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	are 10g a copy, 3/25g Ad rates are as	Void Reviews by Greg Senford	0 013
	Full page: 50¢ Half page: 25¢	NEXT ISSUE for collectors: A checklist of Galaxy	
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COMBB

THE

EDITOR

The latest rage in fundom seems to be the stating of policies, Since I'm a True Fan now, and not being one to go against the grain, I'll tell you VOID's in the first issue,

Void will use fiction, articles, and columns, so'll use fan fiction, unless you don't like it. I disagree with Bill Gerken. Ir., the editor of FEN (lug: 100,1130 Abbett Myd., ralisade, N.J.). Bill says fanden is being subjected to too many reviews, and besides, he doesn't have enough room for them in his mag. He's right about his mag, but I think he's wrong on the reviews. In the pocketbook and 'sine reviews we're going to try to let you know what books and mags are worth reading and which eren't. Void's going to have a letter column, so drop me a note saying that you liked and what you didn't.

The columns are a little long in this issue, but we're going to cut them some in number 2. I'll use any satires, if they don't have an odor, that's if they're funny, that are sent in. I'll try to suit some of you, but don't expect the workdoon....

Bob Michael, the owner, said in his catalog that sales had dropped off 70% in the past year, and he had to close down, Bob put a note down at the bottom of his catalog which said briefly that he was going to drop the whole mess and sell all his stuff to a New York dealer. A friend just wrote me to say that MAD had just printed its last issue (no. 23). I hope but doubt, that this is just a rumor. The oldest interplanetary show on TV, Captain Video, has been discontinued. Old Video had been going for seven years.

The March issue of HOLIDAY MACAZINE contained an article by Authur C. Clarke entitled weekend on the hoon, with a full page picture of 'el luna.

Before I left Atlantages for Germany, I purchased a copy of dem Marchitz THE IMMORTAL STOM. So has a truly great many constitues a history of science-fiction fundom from the say beginning to a few months before 1940. The Atlanta group has many pictures from the files of Sam Moskowitz and Bob Madle, and a dust-jacket by Frank R. rauli If you mant a copy write he Atlanta 3-7 Organisation Press, Carson F. Jacks, 713 Coventry price-too.

It seems to me there's a current depression or recession in the fantasy sales. That's why Mill Michael, expounder of the Werewolf Bookshop, had to quit. There's a tirrific slump on, bob says, You'll notice in the past six months that the ads for fantasy book and mag businesses have almost disappeared from ASTOUNDING and GALAXX. I'm afraid this is not something any one person or business can lick; it's hit the whole field of fantasy, and there's no immediate end in sight, Curses.

I've just realised that, because we're over here in Germany and hardly get any stf material, we won't be able to continue the pocketbook reviews. Could enjoue help us out on this point? I'd appreciate it a lot if somebody'd take over the reviews,

The cover of this issue come out very well, as you can see,

In case some of you don't know, I'm not in the Army. My dad is stationed over here, we (my brother, Jim, and I are teenage fans) live in a toum called Glessen, forty miles north of Frankfort,

I ought to write an article on the hardships of publishing a fansine in Germany, when we first got over here we found that the Army mimeograph was not avaliable. The main reason for this being that there wasn't one. After we wore out a few pairs of shoes and found that a cheap mimeo could not be obtained in Germany, we turned to "ol Sears. That's how we got all our equipment, Bully for us,

This first ish has been a lot of work. It's been a lot of fun, too, We had a few laughs when an old sheet of paper fell in the washing machine. We had a few more when a wet copy get itself stuck to the wall and left a copple of lines of type on the tile, Orgo If any young (or old, for that matter) prospective faned were to ask me for one piece of advice on publishing a farmag, I'd tell him what he really needs. Don't do it. Unless you're hopeless, like me, forget it right now. Unless you're willing to stay up into the wes hours of the moreing typing masters and dummies, unless you're willing to eat once a week, thiese you're willing to be laughed at all the time, unless you're willing to aweat, groam, and feel generally miserable all the time, Dan't Do It. I'm willing to do all those things. That's why you're reading this. But don't consider this as a gripe (it sounds a lot like one). I'm just warning all you guys that want to pub a 'sine; take a gander before you leap.

ChoyoahoI almost forgot, we need material. Who doesn't? We need science fiction, fantaastic, and waird articles (and fiction) of about two or three pages. Would appreciate anything along this line very much.

Last word, Or two, I've seen the movie, TOFOR THE GREAT, and I can tell you right now that it is a pretty sorry exemple of our stf. Unless you're the type of person that just cain't resist this sort of thing, don't waste your money on it.

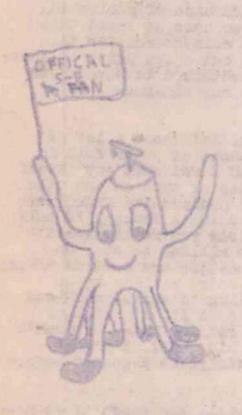
Lucko

SO YOU WANT TO BE A FAAAN?

by Greg Benford.

I presume the only reason you're reading this arctikle is that you want to know how to become a fan, But if this thing is getting published in a fansine, only fans will read it. Then what the office on I writing this for? well, anyway neo-fan, this is the way it goes, occooses.

i. Go down to some newsstand and buy all the sciencefiction material in sight. How do you know what's stf and what
isn't? Easy. All the st stuff has rrotty first being chased by
Bug-Ryed Moneters, (Bibis to you fans), on their covers. Then
wander home and reed them. You'll find that some of the mags



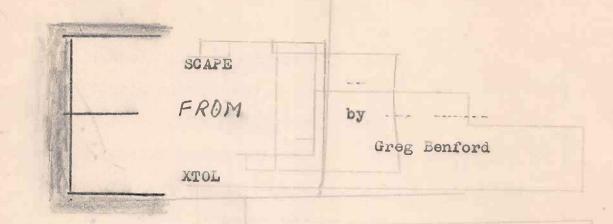
have what they call "fanzine reviews"
in them. These are reviews of the
sort the fan, head the reviews and find
out which 'sines are the best, for
worse). I say worse because no fms
reviewer ever agrees with another.
Send off for some of them. In a few
months you'll find a thing in your
mailbox. Take the thing in the house
and try to read it. If you can
think when you get through, you'll
see the material in them isn't so hot.

editorial would have separate the

2. When, and if, you can read the editoral, you'll notice repeated cries (in large type) for material. Find out what kind of material they use and write, (or draw, if you prefer), some for them, send it to them and they'll eventually use it, when it's printed you've broken into fandom, Continue writing crumy material for the fanzines until you gain a reputation, (good or otherwise),

3. After you have gained your reputation, write a few letters to the prosines. A few weeks after the letters are published you'll get a letter from somebody. This somebody will probably the president of a fanclub in your town. He'll invite you to attend one of their meetings and you'll probably go to the meeting and join the club. If this happens go on to number four. Now for you who are left behind. If nobody writes you

continued on page 17.



The silvery Earth ship set down at the Extol space port.

The cargo was hurried off on the queer little three-wheeled machines of the Galatic Trade Federation. Captain Jordan stood near the ship supervising the work. That is why he didn't see Henderson, the whiskey-loving pilot, crawl down a small ladder and lose himself in the teaming crowd of the space port.

He tried to run through the crowd, but soon found that it was impossible. By slowing to a walk, Henderson found that more distance could be covered. When he reached the street the mass of three-legged Extolians seemed to increase. In thirty minutes he had traveled the equivalent of three Earth city blocks. The scent of whiskey drifted through the hot air and touched his lips. Henderson maneuvered himself into the dirty-gray colored building and sat down at the table nearest the bar.

"Waiter, "he yelled unevenly, "get a bottle of kye over here in a hurry."

The small waiter hurried over to his table and set a bottle and shot glass in front of him. Henderson paid him and he scurried away. After Henderson had satisfied his thirst he was surprised to find a six-food native sitting opposite him.

1

"Keyoyou, "he drawled out,"

know how to play paker?"

"Yeah, wanna play?" the

native grunted.

Henderson julekly produced

a deak of oards and they began

the game.

an nour later Henderson was broke. The alien had taken him for four hundred credits.

· FIRE COURT OF THE CALL TO SEE THE

"I don't like cheaters", he said as he stood up, and nobody but a cheater could beat me at a game of poker."

In a flash the huge alien was on him. The native's hands tried to pin him to the floor, but Handerson relied away. He was half way to his feet when the monster caught his chin with a stunning blow. He snatched his blaster from the noister just as the alien leaved at him. The blast caught him in mid-air. He seemed to hover there for a second; then he dropped to the floor, dead.

denderson was on his feet and out the door before anyone could stop him. He dashed through the crowd for a few moments until he could force himself to stop. There was a brief fight in his mind;he continued on walking. Henderson walked calmly into the space port and remained that way until he spotted the ship. Then he ran.

of the ladder when he climbed up.

Henderson, "Captain-Jorden said, "I'm going to cut your pay in half-for that fool-trick, Got-to your takeoff couch, we're blasting out of here in five minutes. I set the ocurse while you were gene."

Henderson didn't say anything, but hurried to his couch in the control-room.

His stemach and the whiskey didn't like the acceleration too well, but he kert it down. Henderson could tell by a look at Jordan's face what he thought of him. Somebody would find out what Earthmen had been on that planet today and sooner or later they would catch up with him. He might as well tell his story first.

After a few minutes of turning dials and pushing buttons, he turned and said, "Good thing we got off that planet in a hurry, sir, Iouh, I killed a man."

Captain Jordan turned toward
him, smiled a little, and said calmly,
"Oh, then you didn't even have to
leave,"

"What do you mean, sir? I said I killed a man."

"I know what you said, "he replied, "Just a minute,
didn't you notice any difference in their cities and ours?"

"Well, "Renderson said, "the only difference that I could see was the overcrouded streets, I guess I got there during the rush hour,"

other one on that planet is overcrouded. It seems that because of their bone structure they can never withstand the pressure of a takeoff. That realisation has warped the minds of this planet; now it's not against the law to murder. But that doesn't help much, they're mentaly incapable of killing. As a matter of fact, by running out you out yourself off from a five hundred credit reward and a stedy job of garring killing old people who want to die?

BIG DEALS

WANTED

Copies of Quandry, Vega, and Abstrace. Many other fanzines wanted. Write the editors for additional information.

A young fan when writing a letter to Sam Mines about a bad issue of Thrilling Wonder Stories began with "Dear Sham".



by Jin Benford

what this column is for, I'll try to give you news on miscellansous subjects such as
flying success, newspaper clippings, and mag articles, this

column is called the Observation rost because the first installment is almost entirely composed of flying saucer info. The title may be changed in some future issue.

and pro publications, the subject has become quite a contriversy. I'm not as interested in what we sail do men as get up there, as I am in just making sure we get there first.

word has it that Russia is going ahead full speed on nor apace station plans, Lots of people are sorogning bloody murder because the U.S. policy of "kno's afraid of the big bad wolf will get us all killed, But wasn't it the same right after the Reas exploded the Hebemb? Who knows what the good old 35 of A has got up it's sleevel The race for the satellite is in the American public symplecause the fate of the world depends on the results.

0.00

of the following are just a los of news clippings.

Aroma July 90,1964,

(I said they ere pretty
old) at dikes Burre, a.
reports were received
from people saying they
had signted USC's. Some
were seen near the Air
Force radar station at
Red Hockesse.

By the way, the Air Porce was going to study hars last summer. Has anyone heard some results yet?

of saucers lately, in Sicily some people got pictures that came out amazingly cleare I don't know if any pics were taken in the other countries.

I just road a review of FLYING SAUCHES FROM OUTER SPACE by Maj, Donald E. Keyhoe. It's a saucer book (naturally) by a retired marine officer. I've read it myself and agree with the reviewer; it's very good.

A few months age Fresident Misenhover said the Aftold him the flying saucers weren't from outer apace. I can see that this will have no effect on our little green visitors.....

In the March ish of FATE there are two UFO reports from California, one from Moopliew Mexico, Utah, and even two reports of them coming from the sea, in the same ish are many articles on saucers.

One article is about the firing of Frank Edwards a newscaster who gave flying sauder news on his program. Seems the sponsors wanted the news and opinions seperated especially about the sauders. Anyway, this article covers it protty wells

The lead article is about saucers seen over Italy, First in France, then in Italy, now where? So, if you're interested in saucers, get the March Pate, (if you can still find it somewhere).

In the March, '53, (how old can you get?), ish of MALE there was an article by Ed Keffel about some movies taken of a saucor taken at different angles. If some of you fans like to descrate your humble hovel with saucor pies, send for this. It might help to send 25¢, too. In the Feburary, '55, SIR; there was a short article, (with pies), about a saucor's visit to an Austrilan's ranch with amazing (woops, I said a bad word) results.

I have a saucer sighting may of the U.S. with 84 sightings on it. Anyone else interested in saucer maps, drop me a line.

Has anyone heard of the SAUCERIAN? I don't think it ever announced it was going to case publication. Guess it has though, and another comrade falls......

If you have any kind of info for this columnoplease send it to the editor, I would appropriate it muchly,

Till next times

Jim

AN MARTH GOME MAD by Roger Dee, 38g, D-84, Ace Double Novel

This is the story of an Marthman, raul Shannon, who returns to Earth after being marconed on Io for two years with strange alien life forms. He becomes wixed up in the fight between Solar Services, the Guilds, and the Government. It seems that a alien cube-shaped life form had established itself on Earth, and would treat any person with a strange effect and make them content, no matter where they are, when the three rivals start throwing atom bombs shannon and his sweetheart, buth Nugent, take off in a ship to meet Ruth's father and seventy-five others at a star-ship base on Io. I won't tell you hav it ends, but I can tell you that it's got a good shock ending with an amazing (that word again) concept. Verdicts Good

The other half of the novel, (it's a double novel) is a reprint of THE STARS, LIKE DUST by Isaac Asimov, Verdict: Adverage

ATTA by Francis R. Bellamy and THE BRAIN STRALLERS by Nurray Leinster, 350,0-79, Ace Double Nevel

Brokellgan ordinary mangis transformed into insect size by some unknown power as the book opens. He makes a friend out of an ant, whom he calls Attachy releasing the ant's leg from under a boulder. They become great companions, and go on many trips together, On one of these trips they are captured by a neighboring ant tribe, the hubicundiens, They escape with the help of a native ant, Subser, They then travel to Atta's home tribe, where Brokell becomes an important military figure, He and Atta develop and pratice many new ideas, and for this Subser reports liberate Atta and escape, But I won't go any further, This book puts over many new ideas, one of which is that the ant city is purely unemotional. Verdiets Very Good

Nother double novel. This is about the old brain-eaterswho invade-Marth. Old plot rehashed. Hild form of space prora.
The things who eat, (well, not eat, but take control and if they
have to leave demolish), brains take over people and, as usual,
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forgottem who he really is,), but this time he's gone down
somewhat. Verdiet: Fair (All meinster fans may now hurl insults
at me.)

That line up there says!as usual, the only person who can stop them is a outlew scientist. I usually like Leinster. (I know that's just a pen name, but I vee

EARTHLIGHT by Arthur C. Clarke, 35, 27 Bellantine,

EARTHLIGHT is the story of Bertrem Sadler a counter-apy of two hundred years from now. He is sent on a mission to the moons his mission was to find a enemy spy in the lumar observatory. Earth venus, and Mars are all crying for metals, and only Earth can supply them. A war is about to begin. Soon Earth sets up a base near the observatory. A little later the interplanetary situation is at a crisis; there just aren't enough materials to go around. A venus-Mars space fleet attacks the project near the observatory and a battle results. This is the only battle of the war, both sides are exhausted. This battle proves to be the thing that binds the planets together for an attempt at the stars. A great piece of writing, Verdiet: Very Good

CITY OF GLASS by Neel Locals, 35% Columbia sublications,

This is not really a pocketbook as we think of it. Is's a novel in mag form. You ban buy it at most newsetands.

light and return to Earth about 800,000 years from now. They find a glass city and by defeating the enemies of the glass-men who live there, earn the right to live with them. From the dates used in the book, this thing was written in about 1943. A little bit too active, but the action is well placed. A good juvinile thriller, Verdicts Adverage

WAR WITH THE HENTS by Karel Capek, 38, 0 A1292, Bantam.

concepts and words are pretty old. It's the story of how man trains the newts, from the south sea islands, to work for him. As usual, the newts turn against man when they realize their power, and as the book ends man is going down for the third, and last time. I don't know why, but there's semething about British witten books that make me bored. Guess it's cause I'm not a British fan. Verdict: Pair

THE HAD READER by Harvey Kurtman, 350, 93, Ballantine,

of tens like to like it (the real reason is that I like MAD, too). This clume has the best from the first seven issues of MAD. It contains teleoffs on Superman, Flash Gordan, Newaya, era, Dragnet, Archie, the NeCarthy-Army Hearings, Gasoline alley, and the of wonderful humor, As an introduction it has a Vital hearing by hoger rice, (you know, the guy who does Drootles). As you have the MAD) (if you don't leave it on the stands and don't deprive some MAD fan of it)

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conducted by that

In this column it will be necessary every once in a while to chop up a few 'since. Not just to give life to the reviews, but to warm you readers, since this thing is being written for you.

WARRIEG TO ALL FAREDE If your famaine stinks, I'm not going to play it up for you, it's your job to improve your mag. But if your fammes is adverage or better, I'll go casy, Anyway, off to the chopping block.

The no. 30 Mill derken, Jr., editor, 1130 abbott Boulevard, Paliacede, I. Trogular, 10¢,3/30¢. This one has twelve pages in it, which are mimoographed frirly well. The main feature is an article about an article by Joe Gibson, (huh?) In other words, bick Milington and all webb unite a sort of a rebuttal to an article by Joe Gibson that was in the last ish. Joe's thing was called The sine art of Milling", and explained just how to go about doing such a thing. Joe's going to have a rebuttal to a rebuttal in the next ish mich ought to be pretty good, May this sort of thing in a fancine? Well, as editor Gerken says, in the event of an atouic war them, fans who have read this may be slightly more alive when the shooting's all over then those who haven't. If some of you want to have a fancou after the war, read this. The rest of the mag is taken up with fiction by Gres Benford, (yeah, me), some reviews (presine), an article on policy by Mitch Hekres, and ads, (some of these ade you could really make some extra dough out of) (I know I'm not supposed to end a sentence with "of but I'm anti-social, anyway). This one is worth a try.

Gull Mosole, Larry Anderson, editor, 2716 anoky Lane, Hillings, Hontana, 5, 6/26, 1. This newsine is one page, and the news is pretty mow. I cain't see any reason for charging five centagif he sold enough copies, he could make a profit, and that's almost never happened in fandom. Take it or leave it.

VARIOGO, John Magnus, ed. 9312 Second Avenue, allvor apring, Nd. 10%, ten for a dollar, Irregular, I guess. John's own Variations on an Old is worth the price of the mag itself. As a motter of fact, it is the mag, Almost, In his ed John reables on about the greatest trap in fandom, (the all-work-end-no-fun trap for faneds), H-bomb attacks and stupid people, the effects of an Air Porce landing on Mars on John , sublic, jazz and hillbilly music, and how you'll find out next issue how allison helped them cheat the Hotel Detroiter out of seven bucks.

There's an article by Dean Grennel and Robert Block about paper moons and how to hurl them, Shelby Vick writes another installment of his column Dear John which is good, as usual, John has a seven-page account of the Midwestern that I liked more than anything.

The cover is a song, that is, the notes of a song, Lessee, Dean Grennell writes a letter that smears the Serious Constructive fans who got rid of Dave English, and in case you want to get a sub, John just found a box of his old 'sines; he'll give you some if you'll include an extra 10% for postage, Get this.

MERLIN, bee Tramper, editor. 1022 N. Tuxedo Street, Indianation Indiana. 5¢,12/50¢. Monthly. In the beginning Lee had three mage, Phobos, Sli, and Marlin. They were all bi-weekly. Can you inagine turning out six (6) ten-page mags a month? Gad. Min can see why Lee had to combine the three. Any old way, Merlin is good. The main content of the mag is a long story by T.C. Gaius. Then there's Bob Coulson's column, "Foreign 3TF", which is always good. Two shorts by Keem Ismad and Allan Duane, fair (if you don't like dream stories) and good, respectfully. Jay Crackel's court an pocketbooks is pretty good; he goes over BANTAM BOOKS. In the letter column, (which is good, by the way), everybody kicks everybody class around and has a good time doing it, Lee's editorial, "Mealecbur", is excellent, as usual. I almost forgot, this issue is dedicated to Jay T. Grackel, "without whose encouragement, and material, many issues of this magazine would not have appeared." The cover is sepurb, Oh, you, there's an obituary (lined in black) for weird Tales; gooh, I didn't know it was gone, being over here where we get hardly any premags. Get this 'sine. It's going up-to stay.

PARTAST TIMES, James Taurasi, ed. Pandom House, P.O. Box 2331, raterson, 23, New Jersey, Bisweekly, 10, 10 for a dollar. This is the newspaper of fandom. FT has been pubbed for fourteen years, with this you'll get the news of the fan world just a short time after it's happened. This is truly "The world of Tomorrow Today", If you don't have this yet, get it.

Well, that's all for this time. Send all your females and ories of outrage to me, 'ol Greg Benford, I'll see you next issue, if you can stand waiting. Ha.



It was too horrible . . . the thing he saw during the

ONG

SWAROH -

by Dave Wills

He was lonely, tired, and sixty thousand light-years from home. He should be tired, he had been lout here for two weeks in this small, cramped, secut ship.

Only three months to travel sixty thousand light-years on subspace drive, although it seemed like three years. The star-ship
had circled that small_sirless_planet down there and a spaceferry same up to take the men to the surface.

He stayed there for two days; headquarters
sould not find a job for him. They finally
found one, a job any idiot could do; one-man patrol watch.

Now he was stuck up here in orbit around a planet he was supposed to defend.

Why was he protecting it?
Who was he protecting it against?

A rotten race that inhabited the other half of the galaxy.

We had colonised about a hundred thousand sun-systems

when one of our exploration ships met one of theirs. After

we had established contact, one of their men came over to our

ship and talked peace. During our sleeping period he had placed
a bomb in the ship. When it blew up over half of the ships crew

were killed. Our forces had getten away just by luck. Now we