

OUT OF THE VOID
by Greg Benford

DEUTSCH DEROGATION
by Greg Benford

VOID, ESQUIRE
by Ellis Mills

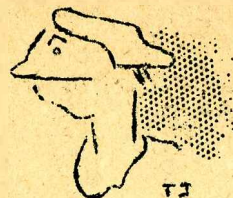
VOID REVIEWS
by gab

GERMAN REVIEW
by Julian Parr

The letters are
MARKED VOID

OUT OF THE

VOID



After all those statements like "Hurry up and write cause the next issue comes out in a month!" in VOID 5, I'm ashamed to say that it ain't. No. I have gone gafia for a while, or rather had, for I'm not now, and did exactly nothing on VOID or correspondence or anything for several weeks. Maybe this VOID is a witness to this fact, for it's a small 20 pages, unlike the last issue. Sorry.

At long last Jim and I have made a decision. We are getting tired of slaving away over a hot flatbed mimeo, and have tried to obtain a rotary model from various sources. Now, some of you over in the States may think finding a good model for a small amount of money is pretty easy, if, repeat, if it's second hand. That's what we thot, too, but our luck must be all shot this year, for there just aren't any such things over here.

First, taking what I thot was the logical step, I looked for a friend who knew about mimeos and might have one for sale. It would be even better if this person was a fan, and could probably understand better, wouldn't it? Yeah. So naturally I thot of one Rose Ebert first, since she operated a mimeo shop (or I figured she did -- having seen somesuch statement in a fanzine) and would know about second hand things. I wrote. She replied. No, no companies which are large are handling second-hand mimeos, yes, you can get one from a local store if you're lucky, and yes, I've got one to sell. I wished to know how it worked and if it was good, because she stated the amazing price of \$15 for it, and that's pretty cheap any way you go. So, naturally, I replied fast. And she replied that she was sorry, but her husband was dismantling it to repair the newer model they had. There went another chance.

Over here the only contact as to prices back in the States is through the Sears&Roebuck catalog, so natch I consulted it. \$42.50 for a mimeo. A little expensive, but we could make it. But we wanted to get it pretty fast, and not in six weeks (it would take us that long to save for it), so I did a little fast thinking and came up with some other sources: (1) Try a special store downtown that sells second-hand everythings, in other words, about everything under the sun or (2) Salvage a mimeo from the Army salvage dump and repair it somehow. We're going to try all three sometime in the near future, so if the next issue doesn't look like this one you'll know we got one.

With this new mimeo that we hope to get there'll be a change of policy, too. Starting next issue we will decide our policy by what is at hand and if it is good or not. No fanzine ever became well-known and had a wide circulation if it kept to one special theme, and with a rotary model VOID can increase circulation. The only thing that held us back was the time involved to run off many copies over 100, so with a better machine we'll probably increase both size and circulation -- possibly VOID will go quarterly with 40page issues. But enuf of mimeos and such, and I'll run off to mimeo this page and assemble the issue and send it to you. Thanks for listening and I'll see you next issue -- hail Trufandom!

--- greg

EDITORIAL NOTE: The following not-play is written in the hope of expressing the True Personality of Gerfandom and a few outsiders such as myself. This Dero will be a one-shot affair, and I hope it will show all of you the real atmosphere of good will, etc, in which Gerfandom works, and that you might see the real cooperation we have here. And no offence intended, either.

D EUTSCH

D EROGATION

PLACE: A Deutsch meeting at Walt Spiegl's house.

Greg Benford: When Belgifandom crumbles under the overpowering forces of Gerfandom, I think we ought to set up a ruling group composed of the best Belgifans, the ones we like, that is, so they can run their own show.

Jan Jansen: why?

Greg B: why what?

Jan J: Why will you crush Belgifandom? Are you sure you can? Who said you were going to overrun the fine, glorious, serconfannish fandom I have labored so long to construct? Who said you could ever defeat the mighty fortress ALPHA? Who, huh?

Rose Ebert: As an impartial observer of the passing pagent of human events, it seems to me that this argument is useless, as neither side has actually done anything yet.

Walt Ernsting: Just a minute here! Look at the great things Gerfandom has! The SFCD! UTOPIA! YKS! VOID! And even FANTUM! I wish only to unite the Continent, not cause a major split! Take heed to the great words!

Ann Steul: Yeah, and make it a 'we love WE society.' Sorry, not for me. I will not mix with Herr Ernsting, who a filthy pro ist. Fannish fandom is a lot better than this sercon sun-worshippers thing you've got.

Jim Benford: This is getting rather sickening.

Ellis Mills: What is?

Jim: This whole thing about fandoms springing up and this fandom taking over that fandom, Belgifandom has three more members than Gerfandom, we are strongest. Ugh.

Walt: I've told you before, if you want to be fannish, don't come to me. I like a good joke, yes, but not when we've got the pore littl neofans around. We are adults, but the little kiddies cannot throw bheer cans as hard as we. I might get sued.

walt Spiegl: I think this statement deserves some sort of credit and

comment, but at the present moment I can't think of one.

Ellis: You never do.

Rose Ebert: That's the trouble with fans these days. Everyone is reaching for pleasure, and no one bothers to stop and think about the world and the True Implications of human Society. The trouble with the few of us---if not all---present is that we cannot Think Deeply and Deduce The Truth from Other's Sayings.

Klaus Unbehaun: What was that?

Jan Janson: Please, don't disturb her Deep Thots.

Walt E: What was she talking about?

Greg: Please, let's not start another one of those discussions. Has anyone here read The Lonely Crowd?

Walt S: Not again.

Julian: Well, now that you think about Rose's statement, there is some truth in the thing.

Klaus: Like what?

Julian: Well, well.....well.

Jim: Boy, what a brilliant answer.

Julian: Please, retain your silence when speaking to me.

Ann: Twinnies, hush.

Greg: Whackfan.

Walt E: Let us not be reduced to the level of Ann Steul and her fannishness.

Klaus: Yes, Walter, you are right. We must stay together if we are to beat off the attacks of these carnival-party fans.

Jan: What the heck is a carnival-party fan?

Walt E: Since you're not in Gorfandom, I don't think you would understand.

Jan: Are you implying that Belgifandom is below your bunch?

Walt: No, I am merely suggesting that you are not in the innermost conversations that go on between us. I do not wish to split the Continent, but join it together in a good, solid organization.

Ann: Where have I heard that before?

Greg: Did you hear about the hero-worshipping fan we have among us? I won't mention her name, but she's a very good friend of Jan's, and had a story in his fanzine. If any of you received letters from her like I did, you'd really be surprised.

Julian: Since there are only two femmefans present, it makes it sort of

hard to keep from reaching the logical conclusion. Greg, when considering things like this, you must take into account the people present, their opinions, their feelings, and such. Not to do so could result in a very bad scene. Therefore, before you continue, I think you could and should consider all those viewpoints, and then go ahead.

Greg: Are you through, Julian?

JP: Yes.

Greg: Then may I say I have taken into account the full implications of your speech, and will act accordingly. Her name is Ann Stoul.

Julian: I thought you were going to heed the words of my wisdom.

Greg: Yes.

Julian: Yos? What knid of answer is that?

Jim: It's better than some of yours.

Rose: As an impartial observer of the passing pagent of human events....

Ellis: ...you don't see that anyone has proven anything, and therefore recommend dropping the subject.

Rose: Exactly.

Klaus: Why did you break in like that, Ellis?

Ellis Mills: I hadn't had a line since that "you never do" on the second page. What am I supposed to do if the guy won't even give me a decent line?

Greg: The correspondence Rose and I have been carrying on is very interesting because it's got deep, innermost meaning.

Walt S: Not another one of those 'deep, symbolic' things, I hope.

Ann: Yeah, you always get into those tarpits of wisdom discussions.

Jim: Now that you mention it, I was glancing through the first issue of ANDRO and I noticed a place just before that "What Is With Galaxy" article, where you mentioned 'Cool Jazz' and 'Dixieland'. What gives with the rock 'n roll jag, WE?

Rose: Excuse me, but what language are we speaking now?

Jan: Engnilish, of course, jazzed up, but still Engnilish.

Walt E: Oh, it was just a note on Americans and their jazz. Nothing important.

Ann: Yes, after that crummy first issue I don't blame you for saying it was of no importance. Ech.

Walt E: See, Klaus, I told you these so-called fannish fans looked down on us! Now you have evidence for your own eyes! See, Forry was right.

Boyd Raeburn: How insufferable th se sercon fans can get.

Walt E: We of the SFCD like a joke as well as you do, but at the moment we have to shelter the neofans. Let us not degress at the moment.

Ann: Bravo again.

Julian: I'm glad nobody at the wotzCon tried to drink hair cream. That would have really been strange, seeing that none of the Gorfen ever heard of Vorzimer.

Walt S: Who is Vorzimer?

Julian: See, I told you they didn't know who he was.

Greg: I know, and I'm a Gorfan.

Jan: Well, you might call yourself a Gorfan, but not a real one. You've been in active fandom before, and that's something entirely different.

Ellis: Hey, Walt, did you really pour water on somebody at the WetzCon, like it said in Greg's con report? You might be another Ellison.

Ann: Hi ho, said A. Rowdy.

Walt Spieg1: Who's A. Rowdy?

Roso: Oh, he was just a rowdy.

Greg: Once there was a mountain range called Lin that completely surrounded five nations. And these countries were forever known as the InterLinNations.

Ernsting: Ohhhhh, I feel sick.

Jan: And then there was the fan who always greeted his friends with "HY-PHEN!"

Julian: I wrote a letter to Doan Grennell and asked him how his fanzine developed and enlarged. Later I got a pocsared saying, "Oh, it just GRUE."

Ellis: I came into the barracks the other day and right by my bunk there sat a big TRIODE.

Walt Ernsting: Good lord, I can't stand any more of these puns. Let me out of here.

Ann: Well, the end of Walt Ernsting is a good note to end on, I think.

And they did.

-GB



VOID,

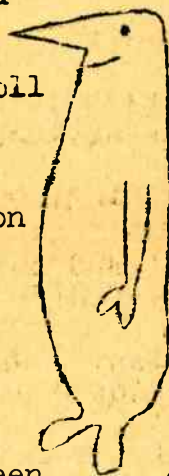
Esq.

~ Ellis Mills

I have been asked, at a time when I was obviously out of my mind (I agreed), to write an article for VOID anent my safari into Darkest Benfordland. Sanity returning, I began to regret having made such a rash statement, however, I did promise to write. All I can say now is, "Alright Greg Benford, you asked for it and you're going to get it---right in the mailbox!"

While I was otherwise enjoying myself at the WetzCon, I met the Benford twins. (One little realizes what a calamity that is until one gets the chance to meet them. Don't.) They invited me to visit them at their home in Giessen. "Not next weekend as we have VOID to put out but perhaps later." I managed to restrain myself until the 28th of January, two full weeks after the WetzCon, then assuring myself that the work on VOID would have been safely accomplished I ascertained the schedule of the military bus running to Giessen, packed some tapes in my trusty taperecorder, grabbed "We're going to be the first ones to have a report on the Wetz-Con!" ----- GAB

my hairbrush-combination traveling kit and my 16mm Bolex and Howell movie camera and scurried off to the bus stop. I took the base shuttle bus to the main gate, then walked a block to catch the bus to Oberforsthaus, transferring to the Strassenbahn 15 to ride to the Hauptbahnhof. From the Hauptbahnhof a short ride on 17 Strassenbahn brought me to the NACOM Headquarters gate D and the Army bus for Giessen. I arrived with about ten minutes to spare before the bus departed, which time I spent working at a crossword puzzle. When the bus finally started, I laid aside my puzzle to enjoy the scenery. The next twenty minutes were spent navigating the streets and alleys of Frankfurt. When I was beginning to hope we were on our way, the bus turned into a driveway and parked behind the Frankfurt Army Hospital for fifteen minutes. Puzzle again. Once more on the high road we sailed merrily along, through every small town between Frankfurt and Giessen with stops at each. (It seemed that way anyhow!) Finally the bus pulled up at the Giessen Exchange Commissary.



I had been directed by Greg to dismount and take the 'starlight walk' to the Starlight theatre, then to look around for the bowling alley as he and Jim were spending time that could have been utilized in getting VOID ready attending bowling club meetings. Naturally, he expected me to arrive at about 11:45. The mere fact that the bus did not leave Frankfurt (the

Wanted: Portable degravitator for tape recorder. Send details to VOID, BOX

NULL-1.

only bus on Saturdays) until 12:10 mattered not. I staggered the distance to the bowling alley only to find it void of Benfords. I asked the manager if I could borrow his telephone to call them. When Greg answered we could hardly understand each other. I still think the manager ought to have let me take the phone outside; some people have no faith in human nature. And so Greg hurried down to the bowling alley and escorted me to the mansion. 7



Jim had gone to the library and thence to the bus stop to wait for me. Greg and I were relaxing and wondering if Jim was getting cold waiting for me when he walked in. We discussed fanzines and the WetzCon and I tried to read the WetzCon report from the master copy of VOID. Certain parties indicated that I was delaying the publication of VOID 5 so I curled up in a corner with a stack of fanzines and let Greg finish typing the report. I set up my tape recorder and played soothing (?) music while Greg worked, and then we started a short tape to WAW which we finished after supper. The twins and I ate a hearty supper while their parents explained that they were dieting and really weren't very hungry. After supper Greg continued typing and Jim got busy reading a

book so he could write up one of those wishy-washy reviews on it. (Ouch! Those styls hurt!) I glanced through the twins collection and picked out an old AMAZING to read when Col. Benford looked in and suggested it was about time to retire.

Sunday morning dawned bright and early, without me. I didn't get up till after 8 o'clock. After a hearty breakfast we read the editorial section of the Sunday paper (Pogo, etc.). Sunday after dinner, the parents left and the twins decided to take some pictures. I declared it was too dark to use "This roll of film has traveled 6000 miles since I shot the first twenty feet." -- EM

the movie camera. I save more film that way! It wasn't too dark to use the twins camera so they took turns posing. We trooped back into the apartment to warm up, then gathered five stencils, the flatbed, ink, paper, slip sheets, two card tables, a chair (for me) and another back ish of AMAZING (also for me). We adjourned to the attic. The twins prepared the flatbed and ran off one sheet of VOID. Then I was forced to put down the AMAZING and gather the sheets just completed neatly in a pile while Greg and Jim put on the next stencil. In this wise we continued, until, having completed the last stencil, we once again took up the Fan Man's Burden returning post-haste to the apartment. All that remained to be done on VOID 5 was the contents page and the cover. Jim insisted that I look through the fanzine collection. I tried, believe me I tried! Every time I saw something I wanted to read, Jim would thrust another stack of fanzines at me muttering that I wasn't looking at the collection. (I could feel hurt except for the fact that I did the same to Walt Spiegl when he visited me Christmas day. Bread cast upon the waters!) Soon it was time for me to depart. Col. Benford drove me to the station and the twins came along to make sure I didn't sneak back into town. I boarded the D train (schnellzug) and arrived speedily at the Frankfurt Hauptbahnhof. As I walked out the door of the station I saw the 22:30 bus to the base pull away from the curb across the street. Undismayed, I boarded the 15 Strassenbahn for Oberforsthaus arriving two minutes after the bus for the base left and 58 minutes before the next one. As it was cold I decided to return to town and catch the 11:30 bus direct to the base. I boarded the next Strassenbahn 21 heading downtown only to discover it was on its last run and didn't go to the Hauptbahnhof. I got off and waited for the 15. As I waited I grew more and more apprehensive as 11:30 approached. The 15 Strassenbahn came at last and deposited me at the Hauptbahnhof in time to catch the 11:30 bus, the last bus of the night. In due time I was again deposited in front of my barracks, thoroughly bushed and chilled through and through.

8 My trip to Giessen was fini.

VOID REVIEWS

There's only a few pages of fanmag reviews this time, since not such a long while has passed between VOID 5 and 6. The crop of fanzines has been a little small, but you will probably get bigger ones next issue. But, as the old proverb sez, strike while the iron is hot...

OOPSLA!, Gregg (two 'g's) Calkins, editor.

2878 East Morgan Drive, Salt Lake City 17, Utah. 15¢ each, bi-monthly (ha), Gestentered on pink, green, orange, blue, red and other assorted colors of paper. Suprisingly, Gregg (two 'g's) has managed to get out one issue within two months of the other, tho Therbligs suffers because of this fact. Because of the loss of THE HARP by Walt Willis and Bob Silverburg's FANZINE FANFARON and the addition of a few columns that usually don't usually inhabit this region, OOPS is a bit off the usual mixture this issue. Not that it's below standard, though, far from it. Lee Hoffman is back from a long, loud silence and adds a lot with her description of Washington and the fen who rove around there. Bloch rambles on and on about humor and comedians for a while and then Phyllis Economou has something called "Cats Unlimited", which is reprinted from FAPA.....personally I didn't get the whole thing as a humor piece. Vern McCain is really good at doing almost any sort of column, and proves it by showing up with his Mark. Jawn Berry is here again with yet another story of Irish fandom and then Terry Carr tells us about a meeting in 1940 with his Face Critturs. Therbligs has always been my favorite in OOPS (except possibly THE HARP, that is) with its letters and editorializings and whotnots. OOPS? A real good mag...in my opinion the best for that side of the Pond.

ISFA, a huge thing from Ed McNulty. 5645 N. Winthrop, Indianapolis, Ind. No price listed, but I imagine a letter will get you one, quarterly, maybe a little more frequent if he has time, mimeoed. Apparently Ed has some affection for airplanes, as the zine has several of the little things flying about the contents page, the bacover, and all inside. The cover is an awful thing done in green and red ink. Not that green and red make a cover bad, in fact the work with the flatbed (I think that's what he does it with) is pretty good....but the illo could have been drawn by a five year-old. The middle pages of the zine are devoted in some places to "art", being mostly girls and one abstract. "Away In A Manger" by Tom Stratton is a long and boring Clevention report whose high point is the illo of the hotel on the title page. Stratton goes on for nine pages with dull pharagraph after dull pharagraph of reporting, which is the "we went here and we did this and then we went there..." type. Someone named Jack Daniels writes fairly well on fandom and its results on teenagers and thereby creates the best thing in the 50-page issue...in the non-fiction department, that is. Warren Link does a good job on a story about the undertaker of the future that I think he could have sold to a prozine. A few miserable souls try to write poems and Tom Stratton does a fair satire and from then on the issue goes column-like except for a very good and witty review of "Cat Women Of The Moon" by Gene Deweese. If ISFA was smaller, and contained the good material it publishes, it would be a good fanzine. But right now it wastes space and only reaches the rating of adverage despite all of its space and work.

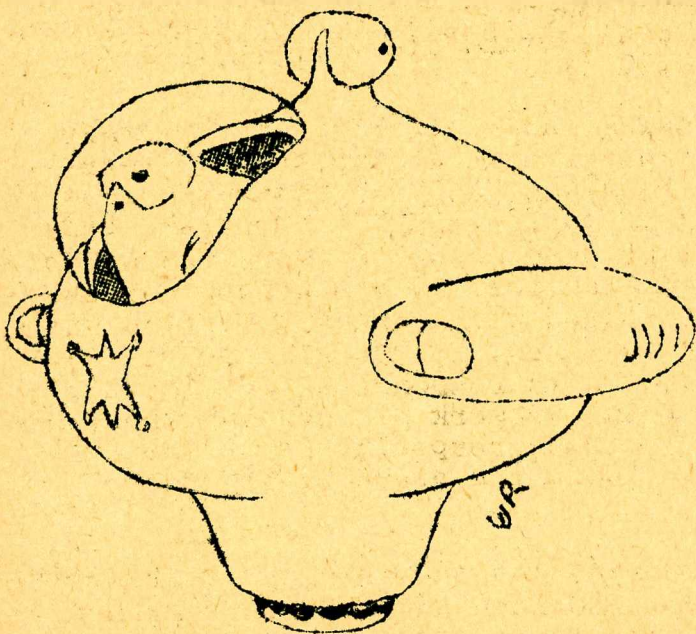
MAGNITUDE, Ralph Stapenhorst Jr., ed. Horizon's Enterprises, 409 West Lexington Drive, Glendale 3, Calif. 10¢ each, 6/50¢, quarterly, photo offset. It's been a good half year since the last "quarterly" issue of Maggy came out, but as Ralph says, sometimes it's hard to get the right

type of material for a fanzine that wishes to be called "fandom's ASTOUNDING." In many ways the time shows, tho, in the neatness its pages reflect, the care taken in the layouts, the delicate shading, and the better typing. The material itself is better, too, and more polished. "How To Become A Science Fiction Writer — Like Me" by Ed Clinton, Jr. is a pretty good article, and contains some good sense. The story "Remember Us" taken from a tape by Paul Arram and Tad Duke really should have gone into some prozine, I think, for it's real quality. Toward the back there are a few movie columns, as can be expected of any fanzine in earshot of 4e, and there's even a picture from one of Disney's space films. The material, though, isn't

really the main asset of Maggy. With Ron Cobb and company on tap Ralph has loaded his zine with large illos of high quality. But then, what did you expect from a pro?

Maggy right now isn't actually fandom's aSF, but if the C-D group keeps this sort of work, I suspect it soon will be. It'll bear watching, anyway.

SCIENCE FICTION BUGLE, Mike Dunn, ed. 30th F.A. Group, APO 165, New York, N.Y. Ten a year, I think, 5¢ each, 10/45¢, mimeoed. Taking into account the fact that the editor is only 8 years old (A record of some sort, I believe), SFBugle isn't too bad. Tho the contents are very small and the duplication is pretty bad, what can you expect? It's only a second issue,



and I think SFB will improve a lot in the next few numbers. I'll pass judgment then.

NFFF TRADER, Ray Schaffer Jr., editor. 4541 Third Street N.W., Canton, Ohio. 10¢ each, 3/25¢, bi-monthly, mimeoed. What with three mags coming out all together claiming to recover the late and great KAYMAR TRADER's circulation, there was a bit of confusion in the ranks of fandom as to who actually had the title. Well, it seems now that Ron Smith has brought KAYMAR into his INSIDE & SF ADVERTISER, making it three titles for one mag. Ron Voigt will soon (if not already) publish a new trading mag, and now Ray has come out with N3F TRADER. As he says, INSIDE & SFA can handle the large circulation ads, i.e., the people who want to reach the largest number possible. It looks like NFFF and Ron Voigt will be battling it out to see who gets the smaller ads, and Ray appears to have the edge since he came out first. May the best man (or mag, as it may be) win.

ROT, Mal Ashworth, ed. 40, Makin St., Tong St., Bradford 4, Yorks, England. Free for a letter or something, very irregular, mimeoed. Of course the first thing I said when Mal's mag arrived in the mail was "What hath Ghod Rot." but that didn't help much 'cause it was still there and I couldn't throw it away---after all, he sent it to me. The fact is, though, that ROT is very readable, and contains the same old spirit as the late and great (again) BEM. There's the same old reckless cover, the long editorial with all sorts of subjects, and unlike the old BEM, there are actually some Rotsler illos. I myself would advise very muchly getting ROT....and I refuse to say it's ROTten.

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And that's all for this issue.....small, but necessary.

Review

A COLUMN BY

ERMAN

julian parr

FANTUM No. 1, Spring, 1956. (Editor: Anne Steul, Wetzlar/Lahn, Falkenstrasse 17, Germany; Publisher: Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei Borgerhout, Antwerp, Belgium; irregular? price DM 0,70 (1s.2d. or about 18¢))

My immediate reaction on seeing FANTUM, Anne Steul's first German-language fanzine (one of the surprises she gave us at the WetzCon) was astonishment. For whereas her OMPazine FanANNia had been crude and primitive in layout, art-work and standard of duplicating, FANTUM is a very superior publication, and on appearance it earns a place among the leaders of the world's fan press. But I soon realized that my comparison had been unfair; the new fanzine should not be compared with FanANNia or even with ANDRO, which were both 100% German (and 100% neo, if you will permit the term), but rather with ALPHA, for Jan Jansen is responsible for layout, script headings, duplicating and most of the artwork of both fanzines. And if I find FANTUM the better of the two in these respects, it is the full-page illustrations of John Ashcroft and ATOM which serve to tip the scales....

Anne has put into practice a very worthy and suprisingly constructive idea: to translate and reprint items from American and British fanzines in order to show Gerfen the cream of mature fanac, to give them standards against which to judge their own efforts, and to point out some of the directions their own fanac will take - if they wish. For this purpose most of the reprints were well-chosen. You will know many of them already so they need only be listed: Bob Linden's "American and British SF" (a comparison which originally appeared in "Andromeda" 13); a long Wilson Tucker story from "Time Stream", Fall, 1951; a short introduction to ESP by Ted Mason; and "Topsy", the first part of John Brunner's NuFu analysis of SF. Finally, part of Bob Tucker's "Neofan's Guide."

There is only one Gerfan contribution: a short story by "Jorge Z. Lancha". This was quite effectively written except for the host of meaningless exclamation marks. These are inserted in an attempt to force the reader to get excited about the arrival of a middle-aged couple Marjorie and Jerry Halk, stars of the Terran Space Patrol, at "Destination Zgunoyi." After having traced "indecipherable space radio signals" to this apparently uninhabited planet of a green star, they suddenly loose consciousness and recover to find themselves back at their villa in Chicago--their spaceship parked on the lawn outside! They realize that the inhabitants of that far planet "must have possessed unimaginable telekinetic powers," and then they sense a telepathic voice which warns them and the rest of humanity to keep away from Zgunoyi. Ant that's that.

No doubt you miss the snappy ending you're used to in such two-page shorts, but in my experience German fiction is quite often depressingly straightforward, and a twist or surprise ending seems to be the exception rather than the rule. But I've never been able to understand why

exclamation marks (and, incidentally, very short, tense sentences) are scattered so liberally throughout German pulp literature. For the fun of it I counted them in "Destination Zgunoyi" and found them rounding off 24 of the total of 54 sentences! This is quite ineffective abuse of punctuation, for the eye soon begins to ignore the exclamation marks, particularly after seeing them used to try to conjure up thrills in such sentences as: "The morning twilight flooded the wide plain....with a milky green light!" "It was the year 2122!" "The door closed automatically behind them!" and so on.

The only other original material (apart from a letter from BoBloch commending Ann's venture) is her own: a review of American and British promags and pbs (in which she bemoans the poor quality of Utopia novels); reviews of fanzines (in which she gives the editorial addresses of eleven but carefully omits that of the twelfth - ANDRO) and an editorial.

In her editorial Anne sets out FANTUM's aims. Firstly and most emphatically, FANTUM does not seek to promote an interest in SF ("What a sorry affair the fanzine would be if this were its purpose!"); but rather to show the German "SF-Freund" what's going on "outside". "While SF as a literature itself is the common bond" and although "some of us have literary ambitions," readers have varied interests and FANTUM will bring up "philosophical, sociological, religious and other questions" for discussion. "If you prefer to consider scientific subjects it will be possible to get something on these lines, too, - but I believe we are most interested in current affairs or rather their future shape - e.g. Social questions of today and their solutions in SF; Genetics and SF; Why SF today?; Is SF merely escape literature?; The 'New Look' in SF; Einstein's message; and so on... (I must confess, I find this programme quite attractive - but then, I'm SerCon...) "There will also be some humor in our approach - we are not only interested in all these matters which move us, but welcome fannish activity on the part of our readers..." (Don't shoot the translator; it's Anne herself who keeps mixing the editorial We's and I's!)

It's not difficult to guess who is the target for a number of aspersions Anne casts in her editorial, although she never mentions a name. "In international circles," she writes, "there is a taboo against earning money on a fanzine" (but I note that FANTUM costs more than ANDRO!). In the actual review of ANDRO she does not mince words: ANDRO "is not a fanzine as the rest of the world understands fanzines. No! The difference is that the editor of this fanzine is a dirty old pro." And, she goes on, "since Herr Ernsting is a filthy pro, he can hardly wonder at others making life miserable for him." (was this the hate that launch'd a thousand tiffs, and scorched the topless towers of Gerfandom?)

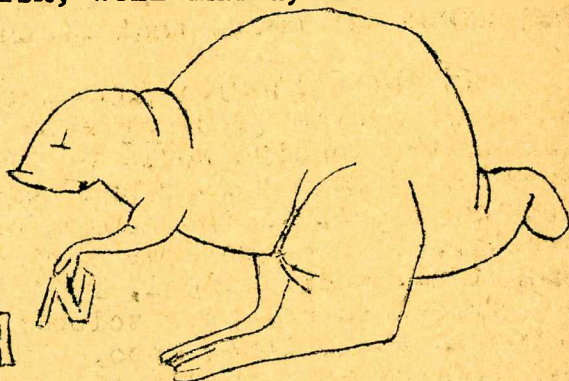
Now just watch Anne get lost in the ramifications of her own vindictiveness: "Here we have the clubzine of the SFCD," she writes, "in which those people gather who are less interested in SF as a literature than in rockets, the exploration of space and similiar things... I'm fed up to the teeth with rockets and such cheese, which belong so much to the present that it's impudence to bring these curds as SF... In my opinion ANDRO is the best means one could use to frighten youth away from SF. And all the world over fandom is not based on SF alone, so why shouldn't this apply in Germany?" She then recalls that Germany had given the world great "Engineering Novels", and asks Ernsting to get "something new, something German" rather than slavish American-type stuff ("Epigonentum a la Americana - sic) -- "It's up to you whether fans get something new or have to follow in the ruts left by the others."

We have thus arrived at the amusing paradox that Anne Steul, who brings almost wholly foreign reprints, criticizing Walter Ernsting for following too closely in American footsteps and not developing native talent! Needless to say, Walter Ernsting brings the same reproach against Anne (in ANDRO 3). This is feuding with a vengeance; such arguments need no longer be taken seriously...

- - - - -

ANDROmeda No. 3 Feb/Mar 1956 (Official organ of the SFCD; Editor: Walter Ernsting, Ruppichterth/Sieglekreis, Velken, Germany - 36 pp - price DM 0,50 (10d or 12¢))

A larger and better-looking ANDRO, this; well-linked, with numbered pages, no unsightly gaps and no cartoons! Once again a cover illo with 'uplift' --- a space-suited man plants the flag of United Terra on a desolate planet. This and the small interior title illos are again by 'Spiceo' (whose initials closely resemble 'F.B.').

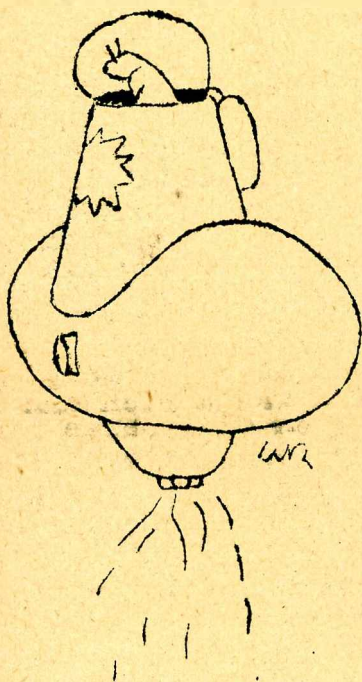


Contents - the mixture much as before: short stories by Harry Fengler and Ernst Hulsch, reports from local groups in Stuttgart, Hanover, Duisburg and Munich, a member's account of his visit to the American 'ATOM' exhibition in Munich, Ernst Richter's report of an interview with Hermann Oberth and an article by Horst Eckmann: "SF - Basis for a New Philosophy". Horst writes of science-fiction's positive function as being to show what mankind could achieve; and refers to the danger that "an enthusiasm for the future might degenerate into a technical fanaticism which ignores the real problems still facing the world." Another article is by Wolf Detlef Bohr (who has replaced Rose Ebert as member of the SFCD committee, and who duplicated this ANDRO); it is an apology for his past novels, the 'Fantastic Adventures on Strange Planets' series published by Doerner and the Utopia 'Krimis' - Detective Stories of the world of Tomorrow. These had been written "for the reader unexperienced in SF," but now is writing a series of real science-fiction due to appear under the pseudonym "Wayne Coover."

In 'Librarian's Corner' Walt Spiegl lists over 80 books which are available to members, the only charge being the postage to pass the book(s) on to the next reader; in "Book Club" Hein Bingenheimer lists newly-published SF, and gives short reviews of "The Incredible Planet" and "The Humanoids" (Rauch) and "The Star Kings" and "City at Worlds End" (Weiss). Walt Spiegl then gives an excellent two-page critique of Manfred Langrenus' "Reich im Mond" - "the work of a scientist who has taken great pains to present his readers with thrilling and entertaining future fiction ... but German authors still have to throw off what John W Campbell Jr once called 'the burden of tradition' before they can create real science fiction..." Then another, more favourable review of the same book, this time by Professor Stammer, head of the Zoological Department of Erlangen University. In his "Literary Department" Ernst Richter also distinguishes between "SF" ("Fiction which takes today's scientific theme and extends it, develops it in an attempt to discover where modern science can lead us"), "Space Opera" ("Fiction which takes a known theme but without necessarily developing it, uses it to describe space war, interplanetary and other conflicts within as thrilling a plot as possible"), and

"Zukunfts-Romane" ("Fiction which ignores scientific accuracy and describes things and events which could perhaps happen some day, but which must be regarded as improbable in view of today's scientific knowledge").

'Club News' includes the announcement that a Club badge is now available ("From now on we'll be able to sit with kindred fans when we see a SF film, so as not to have to suffer the highly redundant remarks of the casual cinema-goer"). Then comes a further installment of the list of members (bringing the total up to 238) and the names of seven who have left the SFCD, five in silence after failing to renew their subscriptions, two announcing their regret at having to retire to permanent Gafia because of lack of spare time. One of these was Franz Petrides, who donated his small collection of 20-odd books to the SFCD library; the other was the first Berlin fan, member no. 4 of the SFCD, 17-year-old Manfred Schulz, who plans to devote himself exclusively to music (Appropriately enough his story in ANDRO 2 was titled "The Eternal Melody").



Finally, repercussions of the WetzCon: my own Conrep, which echoes both my annoyance at the FANTUM attacks on Ernsting and the SFCD and my disappointment at Anne Steul's refusal to co-operate with them. Then Walter's own editorial, which expresses his resentment at her first damning the SFCD and then siezing on the list of members as her only chance of contacting other fans, by sending FANTUM to all SFCD members. He appeals to her: either work together with the SFCD "hand in hand towards creating links between fans," or, if she chooses to go her own way, at least remain neutral. But if she continues to attack the SFCD or him, then he will answer her in her own tongue... "For us," he concludes, "'SF Fan' means 'SF Friend', rather than 'SF Fool'."

This issue of ANDRO went to press before Hein Bingenheimer was able to announce that negotiations (initiated by the doyen of Continental fandom, Jan Jansen) had at last led to some measure of agreement with Anne Steul. Thus ANDRO burst in on the flimsy truce, just as FANTUM did at the WetzCon.

If the worst comes to the worst, Anne in her turn might take the hard words of ANDRO as grounds to disinter the hatchet once again. On the other hand she may realize that this counter-attack was the inevitable consequence of her own aggressive attitude. Let us hope that both she and Walter have the stature to call it quits now, and free the next issues of FANTUM and ANDRO from this childish and unworthy squabble.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Well, with the last issue of ANDRO there has come both peace and war. War? Well, here, of course. Latest missive from Herr Ernsting reveals still a little name-calling and bickering, but WE seems confident that he will win out in the end. Correspondence with Ann has fallen off somewhat, so I don't hear anything from that side of the field. This strangely reminds me of a football field, with cheering and insults from both sides. I wonder how Julian would look in a cheerleader's outfit? But seriously and SerConFannishly, I think the big feud is over now, and what may come after will be small disagreements. And then, there's always a dead quiet before the storm....

Greg

MARKED

VOID

At long last we have a different title for this column. And besides that, we also have another new feature---hardly any letters. No, it's been a month now since VOID 5 went out and we've only received a few missives, so I'll print all those of interest received so far and just hope some more arrive before all the stencils are cut. Cutting is slow these week-days, since the amount of homework we get is being stepped up to meet the board of education standards. But enough of these dull details, for there are far more interesting people on tap, such as

ALAN DODD, 77, Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England, who remarks..... So you admit you look like Calkins, eh? And since Jim is your twin that means that somewhere there are three people walking around who look like that photo in TRIODE. Gawd - that's a pretty horrible thought for fandom to ponder over. Supposing you both enter a convention at the same time - does everybody stop drinking because they think they're seeing double? It must be quite a startling effect! ((Yes, it is. Jansen almost choked on his beer when he saw me come in...and that was just alone.))

I suppose an Opel would seem fairly small compared to a '52 Dodge - but then what isn't small compared to a '52 Dodge. If I was a rich man I'd have a Dodge and change its name to Dodd's or if I had an Oldsmobile I'd change the letters to make it read Doddsmobile. As for being cramped in an Opel you should try an Austin A30 or a Standard 8. If you are in the back seat of one of those it's a case of "Knees Up Mother Brown" although you may not be familiar with this olde Englishe song. ((I'm not.)) Still, I'll bet you are the only fans who can walk out of a convention, whistle, and have a Lieutenant Colonel drive up with a car for them. That's what I call living, man, really living. ((I won't dispute the fact that it's living, but I will say that an Austin seemed a little larger than the four-wheeled bike they put out called the Opel.))

Fanartist Eshsm is a pseudonym for Ron Fleahman whereas the pro-artist Emsh is short for Ed Enshwiller. See.

I wish you wouldn't insist on how English fans always wear unusually conservative suits. They aren't particularly conservative to us, it's only in comparison to something like Calkin's fish shirt, which incidentally I always call a Hai-wy-wy-wy-an shirt. And we do not, repeat, do not, all have moustaches and glasses either. Particularly the female ones.

Nor can I follow Ray Schaffer's remarks that the majority of English zines possess a similar atmosphere that makes one indistinguishable from the rest. Does he dare to suggest that CAMBER resembles FLOY? Gad, sir, this is an insult - pistols for two early morning - look out he fired first - type of statement. I can not see the slightest resemblance between any of the zines pubbed over here but then frequently I can't even see them owing to this blarsted fog and snow. ((You, too, must have the weather we've been getting. Now that I think about it, seems England is somewhere around here. But I don't think Ray would count FLOY (the latest issue of

which arrived too late for reviewing) as a regular English fmz, since it's not regular and I think is a little unusual. It's the ones that come out frequently that seem to be of the same atmosphere. Ray isn't the only person who has noticed this, either, if you will recall Jawn Hitchcock's remarks in UMBRA a while back and a few others I can't remember. The case rests...))

TERRY JEEVES, 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12, Merrie Ole Eng-
lande, sez.... Many thanks for the copy of Void, it arrived today and just about finished off the postman. The poor chap has stuck with me through pre, and post-war fandom, but lately he has shown signs of flagging (banyards through his ears, trousers at half mast, etc.). Anyway, since fandom took to sending more and more zany material through the mails, the delivery at my house has got later and later...this morning, Void arrived so late that I decided to SET A TRAP. Just before the noon delivery, I waited outside the Post Office, and as the postman arrived to collect his sack, I craftily tied a can of red paint to his uniform, and perforated it at the bottom, so that wherever he went, he left a trail of red. Once he got delivering, it was simple for an old Davy Crockett fan like myself to trail him to his lair...a disused air raid shelter. He had the place rigged up like a palace...fanzine covers on the walls, bottles of Rhum, bheer, and Blog scattered around the floor, and a pile of chewed carpets in the corner. There he sat, happily reading my latest supply of mail. When confronted with the evidence, he admitted that carrying so large a number of letters had tempted him. He had succumbed to temptation, and sneaked a peep at a pocksard from Ghod. This led to greater crimes...reading sub details on stapled fanzines...reading fanzines which had come apart at the seams...encouraging fanzines to come apart at the seams by dropping them at every second house, and so on, until the day came when his hot breath actually steamed open a letter. From then on, he was in too far to back out, and began to read every bit of mail addressed to me. With tears in his eyes, he begged me not to report him to the Post Master General, as the PMG had issued a secret order that all fan mail should be routed via him (I guess he must really be a trufan.). My postman offered me first delivery of letters, free peeps at neighbors letters, free delivery of my own mail, rides in the Post Office Van, rides in his bag, and with a magnificent gesture of repentance offered to call out the Post Office Union in a strike against carrying any fanzine I cared to blacklist. Naturally, this was not the act of a trufan, so I shot him. Now I wonder if I'll get any more letters. ((We must have a real innocent feller for a postman---he never does anything but tear open large envelopes with unfolded fanmags and stuff the zino down the 8"x5" mailbox. Then there was the time he returned a letter for incorrect postage and tore off the stamps already on it....but I guess they've got to make a living somehow....sure wish it wasn't off me.))

ELLIS MILLS, 7406th Support SQDN, APO 57, NY,NY, rambles....

I notice on the contents page that Wim's piece is labeled fiction. Don't you believe him either? Why, just the other day my roommate had pups. (I can't stand cats, by the way.) Anybody want a puppy? Or a kitten? They grow fast and are quite adaptable.

The con report was con-prehensive, however, the "Tucker Public House" speech was the "We're going to build a house" skit of the Canfans which I heard at the Midwestcon in 1953. I mentioned that a comment from the audience after the skit was "Everybody send a brick to Bob Tucker.". ((For three weeks now there's been a pile of bricks out in front of 5d Chapel road, and I was wondering if Tucker would pay postage if I sent them to him. Of course, Bobby boy might not be able to use these bricks--they're in a wall.... ((And now (fanfare) we have a massive missive from

a guy I could quote all night and probably will, from the looks of his letter. Who else could it be but that Old Standby, Your Friend and Mine, the waterboy of Gerfandom...

JOE GIBSON, 6708 South Merrill, Chicago 49, Ill, who comments at great length.... walt's comments about there being two types of stf fans is intriguing. D'you suppose I got him to discuss German fandom in Void (with us, that is) by needling him a little? If so, now how do we hang onto him? I would need to know more about this argument between the two types of fans--the serious-minded and the fannish-minded--before I could really do justice to it. But from this distance, it sounds like one of those great, world-shaking issues which arise in fandom from time to time and never find a solution, but are dropped when fans merely get tired of them and start arguing about something else. The hottest argument of this type I ever went thru in US fandom was our BIG concern prewar: What Is The Purpose Of Fandom? As I recall, the world-reformers lost out, but never quite surrendered, to the just-for-fun group.

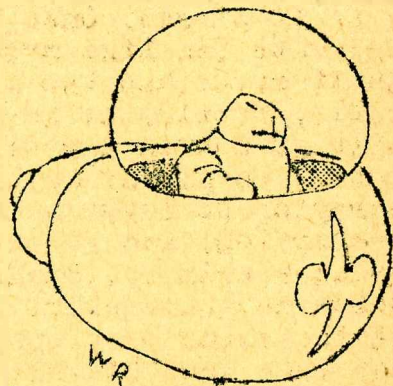
It would seem to me that the majority of fans (in any country) are serious-minded--but can be fully as fannish-minded when it suits them. But the ernstbau (see ernsthaft und baulich) interests of German fans seem indicative of the condition of science-fiction in Germany today; and perhaps this is true of all Continental fandom.

Every review I've seen of the promags and books being published on the Continent says that most of this science-fiction is the space-opera type. Now, I think there can only be one reason for this: the writers just aren't master craftsmen of stf yet. American stf was once loaded with space-opera for the same reason--- and at that time, significantly, American fandom was extremely serious-minded. We talked about science-fiction, the science in the stories, the writer's skill in handling it, the boners he made. The real reason we were so serious, I think, was because we were disappointed in the space-opera stf being published then. We thought it could be done better, and were constantly explaining our views. And that was the era (the 1930's) when Robert Heinlein and Ray Bradbury--in fact, most of today's top US stf writers, several of the editors and a few of the publishers--were fumbling young fans!

I've noticed that most European fans seem disappointed with the space opera currently appearing in their stf mags. Y'know, the more I learn about Continental fandom, the more intriguing it gets!

Certainly, I understand walt's reluctance to publish the addresses of the members of the SFCD. And mere names & addresses of fans wouldn't accomplish much, anyway; it takes an interest-sparking lettercolumn to ignite fan correspondence. There must naturally be something worth writing letters about. But I see in Julian Parr's article that walt has already done more with the SFCD than we ever accomplished with any stf correspondence club over here. He's won the interest of German publishers. Still, the SFCD isn't really a fanclub that holds monthly meetings in the big room upstairs over the village gasthaus, or summertimes in the local Biergarten, and this I would like to see. Stuttgart im 60! can only be realized when there's a strong fanclub in Stuttgart and other fanclubs in Heidelberg and Frankfurt and Wiesbaden rally to their support. (But I'll warn you right now--I favor Wiesbaden!)

Anyway, I hope Ernsting may realize by now that I consider both serious-minded and fannish-minded fans rather silly when they carry it to extremes. But even then, it's less a deplorable conduct than simply good for a laugh at ourselves.



I wasn't far into Terry Carr's article, of course, before he'd got me thinking of all sorts of counter-arguments. I'm afraid fans are fully capable of inventing their weird jargon in any language, so the translatable difficulties of terms we invented ("crifanac" and "egoboo") are no problem at all. European fans may well invent better ones in their languages, tho I wouldn't be too surprised to hear fans along the Rhine raise bheery voices, singing "Ist Das Nich ((Nicht,nein?)) Eine Flegend-Untertasse?" some night with a full moon.

I see Lee Riddle was tempted as I have been to ask for translated editions of fanzines. But after giving it more thot, I believe it's wrong to ask anyone on the Continent to put out an English edition of his fanzine simply because we can't read his language. We need it, of course, to maintain strong contact with Contifandom despite the language-barrier; but after all, it's our problem and British and US fanzine editors are more able to bear the cost and labor involved, if anyone is. All we need is a milliona'be fan with a few bilingual friends who owe him money. Until then, we'll just have to depend on fans like Julian Parr, Jan Jansen and Anne Steul to keep us informed.

You were right, of course, in answering Ron Bennett that I meant the earlier fanzines grew out of correspondence. Actually, most early correspondence was between stf collectors; the first fanzine appeared, I would guess, when someone wanted to ask 50 people where he could find a certain issue of Argosy or maybe Electrical Experimenter. This would be even before Mike Rosenblum's Futurian War Digest, not to mention his current rather excellent NuFu! But even then, it took a few years for collectors to appear. Tsk. Must've been sheer hell to be a fan in those days.

Rose Ebert drops the kind of remarks that could start a looooong erstbau discussion on the psychological aspects of what's "normal" and what isn't. Best treatment I recall seeing of it in a stf story was Lee Corey's "Contraband Rocket", where psychologists were brain-washing anybody who didn't happen to agree with their views on society. There's just one thing that's possibly wrong with such a hypothesis, tho: the psychologists disagree among themselves as much as they do with anybody else. Seems the only way any such psyco-state could be established would be for some psychologist to become a Lysenko to a world dictator. Otherwise, these skull doctors are as confused as anybody about what constitutes "normal" human behavior.

Ray Schaffer's technical faults could be knocked down with ease; for instance, it's preferable for a spaceship to take off straight up from any planet with an atmosphere, even Mars, simply because it has less air friction to fight that way and needs less fuel--it has nothing to do with any problems of "danger-free take-off" as he seems to think. Also, since a man in a spacesuit could jump free of an asteroid, it certainly wouldn't require much acceleration to get a ship away from it. No, the real fault with 'Conquest of Space' was simply that the plot stank. Technically, we might argue with Von Braun's space station simply because that spinning-wheel is a lot of trouble to go to simply to get a little artificial gravity; and despite dire predictions by the Dept. of Space Medicine, it just might be that free-fall won't bother us at all, except for just a few moments' mild dizziness. We'll know in a few years...

I suppose you know, of course, that it's sheer folly to believe anything Walt Willis says. That was three busses we rode on.

Dick Ellington sent you the lyrics to that song because it's the only one he knows that's printable. I know. I've heard the others.

But Julian Parr's review was easily the best thing in the issue. I'm enjoying myself, smugly assuming that MY request for exactly such "long rigamarole" as this--and from Parr, too, gighod--had something to do with his writing it. Now I've seen what the man can do, and I only wish this were the first of a regular column. And from now on, I'll certainly

dislike any issue you bring without some such article as this, giving a detailed account of the late doings around there.

Meantime, I'll thank Frannie Steul to stop making hopeless efforts to reform a certain he-goat and give us reports on Gerfandom in her own hilarious way, too--else I'll be tempted to come over there and either throttle her, stuff myself at her kitchen table, or maybe take out after her with a Wetzler lamp-post... ((Well, as the saying goes, all good (?) things must come to an end, and if I quote any more of Genn-you-ine Joe Gibson there'll be letters accusing me of putting out an issue dedicated to him. Or something. But me-thinks there's a little answering to do here, and also mayhap I should have cut in somewhere back there to get my say in... Anyway, first thing that comes to mind while glancing thru Joe's letter is that a fanclub that held meetings "above the village gasthaus", as he put it, is yet to be made in the world, and I doubt it ever will be. There just isn't that much interest in stf for such a club, and how many of those interested would want to join a club and discuss things? There are the types who are just that dull, too...)) The serious-fan vs. the fannish-fan has come to a point now, as you can (have) see by Julian's report -- or perhaps I should call it a column, since it is. Seems the sercons are always in there fighting, no matter what...AND NOT THAT I'M NOT SERCON PARR!!! And as a little added note (extra attraction?), VOID does not have a circulation of 25. No. I thot I'd said something about circulation increase in the last issue, but somebody twisted my words and came up with a circulation count. Really, I meant the old flatbed couldn't hold up for very long (i.e., we couldn't, since it takes 30 min. to run off 100 copies on the thing) and we only did 100 to keep the time down. Soken I hope to obtain thru some shop a rotary model and really go to town. Man, what a time saver... boy.

But enuf of small, unimportant things, for we have a stack of fmz to the right of the typer just waiting to be reviewed. And we're off to look over some that came in late...so brighten up and see if you can glean any egoboo from the mention of such fanmags as

GRUE, the Good Man, daGrennell and Woodchuck Harris. Pubbed in Feb. and can be obtained by 20¢ in hard money and possibly a copy of your yellow-sheet. Same old GRUE you "all know and love", so what else can I say except that it's a little shorter this issue and you should get it? What would you say?

PLOY, Ron Bennett, ed. 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. 1/- each, 6/5/- (?) You might get a trade and it's mimeoed...by a pro firm, too, but it don't look no different. Ronny ~~nope~~ boy suggests a fanpoll which seems pretty good for English fen, but not to outsiders (not the Outsiders). Some couple 'a guys kill a few pages on religion and pore ole Leeh exp(1)ains why she can't write no mo' fan articles. Tsk. Jawn Berry is present forever and amber with his Budgerigar facts and such while the readers comment at length. Get it and your life will be complete.

OBLIQUE 6, Cliff Gould, ed, 1559 Cable Street, San Diego 7, Calif. 10¢ each, I think. No space for adauquate (?) review, but GET IT!

YOBBER, A&J Young -- good nonsense and liked the dag letters. Nice.

RETRIBUTION, Jawn Berry and Art-Tompson, the watchdogs. Good to the last drop and Jawn tells me it'll be bigger nextish. Good. I want more.

ANGLO-FANDOM, a listing by Ran Bennett. Very useful to every actifan on this side and many on the other. A very worthy project and one that should be brought out every year. ((No more space. See you in editorial, so tha's alles für now,

----- gab

VOID is edited by Greg Benford and published by Jim and Greg Benford in a place known as Germany. The address for persons on the other side of the Big Pond is % Lt. Col. James Benford, Hq. 594th F.A. Bn., APO 169, New York, N.Y. For people over here with us, it's 5D Chapel Road, Glessen/Lahn, Germany. Sub rates for Americans is 10¢ per, 3/25¢ (in money or stamps) and for Germans it's 40 pf a copy, 1 DM for three. Artwork by Will Rotsler and Terry Jeeves. A limited amount of copies will be sent for letters of comment. THE ANNISH, BAUI JOVE!!!

You, dear friend, are getting this issue of VOID because:

(X) You are unlucky () You are one of those kind people who contribute.
() You are a subber () You are a good ole ISFCCer or () SPCDer or () OMPAer () We'd like to trade with you (X) We already trade () Please review this in your column () Your sub has run out (X) Could you comment? () Could you give us a () story () an article () a column or () some art work? () I owe you a letter. (X) YOU OWE ME A LETTER! () This is the last issue you get, poor thing. (lucky?) (X) You are a real BNF. () Where's your mag (fan, of course)? () You are Willis.

It's funny how, when you really need a pun or interlineation for a bacover, your imagination is shot. This always happens to me, and this is no exception. What a proud and lonely thing to stand up and say you can't think of a good interlineation, oh, what a proud etc etc etc.... Got one

"I only go to church to give my side of the story..."

Oh, well, maybe it would be better to lay off these bacover quotes. Is everybody happy?

Yeah.

VOID,
% Lt. Col. James A. Benford, 051676
Hq. 594th F.A. Bn.,
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