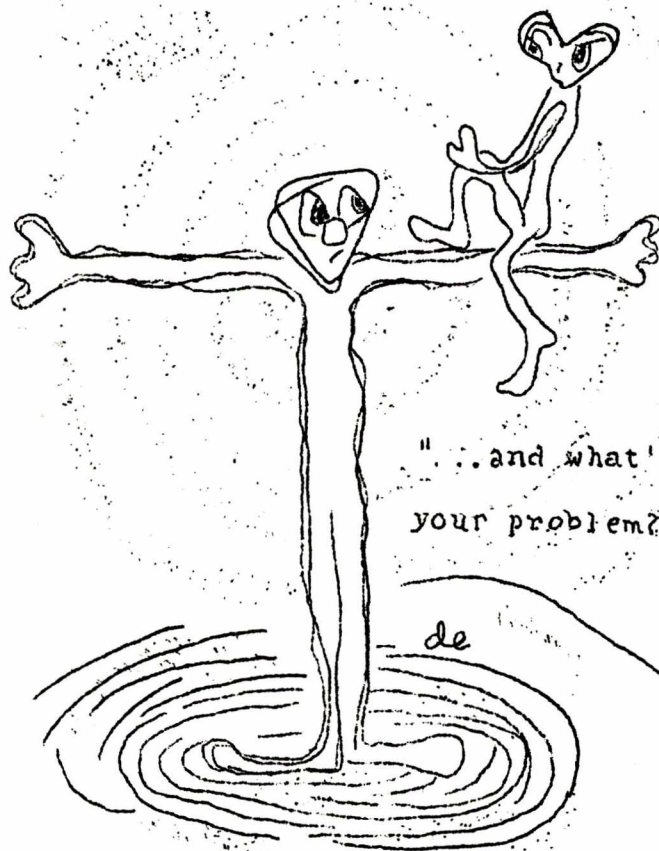
THE dove english ANTHOLOGY 3



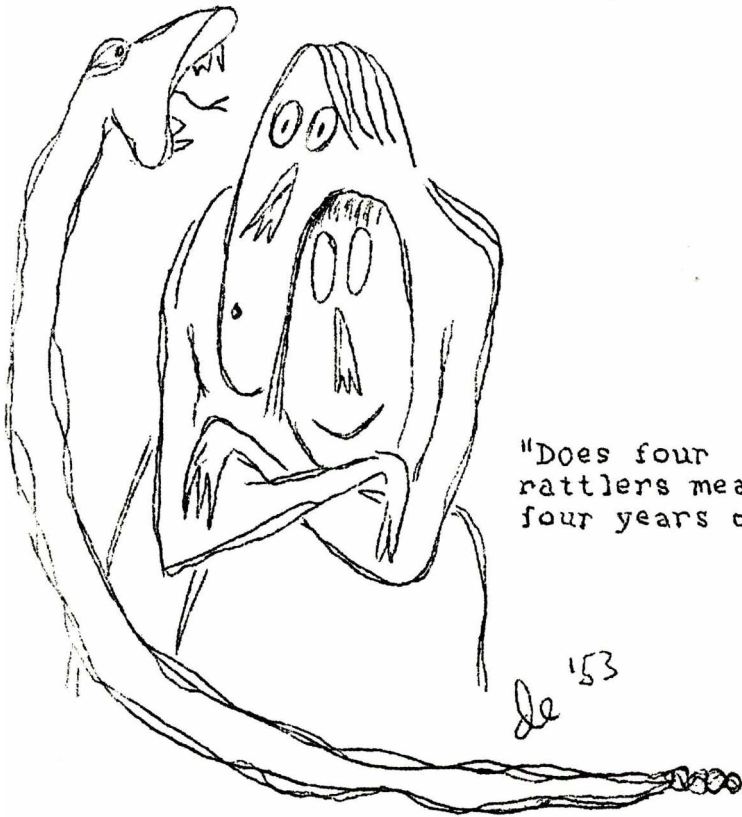
Symphonique
(symphonic)



"You poor crazy mixed
up little kid"

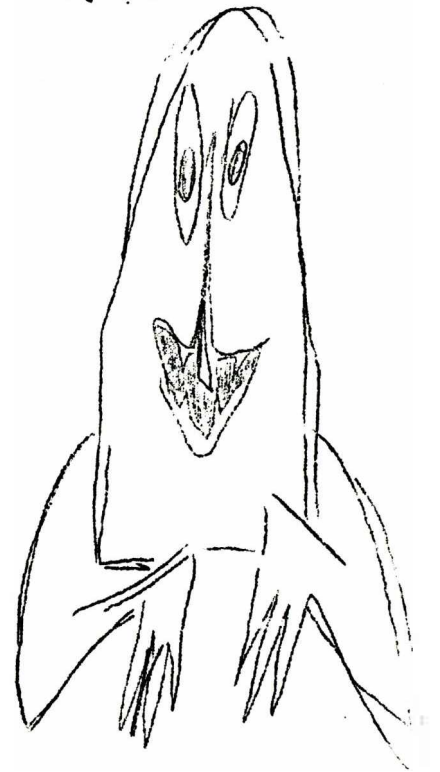


"...and what's
your problem?"



"Does four
rattlers mean
four years old?"

de '53

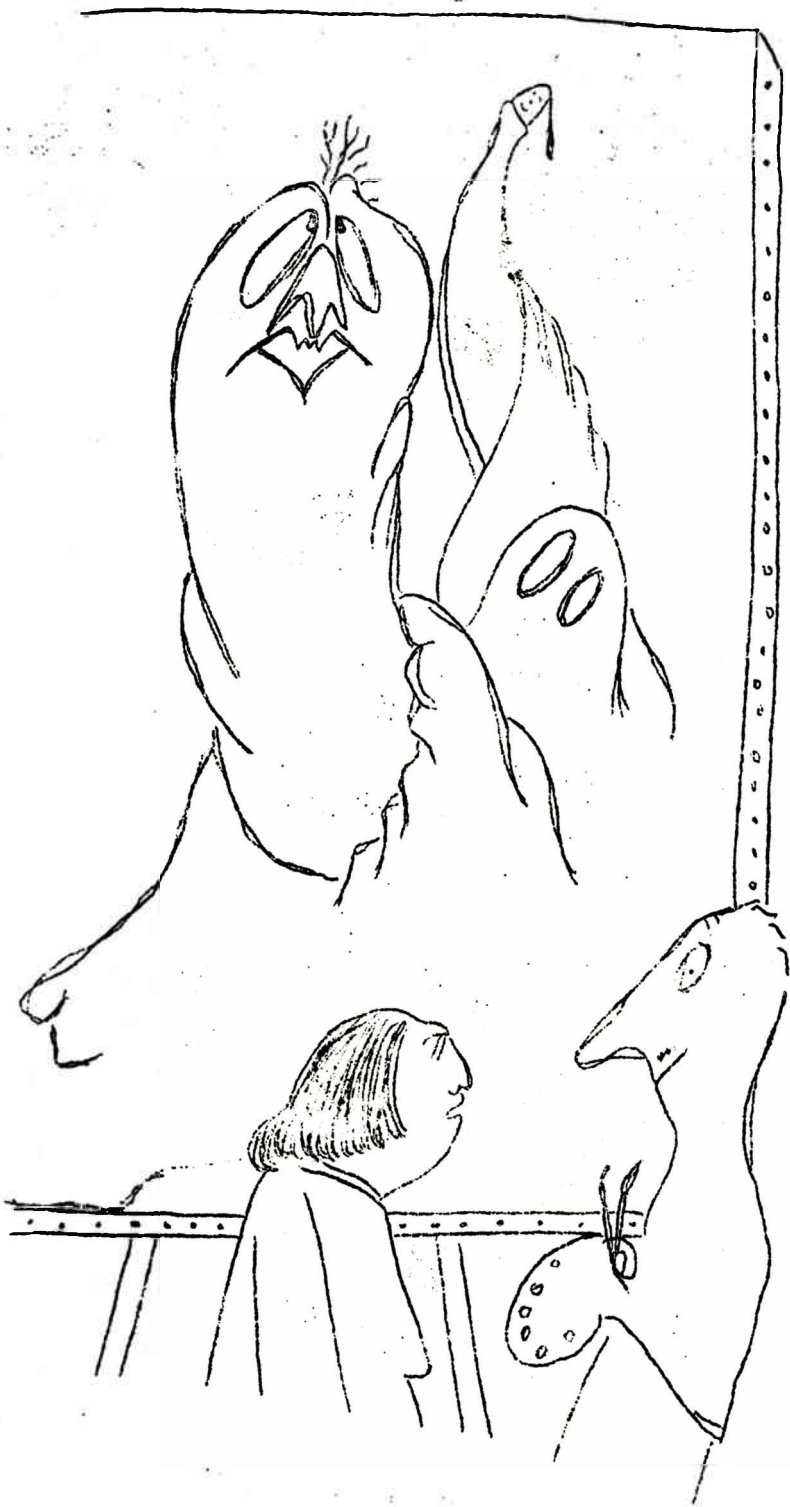


"Bring something
round:
We'll have a ball!"



de

harlan ellison
and
howard browne



"What's it supposed
to be?"

Humming softly to himself, Moskowitz speeds his truck in the direction of Newark. The traffic draws into the curb and air raid wardens rush to their posts. Through the deserted streets the truck rushes on until it reaches Moskowitz's house, where the three fans leap out and start loading the famous collection onto the truck. Hour after hour they toil, carrying out armfuls of books and magazines and hurrying back for more. The wheels of the truck gradually sink into the concrete of the road, but still the work goes on. At last the entire collection is loaded, and the truck moves off slowly in the direction of the Chateau d'IF, leaving deep ruts in the road.

It is dusk when they arrive at the Chateau, and they are able to drive the truck right up to the building. They park it on the narrow spit of land between the Chateau and the sea, and gaze anxiously at the enormous walls.

"What a lot of windows," says Moskowitz worriedly. "How are we going to find out which cell Willis and Vick are in?"

They all get out of the truck and walk up and down the shore, turning over the problem in their minds. Suddenly there is a twanging noise and Taurasi falls headlong in the mud. The others help him to his feet and start wiping him down, but he brushes their hands aside impatiently.

"Something just struck me!" he exclaims.

"No," says Sykora, "You fell."

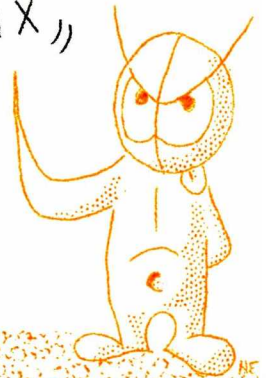
"I know," says Taurasi impatiently, "that's the point. I tripped over a chord. Haven't you noticed this whole beach is covered with musical instruments?"

"It must be the remains of that band that was playing on the quay until it was drowned by the cheering crowd," muses Moskowitz. "But so what? They're all washed up now."

"It's given me an idea," says Taurasi. "We'll serenade Willis and Vick like Blondin and Richard Coeur de Lion."

WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA

((CHAP
TER
SIX))



(Originally printed in Dick Ryan's MAD, Special Issue)

"Who's Blondin?" asks Moskowitz.

"Don't you ever read the funnies?" says Sykora in contempt. "Blondin Bumstead of course. Say, whaddya think of Lil Abner--"¹

"Never mind that," says Sykora. "Moskowitz, you sing and Sykora and I will accompany you." He picks up a trumpet and hands it to Sykora, taking a saxophone for himself.

Moskowitz takes out a copy of the Dianetics Handbook and clears his throat. He begins to sing.

"We three
Intend to free
You from the penitentiary,
Taurasi,
Sykora
And me.
I need hardly mention how at our Convention
We kept the Michelists at bay;²
And now we are prayin' that we'll find a way in
To--"

He breaks off abruptly as two arms are seen waving frantically from one of the windows. With an encouraging gesture the triumvirate run back to the truck and begin to unload it.

Watching them anxiously from the cell window, Willis turns to Vick.

"What do you think they're doing?"

"It looks big enough to be Sam's entire collection," says ShelVY.

"OH! They must be going to pile it up against the wall for us to climb down. Yes, look, they're laying a fantasy foundation of big ones first. Early FANTASY BOOKS, old AMAZING QUARTERLYS, 1943 ASTOUNDINGS--"

"WHAT?" shouts Willis. He throws himself against the bars, wrenching at them vainly. Eventually he calms down and watches quietly as the three below erect an enormous mountain of books and magazines against the prison wall.

"Well, that's the last of them," says Moskowitz finally, "a file of recent FANTASY BOOKS and the Dell edition of Universe.³ I'm afraid it isn't enough. I wish they'd had Common Sense." He broods grimly. The others steal a look at him and turn their eyes hastily away from his harrowed countenance. Moskowitz stands still for a long moment and then grits his teeth and walks slowly back to the truck. He emerges with a white face and a roll of black velvet. Unrolling the latter he produces a book, at which the others gaze with reverent awe. Still holding the book he begins to climb up the mountain of sf. Sykora and Taurasi uncover their heads and stand in silent tribute.

Up above ShelVY turns to Willis. "He is making the supreme sacrifice," he says in hushed tones.

Even Willis is impressed. "Not...not The Outsider and Others?" he gasps.⁴

"Yes," says ShelVY sombrely.

As Moskowitz continues his perilous ascent other fans begin to arrive in ones and twos and watch in perilous silence. There is a gasp of relief as he nears the top of the pile and places The Outsider and Others on the summit. Then, very carefully, he climbs the remaining few feet and stands on the sacred volume. He is now only a short distance below the cell window.

Balancing himself precariously on the narrow peak he reaches into his pocket and produces a small saw.

"Here," he says, "saw through the bars with this. It's a hacksaw I borrowed from Ray Cummings." He stands on tiptoe and reaches it up.

Willis and Vick both stretch out their hands but try as they will they cannot quite reach the saw.

"Another hundredth of an inch would have done it," says ShelVY,

falling back in despair. "Ricky Slavin has a lot to answer for."⁵

Overcome with disappointment and emotion at the recollection of his lost dust jacket Moskowitz has to rest for a moment before making his descent. He is just pulling himself together when there is a frantic cry from below and a wild-eyed figure dashes towards the pile, muttering incoherently to himself and drawing a fountain pen from his pocket. It is Clark Ashton Smith.

"For Ghod's sake stop him, Mike," shouts Alan Pesetsky. "He's caught sight of one of his published poems with uncorrected typos!"⁶ But Michael de Angelis is unable to bring himself to restrain his hero.⁷ "No human power could stop him anyway," says Ken Beale in horror. "That was a Keasler zine he saw. Run for your lives!"⁸

But it is too late. Smith has already reached the pile of books and magazines. With maniacal strength he grabs a duplicated fanzine near the bottom of the mountain and pulls savagely. For a long moment the vast edifice shakes and quivers: then, with an earsplitting crash, it falls to the ground, burying Taurasi, Sykora, Gibson, Pesetsky, de Angelis, Beale, Clancy, Smith, Gluck, Quinn, Krueger, Crane, Wesson, Serxner, Friedman, Hoskins and Kirs.

"Well," says Willis callously, "that's the first time all New York fandom has been in Moskowitz's good books."

1. Lil Abner had just caused a comics sensation by getting married to Daisy Mae.
2. A reference to the famous "Exclusion Act" in which Moskowitz, Sykora & Taurasi prevented the Michelists (Wollheim etc.) from entering the 1939 Convention. See THE IMMORTAL STORM. Incidentally I realise that the "Trimvirate" no longer exists but at the time my knowledge of the history of New York fandom stopped where THE IMMORTAL STORM did.
3. The Dell reprint of Heinlein's Universe was probably the thinnest pocket-book ever published. There was some wonderment that they hadn't included the sequel, Common Sense. /Actually, the Dell Universe was one of a series of 10¢ pocketbooks tried by Dell, Universe being the only sf title. The series proved unsuccessful and was immediately discontinued. -tgc/
4. Moskowitz' copy of Lovecraft's The Outsider and Others was the pride of his collection and on a famous occasion, described in the Insurgent SPACEWARP by Joe Kennedy,...
5. New York fanne Ricky Slavin, during a quarrel with Moskowitz, tore the precious dust jacket.
6. Smith was said to have the habit of correcting by hand any typos he found in his published works.
7. Michael de Angelis published quantities of Smith's poems.
8. Keasler's fanzines were of course notorious for their typos. (Cf. "Kerles" in THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR.)

-Walt Willis

I was speaking in hyperbole and the heck with him.

INASMUCH AS WE HAVEN'T DONE SO BEFORE, we--the multitudinous coeditors of VOID--would like now to publicly thank each and all of you who contributed to the Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund. When we originally broached the idea almost a year ago to this issue in the Willish we had no idea that the Fund would be so quickly or hugely successful. That it has is a credit to every one of you people out there in fandom. Thanks.

And thanks, Walt and Madeleine, for accepting.

INN A MIST continued from p.9:

Just last week Pete and I were here, and we decided to go out for a hamburger or something. I started to put on my coat. That is, I started to look for my coat. Naturally, I couldn't find it.

"Where is it?" I said, frowning with a growing suspicion.

"Your coat?" said Pete. "Did you by any chance make the mistake of putting it down somewhere and then taking your eyes off it?"

I hung my head. "Yes," I whispered guiltily.

"Well then it's probably down at about the Eocene level by now," Pete said, and we started burrowing into the heaps by the door.

It only took us twenty minutes to find it, and in the meantime we'd found the beach towel Pete had lost last summer, twelve VOID subscriptions postmarked from January to April, a WIN WITH WILLKIE button, a Currier & Ives print, three vintage colonial coins which Walter Breen swore weren't his, and what seemed to be an Indian burial mound with about 24 dollars' worth of beads and trinkets--a rich hoard which we subsequently sold to Ye Village Noveltie Shoppe on MacDougall Street.

Encouraged by our success, the lot of us began excavations in the back of the office, where (under 75 unassembled copies of THE BNF OF IZ) we unearthed a mastadon tusk, the lower jaw of an Allosaurus, and a faded Tucker pocketbook with some ferns pressed between its pages. (Analysis later showed that the ferns dated from the Carboniferous Age.)

Under the desk where the mimeoscope sits we found shale about five feet down, with the skeletons of strange-looking amphibians and fish, some of which could not be identified, fossil impressions of what seemed to be some kind of single-celled creature, and Bob Bloch's birth certificate. We tried digging deeper, but we ran into a substructure of some incredibly hard black metal which none of the specialists whom we've consulted have been able to identify. The only clue we have is something which looks very much like writing along one part of it; however, it's not in any language we know and though we're grateful to Avram Davidson for spending long hours working on a translation we're not at all sure what to make of the fact that he now insists it says "Here is the race that shall rule the sevagram."

But I digress. The point I was trying to make here was that Towner Hall is sort of a mess at times, and therefore...well, let's see, what was the point of all this supposed to be?

Dammit, I wish I could find my notes.

FANDOM'S UNFORGOTTEN FUGGHEAD: Last issue, Ted White (who has a beard and small ears) told you all about Warren A. Freiberg, the prime fugghead who is remembered these days by practically nobody. I'd like to write a bit about a fugghead who seems to be well-remembered by everyone, even those who weren't in fandom when he was: Peter James Vorzimer. I choose this subject not only because of the general interest in ole Vorz (or The Great White Zrov, as some of us used to call him), but also because he illustrates a point I'd like to make about fandom and fuggheads.

I tried to make that point a few years ago, in a story which appeared first in a Cultzine and then, rewritten, in UNEyEN, but Bill Donaho has told me over and over that one shouldn't try to make a point with a story because ideas just get in the way and people tend to ignore them; he seems to have been right in this case, because nobody who commented on either appearance of the yarn mentioned the idea behind it. The story was "The Fan Who Hated Quotecards," and it told of a young man who got carried away with trying to Improve Fandom and eventually gaffiated in a burst of bad-tempered egomania; a postscript at the end of the story mentioned that since his gaffiation the fan had got married, had taken a job as a salesman and was making close to \$10,000 a year. The point I had in mind was that a guy who may prove to be an utter fugghead in fandom may just be a fairly normal and capable type who tried to apply his talents in the wrong field.

Come to think of it, I echoed this idea in a column in CRY early last year, but there again I did it in a fictional conversation between fans and no one seemed to notice. Well, now I'll try to illustrate my thesis directly: Pete Vorzimer is my example.

I first heard of Vorz late in 1953; Boob Stewart and I were corresponding with Ron Ellick or Larry Balint or one of those types in Los Angeles (and believe me, the Los Angeles types of the early 50's were quite different from the ones you'll find there now) when all of a sudden this enthusiastic neofan burst onto the scene and we found ourselves corresponding with him too. It was Vorz.

(Actually, I'd already met him, though I hadn't realized it. We were both at the 1953 Westercon in Los Angeles, and we attended at least one party together...the one Kris Neville threw on the Saturday night. I don't remember meeting him or hearing his name on that occasion, but a photo taken by Pete

Graham while I was there shows Vorz quite unmistakably in the crowd, proudly hoisting a beer can.)

At the time he was publishing a small mimeoed mag called HA! which was not a fanmag but which had some of the approach of fandom. HA! was a humormag which drew its inspiration more from Mad than anything else, and it was Vorz's aim to sell it on the newsstands and make money with it. The covers were lithographed photos of Neal Wilgus, a friend of Vorz's who hung around the fringes of fandom for awhile, with idiotic grins and facial contortions, and the material inside was absolutely atrocious adolescent asininity (awfully apt alliteration, hm?). Just from glancing at one or two issues which Vorz sent up to us we could tell that he was ripe to be converted into a Los Angeles fan; he had that spark, as we say.

He was dreadfully impressed with the two of us "old time fans" --but especially with Boob. Last issue, Pete Graham (who has no beard but whose ears are quite respectably large) told you all about Boob and his madcap ways, so it should be no surprise that Vorz thought he was a gas. Vorz was at the time in high school, and was a remarkably typical High School Red Hot, a BMOC type who was in the school drama club, whose photos were all heavily retouched to hide his acne, and who bragged incessantly about his alleged feminine conquests. You know the type: a reasonably normal, healthy teenager.

He came up to San Francisco on a trip in connection with some school activity--a High School Newspaper Editors' Conference or an All-California BMOC Meet or somesuch --and dropped by at Boob's place for an afternoon. I was over there when he arrived heavily laden with a few hundred dollars' worth of photographic equipment including a Strobe unit and suchlike. (One of Vorz's hobbies was photography, and he was a pretty good photographer.) He promptly started taking pictures and telling wild high-school-drinking-party stories. Boob got down on the floor and rolled around and laughed for awhile, and when he was done I got down on the floor and rolled around and laughed some myself. (We didn't roll around on the floor together, of course, because we know Vorz was from Los Angeles fandom.)

Vorz was a very funny guy, in his high-schoolish way. We had a fine time for the couple of hours that he was there, and he told us enthusiastically about the fanzine he was planning, which was to be called ABSTRACT. It would be half-sized, photo-offset, and by ghod it would be great stuff because nobody should underrate ole Pete Vorzimer, who had a year's experience as editor of HA! behind him already.

So he went home and started publishing. His first issue wasn't bad--it wasn't good, but it wasn't bad, either, and certainly it was neatly put together, which is more than could be said, especially in those days before Ted White ruined fandom, for most neofen's first issues. With the second issue he'd bought a ditto and with the production costs saved had added pages to the zine. He published it monthly for about a year, every issue bigger, lots of flashy color work and a long lettercolumn (he was imitating and in fact trying to outdo Dick Geis's PSYCHOTIC, the top fanzine of the day) and, as the mag became established as a reliably frequent one, picked up some pretty decent material from various people--Dean Grennell and Bob Bloch, for instance.

The main thing about ABSTRACT, though, was Vorz's own personality. He was a fireball, loaded with energy, opinionated as all hell and willing to argue at length with anyone who disagreed with him. He usually didn't think his ideas through very well, doing that instead on-stencil--a habit which led him sometimes, unfugghadlike, to reverse his position and apologize for statements he'd made. (Redd Boggs once defined a fugghead as "someone who never has second thoughts".) One of the things he sounded off indignantly about, for instance, was that some presuming bastards wanted to trade their 24-page quarterly fanzines for his 40-page monthly mag...these zines included such as OOPSLA and HYPHEN and SPACESHIP... It wasn't long before Vorz got a reputation as a fugghead, but his lettercolumn was sure lively. One fan (maybe Boggs again) called him The Fan You Love To Hate. That was a title that Vorzimer must have liked, somehow; he seemed to like to think of himself as some sort of monolithic remesis, a Big Man.

But here's the distinction: Vorz didn't think of himself in the I Am A Great Big Man sense which Laney satirized to a faretheewell in the article of that name. (Laney was referring to what he considered delusions of grandeur on the part of Al Ashley.) Vorz was simply possessed of the Big Man On Campus syndrome--the one which leads, in high school, to sports and other extracurricular activities, running for Class President, etc.; in college to joining a fraternity; and eventually to Grey Flannel Suit-ism. Status-seeking, in other words. It's a normal syndrome, and no matter whether you or I think it's healthy it's certainly indicative of a fair degree of adjustment to society.

Vorz's BMOC leanings led him, in fandom, to organizing fanclubs. You probably all know that he dreamed up the Cult and founded it cut of a rag, a bone, and a hank of Ted White's beard; you may not know that this was preceded by an abortive group called the National Amateur Press Association which Vorz organized in early 1954, not knowing that the name had been in use for nearly a century by a mundane apa. (Vorz claimed he'd paid Forry Ackerman something like \$10 to do research to see if the name had been used before, but that seems strange.) Vorz's group included

all of the teenaged Southern California crowd of the day--Ron Ellik, Don Howard Donnell, V. Paul Nowell, Ralph Stapenhorst, Tom Piper, Larry Balint, and quite a few others--as well as a few from the Bay Area, including Boob and me. The system was a simple one--each member was to send copies of his regular fanzine to all other members of the group, that was all. Most effective organizational ideas are simple, but this one was just too simple: most all of the members were already trading their zines anyway, so there was just no purpose for the apa. So it folded.

But not before at least two NAPAcons were held at Vorz's home in North Hollywood; the Southern California members turned out in force for them, as well as various local onlookers like Forry Ackerman, and at the second meeting three of us from the Bay Area attended: Pete Graham, Keith Joseph, and me. The story of how I got there might shed a little light on the overly-maligned name of Vorzimer: he had written to Boob Stewart and told him that if he'd come down Vorz would pay his busfare both ways; Boob couldn't make it that weekend, but I could, so Vorz paid my way. The busfare wasn't a loan: it was a gift. Now what are we to call that gesture?--friendship, or brown-nosing an old-time fan? I tend to think it was a bit of both.

The NAPAcon consisted of an afternoon and evening of mad teenaged abandon, with various people cracking bad jokes, Vorz and Ron Ellik wrestling in the livingroom (they hated each other), somebody rifling Vorz's personal correspondence looking for dirt, and a dull business meeting, with coffee and ice cream served by Vorz's mother, the whole meeting being tape-recorded. The highlight of the weekend was Keith Joseph, a fellow who had made many enemies in Bay Area fandom and had, in fact, been named the first winner of the Keith Joseph Award for The Most Obnoxious Fan Of The Year, a bit dreamed up by Dave Rike. What was so hilarious was that we introduced Keith to Vorz as Dave Rike, and Vorz fell for it and spent hours making cracks about what an idiot Keith Joseph must be. (I know it sounds like Vorz had seen through the hoax and was playing us, but I assure you he hadn't.) Then, in a perfect capper, Vorz decided we should hoax the other attendees when they arrived, by telling them that "Dave Rike" was Keith Joseph. We carried off this double-hoax for several more hours, until Keith finally decided to end the whole thing by telling Vorz that he really was Keith Joseph. Vorz didn't believe him and neither did anybody else by that time, and the longest item of business during the formal meeting was the attempt to establish his actual identity. Keith finally produced some identification from his wallet and things settled back to mediocrity.

The next time I saw Vorz was at the 1954 worldcon in San Francisco, where he enjoyed himself no end as one of the leading fans in attendance there. (The SFCon was noted for its surprisingly small number of ENFs, and in fact Harlan Ellison, when making a tape to send to Willis on the last day of the con, said, "This is a stinking convention--the biggest name fan here is me, which may give you some idea!") One of the most amusing incidents of the con was the meeting of Ellison and Vorzimer, whose reputations were roughly analogous then--Ellison had just written his famous article in PSYCHOTIC about how the mad dogs had kneed Seventh Fandom in the groin. The moment the two met they each stood back a step and sized each other up (both of them obviously playing the scene to the hilt for the benefit of the audience), and then Harlan jabbed his pipe-stem at Vorz and insulted him. This was the beginning of one of the most enjoyable insult-battles I've ever seen, with Harlan shooting witty insults at Vorz and Vorz countering with a large repertoire of West Coast high-school insults, including "Why don't you stick your head out the window--feet first!" and "What's your ambition in life, besides breathing?" Harlan grimaced and said, "There's a bus leaving town at six--be under it!"

But Vorz got one-up on Harlan in an unexpected way. Vorz had earlier offered to pay me \$5 if I'd do a few pages of Face Critturs on events at the convention, for ABSTRACT, and I'd accepted. On the first day of the con Harlan approached me (with Vorz within hearing distance) and said he'd like me to do some Face Critturs for DIMENSIONS, illustrating the convention. I said, "Sorry, I can't --Vorzimer is paying me five dollars to do that set for him." Harlan frowned and went away, and Vorz laughed and laughed.

The issue of ABSTRACT which carried Vorz's SFCon report (The CONish) ran to 100 pages, and created somewhat of a sensation over and above the effects of its size, because in his report Vorz gleefully told of how he'd persecuted Burton Satz, including the story of how Satz had been "forced" to drink a bottle of Wildroot Cream Oil at one of the room parties. A lot of readers got very righteously indignant about this, but they'd never met Satz. I met him several times, and I'll put it into the record that he was thoroughly asinine and obnoxious and well deserved such treatment most of the time. What's more the Wildroot story needs clarification: the way I heard it from those who were there, Satz was drunk and getting on everyone's nerves, and when the liquor ran out he started wailing obnoxiously that he wanted more to drink, drink, drink! Someone mentioned that most hairtonics had alcohol in them, so Satz went and got a bottle of Wildroot from the bathroom. Vorz and others threatened to force him to drink it, shouting, "It's non-alcoholic, Charlie!" but soon desisted and instead decided to ignore Satz. Satz was not to be ignored; he drank a swallow or two of the goo on his own hook, to gain attention. (Boob Stewart photographed this, and there is no evidence of coercion shown in the photo.)

So much for Vorz's actual conduct at the SFCon; as for his own account of them which caused the fuss in the first place, I think it was just another example of teenaged braggadocio. Vorz probably thought it would make him sound like more of a Big Man if he said he'd actually actively forced Satz to drink the goo.

The bulk of Vorz's reputation as a fugghead is based on his actions at the SFCon and on a few letters in A BAS and the tenth (and last) issue of ABSTRACT. I've just explained to you about the SFCon misunderstandings--now I'll tell you about the A BAS letters and that last ABSTRACT.

It's a bum rap. Vorzimer didn't write them.

Well, that's not quite true.

Vorz did write the first A BAS letter, which was pretty ridiculous. But the next two (one of which was so blatantly fuggheaded that Raeburn gleefully published a special A BAS SUPPLEMENT just to get it into circulation) were written by Ron Ellick under Vorz's name long after Vorz had gafiated completely and had no remaining contact whatever with fandom. What's more, Ron wrote and published ABSTRACT #10 himself, too. All of this has been some sort of a dread secret in fandom for years--various people have known it, but it's never been mentioned before in print. At this late date I don't think there's any chance that Ron is going to get sued over it, though, so I've broken the silence.

Why did he do it? Well, as a hoax, of course (it was a lovely hoax), and as a satire on Vorzimer and fuggheads in general (and it was beautiful satire--Ron wrote them all in the best Vorzimer LMJ style). And you should remember that there had always been a lot of enmity between Ron and Vorz, too, the reasons for which I won't go into at any length but which included Vorz's jealousy of Ron's just-beginning prominence in fandom in those days, and consequent snubs.

So anyway, that's the story of Pete Vorzimer, Prime Fugghead. You see what I mean about him? He wasn't really all that bad--just young, overenthusiastic, too apt to shoot off his mouth, too concerned with his own status. A fairly typical high school kid, but not really the type who usually gets into fandom. Not a fannish type.

In fandom, he was a misfit.

He disappeared from fandom about the time he went to college. In college, he joined a fraternity, which fits the pattern exactly. I don't know what he's doing now. Maybe he's married and working as a salesman and making \$10,000 a year.

-terry carr

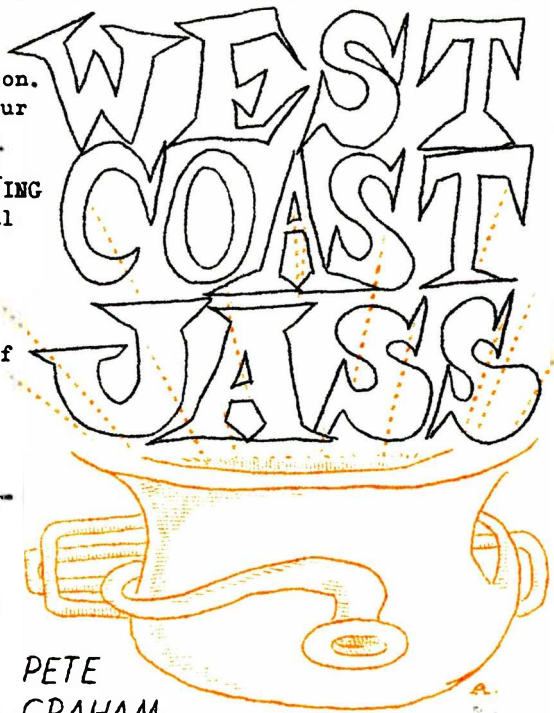
PSEUDO-BERKELEY CHITTERCHATTER: I'm going to write a page or two about science-fiction. I haven't read much of it recently (that is, in the last four or five years), but in the past year I have read Drunkard's Walk, Earth Abides, Stranger in a Strange Land, Spacehounds of IPC (for the fourth time), one or two stories in an AMAZING early this year and the first part of Poul Anderson's serial running in GALAXY at the end of the year. I'd read the second part if someone would buy the next issue and leave it around the office as he did the first half.

As I look at it, it isn't too bad a set of stuff. And at least two of the pieces--Heinlein's and Stewart's--slightly belie the points I want to make.

One of the disturbing factors to me about science-fiction is its overweening concern with the technological future of mankind. A great deal of interesting work has been done in this direction: among the best of the breed that I've read are Clement's Mission of Gravity and Clarke's Childhood's End; other books in this vein are Clarke's Prelude to Space and, certainly for their time, the Smith Skylark series.

Most stories in the literature aren't anywhere near that good, though; and most of them are founded on, or their twists are based on, or their backgrounds hang on, some peculiarly scientific development of the story. This usually means another planet, a distant century, a new device in the near future, or some kind of mutation of man himself. Within this whole realm is a good deal of relatively simple character-development, often no more than the "x, usually male, relating to y, often female, opposing z, sometimes human" category.

What I'm looking for is a novel that attempts to do things with a society, in addition to the usual prerequisite for an important work of well-motivated, intelligent character and plot development. I'll add that, dammit, I'm not looking for another dystopia-drama. There



PETE GRAHAM:

is the unfortunate, pessimistic tendency for sf writers to assume that any major change in the world's societies must inevitably lead to disaster. 1984 and Brave New World are two fine examples of a genre which descends to the fifth level of quality as one passes to the third listing in the series. (It's important to note also that those two were written as more or less openly political statements, but this is a path I'm not interested in propounding in this editorial.) Sf is full of labored attempts and passing references that fall in this category; it's not what I'm referring to nor is it an area which I find greatly constructive for sf writers to dwell on.

Stranger in a Strange Land falls, in intent, in the category I mean. It departs from the traditional technological approach to science-fiction writing and deals with the social problems of human society. SISL is a bad book: it is an important failure (important for the field, let me emphasize, for the field) in that it attempts something that the science-fiction writing field needs more of, but it fails in the attempt. Let me make clear that this judgment is independent of my judgment of the intrinsic politics of the book. SISL is badly constructed, paced, plotted and characterized in addition to its major substantive fault, and it is this internal substantive fault which is the main point and at the crux of this editorial. I happen to believe, in addition, that this book is conservative as all get-out, but it isn't the function of this editorial to go into that.

What Heinlein attempts to do in Stranger in a Strange Land is deal with a society in an extrapolatory fashion. He fails here, and it is this failure in the context of what he is consciously attempting that makes the book an important failure (and, incidentally, makes it conservative). He has not extrapolated a society or social change, he has essentially only reconstructed today's society in a briefly distant future. The world of Valentine Smith has become more greatly centralized, an entirely likely possibility, but outside of the expectable personnel changes there is no other significant social difference from today's cold-war and domestic political stalemate.

Heinlein's solution to the social problems in SISL is one that he would like to introduce into today's society. It is the traditional, rather classic conception that what the world needs is an idea--preferably a good one--an effective means of convincing people that is what they want, and a good man to start the ball rolling. Science-fictionally speaking, a novel of this sort must either use such a conception with a society that is different from today's, or it must develop a different conception for change than has been known in the past and contemporary societies. Heinlein's society is contemporary and his gimmick is depressingly so, and the combination of both leads his novel only to be a brief flare before relative stfnal obscurity.

Earth Abides, now, comes a good deal closer to what I mean if it doesn't hit the mark precisely. Stewart's quite plausible development of the re-creation of human prehistory apres le deluge is, to begin with, one of the best-written and well-founded novels of the past few decades, and I am not restricting my view to science-fiction. The protagonist is a bit thin, but he thickens out immeasurably near the end when the agonizing, crucially tragic sensing of his impotence as a civilized human being becomes completely clear. His "sophisticated uselessness" is a function of the society around him, and here is where Stewart hits the mark where Heinlein missed it.

Stewart has changed his society, and then thrown his characters in to see how they operate. This is one of the postulates I tossed out above for making a successful attempt at social-science fiction. The other, as I said, would be to cook up an interesting way to change society without a technological gimmick, and then let your characters play with that. Stewart chose the first; Heinlein neither, in that he changed neither the society nor the means of operation within it. My only demurrance is at the sweeping nature of Stewart's major social change, i.e., he destroys everybody. It is, to be precise, a little more than I had in mind. But he does, in fine, come within the purview of social-science fiction.

I'd like to see some more attempts to deal with social problems--any society's social problems--in an extrapolatory way. That is, extrapolate the society, then extrapolate the problems and finally deal with the whole mess and come up with a solution. It's a difficult job. What it requires, in a sense, is an author willing to take the trouble to set up a system that is internally-consistent to the point of plausibility but one not so internally-consistent--no society can be--that there are no wrinkles which it wouldn't be fun to fictionally wring the hell out of. This is all vitally connected, of course, with the trouble involved in manufacturing an interesting and absorbing plot within the larger context.

It's a major job; but I think that for science-fiction to become anything approaching a respectable (read: major) literature it's going to have to tackle this kind of problem. That's why I'm glad Stranger in a Strange Land came out. I don't like it and think it's barking up the wrong tree, but at least Heinlein sees that there's a tree there in the middle of all this forest.

EARTH ABIDES: "Ted," I said, taking off my shirt, "do you know how you and I can gain egoboo forever?"

"No," he said in a reasonable fashion, "how?"

"It has occurred to me," I went on, "that greatness is ours, for only a little dirt, less money, and a few hours of our time."

"Yes?" he said, leaning back in his armchair contentedly.

"We shall publish the perpetual fanzine, Ted. We really shall." ("And will you take a woman with you?" mused Ted, but I went on.) "We need, first of all, superlative material for one hefty 40-page issue." Ted nodded. "More than that, we shall need good quality stencils." As good as done, Ted indicated. "Very well. We simply stencil the material and put out the superlative issue of, let us say, FAN WOW."

"Yes," said Ted. "What's new?" One thing about Ted is, he's taciturn.

"Nothing--yet," I said. "We sit back and wait for the reviews, which will establish us as bright lights in the vast sea of fannish endeavor. If you mean what I know. We shall be forever famous--that is, for two or three years. That is when Phase Two comes into effect."

"And that is?" said Ted, comfortably sipping his Pepsi.

"We publish it again."

"Same issue--same stencils?"

"Yes. Exactly. All will have forgotten--obviously, since we are no longer famed in song and story for having published it the first time. And once again, we shall be forever famous. That is, to be sure, for two or three years."

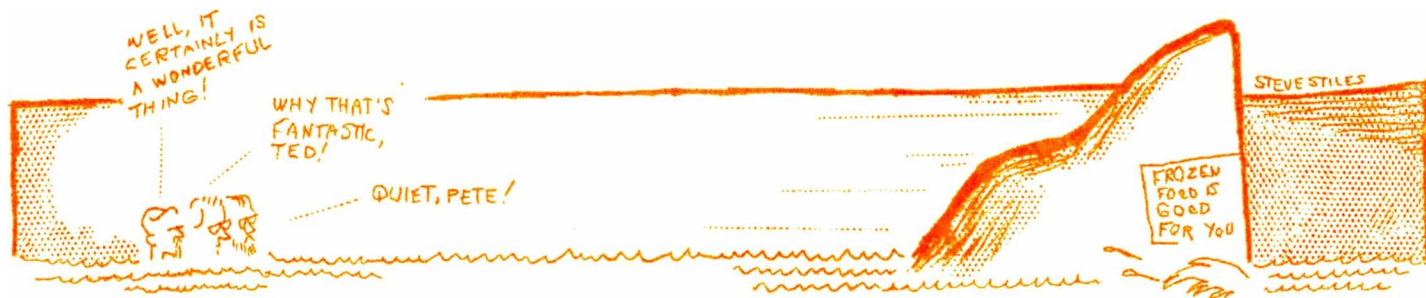
"And then," said Ted, crushing out his cigarette, "we do the same thing again--and again, and again? Always the same stencils, the same superlative material?"

"Precisely."

"You're out of your skull, Pete Graham," said Ted White. "You're crazy."

-pete graham

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SETH A. JOHNSON

Just by the way, all that comment in VOID 26 on myself and ISFCC seems to be fiction from beginning to end. I never was a saucer enthusiast or ever built any kind of models. I did have a gang of freaks and crackpots whose letters I was copying and/or passing around in the robins at that time. One from a hermit in New Hampshire or somewhere who claimed to be visited by half a dozen flying saucers and to have chased them off with a shot gun. However the editorial was interesting enough, but why couldn't it be printed as fiction since that's all it was. Not that there was anything slanderous or objectionable about the thing, but seems rather silly to pass something like that as truth when it's nothing of the sort. ((If you'll check that editorial, you'll see that nothing was said of saucer models. I thought the rocket model was yours, since the photos had your name on them and you talked about it. All other references are, to the best of my knowledge, accurate. -gb))

Highlight of this issue was the illo on page three. I can only hope Dave Prosser got a copy of this VOID for I'm sure he would get a kick out of this one.

Big mistake for Fanoclasts to hold their meets at your place. Most people would be scared to come for fear of having their heads bitten off. You really should take the Dale Carnegie Human relations course some time. Would make a new and better man and fan out of you. ((How can one be Lecherous and Dale Carnegie-like at the same time? -gb))

And by the way just what is there in IPSO, whatever that is, that would disturb me emotionally? I presume since you have something to do with it it consists of page after page of invective and slander against N3F. However I've come to expect that when reading VOID and that type pseudo sophisticated zines. ((Why do you always come on with the poor-abused neffer syndrome whenever anyone kids you a bit? I had

heretofore thought all this about fandom being against the n3f was a gag, but do you really think anyone cares enough about it to fill pages with "invective" against such a harmless organization? -gb))

JACK SPEER

VOID #24: I think the answer to the mystery of Al Ashley is something like this: In Battle Creek during the war, Al had his choice of almost any job, and could choose taxiing, for the reason he did, while feeling that he could competently discharge many others, such as writing, signpainting, etc. He was also, perhaps, under middle age, and could state without fear of successful contradiction that he was going to live forever; at the same time, his age advantage on other fan, coupled with his undoubted native intelligence, gave him an edge that was indicated by his score of 194, the highest made by any fan. In Los Angeles, after the war, jobs were not so easy to get, and Al discovered that he couldn't get a job as a signpainter--his talent didn't come up to L.A. standards. This, as Laney remarked, was an enormous concession for him to make. For some time Abby Lu was doing the breadwinning, and whether this was due to a lack of initiative on his part or a lack of opportunity, it must have hit his self-esteem hard. He played around some with hypnotism and other forerunners of dianetics--he told me how self-hypnosis enabled him to get access to any memories in his life, which suggests the theory that has been applied to Campbell and psi: an aging man clutching at long shots. No doubt there was a great deal more going on in Al's inner life than these glimpses suggest, but they indicate, perhaps, the shape of the whole.

#26: Walt did a pretty good job of Americanism, but a couple of Anglicisms slipped in: "I'd hardly any breakfast" and "catapult" (slingshot?). [Snoqualmie, Washington]

BOB LICHTMAN

I liked Terry's editorial here in #26. And by the way, I've been doing some research and practical observation in Berkeley lately. I mean, about this line, "It certainly is a wonderful thing."

At parties, at Writer's Group, at almost any gathering of two or more fans, I've been dropping this line incessantly, unceasingly, unrepentingly. But people are ignoring it. It's falling upon dead (or perhaps just drunken) ears. People don't even bother to leave the room.

No, that's not quite true. One time, at a Donaho party, after I used that line for the umpteenth time in the same evening, someone did leave the room. I don't remember who, but that's unimportant. For a moment, I thought that there was a speck of truth in what Terry wrote.

Then I heard the john flush and I muttered, "Well, back to the old drawing board." ((Does Donaho keep a drawing board in his john? -gb))

This discourse of Greg's on the ISFCC makes me chuckle in my beard, actually and literally. Once upon a time, when I first joined the N3F, back in my erring neofannish days, I got a WelcomLetter from this fellow by the name of Clay Hamlin. Due to a mutual interest in hekto-graphy, of all things, we maintained a correspondence for a while, and during this while it transpired that Hamlin was some sort of Wheel in the ISFCC. Yes, he knew all about this group, and of its stature in fandom. "We have around 20 members now," said Clayton Hamlin, "but we're recruiting all the time and maybe pretty soon we'll be up to our old strength again." I didn't ask what the former Greatness of the ISFCC was, but I suspect he meant something like 30 members, or maybe 35.

But then the discussion of hekto wore off and he started trying to interest me in joining the ISFCC, so I dropped the correspondence. And that was the last I heard of the ISFCC until earlier this evening, when I was reading the stencils for FANAC #79.

The ISFCC is getting on the wagon, it seems, and is forming an apa. Clayton Hamlin has all sorts ideas for this terrific Innovation, I see, such as not permitting more than 25% of your activity requirement to be taken up with mailing comments, and a system of jumping waitlisters into membership by vote, and so forth. Nice, but unwieldy, ideas, you know.

By now, I imagine, the ISFCC is down to around 10 members--The Hard Core ISFCCers (not a political group)--and this is their Bid for Power. There's no membership limit indicated in this write-up for the apa, but I suspect it's somewhere around an optimistic thirty or so.

Somehow, I think this apa will be another Vanguard. The rocket, not the apa. Like, it'll never get off the ground.

[6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.]

HARRY WARNER

I probably don't see as much amusement in this latest gagline as you people do who experience it personally. But I can assure you that it has been working on me, not in fandom but in mundane

reading. About twice a week lately I've come across a sentence very similar to "It certainly is a wonderful thing" in novels and essays and such things. It gives exactly the same illusion of big black type as you get when your name jumps out of a printed page into your eyes when you didn't expect to find it there.

Every other issue of VOID is particularly welcome. These are the alternate issues that contain "All Our Yesterdays". When they arrive I have the same luxurious feeling that occurs when I've sent out the last Christmas card or written the obituary of some prominent Hagerstown resident whom I disliked in particular. Then there's nothing for me to feel obligated about until another VOID comes, except to write a letter of comment and try not to do it too promptly in order to avoid appearing in yet another letterhack column. (I've been selfconscious about that, too, ever since Les Sample calculated that I had made more appearances in comment columns than anyone else in 1960.) ((Harry's column, which would normally have been scheduled for this issue, won't reappear until next issue, since Harry is unusually busy this month. -tgc))

This time, I'm pretty sure that Greg Benford has written the best editorial. Of course, he had more to work with. That thing about the welcoming committee of the ISFCC going to work on the club's president is the stuff of which greatness is woven. It may also be significant that so many little items in this issue will be worth copying in the relevant pages of my fan history notes. All fandom seems to have taken a tremendous leap into fan history in recent months. I get the impression that there is really no need for me to do any more work. If I just keep telling people that I'm making progress on the project, they'll continue to rattle along happily about the past of fandom and some fine morning all that has happened in fandom will have appeared in fanzines, and all I'll have to do is shovel up the magazines, encircle the proper pages, and send them off to Norm Metcalf. Just to look at the names in your letter column causes some timebinding: Charles Wells, Jerry Page, Jan Penney, Guy Terwilleger and a Lee Hoffman picture. I suppose the moral is that no fandom is dead, not just First Fandom. ((Guy Terwilleger is an old-timey name? -gb)) [423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland]

LARRY M. HARRIS

Well, here I am with VOID 27, brewing over Avram's column. Why not get a book reviewer who's read Vonnegut's novels before you put him on to Vonnegut's short stories? It would be so much simpler that way...and Avram might realize that the man has actually written that strange big novel. It's called Player Piano. It's also called The Sirens of Titan. I still think "Unready to Wear" and "Barnhouse Effect" are fine stories. Avram doesn't like them. Can't he say more than that? For bad stories there are, usually, reasons of one sort or another. ("D.P.," for instance, Avram thinks is oversentimental--okay, this says something, anyhow, maybe about the story and maybe about Avram. But it says something.) I will rise, in any case, to the defense of Vonnegut any time at all. What lovely stuff he has done...

Why is it Dean Grennell is exercised about female writers sounding like females? Do male writers sound like males? They all sound like writers, period, if they're any good at all...in evidence of which I give you the fabulous Craig Rice, eminently female--no, on the other hand, you don't deserve her. (And I've written stories under male and female pseudonyms--what does that make me? Don't answer.) [Hotel Marlton, 5 West 8th St., New York]

RICK SNEARY

The Warner article on Ashley in V24 was the usual Warner. I'm glad to see "All Our Yesterdays" is not going homeless--though, I find the local of this article's appearance a little amusing in it self. With Carr back there with you, you now have nearly all the crew who built Burbee as the living legend. ((Seems to me Lee Jacobs was referring to Burbee as a Living Legend long before Berkeley fandom discovered him to modern day fandom, as burb himself put it. -tgc)) Not that this article takes anything from Burbee's ability to write...but it does point out that he did not tell the whole story. Of course the fact that most fans remember Al only from the Burbee articles is easy to understand. Even when I came into fandom, he had seemingly passed his writing peak. With the end of 3rd Fandom, many giants fell. I don't remember ever reading a copy of EN GARDE. There was only one issue of THE ACOLYTE, and VOM and LE ZOMBIE were dying. And with 4th and 5th Fandom came the barbarian invasion of young fans, who were mostly anti-sercon, and took up anything that was slapstick. The Insurgent Movement was just what they wanted--and the voices of Burbee and Laney and company were all that was heard in the land. When you kids came along, it was us barbarians that set your values--and we sang highly the praise of Burbee, and his crew. Ofcourse, we praised him for his total output, where as your generation found only the saterical humor of interest. ((I don't quite know what you mean. Burbee has never written much material that wasn't at least nominally humorous, and of this material at least one piece--"Jesus in the Ditch"--is one of my favorites and was certainly re-printed along with the rest in THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE. If you're referring to the more serious

aspects of the Burbee SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, we've always liked those too--F. Lee Baldwin's duo of stories, "Crime Stalks the Fan World" and "The Girl with the Muddy Eyes," are on our list for re-printing someday soon, and Speer's Pacifcon report remains to this day one of the very best convention reports ever written. -tgc)) [2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.]

WRAI BALLARD

This is a good zine, and I'm pleased to be getting it again. Hope you'll continue sending it if only to let me know how this deal of adding editors ends. Somehow it reminds me of the fable of the Arab and the camel. (No, this is nothing Kinsey mentioned.) You know the story: camel stuck his head in the tent and asked if he could have his head in out of the storm. Arab said that wouldn't take too much room so OK. Camel kept coming in a little more at a time till he was in the tent and the Arab was outside.

Or maybe we can imagine the editors line up on a bench. Soon the bench will be filled and editors will start falling off the other end. That's what I want to see...how you'll handle it when editors start falling through the far end of the zine. ((We'll get rid of the camel. -pg))

Fans are different now. In the old days when fans were starry-eyed and knew anyone who was a fan must be a superior person, I used to wait till the right moment and lend them my copy of AH! SWEET IDIOCY, figuring it would do them good to have a few doubts about fans and fandom. The common reaction was: "For awhile I was so disillusioned I felt like dropping out of fandom." Last few years the reaction is universal: great glee, and "Man, that Laney was a character!" Could be AH! SWEET IDIOCY is now history rather than something current, or it could be that fans are more mature in their values, but my own theory is that back in the late 40's and early 50's it took some time for a neo-fan to realize some fans are fugg-heads. Nowadays often the fugg-heads strike so soon the difficulty is in keeping the fan around long enough to find how very few fans are fugg-heads.

After rereading that last sentence it seems like time for me to reread AH! SWEET IDIOCY.

Not sure, but it seems Greg became president of the ISFCC about the time I dropped out after my last foray. For awhile every three or four years I'd rejoin either the ISFCC or N3F, hang around till they tried to take up too much of my time, and drop out after making one or two new permanent friends. The last time in the ISFCC it struck me that the trouble with the club and the roundrobin letters was that they were too thought provoking. Or would have been if I could have stayed awake or knew what they were talking about. I was in the club to relax so I countered by writing of such thought provoking things as TV commercials and my favorite, the Zest (soap) commercials. It was my favorite because one of the times the gal might accidentally unplug the tub, and I wanted to be watching when that happened. This was, naturally, quite thought provoking and a few other members seemed to think the same thing, and for awhile roundrobin letters seemed pretty interesting, though a few spoil-sports insisted on being serious and thought provoking.

Unfortunately about that time I started getting pressured into doing more for fandom (which translated meant drop the apas and write to all the ISFCC members), was nominated for the Welcommittee, won a post and then when I said I wasn't qualified as a welcomer but would be happy to act as a one-man unwelcoming committee to write to those they'd just as soon were not in the club, no one would talk to me, so I resigned. [Blanchard, North Dakota]

ROLF GINDORF

Walt Willis notwithstanding, the items I liked best were your VOIDitorials, or however you call them--all four of them. Especially that Terry Carr is one hell of a good writer. He is great. In fact, I think he is a genius. ...Why, he can't help being all this, if Donald Franson had any right to call me publicly "a sort of German Terry Carr"! ((Wish I'd written that. -tgc))

All this to the contrary, I liked Terry's editorial. Especially his suggestion about the ever-growing number of VOID co-editors is a damn fine idea. Obviously he is the first to apply Parkinson's Law ("Every official strives to multiply the number of his subordinates") to Fanzine Administration, and I'm sure he'll go far in fandom yet. What this fanzine needs is more co-editors--each one, of course, slightly less brilliant than the former. Why, you might even accommodate me somewhere in the line! Just think of the magnificent slogans it would make: "VOID--The Free World's Only Fanzine With A German Co-editor!" or "VOID--The Fanzine With A Genuine Continental Laureate Among Its Staff!" ((Are you a camel? -pg))

Now let's be fair, Greg Benford...just because the ISFCC somehow failed to make a leader for fandom out of you, is no reason to blast pore ole Higgs. Anyway, I couldn't agree more with you in your attitude towards those quote fans unquote who are busily working away "for the eventual good of fans

everywhere". For some time I even thought you were writing about certain personalities of Gerfandom!

Who the hell is Seth Johnson?

George Metzger touches on the subject of introducing fanisms into other than fannish circles. I am proud to report a similar feat, where I made a friend of mine adopt an outright fannish term. The man, an Egyptian engineer, was in the habit of referring to Israelis, Englishmen, and Government officials merely as "buggers"; now he calls them lovingly "fuggheads". At last hearing the term has spread meanwhile from Cairo to Upper Egypt...

Roy Tackett--and a few others too--seem to share my opinion about the so-called "New Trend". I marvel at anybody's mentality who beats his chest and announces that, to him, thinking is a new trend. [52, Hans-Bockler-Strasse, Wulfrath/Rhld., Germany]

LEN MOFFATT

Running four or five editorials per ish is okay, as long as one of the editors is conducting the operation, and the others are, as you say, really writing individual columns rather than actual "editorials". I got nothing against chitter-chatter if it isn't produced in overly large doses, and that's about what you're getting when each of you takes a turn at writing about the other "co-editors". Not that I didn't smile, and sometimes laugh, at some of the lines in all of the pieces, but it was rather like witnessing a variety or vaudeville show where all of the acts use the same line of patter to the degree of losing the "variety" effect, and one wishes that along about here the producers or director had inserted a tap dance or an animal act. ((Well, we may get a camel for a co-editor. -pg))

Just before the Pacificon in '46, I remember sitting in a room in Tendril Towers, listening to Ackerman, Evans, Laney, and I don't know who all, yakking happily over the projected Fantasy Foundation. I didn't know Laney very well at the time--to me he seemed hard-to-get-to-know and a bit of a snob (but part of this was prob'ly due to my own shyness), but I was impressed by his obvious enthusiasm for the project, which included publishing a pro or semi-prozine, to be edited by ftl. (If I remember correctly, he was going to turn ACOLYTE into the FF's major zine.) Despite all the local enthusiasm for the project it didn't go over with the expected bang, due--it would seem--to Forry falling sick the first day of the con. He was, of course, the ideal person to present it, but the presentation was, I thought, poorly done. Many (for all I know, maybe even most) of the attendees at the Pacificon joined the Foundation, pledged books, mags, money, etc.--but with Ack on his back the whole thing didn't get the initial push, and immediate follow-up push, it needed. Or so it seemed to me. Enthusiasm is one thing but converting that enthusiasm into actual productivity is something else again... [10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.]

LEE HOFFMAN

Received VOID #27 today.

What is Seth Johnson? [basement, 54 E. 7th St., New York 3, N.Y.]

BOYD RAEURN

Without giving a great deal of thought to the subject, I guess I'd agree that VOID is about the only "truly fannish-oriented fmz left except HYPHEN". Of course, these days a great number of people Disapprove of fannish-oriented fmz...but I recall that in the past a number of people Disapproved just as much. However, in those days there were quite a few fannish-oriented fmz ...either this disapproval has had effect or we have a new type of fan. And I think the latter is the case. All VOID's editors are of the Old School, from Way Back, before faneds started contemplating their navels and getting Significant and/or dull. ((Yes, we're sort of like a dinosaur running in a herd of elephants. -gb))

TEW's bit on Warren Freiberg was good, but missed a little. I feel he didn't come anywhere near communicating the staggering pretentiousness and pseudo-Campbellism of the Freiberg zines, with the large listing of Managing Editor, Advertising Editor, Public Relations Exec., N3F Liason Officer--or whatever his titles were--as well as all the other claptrap in those frightful crudzines. It occurs to me that in the field of reminiscing about Notable Crudzines of the Past, Ted has a fruitful field to work on...one even more interesting and amusing than the XERO old comic books series. A large number of people in present day fandom won't be at all familiar with zines of even a few years ago, and all these Astounding Revelations will be quite new to them. ((One thing, tho: who saves old crudzines? Without a fairly complete collection of them one would be at a loss to write articles about those Old Time Non-Favorites, and another vital and fascinating area of fanhistory would be lost forever. -gb))

I wonder whether the Support Our Hobby plea will be

taken seriously or whether it will strike where intended. Are you sure the "Seth Johnson" letters aren't being written by Terry Carr? Or maybe Lee Hoffman? If they actually are written by Johnson he must intend them seriously, but this sort of thing is hard to believe, even from a Grand Panjandrum of the N3F. ((Oh all right, we'll let the secret out: Seth Johnson is actually a penname for J. Arthur Hayes. -tgc)) [89 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ont., New Zealand]

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GARY DEINDORFER

The editorials still take the High Laurels. Maybe it's because they are all printed in that hip-looking microelite. I don't vote Terry Carr for first place this time, however. This is because he had to get all technical with me in the letter-column, ignoring the open-hearted, naive force of my compliments on his writing. ((Hmph. -tgc))

The greatest bit in the editorials this time was Ted's on the illustrious Sammy Moskowitz. I trust that in VOID #28 you will regale all of your steady readers (like Seth Johnson) with the amusing story of how Sammy M. Did It Again and delivered a great, rippling bit on Larry Shaw and his wife, Noreen Falasca. (And, having been there to see the Great SaM, I can see how he adds immeasurable humor to his routines with that slightly defensive stance and that fish-out-of-water gape. I'll never forget the beauty of that simulated expression of raw puzzlement when he gazed over at our little group after his "Noreen Falasca" punchline.) [11 De Cou Dr., Morrisville, Pennsylvania]

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PHIL HARRELL

GAD! This issue of VOID threw me into a whole fit of remembering! There was the time I remember when I got my first in CRY, and the time I got my first FANAC, and the time I got my first letter from Ron Ellik, and the time I got my first Checkbox from Ted White...sigh*. And then the time I sent out my fifth quote card, that said, "Never mind who's George Willick...what is it?...and why?" ((Oh, that was a wowser. -tgc)) Then there was my first fan visit from Betty Kujawa... which certainly was a wonderful thing. And my first Fannish Phone Call to F. M. Busby and Elinor "The Voice" for a glorious 25 minutes in living DDD. Yes, Remembrances certainly are a wonderful thing. ((Have I ever told you about the time we threw dye in the swimming pool? -pg)) [2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia]

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BOB WARNER

Ted's editorial brings back pleasant if not downright happy memories of the "old days" in fandom, when you and I were rash young things, writing with a flair equalled by no one since the dawn of time. BREWIZINE brought me more egoboo than I ever thought existed; and from the time the 'zine folded (like you, I assume the 'zine folded; for all I know, tho, Warren might still be plugging away, maybe under another name--like, Cele Goldsmith) in '55 until the summer of '57 I was so crushed by the passing of an era that I almost completely gafiated. I only wish I had held onto those old issues of BREWIZINE--I threw away my collection of fanzines when I came to Florida and found myself faced with a lack-of-space problem. That was, for all intents and purposes, my Golden Period of Fandom--when I, by gosh, did live fandom, stf and fantasy as a way of life. Understand, I'm not putting up a cry for the old days; I'm just saying that I'll never be able to enjoy fandom or fans with the same uninhibited, lively enthusiasm as I did during the period from 1950-1954. So much for nostalgia. ((Did I ever tell you about the time we threw Pete Graham in the swimming pool? -tgc)) [5316 Old Cheney Highway, Orlando, Florida]

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ARTHUR THOMSON

I have always gotten confused about these Bob, Ghoob, and Bbob Stewarts through the years. I knew there was one in California...didn't he drink some Wildroot hair cream at some Con or other? And then there was a Bhoob in Dallas, wasn't there? And one in N.Y. too. But I couldn't sort out whether or not it was one or two or three people moving around all the time. Of course now that I've read Pete's article I'm completely bemused. ((Aside from hoaxes, there have been three Bob Stewarts in fandom. They are: Boob Stewart of San Francisco, who quit fandom for religion (an interesting switch); Bob L. Stewart of Brashear, Texas, who was only briefly active in the mid-fifties, mostly as an artist; and Bob M. Stewart, of Kirbyville, Texas, who moved to New York and became Bbob Stewart. The first two Stewarts are associated with single addresses, but Booby/Bob M./Bbob (to follow the evolution of his name) lived in Missouri and various places (like Ft. Worth) in Texas, although I don't think Dallas was among them. -tw)) [17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW 2, England]

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Your cover gives me a great idea for solving the world crisis. It seems to me that it should be possible for a couple of high-placed atomic scientists to get rid of their guilt complexes and solve the whole mess. All they have to do is to rig some sort of little gadget into the bombs which has to be twisted, pushed or removed before the bomb will work. Whenever there's a test firing of a bomb, one or more of these scientists are bound to be present, so they just pull the safety when nobody's looking, and the test works. But the nice thing is that the general doesn't know that his panic button is a dummy until he panics. I can see it now--the multi-starred general, deep in his concrete shelter under the Adirondacks, gets his orders, takes hold of the big red lever and pulls. A small flag pops out of a slot in the wall. "Bang, bang," it says. ((Very sensible. Or maybe the general is sending biological war fare bombs. He presses the button and the sign pops out, saying, "Would you believe it?--I have a cold." -tgc))

You people should get into these nostalgic moods more often. I can almost share some of the events--I was reading some of John Champion's fanzines back in 1957-58, and I remember the bheer-can tower and Carl Brandon. (By the way, we started our own tower at Cal Tech. We had derived a brilliant theory--as you know, at some point a few thousand miles up there is a spot where orbital velocity is equivalent to the rotational velocity of the earth. So we planned to build our tower up that far, then kick the bottom out from under it, leaving the top in orbit. Then we had only to shoot all the fallen beercans up to the orbiting platform and add them on to the top of the tower, thereby using only half as many beercans and getting to the moon twice as fast as the Berkeley crowd. Somewhere back home in California I have photos of the first twenty or thirty feet of the tower. But, sad to say, gafia set in and the tower was never finished, although a few years ago some wild-eyed maniac with a German accent named Von Brown or something like that came around asking questions, stamped "TOP SECRET" all over our beer cans, and went away muttering excitedly. I haven't seen him since.) But, as I started to say before that parenthetical essay, although I remember the mighty tower and Carl Brandon and the great days of FANAC, I don't recall any mention of Warren Freiberg or Bill Knapheide. But that's the way it is: fuggheads are only fuggheads at the time--they don't become charming memories until years later. ((Did I ever tell you about the time we threw the camel in the swimming pool? -tgc))

You underestimate your own powers. Larry Williams took the squib at the bottom of page 21 seriously! Tell me, has anyone sent you \$100 yet? I shouldn't be surprised, what with the way fandom has been responding to pleas for funds recently.

Dave Rike: Your scientific experiment does indeed sound noble and worthy. But have you considered the possibility that geographic location may be an influencing variable? In order to be sure that this is not the case, you should have corroborating evidence from someone conducting similar experiments at a different latitude and longitude. Fortunately I am in a position (it's a good thing this isn't the Cult, or I'd have to issue a disclaimer on that) to offer you just the clear-headed scientific assistance you need. Now if you will simply pay for the contraceptives, I shall be glad to provide all the other necessary apparatus and equipment, and send you full results on this vital control experiment. I'll even let you claim all the credit in the report for SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN (later purchased at twice the original price by READER'S DIGEST, condensed to one paragraph, and run in the "Life in these United States" column). Oh yes, be sure to send the contraceptives in a plain wrapper--they're illegal in Connecticut.

I can see it now. The year is 1964. In a tiny room somewhere in North America the last fan sits alone with his shiny Gestetner. He pats it lovingly on the paper tray and mutters quietly to himself as he waits. Soon he hears the sound he has been waiting for. A truck is backing up to his front porch. Hurrying out to the door he watches as the two burly postmen unload the huge bag and drag it in the front door, which he holds open for them. They look inquiringly at him and he points silently to the middle of the living-room rug. They up-end the canvas sack and dump the hundreds of fanzines out onto the floor. They leave, looking at one another with secret grins. The fan sinks to the floor and picks up one of the fanzines. His trade copies of VOID have arrived from the 500 co-editors. Now it is time for him to print another issue of his fanzine to send in return. As he opens the copy of VOID, he sits down at his typer and feeds in a fresh stencil. Manching quietly on a crunchy chocolate-coated ice-cream bar, he types across the top of the stencil: "VAUX HALL FANATIC #176." [147 Bradley St., New Haven, Connecticut]

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JINK MC COMBS

I have been double-deeped. I received VOID #27 and noted the little check on "Your name is mentioned..." so I resolutely read through every page--finally concluded, as I reached the last pages, that it had been a sneaky trick. I had my letter-exposé all planned, and then I got to the last page and the last paragraph and there it was. "sigh" I could still protest on the grounds that you didn't actually mention my name, but to the best of my knowledge I'm the only little sister friend Larry has--even if the description doesn't seem to fit otherwise... [652 Poplar Ave., Wasco, California]

DON FITCH

I am concerned about the fact that this idea of getting other people to pay for one's hobby has spread to New York Fandom; I've been grotching, mildly, about a manifestation of it in a fanclub to which I belong, and regret to see that you have to use good space in the pages of VOID to keep it in check in the N.Y. equivalent of the LASFS. ((You're putting us on. -tgc))

It would seem, at first, to be a wonderful thing that Terry Carr could write portions of Pete Graham's and of Ted White's editorials, but a moment's reflection makes it less amazing. There was a time, maybe about a year ago, when one could look at something and say, "This was written by Terry Carr," or, "This was written by Ted White," but the four coeditors of VOID have recently developed into a sort of corporate entity; a great deal of the material any of them writes could equally as well have been written by any of the other coeditors. This incestuous similarity is noticeable in some degree throughout fandom, naturally, but seems to be more marked in your little group of serious non-thinkers than anywhere else outside of Southern Fandom. It is fortunate, because you are so influential in molding the style of faaanish writing, that the VOID Composite Style is enjoyable, effective, and reasonably sensible. ((Frankly, I think we all have distinguishable styles--particularly Greg--and that those who say they can't tell us apart must judge "style" by the size of type a piece is printed in. -tgc))

VOID has one interesting peculiarity (one which is particularly interesting, that is): in all these stories about Dallas and San Francisco fandom in the early days (i.e. before my time) there is so much of interest, so much similarity to present-day fandom, that I'm far from sure you're not putting us on; almost every word in this issue could be inspired fiction. ((It was all inspired fact. -tgc)) [3908 Frijo, Covina, California]

GREG BENFORD HIMSELF

Why did you print a letter from Greg Benford Himself? I don't mind being put in the lettercol, but what's this Himself? Are you trying to make me a latter-day deity? I warn you that this will not work as I am not doing too well in my walking-on-water lessons and thus far can only pass minor miracles (damn that spelling), and then only by appointment. ((You've made your point. -tgc)) [204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Oklahoma]

RICK SNEARY AGAIN

I thought of sending Ted a "Happy Law Suit" card, but found that that was another kind of card that Hallmark doesn't make. (Such as "Happy 20th Writing Annevercery" or "Happy Birthday" to an owl.)

I've been working up a cross index of material in the first 38 issues of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRS. As I had nearly all of them, I thought it was one piece of fanac I could do that few others could. And now, after filling in the holes from the LASFS's files, I've got the first draft typed up--and it staggers me. It runs 17 pages, pluss two to list dates and editors of the issues. This is going to be more than I can swing as a FAPA project, and will have to ask for club help. But it is rather interesting--nearly everyone is mentioned at least once. (I've listed all the LofC too--being the only way an old letter-hack like me could be sure of getting in.)

I certainly agree with Harry Warner's views on AH! SWEET IDIOCY in #26. As only a naive lad at the time, there wasn't much I knew about the people envolved, but still I was able to find a number of errors in it. It is to bad, in a way, that no one really envolved ever answered him back at length, as much of what Laney said has been excepted as truth by default...though the dessission not to answer any of the Insurgent blast was well founded. The truth never makes exciting reading, and there wasn't anyone really of a calaber to cross swords with Laney. He could argue like GMCarr, write like a Boggs, and poke pins in People like a ~~White~~ Raeburn. [2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California]

FRANK WILIMCZYK

I esppecially liked Harry Warner's article: it seems that these days Laney's reputation is solely that of a sarcastic sniper at fans & fandom, so it's good to see his kinder side touched on for a change. It should be obvious that a fan of Laney's wide popularity couldn't have been all vitriol. [447 10th Ave., New York 1, N. Y.]

THE LEAGUE OF SILENT FEN⁻⁴⁵⁻ MEETS THE VOID BOYS



JEFF WANSHEL

I have rec'd & red a cope of that mag of ures, namly, Voyd, Gosh, I thout it was god. Of corse I am onley 14 yers of ege, by mi eys are brite as anythig. I gess my judgement isno't so god, but i thought it was swel. I didn't rede eny of the storress in in yet because I cann't rerde so wel yet especial such buntipint bitbe picturs were swel xept the covur & sum of the oughters. i "am working in a defennceplant rihjt now I makeing #100 dolers a wek but wil some get a rase and then i wil send you a ten sent dime for Voyd which is gosh a god mag I think alth i am onli fertein yers old of a age. yor pal [6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, New York]

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BOB LITCHMAN

I have rec'd & red a cop' of that mag or urine, namly, void. Gosh, I thoght it was god. Of corse i am onley 13 yers of ege, by mi eys are brite as anythig. I gess my gudgement isno't so god, but i thought it was swel. I didnot rede eny of the storress in it yet becaus I cann' "t rerde so wel yet especial suvh bun tipint bathe pactors were swel xept the covur &sum of the oughters. i"am working in a insrancse ofise rigt now I makeing \$65 dolers a wek but will sone get a rase and than i will send you a ten sent dime for void which is gosh a god mag I think alto i2am onli therin yers old of age. yor pal [6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California]

How do you expect to take over the world when you can't even find Madagassar?

bricks from a glass house continued from p. 24 --

genius of Seth Johnson. This column does nothing to destroy my faith in him. He has a brief serious section where he makes a good point--that it's getting a bit distressing to see one dystopian sf novel after another and nary a utopian novel being written these days--but most of the column is full of beautiful stuff like, "I suspect I got far more enjoyment out of (Stranger in a Strange Land) by reason of my interest in Theosophy, Black and White magic, and background as a Talbot Mundy fan, many years ago when Mundy held forth in ARGOSY and BLUE BOOK. And incidentally, Mundy was quite an authority on occult Eastern beliefs and cults, having spent a large part of his life in India. I just wonder if Mundy had any influence on Heinlein in the writing of Stranger in a Strange Land."

Isn't that wonderful? But there's more; VOID readers who remember Willis's delightfully wacky "Interfanna" in these pages several issues ago should be likewise gleed by Johnson's deadpan suggestion that: "Sometimes I think the smart thing for the proeds to do would be to start fanzines of their own, and just mail them to their subscribers and those sending letters of comment on their prozine. Then they would have a listening post which would give them a pretty good idea of just who the sf reading public was accepting or rejecting..."

Lee Hoffman has credited a great deal of the success of QUANDRY to Willis's "Harp" therein. It's not inconceivable that Johnson's "Fanatically Yours" could do the same for ABANICO. -tgc

NEOLITHIC #20, Dec. 1961. 2/25¢ from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minn. 22 pp., mimeoed.

Ruth Berman is a young lady of astounding fannish potential who has already lived up to her promise well enough that Redd Boggs seems to have almost as much admiration for her writing as Willis has for Bob Shaw's. It's probable that Boggs overrates her a bit as yet, but certainly her personality and the skil which she puts into her snippetlike editorials in NEOL seem to presage wonderful things just around the corner if Ruth ever settles down to writing anything over half a page long. (Idle thought for the Burbeephiles in the readership: if she goes on for another year writing these short bits and pieces, shall we strike off a medal for her?)

NEOL itself, aside from Ruth, is pretty good too, and this seems to me to be its best issue yet. Redd Boggs contributes the second installment of his history of fandom in Minnesota to fill the bulk of the issue. The first installment last issue was probably the worst thing Boggs ever wrote, comprising as it did page after page of names and addresses of Minnesota fans who had letters published in the prozines in the 20's and 30's, with occasionally a maddeningly cryptic note like, "Arthur Orgone, 22229 Ajax Ave., St. Paul, had a letter in the Jan. 1931 ASTOUNDING which was very amusing and fannish." But this second installment has Boggs filling in the personalities behind the names a lot more, and the result is quite interesting fanhistory. Some fans (most recently Juanita Coulson in YANDRO) have stated a categorical disinterest in all fanhistory, but I find this so difficult to understand (quite aside from the Historical Importance of events in the microcosm, there is a wealth of amusing anecdota in fanhistory) that I can't really believe most fans are uninterested in such matter. Boggs' series should prove a popular one.

Following Boggs and neatly capping the issue is a ⁴⁶ lovely column by Gary Deindorfer which conjures up the most outrageous view of practical-jokery against Mundane to appear in the fan press all year. -tgc

SATHANAS #2, Dec. 1961. 25¢ from Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan. 25pp, mimeoed.

Dick Schultz is a wacky young fellow who is steadily developing into an interesting artist, cartoonist, and even writer. His cover on this SATHANAS, with its bird-people drawn in a crude straight-lined style, fascinates me; his occasional cartoon-illustrations inside are well done; and his nattering throughout is light and promising.

Unfortunately, his lead article, "Wyatt Earp and other stories," goes on at length about nothing much, but the promised articles to come in the series sound much better: I'd love to read, for instance, about how Schultz & Co. stole three telephone poles. I mean, really...three telephone poles. Well, that's not too many.

The outside material in the issue includes lacklustre humor by Alan Burns and Terry Jeeves and an interesting--and sometimes amusing--article by Ray Nelson which was written over a decade ago and is just now finding its way into print. There are loads of Metzger drawings, too, and an interesting lettercol. An enjoyable issue, mostly. -tgc

ANNOUNCEMENTS: We've decided not to reprint selections from AH! SWEET IDIOCY in VOID after all. Our reason for this is that Richard Eney (417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia) is planning to reprint the entire volume this year as part of a Best of FAPA anthology; and we don't feel there's any need for senseless duplication. Query Eney as to availability and price of his reprint if you're interested.

The blemishes (spots, lines, black blotches--and no, we don't mean the drawings themselves, you cynics in the audience) on the pages of the "de" Anthology in this issue are a result of the antique stencils used. These stencils were carved by John Magnus, in the antiquity of 1953 and 54. They have not all of them weathered the years well, which is to say, they're shot to hell.

The blemishes on the other pages are due solely to the ineptitude of the mimeographer, who would be shot if he weren't so indispensable.

-tw

The lettercolumn was closed out a couple of days ago without even a WAHF section, mainly because it seemed to us that everyone who wrote said something worth printing--or maybe because one of the multifarious coeditors threw out the dull letters. In any case, there's just room for one last letter which came in late:

BILL SARILL

Your plea for Sponsors, Patrons, et al. has touched me deeply. I would hate to feel responsible should you be forced to return the Gestetner, and like that. Consequently, please find enclosed with this letter a \$1 bill, which is 10% of my net yearly income. I guess that makes me a Patron, which probably explains why I sound so damn patronizing. So run off, now, and have your fun! I shall quietly lean back, content in the knowledge that I have saved VOID for all of fandom.

Please send me your undying gratitude carefully wrapped, so as to keep it in mint condition. 58 Colorado St., Mattapan 26, Massachusetts; ((Are you a camel? I hope not, for I can't stand camels. But I'd walk a mile for a Patron. -pg))

VOID #28

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☐ We trade, preferably All for All
☐ You're a co-editor
☐ Well, there must be some reason