

# Fanzistory

No. 1



HELLO THERE,  
OLD FANZINE  
FANS — WE'VE  
GOT A TREAT  
FOR YOU TONIGHT  
— AN OLD FAN-  
ZINE!

11/10/68  
S.M.



FANHISTORY is published on an irregular basis by Arnie Katz, 55 Pine-apple St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201, as a companion publication for QUIP, and is mailed with QUIP to regular readers of that fanzine. FANHISTORY is edited by Ted White and Arnie Katz, and watched over benevolently by Lee Hoffman, Founder and Editor Emeritus. This issue is a special (or "VOID 29") issue, and can be obtained for 50¢ from Ted White, whose address can be found in another colophon. You cannot subscribe to FANHISTORY. Printed by QWERTYUIOPress. January, 1969.

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WE WERE SITTING on a bed in the Couches' suite at the Midwestcon.

Arnie Katz was sitting across from me and Johnny Berry next to me. They had just finished telling me that Johnny was merging FOOLSCAP with QUIP and becoming a co-editor of QUIP. "Hmmm," I said sagely. "That's interesting. Johnny and I are starting up a new fanzine, EGOBOO. You and I share a co-editor, Arnie."

"Yes," Arnie replied. "Why don't you and I co-edit a fanzine too? Then we'd complete the co-editorial circle."

"What have you in mind?" I asked, always interested in propositions of one sort or another.

"How about a fanzine devoted to fanhistory?" Arnie suggested.

It was a good suggestion. We both agreed fandom needed a new fanzine devoted to fanhistory. A new era of fannishness was making itself felt, and many of the newer fans were voicing their complaint at the lack of fanhistorical references handy. "The best title for such a fanzine is FANHISTORY," I said. "Of course, it's been used..."

Lee Hoffman published three issues of FANHISTORY in the first three months of 1956, and put them into the spring FAPA mailing. One was devoted to the theory of Fandoms. Another was a "Damon Knight Issue." Each pursued a theme. Lee had driven to the Midwestcon with us. As we drove out of Cincinnati, Monday morning, I put the question to her. Might we revive FANHISTORY?

She thought it an excellent idea, and bestowed her blessings on the project. We discussed possible themes for coming issues. When we got home I told Arnie it was a go-ahead.

Our basic plan is to mine my vast file of fanzines for material worthy of reprint, the object being to reprint selectively in order to present each issue in a special context. We intend to document first-hand many of those writers and fan-pieces now spoken of as legends and unknown in actuality to present-day fandom. Our criteria are quality and appropriateness. Each issue will be of fanhistorical interest, but also, we trust, fully entertaining in its own right.

Forthcoming issues will be devoted to such topics as the writings of Vernon McCain, the Insurgent Era in MASQUE (largely the writings of Burbee and Laney, and the Al Ashley Mythos), the early HYPHEN days, etc. We'll try to present a balanced view in every case.

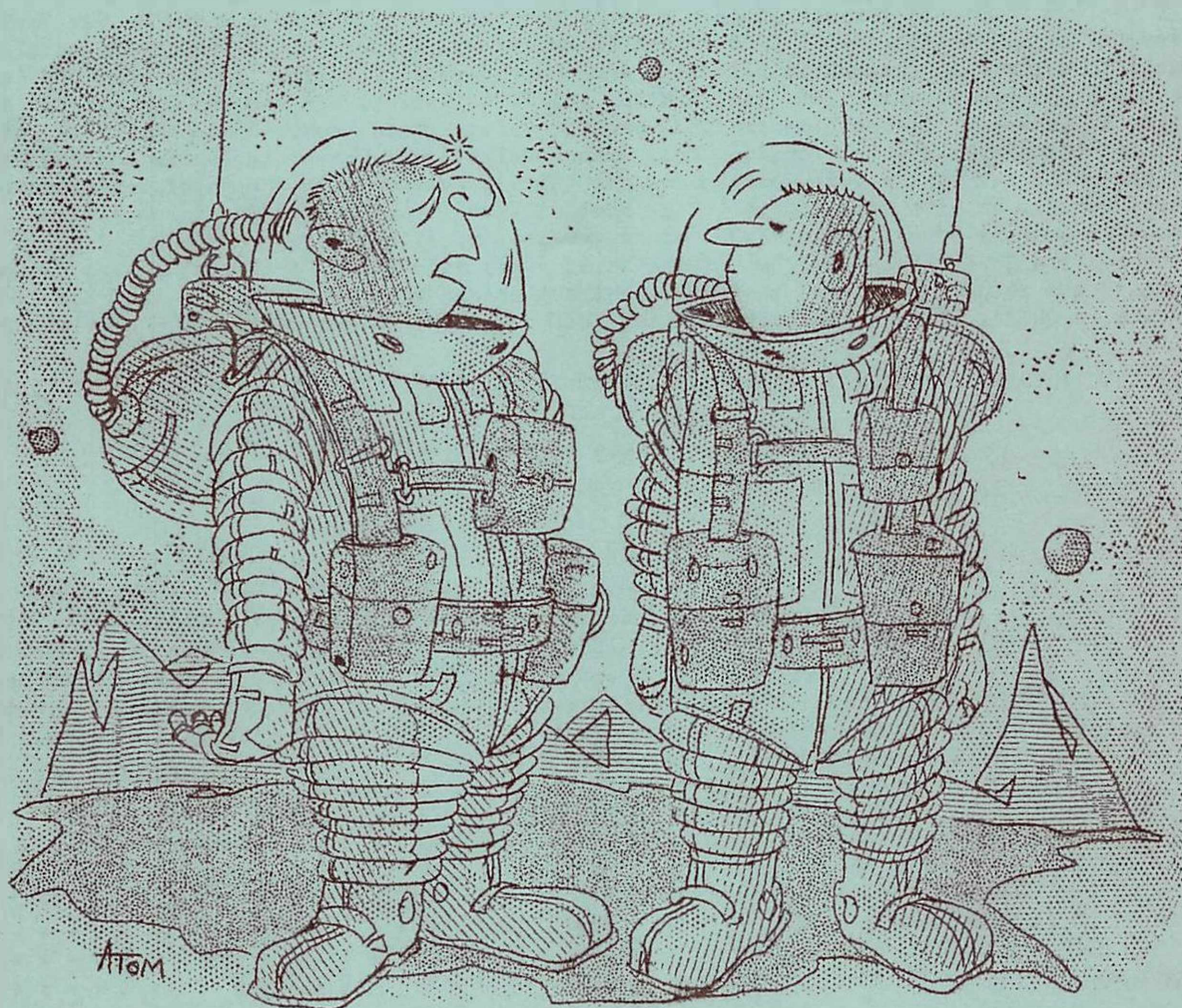
The issue at hand is a special issue, unlike those which will follow. Bound to this covering sheet is the near-legendary VOID 29, published here for the first time, and seven years in the making. My editorial therein explains the VOID context more completely. Our reasons for making VOID 29 the contents of FANHISTORY #4 are several. First, because VOID itself is of fanhistorical interest -- and most particularly this issue. Secondly because it was our plan to distribute this issue of VOID with QUIP, as FANHISTORY was intended to be distributed, because the VOID address file is long out of date. Thirdly? Just Because. -tw



29 OCT. 1962  
**Void**  
SEVENTH FOR REAL ANNISH  
NO. 32

JUNE

1962



"There's a piece of chicken stuck in my teeth."



TIMEBINDING/1969: That which you are now holding in your hands is not merely a fanzine. No. What you are holding is Fanhistory. Literally. True, this is VOID 29 (yes, at last!) but it is more. To be exact (in case the outer cover should ever get torn off and you found this copy in an old ex-fan's attic), this fanzine is also FANHISTORY #4. The tangled knots of this strange relationship are, hopefully, explained in the FANHIS- if in this particular spot is rooted in the fanhis-

Ah, 1962! Now there was a year! Seventh Fandom died in 1962 although unmourned at the time. The Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund was a magnificent success that year, culminating in Walt and Madeline Willis' appearance at the Chicon III, and their triumphant tour of the country. (The tour was climaxed by Greyhound's abduction of their luggage, unfortunately.) The TAWF had been introduced in VOID 23, the "Willish", in early 1961, and in the following year fandom rallied overwhelmingly to the cause, raising over \$1600 for the Fund. VOID 28 was published in 1962, and in 1962 Towner Hall closed its fannish doors, ending an era of super-fannishness in New York. And 1962 was the year my first wife and I decided to call our marriage quits. Yes, that was a year, folks.

The histories of Townier Hall and VOID's last (and maybe best) period are inextricably entwined, as they say. I began co-editing and publishing VOID in early 1959, with VOID 14. I was living in Baltimore, and had no idea where my life was heading. Fandom and fanac was a good way to avoid the question. I put out VOID's 14 through 18 on a roughly monthly basis, and then moved to New York to become (maybe) a jazz critic. VOID 19 came out in early 1960, after half a year spent establishing myself in a new city (overwhelmingly big) and a new career (fledgling). The next few issues came out monthly again, until V22, the VANNISH, our Fifth Annish. It was too big. I decided to publish it in three monthly instalments of 24 pages. Walter Breen became a co-publishler briefly, but then moved to Berkeley, California. Pete Graham helped me collate the second section and get it into the mail, six months late, and became our third co-editor with the third instalment. The next issue was the Willish, and it was 1961. Bhob Stewart helped launch the issue with a special two-and-a-quarter-page lead-in cover (the cover-proper, with the logo and a Lee Hoffman cartoon, occupied the lower three-quarters of the third page; originally Bhob's multi-page covers were prefaces to the actual cover, and they were always three or five pages, unlike the Ross Chamberlain Quivers on QUIP). The Willish was the last VOID published in my apartment on Christopher Street.

GREG BENFORD  
JOHN D. BERRY  
TERRY CARR  
ARNIE KATZ  
TED WHITE -

This issue of VOID ("The Monthly Fanzine") is distributed as a complete issue of FANHISTORY (which has its own colophon elsewhere, if you're curious), and will be distributed with QUP, gratis. Extra copies may be had for 50¢ from Ted White, 339, 49th St., Brooklyn, 11220. "Sic Semper Fugit Tempus"

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It was in early 1961, soon after the founding of the Fanoclasts, that I foolishly decided to go into the professional mimeeing business again. Jazz criticism was all right (I was now Established in the field) but not very profitable. In the late fifties I'd run a shop in Falls Church, Virginia, and later been foreman in a Washington, D.C. shop. Bouyed by the encouragement of a coin-fandom person who wanted to open an office and needed somebody to "go halves," I rented a former restaurant in the basement of 163 West 10th St., in west Greenwich Village. Robert Bashlow, another coin-fan whom I'd met through Walter Breen, volunteered financial help, and put up the deposit on the rent. Soon Metropolitan Coins and Metropolitan Mimeo (a coincidence of names -- we'd each coined our own before meeting) were established in residence at 163A.

I lived two blocks away, on Christopher St. Bhob Stewart lived only a block and a half away, further down West 10th. Pete Graham lived crosstown on East 5th (or East Filth, as we all called it) in what was then not yet the East Village, the trip a short one on the crosstown bus. Sheridan Square was a block away, and a major intersection, with book stores, a bank, a newsstand, an open-to-4-ayem grocery store, and a subway station. We were accessible -- to fans, if not to customers.

It was a ready-made situation: desks with typers everywhere; a large table with a mimeoscope and a pegboard loaded with hanging lettering-guides; my huge collection of shading plates and styli; and a brand-new Gestetner 360, complete with color-change kit. It drew fans like flies. Les Gerber and Andy Reiss came in from Flatbush, in Brooklyn. Walter Breen and Dick and Pat Lupoff came down from the upper east side, Bill Meyers and Ken Seagle came down from Columbia. Avram Davidson dropped in whenever he was in the Village, which was often. Larry and Noreen Shaw came in occasionally from Staten Island. Fannish.

In late July or early August, Terry Carr called up from the West Coast. The phone rang one evening while a bunch of us were fanacking, and I answered it. When I put the phone back I told the others in astonished tones that Terry would be flying to New York the next day.

Terry supplied the final active ingredient. Everything coalesced. Terry became a co-editor, a VOID Boy, and 163A West 10th became Towner Hall.

I don't recall who supplied the name, but it was a natural. All of us considered ourselves fans in the Insurgent Tradition of Burbee and Laney. Los Angeles was a competing fan center, about which we spoke in sneering tones (our parody of the LASFS 'Support Our Hobby' campaign in V27 was savage). F. Towner Laney was, more than ten years after the publication of his AH! SWEET IDIOCY, and three years after his death, still anathema to LASFans. Ergo, Towner Hall. Pete, Terry and I drove down to Washington that August for a brief trip and during the ride we worked out the VOID Boy routines which ultimately appeared on the cover of V28, as acts for "the show at Towner Hall." It was then that the name was born; it was applied to my mimeo shop soon after.

Andy Main came back with us from the Seacon, and moved in to the back room. Now a fan was actually in residence. (Others who lived in Towner Hall at various times included Walter Breen and Dick and Ellen Wingate.) Terry would come in during the morning hours to use one of the typers to write stories. I came in around noon. Others dropped in almost any time in the afternoon and evening. Towner Hall was functioning as a fangathering place twenty-four hours a day. Beginning in the summer, Fanoclast meetings were held there every other Friday night. Fanzines rolled off the giant new QWERTYUIOPress almost daily.

Swell, huh?

Not quite. There was the little matter of \$115 a month rent, \$20 a month electricity, and up to \$40 a month in phone bills. Plus my apartment rent. It had to come from somewhere. Metropolitan Coins showed his true colors: he backed out on his agreement, sticking me for the entirety of his share of expenses. (I padlocked the door to his room, but in the late hours of the night he stole in and broke the lock, taking out all his stock.) My professional mimeo shop did jobs for the businesses nearby, but not enough. Each month the bills grew worse. The handwriting was writ large upon the wall: I had to quit subsidizing fandom. I had to give Towner Hall up.

VOID 28 was the last issue of VOID to be produced in Towner Hall, and one of the last fanzines put out there, although we didn't know it then. Terry had the idea that we ought to do a more ambitious issue. We ought to do two-color layouts. Color suggested white paper (I hadn't done a fanzine on white paper in more than five years: it was a challenge to do one that looked fannish). The white paper weighed more (20#) than the canary second-sheets we'd been using the past several issues (14#), which meant breaking our rigid two-ounce weight limit on the issue. Bhob had been too late for V27 with his special five-page cover (he drew Q. Wertyuiop into the upper corner of an Atom cover, saying "Er... We're a little late... So... Er... G'night, folks!"), so we scheduled it for V28 too. (Usually the covers were conceived, roughed, and stencilled by Bhob, although I often suggested ideas, and his cover for V26 incorporated a J. Wesley Trufan cover suggested by Terry. But for the five-page cover I wanted Bhob to do The VOID Boys At Towner Hall, and I wrote out all the schticks for him. This cover was to be electro-stencilled, so Bhob was taking much greater pains on his preliminary drawings than usual. Months passed. "This is going to be my last cover, Ted," Bhob told me. "It's getting out of hand." More months went by. V27 had been redated from October, 1961 to December, 1961. We wanted to get V28 out. Finally Bhob gave me what he had: two pages, the first inked and the second only pencilled. I called in Steve Stiles, and wrote out a script for the last three pages for him. Like the understudy whose big chance comes when the star



breaks a leg. Steve blushed and then said he'd do his best to Carry On in Bhob's footsteps. Steve pencilled the last three pages, and then I inked them and Bhob's second page, and did the production work with zip-a-tones, photostats and electro-stencils -- I later figured the whole five-page cover cost me at least \$25.00 -- and ran them off. They looked great. But the final panel was ominously prophetic as Que said, "Yes, Gang, those were the days! Today Vaudeville is dead, the VOID Boys are in FAPA, being sued, things like that... ..The happy carefree era of three-page covers has faded away... ..Along with Bhob Stewart, Andy Reiss, and... \*Sniff\* ...Myself.... G-goodbye.....")

VOID 28 ultimately ran 46 pages, and we called it our "Gala 1st Unannish" (thus, the "for real" on the cover of this issue). We published V28 in December and January, 1961 and 1962, and dated it February, 1962, such was our faith in the speed of mail delivery even then.

In February I found my present apartment in Brooklyn and consolidated my mimeo office and living quarters there, leaving Manhattan and the Village for good. My wife didn't like the move, and missed our old neighborhood, but I did not, and I missed those huge rent, utility and phone bills not at all. Since my earnings paid all those bills, the decision was mine. The move probably hastened our split, but it did not itself cause it.

Terry was by now himself remarried and living in the West Village, supporting himself as a newly tanned pro. Although subway connections between his apartment and mine were good, it wasn't like strolling over a few blocks to Towner Hall. We'd seen each other daily, eaten our dinners together, cracked each other up with ideas for schticks in coming VOID editorials, competed with each other in the production of our FAPAZines, sometimes sat up all night talking about Life, and we'd gotten out VOID quite easily, fitting a stencil in here and there in the course of each day's events at Towner Hall.

No more. Terry would come over once a week or so, his manner that of a knight on quest into the Deep Forest, and then not stay more than a few hours. He'd be wanting to stencil some illos for his S&Pazine, or LIGHTHOUSE, or like that, and sometimes we'd talk about the next issue of VOID.

Suddenly, you see, I was living in the boondocks. New York fandom had lost its gathering-place, its center of gravitational attraction, and things just sort of fell apart. Nobody was mad at anybody, but we just weren't hanging together as much any more. Perhaps the wear of all the frenetic fanac of the past year was taking its toll.

In the spring of 1962 Terry and I stencilled eighteen pages of VOID 29, and I ran off nine of them, including the cover. I put the heading for Harry Warner's column on stencil, and I seem to recall I did the heading for Bill Meyers' column too, but if I did it has been lost. Then things ran down and stopped. My first wife and I went through all the soul-wrenching that is the prelude to the end of that marriage you thought would last all your life. I started writing science fiction and selling some of it. Changes. A brief, but ugly feud among friends. The Willises and the Chicon III. Someone new living with me, and her three young daughters. Fanoclast meetings here. A job with Scott Meredith. The Assistant Editorship of T&SF.

The run-off pages were packed in a box. The stencils went on a shelf. The unstencilled mss. went into the cubbyholes of a desk. Boxes accumulated, were shifted. Shelves were moved around, and more built. Desks were found and thrown out. My "office" moved from the lower floor to the upper, and back down and up again half a dozen times in five years.

From time to time we talked about "doing" VOID 29. Pete Graham had lost interest in fandom in the winter of 1961-62, and dropped out after V28, and we talked of bringing one of the active younger fans in. Gary Deindorfer was going to be a VOID Boy in 1963. Then he gafiated. That summer Les Gerber and I started up MINAC, and published fifteen issues in three-quarters of a year before folding it. 1964: the Boondoggle, and bitter fractures in old friendships. I lost a lot of interest in fandom then. Terry and I wrote a book. I wrote nine more.

Later, others talked about publishing V29. Calvin Demmon, Andy Main and Arnie Katz among them. Greg Benford suggested I ship the stuff out to him; he thought he'd like to 'revive' and continue VOID (it was, after all, his fanzine to start with). Last summer Terry and I spoke vaguely of doing the issue in time for the Baycon, and the rumor spread.

There was one major, simple reason for the non-reappearance of VOID: I couldn't find the materials. The stuff was broken into three (or more) separate groups, and each had been shifted about too many times to remain in my memory. But recently everything began to re-coalesce. I found the unmimeod stencils. Cleaning off my desk, I found one of the manuscripts. Sorting my files (so that Robin could file for me), I found the other mss., and their accompanying illos. New Year's Eve, December 31st, 1968, I fell into a discussion with Johnny Berry and Arnie Katz during the Annual New Year's Eve Party held here, and mentioned that I'd found a lot of the V29 material. Johnny and I had published five issues of EGOBOC, a MINAC-type fanzine. Arnie and I had received permission from Lee Hoffman to revive and publish her FANHISTORY. Together, the three of us had, in the last year, become a sort of fannish Three Musketeers. We'd talked about putting out V29 before, but never before had it seemed as much a practical reality. Inspired by the idea of it all, I ran downstairs and began rooting about in boxes of old fanzines for the run-off pages. I found all but two.

January First I spent the afternoon (the party broke up after 7:30 that morning) hunting up the missing two pages, and finding many other fascinating items in the process. Then I sat down and drafted an early version of this editorial -- something I haven't done in years for fanwriting.



"Here's VOID 29," I wrote. "Last night was New Year's Eve, and today is January First, 1969. It seemed a good and worthwhile resolution to at last get off the pot and publish VOID 29. I have collected everything. (Well, almost everything; we dropped the notion of a section of articles on Stranger in a Strange Land.) Even the final instalment of the Dave English Anthology is here, re-published from the early-fifties stencils cut by John Magnus for the collection, THE DAVE ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY, run off, but never published. A lot of fans hated Dave English art in 1961; now a whole new generation can learn to hate him. Fun, gang!"

I've been looking through everything. The cover, and pages 6,7,8,9,12,13,14 and 15 were run off in 1962. Pages 10, 11 (top) and sixteen, as well as the six pages of letters were stencilled in 1962 but not run off (don't ask me why). They all show some signs of deterioration from age and handling, the stencil for page 10 the worst. I have manfully resisted the urge to recut it. Those pages and the heading for "All Our Yesterdays" are the surviving remnants of 1962. All else is 1969.

The sense of fanhistory is strong in these pages. Some of it is by now rather obscure. The cover, for instance, is even more esoteric now than it was in 1962 (and it was pretty esoteric even then). At that time HYPHEN 32 had not yet come out, and it looked like it might not yet for some time (the last HYPHEN actually appeared in 1965, although Terry and I cut stencils for another issue when we visited the Willises that year). A few months earlier Bob Shaw had complained that our chitter-chattering editorials (remember those, folks?) had all the consequence of such remarks as "There's a piece of chicken stuck in my teeth," a phrase he offered up as equal to the catch-phrases we were using at the time. It was our nature at that time to make capital of such jibes, and, much struck by the potential in Bob's new catchphrase, we forthwith and immediately brainstormed a cover for it. The commission was relayed to Atom, who was sworn to secrecy, and Atom stencilled it himself in the style of his HYPHEN covers. (We added the HYPHEN and VOID logos, however.) Originally the dates in both logos agreed, but so much time passed between the time I ran the black and then the orange that I decided to revise at least the pertinent date. In the long run, it was to no avail.

Richard Geis's "Fake Hero" is adequately explained in its editorial preface (cobbled out of my remarks, written in 1962 for VOID, and Geis's and Ellison's for 1955 PSYCHOTICS and DIMENSIONS), but I'm amused by the fact that this piece ultimately took fourteen years to break into print. That's living fanhistory, folks. Since he wrote the piece, Geis has gone gafia (1957), become a prolific author of sex books (no surprise, there), and since revived PSYCHOTIC (1967), only to once again go offset and change its title to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Old habits die hard.

"Voice of Seattle's Nameless Ones" also has its unconscious irony. I obtained a copy of the article, which was printed in the Seattle Times of Sunday, August 13, 1961, from a non-fan friend who thought I might like to see it. ("You science fiction people...") It struck me as a much better than usual writeup for fandom, so I recut and pasted it up for a two-page fanzine layout and had it electro-stencilled. CRY, of course, was suspended only a couple of years later, but was revived last summer. Here's a Voice From The Past, CRY pippie!

As blurbed, "Avram Davidson Answers Your Letters" is a genuine letter column from F&SF, of which Avram was then editor. It is a sequel of sorts to his "Avram Davidson Answers Your Questions" in V28. Avram was scrupulous in not using the letter-writers' real names (only their initials), but the letters are all quite real. Some of them later appeared in F&SF's own, genuine, letter-column, although not with their present answers by Avram.

Harry's column is of natural fanhistorical interest, of course. This was his last for VOID; the column now appears in QUIP, and Arnie Katz plans to publish a complete volume of all the columns shortly. (The column began almost twenty years ago.) Bill Meyers began his column in V28, with a piece many considered the best article in the issue. This column was written in 1962. Later, Bill published more than half a dozen issues of EGO, a two- or four-page rider with MINAC. Since that time he has published in ESQUIRE, and moved out to the Bay Area. We met again this year at the Baycon, and reminisced in the whirlpool bath. Alva Rogers' piece dates back to his "Fran, the Iconoclast," an article on F. Towner Laney he had in the last issue of Terry's INNUENDO. When Terry joined VOID, he merged INN with V26, and we published the INNUENDO letter column along with VOID's. This article grows out of comment in that lettercolumn on Alva's original article. You see? It all ties together.

The Dave English Anthology would have concluded in this issue in any case; I ran off most of it for John Magnus back in 1956 and 57, and kept those stencils with all the rest of that period. In 1961 I weeded them out (throwing out all the rest), and, because John was using the run-off sheets to support the shelves of his bookcase, decided to run the best serially in VOID. All the cartoons date from the early fifties, Sixth and Fake-Seventh Fandom days. All were stencilled by Magnus (from their original fanzine appearances) in 1954 and 55. Originally they were elaborately mimeod in many colors. Some of the stencils were eaten by the colored inks, and have deteriorated beyond repair. I salvaged the best cartoons from the rest, publishing them in three instalments. This is the fourth, and as I said, final instalment. The actual stencils are at least fourteen years old.

Another serial, an instalment of which does not appear here, was "Willis Discovers America."

(Continued on page 11)



# FAKE HERO

**BACKGROUND:** In PSYCHOTIC #18, for January-February, 1955, editor Richard Geis said "Today...by the door of my apartment I found a large airmail package from the John S. Swift Co. When I unwrapped the package I got a shock. They had returned my money and copy for this issue. Reason: 'Due to the nature of some of the content of your latest creation, Psychotic No. 18, we find ourselves in the position of being unable to reproduce it.'" The "unprintable" material referred to was Dick's editorial, "Fake Hero." After lamenting Swift's small-mindedness, Geis adds: "I have submitted the offending material to the chief censor and bottle washer in Washington. If he gives it a green light you'll see it in the next issue of PSY. Otherwise it'll just be a wasted effort."

The editorial was not referred to in PSY #19, but in #20 (which, unlike the preceding three issues, was Gestetnered by Geis himself) Geis says "I expect by now all of you loyal and true PSY fans have written cursing letters to the Solicitor General in Washington complaining about the rank and unjust censorship of my 'Brilliant-but-not-printed-editorial' which was supposed to begin #18. I wouldn't mind so much if I hadn't sent the government the only copy I had. If I'd had a carbon I would have put a 'Sign and pass on' on the back of it, and sent it first class to a friend. But...I didn't have a carbon. Sob."

Fandom, including me, heard nothing more of Geis' lost editorial until a letter to me which I printed in STELLAR #21. "What I am interested in seeing in print one of these years," Geis said, "is my Fake Hero editorial which I recreated for Ellison and which was presumably in his material file when DIMENSIONS folded. Since then I've heard that various fans have dipped into that fabulous hoard and published all kinds of stuff. But not my lovely Fake Hero editorial. What happened to it, I wonder?" I replied that it had not been in the file when it reached me, and "It may be that Ron Smith or Charles Riddle--previous dippers into the goldmine--abstracted it and then lost it."

As it turns out, what happened was that Smith was building his own hoard and he had removed the stencils for pages 32 through 37 from those typed for DIMENSIONS 16. However, INSIDE was appearing so irregularly that he never got around to using the piece, nor even to acknowledging his possession of it. This year he turned INSIDE over to Jon White (no relation), and the Geis editorial turned up once again, complete with addenda by Ellison. Jon has very graciously turned the piece over to me (which is to say, I pressured him into it, and anyway he didn't want it, and besides...)

The brief mention of "Fake Hero" in PSYCHOTIC #20 was edited down from a much longer diatribe which accompanied the piece itself on the stencils cut for DIMENSIONS. (Needless to say, we are not using those stencils here, since Ellison's ideas of layout differ somewhat from ours.) The uncut editorial follows immediately, with some of Harlan Ellison's "Editor's Notes" included. --ted white

**CENSORSHIP IS A LOUSY THING** Especially as in the case of our own government. I have been having a bit of trouble with the gentlemen who inhabit the Solicitor General's office. They have the regrettable habits of not replying to letters, not giving reasonably fast service, or even being honest with a person.

PSYCHOTIC #18 was supposed to contain a long dramatized editorial titled "Fake Hero." This editorial was a satire on the gingerly way modern science fiction editors treat human sex relationships. I'm sorry I cannot even describe the editorial for you because the Authorities have decided ("In the opinion of this office..." "Fake Hero"...is non-mailable under the provisions of the postal obscenity law, Section 1461 of Title 18, United States Code...) that it is dirty.

I sent them the editorial on January 30th /1955/. They replied in the negative on February 24th. This near-month delay didn't hurt me at the time because I had decided to put the item into the 19th issue if it was passed. I had already written an innocu-



ous type editorial for #18 and shot the copy back to the printer. (Editor's Note: It was the offset printer, John Swift & Co., who initially informed Geis he would have to clear some of his material through the PO before they could possibly consider printing his issue... -he)

But what burned me was their reference to their lousy code! Let me quote you that Section 1461 of Title 18. It reads: "Every obscene, lewd, lascivious, or filthy book, pamphlet, picture, paper, letter, writing, print, or other publication of an indecent character...is declared to be non-mailable and shall not be conveyed in the mails or delivered from any post office or by any letter carrier.

"Who ever knowingly deposits for mailing or delivery, anything declared by this section to be non-mailable, or knowingly takes the same from the mails for the purposes of circulation or disposition thereof, shall be fined not more than \$5,000 or imprisoned not more than five years, or both.

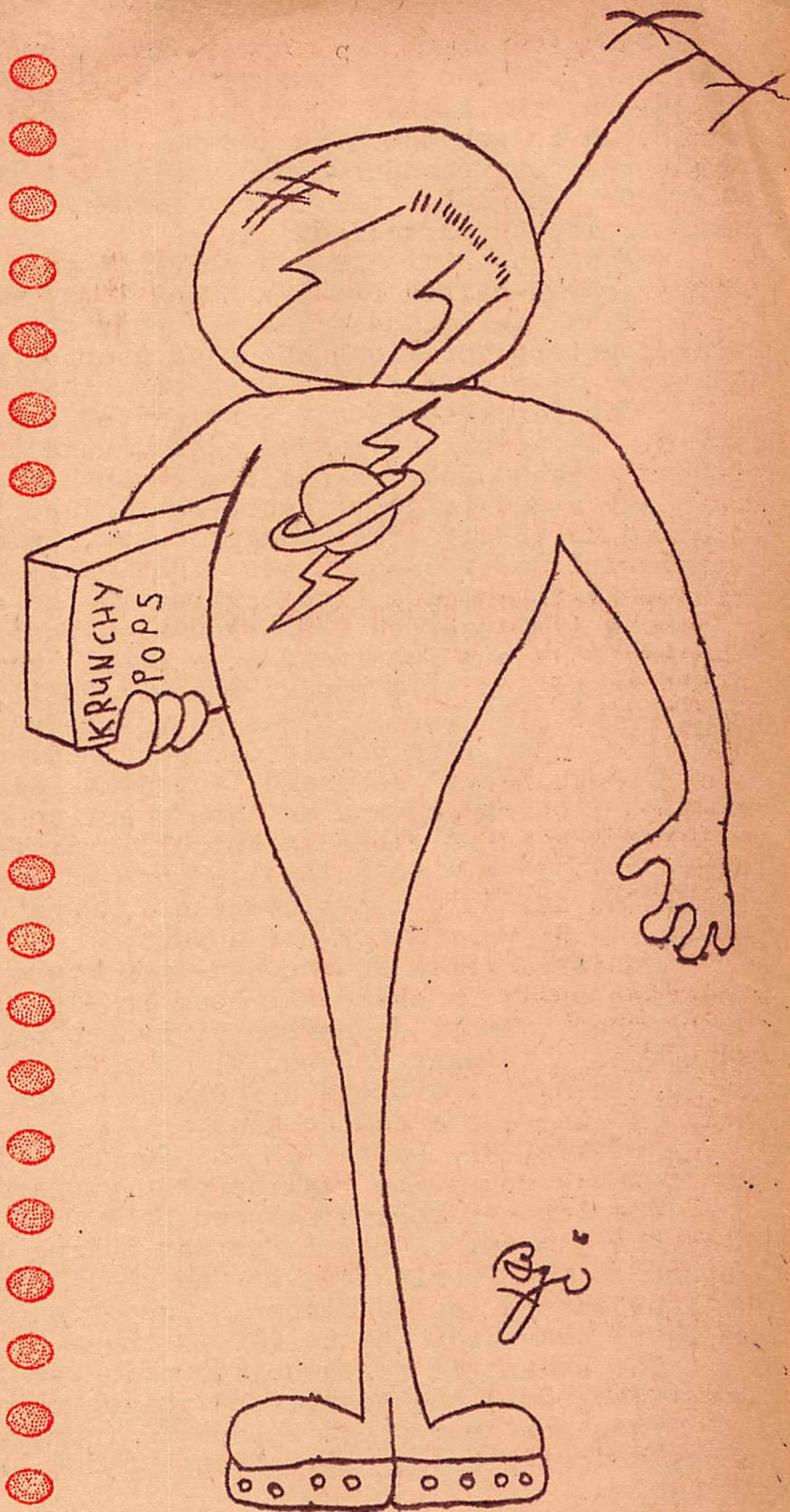
"The term 'indecent', as used in this section includes matter of a character tending to incite arson, murder or assassination."

I have to laugh, honestly, at the string of words they have in the law: obscene...lewd...lascivious...filthy. They don't need any of them but one. Indeed, you cannot get the people in the censorship division to even attempt to define those words. They will not say specifically how much bosom a picture can show, how much thigh, etc. They simply cannot be that specific. In this respect the law is but a farce since it is so utterly indefinite that the interpretation of it is more a matter of one man's moral code than strictly defined areas of the law. It is an intolerable situation. One man arbitrarily decided you could not read that editorial.

--richard geis

Times change, and were I Harlan Ellison I might trumpet the following piece as "Here At Last! Suppressed for Years!" and all that. The fact is that the PO has been forced into a more liberal position these years by a multitude of court cases, including that of Lady Chatterly's Lover and the currently-pending Tropic of Cancer. It takes little courage for us, then, to print the "Fake Hero" that "you couldn't read," especially since the version here was "re-created"--rewritten--for Ellison after the original was lost to the PO. --ted white

Joe turned away from the control panel of the tiny spacer and sighed. He sniffed, then yawned. In mid-yawn he noticed the girl half-hiding behind the tape player. "Umph?"



BY RICHARD GEIS



The girl stood up proudly when she saw that he saw that she saw that he saw that... She was wearing only the thin translucent skin-tight garment of Gnarp, the planet from which he had just blasted. She was a dish, and Joe began to get spoonish ideas. His eyes appreciated her in the soft pink light that was standard on Class 69 L-T spacers. He swallowed and licked his lips just a bit nervously. God, what a dame! She had breasts like bil-uxxi-fruit, he marvelled!

"What the hell are you doing on this ship?" He stood and frowned at the lovely raven-haired beauty. Long legs, slim waist...geez.

"I am the Princess Yerxa," said the carmine mouth. "I am escaping the wicked priests of Floor who have usurped the power of my father, Good King Mulvin. I go to Earth to warn them that the evil---"

"Oh, ferchrissakes," interrupted Joe, "knock it off!" He scratched under his left arm and leaned against the auto-pilot cabinet. Green and blue lights flashed under his elbow as the ship guided itself through the intricate waves and folds of hyper-sub-space. The special ftl-warper hummed and clucked to itself like a happy duck. It only quacked when danger was near. Little did Joe know that ten light-years away a black planet would pass by without activating a single relay in the ship.

The limpid green eyes became confused. "I don't understand. I..." She peered a bit furtively at a small, white bound book which had escaped Joe's attention till then. Joe was busily admiring the design of the--garment?--the girl wore; it was just barely see-throughable in the right places, but it clouded into completely opaque plastic in three places.

"Look, baby," Joe said, advancing slowly. What a lay this item would make! "I think you and me should get to know each other better. After all, we're going to be alone in this flivver for three weeks. That's a long time, and..." his voice trailed off as his eyes directed hers to the single bunk. He smiled a lop-sided leer. He abstractedly scratched again, elsewhere, as he waited for her answer.

Confusion grew in the sea-like eyes. She saw him scratch, half-blushed, and made as if to shake her head in disbelief. She turned away from him and hunted, almost desperately, in the pages of her book. "You don't act at all as I thought you would," she said. "I can't seem to find this situation in---" She broke off again as Joe took her in his arms and kissed her. It was not a chaste kiss.

"Please, Mr. Carter!" She fought a losing battle with his hands. "I don't think you quite realize that you are in a science fiction story!"

Joe let her go and stepped back. He didn't give a damn what kind of a story he was in. A new force was making itself known to him. He looked around at the furnishings of the small cabin. The only door was the airlock. He frowned and looked closer. The frown deepened. "Say...maybe you can tell me where they hide the toilet in these 69's."

The beautiful raven-haired princess looked blank. "You know," prompted Joe, "The can...the head...the toilet for Christ's sake. I gotta go!"

The carmine mouth opened to form an "O". The green eyes widened in shock and slight disgust. "But-but-but...there isn't any." She backed away from him.

Joe glanced at her in annoyance, then did a quick double-take. "No toilet??" He looked angrily around the room once again. "Whaddaya mean, 'There isn't any'?"

She backed up further and stared at him. "There just isn't any. A science fiction story never has a...a...they never have sanitary facilities."

"You're nuts. What're people supposed to do? Hold it till their back teeth float away?"

But the girl was busy peering hastily at page after page in her book. She didn't answer. A puzzled frown was ruining her perfect alabaster forehead.

Joe snorted and spotted the sink amidst the kitchen unit. Any port in



a storm.

The sound caused the lawn-shaded eyes to swivel in his direction. The carmine mouth gasped and the perfect body shuddered and turned away. She said matter-of-factly, "You'll never get me to divulge the secrets."

Joe half-turned his head. "Wha...?"

The leaf-green eyes peeked sideways from her finely-modeled head. "I realize now you are the villain of this epic. All villains are more real and human than heroes. I don't know how I missed the cue." She nodded her head in relief and new-found resolution. "I will not tell you how to duplicate the radiatron-converter."

Joe sighed a deep sigh and buttoned his pants. This dame was nuts. No doubt about it. Nuts! But, man! Those biluxxi-fruits! His fingers itched. He went to the bunk and patted a spot next to him as he sat down.

"Here," he said. "C'mon over and explain this whole thing to me. I'm just a vacationing garbage man off on a kick alone. What's this now about me being a villain and all that?"

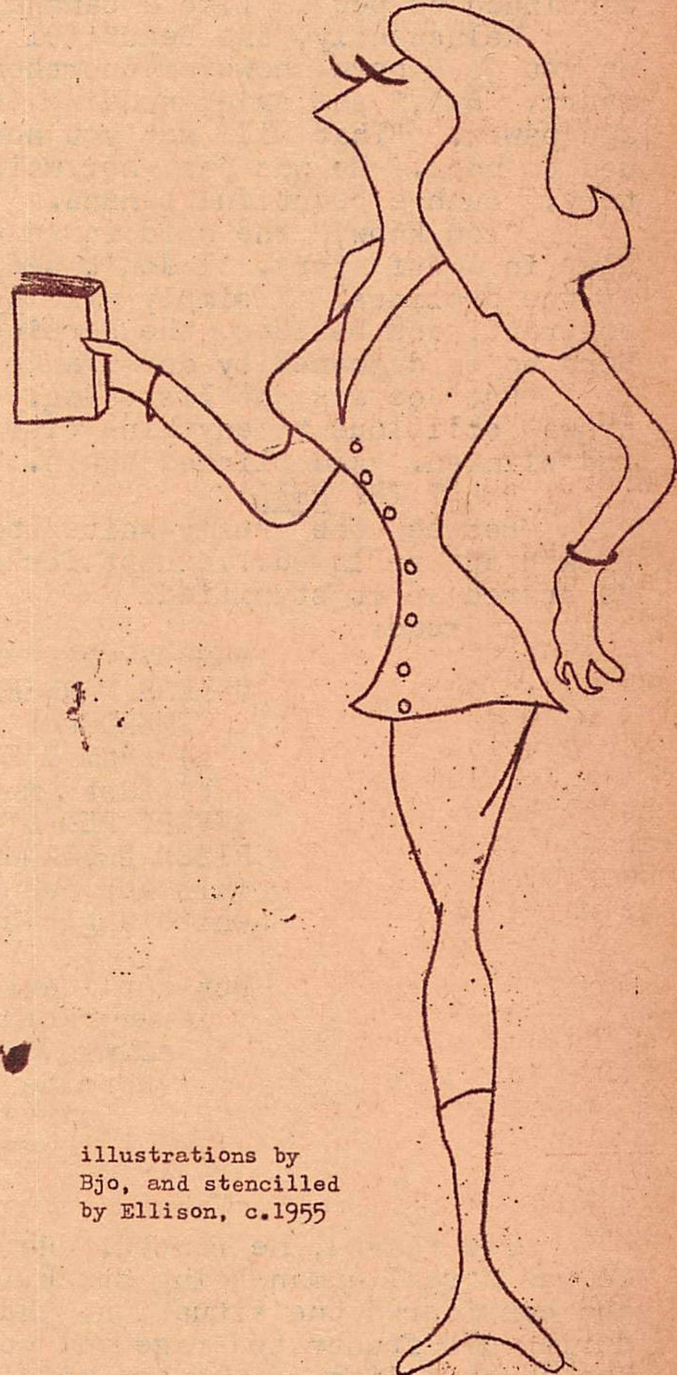
The stencil-colored eyes considered for a moment. "Well..." She walked voluptuously over to the bunk and sat beside him. She was obviously a little frightened and her breath was deep and quick. Joe's eyes followed the rise and fall of her breasts. His throat felt tight and there was a stirring...

"You are a villain," said the carmine lips, "because you rented this flyer and ran away from the responsibilities of a hero. You should've fought and overcome the evil priests of Ploor and stopped the oppression of the people of my planet."

"They didn't seem oppressed to me. I got the idea they liked those fertility rites and 3D casts of the Phallus temple dances."

"But my father is no longer a king...and I am reduced to..." she trailed off and smiled. "But don't you see? I am a Heroine 1st Class of STF, and I simply cannot be allowed to be reduced in rank unless I marry a handsome Earthman scientist. And you..." She looked at Joe's slight bald spot, his bloodshot eyes, his uncut hair, his dirty neck, his unshaven face, his swarthy complexion, his medium-sized but pot-inclined torso, his weak chin, the wart on his right cheek, his blackheads, and she sadly shook her head. "You only fit as a villain."

Joe grinned. His teeth were bad in spots, too. "If I'm a villain,



illustrations by  
Bjo, and stencilled  
by Ellison, c.1955



then I must be trying to do something bad. Right?"

The deep chartreuse eyes grew confused once again. Then cleared. "But of course. You're trying to rob me of my virtue."

"Damned if you're not right." He grabbed and found yielding softness. He unfastened the key button at the top. The perfect body was cooperative. It was easy. "Why aren't you struggling and screaming for help?" He started to peel the skin-tight garment from her lovely white biluxxi-fruits, er, you-know-whats. She shrugged.

"In the nick of time I'll be saved, and anyway..." Yet again the frown marred the white perfection of the alabaster forehead's ivory-like skin. "But...if you are the villain...who is the hero? Who'll save me?" She grew puzzled again. "I don't recall any other characters in this story."

Joe ignored her musings and concentrated on the business at hand. He continued to peel. Like a banana, he thought.

Reluctantly, the beautiful chin grew resolute. "If the author insists on you as a hero, however unorthodox, I guess I'll have to go along with the story. But," she said, nodding towards his industrious hands as they peeled and pawed. "That will get you nowhere if you are a real man." Joe continued to peel. He was past her waist now and getting into real vital territory. Such a beautiful banana.

"You know," she said in an unemotional voice, "This is highly irregular in a stf story. I don't see how the author cannpossibly sell it to any of the prozines. I simply will not inhabit a fan magazine. I have a strict contract, and besides, the Heroine's Union & Guild forbids First Class members to be demeaned by appearance in a...ugh...fan magazine."

But Joe was not listening. He was down to ~~the~~ opaque part now, and he was oblivious to anything else. He peeled away the last concealing bit and blinked. And blinked again. Then he took a deep breath, said:

"WHAT THE HELL!"

Between the creamy-white thighs was only more creamy-white skin, unbroken and unflawed...except for a small sign stencilled in hunter's green. He stared at it 'stupified.

It read:

\*\*\*\*\*

UNLESS MARRIED, THIS IS FOR  
EMERGENCY USE ONLY:

a) Adam & Eve situation

b) Last man and woman

SEVERE PENALTY FOR UNAUTHO-  
RIZED BREAKING AND ENTERING!

This applies only to gorgeous  
white anglo-saxons, female.

Not applicable to aliens or  
lesser races. Mainstream

authors please note.

Heroine Local 115

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*

Joe roared, he ranted. He swore and cursed. But it changed nothing. He was a real human being stuck in a stf story. Eventually he quieted down and considered the situation. He had slammed his hand into the bulkhead during his frustrated rage and now nursed a broken finger. He regarded the carmine lips of the beautiful Heroine and speculated, then shook his head. That was beyond hope. He sighed and remarked: "Well, anyway, you'll still be busy during the trip."



The forest green eyes grew wide with shock. "Oh, NO! Such a thing never happens in stf. Never, NEVER! I've been all through my book and it doesn't cover this type of story at all."

Joe seethed and snatched the book from her hand. "Heroine Dialogue For All Occasions," he read.

"Arrggh!"

He threw the book into the Disposalizer and got mad again. He was about to slam his other fist into the bulkhead when he suddenly thought better of it and muttered to himself: "No...I'll need that hand."

The Heroine heard him and shook her head. "No. You can't even do that in a stf story." She stood up, nude, and said to him: "I'm completely sexless, you know. I'm not in any way similar to a real woman. After all, I'm a Heroine. You should have realized that before you got yourself into this story."

Joe growled and turned away. He couldn't, just couldn't, bear to see that tremendous vibrant flesh. Not now. He swore and stared at the controls of the spacer. "Hell and damnation. I wish the author of this damned story would get wise and end this thing. He should know that a real live common guy like me don't belong in a straight-jacket like this."

I had to agree.

--Richard Geis

• • • • •

GAMBIT 54 cont. from p.5:

This was a reprint series too. Willis originally wrote a series of Chapters in a fictitious version of his first

trip to the U.S. in early 1952 before making the trip. Each chapter appeared in a different fanzine, mostly in special Willishes designed to help raise funds for the trip. Walt collected and annotated them in 1955, and we began republishing them, a chapter an issue, with the WAWish of VCID, to help publicize the TAWF campaign. Six chapters appeared, the last one in V28. At this late date, we see no point in publishing one further chapter temporally out of context. I understand the entire volume is planned for republication in the near future, and this strikes me as a better plan.

Terry says there were more letters. "I recall that I had to go home at one point, and when I finished a letter at the bottom of a stencil, that's where I left off," he says. "I don't think I was finished; I'm sure there were more." But six pages of micro-elite is all that survived. Letters, I think, must be the most perishable epiphenomena of fandom. So there is no we-also-heard-from. But these are good solid letters, and demonstrate, I think, one of the reasons VOID was the best fanzine of its type at the time: it generated this kind of response.

So there you are: voices from the past, the youngest seven years old. Only the editorials are new and current. These were written in 1969; they provide the context and the continuity.

Will there be a VOID 30?

I don't know. Maybe; maybe not. If there is, it will begin a new era for VOID. I may or may not have anything to do with it. You will know it when you see it. We predict nothing, promise nothing. This VOID 29 is a project in and of itself; it points backwards (with pride), not forwards.

Today I am the editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. I've won a Hugo. I'm going to be Fan Guest of Honor at the coming Worldcon. I co-chaired the one two years ago. I have ten books in print and more coming. I'm not the fan I was seven years ago. I've remarried, and I'm a different man, too.

As Papa Hugo put it, "The more things change, the more they remain the same." Here's VOID 29.

SPECTRE OF THE PAST: In VOID 28 Terry Carr devoted three pages (in micro-elite) to the story of Peter James Vorzimer, one-time fan. It was a thoughtful, perceptive, anecdote-rich piece, and presented the most balanced view of a complex (if briefly in fandom) person. Pate Vorzimer was a teenager who created controversy around himself, published one of the better fanzines, and then gafiated when he entered college. You'll find some commentary on him and Terry's piece in the letters this time.

Terry concluded by saying, "I don't know what he's doing now. Maybe he's married and working as a salesman and making \$10,000 a year."

This fall I met Peter J. Vorzimer.

He was at the Phillycon, and it took only a moment for me to recognize him from his pictures as a teenager. He was well-dressed, exuded the odor of a good hair-tonic, looked fit and prosperous, and seemed eager to meet someone who had known him (if only on paper) in the Old Days. He told me he was living in Philadelphia, teaching as a professor at Temple University, and had been invited to the conference by Sprague deCamp, whom he knew. He was delighted to talk to me.

(Continued on page 33)





ANOTHER ISSUE of "The Cry of the Nameless" was being cranked out by three of the spark plugs of the magazine operation. From left were Dorcen Webbert, Wally Genser and Jim Webbert.—Photo by Ed Wyman.

## 'The Cry' is

# Voice Of Seattle's Nameless Ones

By JANICE KRENMAYER

**"T**HE Cry of the Nameless," a thin but earnest call arising in Seattle periodically, can be heard in almost any part of the world.

"The Cry of the Nameless," is the title of a modest magazine cranked out on a mimeograph machine with a garage as publication office. But as a sign that after ten years of publication it has "arrived," "The Cry" last year won a "Hugo" award, top honors in its specialized field.

The award is named after Hugo Gernsback, credited with publishing the first science-fiction magazine in 1926. Hugo awards are made at the annual World Science Fiction Convention (held at Pittsburgh last year) by vote of the convention membership.

Readers of 'The Cry' speak, read and write a strange jargon and live in a world of their own — a world of the future.

They were among the few in years past who believed that such things as atomic submarines, flying rocket belts, and space travel would become tangible parts of our world. Yet in many cases, the science-fiction tales of yesterday have become today's reality.

**"T**HE Cry" is a "fanzine" (science-fiction jargon meaning amateur fan magazine) as distinct from "prozines," or professional magazines. It was one of the early ambitions of The Nameless Ones, a Seattle science-fiction club — "organized," if the word can be used for this relaxed association of fans, in 1949. As with most hobby clubs, meetings are one third Robert's Rules of Order and two thirds social banter.

Wallace Weber, a long-standing member, commented that "we've been accused of being a tea-and-crumpet society. If we had any profound reason for existence, the club would have



passed on long ago."

"The Cry," at any rate, has justified its existence by winning its 1960 award from a field of more than 100 "fanzines."

Fanzines, such as "The Cry," are sold by subscription, traded, given free to contributors or for letters of comment, at the whim of the editor. The publications range from illegible, single-sheet blobs to impeccably reproduced semiprofessional efforts.

**S**INCE its beginning, sans funds, sans a specific staff, sans any purpose other than diversion, "The Cry" has meandered in its haphazard way to a mimeographed sheet of 40 to 100 pages, on occasion. It has a circulation of about 125 fans scattered over the United States and in England, Ireland, Argentina, Australia, Japan and Sweden.

"The Cry" has seen more than 150 issues, considered rare for its kind, due only to its faithful staff's resolution to be regular, at least, about its publication. For the past five years, it has been lashed determinedly to a monthly schedule.

"Most fanzines average perhaps six to ten issues before the editor gets tired of all that work, and takes to a lazier form of the hobby," said F. M. (Buz) Busby.

Busby and his wife, whose garage is crowded with the mimeograph and other paraphernalia of "Nameless" literature, have been Seattle club fans since early days.

No set format governs "The Cry." Its very informality sets a literary forum, so to speak. Subscribers—some of them prominent in the writing field—ask questions and argue with any who will spar with them through its pages.

"The Cry" staff consisted for several years of one Nameless president and five ex-presidents. New club members may find themselves swept into the office of president at the drop of a timid syllable of "helping with 'The Cry'." When Doreen Webbster offered to help her husband, Jim, the "Man at the Crank" of the mimeograph machine, she promptly was elected president at the first meeting he attended so that the tradition would not be broken.

**W**ALLACE WEBER, "the Grand Old Man" (he is 32, but one attains venerable sagacity early in science-fiction brotherhood) has been the mainspring of "The Cry" staff and the club since its modest beginning in what was Buck Austin's "Wolf Den Book Shop" on Pike Street.

Austin had noted the number of Seattle readers who prowled for "Buck Rogers" fiction in his shop and suggested they form a club. Meetings at first were in the bookshop, but in

years since The Nameless Ones has met on the University of Washington campus, in downtown office buildings and in churches. Now, irregular meetings are held in individual homes.

Science-fiction fandom knows no age or occupation limits. Nameless Ones have been 60 years old or more. Fans may be high-school pupils or doctors of philosophy. Some are beatniks; some are legislators. The Seattle group includes a draftsman, librarian, engineers, an accountant, an instructor and housewives.

Mrs. Frank Carr, a bookkeeper, has been a "guiding light" of the organization since its beginning. Alderson Fry, a librarian of high repute who installed the Medical Library at the University of Washington, was an enthusiastic Nameless fan before he moved East.

**O**NE of the earliest fans in this region was John B. Speer, a North Bend attorney. As a young fan in the '30's Speer became intrigued with the idea of compiling an encyclopedia as a guide to the growing science-fiction terminology, authors and their works.

Speer's work became the first Fan-Cyclopedia — called FanCy I, because it was later revised into FanCy II, by another writer. The "FanCy" still is a valued reference work to fans everywhere. ("Fannish" words and abbreviations often indicate word divisions by capitals.)

Science-fiction "fandom" has reached the status of being material for two doctor-of-philosophy theses, but a true science-fiction fan is unhappy to be associated with (1) "monster menace" movies, often labeled "science-fiction" at the boxoffice, and (2) "flying saucers."

The reaction to "flying saucers" is that they exist, or they don't, but the science-fiction fan deplores the type of publicity and following the idea seems to draw. It would be nice to have interstellar neighbors who would be assets to the community, but no wailing wails, please, is his reaction.

Many old literary classics were early science-fiction tales. Jules Verne's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," "Gulliver's Travels," and even "Alice in Wonderland" are considered in that class.

**M**ODERN fans are proud of recent feats of extrapolation — predicting the future by projecting actual conditions. "Waldo," for instance, by Robert Heinlein, published in 1942, told of a fat man who couldn't stand gravity and devised his own satellite to enter space. To ease the difficulty of maneuvering his satellite controls in the weightless zone, he invented a

pair of remotely controlled "hands." Such devices, called "Waldos," are in use today in atomic laboratories to handle radioactive materials.

The most startling prediction has become the classic of the Second World War. A magazine story, issued a year before Hiroshima, contained a description of a bomb which would destroy all life on the planet. Its mechanism was crude — bins full of powdered uranium oxides, separated by cadmium barriers, which would "go off" at the slightest jar.

Federal Bureau of Investigation agents paid a hurried trip to the editor, John Campbell, and for a while he and the writer, Cleve Cartmill, probably wished they never had heard of science-fiction.

It was a case of keen extrapolation, but the problem of whether to track down and remove all copies of the magazine was a sore one. Campbell argued that to retract the story would "tip off" enemy nations more than would "letting the story ride." The magazine remained on the newsstands.

There are science-fiction fan clubs all over the world, and the natural outgrowth is world conventions.

**T**HIS year's convention over the Labor Day holiday, September 2 through 4, will be at the Hyatt House near the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport.

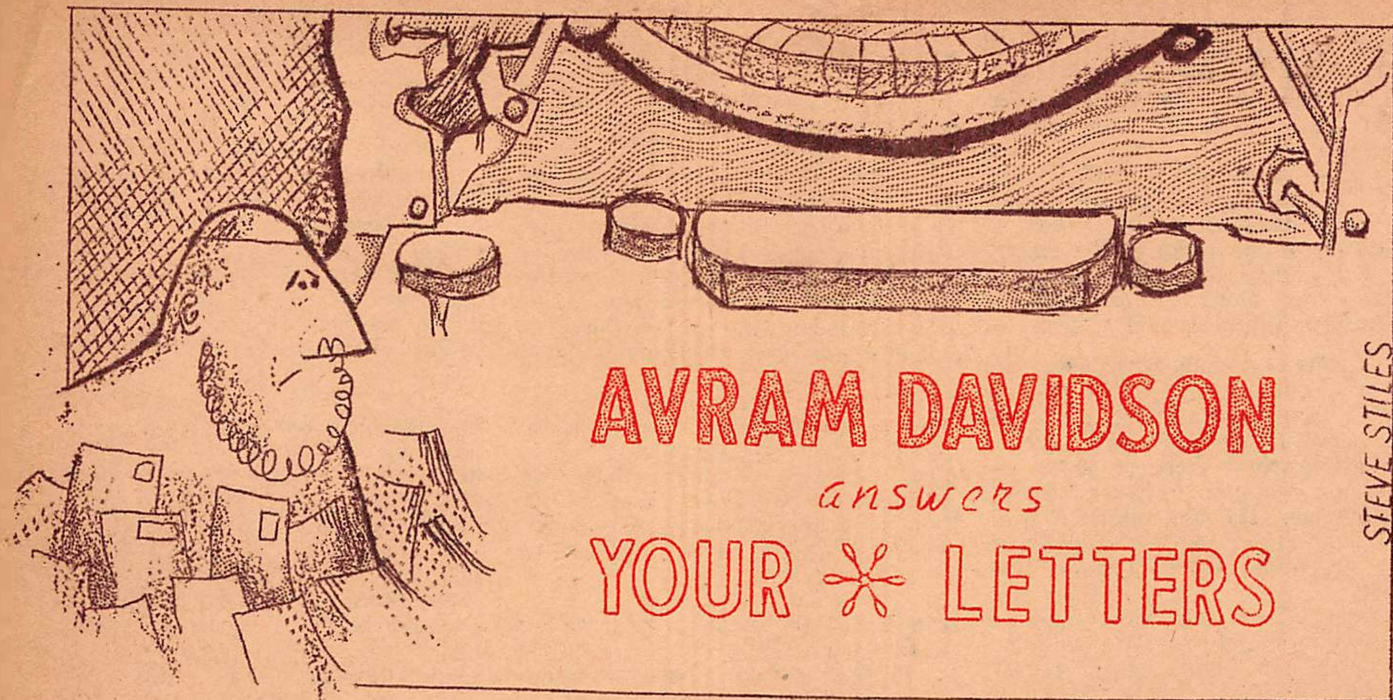
This is due to the activity of three Seattle fans who went to the 1960 convention with the express intention of selling Seattle as the next convention site. Wallace Wastebasket Weber, as he often signs himself, and his cohorts nearly fell into their own wastebasket when they found they had succeeded.

Weber and his crew also accomplished a literary coup. Heinlein, author of the famous "Waldo" story and of the recent science-fiction thriller "Stranger in a Strange Land," will be the guest of honor and will give the main address at the convention.

Now amidst the bustle and headaches of convention planning, Weber and his fellow fans feel that the convention, Season in the jargon, may be a good thing, after all. It should be a preview, in miniature, of Century 21, for science-fiction fans, too, deal with the world of the future.







DUE TO circumstances beyond his control, Mr. Davidson finds himself  
herewith presenting the letter column of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY  
& SCIENCE FICTION... -tw

The Kindly Dialect-Loving Editor  
Fantasy & S.F.  
347 E. 53rd St.  
NYC 22

DEAR EDIDORR (DOOR?) (DORE?) (TORE?) (TOR, HOW HIGH?) <sup>THE</sup> <sub>216</sub> <sub>L</sub>

LET'S HAVE DONE WITH THE HEXPERI ( I ) MENTAL WRITHING (AND SELF-  
WRITHER, WRITER, YOU CREEPY SQ. 7 -SCENTERED DHROULINGS) YOU  
(YOU 3!) /LOOK AT YOU 7/ HAVE BEEN SELLING ME : I SUB-  
SCRIBE FOR AMUSEMENT AND RELAXATION IN THE AREA OF S.F., NOT  
FOLKLORE NOR DIALECTICS.

W.J.C.

P.S. If I want Dialect I'll talk to Max Asna's waiters, if they  
are speaking to me.

What in thee Hell are you talking about? I enclose a copy of ANALOG and  
a 4¢ stamp: please, next time you want to write a letter to an editor  
(door?)(dore?)(tore?), write to John Campbell.

Yours & sic(k) c.,  
Avram Davidson

Dear Mr. Mills, Davidson, and everyone at  
F&SF,

Thank you.

You send me Love, I send you Love.



Love,  
R.W.

Thanks for sending us Love. Love is a Good Thing and we here at F&SF are in favor of it. But could you give us a hint as to what brought this on?  
Love,  
Avram Davidson

Dear Mr. Kindly? Editor Sir:

Just because you're the new editor, it doesn't mean that you have the power to delete the most important part of your magazine. If your next issue doesn't include Ferdinand Feghoot or a promise that he will return, I'll cancel my subscription--so help me Jules Verne I will.

Yours truthfully,  
Y.D.C.

We at the Magazine of Fanyasy & Science Fiction wish to express our thanks to you for your witty and heartwarming letter about Feirdinand Feghoot. We are always responsive to our readers' wishes in one way or another. Rest assured that we will give this matter our serious consideration.  
Very sincerely yours,  
Avram Davidson

Dear Sir:

So you are the new editor. I want to bring something to your attention.

Some issues of your magazine carry an ad for a book on "Birth Control."

I want a letter from you stating that your magazine will no longer carry such ads or I will bring this to the attention of the legal department of the Post Office Authorities.

I was on the point of giving up the magazine, but that would not stop the advertising so I decided to take it up with you.

Please bring it to the attention of your other department heads, so that no more advertisments such as this are carried.

Very truly yours,  
Miss R. A.

Alerted by your letter I summoned all my Department Heads and placed them on the carpet. This necessitated my bending over, and has given me a nasty crick in the small of my back, but one can't have everything, eh? Fancy my gratification on learning (as I am sure you, too, will be gratified to learn) that the legal department of the Post Office authorities informs us that it is perfectly legal, and has been for oh just simply ages, to send "Birth Control" information through the mails. This indeed takes a load off our minds, doesn't it? Now you and I can read the book in question without fearing any disloyalty to the American Way of Life and/or the legal department of the Post Office authorities. Personally, I am a married man and no longer use "Birth Control" in any way, shape, or form; but I note that you are still single: if I were you I would send



for my copy immediately.

Yours very truly,  
Avram Davidson

What have you done to Ferdinand? Please bring him back! Asimov  
mustn't be allowed all the puns.

B.L.S.

Thanks for your card about Ferdinand. Reader interest is always appreciated. I'm thinking about this matter right now.

Sincerely  
Avram Davidson

To the Editor,

What happened to "FERDINAND FEGHOOT"? Has a change of editors (Congratulations, Mr. Davidson) resulted in the omission of this time-honored hero Feghoot? Let's have him back!!!

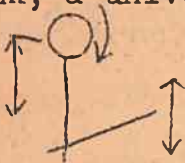
Sincerely,  
M.M.

Thanks for your congratulations.

Yours, Avram Davidson

Dear Avram,

The reason I was so mysterious in the postcard was because I didn't want to review your stories but to encourage your whole general policy. The Garden of Time Whindow to the Whirled (especially) Jonathan and The Space Whale and Shadows on the moon Had a quality about them which a writer friend of mine calls 'writing with love.' that is, expressing what is so rare in these times: reality /Oh.-ad/ a treadle sewing machine is an interesting mechanism, expressing, I think, a universal truth--the reconciliation of the opposites begets something entirely different. or, love makes the world go round. Ever try to draw a picture of Jesus?



Love,  
R.W.

...well, no, I never have...

Love to you, too, again,

Avram Davidson

THE TERMINUS, OWLSWICK, & FORT  
MUDGE ELECTRICK ST. RAILWAY  
GAZETTE

BRING BACK FEGHOOT!

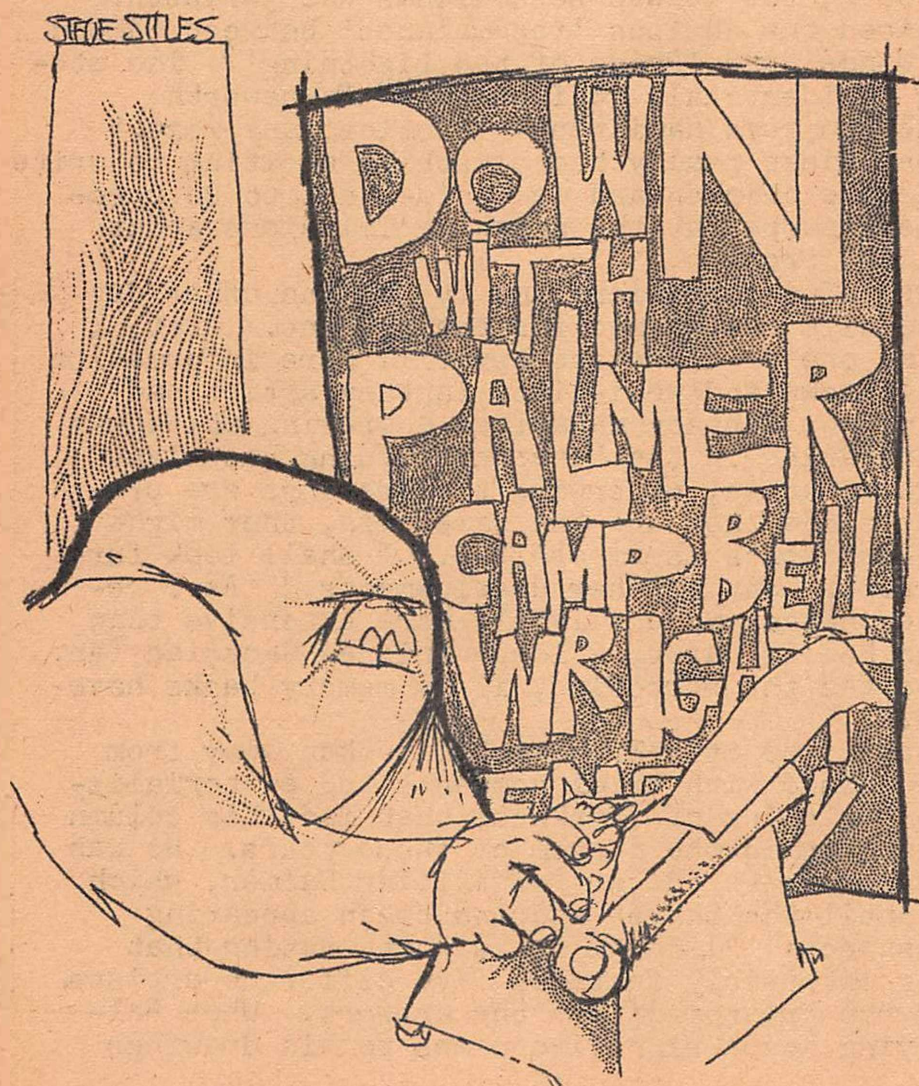
Screw you, George.

--Avram Davidson & Others



Jack Chapman Miske might be a good nominee as the forgotten man of fandom's iconoclasts. We are just emerging from a thorough Burbee-memory spree, featured by the publication of The Incomplete Burbee. The Laney bull market is still strong, if we may judge by such trustworthy signs as the willingness of two fans to reprint the huge Ah! Sweet Idiocy! We have had several articles in recent fanzines crediting T. Bruce Yerke as an important predecessor of Laney. Willis has not been as successful as these three in creating enemies, and his criticism is accomplished with such a deft application of the scalpel that blood doesn't spurt all over everything, but the epidemic of WAW reprints and memory-joggings prove that he might qualify to the iconoclast ranking.

Miske came into prominence before three of those four. He was contemporary with Yerke, but less of a local phenomenon than T. Bruce, whose acid dripped mainly over the fans with whom he had been in personal contact. Miske was almost totally a fanzine fan in a day when that term had not been invented. He had little contact with fans except through his typewriter, and it was a traumatic experience at a convention that eventually resulted in his disappearance from the fannish landscape. After hard thinking, I can remember only one fan who visited him in his home in Cleveland, Elmer Perdue. There was even considerable speculation throughout fandom for a while over the problem of what this person could possibly look like, since he didn't send out pictures of himself. Miske finally ended that by investing



ALL OUR  
YESTERD  
AYS: JAC  
K CHAPM  
an miske



HARRY WARNER, JR



in one of those postage-stamp-imitation sheets of reproductions of his portrait, pasting them on all the letters he wrote for a month or two.

Miske was an exceptionally interesting correspondent, and wrote longer letters than any other fan with whom I was in contact around the years when the 1930's were turning into the 1940's. He was active for a while in FAPA and persuaded me to get into that organization. He sold a poem or two to Amazing Stories in the Sloane age, and he bobbed up with serious articles in most of the major fanzines during the early stages of World War Two. But I think of him most as the writer of a column for Spaceways, my old subscription fanzine. Stardust, signed as the writing of The Star-Treader, appeared first in the March, 1939, issue, the fourth issue of the magazine. Miske didn't miss a deadline for two years, hitting 15 consecutive issues until he decided to stop writing the column with the instalment in the January, 1941, issue. I plan to confine my sampling of Miske to this column, although it demonstrates only Miske the critic, and Miske the creator also deserves some space someday.

Stardust began as a column whose writer was a mystery to everyone but the creator and the editor. Internal evidence caused the identity of Miske to leak before many issues had appeared, but this made no apparent difference to his frankness. It should be understood that the fanzine traditions of those days were quite different from today. In the column's first edition, Miske used most of his two pages to give news notes, but he also wrote some remarks that were sensationally candid for those sercon, guarded days. A paragraph like the following would be quite ordinary today, but it was sensational when written:

"Has anyone else noticed the obvious 'resemblance' between Edmond Hamilton's 'Child of the Winds' and 'Bride of the Lightning'? The stories are so similar as to be identical. Editor of WT Farnsworth Wright must not even bother to read Hamilton's 'stories' any more."

For his second column, Miske really had something exciting to write about. But both he and I were chicken and we decided not to be specific. So Spaceways' readers gasped at the smashing illusions about the ethics of those gods, the pros:

"A most startling piece of information came my way the other day via a Spaceways reader who will go unnamed for the present. Also, I wish to ask that he tell no one of his discovery till more information is available. A very well-known and well-liked fantasy artist had in a recent issue of one of the fantasy magazines a drawing which was an absolute copy of one appearing in the Saturday Evening Post last year. There are two slight changes, otherwise the drawings are precisely the same. In fact, since they are the same size, they might even have been traced! Coincidence is impossible. I shall look further into the affair and report any further developments." As I remember the comparison, the changes were slightly more extensive than Miske's description. John Hollis Mason, a long-vanished Canadian fan, was the individual who spotted the borrowing, if my memory banks haven't gone into liquidation.

By its fifth instalment, The Star-Treader had broken away from the policy of news notes combined with brief comments and editorializing. He was getting into the swing of frankness that made his column the most popular regular column in the fandom of those years. He was a particularly brilliant pioneer at the art of baiting Palmer, which was not widely practiced until the Shaver stories began appearing five years later. For instance: "I think it is worth noting that though the October Amazing ostensibly features five different artists, Julian Krupa is obviously the creator of all the artwork. What Palmer expects to gain by having Krupa sign five names to his drawings



is a bit obscure, but it does serve to show once more that Palmer is the most blatantly commercial, not to mention contemptible, editor in contemporary fantasy fiction." His column had grown from two to three pages, giving him room for an occasional outburst of poetry such as:

"Down with Richard Seaton,  
And Campbell's heroes, too.  
It's Hamilton you're after  
When a Man from Mars says 'Boo!'"

Miske was also in a brawling fuss at this time through the letter column over the improbable topic of whether Lovecraft was a communist. But even more remarkable, in view of the prices that "The Outsider and Others" has brought in the past few years, is the revelation that Miske gave about this first Arkham House publication in the January, 1940, Spaceways:

"The fan world has let them (-Derleth and Wandrei-) down in a most disappointing manner. Perhaps I do wrong in disclosing these figures, but I feel that perhaps only thus may the need for each of you to buy be fully impressed upon you. Messrs. Derleth and Wandrei spent \$2,500 to present this volume to the fans whom HPL never refused to aid whenever possible. No fan publisher was ever refused material by HPL, and now the fans are spoiling the significance of his memorial. Less than 200--yes, 200!--orders have been received to date, and Derleth and Wandrei are out about \$1,750 of the \$2,500 they've invested--with no thought of profit.... If this first volume fails to break even, plans for two further volumes....will necessarily have to be dropped."

There is a disturbingly familiar ring about some portions of an open letter to Campbell which Miske included in a column later in 1940, so it's no wonder that JWC doesn't quiver too noticeably when he reads remarks in 1962: "The same thing menaces your success that brought about the downfall of Tremaine. You're getting typed, in a rut. Everything: stories, letters, captions, they're all Campbell. While you're probably a swell fellow, even you can get monotonous.... Changes have been made in Astounding, and the readers and I liked most of them, however, good or bad, the changes were made to the complete exclusion of the desires of your readers. You've taken the attitude that 'I think you'll like it, so you will.' Only where your views paralleled theirs were the fans' wants observed. Astounding is still the top s-f publication, but that's principally because the others are so incredibly bad."

The April, 1940, column was particularly bold, written at a time when all fandom was feeling sorry for Farnsworth Wright, just kicked out of the editorial office of Weird Tales. Miske acknowledged that Wright had done good work to maintain the magazine's literary standards, but shook up Spaceways' readership by detailing "one of his less commendable actions. There was his shabby treatment of H.P. Lovecraft. For no good reason he rejected, as fast as HPL could send them in, many of Lovecraft's finest stories. For example, he rejected 'The Shunned House' twice--then accepted it after HPL's death and tagged it 'one of his best stories'! And it ranked first in the issue in which it appeared. Also, Lovecraft, WT's most popular author, never got a cover illustration! His 'At the Mountains of Madness' was rejected by Wright at a time when he knew Lovecraft needed money badly. You know how good the story is. And then there's the matter of Wright's accepting stories (to be paid for on publication) and holding them for one or two years--while the authors starved, presumably."

My younger self got thoroughly scared in the spring of 1940. It was a time when the rustle of legal papers had not yet been heard in fandom. But I woke in the early hours from nightmares of lawyers descending upon me. I didn't want to stop publication of my most popular



Later in 1940, Miske devoted a column to a Chicon report that indicates that he had a splendid time. He had had a two-hour argument with E.E. Smith over the merits of "The New Adam," had come to realize that Palmer was a slave of Ziff-Davis policy, and thought Kornbluth told boring stories and behaved like a child with his palm-shocker.

The last Stardust column in Spaceways deserves reprinting in full. Bizarre, the luxury-type printed fanzine with which he had been working, had crashed and burned, Miske was cutting out most fanzine reading and letter-writing, the world situation oppressed him, and most startling revelation of all, Miske had just gone wild over boogie-woogie music. His King James peroration included such things as: "Fantasy magazines shall fall right and left, the havoc a wonderful thing to see, and something to inspire any intelligent person. The wholesale white slavery into which this form of literature has been delivered by mongering editors, authors, and publishers in recent years will die of its own vileness, and fantasy will survive the rape to rise to new heights.... I refuse to worry about the world. For me--for though I rise above all others, I shall still go down.... Louis Chauvenet thinks I'm a poet after all. Now I can die. I think Ackerman is a nut. I know of no fan who ranks as 'intensely active' who is not some sort of disgusting character. I rank high among them, so save the weeping and wailing. Goodbye, we meet here no more."

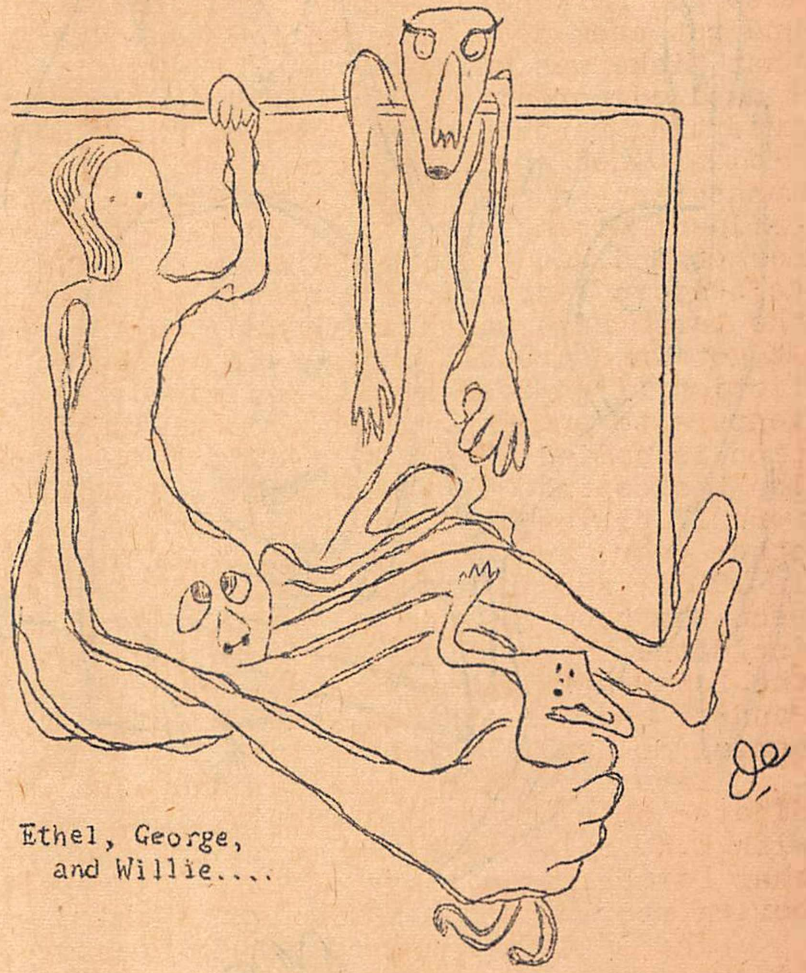
- Harry Warner, Jr.

[illegible]

Campbell, essentially a writer and not an editor, as exemplified by his blurbs, did a fairly good job on ASTOUNDING thereafter, certainly improving it, but finally placing it in a rut which it enjoys today, of conservatism and Campbellism. Almost every story in the magazine is tainted with Campbell to a sickening degree.

--Sam Moskowitz, in FANFARE #1, December, 1939





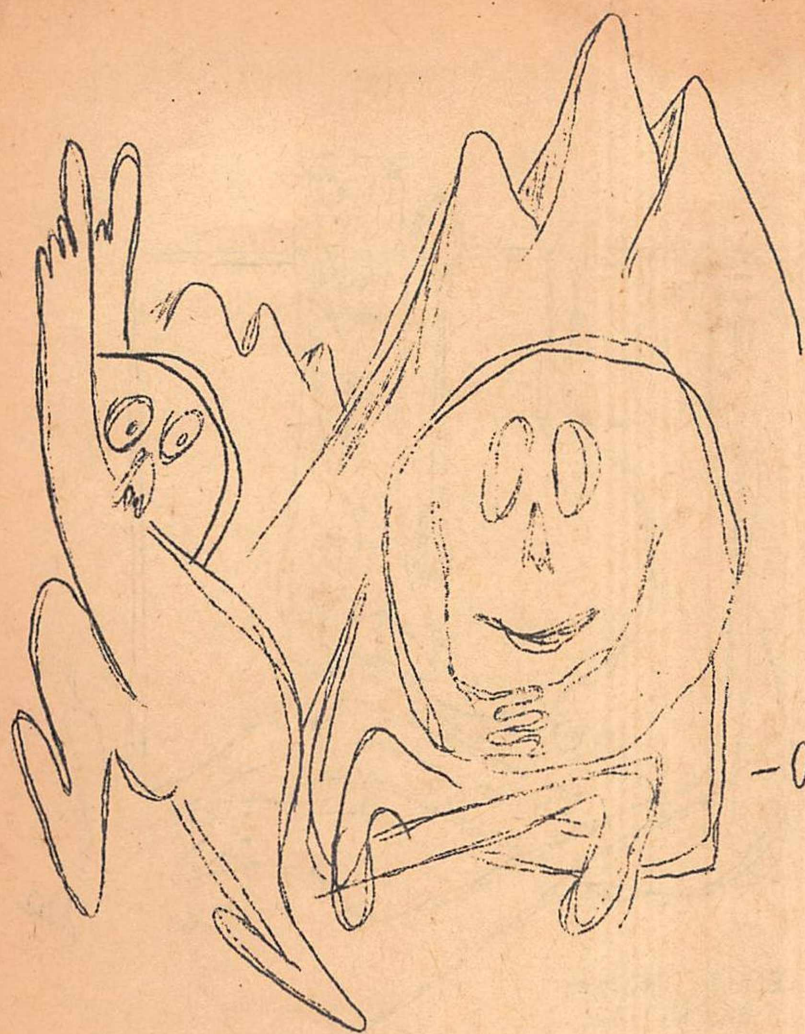
Ethel, George,  
and Willie.....



"Norman and Daniel and Fred"

# THE dave english ANTHOLOGY 4





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ONWARD! -

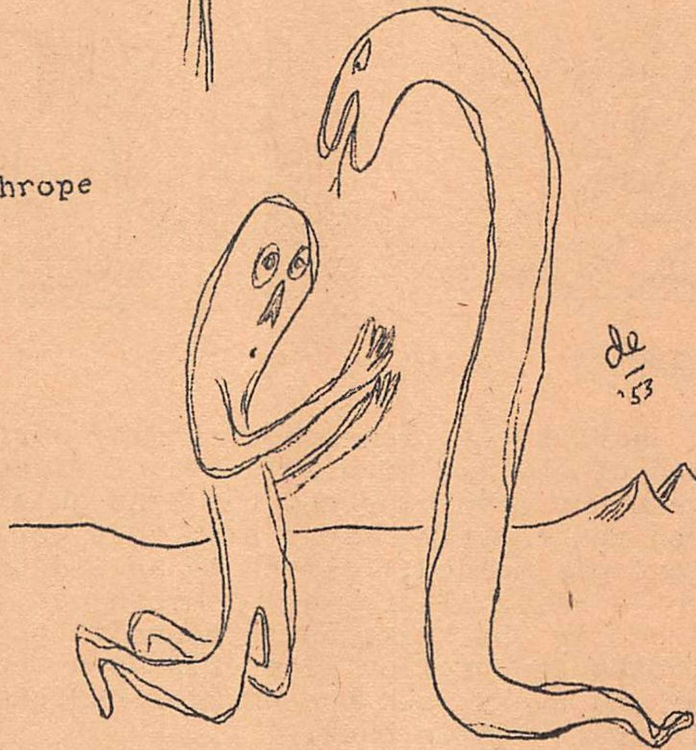


"my God! what is it?"





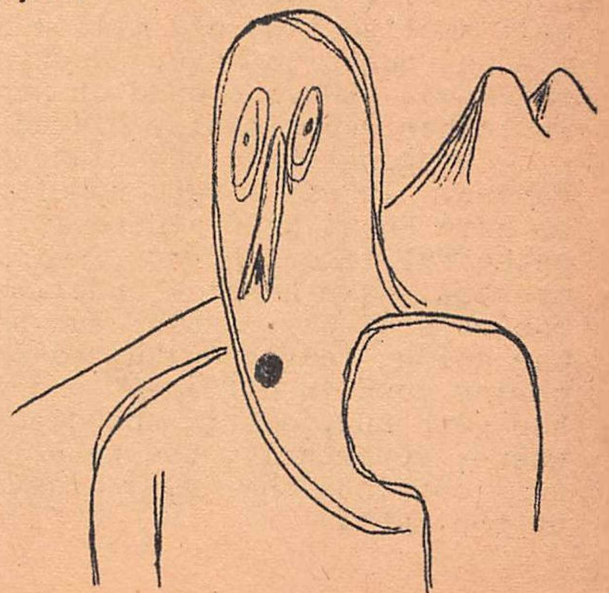
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Harry and the Tempter

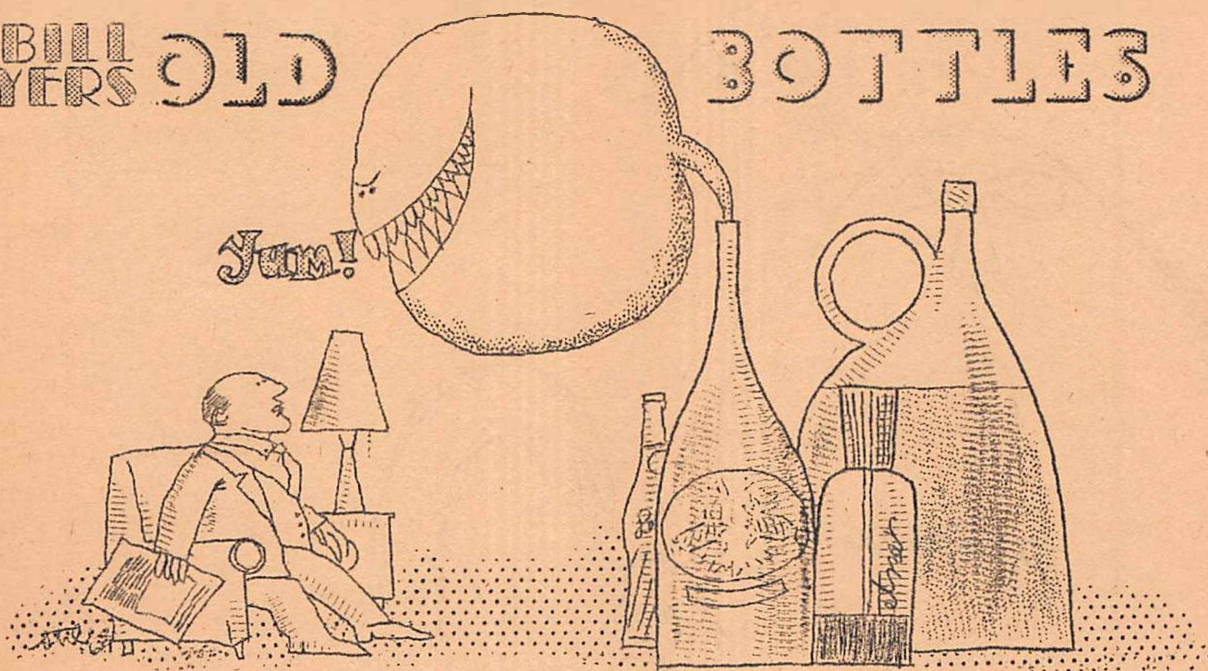
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BILL  
MEYERS OLD

BOTTLES



## TOLKIEN AND TEMPERAMENTS

I was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, a city surrounded by mountains, an island of civilization in a sea of wilderness, a boundary line between the moonshine and the mint julep. Between the time of my birth and the time I was six, that period in which my super-ego was lovingly molded, I lived in an old two-storey house on the side of a hill. There were mammoth oak trees in the front, small oak trees in the back, and a magnolia on the side. About every ten minutes the trolley clattered down the street in front of our house; and every week the darkies had their meetings and sang their spirituals out in back.

It was Southern all right. But something more....

In the front room there was a black upright piano with yellowed keys. The piano bench smelled like sweat, but the piano itself smelled like old mellowed wood, a very luscious smell that pianoes ought to have. Resting on the piano was a book of scores, which was always opened at page 1 of a Beethoven sonata because when my father occasionally played he never got past the first ten bars.

Hanging above the piano was a print of a painting of the Black Forest. It was a very popular print for its time but no one seemed to have known who painted it. It showed a broad path, almost a cathedral-like corridor, which led into the forest and was covered by vast, over-hanging treelimps. It was autumn in the forest and the rays of the setting sun shot through the limbs and glistened on the golden leaves which, having overburdened the limbs, were fluttering down in different places. A strange white mist hovered above the path and, off in the distance there was a glow of white light where, apparently, the path left the dark seclusion of the trees and came out into the open, or else something which glowed was coming up the path.



I liked to believe it was something which glowed--perhaps a knight, or a troop of elves.

The painting helped to shape me and my imagination. It was, without my realizing it, a beautiful visual supplement to the tales read to me by my mother and grandmother out of a dusty black tome written by somebody called Grimm. It wasn't so much of a painting as a window through which our living room looked out on the Black Forest. And, as the occasion willed it, depending on what was being read to me at the time, young knights and fair princesses, elves and trolls, all used the path to get to wherever they were going, which was, of course, somewhere in the Black Forest.

Whatever happened in that room, the painting was always there. It could barely be seen behind the stream of dust motes which danced in front of the windows on early summer mornings. It glowed cherry-red when all the lights were cut off but the ones on the Christmas tree. It was a golden-brown flicker when the furnace broke down and we all had to huddle around the fireplace. It hung there silently while my grandmother painstakingly taught me how to play Chopsticks and stayed just as silent while I played naughty games with the little girl from down the street. But it was there most eminently when the rain poured down the grey window-panes and I had nothing else to do but sit and stare at it, and be drawn into it.

Yet more... I believed wholeheartedly--and there was no other way to believe at that age--that the mountains which surrounded our town were inhabited by elves, dwarves, trolls, and all manner of such faerie folk. This belief was not simply due to a rich imagination but was stimulated by the fact that the community which lived on one of these mountains, in cahoots with a major tourist attraction there, had taken this faerie atmosphere as its motif. The place was riddled with caves, which were officially called Fairyland Caverns. Roads were appropriately named Fairyland Trail, Dwarf Lane, Elvenwood Drive. It was not so much the names, however, which contributed to the illusion of magic and enchantment but the fact that there were cold little streams running out of icy grottos, dark green corridors leading into the forests, and, in the most unlikely places--half-concealed by a bush, sitting on a rock by a stream--small statues of dwarves and elves. These statues had nothing to do with community projects, as far as I was concerned, but had simply been sitting there for ages, having either grown out of the stones or having once been real dwarves and elves on which strange spells had been cast. The real ones, I felt, were always lurking nearby.

By putting the right pressure on my grandmother, I occasionally was able to take trolley rides to the end of the line. The best line was the one which went up to and ran along the top of one of the mountains; the time I liked to ride it best was around October. It wasn't like the other lines which mostly ran down the middle of the streets; it was more like a small railroad which went through fulleys and passes and thick forests quite similar to the forest in the paintings above our piano. I liked to lean out the back and watch the whirls of golden leaves fly around behind the car as it slowly clattered along the tracks.

But in the winter I usually stayed inside the house. It rained a lot--cold, grey rains that iced up the black trunks of the oak trees outside. On days like that it was always dark inside the house as well, no matter how many lights were turned on. But sometimes the



curtains would part and the sun would reveal itself against its splendid bright blue backdrop; then you could see clearly for miles, and, all around, the snow-capped mountains sparkled with light.

Even though my ancestry could be traced to Scotland on one side and the Bavarian Alps on the other, that environment produced in me a deeply-imbedded feeling for Celtic fantasy and Teutonic darkness.

It was little wonder that I later came to love the works of Thomas Wolfe (the greatest Teutonic Southerner of them all) and Ray Bradbury (fantasy in a Wolfean style). Wolfe hit me pretty hard, because he was the closest I had come at that time--age 16--to finding an identical temperament, but my first confrontation with Tolkien was an unforgettable experience. This wasn't due to an even greater temperamental affinity with Tolkien--he isn't the type of writer whose temperament is immediately available for identification--but to the fact that the world-picture delineated in The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings struck my deepest temperamental chords.

I was sprawled in a hot, lumpy chair on a hot summer day, dripping with sweat, when I first started The Hobbit. By the time I got to the part where the elves made their appearance, "with a strange glow about their feet like the glow on the horizon where the moon is about to rise," I began to realize what the book was going to mean to me. I got up, drove over to my grandparents' and asked them if they had any use for the old picture of the Black Forest which they had since substituted with a lurid water color. They didn't, and were pleased to get rid of it. I took it back and hung it on my wall, and there, at least, was a part of Tolkien's world--the road through Mirkwood. And I finally knew what glowing thing was coming up the path.

What I am trying to say here is not "why Tolkien is great"; I'm only trying to explain one of the reasons for why his books should have had such a colossal effect on me--why all the ganglia of my very temperament should have quivered with ecstasy. He very beautifully tied up in one intricate knot all the thousands of strands of imaginative lore I'd delighted in as a child. He wrote about a whole world which was so fundamentally akin to what was at the foundation of my very self and identity that I almost lost my balance and fell into the chasm between this one and that. He did this not by titillating any nostalgic, sentimentalized half-memories, but by yanking out by the roots what was solid and substantial and clothing it in the impervious armor of mature, literary insight.

This was one of the main reasons why I liked Tolkien. Why was everyone else so enthusiastic about him, too? Surely for the same reasons, I naively thought. I don't think one is ever quite stunned so sharply by the rock wall of an alien temperament than when he tries to fully communicate his feelings about what he considers to be good and beautiful. This is not to say that I slammed the cover shut on the last page of The Return of the King and ran out to spread the word. I simply found, in talking with other people who had read the book, that they were enthusiastic over it for entirely different reasons--most of which were also different from each other.

Of course, I never knew exactly what went on in the depths of their alien minds as they read Tolkien; I could only listen to what they had to say. I remember, for instance, Bruce Pelz telling me about Tolkien before I had ever read anything by him. He was so carried away he was going to get someone with a mellifluous voice to record the whole trilogy on tape. Then he was going to play the tapes continuously while he slept, and since--he claimed--he identified



with Gandalf, he'd be able to take nightly sojourns into another world where he could dominate the destinies of men.

Identification played a great part with a lot of people. I suppose I; myself, identified more with Frodo than with any other character, though not to a great extent. Mostly I was just an innocent observer with the narrator pointing out things for me. But another friend of mine strongly identified with Gimli and got thrills from imagining himself swinging a bloody battle-axe. Another couldn't finish because "it wasn't realistic"--that is, he couldn't identify.

Other reactions had to do with literary technique. Ted White raved about the intricate machinations of its plot. Lin Carter is still raving about its philological subtleties and its place in the evolution of the epic. And then some reactions were somewhat antipathetic: When I asked my English instructor at Columbia to read Tolkien, he commented afterwards that Hobbiton seemed to be designed after Trollope's Barchester, and that the book as a whole was too realistic for an epic, too vast in scope for a novel.

But when a group of people on the West Coast publicized their bizarre views of how they thought the book should be filmed, I was struck by the full import of what it meant to be alien. Finally, Larry Ivie, upon finishing The Lord of the Rings, thought that Edgar Rice Burroughs' Mars books were much better.

The reactions were obviously diverse--as diverse as the environments in which the people had been brought up. And it seems to me that the most significant time in one's life is that time in which the environment begins to permanently mold one's character (or super-ego). It determines to a large extent one's reactions to everything throughout the rest of his life. For instance, the person whose reactions to Tolkien were most similar to mine was a friend who was brought up in the same town, in an old two-storey house, surrounded by mountains, and in whose living-room hung a painting of the Black Forest.

The true test of literature is its power to evoke human truths in all those who read and understand it, no matter what their environments. Certainly, despite the fact that Tolkien produces wildly varied reactions, he also succeeds in communicating things which have a common effect on all those who read and like his books, no matter what their main reasons may be for liking them. Out of the many people I've discussed the books with at one time or another, practically all admitted to being moved to tears, if not throughout the book, certainly at the end. Music, I feel, has a far tighter grip on the human emotions than literature ever has, but when a book surpasses music, as Tolkien's apparently does, in its ability to stir the emotions into a quivering pudding, it's a rare book indeed.

## ENVIRONMENT AND TRADITION

Authors, of course, are just as much influenced by their environment in what they write as readers are in how they interpret it. There is a distinct literary tradition which manifests itself most strongly in American literature, and which has, in the past few decades, branched off in a number of directions. This is the Experience school, the Ego clique, the cult of the I. Everyone is certainly familiar with it these days, mostly because it has not only fostered some very good contemporary writers but, due to its lack of restrictions on skillful handling of form and content, has



also bred a host of mediocrities who dominate a good part of the literary scene. The school is one of wide expanse, from J. D. Salinger and Lawrence Durrell on one hand to Norman Mailer and Jack Kerouac on the other, all of whom take their original roots in Herman Melville and, most specifically, Walt Whitman. The main trunk of the tradition grows up through Frank Harris and, to a large extent, Jack London, before it splits into two ever-widening limbs with Thomas Wolfe and Henry Miller. Before this crucial point, the experience which the author drew upon for his material had been molded into some kind of pre-determined form--and it sometimes stretched it past the breaking point, as with Whitman. But in the '30's, what had come to be known under various guises as the "autobiographical novel" became so completely autobiographical with Thomas Wolfe that the only difference between it and a self-proclaimed autobiography was whether it was told in the first or third person. Wolfe, in fact, lamely defended his mammoth "novels" by protesting that all artistic creations were syntheses of experience--the only trouble was, his books weren't syntheses; they were minutely-detailed recollections, nostalgically garbled half-memories.

Temperamentally unsuited to straw-clutching hypocrisy, Henry Miller simply wrote books. They weren't novels and they weren't autobiographies. As he said in a letter to Edmund Wilson, who apparently was used to Wolfean hedging in calling Tropic of Cancer a novel: "I don't use 'heroes'...nor do I write novels. I am the hero, and the book is myself..." The essential difference, then, was that Wolfe and those to follow him were to continue trying to give--perhaps impose--some kind of form on an originally formless mass (there is the story of the time Wolfe delivered his manuscript for Of Time and the River in a pick-up truck and spent days with the editor culling out the vital parts), while Miller took his formless mass and let it be the form. Unfortunately, this didn't make sense...or form.

Hundreds of smaller branches grew out from these two until, today, the tradition itself is a morass of different techniques. However, with a little effort, one can trace back a chain of influences of one of today's writers who seems to be in this tradition, and it will usually be rooted in Wolfe or Miller or someone else who was influenced by them. It is perhaps more difficult to find Miller in Lawrence Durrell than in Jack Kerouac, but he is buried there deep, just as Wolfe is somewhat less evident in James Jones than in Ray Bradbury but still there. (One can, of course, go to extremes: Sam Moskowitz manages to find Wolfe in some van Vogt stories...)

But what is it which initially draws a man like Bradbury to Wolfe, a man like Kerouac to Miller? Neither one has borrowed techniques which simply happened to strike their fancy and used them to write about different things than those for which the techniques were originally intended, for the techniques are too strongly engrained in the temperaments and world-views of their creators to be handled effectively that way. Isn't it the environment? the environment which originally molds the temperament? I find it significant that Wolfe and Bradbury were born in quiet, homey, Americana-type towns, while Miller was born in Brooklyn and Kerouac was brought up in one of the other big northeastern cities. It seems significant to me, too, that Bradbury is at the same time influenced by the conciseness of prose found in Hemingway as well as the rhetorical verbosity of Wolfe--he lacks completely the Teutonic element which



seems to develop so naturally in the valleys of the dark, rolling Appalachians; he was, rather, born in the dandelion fields of Illinois. This difference, it seems to me, determines what course the new young sprig takes as it grows out from the older limb.

As I've said, the essential difference between Wolfe and Miller is the former's faithfulness to novelistic form and the latter's rejection of all form that is not spontaneously generated. This difference between the two, and especially between Miller and Bradbury--since Bradbury widened the gap even more by taking Wolfean techniques and using them in a highly refined manner that would have been ill-suited to Wolfe himself as well as Miller--this difference, as I say, is even more striking when contrasted with the numerous similarities which underlie the works and very temperaments of all three of these men. They're all Romantics; they share most of the characteristic traits of Romanticism, when it is at the peak of its intensity: the looking back to childhood for truth, the hatred for the insensitive, mechanized civilization they have been born in, the idealization of the self with all its expressive powers--its bottomless pit of desire, its hunger for pleasure and its thirst for knowledge.

Wolfe, perhaps, is the most ideally Romantic of them all--he is an unleashed Marlowe, a Byron gone wild. On each side of him stand Bradbury and Miller, the former practically incapacitated by his fear and sunk completely into childhood fantasy, the latter so resentful, so revolted by what he sees around him that he attempts to crack its very bastions with a flood of untrammelled fecundity. Such completely different reactions by basically similar temperaments have a lot to do, I feel, with the kind of environments found in Illinois, North Carolina, and Brooklyn.

But so much for temperament. Technically, in saying what these writers have had to say, Bradbury has honed Wolfe down to a polished, almost shallow form, while Miller has pulled out all the stops, and created an incoherent morass. For this reason, although Miller is a far greater--sometimes awesome--writer and has much more to say, I feel that Bradbury is a superior artist. Some of those massive chunks of intensely verbalized emotion in Tropic in Cancer and Capricorn are no more to be compared for artistic merit with some of Bradbury's swift and delicate lines than Stonehenge with a Japanese water-color.

I'm afraid I've said too much already to go into the subtle entanglements of my aesthetic--shall we say, temperamental?--ideals. What is simply most important to me over all else is form. No matter how profound the content may be; it means over all is form. No matter how profound the content may be, it means nothing unless it's shaped. You don't see the skeletal structure of the Venus de Milo but you damn well know it's there--protoplasm alone doesn't make beauty.

But perhaps the attitude toward the language itself is one of the most vital elements in the making of the form. Wolfe was brought up on Shakespeare, Marlowe, and the Bible--all Elizabethan works of titanic rhetoric--and his prose reflected their styles all his life. He was so in love with words he slipped over the side of the wine vat and drowned. Bradbury, too; obviously has his own peculiar brand of love for words--a very subtle, very refined love like that of a wine-taster rather than a Wolfean wino. He lolls each word around on his tongue and his almost audible sigh of approval is the kind of thing that makes Lin Carter, for instance, think him "arty-farty." And, admittedly, there's something to it.

But Miller, despite his staggering command of vocabulary and his Rabelaisian revels with language, does not really love words--he loves

(Continued on p.32)

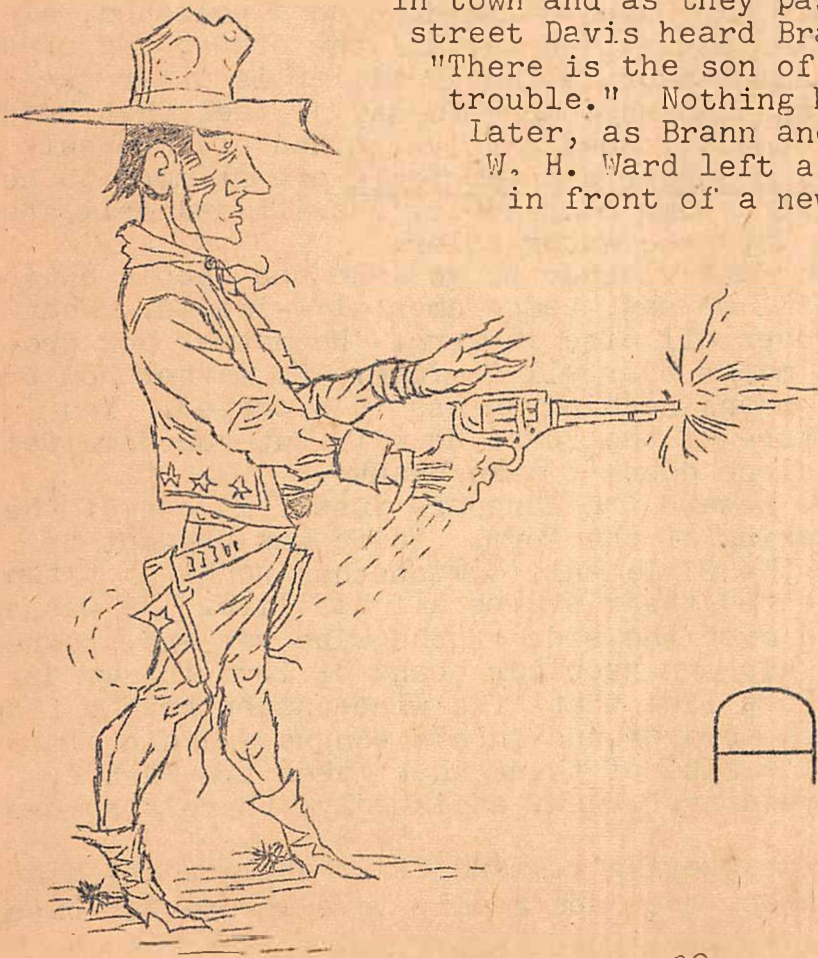


In the letter column of VOID 26 Dick Eney made some interesting observations on my article "Fran The Iconoclast" which appeared in the eleventh issue of INNUENDO, pointing out a couple of minor errors and questioning the accuracy of my comparison of Laney with Brann. If the subject isn't already beaten to death, I'd like to take this opportunity to answer Dick's criticisms and at the same time elaborate a bit on Williams Cowper Brann, The Iconoclast.

Dick points out that Brann wasn't killed in a "duel" as I stated in the article, but in a shootout in the best TV western tradition, with shotgun and revolver. This is both true and not-true. In most of the newspaper accounts of the event, it (the shootout) was referred to as a duel between Brann and Davis. Dick, however, is right in that it wasn't in any sense of the word a duel in the formal manner. Dick is wrong, on the other hand, in saying it was fought with shotguns and revolvers. Although the eyewitness accounts are many and conflicting, the following is generally considered to be more or less the way it happened:

Brann, some months before the fatal afternoon of Friday, April 1st, 1898, had written a series of articles in his ICONOCLAST blasting what he considered to be certain unsavory events occurring at nearby Baylor University. In the following months Brann had been kidnapped, threatened and assaulted as a result of his attack on Baylor and his imputations against the honor of southern womanhood. One of his most outspoken critics had been Tom E. Davis, an eminent citizen of Waco, who had condemned the "Apostle" (as Brann was sometimes called) and urged that he be run out of town.

On the evening of April 1st both men were in town and as they passed each other on the street Davis heard Brann say to a companion, "There is the son of a bitch who caused my trouble." Nothing happened at this time. Later, as Brann and his business manager, W. H. Ward left a saloon and were standing in front of a newsstand, Davis stepped



FRAN

ICONO

A POST

BY ALVA

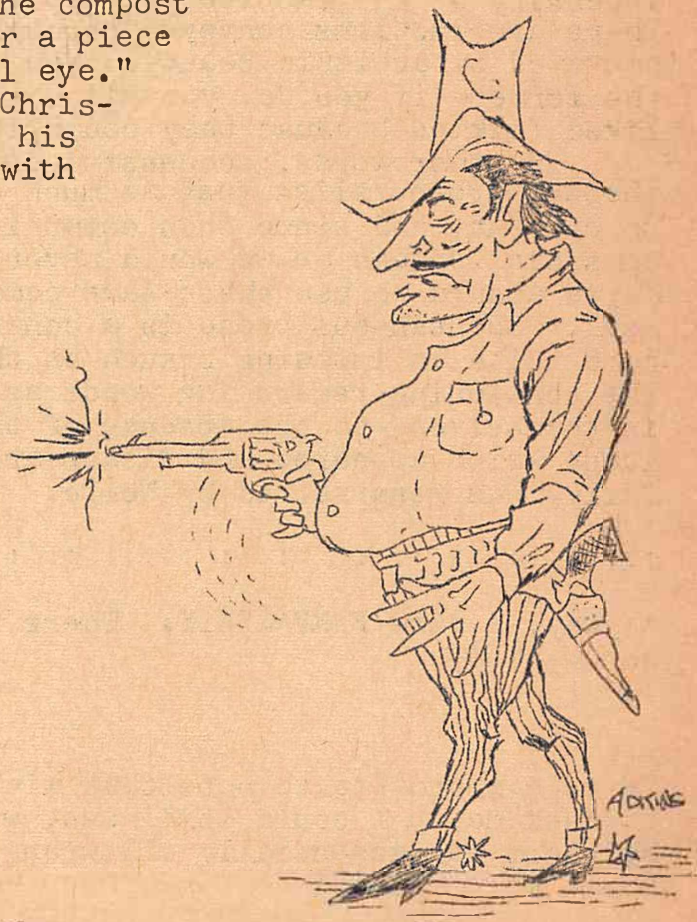


out of a doorway and fired his revolver at Brann who had his back turned toward him. The first shot hit Brann, who nevertheless whirled around with a sixgun in his own hand and cut down on Davis, who immediately fell writhing to the street, but continued firing at Brann. Both men emptied their guns into each other, and both died of their wounds some hours later. This, in brief, is what happened. No shotguns, just revolvers.

Eney's main criticism, that is to my statement that Laney drew his inspiration for his writing style from Brann, is perhaps on firmer ground; but nevertheless, I stand on what I said in the article. Brann did indeed belong to Erudite Southern Gentlemen's Club, as Dick points out, and could resort to classical allusions with the best of them when he so desired; but he could still use--and did, frequently--pungent and straightforward prose, as in the following, chosen at random from the collected works:

A young juicy male ass named Norton, hailing from the city of blue spectacles, cerulean bellies and baked beans, has been telling the more grossly ignorant of the Dallasites, that "a million cases of hopeless disease" have been cured by Christian Science during the past ten years. Bosh. I'll give any Christian Scientist on earth \$100 to cure a simple case of gonorrhoea by their mumbo-jumbo monkey business. Those who preach Christian Science as a curative power are infernal frauds who ought to be put in the penitentiary or on the rock pile, and those who believe in it are hopeless fools and should be sent to an idiot asylum. I'll bet my head--which is no great stake--that I can go out in the alleged land of intelligence and sell a peck of the compost balls of tumble-bugs at a dollar a piece as amulets to ward off the "evil eye." Every critter caught preaching Christian Science should be stood on his head and shot full o' soapsuds with a horse syringe.

# THE clast — SCRIPT ROGERS





This, I submit, is as straightforward and nasty as Laney ever got. It was this type of writing by Brann that Fran admired and tried to emulate, using, however, his own style and choosing his own words and allusions.

Fran became acquainted with the works of Brann well before he became acquainted with fandom and its amateur journalism. When he did get into fandom--and particularly FAPA--with its wealth of fanzines which offered him a forum to sound off in, he quite naturally followed the example of his distinguished journalistic idol in laying about him with a mighty typer. Fran looked upon THE ICONCLAST as the ideal example of what a personal journal should be--a medium for personal expression, and to hell with the consequences; if someone's toes were stepped on, or feelings hurt, that was just too bad. Fran, in his polemical fervor; frequently, like Brann, went too far. But Fran, also like Brann; was not afraid to take a stand on any issue he felt strongly about, defend his stand against his critics, and riposte with deadly counterattacks. This was where Fran and Brann stood closest in comparison and not in the relatively unimportant matter of their literary styles. This is why I call Laney FRAN THE ICONCLAST.

- Alva Rogers

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OLD BOTTLES, cont. from page 29: sentences, paragraphs, blocks of words. He enjoys communicating, not saying. For example, Ted White told me of the time Miller once spoke to an audience in a foreign language and held them spellbound. It is not the artistic beauty of speaking or writing which matters to him but the intensity of the emotion conveyed. The trouble is, what emotion? There are emotions conveyed through empathy, and there are emotions conveyed by artistic beauty. You don't have to go to literature for the former--if you do, you blind yourself to it, like those people who liked Tolkien because they could identify with his characters.

In other words, successful communication of artistic beauty through prose relies just as much on the form of what is being said as on content, and since such communication is impossible through spontaneous oral speech or we would never turn to literature to begin with, it is absurd to use these same common oral conventions in literature as well. Spontaneous prose is a contradiction in terms. Yet it has become quite an imposing branch on that tree of tradition, perhaps due to the continuing regard for words as tools rather than things of beauty in themselves--to the absence of that real love for the English language which appeared and disappeared with the Elizabethans, and, thankfully, was resurrected by Wolfe.

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Anyway, I like FANVARIETY. There is a kinda of slophappy atmosphere about it.

--Joe Kennedy, in FANVARIETY #5  
(with a typo-assist from Keasler?)

It is commendable to note that with only three months in the fan world to back me up I could still see, without additional information, that Wollheim was essentially all wrong.

--Sam Moskowitz, in FANFARE #1, Dec. 1939



"Have you been in Philadelphia long?" I asked.

In some ways he wasn't so different. Terry said of him, "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." In the old days Vorz used to boast that he attended the same high school Debby Reynolds had gone to; now he spoke of the astronauts on a first-name basis and mentioned that while in England he'd gotten to know Kingsley Amis quite well.

"In fandom, he was a misfit."

A misfit, yes. But not "not fannish". Rather, caught between fandom and the mundane world. Geared for the mundane world, raised by a high-pressure professional man of a father, but inclined towards academia, writing, 'Creative Stuff', ...science fiction. Attending a sf conference half sheepishly, and caught up in a round of nostalgia and 'what ever happened to ol' so-&-so?'s. Fan and not-fan.

-- ted white

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BARIN IT

This situation began to work on Arnie's imagination after we had decided to publish VOID 29. "It's like going back and actually becoming one of your ancestors," Arnie said to me. "Arnie Katz, VOID Boy!"

Arnie's reverie broke off. "Stfnal concept?" he said querulously. "You mean like Science Fiction?"

"It is?" he asked weakly.

"Inspiration," echoed Arnie. His voice was shaking, now.



"This is the last issue of VOID, Arnie," I said gently. "And you are co-editing it." I paused for dramatic effect. When the tension was almost at the breaking point, I pointed my accusing finger and said, "Arnie Katz, you have killed your father!"

He collapsed then into a sobbing heap upon Ted White's clean cork floor. "Take him away, boys," I said to the two uniformed guards who approached him. I dusted my hands on my shirt and sighed.

"A. GRAHAM BOAK," said Ted White in his uffish manner. Everybody cracked up.

This is a pretty common scene around the spacious offices of the editor of AMAZING STORIES. There is an entire sub-set of humor that has grown up among the Inner Group of the Fanoclasts--a series of catchphrases and chance remarks that are guaranteed to send one or more of us into convulsions of laughter. "A. Graham Boak" is but one of those. It might distress certain members of Modern English Fandom (not a religious organization) to know that we here in New York take the name of A. Graham Boak in vain, but there it is: you can't escape it. Even though it set fan against fan and precipitate a grave international crisis that might be unresolvable by any means short of Global Fan War, I cannot deny that the mere mention of "A. Graham Boak" is enough to make any of us helpless with mirth. For variation we occasionally say "A. Gordon Fym," but it's really not the same--nowhere nearly so euphonious, and of course much less insulting.

But I've been thinking about the trauma and hurt that such joking must cause A. Graham Boak if only he knew of it. And it distresses me most terribly--for you see, I have no real wish to be considered by A. Graham Boak a Callous and Vicious Snob. Indeed, apart from a certain mild disturbance I sometimes feel about having been castigated for "fannish juvenilia" and "desperate fannish posturings" (I've always wondered what a desperate fannish posture looks like), I consider myself to be on rather good terms with A. Graham Boak and his ilk. But--again, I confess it--I just cannot keep myself from laughing at what we have come to call Boak Jokes, and indeed from adding on occasion to the repertoire. I am telling you this now, because I feel the need to expiate myself. Forgive me, A. Graham.

I think it all started because of Alex Panshin. Not that Alex originated Boak Jokes; I don't think he's even spoken A. Graham's name, actually. But Alex is indirectly responsible, because he wrote Star Well and The Thurb Revolution. In these books he introduced the concept of "Thurb", a particularly resonant sound made by Torve the Trog--and indeed by all educated Trogs--which is used in the creation of an alien aural art, through variation in pitch and frequency and things like that. Now thurbing has become a popular sport in New York fan circles. (It may even replace miniature golf.) Every time Alex Panshin arrives at a fan gathering, and sometimes when he doesn't, several fans can be counted upon to begin an intermittent chorus of "Thurb! Thurb! Thurb-thurb!" Now this began as but a harmless schtick, but it set the stage for the insidious digs directed at our friend A. Graham Boak.

It was a Fanoclast meeting, and Alex had just walked in. "Thurb," went Ted White, soronely.

"Thurb," replied Alex cheerily.

"Thurb!" "Thurb!" went Arnie Katz and myself, almost in unison.

"Thurb," intoned Elliot Shorter.

"Boak," went somebody.

It was the beginning of the end. From that moment on, "Boak" spread like wildfire and was soon in universal use. Alex Panshin, poor fellow, could never be sure when he walked into a room whether he would be greeted by a chorus of thurbs or boaks. And we all began to feel twinges of guilt, as we invidiously used the name of A. Graham Boak and knew we were helpless to stop ourselves.

In fact, when I came over to help Ted put out this issue of his fanzine for which we are all columnists, I found the message scrawled on his livingroom wall in lipstick:

"PLEASE HELP ME -- STOP ME BEFORE I BOAK AGAIN!"

-- john d. berry

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GREG

BENFORD -

HAPPY BENFORD  
CLATTER

Joan and I were just about to go out the door when the phone rang. "Aren't you going to answer it?" she said, so I went back inside and answered it.

"Hello, Greg," boomed a voice from the telephone. It sounded vaguely familiar...New York accents...a voice I knew, but not one I heard often... "This is your co-editor, Arnie Katz! We're going to Pub An Ish!" I could hear party noises in the background.

It was about ten minutes before nine p.m.; in New York it would be almost midnight, almost time



to blow horns and shout and usher in a New Year. We still had three hours left on the old one yet.

"Co-editor," I said. "Pub An Ish. Listen, Arnie, we're about to go out to a party..."

"You'll have to hurry, Greg," Arnie Katz said.

"Right. Listen, thanks for calling. Happy New Year to you, too."

"No, hey -- Greg? Are you still there?"

"I'm still here, Arnie," I said. The party noises were getting louder.

"We're going to Press," Arnie said. "Any day now."

"I'll get my reviews off to you by the end of the week," I said impatiently.

"No, no! You don't understand," the voice shrieked at me. "I'm not talking about QUIP."

After several moments of relative silence during which Joan signalled to me expressively with her eyebrows, one shoulder and both hands, Arnie said, "VOID 29, Greg."

"VOID 29," I repeated after him.

"Right. You've got it. We're finally Going To Press with VOID 29. And we need your editorial, immediately."

"You might have given me some warning," I said.

"Well, jeeze, Greg. I mean, you've had seven years, now," Arnie Katz said to me.

"You're really serious?" I asked. "You got all the stuff away from Ted?"

"He's doing it. I'm just a co-editor. Like you, Greg. Just a co-editor."

"Who else is co-editing this issue?"

"Well, there's Terry Carr, and Ted of course, and me, and--oh yes--Johnny Berry."

"Five co-editors," I said--

"--That's not too many," Arnie finished for me.

"Couldn't you go ahead without me?"

"A VOID without you, Greg, would be like...like--" words failed him, apparently.

It is now 11:43, Pacific Standard Time, and I am writing my editorial for VOID, "The Monthly Fanzine," while Joan sits and waits and tells me for the fourth time that we are not going to get to the party in time. And we aren't.

Happy New Year, all you VOID Boys out there.

YEAR'S END: 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 with which it surrounds itself.

The pile is larger this year, though, because shortly after Joan and I were married I was struck by the wonderful idea of writing down my casual thoughts and story ideas of little bits 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 sf stories, comments on fanzines (pithy lines to be used in my reviews in QUIP), humorous quotes (two of those, one stolen) and other things. Right here I have a slip of paper upon which I wrote, "Save ideas by writing them on slips of paper," which demonstrates the usefulness of the system. Here is an article which I began entitled "The Secret Master of Fandom." It concerns a nonentity in the LASTS who thinks he is a BNF because he gets two or three fanzines a year and this year he was recognized by somebody at the Baycon. It was going to be a pretty good article, along the lines of the ones I used to write about Dallas fandom, 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 piece if I could understand it. There are the two pages of calculations which I was supposed to show to a professor two years ago. When I opened the envelope containing them in his office, out fell a copy of YANDRO, ending the conference. Here is a postcard from someone asking for material, PLEASE!, since he is on a tight schedule and has to get his zine out quick. Perhaps he's out of fandom now, since I don't think his frequent fanzine ever showed up here. There is another request for 25 copies of FIAP to distribute at someone's local fan club. He is sure we will want to send them the fmz 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 50¢ a copy is a little too high? His club magazine (which is distributed solely to 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; this way everyone will come out ahead. Bob Lichtman gave that letter to me three years ago. I wish he'd stop doing things like that.

There's a questionnaire I've been saving in here too. This is one of those mundane items which is supposed 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 the sort of thing one can take up lightly, like writing for fanzines, or give up overnight, like writing for fanzines. I have practiced on these though and I thought I would answer them in the typical manner of a midwestern hyperactive fan in order to let the rest of you know what it was 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 schroll 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 him. I was also going to finish an article about my conversation with Tom Reamy at the Baycon, who told me about the recent exploits of the legendary figures in Dallas fandom. He mentioned the night Dallas was plagued by a series of long-distance phone calls from Rich Koogler, who was in New Orleans, asking for money to come home from visiting fans down there. Gee, just like old times. (I like to keep up the feeling of Continuity in these VOID editorials.)

So I won't write that article either. This is the way I keep from overworking myself in fandom these days, and changing the possibility of 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 would read anyway since 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 \$2.00 (postpaid). And maybe seven years from now I'll tell you about my desk again.

-- greg benford

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ARNIE KATZ

TEARS OF JOY trickled down my sensitive fannish face as I knelt before Ted White. He had just dubbed me a VOID Boy.

You don't know what it means to me, becoming a VOID Boy. You can't possibly imagine those nights, those long fannish nights, spent studying my VOID file. Lying in my narrow bed, I pored lovingly over every page until sleep came. And with sleep, dreams of fannish glory as VOID's Newest Salvation danced in my head.

In my wildest transports of fantasy, I never expected this signal honor to fall upon my shoulders. Yet I sought to better myself, to make myself more worthy in the eyes of my heroes, the VOID Boys. From my lowly position as VOID Idol-

ator, I advanced by dint of hard work to VOID Historian, and finally to Pepsi Bearer First Class.

And now I know the sublime, almost mystical ecstasies of being a co-editor of VOID. Ted even let Johnny and me pay for the paper.

kosher  
SOUL

"WHO IS STRONGER," Kenny Lupoff asked me while I was visiting the Lupoffs over Thanksgiving (that's Thanksgiving 1968, VOID readers!), "Capt. Action or Dr. Evil?" For those who don't keep track of the state of the toy industry, they've made a major breakthrough in the last couple of years: boys have finally been cozened into playing with dolls. Capt. Action was the initial venture in the field, and he had proved so successful that his arch-enemy Dr. Evil was marketed this fall. The interesting thing about Dr. Evil is that, in contrast to the very official looking Capt. Action, he affects hippy garb complete with nehru, medallion, long hair and beard.

"Well," I said sarcastically, mostly for Dick's benefit, "Capt. Action must be the stronger. People with long hair and beards are always weak and puny." Dick, ever the dutiful parent, stepped in to make sure that his First Born did not accidentally pick up a bad impression of long hair and beards. He told Ken that people who wear long hair and beards are good and noble. And, of course, Strong.

"How about Shazam, Kenny? He's Strong!" Dick suggested. "And how about Zeus? And Thor?" I could see Ken was impressed by Dick's eloquent defense of Hair.

"And Odin!" I shouted, joining in the spirit of the thing.

"And Terry Carr!" Ken yelled.

A Terry Carr doll is being test-marketed in seven major American cities, but it is as yet too early to tell whether it will be a viable alternative to Dr. Evil.

BAYCONFIDENTIAL: This isn't going to be a Baycon Report. Definitely Not. I'm positive about this because whenever someone asked me when my Baycon report was coming out I always replied that I wasn't going to do one. All my questioners had the good grace to look properly disappointed when given this news, which caused me to add that I might do some convention impressions.

Though my impression of a typical Baycon sword freak was quite successful at the final St. Louis party, and I expect my impression of Alva Rogers Doing Nothing about some two-dozen banquet ticket holders who were neither seated nor served to make me the life of the fan party for years to come, these impressions don't exactly live up to the spirit of my promise. My questioners doubtless ex-



pected something literary, something enduring, and -- perhaps most of all -- something that Mentioned Their Names in Print. So be it.

Slack-jawed and goggle-eyed. Joyce Fisher, Lesleigh Couch, Hank Luttrell, and I roamed the halls of the Claremont the Wednesday before the convention. The halls had a down home country air, at least if one lives down-home in a hay barn. Charming little puffs of dust swirled behind us, conveniently marking our path lest we lose our way in the murky halls. But the piece de resistance, at least for a New Yorker such as myself far from home, was the main lobby. Or what passed for the main lobby since the original main entrance with its imposing doors was long abandoned. The spacious concourse was obviously decorated to resemble one of New York City's most beloved landmarks -- Grand Central Station. That main lobby represents, I think, a failure of imagination on the part of the management, since they failed to carry verisimilitude far enough; they left out Grand Central Station's trains. As a result, we passed the convention in blissful isolation from the outside world, which at times included the overflow hotels, of which there were three along with two motels. Perhaps this was just as well, since any mention of the Shattuck elicited violent twitches from any Shattuck dweller within earshot. If any commercial hostelry could be said to have Character, it would certainly be the Claremont. Every room had its own distinctive personality -- some even had modern plumbing and at least a few had telephones in the bathroom -- though the uniform spaciousness and equally uniform lack of air conditioning lent a superficial similarity.

Across this stage pranced some of the most unlikely characters ever to come out of the woodwork. Donaho, launching the con all done up fluorescent pink robes, gave a lukewarm incantation in his high quavery voice. This set a certain tone for the convention's more formal aspects which made them, if not exactly enjoyable, at least morbidly interesting. Members of the Society for Creative Anachronism, more anachronistic than creative, alas, were everywhere. All week long they wore their costumes, waved their swords (I haven't decided yet which were more pitiful, those with cardboard swords or those who had real ones), and bristled at anyone not willing to enter their delusion world by speaking their brand of B-movie medieval English.

When I expressed my doubts to Bill Donaho before the con concerning the committee's decision to hold the banquet in the room normally occupied by the Claremont's main restaurant, he told me that everything would be all right. He made light of my opinion that most restaurants are acoustically dead to prevent conversations at different tables from overlapping and that this one was heavily sprinkled with pillars to promote privacy. Allow me to admit right here in print that, about this at least, Bill was right. Since I sat with the Whites, Johnny Berry, Bill Kotsler, and Andy Porter, I enjoyed the banquet and, at times appreciated the fact that that whole gang of people at the podium were more or less inaudible from our table even though we were sitting right under their noses. Since Kotsler was turning out brilliant cartoons for EGOBOO, FOOLSCAP, and QUIP, I was grateful that the speakers caused him no distraction, though I did worry a little about Philip Jose Farmer. He was up there so long that I feared he had forgotten the way down and was waiting for someone to help him. I got this impression sometime near the end of the first hour of his speech when he announced his speech was done and started another one immediately.

Convention reports inevitably forget to give the tireless workers their due. Since this isn't a convention report, just a set of impressions, I can tell you about these tireless workers without violating tradition. The Columbus fans, the Westercon '69 group, and the second-level committee members all did yeoman service. Jo Ann Wood, in particular, deserves kudos. Not only did she handle the lion's share of the registration chores, but she found time to make sure that all St. Louis bidding materials were carefully placed either in the garbage or at least heavily covered by stacks of Columbuscon hotel brochures.

After each year's collection of con reports has come into print, at least one waggish non-attender will observe that the reports read as though their authors all attended different conventions. I expect the Baycon to produce a set of reports so contradictory as to confuse even those fans who were actually there.

With apologies in advance, allow me to add my own little increment to the confusion. Everything I've described so far aside, and all the events I might have told you about had I not decided to be lenient notwithstanding, the Baycon was the most wonderful convention I've ever attended.

It was, of course, the parties. The parties I attended at the Baycon, mostly the private ones in the Whites' room 127 and Alex Panshin's and my room 261, and Boyd Raeburn's room, were the sort found usually only in the schmaltziest and most idealistic fan fiction. The parties were definitely light on booze; from one to three dozen people simply sat around, talking quietly and openly, and just plain grooved on each other in a way that was quietly beautiful.

We even let Donaho attend.

-- arnie katz

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TERRY CARR -

VOID REVISITED: Ted White opened the door to me and I strode in singing, "We are the VOID Boys, we make a lot of noise; we hit out at random, singing songs of fandom, for we are all coeditors of VCI-CI-CID!"

"I'm glad to see you're in the mood," Ted said.

Arnie and Johnny, newly canonized VOID Boys, gathered round and asked, "How does the song go, again?"

Ted and I linked arms, did an impromptu soft-shoe and sang, "...for we are all coeditors of VCI-CI-CID!"

"VCI-CI-CID," sang Johnny, tipping forward an imaginary straw hat.

"VCI-CI-CID," sang Arnie, twirling an invisible cane.

"Oy," said Robin.

An understandable reaction, perhaps, since Arnie and Johnny haven't yet had time to master the intricacies of the polyphonal harmonics of the VOID Boys' Theme Song. But nothing could quench our fannish fires; today is a day to live in fannish history. Today a legend springs phoenix-like back to vigorous life; today the June 1962 issue of VOID goes to press. (Or is it the October 1962 issue?) Or, as former VOID coeditor Pete Graham once said to a young lady who was at the time one of VOID's White Slaves, "It's time to put out again."

Ah, and what an inspiring fannish scene there was in the newly reconstituted VOID offices. There was Johnny Berry typing away on a stencil at one table, and Ted White typing his separate but equal stencil at another table. Arnie hovered over Johnny, who abruptly spat a dirty phrase ("RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY!"); and Arnie said, "Ghod has punished you with a typo."

We used to have this stock line we used, back in the Towner Hall days, when one of us fannish giants got thirsty for a Pepsi or a bheer or something. We'd turn to one of the neofans who were constantly in attendance, like Andy Main or Steve Stiles or Dick Bergeron, and we'd say, "How'd you like to make a BNF happy?" And sometimes, if we were lucky, the neofan so addressed would say, "Goshwow, sir, that there sure does sound like a fabulous fannish idea, sir. How do I do it?" We'd hand him a quarter and say, "Go out and get me a Pepsi, will you?"

But after a while the neofans stopped hanging around us, or they became BNFs themselves, so we were reduced to trying to con each other into going out for drinks. And that was the real reason why Towner Hall broke up: we ran out of neofans. Don't let Ted White con you with all his talk about rent and utility bills and all; that's just Marxist revisionism, a shallow economic theory of history. Nossir. The truth of the matter is that we ran out of neofans.

This Neofan Theory of History, as I like to call it ever since I made up the phrase on this very line, no doubt applies to other pivotal events of fanhistory too. When Moskowitz and Wollheim fought over who should put on the first science fiction convention back in the 30s, wasn't the struggle really over who should gather the most neofans to fetch Dr. Peppers for them? When Laney broke away from LASFS, wasn't it most likely over who should be kept supplied with potables by the neofans in the club? When Degler blazed his way across fandom, was he not perhaps searching for hitherto undiscovered pockets of soft-drink-bearing neofans?

When Donaho accused one of his hitherto best fan-friends of being a child molester, do you suppose the culprit's real transgression was in luring away young fans who might otherwise have been available to fetch wine for Big Bill?

The search for eager neofans with which to surround oneself is a basic fannish urge, more basic than the need for quantities of mail, more important than the dread fear of running out of corflu, more crucial than even meeting one's apa activity requirements. I don't want to sound Freudian about this, but I mean it's basic. (For that matter, Ted White has been known to sidle up to bright-eyed neofannes at conventions and murmur, "How'd you like to make a BNF happy?" He wasn't married then, of course.)

But seriously, think of it: Would CHY have folded in the early 60s if there'd been enough neofans around to fetch and carry the home brew? HYPHEN underwent a renaissance when neofans like Ian McAulay and George Charters brightened the Irish scene.

And that's the secret of the VOID Coeditors Plan. When the operating editors at any given time find their enthusiasm flagging, it's a signal to start looking for new neofans to bring into the fold, either as White Slaves or actually making honest fen of them by dubbing them full coeditors. Sometimes we forget this precept for brief periods like six or seven years, but we always come back to it eventually.

Greg Benford started it, you know. When he got a little tired, he looked around and found this young fellow named White, and a dynasty was born.

SECRETS OF FIRST FANDOM REVEALED: I'm not going to write a Baycon report either, but there was one thing about that con that I've got to mention. That was the First Fandom meeting, and the waves of speculation to which it gave rise.

INN A  
MIST



The First Fandom meeting wasn't open to just anybody, you know. You couldn't just walk in off the street, fresh from breaking windows on Telegraph Avenue, and get into the First Fandom meeting. No. You had to prove you'd been breaking windows on Telegraph Avenue prior to January 1937 or some such date. And that left a lot of us out.

So naturally we were curious. I remember one time in particular, sitting around on the floor in the Galaxy suite with Evelyn del Rey and Fred Saberhagen and Sid Coleman and Larry Niven while Harlan held forth with dialect jokes. Evelyn turned to Carol and said, "I've heard these. What other parties are there?"

Carol mentioned several, including the First Fandom gathering. "But we can't get in there," she said.

"Why not? What do they do there? Do they perform some kind of arcane rites? Do they sacrifice virgins on a pyre of old Electrical Experimenters?"

And all of us had to admit that we had no idea of what might go on at a meeting of First Fandom. We turned to others around us and asked them. No one there had ever been to a First Fandom meeting, nor had anyone ever heard a meeting described. We were stumped, and we sat in silence as we brooded upon the matter.

At length, Sid Coleman leaped to his feet. "I have it, I have it! A vision has been granted me, and I...have...seen...what...happens...at...First...Fandom...meetings."

"Tell us!" we cried.

"Well," said Sid. "I see them all sitting there, all the ancient First Fandomites." His voice softened as the party around him hushed. Someone turned down the lights and we gathered round Sid. "I see them," he said, "all of them. The venerable ones, the forefathers. They sit in a circle and in silence, parchment-skinned hands clasped over the knobs of their canes. I hear the soft smacking of their lips, sometimes a sigh, sometimes a vague smile. Then one of them...one of them manages to remember. A name from the mists of the past comes to him, the name of one of the Original Greats. He leans forward; he smacks his lips; he wheezes a faint chuckle...."

We all sat enthralled, hanging on his words.

"The others in the room notice that one among them has...remembered. They lean forward on their canes, straining to catch his words. His lips slowly open, he draws a rheumy breath, and he says, 'Ed...Earl...Repp.' And then the room is filled with aged gasps and faint whispered cries...and all the First Fandomites tap their canes in unison on the floor. They're signaling that they remember and they approve. ...And, after a while, the tapping stops; Ed Earl Repp is forgotten again; the First Fandomites sink back into their chairs, to wait for someone to remember another name...another name from the annals of dawn...."

And all of us at the Galaxy party said, "Yes. Yes, that's how it must be."

Except Evelyn del Rey. "I can't stand it," she said. "I've got to see this for myself." She got up and left, and actually managed to get into the First Fandom meeting -- no doubt on the arm of Lester, whose normal speaking voice breaks windows on Telegraph Avenue.

She came back and sat down again, and she was silent, her face ashen. "What was it like?" we asked, clustering around her.

But she shook her head and gave a small, distracted laugh. She said faintly, "There really are things we weren't meant to know...."

BUT THE FUNNY THING IS, I realize now, that the VOID Boys are almost as great an anachronism in today's fandom as the above imaginary First Fandomites. You hold in your hands a piece of fanhistory, Ted says in his editorial in this issue, and he's right. He's right not just because so much of the material here dates back seven or ten or even fifteen years, but because the fennish fanzine, of which VOID is a kind of archetype, is no longer part of the mainstream of fandom. Oh, we have fanzines like EGGBOG and QUIP to keep the tradition alive, but these aren't so much fanzines as historical documents, full of histories of XERC or STELLAR or, perhaps next, THE CELEBRATED FLYING FRIG OF CONTRA COSTA COUNTY. When HYPHEN, COFSIA! and INNUEDE were in flower, those were the fanzines where it was happening, what I mean, and good as QUIP or EGGBOG may be, they don't seem to me to be hubs of fandom today. They are, and VOID is, very Old Wave. The New Wave fanzines concern themselves not with fanhistory or fannishness, but with primers for heads, reviews of rock records or even...even discussions of science fiction.

I picture the VOID Boys, straw hats aged and frayed, sitting around at a fan party today, and occasionally one of us will turn to another and say, "Russell...K...Watkins," or, "George...Wetzel," or, "Norman...G...Brown" -- and for all the fans around us know, we might as well be invoking the names of Joe W. Skidmore or T. O'Connor Sloane.

Don't misunderstand me: I'm not knocking it. I think the new version of Shaggy is a gas, I read Earl Evers' articles with fascination and I even dig the movie reviews of 2001 (when they're sensible, of course). But mark my words, sonny:

They'll never replace THURBAN I.

They'll never replace STAR ROCKETS.

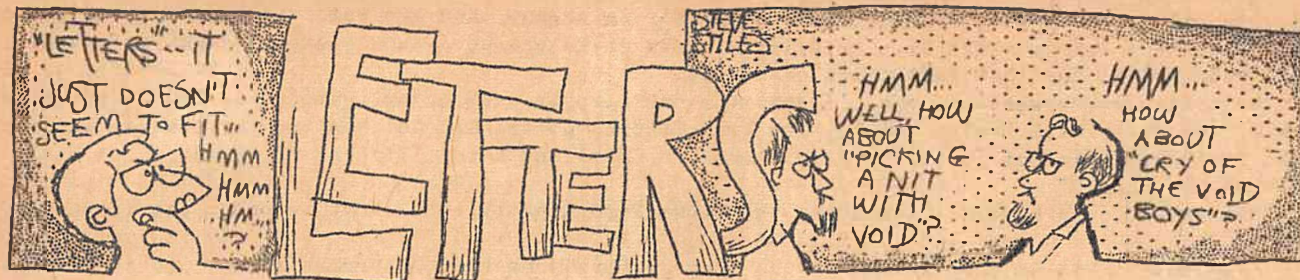
They'll never replace BREVIZINE.

...

All of which, come to think of it, may be just as well.

-- terry carr





DON FITCH

Charles Burbee just called up about the FAPA mailing session at his place tomorrow but, as usual in a conversation with Burb, a number of subjects were touched on -- with the Midas-like Burbee touch -- including just what would happen if everyone did send in a 100-page zine for the 100th mailing. (Statistics such as "two feet thick" and "32 1/2 pounds" were mixed with expletives like "ohmygod" and "shit" and "creeist".)

But the thing of interest (presumably) to you was the passage: "Hey, the latest issue of VOID -- the first annish -- just came today. I've got it here on the table, reading the cover again." Whereupon he read the cover to me (my copy probably won't arrive until tomorrow). How many fans can say "Burbee read the cover of VOID to me"?

I said as much to Burb. "Burb, how many fans can say 'Burbee read the cover of VOID to me'?" was about the way I put it. "Very damn few," was his reply, and he added, "It mentions my name inside too; it certainly is a wonderful thing -- people talking about me all over the place all of a sudden."

"Oh, the people in VOID have been talking about you, or imitating you, for the past year or more," I informed him.

"Well, VOID is a good fanzine. Maybe I'll write them a letter tonight. Maybe I'll send them a hundred dollars. No, that might spoil them. Besides, I've got to have 8 pages in this mailing -- and it wouldn't do for the OE to get bounced. FAPA has enough trouble already."

Then there are a couple of old envelopes here with notes jotted down on the backs -- from Paul & Ellie Turner's party last Saturday.

"Burb," I said to Burbee in the kitchen, "Burb, how well acquainted are you and Terry Carr? All the time recently he's been quoting Burbee lines and writing Burbee-like articles."

"Yes, I know Terry Carr, and Terry Carr knows me -- he's been over to the house several times. Terry Carr knows me well enough that he can't be making an image out of Burbee...a living legend, maybe, but not an image for himself. He's seen me. I don't understand it. I have noticed what you're talking about, though -- I stopped reading VOID almost a year ago when my eyes started going bad, but I've been looking at it through my glasses recently. Not a bad fan magazine, even though it is mostly in micro-elite. God! You know how it is -- you start looking through an old magazine from the back and something in the middle of an article catches your eye and you start reading...you read along and agree with what is being said and admire the writer's style and choice of words, and all of a sudden something leaps out at you and you realize, 'mygod, I wrote that!' and look back at the beginning and sure enough, there's the name 'Charles Burbee'. Well, a couple of times I was leafing through VOID and something caught my eye and I started reading in the middle of an article and agreeing with it and admiring it, and I began to think maybe it was something I wrote long ago, but when I turned back to the first page there was Terry Carr's name. That's coming pretty close, you know. Pretty damn close. Tilt the keg; all that's coming out is foam. ...Oh yes, I guess it is empty after all...who's sober enough to go out for more?"

If one of those things that caught Burbee's eye in my VOIDitorials was the last subhead of mine in V27, then he was right: I lifted a paragraph straight from one of his Shaggy editorials, updated the references a bit, and ran it under my own name to see if anyone would catch it. -tc-

Well, my copy of VOID finally got here. In your intense and pregnant comments on groking, Ted, don't you approach perilously close to fuggheadism in at least two of its categories? Cat.2, section B, subsection 1 (Taking things more seriously than they are meant) and #4:A:3 (Failure to distinguish between differences in usage by different individuals).

As you point out, fans are quick to adopt fads and run them into the ground, and much of the use of grok and Water Brother appears to be attributable to this delight in something new and esoteric enough to prove that one is in the in-group. Part of it can also stem from the search for a word to express an idea. These two reasons account for most of the usage of grok and Water Brother which I've seen, but there is a residue which contains some interesting and perhaps significant factors. Grok seems to be used, some-



times, because it comes close to describing the reason some people are in fandom -- they find here people with whom they can exchange ideas, people from whom they can receive, and to whom they can give, understanding, sympathy, appreciation, and all the other things which go with friendship. Admittedly, they don't find a superabundance of these qualities in fandom, but at least they are more prevalent here than they are outside. I doubt that many of them are so self-deluded as to believe that groking in the Heinleinian sense is possible, but they want to approach it insofar as they are able.

If you've ever been truly and deeply in love, you know that sex need play no more than a relatively unimportant role in this relationship, and if you've ever experienced a real friendship you know that an extremely close bond can exist with no (or very few) sexual overtones. Since groking and water brotherhood is so much more than love or friendship, it is highly probable that sex would be a quite negligible factor, regardless of the importance Heinlein assigns to it. [I'm tempted to say something like, Now I'll tell a funny story..., but perhaps your remarks deserve a more serious reply. Actually, I think you've already touched on the reason why this argument won't stand up: you've admitted that groking in the full sense is well-nigh impossible for us mortal little fans. Therefore, many -- perhaps most -- of those important non-sexual overtones which would exist in such ideal relationships are missing in the real relationships which are the objects of the Heinleinian terms as used. At any rate, I find your ideas on the (lack of) connection between sex and love to be crogglingly naive. -tc]

There has been at least one small group of Water Brothers and Sisters which appeared to have been organized with the primary (or strong secondary) purpose of bed-hopping, but this has had the expectable outcome: very few of the Water Brothers are now speaking to any of the others.

This desire and need for close association with other people, which has given rise to the adoption of water-brothering etc., is a very strong thing in many fannish-type people, apparently; the sharing of water, as you point out, is the sharing of life in a Martian-derived environment -- an outward sign of the inward grace of love and friendship. Have you no scars on your wrists or forearms to remind you of pledges of blood-brotherhood taken in childhood? I'll wager that many fans do. This whole business is undoubtedly, as you put it, adolescent and sophomoric, but is often wholeheartedly and sincerely subscribed to (if imperfectly understood) as only an adolescent or sophomore can be wholehearted and sincere.

If we were water brothers, could you lay my girlfriend, you ask? Well, you have my permission (or would have) because we grok, but she is an individual, with a mind and will of her own, but if I grok her, and grok you, I think you will grok one another. This is an essential part of groking, as I understand it -- if I were to grok someone, then I would want to, and be able to, grok everyone he groks (and vice versa), and because we would be part of one another the people he groks would also find me grokable. In time this would extend to the entire population of the universe, whereupon the bodhisattvas could resign their offices and enter into Nirvana, since all souls would have attained the state of Buddhahood.

Extrapolation is fun. [I think you're reading more into what I wrote than I intended. I was decrying only the faddistic use of "grok" et al by immature types who didn't basically dig what they were talking about. Since you agree with me on that, there's not much argument there. That there might be a Higher Way I won't argue--but as our co-editor Graham might say, that was not within the purview of my editorial... And, I agree with Terry that sex and love are closely entwined. My gripe with Heinlein there is that he didn't show this; loving sex was noticeably absent from Stranger no matter how much he may have attempted the contrary. -tw]

Terry, that bit about Vorzimer has most of the elements of a Greek tragedy, at least for me; it generates pity and fear. Pity because, though I didn't know Vorz, the bits of his writings I've seen in old fanzines don't indicate that he was an absolute fugghead, so I'm tempted to think that he deserved some encouragement -- he wanted to be a fan, and it wouldn't have been a bad (or impossible) thing for him. But most of all it generates fear -- fear because I, like Vorz, am not a fannish type and live with the constant dread that someday I may be drummed out of fandom. I'd survive, and probably discover in time that it was a Good Thing, but it would be painful for awhile, and one can't help feeling that he must have been very sad about being rejected by a group he so obviously admired. But then you knew him; I didn't. I'm idealizing.

[Precisely...and on insufficient evidence, at that. Vorz was not drummed out of fandom, nor was he "rejected" by fandom. As a matter of fact, though many fans got a bit ired at him on occasions, his fanzine was a leader in the field and his material was printed in many fanzines. His reputation during his own fanlife was mostly about what he deserved -- since he did go off the deep end a bit too often -- but after he'd tired of the fannish grind and left, the Vorzimer Myth sprang up, and it was this which I was trying to set straight. At any rate, I doubt if Vorz had as much admiration for fans as you seem to think; his personality-type runs to intense hot-and-cold spells and I suppose you may have read something he wrote during a period when he was all enthused about fandom. But even Boob Stewart, who thought little of fans for the most part, could write a piece like "Yes, Sam Moskowitz, They're Grand". Besides, Vorz, as an example of our society's social-climbing syndrome, was not above pure flattery to ingratiate himself with people. -tc]



Greg Benford Himself asks "who saves old-crudazines?" and raises an interesting point -- interesting to me, that is, since I'm now saving them. Not the old ones, but the current ones, which will someday be old. I'm obsessed with the feeling that everything fandom produces should be preserved, in a few collections, at least. Impossible, certainly, but there are worse things to try for... like becoming a co-editor of VOID and absorbing the VOID co-editor style (which I still feel is pretty marked, despite your claim that you are all distinguishable stylistically; maybe it just takes a more perceptive eye -- or ear -- than I usually devote to fanzine material).

Tell me, what was Laney really like? [He was the dirtiest-talking man Burbee ever knew, and he wrote in the VOID co-editor style. -tc]

[3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif.]

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#### PHIL HARRELL

I think I finally figured out what makes VOID so lovable...it's about the last Stronghold of the Fannishness fanzines used to have. It's also still fun to read. You really couldn't call it a Discussionzine. (Speaking of Discussionzines, here I thought KIPPLE was improving and it turns out you guys published that issue.)

I recently got a job as a Shoe Salesman making the grand and ghlorious sum of \$40.00 a week (before taxes, yet). And that's not the best part, gang...I work from 9:00 a.m. till 9:30 in the evening. Fun and games. Why so little pay? Well, it's this way: instead of a salary I get 7 1/2% commission on everything I sell. Nuff said? No, Terry Carr, not all salesmen make \$10,000 a year. I'm a living example in vivid black and blue. The stories I could tell if I had the space... Like the woman who brought this three year old kid in to buy shoes and as I was measuring his foot I felt something wet running down my hand and as I jerked my hand away I saw my Braddock (foot measuring device) submerge under a yellow pool. What did the mother say? "Oh Arnold, now apologize to the man."

Then there was the time this kid cut one right in my face. ...I mean, what do you say at times like that?

[2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk

9, Virginia]

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#### MIKE DECKINGER

As long as you're blasting terms like "water brother" and "grok," Ted, how about moving expressions of equal value like "it certainly is a wonderful thing" and "...that's not too many" into the line of fire? [See Pete Graham's editorial this issue. -tc] In my case, I've been following Al Ashley's image and using his famous line, "You Bastard," in most of my non-fannish surroundings. And you simply wouldn't believe how many nonfans use it as well.

I was involved for a time in the ISFCC. The biggest deal about this was the activity credit requirements which members had to maintain in order to hold their memberships. These points were to be listed faithfully in the bi-monthly c-o, EXPLORER, then under the editorship of Ray Higgs. The only problem with this was that if and when Higgs would issue the EXPLORER, it would contain items describing his hard luck in a strike, and perhaps a few silly cartoons, but practically nothing pertinent to ISFCC info. I'll never forget the time he put out an EXPLORER which in the center, tucked into a conspicuous spot, was a small mimeoed note, allegedly by a group of high school students, who claimed to have assisted Ray and his wife in the production of the zine and also stated that he was in a bad financial position due to a work lay-off. The gist of the memo was that it would be nice if we readers of EXPLORER got together some little fund and sent a donation to Ray to help him out in these trying times. "And please don't mention this request to Ray or his wife," the note explicitly cautioned at the end. [I don't think that's too funny. -tc]

And then there was the time elections were held and most members neglected to vote so Seth claimed the Presidency. And I had recently joined and had asked Seth what the club was about and shortly afterwards discovered that I was "elected" Activity Manager. You know, if I had really expressed interest at that time, I might have made the Presidency.

[31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey]

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#### REDD BOGGS

Though possessed of a sort of shimmering Gestefax glory, Stewart's five-page cover for VOID #28 couldn't receive FAPA credit. I recognized every single sotry (sic)/joke in it. The Good Old Days, huh? I can remember the good old days when this cover would have been an artistic and technical triumph not to be dismissed in a paragraph or two [that was back before Ted White ruined fandom, as Lee Hoffman puts it. -tc]; but those were the same good old days when a fanzine duplicated on plain white mimeo bond except for colored covers and -- if the fan editor wanted to



be fancy -- a few colored-ink headings, was the normal, expected thing.

Greg Benford's head, drawn into one of the cover cartoons almost as an afterthought, reminded me of another front cover cartoon depicting another editorial staff, that appeared many years ago. This pic was drawn by a woman named Lee Sanders, and though it sometimes seemed that fandom had a monopoly on women named Lee, she was not a fan. It appeared on the Christmas issue of the Alamogordo Blockbuster, which of course was not a fanzine at all, but a weekly tabloid published by and for the air force personnel at Alamogordo air force base. Lee drew caricatures of the editorial staff for this special Christmas issue showing everybody shouting season's greetings to all our readers. It was a lovely job, which she took five or six hours to complete one raw night, huddled in the airbase library after-hours. The only trouble is -- she forgot to draw me into the goddam cartoon. I was slightly crushed. After all, I had loyally plied her with hot coffee from the messhall all evening and regaled her by reading her poetry (mostly from Caroline Wells' A Nonsense Anthology) from the library shelves. More important, I personally was writing from 75 to 95 percent of the entire paper at that time even though I worked full-time in the sergeant-major's office and was listed on the masthead as, I believe, only an associate editor. Anyway, Lee Sanders repaired her omission by drawing me into the picture about as inconspicuously as Greg appears here, and I was partly mollified and anyway forgave her, since she was a woman (WAC). But I lost some of my enthusiasm for the paper right then.

I presume "Sam Moskowit" is a typo. In the same category as ftl's famous "Dam Moskowitz".

I haven't read Stranger in a Strange Land yet. When does the paperback come out? As for sex in Heinlein fiction, however, I have been interested for some time in his discovery, coincident with that of Nabokov, of nymphets and their interesting possibilities. Offhand, I think I recall noticing this theme appear first in The Door Into Summer. The Lolita of this yarn was sugarcoated, which of course made her sexual exploitation even more shocking than otherwise. I mean, it's like going to bed with Heidi, Ozma of Oz, or Alice. Heinlein, like Mark Twain in his declining years, has become increasingly interested in young girls as fictional subjects and has devoted a lot of time in recent stories to the devising of ingenious, science-fictional ways in which his older, and worldly-wise, hero can have relations with his underage heroine.

I'm glad to note the return of the fanzine review column. But what ever happened to Tom Condit? I am fully prepared to learn that he was a hoax; don't bother to break it gently. I lose more damn copies of my fanzine that way: sending them to bloated figments of somebody's overheated imagination. [Tom is a Real Person. He's almost totally inactive in fandom these days, having immersed himself in radical politics again, but he gets in his licks even there. For the past couple of years he has been Pete Graham's nemesis in YPSL -- every time Pete volunteers for some position of responsibility, Tom mutters from the back row, "Why should we trust the job to him?...he can't even publish eight pages a year for FAPA, and when he does he fouls up on paying his dues!" -tc]

Terry Carr underestimates me in his review of "SKOAN", by the way. He says I wrote Silly things in my letter of comment because I had fallen under the spell of Calvin "Biff" Demmon's Silly style. This is Silly. Anyone who knows me will assure Terry that I am naturally Silly, and need no inspiration. [The next time you write one of those incisive, caustic editorials in DISCORD I will quote these words back at you, sir. -tc]

Terry's charming profile of Peter Vorzimer came along just in time to reinforce some tinted recollections conjured up lately by a rereading of a piece I wrote for SKYHOOK in the age of Seventh Fandom and its aftermath. The piece ought to be worth a co-editorship of VOID, but most of its allusions escaped me till I sat down, closed my eyes real tight, and stoked up my fine mind with the fumes from two chill bottles of Pepsi. Yes, I remember Vorzimer. But I'm sorry to learn from Terry's account that Vorzimer's photo was retouched. He sent me his picture (a popular practice in those days), and bearing out Terry's thesis that Vorz was a normal mundane type, it showed a cleancut young American boy any shagcut old American father would have bust his buttons over. But the acne would have fit in with that concept too. Oh well. As for his schlumpiness, was it Vorz who once published a singlesheet to inform fandom of his new address, only to confess at the end of it that he wasn't at all sure of his new address? [In the interests of accuracy (after all, Harry Warner is reading this) I guess I must contradict you. As I recall, it was in a full-size issue of ABSTRACT that Vorz confessed to not knowing where he lived, giving various addresses in various parts of his zine, and ending up with blacking out the address on the mailing wrapper... Larry Stark and I satirized this in our ABJECT in STELLAR 9, which you may also have been thinking of... -tw]

But I have a soft spot for Pete Vorzimer. He once sent me a lettering-guide. All right, it was a small, lower-case guide which I don't have the caps for, and I've used it only two or three times in all the years I've had it. But throughout two decades in fandom nobody else ever gave me a lettering-guide. God knows why Vorz did; I never figured it out. But



he did, and thus saved me from brooding on cold winter nights over the sad fact that I've given my best years to fandom without a single goddam lettering-guide being given to me.

"West Coast Jass": Well, after two pages of letter-writing I still haven't read Stranger in a Strange Land. But I did read Earth Abides, and I'm glad. I'm afraid Pete's well-intended and otherwise valid notes on the book might have put me off forever if I hadn't. "Stewart has changed his society," says Pete, "and then thrown his characters in to see how they operate." That remark would horrify me if I hadn't read Earth Abides years ago and several times since. It makes Stewart's method sound dreadfully cold and mechanical and Galaxy/1953/ish. It sounds like the product of something cut with tin-shears to Horace Gold's formula and botched into even happier shape by the blowtorch of Horace's genius one haunted midnight, while Evelyn danced madly around his workbench in her stocking feet. The very thought of it makes me dash the sweat from my broad brow and reach blindly to the magazine shelf for Palos of the Dogstar Pack or Beyond the Great Oblivion. Something gaudy and wild and unpent.

[2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn.]

CHARLES WELLS

Bill Meyers can write, by ghu. He and Es Adams must have been fans during my absence; I've never heard of Adams and Bill hasn't been too familiar to me. But his character sketch of Es brings him to life as if I'd known him for years. I have known people like him. And of course his story hit home in some ways: I am a Southerner come north to college, with the fundamental difference that I spent four years in the Air Force in between. That four years pretty nearly coincides with my period of gafiation (actually the gafia was delayed about a year but still lasted about four years). People, I think, don't understand that I am speaking in a rather literal manner when I refer to my "reincarnation" in fandom: I am a different person from the Charles Wells who published FIENDETTA; I have different enthusiasms; I like people much better; fandom now is my hobby, not my only means of expressing myself. (I said "only" deliberately.)

[190 Elm St.,

Oberlin, Ohio]

JOHN TRIMBLE

That cover is the wigginiest, man...er, men! A real gasser. But...sob...does that sign-off by Q. Wertyuiop mean the...end (sob) of these...sniff...masterful bits of bufferooney?

Bufferoon-

ery? Hmmm, bufferoonery. Hmmm. [Hmmm? -tc]

For my taste, pages 25 thru 28 could have been dropped out and I wouldn't have missed a thing. English just doesn't swing, shipsidewise. Er, why don't you contact Seth Johnson, and see if...

Here now, TCarr, what a horrible thing to say about anyone...or anyone's fanzine: "but it does do a good job of portraying the LASTS person-ality and...". Oh, ugh! And yarst, and like that.

[5734 Parapet, Long Beach, Calif.]

BJO TRIMBLE

Watch the roof, now, because it just may fall in...a letter from Bjo agreeing with Ted White. [Er...you'll note the publishing offices have had to be changed. A pity, because Towner Hall was nice and centrally-located, but after that catastrophe... -tc]

Ted, if you think you are tired of grokking the water brother bit, how do you think us local fans feel about it now? I think your review of the book was valid, and while I once enjoyed the story, the main point seemed to be missed, somehow. But certainly after a full barrage of weeks and months of "water-brother" this, and "grok" that, and "nest" here and there...yecchhhh! Your editorial covered the main idea of the problem; everyone was all funsys and cute about the whole business until the actual practice of "water-brothering" came up. Then the usual old green-eyed monster trotted into view...I begin to grok same as Ted. So much for water-brothering...hell, I can't even swim.

But I did think that you put the whole concept very nicely, Ted, and certainly with less emotion than we could have done. We had been thinking of writing something in Shaggy, but realized in time that it would only set off things which are better left alone. Coming from clear across the US, it has a detached viewpoint which is easier to take more generally.

You may, however, have someone ask you just how "exact" a meaning "mountain mover" is. If anyone wants to know, refer them to me. For a couple of years, fans were mountain movers for me, in a truer sense of brother-



hood and love than I could ever think possible. They literally kept me alive, which is at times a neat trick. They were much more serious in living a meaning than in just mouthing a cute phrase, and so they never made a fetish of it; a joke, yes, but underneath it all, there was a really full spirit of love. Not just for me. Notice how many of these fans are still very good friends, in a fluid society. We shared -- not "water" or beds -- but practically everything else. Money, experiences, work, fanac, family, and fun.

[5734 Parapet, Long

Beach, Calif.]

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DON STUDEBAKER

Pete Graham's revival of the Berkeley Bheer Tower in my memory leads me to recall that someone (I think it was Death Valley Scotty) had a house made of beer bottles, cemented together. Now my love of good showmanship has led me to believe that they built it wrong. They put the bottles with the bottoms outside, leaving the open tops inside. Now that's all wrong. If you want to build something out of beer bottles, you have the open ends pointing outward. This way, as the wind goes by, it acts as a whistle, and those thousands of beer bottles, piled on top of each other, all vibrating, but set firmly in cement, all vibrating, whistling... I mean, gosh kids, can't you all see the possibilities? [Yes, but it would involve padding all the interior walls and installing strong locks on the doors. -tc]

[c/o Miss Elizabeth O.

Cullen, 7966 West Beach Drive N.W., Washington 12, D. C.]

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ALVA ROGERS

In the Letters, Speer mentions that Al Ashley was unable to get a job as a signpainter in LA after the war. For several months late in '45 Al worked for a sign shop in LA which had a contract with Lockheed to repaint former Air Force Connies with TWA colors. Al was put in charge of this job and given the responsibility for hiring a crew. Needless to say, his crew was made up largely of fans: in addition to myself there was Jack Weidenbeck, Gus Wilmoth, and maybe a couple of others whose names slip my memory at this late date. The job was, of course, in Burbank, so we all drove to work in Al's car. Before going to work we'd meet at Slan Shack where Al would be drinking the first dozen or so cups of his daily quota of coffee, and we'd join him while Abby Lu bustled around the kitchen getting his lunch ready. After Al felt he had had enough coffee to sustain him on the long drive to Burbank we'd all pile into the car and make for Lockheed. The first thing we'd do when we got there was to make a bee-line for the company cafeteria for refueling. As far as I was concerned Al was a good boss and seemed to be an accomplished signpainter -- at least on this job. How long this job lasted for Al, or whether he continued working for the same shop after the Lockheed job was finished, I don't know. When I quit and left LA in the middle of December, 1945, he was still working at it. So much for the minutiae of early fannish history.

[5243 Ralhves Drive,

Castro Valley, Calif.]

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HARRY WARNER

I agree so terribly heartily with you, Ted, in your emotions about fans who take up catchwords. But I hope that some day, someone spots my own system, which is to refuse to have anything to do with new words or phrases until I feel that the moment has come when all fandom is ready to rebel against their overuse. At this strategic time, I begin to use the wornout words in every possible context, and I have hopes that I am responsible for driving some of them out of existence by this overuse at the right time.

It's hard to believe that "Old Bottles" is written by the Bill Meyers that I knew. He has developed insight in most impressive fashion during his couple of years away from fanzine pages, and hasn't lost the ability to write that he had demonstrated in the days of SPECTRE. I think that this might make a very fine short story, with just a medium amount of expansion and enough explanation to make the individuals comprehensible to people outside fandom.

Naturally, it is nice to have all the recollections about old fans and ancient events, such as fill so many pages in these two latest VOIDS, because they save me a great deal of digging in fan history research and mostly they date from the period on which my material is scantiest, the early fifties. More and more, I'm coming to feel that what I'll write will be a history of fans rather than a history of fandom; if I can keep that distinction in mind, it might save me from dull listings of who attended what and how elections went in this city's club. I think I'll ask someone to paint me some funny pictures with ANECDOTES! in large letters at the bottom of each, and I'll paste them up around the house to keep me aware of the fact that at least half the work should consist of anecdotes to make reading a more pleasant task.

[423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland]



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