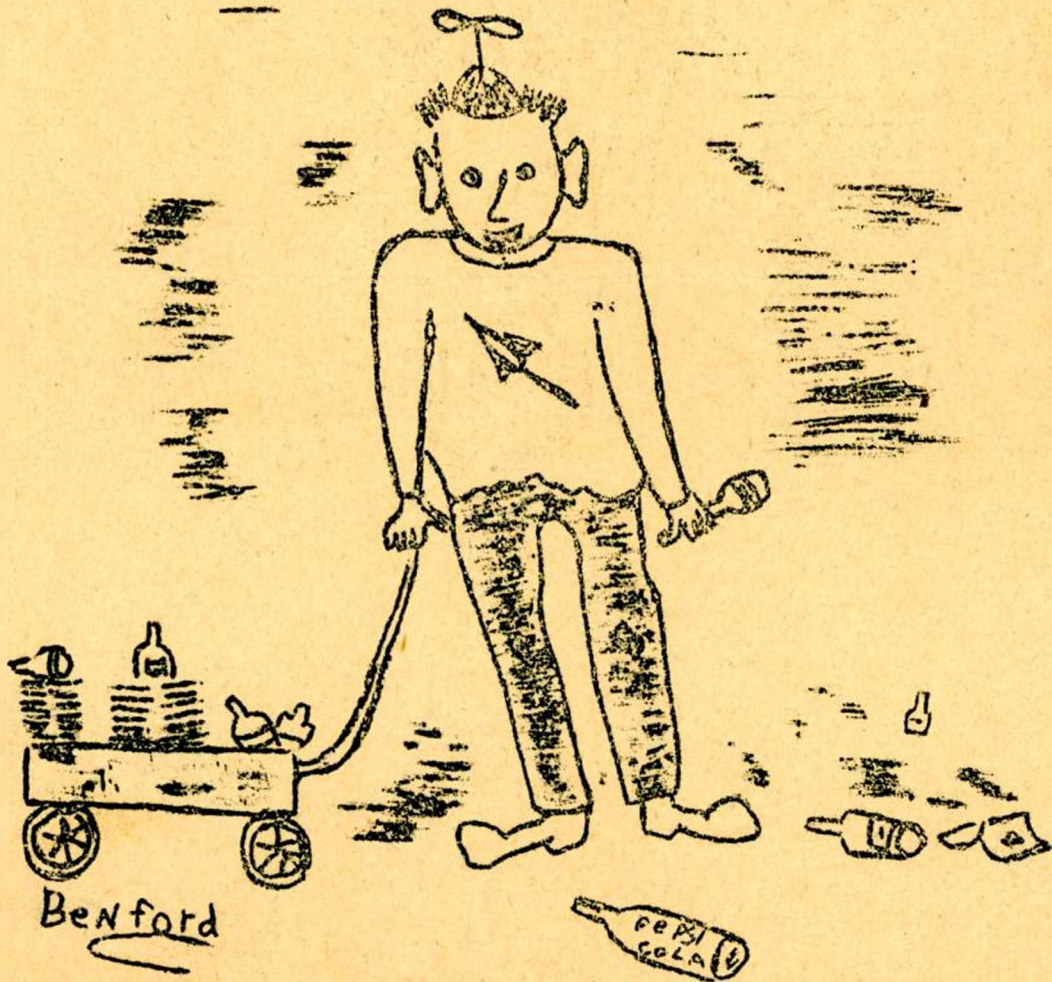


# VOID

VOL. 1  
NO. 3

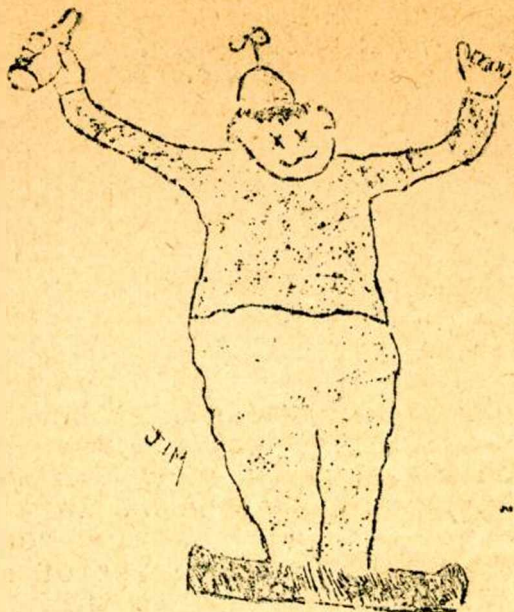


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"WHO ME ? WHY I'VE BEEN TO A S-F CON !"

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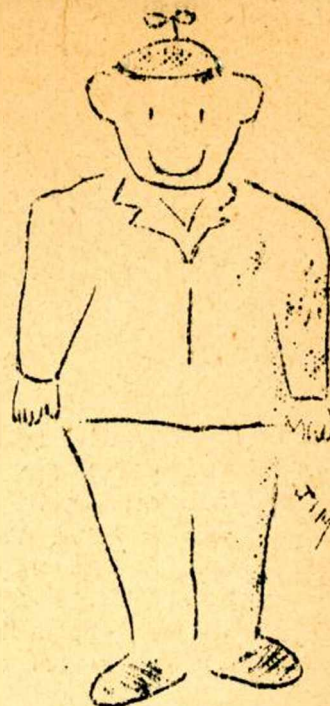
This is a  
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SEE THE DIFFERENCE??

VOID

- C O N T E N T S -



VOL. 1, NO. 2

1955, A.D.

SEPTEMBER

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NO MORE ADS TRADED !!

A BENFORD BRAINCHILD.

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DRINK CHOLA, YOU ALL !!!



out of the VOID



comes  
the  
editor

VOID will be the leading fanzine in the drive against bheer-drinking fans! For years fandom has been loused up by the guys who put on exhibitions of drunkenness at conventions. If every fan who was a true fan started drinking chola all the time persons in a con hotel would get a much better opinion of science fiction and it's following. So why don't all you fans start picking up cases of soft drinks at the corner drugstore? Reform!! Don't let people think that fandom is just a bunch of drunken slobs.

This is larger than the second by several pages and I hope you think it's got better material. The checklist of GALAXY didn't go over a-tall, so the space will be taken up from now on with more worthy stuff. Speaking of material, here's a plea for some. With more pages VOID naturally needs more stuff to fill them up with. So if you think you can write, send it to me. Of course, I can't promise to use it, but I'll look it over carefully, and if it's not acceptable I'll return it. Fair enough?

Last issue I stated that "From what I've heard,...Walter Ernsting has pulled some pretty shady deals." Well, he hasn't. My fannish head is bowed in shame. See Ann Steul's letter as to what really went on. I'm sorry Walt, but I hope this clears it up.

As you can probably see by the letter column, German fandom, or Gerfandom, take your pick, is taking form. The S-F Club Deutschland has been founded by walt Ernsting, a fanmag in the German language named ANDROMEDA will be out in October, and a con will probably be held next summer. within a year or so I bet Gerfandom will come into it's own. We'll be pretty strong in about a year or so, maybe even bigger and stronger than Belgium fandom (down, Jan!). We'll mass our forces and overrun the fortifications of Antwerp, whip up through Holland for a few people, and crush the French with one sweep. Then we will be united and can truly be called Continental fandom. Right? Better keep your powder dry, Jansen.

A few days ago, after a letter from walt Ernsting (him again?) arrived telling us of a nearby fan, we decided to visit him. I got a set of directions that did no good from a guy that worked in the Sneak Bar and promptly got lost. I came back, got Jim to go with me, and set out again. We found the way and had a very enjoyable time talking to Heinz Muller, a neo-fan. He lives near the shopping center of Giessen, and we'll probably see him often.

Hope you don't mind the cramming we did to get everything in that we were supposed to, but it had to be done. How do you like the yaller paper, by the way? Ooops, no more room. See ya',

*Jim*

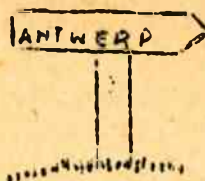


# The Continent Is Awake...

IN SOME RESPECTS !

by

Jan Jansen



I could kick myself for being so dumb. I ought to have known better than to say yes to a request from Greg to answer an article I hadn't seen yet. From the letter I had gathered that Joe was poking fun at us poor Twerps (Twerps with a capital T please note. Do not insult us!) and our attempts at collecting a handful of fans together, so that I was suprised, to say the least, to find that the greater part of Joe's article was a blurb for the Germans. Was I supposed to damn them now in order to comply to that promise? That would have been alright in 1945 I expect, but this is A.D. 1955, things have changed somewhat....

In fact, about the only thing I can say is that Joe's suggestions are a bit late in coming. Fandom (Anglo Saxton variety) is already on the move over here, even if it has not developed such an activity as fandom has done abroad. With lots of checking though, I think we can say that on a percentage basis the number of fans in Continental Europe compares quite favorably with that in the US and Great Britian. And considering the fact that English is a foreign language to us, it is even more suprising that so many have contacted Anglo-Saxton fandom. But, even those are first and foremost science fiction readers, rather than fans in the accepted meaning applied to the word in fanzines.

Most fans that have turned up are people who read science fiction, and have turned to English and American magazines and books to fulfil their craving for the stuff. The greater part were or have been in contact with US or UK fans, mainly in view of the scarcity of material here, and several had obtained fanzines. Then why didn't fandom get started there and then?

Personally I think the main trouble lies in the fact that the fanzines that drift across are usually the worst. The supplier, unless himself a faned, passes only the mags he doesn't want to keep. The fiction is usually horrid, the fan article not understood through lack of knowledge, and the art not worth looking at. This is of course from the point of view of a chap whose main idea is receiving science fiction.

I said there, unless himself a faned...One would imagine that the faned would send his own mag. Yet I had been corresponding with one for nearly two years and did not receive his mag, because, as he later explained: "...quite frankly, I thought it was a bit too esoteric..." Up to that time of course, in keeping with the traditional hunt for science fiction, letters had restricted themselves solely to arranging payment/trades in order to get more sf. quite frankly also, the fanzine was rather esoteric, but even now after so many have passed through my mailbox, it's still the best issue of any fanzine I've ever read.

From what I have gathered from those fans I have contacted in



Europe, the same applies. They were/are in the first place interested in obtaining, and possibly even discussing, science fiction, and nothing but - their letters referred to nothing else, and the English or US fan kept his replies to the same subjects. Often enough it isn't even realized that there is a whole 'organization' (?) of science fiction readers in existence. Not that everyone would jump at the chance of getting himself tangled up in fandom. Heavens no. I still have some forty addresses of people who read sf, some of which have corresponded with fans abroad, but they don't pay any attention to copies of Alpha, mentions of clubs, or libraries. They read science fiction. They exist in the States and in England, so I guess it's quite OK for us to have them as a majority too.

In France this section is now being catered for through a professional publication: Cellules Grises, published as the club organ of the Mystere-Fiction club, erected by the publisher of the two magazines. It is not only catering to sf fans though, as it also keeps mystery and detective fans in it's organization. From this may spring a more informal fandom, once the various local chapters that are being formed get the bright idea of having a mag of their own. Undoubtedly they too will evolve away from the amateur fiction, and use more personal material. Though there are rumors that there have been some fanzines published in Sweden, I haven't seen them so far, not that I can understand the language, but somebody in the office could possibly have told me what they were all about. Presumably they confine themselves to serious discussions of science fiction, reviews and an occasional amateur fiction piece, without any of the informality which makes Anglo-Saxon worth the trouble.

Amongst the regular Alpha readers here in Belgium and in Holland-though they enjoy the material that is published-voices still rise up for more book reviews, more serious discussion and less of this senseless, idiotic childrens bickering. I know quite a few people who can't read English, yet have a similar liking to sf stories. Now they have also have that fanish spirit of informality, that capability to think up the weirdest schemes possible and enjoy their daydreaming - but they'll never be able to express themselves, because they just don't dig English, and it'll take years for anything like present day fandom to hit Belgium in Flemish (Even if Flemish seems to be hitting Anglo-Saxon fandom OK). Outside of Anglo-Saxon territory Germany, Holland, France, Sweden, Italy, and Spain have all had, or still have their prozines, but fandom is strangely absent. Fandom in the way Joe Gibson evidently meant it to be. A fandom that could compare in activities (not necessarily in amount) with US and UK. Local clubs will (and have) been formed here and there, usually just a few people chatting to each other about their favorite reading material, but that's as far as it will go.

Sooner or later fandom as it is now might come true in Europe, on a large scale, and in each separate country in it's own language, but I personally think that there simply aren't sufficient people that read science fiction and have that needed mentality that will allow such to come about.

Though of course, in English fandom is quite awake here. It will grow, though not all that much, as years go by. Where once we had only five or six people with an interest in Alpha, we now count about thirty. Most however, and I stress this point again, do not care for the 'ridiculous and juvenile trash' Alpha publishes regularly. The ridiculous being anything about fans that has evidently been dragged by its hair, the humorous approach to story writing, the imaginary



reporting of events. In short they're sercofans. They haven't the faintest idea of what trouble it takes publishing a fanzine, for as they have it..."it would look so much better if it were printed..."

I could bring up the Twerpcon as the best proof that as far as an Anglo-Saxon variety of fandom is concerned, we're doing OK. But before mentioning that, one suggestion of Joe's still bothers me. How much influence can an American lad have on a fandom that would/should use German as its language, when said American doesn't speak, read or write German?

The Twerpcon was an "idee fixe" in Antwerp. After the legpulling of last year, it was only reasonable that we'd try to organize a real convention locally. To be true to fannish ideals, however, which stress originality in each and every case, we couldn't bring ourselves to imitate a convention as held in England or in the States. No, we had the bright idea! We abolished the convention, and kept the all-night party. After all, pick up any report on any convention and see just what reporting fans enjoyed mostly. The night parties, the informal get-togethers. And as we were intending to enjoy ourselves.....

So instead of having an afternoon session with speeches, film shows, discussions and auctions, we stayed home, or helped decorate the place. The 'event' was to start off at eight PM, and we just hoped that people would keep their promises and would show up.

What actually suprised us most is that we did have a representative over from England. Poor Ron, having been so closely tied up with Alpha, couldn't resist the temptation to come and have a look, and the promise of a bed for a couple of days was enough to encourage him to undertake the trip. Ron arrived here Friday at lunch time, after having 'lifted' to Dover, and again from Ostend to Antwerp. Dave not being able to come Friday over to my place, as he was decorating the consite with the help of Harry and Jean, Ron and myself spent the evening at a jazz-record dealer, and afterwards getting out a first installment of a one-shot. Some unfortunate readers may have had it inflicted upon them...I agreed with the idea that we ought not to tell Dave, and spring it on him as a suprise through OMPA, mainly because it gave Ron a chance to pull off the same deal when he went over to Dave's place in order to 'suprise' me. Poor guy!

Saturday afternoon I took Ron over on the scooter to Jean's place, to help out with the final decorating, taking some hoteler prints and other fanzine covers with me. Please note: fanzine covers, prozines were not to decorate the walls. It was my first look at the consite. Jean lives out of Antwerp, in a suburb called Edegem, and the house boasted an attic where Joan vents his artistic talents. It had been suitably furnished for the occasion, even to the sofa being placed in a corner of the room. It was rather a Flemish do - it was plainly visible that it was indeed an attic, with rafters showing up, and it reminded me of the pictures we see of old inns. Behind the counter were the inevitable bottles of beer\*, a couple of bottles of wine, and a stack of sandwiches for poor hungry fellows like me.

Most of the rafters, and the greater part of the walls, were soon covered with covers - Alpha of course being in the majority. The tape-recorder stood in a corner well away from the sofa (mustn't disturb resting fans) with wireless and pickup for music as needed. The "bar" was rather shaky and certainly not strong enough to support any drinks, which pointed to the fact that we were going to stay relatively sober. Or at least had good intentions in that direction. We all left for

\*What, no chola???



our respective homes to have supper, Ron Bennett going to Dave's place. We were to meet at eight at Jean's place, the time being stressed so that either Dave or myself would be on hand to greet anyone who didn't know Jean.

As it always turns out-I proceeded Dave: even then being ten minutes late. I certainly was pleasantly surprised to find Nic Oosterbaan there accompanied by his wife, totally unexpected too, as after a promise made about six/seven months ago I'd heard no more from him on the subject of visiting us. Absent from Holland were Wim Struyck:work, Teun van Ingen:illness in the family; Ben Abas, still moving from place to place, and we still aren't certain of his address at the moment. Nic pointed out the fact that Ike had announced the plans for an artificial satellite - but though I'd heard something, very vaguely, about it this was the first time the news really stuck. Anyway it was a nice gesture on behalf of the President to announce the advent of artificial satellites. It sort of put our convention in the news.....

Just before leaving home I'd received a telegram from Joy Goodwin and Vin/Clarke wishing us all the best for the Tworpccon, and saying "WERE SATELLITE BY MORNING NEWS". Even at such an earthshaking occasion fans will pan.

Joan Steer was busy in the garden watering the lawn and the flowers, when Frank van Betten, another local fan arrived. It was nearly twenty past eight by this time, and we decided to go upstairs and await the rest of the fans there. Talk at the time concentrated mainly on the satellite, with me running to and fro the window just in case some of the Brussels fans showed up. Just as well I did, as I noticed a balloon floating past, and was only just in time downstairs to catch Maurice Delplace as he drifted by. Evidently he couldn't quite place such a respectable house as a consite. Maurice had brought some books along for me, but they seem to have been mislaid sometime during the evening as they haven't turned up yet.

Dave the aristocrat arrived in his car, and again Anglo-Saxon fandom had found an imitator. I don't know how he managed to crowd them all in, but he'd brought Harry and Diane Koscoe, Ron Bennett and Monique Steel, as well as his wife Yvonne. Dressed up (?) in one of those flaming American sportshirts, equipped with zappun and Vargo Statten mags he looked the part of a eager neofan of fourteen. Introductions all round, gabbing away at odd things with one another, and trying to keep ahead of what was said by the person across the room, occupied about a half hour, when our treasurer, and for the occasion, our bartender, Harry Koscoe decided it high time to officially open the convention with a "drink on the house". That is surely a magnificent gesture which most fans would like to see inaugurated at every convention.

Bottoms up to the general best wishes for the success of fandom (and science fiction by the way) on the Continent, and the actual convention was supposed to start. With what though? We'd taken down two plays on a tape, but decided it was as yet too early to start on these. So instead we had some canned music from Dave's recorder, and kept on gabbing away. On what?...well, I remember there was some occasional mention of science fiction, mainly through the efforts of one Maurice who kept harking back to the point that this was after all a science fiction convention. I walked hopefully around with a bundle of fanzines bearing the wondrous name of "FEN", which had been sent to me by the most optimistic fan in the world, one Bill Gerken. He'd sent me 25 copies in the hope that I could get rid of them at the convention and thus make his name known, and bring cash into his pocket. Well, I did sell six, and I think there'll be just enough cash to postpay the re-



mainder back to their rightful owner.....

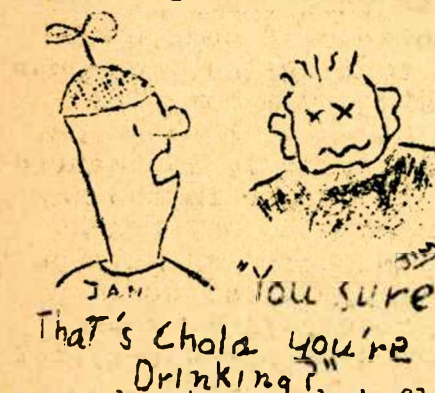
Ron Bennett took time off now and again to scribble down notes in his book, at the time collecting quotes from various attendees. Unfortunately I wasn't allowed to see any of them, though I recall him mentioning me saying something silly about standing and lying down. He got two pages of them by the end of the first hour, after which he seemed to get tired of it, the book finding a place under the counter. Behind the bar Harry was busy shouting: Any more drinks wanted? Come and get them... He always added that we'd have to pay though, without which statement I'm sure business would have flourished.

Maurice took the floor, saying that he was extremely sorry he'd forgotten a script one of the other Brussels' fans had written especially for this convention. Apologies and sighs of disappointment from attendants and Maurice sitting down. Talk went back and forth again, everybody speaking to his neighbor whilst trying to get in on what others were saying as if afraid they were missing out. I was sitting between Maurice and (I'm sorry and much ashamed to admit it having been over to Nic's place three times so far, but I've forgotten his wife's name) Mrs. Oosterbaan, with Nic keeping a watchful eye on me from the other side.

Nic was showing a copy of the latest Dutch sf translation, "Islands in the Sky" by A.C. Clarke. Once again done over in a juvenile edition which published three other sf titles last year. I'll have to read the translation one of these days to compare with the original. After all Nic did that with a book someone else translated once.....

About this thime I had my second glass of bheer! Nearly an hour and a half after the first one. So please, no remarks.

There'd been some dancing on and off whenever the stuff that Dave had recorded on tape permitted such, which wasn't too often, and as some gloom settled over the members, we ran off IN GOD'S NAME, a short play Dave and I had recorded on the tape earlier that week. It bore some small resemblance to a Sam Martinez story in Fantastic, where it was titled For Heaven's Sake, but in the process of evolving into a play for two speakers, plus the various local ingredients we used to make it "snappy" it had lost most of it's original flavor. In order to annoy Ron Bennett we'd even done the tale in Flemish, and Ron was half listening to the background music and noises (the latter provided by my daughter) the other half being attuned to Dave trying to translate the plot as the story moved on. Parts of it, to be truthful dragged a bit, but the acclaim and laughs other parts received made up for these.



More dancing after this, though thoughtful Jan has insisted that Jean try some of his records rather than more of those tapes. That and the wireless provided us at least with decent dance music. Ron Bennett was certainly enjoying himself trying to get Monique involved in amorous adventures, but flashing lights from Nic's camera soon put an end to that. It having been mentioned that Nic was a professional editor (of the almost forgotten: Planet) she seemed to fear photos of the night's activities would find themselves into print.

Mid night was nearly upon us and we had our second tape ready for playing. This one was slightly more complicated. The greater part was



narrated by Dave, as a narrator describing approx. how the club was founded, but in the meanwhile Dave and myself were playing on stage (at the end of the attic) saying an appropriate word here and there. The idea came from a short play we'd seen in Wendigo, though here there weren't two words alike. The play had a wonderful success, mainly due to it's being in English, so that Ron did catch on this time and was able to spread his enthusiasm for our thoughtfulness all over the place. Lest I forget, some time before this play went on, a couple of friends of Jean and Milly dropped by and joined in the fun. Though non-fans (science-fictional fans that is) they certainly enjoyed themselves.

Monique had to leave us there and then...and with tears in our eyes we bid the fair lady goodbye. Excepting Ron of course, he managed to get in the car with Dave to take her home. Now of course when they arrived they had a story all ready about how they lost their way and that such was the reason for their hour-long absence, but well....she does after all live in the same village as Jean.....

More dancing, more talk, more bheer...  
More bheer, more talk, more dancing...

And the time fled past as if it was worried it'd never get there otherwise. In the small hours, Dave went walking round with his recorder, interviewing the people present on their reactions to the evening, and conventions as a whole. Nearly everybody present had their say, some longer than others, but I think Maurice was best by saying: The Twerpcon might have been better...but it might also have been much worse.

This reflected muchly on his expecting a more or less regular con with speeches on the wonderful thing science fiction is to mankind, and things like that...and yet enjoying himself because of the friendly atmosphere present. It was there...much as it is in any small gathering not necessarily of fans, but of people who have come to know each other to a certain extent, and taken in that spirit, the Twerpcon was the greatest step towards that dreamy eyed Continental fandom some still dream of.

It was getting late however—and talk moved to the possibilities of getting away from this spot. It is rather deserted that early in the morning but Frank found his way about on the scooter he'd come with, Ron Bennett got a lift on the back of my scooter to my place, and poor Dave had to cram the Oosterbaan's in his car, taking them home for some more quiet chatter awaiting their first for Den Haag in Holland. I was last to leave with Ron, excepting for Jean's friends, and Maurice bravely headed his way toward the station, there to shiver in the morning chill tim his train for Brussels came in. Unknown to me, Frank was still circling the neighborhood however, and he picked up Maurice and took him into town. Now I'm not sure what time the first train goes, but I always thought it was at six, and Maurice says he caught one right off for home. Or wouldn't he explain where he spent the last two hours of that morning?

Nic stayed over at Dave's till about 5:30 when he and his wife left to catch the train to Holland. By that time Ron Bennett and yours truly were fast asleep....

Lucky guys those that can sleep a hole in the day, but for some reason or other I usually can't stay in bed too long. Even going in at five in the morning didn't help, and at nine o'clock I was brewing myself pots of coffee to quench that horrible thirst. Funny how one



forgets to mention things. Saturday afternoon, when we were over at Jean's place for the last decorating. Ron and I had brought thirty post-cards along with the necessary stamps for postage abroad. The idea had been thought of the Friday evening, and when Ron and I hit town, we spent some time looking for suitable (i.e. cheap) postcards to send on. We found them easily enough, but matters took a turn for the worse when we found the secondary PO closed. Toddling off to the main PO a bit further on, I remembered the ruling that Saturday afternoon stamps can only be obtained a couple at a time, and not in large quantities. Faced with the fact that we needed thirty, plus another ten for Ron's private mail, I told him to wait a bit further in the hall as I went to the winket to enquire about them. Sorry, but ten was the most the chap could give me. So I signalled to Ron, who joined the queue and returned a bit later armed with another ten. That left us twenty short, and I was already explaining to Ron that we could get some in various stationary stores when the next-flat neighbors passed us. I called after them, and explaining the situation, got them to go in and each buy ten more stamps. When they came out the man mentioned the surprise of the postman at the amount of 2,50 fr stamps being sold that afternoon. I was tempted to go in with the other three, and explain the matter, but the thought that I came face to face with the chap practically every other day buried it, not without some protest from the others.

The cards were intended for all the femmes, fannes, or fanettes, or whatever they are called, we could think of. I was surprised that there were that many, and even as the cards had been written more came to mind. Sorry...I presume that some wellknown fans must have looked rather strange when their wives received a card saying Wish you were here, signed by Ron, Dave, Harry and myself, and dated from the Twerpcon.....

Two o'clock, and still no sign of movement from Ron's room. Rosa had gotten up in the meantime, and as we intended to visit the fair in Schoten, I took one of the records Ron had bought at the jazz-shop and played that full blast. Some stirring was soon noticeable, and before the record was halfway through a head raised itself from the sheets and a couple of eyes tried to make out where the head was... It certainly was a good waking up method.

The evening was spent at the fair. Report of which was made elsewhere and then Ron and I, accompanied by Sonja went home to Borgernhout. We'd borrowed an air-mattrass from my brother in law, so that Sonja could sleep on that. But getting home we found that we'd broken the bag. We had more fun those couple of hours than we'd had the rest of the day. Neither of us dreaming of just taking the spout in our mouth and thinking of Louis Armstrong, we spent a couple of hours trying various methods to blow the mattress up, and to repair the bag normally used to inflate the thing. Ron finally gave up and went to sleep on a half-blown-up mattress with the result that it sagged in the wrong places, and proved very uncomfortable. Hence the saying: You haven't lived if you haven't slept on a woobly bed. As we were really enjoying ourselves we kept gabbing away for another hour or so, mainly talk about wobbly beds and wobbly people, during which time I wrote down quotes connected with it in Ron's book. Unfortunately, they're not too good when taken outside the sphere they were noted down in, a subtle lack noticable in most quotes and interlineations appearing nowadays. They were so hilariously funny the evening before, too.

Ron stayed over a couple of days, leaving for England Wednesday afternoon. In between he managed to visit Dave again, type out a one-shot at Dave's office, have a try at taking Monique to the pictures,

( continued on page 22 )



void

The return of  
Frankenstein!

# REVIEWS

by Greg Benford

Hello there, you poor little people, it's me again. But don't panic. After that fine con report I thought you needed something to lower your spirits, so here I is again. More fanmags this time, as usual, so I'd better shut up and leave some room for reviews of such fine fanmags as.....

PEON, Charles Lee Riddle, editor. P.O. Box 611, New London, Conn. 20¢, 6/\$1.00. Irregular, four per year, mimeographed. This is the seventh anniversary issue, and it also commemorates the 25th anniversary of organized fandom. Peon is one of the steady fanzines that you can always depend on for good material. This issue contains a very good story by Harlen Ellison, an autobiography by Rog Phillips, and the usual columns which are some of the best in fandom. Ian Macauloy's fanzine reviews aren't present this time, as he had to work on the AGACON. Also a very funny Credo for Fantasy Writers by Bob Bloch, a defense of PLANET STORIES by Erik Fennel, some fiction about Conan by Dave Mason, a couple of poems by sundry people, and another article about the Hamling-Asimov-Bott feud. I object strongly to the opinions presented by Henry Moskowitz in his article, but the discussion is being dropped, so I don't think I'll argue. Still, it's not fair to give your side of the argument and then, when the editor decides to drop the subject, get away with no retaliation. Maybe the huge fights of the 'thirties scared away all the guys who want to start fan fouds, I dunno'. Definately recommended.

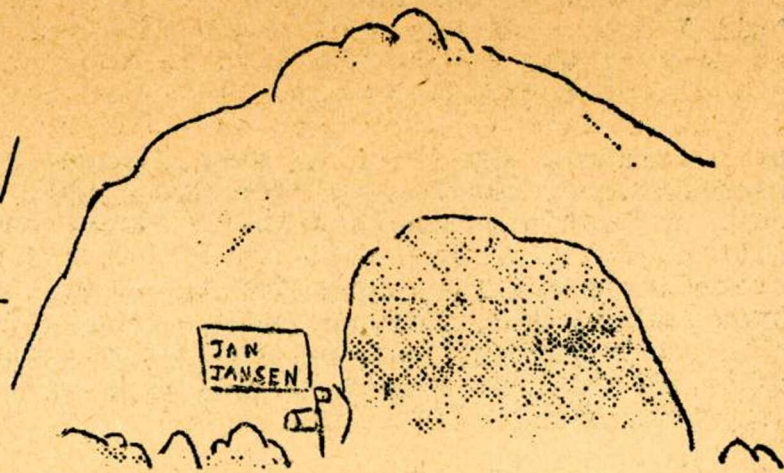
HYPHEN, Chuck Harris, ed. "Carolin" Lake Ave., Rainham, Essex, England. 15¢. Irregular, mimeographed. This is considered the fanzine among fannish circles. Usually edited by Chuck and Walt Willis together, this Walt has taken to the tennis courts and left his poor partner to do all the work. Nevertheless, it's a great issue filled with BNF's and wonderful material. There are two reports of the goings on at Kottering, an account of John Borry's meeting with Chuck Harris, some egg boating, and article by a bird brain, some very interesting letters, and a whole gang of interlineations all over the place. I wonder what SLANT, Walt's earlier zine, was like? Probably just as good. Get this.

ALPHA, Jan Jansen, ed. 229 Berchemlei Borgerhout, Antwerp, Belgium. 10¢, 6/60¢. Bi-monthly, mimeographed. Sort of a confused issue, isn't it, Jan? The Last Page comes first, and the First Page is last. Well, you said you were going to get your editorial more toward the front, but isn't this going a little too far? And there's no contents page, either. Oh well, on to the contents. This one is an all Continental issue, the first thing of this sort to be done. The contents are below the usual ALPHA standard, but good nonetheless. Of special interest to me was the story by Ann Steul about the crazy mixed up people in Wetzlar. Contrary to popular belief, it turned out that Ann wasn't one of the people. There's an advance report n the Twerpcon, and if it was as lively as that, I think I'll invent a time machine in order to attend. Wow! The Lib's Corner was rather good this, I think, because it was simply well-written. Much Ado About Nothing was just that. The letter column in this zine is well-balanced and very entertaining. Seems to me Belgium has a lower rate of crudzines than any other country. There are  
( continued on page 22 )



# A JAN REPORT

by Gregory L.



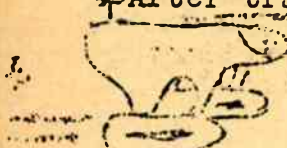
At 8:15 in the morning of Wednesday, June 15, I stuffed a bunch of Big Brother Is watching You cards into my shirt pocket and hurried downstairs to the car. We were going on a trip through Holland, Belgium, and Luxemborg, and I hoped to see Jansen the Handsome Belgium fan whom we stopped for the night in Antwerp. We climbed in, said goodbye to everybody, and pulled out the front gate as the Gorman postman came strolling down the street. I told everybody that he might have a letter from Jan with him and we'd better wait until he reached the house. So we waited and were justly rewarded for our time. The postman gave me a letter which contained the valuable information of Jan's phone number. It was valuable because I had to call a certain place, and if I hadn't gotten that letter this wouldn't be written. Jan told me later that he had to run after the mail truck in order to get it to me in time. Good thing he can run, otherwise I'd never know how handsome a fan he is.

Jim and I read old issues of ALPHA 'til we arrived in Amsterdam, Holland. We were all hungry at the time, so we found a small place to eat and ordered roast beef sandwiches. Note: Never eat anything in a foreign country if you have to pay for it. Gyps all over the place. They were 20¢ each and measured 1x1x1 inches. Needless to say, we ate them, paid, and departed with the utmost haste.



Comments on Amsterdam. The people there seem to have gone hog-wild over apartments. When we first arrived all that was visible as far as the eye could see were blocks and blocks of apartment houses. And the most surprising thing about it is that they were all neat and clean. There were hardly any pieces of paper, trash, or junk visible on the street. And inside it's the same way, no mess. Holland is sure a clean place. I wonder why fandom hasn't started in the land of the dikes? Maybe Holland is too clean for fannishness.

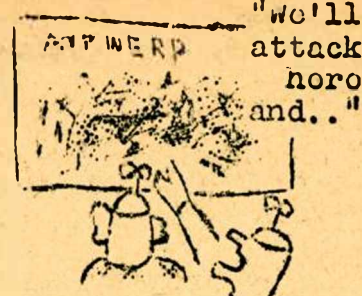
After traveling over hill and dale for a few more hours, we came upon our objective for the day: a resort hotel on the North Sea. After being charged \$13 for a meal, we left in the morning. Just as we passed the city limits I discovered I'd left the wallet in the hotel. We drove back and after I frantically searched my room for 20 minutes, Jim calmly strolled up and told me he'd found the wallet in my suitcase. Arghhh. Well, we saw the sights of Holland for the rest of the day and made it to Antwerp, Belgium just before nightfall.



I called Jan at the number he'd sent me and arranged for him to



come down in 45 minutes. After a while I took the elevator down to the lobby and waited. Jan was going to bring his daughter, Sonja, with him so all I had to do was spot a man (?) with a little girl. Do you know that most of the people who live in the Tourist Hotel in Antwerp are men and little girls? Some really weird characters live in that place, and that doesn't mean Jim and me, either. I picked up some French travel folders, saw I couldn't read them, studied a map of Antwerp, and looked over the people in the lobby. At last a man walked in the door. And he had a little girl with him, too. This wouldn't be so extraordinary, if it wasn't for the fact that the fellow looked crazy enough to be a fan. I decided to take a chance, since I somehow know that it was Jan. I got up and walked over to him. "Mr. Janson?", I asked.



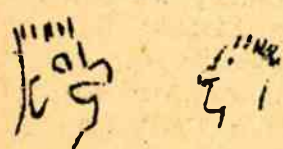
"Yes," he replied. Contact had been made.

"crazy one- I introduced myself and started blasting him with questions on the spot. In case you didn't know, Jan's a fan.." name is pronounced Yan Yanson. Hence the name of this article, it rhymes with con. Do I have to explain everything? Well, I took him up to our room and Jim and I returned the copies of ALPHA we'd borrowed. Also we traded current issues of our mags, yours truly getting ALPHA 10, which was enjoyed muchly. Jan showed us the little extra things that go with stancil cutting, some of which are being employed in this of VOID. He told me exactly what my policy should be on different matters and I promptly disagreed with him. There followed a grand argument I wish I could have recorded on something. After a while we began to feel the pangs of hunger and took the elevator down to the restaurant. As we fed our faces we also found time to (dis)cuss Peto Vorzimer, more fanzine policy, and favorite writers. "Is the movie 'A Man Called Rotor' really the life story of Vorzimer?" We finished eating just after Jan showed us a picture of Ghod himself, WAW, whose stately pose made me forget to put a Big Brother card under the plate.

Everybody returned to the room and we talked about stf for a few more hours. It seems to me that Jan has some pretty off-trail opinions on different things. Of course, that's only because they don't exactly agree with mine. Jan left at about ten o'clock and we were all sorry to see him go.

Before leaving Antwerp in the morning, we all strolled down a street and found a picture which featured Revengo of the Creature. But Jim and I didn't have time to see it. Further on down the street we found a large book store and bought three sf volumes which were unobtainable through the rest Exchange over here.

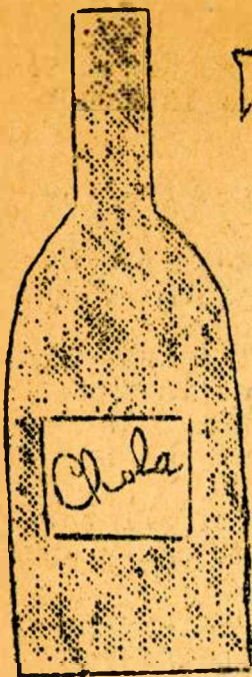
Jan called and said he'd found some free time at the office as something was being hold up and did we need any help getting on the right road out of Antwerp? Since we'd already obtained instructions on that sort of thing, we thanked him and let Jan get back to loafing.



After everybody had packed his bags we got in the car and continued on our trip, we spent several days in Belgium and Luxemborg, and returned home tired but glad to have met another fan.

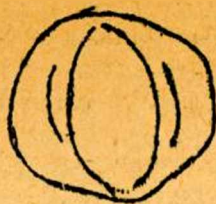
"I didn't join fandom, it joined me!!"





T

H E



B S E R V A T I O N



by Jim Benford

O S T



Well, I've been to the movies and here's the results:

REVENGE OF THE CREATURE is just a rehash of CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. It has the same plot with just a longer list of actors. As the film opens three men are entering the Black Lagoon on the Rita II (what happened to the Rita I?). After a short fight between the creature and a diver, the men explode charges of dynamite on the surface of the lagoon and the creep from the deep goes into a coma. So the men take him back to Mimia, where John Agar and Lori Nelson study him till he escapes, mauls a few people, and runs off into the ocean. After this he goes on a rampage and, as usual, makes off with the heroine. This all ends, however, with the creature being shot in the back by some cops. The movie is on the same level as CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, so you can form your opinion from there.

CONQUEST OF SPACE is a good factual movie taken from a book by Chesley Bonestell and Willy Ley. It all takes place in the world of the not too distant future when the space station (the wheel) has just been built and a trip to the moon is about to take place. At the last minute the destination is changed to Mars. When they arrive on the red planet the captain tries to return to Earth at the last minute, just before they land. Later he tries to blow up the ship and gets shot accidentally. The rest of the crew does some research in which they find that life can exist on Mars. Just before they leave the planet it falls in around their ears and they barely escape in time. This is an excellent film as it is factual in every detail. The people that produced this film did a fine job in special effects as the views of the space station, Earth, and various other objects in space are better than any I've ever seen. A fine view of the world of tomorrow.

THIS ISLAND EARTH is the much-reviewed, much-advertised movie that's supposed to be so ultra-super-good. In my opinion it isn't. The plot concerns a scientist who is drafted into an interplanetary war. The first part is to be noticed for it's close resemblance to the book, and the second for it's great use of special effects. Some parts of this film were unnecessary, such as the Mutant scene. It also denies a few scientific facts. Good, but it could have been better.

IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA is the typical stf terror tale about a huge thing from the sea. In this case the huge thing is an octopus that attacks San Francisco and does quite a bit of damage. It



should be recommended if just for the special effects on the giant octopus, which are good.

There's a new roge book out called the Fogo reek-A-Book. Kelly is in his usual grand style in this book. It will be of special interest to sf fans as it contains a takeoff on 1984.

It irks me to think of the number of writers that create stories of the normal-man-transferred-to-a-world-the-size-of-an-atom themes. These themes are based on the theory that the atom is a miniature solar system. I can think of four good reasons why this is impossiable. They are as follows:

1. The solar system is based on gravatational force. The atom is based on electrical force, therefore the energies and speeds in the atom are many times greater than the ones in our solar system. Also there are size differences in the planets of our system, but not in the atom.

2. The sun in our system contains 99% of all the mass of all the system, while in the atom there is little difference between the sizes of the protons, electrens, neutrons, and nucleus.

3. The types of orbits in the two systems are different, too. In our system the planets revolve around the sun on one plane, the ecliptic. In the atom the electrons circulate around the nucleus on different planes.

4. The planets revolve around the sun at different speeds. Mars takes two years, Saturn 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Pluto 248. The speed an electron whirls around it's nucleus is some thousands of million millions times every second.

Any comments on this subject?

NEWSY NOTES Donald E. Keyhoo's book, "The Flying Saucers From Outer Space", will be made into a movie titled "Attack of the Flying Saucers". ...AMAZING has gone monthly.....FAHRENHEIT 451 by Ray Bradbury is to be televised and possibly made into a movie.....1984 is being made into a movie.....TV's Space Patrol has folded.....Guy Madison is to star in a prehistoric monster picture, THE BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN.. ...IF and IMAGINATION have gone bi-monthly.....PLANET is gone..... all but two U.S. reprints in Britian have folded

This is the last Observation post. A new column which will review pocket books, movies, and all other items will start next issue. I'll still write it, but it will have a much greater scope and I think it'll bring more pleasure to me and maybe even you than this one. Hope you like my now column,

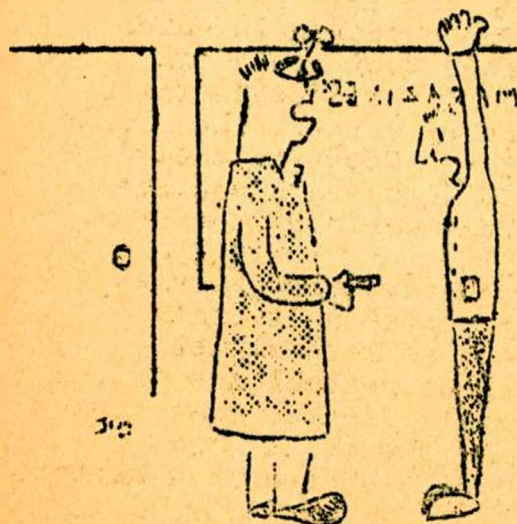
*Jim*

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TO A SPACEBUG !!!!!

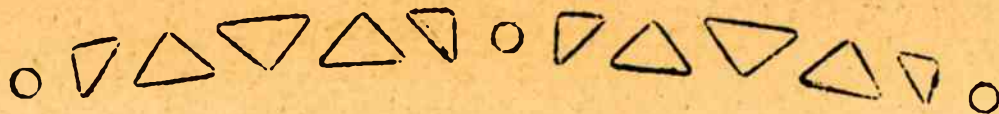
— "A rocket was soaring into space,  
It's team of four was ready in place." —  
This could have been the start of a song,  
But then, alas, something went wrong.  
Equations solved without one mistake,  
Computors still working - so much at stake !  
But all the computors on Earth never can  
Solve the unknown quantity: m a n !

---Ann Stoul



"OK, bud, where's  
The S-F section?"





# A TRAVEL IN TIME

by Ann Stoul

He had checked the machine a thousand times at least. Everything was in place. Somehow and somewhere, he knew, there were points in the eternal chain of reactions, which gave the perfect coordinates for travel in time.

The different aspects and relations of matter, space and time would be readable on the mst-indicator. The weak point in the whole structure was the sequence, in which effect and cause linked the other factors.

Of course there might be other weak links too, but that question could only be settled by the final experiment, the one he was going to make right now.

While he was making his last check, he wondered whether he should have provided for another plane, which would take care of emotional problems for, after all, the human element had been dealt short in the working of mechanical laws. But it was too late now. He had to try the tool just as it was. The very next hour would either carry him back to the 18th century or bring his ultimate defeat.

Here he was, Harry Willisbury, 36 years of age, tall and dark. Here he was, a man of the 20th century, and above all, the inventor of the time machine. Full of confidence in the soundness of his reasoning, he had constructed this device as the final result of years of research. He took his bag and went into the cubicle. A few switches were activated and immediately the apparatus was humming. So far all was well. The electronic indicators worked smoothly.

Ahead of him lay his first birth, behind him a short chain of reincarnations, abruptly halted in the 20th century by his own foolishness. Why did he have to invent a time machine. There was no future for him, only the past---the same past lived all over again. He had neglected the human element when he built the time traveling device, and he would do it again in a few centuries. So that was what happened to inventors of time machines when time was not yet ripe for the invention.

Harry fell into the open mouth of a dark channel. Blackness and warmth engulfed him. He would have liked to rest, but a strange force urged him on. Suddenly there was pain. He cried loud as his eyes opened to the light and awareness slowly faded away. "What a lusty little fellow," Heinrich von Willburg told his wife as he took his newborn son into his arms. The year was 874 A.D.. Never trust a time machine.



# MARKED

## VOID

by

the

readers

Well, whatta' ya' know, a new title!! And the letters are longer, more interesting, and more fannish this time, too. How's that fer an improvement? I warn you: if you're stupid enough to send a letter to me if it gets pubbed at all the best and juiciest parts (in your opinion) will be chopped to bits. And if you dare write me you have a small chance of getting in the department you are reading now, so ya' better yell long and loud if you don't want your missive printed. You have been warned. By the way, Jim cuts the letters now, so I'm not to blame. Look out, here they come.....

JULIAN RARR, Hauptstrasse 66, Rodenkirchen/Rhein, Germany, jubilates.....Waal, wad'yo know! rleased ter meet yuh, pardner--and all the rest of it. I was quite taken aback when I received your obviously American envelope with the German stamp; but was very pleased to find that there was another "foreign" fan out here. I was particularly pleased to find that you're a fanced. Boyoboy. I'd heard of VOID, but never knew it was published in Germany --- and here's me, working up a sweat trying to get the first German fanzine organized - and it was here all the time!

I had thought of "Alpha" as being an organ for English-speaking German fans ((nopo, Jan's AURHA is pubbed in Belgium and is mostly for British fans. He tries to get some Continental fans into his mag but so far he's only got a few peoplos )) (there must be a better phrase - perhaps Gerfans?) - but of course VOID might be considered to have the better claim, since it is published on heiliger deutscher Boden. ((I know exactly what Jan will say about this, but I'm going to let him have the first shot. I stand as Fort Sumpter.))

There was no chance of helping a German Fandom to establish itself without a regular promag, but now that UTOPIA has filled this "slot" (I believe that is the American offialese!) I am full of hope. The few English-speaking fans who are already in touch with international fandom can play an important role in introducing German fandom to older fandoms and wider fields. Walter Ernsting, editor of Utopia, from U is a Trufan in that he is not only interested in the success of his magazine but also in assisting the birth of Gerfandom: a couple of issues ago he started a readers speak department ((I know, he's sent me copies.)); and in the last issue he announced Utopia's support for the concept of German fan clubs. Ernsting, incidentally, is in close touch with 4sj Ackerman, who supports Utopia in many ways. All the lights are turning to green, and the way lies open for Gerfandom. There is just this impatient interregnum during the summer, when holidays Ferry VA disturb and evenings are light and pleasant. Once the dark autumn evenings arrive there will be founts of fance springing up all over Germany. And Utopia will be the main connecting link for the time being, for through Utopia the fans will be able to get to know





other readers in the same town or city. Walter Ernsting and I have hopes for a German convention next year: and I am already raising hopes for a World Convention in Germany in 1961 (because that year rhymes so well - "Le Bonn Con" Bonn in 61! or, as Ann Steul suggested, the BIGGERMANCON!)

The obvious next step is a German fanzine, a fanzine in German. Utopia is a promag and it cannot be expected to devote too much space to fanac. (In any case, I don't think it would be too advisable for fandom to become too dependent on a promag.) There are many potential fan subscribers and contributors (I

"Heads! I pub-lish a fanzine!" but few of them have any idea of a fanzine - so they must be shown for the first few months, until they found their own!

Incidentally, if Walter Spiegl told you I was a "Blimey" he's screwy! He must have meant a "Limey" - I'm told that this is a favorite American term for an Englishman. It comes from the old British navy, in the days when scurvy was a menace to sailors who lived for weeks on salted meat and biscuits, with no fresh fruit or vegetables to provide vitamins. It was found that if the sailors drank lime juice regularly they wouldn't get scurvy - so they drank it! And became known as "Limeys". The word "Blimey" is a Cockney exclamation - often combined with other "words" such as "cor blimey" or "Cor blimey luvaduck!" I'm afraid I can't offer an explanation of these!

So here's VOID. Which I liked very much. You'll soon get used to the duplicator and have a fine looking mag. ((let's hope so)) But may I suggest that Jim get the local stationer's or office equipment shop to show him all the various artist's devices he can use for stencils: he's got great scope and should make the most of it. ((Jim's been down to the nearest office supply store and he's not going back for quite a while. The clerk, dirty rat that he is, enchanted my dear brother with the things he could have to improve his art work "only for a small sum". I'd agreed before hand, thinking he'd get just a few things, to pay half of the cost. Brains. My wallet deflated so swiftly I looked around the shop in case anything had fallen out.)) I see that the inside front cover is blank: oh please use up the paper! What a pity to waste it! ((yes, what a pity!)) I see you're in touch with Ann - I've only just heard that she's in the hospital, and expects to have to lay there for six months. Poor kid - just as she was looking forward to the Twerpcon. ((a kid is a small goat!))

I'll skip Captain Video as I haven't had the pleasure-and hurtle myself at Joe Gibson, whose article was like a poke in the eye for me. Not because of it's subject-matter (I think the whole of fandom should take an interest in developments here in Germany and help where they can) but for other reasons which I'll try to explain. But firstly, is there so little news about fandom and sf in Germany? I must admit I haven't seen any reports myself, but I understood that Walt Spiegl has been sending reports across regularly for Fantasy-Times; furthermore 4sj is fully in the picture by reason of his close association with Walter Ernsting and Utopia. If the position is not known "over there" - then you, my dear Greg, had better do something about it! ((Let's of things are being done, and W.S.'s stuff has been in F-T several times. More news is on the way to Jim Taurasi now.))

Science fiction is struggling along as it struggled so long in England -- without the advantage English fans had before the war of being able to obtain US remainder pulps at fantastically cheap prices. On the other hand there are a large number of German sf novels (I have a list of 250 myself already) -- and on the other hand again the public library service over here is miserable, so that the adver-



ago reader of Utopia is unable to obtain more than the odd moth-eaten novel or two in his local library, and then is left stranded until Utopia comes out again. (In fact this enforced continence will provide fountains of energy if sublimated to fanac!)

Or they can buy science-fiction novels: there are a number on the market. Now, Greg, you make the point that Utopia is expensive - much too expensive. But this needs further comment: all German reading matter is expensive. Consider: a German newspaper costs 20 pfennigs: Utopia costs 5 times as much. Not unreasonable! So although DM 1 means a lot to a German, it is not an unreasonable price under the circumstances prevailing here. ((Okay, so I made a mistake. Alright! Get off my back!)) Soon there will be a UTOPIA-Sonderband published. It will offer four novelettes, a few short-shorts, and a few departments -- for DM 1,50 - a quarterly if it catches on with the readers (as I expect it will). ((I know about that new mag, Julian. As a smatter of fact, Walt had me write a short story for it. Glad he did, cause the money will help me out with this or VOID.))

Now Joe Gibson gets my goat, as I said. Not because of his opinions, but because of his sentiments. They are like salt in a raw wound. In fact, I should shut my fat mouth right now, for all I know I am prejudiced. But when I read "Every Nazi I ever met was merely a crackpot..." LATER--no, no, I've re-read Joe Gibson's article and tried to be fair and find that I'd been reading things into it which weren't there. Accept my apologies, Joe. Sorry.

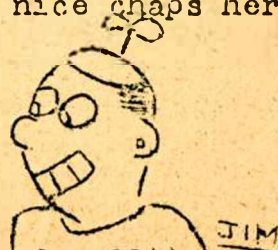
The trouble is, I am a convinced civilian, who despite my own wartime service have a deep distrust of the military's influence on developments. This is pure prejudice, I know, but it's one of my faults you'll have to bear with. Love me, love my dog! ((I find it very distasteful to think of anything or anybody even liking you a little bit. I like dogs, but...oh, are you married?)) I'm afraid I'm the weak-kneed type who has more respect for Man's peaceable pursuits, and who is always ready to cheer when a nation avoids a war or shows it fights unwillingly and with disgust at its own (necessary) actions. ((Grrrrrrrrr. Another one of them peacemongers!! Better watch it, kid.....Now here's a letter from the top pro in Germany, the only pro, in fact.....))

WALT ERNSTING, Muppichteroth/Siegkrs., Volken, Germany, who reports..... Returned from Frankfurt. Had a nice meeting with Walt Spiegl, Julian Parr, and Ray Z. Gallun. We met in the AMERICAN EXPRESS, where Walt Spiegl works. Gallun is a nice old chap who was very pleased to meet some Gorman fans. (I was traveling all together 400 Kilometers to speak with Mr. Gallun.) We went in a small hotel with terrible big prices, had a bottle of wine and several glasses of a dangerous sort of beer, and after that some Munchener and Nurnberger wurstchen. The best thing was that Ray was a fan too-not exactly a mad one, but quite a remarkable one. We had a lot of fun and got to know that Ray is staying a month or so in Tubingen before he leaves for Egypt to look for some aliens he believes to live under the sands of the Sahara.

After two hours of conversing Ray was quite drunk. We took some nice snaps and walked him over to his hotel. "You are nice chaps here in Germany!" he told us, meaning Julian Parr, too. "I will tell the fans in America how nice you are. Do not worry, they will help you!" So we left him and wished him good luck.

By the way, we had to leave him. He had a date with a redheaded girl-and redheaded girls are quite a dangerous lot.((Uh.....yeah.))

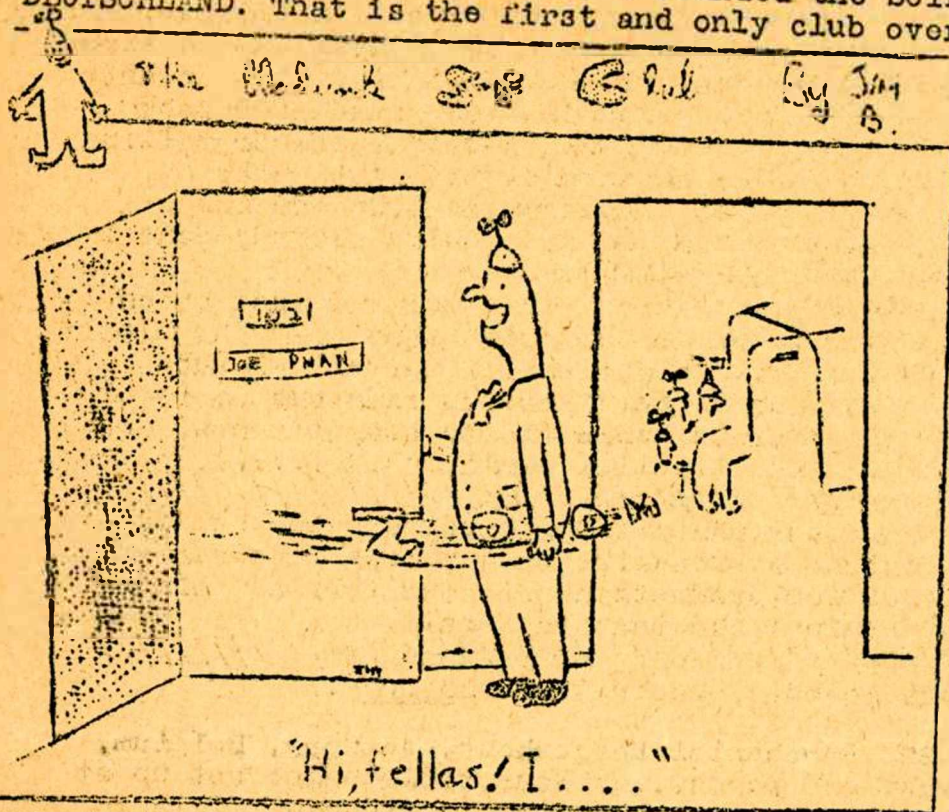
Well, dear Greg ((now, why does everybody call me dear??)), that is my report of yesterday's Frank-Con. A private con-but - con'





Thanks for VOID. (VOID stinks on page 13!) But never mind: I sincerely hope you will print a nice and long retraction in the 3rd issue of VOID. When you do that you may tell your fans ((my fans?)) that UTOPIA-Grossband has a letter column, since band 19. It is called METEORITEN and brings letters from the readers, articles by Ackerman, and book and film reviews. That was the first step to fandom-and I had some nice results. I am sure Ann Steul doesn't know of it, because she doesn't like UTOPIA so much.

In UTOPIA 22 (METEORITEN) I founded the SCIENCE FICTION CLUB DEUTSCHLAND. That is the first and only club over here and I hope to



unite in this Club all German fans. But I hope too that the 'old' fans are willing to help me and do not fail to cooperate with the neo-fans. (The old trouble in other countries - and in Germany, too!)

And that is where you can help me! Publish in VOID the fact that I founded the club. ((done)) President of honor is Forry Ackerman. To spread SF all over Germany I established a SF-library with books sent to me by American fans. Tell your readers that I need

more books and more mags for my club. I lend them out for nothing to every member of the club. ((Okay, all you guys who have stacks of old mags and pbs waiting to be thrown away, why don't you send them to Walt? They'll be going to a good cause and I'm sure Walt will appreciate it.))

In the letter column of UTOPIA I just bring the news of the club. Very little only, but later I want to start the fanmag ANDROMEDA in the German language for the German fans. I've got a fan who will do the mimeo. First issue out in October. ((Glad to hear something is happening on the Gerfandom scene, Walt. Keep up the good work!!))

ANN STEUL, 17 Falkenstrasse, Wetzlar/Lahn, Germany, mutters..

First of all I want to offer you my most hearty congratulations on a job well done. Whatever people might say now, at least VOID has become readable. This is not exclusively pertinent to the printing either, but also in so far as the large amount of it's content is concerned. ((Aw, shucks, (whisper) we didn't do much.)) Of course you might have found it in your hearts, (bless you) to check a little closer while in the stencil stage, but I guess you were just too eager to be off! And after all, the fanzine has yet to be found where there are no errors. ((Yeah, and I'm sure gonna' be lookin' for typos in your OMFAZINE when it comes out, Ann. He who laughs last laughs best. Ha.))

Unfortunately however, you will be forced to know and do and apology in your next issue, and it is not much of your fault, either.

Here is the reason why:



While discussing Utopia I told you I had done a translation of Campbell, published by Rabel-Verlag in Utopia. For this translation I have not yet been paid. But that is no fault of Walter Ernsting, who is handling Utopia. The Rabel-Verlag, this has been verified by another source, has paid the Literary Agency who sold my translation. When I have not yet received my due, this is solely to be blamed on the Literary Agency near Hannover. So you cannot speak about Walter Ernsting involved in shady deals! ((and I won't from now on, right, Walt?))

I do not know where you had your ears that afternoon in Wetzlar, and Greg always had his nose in one book or another ((There was an issue of EYPHEN I hadn't seen in your collection and all I did was glance through it a little bit...uh...well, maybe I did read some back issues of EVE, but that's all.)), but I distinctly remember telling you about the Agency, since it has another sf translation by me which has not yet been paid for. So please be so kind and issue a statement to this behalf in your next VOID. ((You've already done it, Ann, so lets drop the subject, hummmmm??))

One thing is sure, news travels fast in fandom. I must be one of the worst suckers around, I got deluged with fanzines. The bitter thing is, I cannot resist, and if they are half worth it-I subscribe. Fortunately the prozines do not have the same customers or I would soon have to sleep on zines. This has to stop somehow! How about an advertisement in VOID? ((well, I dunno, uh.....))

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Hear ye all!: Fan/fem Ann Steul wants all fan editors to know that she will under no circumstances subscribe to any more fanzines ever. So if you send unasked for productions of your fertile minds, do not expect coins in return - and that is final!

////////////////////////////////////  
((There's a free ad, but no more, understand? No more.))



JAN JANSEN, 222 Berchemlei Bongerhout, Antwerp, Belgium, goes half-crazy and raves..... Your title page: set up at the contents listing is nearly alright, though I fail to see a reason to mention Jim's name. Wouldn't it have been sufficient to just say: all illos by Jim? I object most strongly to your heading, though, knowing from contact that you don't drink alcoholics, I don't see why you should mention: Booze sold here! That is only following the lead of others, why don't you start plugging cola or coffee or something. That might draw some interesting remarks. Anyway, it would be something entirely out of the rut of things, which this isn't. Wouldn't it be better just to stick to Chola? Untio the Chola drinkers of the world? ((Right!! For years people like a certain J.B. (not Jim, the Jim you're thinking of anyway. A certain Jim with the last name of B-r-r-a-d-e-l-y.) have given non-fans Bad Impressions of fandom. If stf is to grow this sort of thing has to go. Start drinking things like repsi-Cola, Coke, RChola, and others. Give people a good impression and we will soon have a bigger fandom. Perhaps even a better fandom, who knows? So all you drunk fans--reform!! Reform for a better fandom!!

That what you mean, Jan?))

CHAS. ATHEY, 1995 Dixie Hwy, Hamilton, Ohio, gabs....

Thanks for the mag. May I ask what letter or sumpin' prompted you to send it to me? As most of the letters, etc. I write are aimed at controversy, if I only know which one started VOID my way I could try to start sumpin'. I like to argue with people far-far away, by mail, I find this agrees with my religion- I am an orthodox coward and I detest bodily injuries, they hurt.



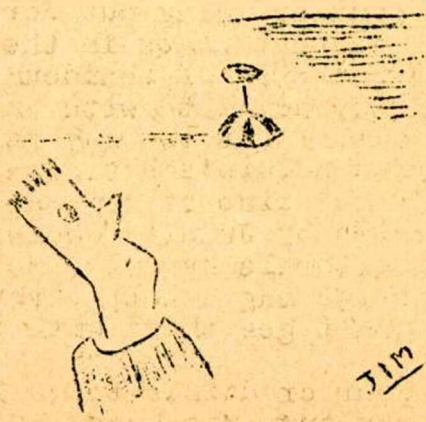
I don't have the slightest idea how I'm going to send a quarter to Germany, maybe you can use stamps, huh? You better, cause that's what I'm gonna' do. ((Note to any of you peopoles who might want to send me some money in the future, I can use stamps, either 2¢, 3¢, or 6¢ air mail. Take your pick. If you can't use or get stamps, every once in a while I take it into my little head to sub to some American fanzine. So I can always use quarters, dimes, nickles, and stuff like that. Oh yeah, I got your address from a guy with the initials of K.E., does that help you any?))

WALT SIEGL, 1 Platterstrasse, Niedernhausen/Ts, Germany, rambles..... Thru courtesy of Ann Steul I received numbers 1 & 2 of VOID. I had no idea you boys were spending your time and money editing a fanzine over here in Germany, a country known for it's near total lack of active sf fandom. However, there are indications now that a German sf club will come into existence in the not so very distant future, and, if I'm not mistaken, it will need the help of you boys. ((It sure duz, man, and me an' Jimbo are sho' helpin' out.))

Some comments re VOID: Needless to stress, the 2nd ish was better than no. 1. Joe Gibson's contribution "The Improbable Quest" was an excellent piece of fan literature. Put a tractor beam on that guy! What the zine needs, however, is a good artist for covers and interiors. ((I was under the impression that I had one. Will see if I can pry some more stuff out of Joe, but it'll be pretty hard. Joe'll be busy for a couple of weeks, for reason see Dick Ellington's letter below.))

DICK ELLINGTON, 113 W. 84th St., New York 24, N.Y., babbles  
....The cover, while not particularly well drawn, is cute (you should pardon the expression) and ditto the inside illos. Hoo-morous y'know. I'll vote for the cartoon covers over the serious ones unless you can latch onto some really hot artist. ((more cracks (tho this one wasn't meant that way) about the art)) Gibson is interesting as usual. By the by, here's a new address for him, to be used after the labor day weekend: 6708 South Merrill, Chicago, Ill. Joe has done got himself engaged and gets married the 25th to Roberta Collins. ((Gad, another man lost to the wolves! Will this ever end?))

Your fanzine reviews were good, maybe the best thing in the ish. The GALAXY checklist is an odd idea and would probably prove useful-but only if you put out a series, covering as many mags as possible. Will save this one anyway and see if you last long enough to put out a whole series. ((The checklist is no more, Dick, but I know we'll last long enough to put out checklists of every mag in existence.)) Looking back over that mimeo work it's very good instead of just better. Got nothing more to say and no more time to say it in anyway. Will enclose a quarter for a few more of these. ((Goshwow, now I can get a sub to another crudzine!!))



Well, there isn't room for any more letters, and besides, I haven't got any more good letters to print. So that ends the ltrrs. In case you might have a moment with nothing to do in, and decide to write, our address is on the contents page.

I'm running out of space, as usual, so you can go on to my second editorial and be charmed by more of my deathless prose. Go on, don't be afraid. I'll see ya' in this same column next time with some letters maybe even better than these.

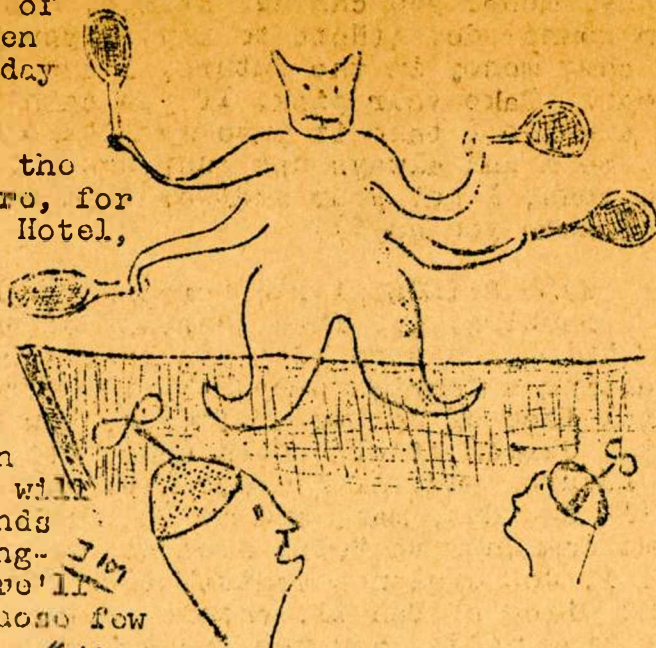


( continued from page 9 )

and publish a second edition of the Antwerpse Letterkundige en Wetenschappelijke Gazet Tuesday evening at my place.

Rosa is rather lucky in the way that I'm not a millionaire, for I'd build that famous Tucker Hotel, hold conventions regularly, and invite fans over every week. Perhaps it's just as well....

One thing is certain... we'll have another convention next year. Whether or not it will be held at Jean's place depends on the number of people coming - it ain't too large - but there'll be one and it'll last just those few hours longer to be able to arrange for suitable transport home for everybody, wherever they hail from. Aren't you coming????



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( continued from page 10 )

none, as a smatter of fact. Write Dick Ellington, 113 w. 84th St., New York 24, N.Y., if you're in the States, and be quick about it. This zine is worth getting.

MAGNITUDE, Ralph Stapenhorst, yo ed. 409 west Lexington Drive, Glendale 3, Calif. Quarterly, fotoffset. This issue, the second, is somewhat better in my opinion. For one thing, the offset job is better, and the type is clear as a result. The headings of this mag are almost professional. The use of black and white hatchings is sort of new to me, and the pictures from the CONQUEST OF SPACE are great. However, I can't help but think that this sort of thing has a limited audience these days. The editor has stated that he hopes the mag would someday earn the title of "fandom's Astounding". I myself wouldn't want that kind of reputation, as a fannish zine has more appeal to me. But Ralph isn't me, so good luck, and I hope you earn that title! A good example of this type zine, and if that appeals to you, get this. Oppps, price 10¢.

PSI, Lyle Amlin, ed. 307 E. Florida, Hemet, Calif. Irregular, about one a month, 5¢ per, duplicated. This fanzine is one of the smallest I've ever seen, and the material isn't too good, either. For some reason, the editor has decided to have two editorials, thus crowding out more material by other people. Lyle repeats himself several times in the eds, which makes them even more worthless. The Tar pits of rhandom is one of the foggiest articles I've seen in ages, complete with an appraisal of fandom which says nothing new at all. I bet the guy that wrote it, Vah Nietz, copied it from one of Vernon McCain's articles that shows up every so often. The best thing in the zine by someone other than the ed is a review of THIS ISLAND EARTH by Juanita Coulson. For some strange reason, tho, I liked the two editorials by Lyle. He has a pretty good style, but he needs to expand the mag a lot. Perhaps someday, Lyle, you'll be a top faned. But you won't get there with this zine, I'm afraid. Take it or leave it.

Only one more line! Bye now, and send all your crudzines to me if you want them mangled like the above. Now you may turn the page.



ABS. .... by GAB (my initials, in case you didn't know)

This is the last stencil I type this issue. As soon as you finish this it will be a whole two months before VOID will be seen. Aren't you sorry you've finished the issue?.....I've just been informed by Walt Ernsting that Forry Ackerman will read this of VOID. Imagine! The great 4e reading this little fan's efforts. Forry, if you're out there lost in the great readership of this sterling magazine, I just want to say.....now what would I want to say to Forry Ackerman? Undoubtedly a million thoughts will pop into my mind as soon as this stencil is run off.....This fan is just getting to know British fandom, and I must say it's sure got quality! Chuck, Walt, Vinç, Bosh, John, and all those others are sure good writers. Too bad they're British, tho.....(don't throw anything, fellers, I didn't mean it!!!)

The editorial, now that I look back at it, seems sort of stuffy. Don't know why, but it just seems to be neo-fannish....Please excuse the margins this issue. The machine we have will never be able to do halfway decent margins on top and bottom, so we took the way that would give the most space. Okay??.....I'm afraid during the winter VOID will be a few pages smaller, because of the school work I'm going to have to do. But don't let that stop you from contributing, no sirree!! VOID will probably be a little late, too, because of the same thing.

Jan, in his article thish, asked how I could help Gerfandom get on it's feet if I have no knowledge of the German language. Well, I plan to publish a introduction to fandom in German shortly after this issue goes out, by getting Julian Harr to translate it. Also I can contribute to the forthcoming German fanmag. And I can help with the convention to be held next year. Besides, I'm taking a course in advanced German this year, so maybe that will help.

Running out of space (gad, but it goes fast!) so I'll see you next issue.

Yers,

*Muz*

VOID,

% Lt. Col. J.A. Benford, RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED  
Hq. 594th F.A. Bn.,  
APO 169, New York, N.Y.

FORWARDING ADDRESS, IF AVAILABLE, WOULD BE APPRECIATED  
Here's VOID:

- |                                                       |                                                                   |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> You've contributed.          | <input type="checkbox"/> Please reply by Air Mail.                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> You is a subber.             | <input type="checkbox"/> This is the <u>last</u> copy you'll see. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> You is a member of the SFCD. | <input type="checkbox"/> unless you do something about it.        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wanna' trade?                | <input type="checkbox"/> You are a BNF in ( ) Belgium,            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> This here is a sample; good? | <input type="checkbox"/> British, ( ) American, ( ) German        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Will 'ya' pliez review this? | fandom. Good for you!!                                            |

TO:

Ralph Stapenhorst,  
409 West Lexington Drive,  
Glendale 3, Calif.



Trade

