

----- S O U N D O F F ! -----

A "Dixie Volume One
Press" Publication

Number One

Issued quarterly thru the Fantasy
Amateur Press Association.

F
A
P
A

"His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

'Ollio Keeds!"

It is the honest belief of the perpetrator of this horror that fans not only are all decent dopes like himself, but so constructed that it's a part of their nature to write letters of a constructively critical, or — to be a bit more direct — griping nature to the editors of fanzines. The FAPA being the type of organization it is, commenting upon the magazines in it becomes, with the exception of such publications with a letter section as Polaris, a two way matter, with only the editor and the reader getting the benefit, if any, of the exchange. Consequently, this publication is intended as the letter section of the entire organization; for every fanzine in the FAPA; as the VoM of both the publishers and the readers. If you have anything to say about any publication in the FAPA, or, better still, all the publications therein, then just send those comments to me, and I'll print them. If you wish to argue anything pertaining to the FAPA and can do it in a gentlemanly fashion, then I solicit those arguments for printing here. All such argufiers are frankly and bluntly warned, however, that muck-raking and personalities will be cut out of their letters.

It all adds up to this: if you have anything to say about the FAPA or anything in it, this is the place to say it. This is the forum of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. It is the voice, the Voder of every person who wants to speak his piece.

In the future, of course, the size of this will vary with the number of letters I receive. It's all up to you. You can make it large, or you can make it small, or, again, you can cause it to cease completely, for, obviously, if I have no letters to print, then printing 'em is going to be rather remarkably difficult.

In addition to furnishing the medium for you to say what you think, "Sound Off!" will serve as an experimental laboratory for those format changes and ideas for makeup for which I have neither the time nor the temerity to experiment with in THE SOUTHERN STAR. So if this shows up printed on parchment, tied with a pink ribbon, and featuring a three-dimensional picture of a fourth-dimensional jitterbug with the hot-foot, take it with a resigned sigh, and a pious, "Hell, they're all crazy down in that section of the country!"

To Harry Warner go my most hearty thanks for mimeoing this number of "Sound Off!". I don't know how future issues will be duplicated.

Well, well, well, as the first guy said after he asked the second guy if he'd heard the story about the three holes in the ground, and the second guy said he hadn't, this seems to be the end of the page. See you in the next mailing, if you don't forget to

"SOUND OFF!"

Joseph Gilbert
Joseph Gilbert.

3600 Grand St.
Columbia, So. Car.