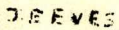


No. 7



SCRAWLINGS...

SOME OF YOU may notice a slight change in this issue. Slightly. For one thing, from now on VOID isn't going to be known as "The Gerfandom Mag" which pubs articles and stuff about Germany. No, after viewing the comments of the readers and my own feelings, I have come to the conclusion that a fanzine based solely on German fandom will die a pretty fast death. Looking back, I can't imagine how I lasted this long. It hasn't been any great trial of typing stencils long into the night or anything like that, no, it's been a slow process of saturation. For a while now I have been writing stuff about Gerfandom and printing stories and letters and articles about it until...to put it frankly....I'm pretty tired of the whole thing. Not only I, but several people have written saying that it is indeed getting a little boring.

So, a short while ago, I decided the policy of VOID would have to change fast or it would stop altogether. To the people who sent in their money because they were interested in German fandom I can only say I'm sorry. Perhaps you'll find it in some other magazine which covers it more thoroughly. However, this does not mean I'm completely deserting the Continent or Germany. I have decided also to keep on Julian Parr's review column partly because it is good and partly because it gives the important information on Gerfandom without all the little details that were published before. A little bit of Continental fandom will supply just a good taste to keep the subject interesting without going out whole-hog and running the thing into the ground. There may be things concerned with C-fandom that are not regular articles or columns, but just parts of letters and odd bits. These will come along when anything big happens, like a con or somethin'.

V's policy from now on will be to print a mixture of fannish and semi-sercon material. Taking either side of the policy for the entire contents would result in a type zine I myself wouldn't like. Needless to say, with this change there will be a demand for material to fit it. The small backlog of material I had is running out now, and in this issue I hope you'll see the type and length of material we want. Ron Bennett's piece will be the type of stuff we will use more of in the future IF WE CAN GET IT. Try to work up some material, huh, and send it my way? I'd appreciate anything you'd care to send; if there's a check in the slot saying 'Could you contribute', you're the one this is aimed at.

The lettercol this issue is a little long -- and I like 'em that way. The reaction on VOID is about 29-30% and I appreciate the letters I get on it. But to make an interesting letter column we need some good missives from you people, so if you'd care to drop me a line, I'll see if I can pub it. Nextish and the ones after that I hope to have more material, a longer review column, more of an editorial, more letters....just an increase in everything. So send some material, already.

FAREWELL, FRIEND FLATBED
you might think.

I have a new mimeo. What's more, it comes from the States and not the Continent, as

This decision was made mostly because on a trip to Berlin I found a mimeo shop that carried Geha materials. This Geha thing is all over

Germany (as a matter of fact the stencils I used for past numbers of VOID were Geha 980s and the ink the pasty sort that only the Geha company makes well) and have a reputation something like A.B. Dick back in the States. Anyway, I wandered around this shop for a while among displays of typers, adding machines, etc and finally, tucked away in a corner, I found the duplicating equipment. There were two models -- one a monstrous ditto that didn't look like it would work (I have yet to find one that would show any sort of impression on paper) and the other a mimeo with two cylinders. Since the clerk wasn't around at the time and the cylinders intrigued me, I turned the crank and watched the paper slide in. I kept merrily cranking along, waiting for the results to come out (there was a stencil on the machine -- or rather in it, as I later discovered). Nothing showed. Slightly puzzled, I turned the handle backwards; still no paper. Taking my clean white shirt into the utmost danger I investigated the inside of the weird contraption. The sheet was nowhere to be seen, but the construction of the cylinders suggested a possible hiding place. Wedged in between the stencil and the impression roller was the page, badly crumbled and messed up. There were plenty of ink smears on it, in fact they covered most of the surface, but no print was found. The mysterious cylinders didn't seem to have any purpose, as did a bunch of little gadgets that clanked and rattled when the crank was turned.

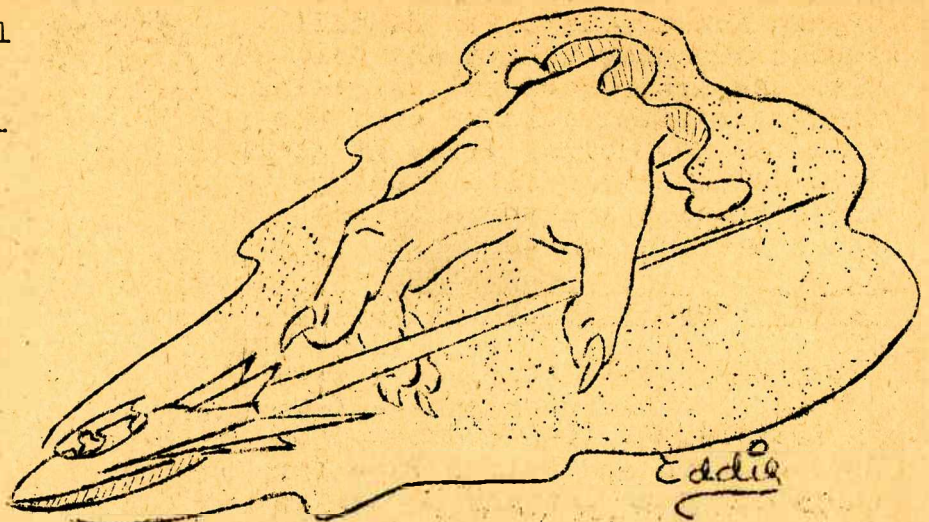
The clerk came over and after a brief discussion of models I inquired the price of the machines, thinking I might as well get the price while I was at it. Around \$200 for the ditto and \$150 for the mimeo, he said in polite tones. I beat a hasty retreat before he began the sales spiel....

I found myself without a single out to turn to...there was no way of obtaining a mimeo on the continent. Every chance had been exhausted and the only way I could get a mimeo was to have it shipped in from the States. Considering the time it would take to have catalogs sent in from A.B. Dick and several other companies, I figured my best bet was Sears & Roebuck, where I got the hecto to produce the illfamous VOID 1. Looking through it turned up two models...one for \$43 and the other \$65. Common sense would dictate the higher priced one, but the pocketbook said otherwise and soon our order was on its way.

To make the story complete the work we've done on it so far has been pretty good for the first stencils, in my eyes. It hasn't got a whole lot of adjustments to be made on it like some other models, but one thing it does have I've never seen before is the method of avoiding contact with the impression roller and the drum. Most mimeos have an adjustment or two to fix the roller so it doesn't come up to the drum, but this one avoids it by making it un-necessary. The self-feed, a very simple thing which doesn't look so delicate that it'll break down in a short time, slides the paper in so quickly that with every revolution of the drum a sheet goes through. Thus 100 cranks equals 100 sheets run off. This saves me time, but then again because of the adjustment in the self-feed I can't stop while running a stencil off to check the repro or anything or the balance of the feeding arm will be upset. So if any of you have some underinked pages this issue you'll know why...I'll try to avoid it next time around or mayhap work out something between issues.

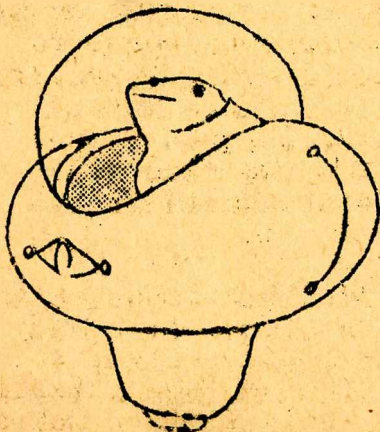
Eventually I'll have to come right down to it and compare the old flatbed to this new rotary model. Actually there isn't any comparison at all. The flatbed was the best of its kind and gave good repro. But it can't compare with a rotary model for speed and the two come out about even on repro...tho even here the rotary does beat it out some by giving more even inking. I'm happy with the one I've got now and

I hope you'll stick by me as I learn the little wims of its fancy. As for the ones who will cry "You should have mastered the machine before fostering the results on us!": I've worked with the thing on some practice stencils and I feel nothing more can be learned by experimenting. Later I might try some tricky stuff, but right now good printing is my aim and only by a long process of working with it can I get everything really down pat. If, of course, anyone can ever really learn everything about a mimeo.



"I have a verbal scrawl."

THE OTHER DAY I, in a fit of gafia, went to see a movie. After duly depositing my quarter in the ticket booth I went in and sat through the newsreel, which presented last month's headlines. Then came the previews, a part I sometimes find better than the movie itself. One of the coming attractions billed and ballyhooed all over the place was "Top Gun", a typical western with all the blank bullets and a moustached villin. They show all this fake gun-fighting, you see, to get everybody in the mood for blood and then this guy in the window across the main street of the town starts panging away at the hero with a carbine. The "top gun" (our hero) is backed up against the wall with a whole gang of bad guys surrounding him and kicking up dirt all around him with bullets and putting holes in his hat and all sorts of deadly things. The audience sicks in its breath, spellbound. It is clear the hero can't last another ten seconds. The lone man across the street shoots at old top gun and misses by a good ten feet, while his fellow gang members come within INCHES of blowing his brains out. Watch the audience is led to believe the guy in the window was put there because he'd get killed easily in an open battle. So what does hero do? Yeah, with all these sure-fire shots drawing a bead on him, HE TURNS AND FIRES ONE SHOT ALL THE WAY DOWN THE STREET (a hundred yards at least) AND HITS THE POOR SLOB RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES. But it isn't over. No, the slob in the window, tho he is mortally wounded, drops his gun, jumps out of his chair, PULLS HIMSELF UP TO THE WINDOW LEDGE, GRABS THE DRAIN PIPE, CRAWLS OUT ON THAT AND FALLS OVER THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING.



Ghod, why does Hollywood film such crap?

OBLIQUE 6 carried a column by "Lord Randall" in which a song was referred to as being shut off the air by the Christians right around Xmas time. Randall couldn't remember the name of the song or the vocalist but he mention the fact that some housewife had complained about the tune. Over here it got under way shortly after New Year (or rather that's when I first remember hearing it) and the name is "My Little

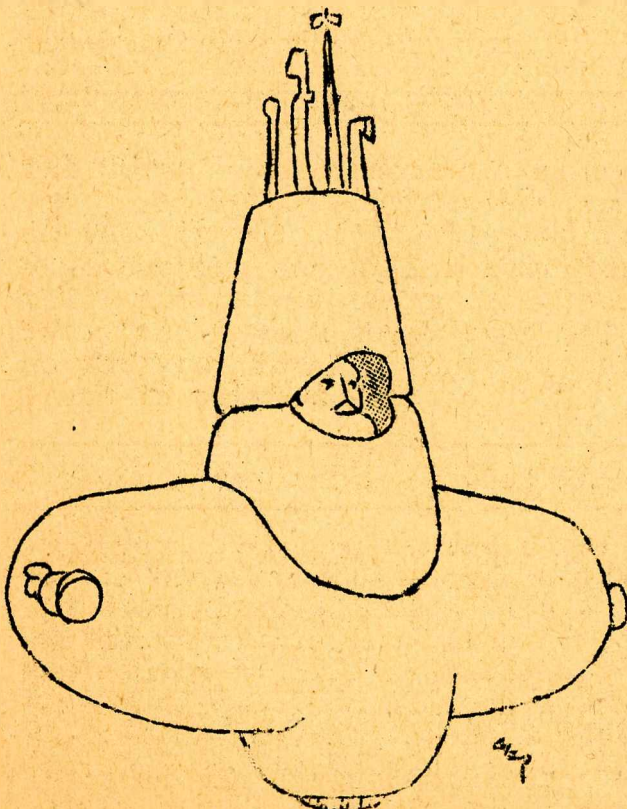
Island" sung by Ella Maye Morris. The song is still going strong on the one station we have, so mayhap the organization Randall speaks of doesn't have any pull with the Army. Personally I think the whole thing stinks, both the tune and the words. Alas, it seems this and horrible little things by Elvis Presley are the only pop tunes America can turn out.

"Let's found a church of Tucker."

THE COVER this issue is drawn by Terry Jeeves from an idea by me. It's dedicated to Boyd Raeburn and Julian Parr for their apt descriptions of me, and Terry and I want to present this as the True Teenage Fan.....study it carefully, for there is Untold Truth in every detail.

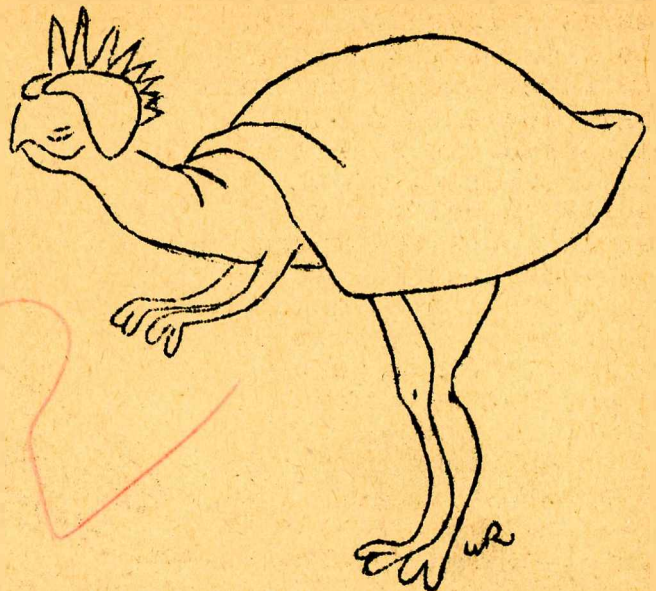
Sign outside 9 Glenvalley Drive :
PLEASE DON'T STEP ON THE MGS

PEOPLE ARE FUGGHEADS The other day there was an article in the paper about a fake drive some reporters put on. They got permission from the police to put cans with "Heroin Fund For Addicts", "American Communist Refugee Fund", and "Nazi Society" labels on them all around and stand on streetcorners collecting donations. Some cans had a hammer can sickle on them and others were painted with swastikas, the arms of drug addicts and other such emblems. When they stood on the street collecting money nobody questioned the cans and most dropped change in. The lowest amount deposited was a dime and the highest a quarter. — — —

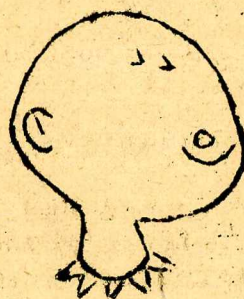


Well, that seems to end it for this editorial. After everything is stenciled we'll run off all the pages at once, so I can't be making with the remarks on the repro just yet. This summer vacation I will try to get out two more issues of VOID before going back to ~~prissy~~ school. Also I hope to get in some letter writing in my spare time and catch up on my much-neglected correspondence. To those of you whom I owe letters, you will have to wait a while until I get VOID sent out...but it'll be mailed by the time you read this, won't it? My letter should arrive any day now.

Hope you like this issue, and also that you contribute like mad for the next. In the meantime, I leave you with: "The man who falls in a vat of molten optical glass makes a spectacle of himself."



Weed fiend's scream



I put my head back under the covers and tried to continue the dream I'd been... dreaming. Marilyn Monroe had refused to come out with me unless I kicked a winning goal for England. Now it was a minute to go at Wembley where America led England by 9 points to 8. Dean Grennell, Raleigh Multog and Lee Hoffman had scored tries which England had countered with two tries by Bryan Willis and a goal by Walt Gillings. Peter Vorzimer had just tried to oust Walt Willis from his position as forward leader and the whistle went for a penalty to England. As I ran to take the kick, I heard Marilyn shouting encouragement from the stands...

The telephone rang. I picked the pillow up from the floor where it had fallen (or had been kicked?) and heard Joan's voice floating up the stairs as she answered the phone.

"No, no, I'm sorry, but he's still in bed and won't be up today..."

It had been like that all the week. Ghoddamned flu. I put my head under the covers and tried to continue the dream. John Hitchcock was running up to take the kick. The ball soared high and it was a goal! The loudspeakers announced that the 1957 worldcon would be held in America and the match was over. America had won! I lay down and beat the ground in frustration. The coach came over and shook me gently.

"Wake up, lazy-bones," said Joan. "Here's your breakfast."

"Er, thanks, er, coach, er, Joan, er, er -- Who was that on the phone just now?"

"Only Mr. Casey, your headmaster. I told him you wouldn't be up today, but you might be able to make it back to school on Monday."

"Yeah, thanks, er lessee, corn flakes, milk, sugar, sugar, sugar, tea, toast, jam. Yeah, fine, thanks."

I finished breakfast and put the tray on the bed-side table, reaching over and trying to hook my foot round the cigarette box on the dressing table at the same time. After two attempts which resulted in failure and cramp down the back of my calf, I managed to get the box into bed with me. I opened it and looked inside.

Its carefully adjusted mechanism played out CARELESS LOVE BLUES, but the box was empty.

I swore.

I called downstairs for Jinx. "Any cigarettes in the place?" I asked.

There weren't,

"Well," I said, "Can you get me twenty Sullivans when you go down to the shops?"

"No, I can't. Doctor Mathieson said that smoking doesn't help your flu...."

"No, but it's doing me some good."

"...and that I had to see you don't smoke for a week or two. Anyway it would be better if you gave it up altogether. That's why I've locked away what cigarettes we do have in the house, and I'm certainly not going to get you any more."

"But Jinx, dear, I've just got to have a cigarette." You know how it is when you can't get at one - you want one all the more.

"No."

This was too much. Who, I asked myself, is paying for the cigarettes? Who is the head of the house? I drew myself up to my full six feet and a quarter of an inch (I needed a haircut), which is difficult when you're laying in bed, and said with a commanding note of authority, I MUSSAVE A CIGARETTE!!!"

"No," said Joan.

And that was that. She clomped daintily down the stairs and went out to do some shopping. I got up and searched the house. Everything--locked. Even the wardrobe, so I couldn't go out and buy some. I cursed and swore. I just had to have a cigarette. Gasp, gasp, urgh! I went back to bed and tried to re-re-re-re-read THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, but without a cigarette, it wasn't the same. Seeing Spender clearly for the first time, without that haze of tobacco smoke around him, scared me stiff. I turned over and went back to sleep.

And there were long crawling snakes with cigarette bodies trying to shake the tobacco out of me and put it into their pipes. I was glad when Joan woke me for dinner. After I had eaten I leaned back and thought. Why should I be a prisoner in my own house? I evolved The Scheme. I got out of bed and began to move quietly around...

Creeeeeeeaaak! Heck, why didn't I get that board fixed. "Is that you dear? Why are you walking about?"

"Er, er, just putting on the wireless," I answered, which on second thought wasn't so clever as 1)I could get to it by reaching over when in bed and 2)it was already on at near-full blast.

I then coiled up a sheet in the best Bob Cherry fashion and tied one end to the bed, throwing the other end out the open window. This had been left open so that the patient could die of draughts, under the name of fresh air. I then slipped gently over the sill, taking care not

to let my slippers fall on the concrete path beneath, nor follow them myself. If you've ever tried rope climbing in pyjamas, you'll know what it's like without my having to describe it to you. Great fun!

I was half-way down the 'rope' when I heard "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Bennett," the voice of Mrs Hockins, our next-door-neighbor-but-one, "And how are you feeling today?" As if to see me climbing out of the bedroom window is perfectly normal and I do it every day. I beat a hasty retreat back up the sheet and hauled myself exhausted back into the bedroom. It was lucky I did, too -- I'd forgotten my money. I tiptoed over to the dresser and pulled open the drawe....and pulled ope.....and pulllllled. The drawer was locked.

I gave it up. I went over to the cupboard where I keep all my millions of fanzines (I actually collect the things) and opened a little box labelled ALPHA -- READY CASH. I'll have to keep some spare cigarettes there, I thot. (have to go see LOST WEEKEND again sometime), and moved back toward the window. I swung myself over the sill, slipped down the sheet, thru the back garden and over the fence and onto the back road. Then top speed down to the corner and into the newsagent's shop. Old Tom Brown looked up from the book he was reading and picked up the telephone. "Get me the poli.." he said. "Oh, it's you, Ron. I didn't recognize you in that rig. Going to a fancy dress ball?"

"Er, no, I just came out for a packet of cigarettes."

"Sorry, Mr B. Haven't got a fag in the place. why don't you try the shop around the corner, though? They might have some."

So Mr B ran round the corner. An old lady passed on route shrieked and fainted. With the thought of a 14-year sentence dancing before my eyes, I didn't stop. I got to the shop-around-the-corner just as the clock on the church tower was striking one. The notice on the door said: CLOSED WEDNESDAY --- HALF-DAY.

I should have known. Early closing day. I wept. I tried pushing my head through the wall. Foiled again. I turned and made my miserable way home -- at top speed of course, leaping over the prostrate form of the old lady on my way.

Over the garden fence I went, taking care to avoid being sighted from the back window as I went. I was thoroughly worn out by this time, as a week in bed with flu doesn't make for 100% fitness. I peeped in at the window to make sure the coast was clear.

Joan was sitting by the fire reading Bester's THE DEMOLISHED MAN. She took a deep drag of the cigarette in her hand and exhaled deliberately. I sighed and clambered back up the sheet, pausing every five or ten minutes for breath.

I got back into bed and turned on the radio.

Turned on the radio?

But it had been on when I left.

Women!

That was three weeks ago. I'm still in bed with the flu.

And I'm still dying for a smoke.

the

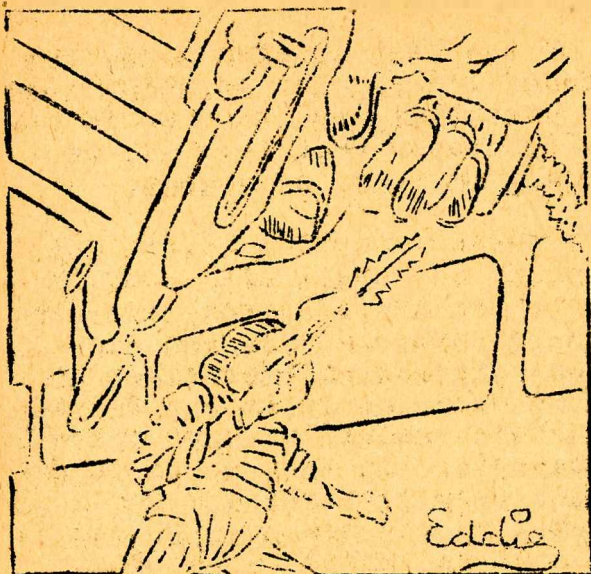
DELUGE

I have on hand a big pile of fanzines that have collected since the last issue of VOID, and I know someone will send little black ticking things if I don't hurry up and comment on at least one or two of them before a new batch comes in. With this review column I not only hope to give egoboo to the faneds, perhaps help the casual fmz readers and other connected people, but I also will be making up in some small way the favor the various editors have done me in sending their publications...

I'd honestly prefer to send a letter to each and every one of you if I just had the time, but I want also to eat and sleep on the free time I get, and therefore I'm afraid this will be all the mention some of you get. Issues of VOID will go out to you as long as I stay on my feet and you keep sending your mag....okay?

HAIL, HAIL, STATESIDE FMZ First on hand, picking at random (I have all the zines stacked on my desk along with old letters yet to be answered and junk) I find two copies of ECLIPSE, edited by Ray Thompson (unlike Art Thompson) who resides at 410 South 4th Street, Norfolk, Nebraska. Ray has a pretty good mag here, tho the mimecing is a little spotty in places and the amount of typos seems to outnumber the words. Due to what I call very bad planning one page is left blank of material except for some scrawling of the editor's. The poetry in the latest ish (EEK always seems to carry fannish poetry, and not the star-struck gush most stfen write, a trend I like) is somewhat weaker in spots than usually, and the other material isn't too sharp, either. Actually the only thing that saves EEK from being just another run-of-the-mill fanmag is the editorial and fanzine reviews, which ramble on and on with a refreshing style and don't bog down in midstream, like many other efforts. Another high spot I should have mentioned is Martin Graetz's column "Dragon's Island", which I enjoyed very much and filled me in on some of the so-called 'big' editors.

Shuffling along the dark and musty path, as Thompson would say, we find OBLIQUE, a high-quality fmz published by Cliff Gould, and since everybody knows Cliff's address by now, I won't bother to print it. This is the annish, 34 pages, and I must say the best effort he's ever put out. Material by everybody in fandom (almost), and the most interesting thing in the entire issue (among such people as Jawn Berry, Leeh, etc) is Vern McCain's super-duper column on fanediting. This is one of the best series of articles to appear in quite some time on the subject, and I think the neofan (and for that matter, the actifan too) will derive a lot of good advice from the reading of these columns. OB has some little thing called charm that I can't quite lay my finger on, and if I could probably hardly anyone would understand it, especially me. There's some little thing that makes OB stand out from all the rest of the mags that have been coming in here. It seems the potential many saw in Cliff with his early issues is paying off now. It certainly looks that way.



UMBRA, a mag produced by John Mitchell, is present with three good issues and one blank cover. The Jan and Feb issues were the usual dittoed ones, with the usual average material (tho in the latest issues there's been a lot about Continental fandom that wasn't present in Um before). The April issue, however, is somewhat different. Jan Jansen takes over and mimeos the entire issue on his Gestenter (not exactly his, you understand, but he uses it anyway...), and Ted White steps forward with a rather attractive cover. Jansen ran the entire issue backwards which needless to say caused untold merrymment in the Benfordian flat. Why is it that some mags can maintain their atmosphere in any process

of duplication and others can't change for fear of completely ruining their fmz? Sometime I'd like to run a discussion on this mysterious thing called 'atmosphere' which some mags seem to have on every page (and can keep it like UMBRA) and others are completely deVOID of.... (well, can't I use it once in my mag!?!)

Bob Peatrowsky was nice enuf to drop CONFAB along with its dittoed letters and artwork, both pretty good. I'd like to see more of CONFAB in fandom, but Bob seems to be just barely plodding along, and with the irregular schedule of C there's a big gap in fandom for letterzines. Any guesses as to who will care to undertake the next one?

The last Stateside mag we have on the stack is YOBBER, a delightfully entertaining thing from Andy & Jean Young. In this issue (the first pubbed in a while) the best feature is a couple of letters by the readers (most of them from daGrennell) and the article on yobbers. I was somewhat surprised to find a reeeeeececal sercon article on language and like that by Andy in it is (before) wholly unscrecon mag. But then, you don't know what to expect from YOBBER; however, no matter what you want, get YOBBER.

FOREIGN ZINES... At long last the Insurgents have seen fit to take the whip to yours truly, who muchly deserved it for all the fuggheaded things he said, and besides that they've picked in on the arguments of Claude Hall, Cliff Gould, Benny Sodek and a bunch more. Also Wetzel the Pretzel is ignored for, as Boyd sez, he is probably mentally unbalanced. Probably. // Kris has around half of the contents all to himself and Tucker presents a very good Message, but this time the honors go to the readers... A BAS' letter col is great. It and the Dero are probably the things Boyd's mag is rated high for all over fandom, since many of the British fen can't get the spirit of some of the Stateside-aimed material (like "Hollywood Life" in the last issue). Need I say more? A BAS is one of the best fmz around, and if you don't get it send Raeburn an MG or somethin' FAST.

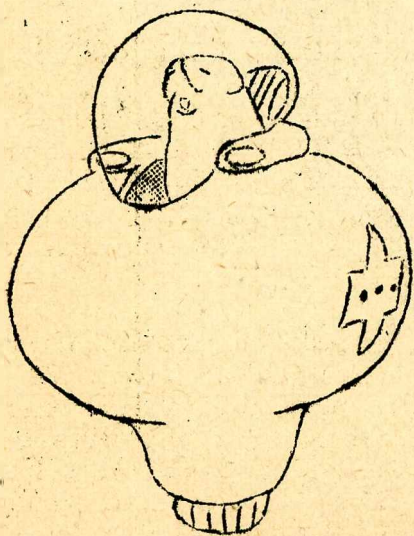
From Cheltenham we have the only (!) fanzine pubbed around there, SIDEREAL, which automatically places it in the top bracket for this region. The zine possesses a friendly air and the material is of the British average -- above, I'm afraid, the standard set by the US. Archie Mercer is back in action again with a little fan fiction (about fen, that is) and after several deathless other bits of fannish prose a cop-fan by the name of Tex has a comic strip with various fen in it that, I'm afraid, only gets funny in spots. Taking an overall view,

SIDER could improve and make itself one of the best British mags, but so far it has only reached average...offhand I'd suggest printing less material but better material. There is a potential here that would be watching. Address is Eric Jones, "Xanadu"(whatever that is), 44, Barbridge Road, Hesters Way, Cheltenham, Glos., England, of course.

Also from Merrie Ole Englande, where those wonderful little mags are produced, comes Ron Bennett limping along the trail with PROY. Ron gets this thing together at 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire (or did until now...can't keep track of him) in case you want to send a sub or somesuch thing. The religious discussion that takes up so much space in this issue doesn't provide much entertainment for the reading, and it's my belief that such squabbles should be kept private and the space filled with more valuable material. So many of these articles are nothing but people thinking what they feel are New Thots and putting them down on paper. Trouble is, they're not new at all, and can be found in almost any of the religious booklets pubbed by the Big Religions. The rest of the issue, by the way, is pleasantly readable, and should be obtained if at all possible.

Georgia Ellis has come forth with another issue of WINDIGOO (well, that's the way she spells it) which contains, among other things, a column by Ger Steward, quotes by Des Emery and of course a whole mess of pages about the "Fued" between Dave Mason and George Wetzel. Anything I say about the thing would do no good at all, except that this actually isn't a fued of any sort, but just a name-calling act. Despite the efforts of Georgia to find some good quotes for the bacover, the funniest one lies on the last page of Wetzel's letter --- "Where will Mason's lunacy end?"

Getting back once more to England some more new mags have come in, one of them being TRIODE, pubbed by Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves; Eric's address is 47. Alldis St., Greatmoor, Stockport, Ches. Julian Parr runs over the WetzCon in a very pleasing manner, I must say, and presents a true picture of the factions that were there. The most interesting item in the whole issue (54 pages) was the column by Mal Ashworth, demonstrating very well how most columnists get their gems in. And I suppose the most unusual thing I've seen for quite some time in any fanzine is the Jawn Berry article on flying saucers. First instance of the Serious Berry that's ever turned up. TRIODE? I like it a lot. You will too.



CAMBER 6 is out now, much smaller than the fifth issue which had a 30-page lettercol, but with this number Alan Dodd (whose address is 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts.) has raised the level of writing without using the amount of paper he did before. In other words, he's kept the good parts (the stories, articles, and odd filler bits) and put them in with a reduced letter and review column. These two, when they were run into the ground last time, lowered the average of the zine by overdoing what should have been included in (at the most) 15 pages. However, I do have a slight feeling that the lettercol could have been a little longer... By Ghod, Berry is in this one too....this time with a ~~car~~ car story involving the Oblique group again. The rest of the mag is taken up with columns by various people and cartoons. I like.

Jawn Berry is everpresent, it seems...this time with his own mag (and Art Thompson's, too), RETRIBUTION. This, the second issue, has improved muchly over the one before. The contents are on a much higher level and are more deversified (last ish the only writers were the editors); also much more time has been taken with the layout, and a real improvement is apparent. The best thing, by far, in the entire issue was Berry and ATOM involved in the telling of ESSEX FIEND, the famous Harris Report. The illos were tops and the writing sepurb. The subject matter is off-beat, but if you don't mind things being a little esoteric, RET is for you.

Nigel Lindsay was nice enough to send SCHNERDLITES from 311 Babba-combe Rd., Torquay, Devon the other day which I plowed into with all my might. However, after finishing off the bacover, editorial and the lettercol, I found that the rest of the mag had gone stale on me. For some reason, after reading the features I was bored by the stories and fake departments. Could it be that SCHNERD's type of humor wears off after time? Maybe so. At least it does on me...but you might like it. Trouble is, it only comes out twice a year, which cripples a mag if anything does.

'APA GO LUCKY From FAPA, the best of them all, another issue of that beautifully-produced fmz, GRUE, turns up. It's just as enjoyable as ever, and the Gestenter work is great. This discussion of The Shadow interests me to no end, as do most of these characters from 'way back in the '30s....it's really a shame we don't have a few a-round now to razz.

FAPA yielded a small batch this time and I have only one sine left, FANJAN, sent by (who else but) Jan Jansen. It's a reviewzine of other issues in FAPA. // Archie Mercer is back with his jazz and ARCHIVE (with the fish, too, natch) and also STYX, both OMFA publications. Hohum, and that seems to be all for this neck of the woods.

ONESHOTS, SPECIAL PUBS, NEW FMZ AND TRIVIA... SIDEREAL PI (actually 3.141592653635, but that doesn't matter much) is the only oneshot received this year (for some reason WAD hasn't shown, th I've seen it reviewed several times around fandumb already), so I guess the old fannish spirit is gone or something, as the fuggheads would say. Every time there is a dropping off of something like oneshots or organization in the N3F a gang of fuggheads get up and preach the downfall of fandom Because It Has Turned Away From The True Basis Of Science Fiction or somesuch other crap. Not that fandom isn't splitting up partially....it's just that it isn't going overboard and flying off in all directions. No, fandom will hold together for a while yet. // And even PI here isn't an honest to Ghodness oneshot, but just a few pages devoted to conreporting and sizing up the attendance at cons. with the lack of oneshots in fandom, why doesn't somebody get up some actifans and publish one called PROUD AND LONELY? It'll be the truth, too...

Jansen comes on again with another mag, UR, published with Ellis Mills for the ISFCC. The content is enjoyable, tho small, and the main business is the new proposed club constitution designed to get everything going faster and easier than they were before. Though few fen realize it, the N3F isn't the big club around anymore, but the ISFCC (International SF Correspondence Club) takes that position. This might mark the end of a great fannish tradition...the N3F, head stomp-ing ground of the sercon movement. But glancing through the various other publications from the club, it looks as if mayhap N3F can remain the s&c headquarters; these are as fannish as possible. I'm speaking of EXPLORER, the official pub and HI, an unofficial mag of letters.

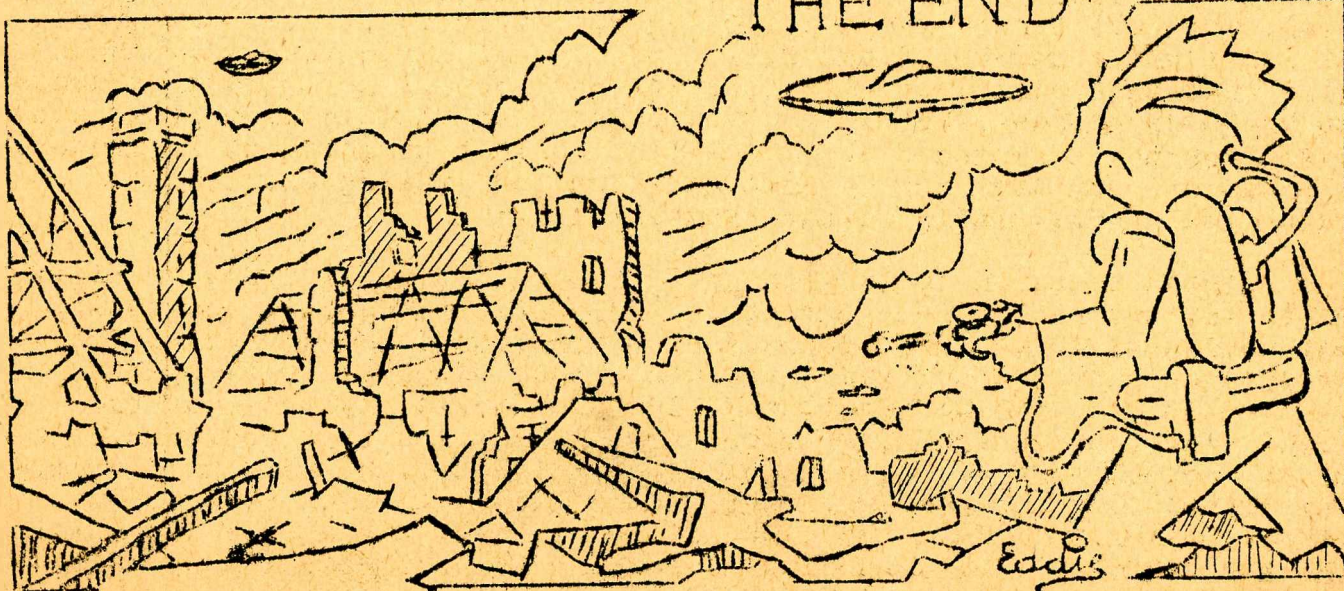
Two new fanmags have come in, the first being SIGMA OCTANTIS, from John Mussels, 4 Curve Street, Wakefield, Mass. It's another of those dittoed mags (more power to you Hitchcock and Potatrowsky) with rather poor artwork and fairly good material. SIGOCT is now in its 4th ish and seems to have gained some support in material form from various fringe-fen, some good, some bad. The entire content is about average, with the weak points being the lettercol and the first part of a continued story. I've always been against serials in fanzines, and the quality of this first part is not exceptional; in fact, the quality of the thing is reduced by the continuing of it later. Most readers don't want to save copies of a fanmag and read the entire story when it's published, so, when they're usually commenting or reviewing, they read the first section and forget what's happened by the time the next one is out. This destroys any effect the piece of fiction may have had and proves to be just a space waster if run in this manner. As for the mag on a whole, it shows promise of becoming a good thing if the editor keeps pubbing and working at it. Too often zines of average quality fold when they're just starting to develop, thus depriving the field of the needed stock of regular zines.

ESP, another new one, came in a short while ago from Don Stuefloten, Rt. 1, Box 722, Hemet, Calif. Despite the title, there is not one slight bit about esp except that the editor says the mag will not be concerned with it. The contents are the usual stuff for a first issue, being written entirely by the editor, and the only outstanding feature is a good offset (I think) cover by "nuby Hickel," whoever that is.

I hope by now that every last one of you has obtained his copy of WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA and sent in their quarter for THE HARP. Shame on you if you haven't, and if I were you I'd get on the ball fast. It occurs to me that the period these two are concerned with was probably the best time to be a fan. In those days 6th Fandom was at its peak, and the hard central core of acti-acti-fen were having a bang-up time at the WorldCon and later with Willis touring about the country. Soon after this The 7th came along in a lull and ended it all.

FRONTIER, from Dale Smith, is a good sercon mag. well-written and interesting. It's a really good sercon mag, and it's also one in fifty. // well, that's all. Sorry I had to cut down, but the new mags came in and I had to include them, so this column ran over a little. Well, see you nextish, and keep them fanzines comin' in.... Makes it sorta hard without them. Nite....

THE END



GERMAN REVIEW

ANDROmeda No. 4, April/May 1956. Editor: Walter Ernstring, Irschenberg/Oberbayern, Germany; bimonthly; 38 pp; DM 0.50 (10d or 12¢) each.

This issue continues on the same lines as the previous two, already reviewed, so I'll not weary you with a cover-to-cover review but will try to spotlight the new, the interesting and the significant features. But I must mention Spiceo, who has become really adept in stencil technique; his professional skill reconciles me to his symbolic covers (this time: Icarus) and the stale and conventional illos to the short stories; his cartoon headings to a couple of departments chow real fantasy and are welcome breaks in the tightly-packed contents.

There's the usual batch of letters; Group reports from Leer, Hanover, Berlin, Stuttgart and Munich (who are now beginning to use tape recordings to contact other groups); quotations from news items and a good-humored but critical article on SF films; ludicrous but courageous theorising on "Space-Time" by Jochen Helmke and Erwin Hulsch; "The Star Voyager," verse by 'Anon', and an inept hymn of praise of SF and the world's "many millions" of fans: ("...Old Earth is too small! But Space's inviting call: 'Here's room for clever men!' was first heard by SF'fien..." by 17-year-old Hermann Strothkämper. The short stories are "Towards The Sun" by Günter Hähle, mildly interesting but very conventional and one of my own, translated (and, I must acknowledge, smartened up in the process) by Walter Ernstring. With his editorial nose for 'reader interest' he has omitted the title and invited suggestions; the winner to receive "Vorstoss ins All" by Arthur C. Clarke.

The Duisburg Group had reported an interview with Rudolf Nebel, pioneer of German rocketry and founder of the Berlin Raketenflugplatz in 1930. I met him when he gave a talk in Düsseldorf, illustrated with slides and short films, and gained the impression of an embittered man, apparently isolated from and perhaps envious of his former colleagues. Incidentally, his former assistant, Wernher von Braun, has a short letter of greeting in this ANDRO, in which he calls on SFCD members to help "cleanse popular science publications of obvious nonsense." Other Big Names are Willy Ley, who gives a short but illuminating account of his own part in the 'saucer' investigations; and Hugo Gernsback, who places the proceeds of a short article at the disposal of the SFCD. Ernstring adds the note that the sum has been transferred to the Alden Lorraine Ackerman Fund, originally created on foundations laid by Forry's generous support, and named after his brother killed in Belgium in 1945.

Club news: five more failed to renew their subs and thus forfeited membership; on the other hand another list of recruits brings the total up to 300! It's time more fanzines were started in Germany; although Walter still manages to answer every letter he receives, it is touching to read in this issue his apology for some-times replying only by pc! Despite bimonthly publication and 38 tightly-packed pages he's still

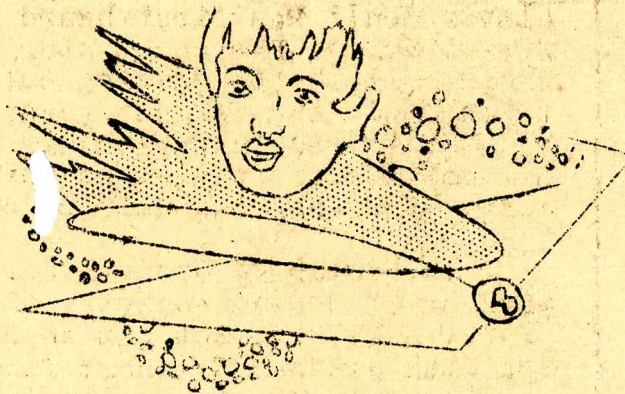
Julian Parr

had to cut in length several items, including Eric Bentcliffe's "Kettering ConRep;" his proclaimed aim to cater for the whole range of tastes and interests in Gerfandom, and his rash policy of publishing fanwritten SF, has resulted in his accumulating over fifty items on his files awaiting publication, including over twenty short stories. Other faneditors are needed to help share this burden... Most welcome are the signs that the Steul-Ernsting feud has burnt itself out; the premature ghosts of the 'fannish' unborn seem to have been laid for the time being. ANDRO calls on reader-members to send Anne their comments, reports and other contributions to her "FANTUM" but unfortunately there's been nothing heard of that most worthy publication since the first issue in January.

Another quite liberal decision of the SFCD executive is announced: non-members of the SFCD can still join the local SFCD groups. One member has proposed a Club greeting: "Ad Astra!" -- this found ready acceptance, as I found to my embarrassment in my dealings with local members!

Ernst Richter's "Literary Department" reports the award of the SFCD Seal of Merit to a number of novels, whose dust jackets now bear this (to most readers, I imagine, cryptic) device -- not unwelcome publicity for the SFCD itself! Now I have no quarrel with the principle of such awards, but must mention that one or two rank and file members I know have already voiced the suspicion that the Seal might sometimes be awarded for personal or financial reasons. However, at this stage this unfortunate impression does not seem to be avoidable, for the award committee can only judge mss. submitted prior to publication; until the Seal is more widely known and recognized it is obvious that only authors and publishers closely connected with the SFCD are applying for it.

The other regular departments are Hein Bingenheimer's "SF-Buchklub," which includes a review of his own first novel, "Worlds Aflame," published by Zimmermann under his pseudonym Henry Bings; and Walt Spiegl's "SF-Bookworm." This review department is becoming for me the most intelligent and worthwhile contribution to ANDRO's literary criticism; Walt echoes my own findings by pointing out how old-fashioned and immature most German SF seems once international standards are applied. His reviews are so well-written and thought-provoking I he'll turn into a German demon knight!



Finally, a few lines in ANDRO refer to Eric Bentcliffe's remark in Dave Vendelman's half of ALPHA: he was worried because "German fandom is bound to contain some people who fought against us in the last war". Now I know that this remark was torn from its context and was not for publication, but I'm not sorry that the subject came up and after careful thought cannot really object to its being mentioned in ANDRO -- fortunately without Walter's usual asperity! Both Walter and I wrote to Dave, but now he's given up publishing and there'll be no more correspondence on the subject. Perhaps it's as well. But for the record I'd like to put forward my point of view: whatever one's attitude towards a nation or a group of people en masse, it's not fair to generalize about and prejudge people, as Dave did in his comment on Eric's remark.

...AND SCRIBBLINGS



Hoo, bhoy, new title, headings all over the place, more illos, more letters, hoo bhoy, we sure are fugging along on all cylinders, aren't we? The usual standards for lettercols stand for this one, ergo I swipe anything from your missives that you don't lay claim to first. And now we'll get along here to old

RON ELLIK, 277 Pomona Ave., Long Beach 3, Calif, who mutters.... Oghod, Benford, not another kind of Derogation yet! I sincerely hope this is a one-shot type affair. It was enjoyable, but if you haven't got the talent for them you can't keep it up past the first one. Look at what's happened to Ed Davison--he wrote one passable derogation, and the others were all just "little boys wandering around saying what they think are witty sayings" as somebody said in A BAS' letter column. He burned himself out....

I seem to have heard the expression "whackfan" somewhere before. You invent it? It might have been in one of the Dallas fanzines... I like it, personally. It conveys the very devil of a lot in just two syllables. Makes me think of Mosher, for some reason.

Mighed--I don't think I got the ish of OOPSLA! you reviewed in V 6. I'll have to write Mr. Calkins, and find out wha' happen.

"It looks like NPTF and Ron Voigt will be battling it out to see who gets the smaller ads, and the N3F appears to have the edge."--GB, V6

You must admit, that quote looks pretty silly, out of context.

Concerning the titles involved in INSIDE nowadays--being on the other side of the pond you haven't had a chance to be in on all the innuendoes and such that have been going on over here.

You see, INSIDE, KAYMAR TRADER, S F A, STARLIGHT all combined their circulation in what we know today as INSIDE & SFA. I don't suppose you ever got STARLIGHT--Don Donnell's magazine. But just before it folded he became an associate editor on the staff of INSIDE (then it was just INSIDE) and when he had to pull out of fandom for some jackass reason or other he gave Smith his circulation list. It wasn't too much, a couple of hundred maybe--might have been eight or nine hundred--and, of course, there was a devil of a lot of duplication--but it was a nice gesture.

Then, when Squires had to pull out of fandom--for a much better reason--he turned over EVERYTHING from SFA to Smith. This has all been chronicled in the last issue of SFA and the first couple of issues of I & SFA.

Then, as you know, K T folded, and the vultures jumped in to pull

it to pieces violently. Smith got a goodly amount of addresses out of that deal, because K T was always a fan's adzine, and had a limited but varied congregation around it. Circulation was never over 250, but those 250 comprised almost 150 that Smith didn't know about.

((The Dero was strictly a one-shot affair...heck, I didn't think I could keep the thing going for more than one time and I KNEW it didn't have a chance of topping Boyd's, so there wasn't much use in continuing it. 'Twas fun while it lasted, tho...))

"Fakefandom is not dead!!"



ALAN DODD, 77, Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England, stumbles around, saying... I'm rather surprised to see you persuaded Terry to do some artwork for you, especially after what you did to his photo page in TRIODE. All pix of the WetzCon and on every one of them was a Benford. Every blarsted one of 'em. Yep, you do look rather like Calkins. Jim looks like the Phantom of the Rue Morgue. You sure he ain't a storm-trooper? Talk about "Black denim trousers and motor cycle boots." Tsk. Tsk. Still, I didn't let this spoil my enjoyment of TRIDOE, luckily Jeeves cunningly left the photopage out loose this issue. Now you know why. Don't take any notice about him getting it late - it was because of you lot. Say, doesn't Jansen look immaculate?

Mimeo trouble - hmm. Didn't you ever think of trying to get one from England somehow? It's fairly near and there must be some fans who have one for disposal. And there's always plenty of ads for mimeos in "The Exchange and Mart" every Thursday. I am intrigued by your mention of the Army salvage dump. Couldn't you write an article on it someday? Dumps fascinate me. You might pick me up a disused .50 calibre machine gun when you're down there next. There is a TwerpCon shortly and Bennett might be passing through this part of the country again. Oh, and I've run out of grenades while you're down there.

Ellis Mills' piece I found fascinating for his description of travelling down the Strassenbahn up the Oberstfous and back down the Hauptmanhoft and all sorts of weird places. I'd soon get lost. With names like that, by the time I'd got around to explaining where we wanted to go I wouldn't have time to go there anyway.

Seems there must be two kinds of Opel. The small German kind you got squashed into and a much larger General Motors form of Opel which is equal in size to any American auto. You take a look at the 1956 Opel Kapitän one day. Massive great thing. In fact at first glance I thought it was an American Ford.

The Standard 8 is practically the same as an Austin A30 for size, just a different company makes them. Main thing to their credit is that they have low petrol consumption and where gas costs 4/8d (about 65¢) a gallon that's very important. Does the Dodge do about 15 miles to the gallon would you say? Guess some of the Opels are pretty small particularly pre-war ones, but lately they are spreading out in sizes, I think. The only 3-wheeler German "bugs" I've seen over here are the Messerschmidt cabin-scooters. I wouldn't mind one to go back and forth to work but as they cost about 800 dollars with tax it's too much for my meagre salary. Tell me more about your Dodge--American autos fas-

cinate me lately. Is it the low-slung type or the high curved back model, Coronet or Kingsway or what? I was riding in an Austin the other night home from work and as we crossed an intersection the driver changed gears and was left with the gear lever in his hand. It broke off at the root where it usually sticks up out of the floor. I caught the bus home. I'll refuse to have anything to do with the manual gear shift cars in the future and will try for hydramatics. I believe the Dodge has fluid drive but I'm not sure if that's the same as hydramatics. I tried to learn manual gear changing unsuccessfully. Er--tell me--have you ever heard the Hawaiian War Chant played on a gear lever? I can do it too!

((As for the black donim trousers, etc, consult the cover of thish. Jansen only looked good because he'd been sleeping it off inside the movie, while everybody else hadn't had any sleep to amount to anything. // I remember seeing a GM Opel somewhere in the States. Looked pretty good, and about ten times as large as the German type. Our Dodge is a pretty good one on gas -- 17 miles to the gallon -- but I don't like the type cars the designers have been turning out lately. Some are just crome and polish, with nothing but a lot of special comforts on the inside and not any really good motor under the hood. What I want is a small sport car with plenty of power on the road...mayhap an MG with a supercharger, no less. Must consult Mr. Raeburn on this....))

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

It is evident that I am a heel. For that I am soorrry but it is quite beyond my control, I have been a heel for yea-so many years. But-so what-all good soles must be followed by heals--so must VOID be followed by a letter from Chas. Ah, methinks I got out of that one neatly! From the checks on the back page I am in one hell of a shape, I owe a letter, I owe a sub, and you ain't gonna send me no more 'Void'. This is the letter, I will enclose some stamps for sub, and the answer to the last is up to you. Please do not exclude from your select company, I will behave better in the future.

Have you received the last issue of COUP? That is the sort of thing that can well be avoided in amateur publications. I do not often make any criticism of fanzines, after all, whether they are good or bad, medium or indifferent, they are generally the result of sincere interest and hard work, with no hope of return except personal satisfaction, BUT Coup, phooey. My next letter is to Mason and it will frankly say so and why.

((And I want to see that letter. And, also, I would like to see COUP. So far I haven't been able to get my paws on one single issue, and considering the letters by Mason I've seen around fandumb, he must be a pretty active fugghead to get involved with Wetzal; I know of no-one in their right mind who would take the trouble to answer Pretzel's wild statements. I consider Wetzal, Claude Hall (tho not too sure of him, having seen very little except letters) and Mason the world's top fuggheads, in that order.))

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln,

England, rambles (Muskrat?).... British Government matters - just in case you're at all interested, our system (as that of most democracies, I think, certainly all the Commonwealth ones) is that of the leader of the majority-party in the House of Commons (which is technically the "lower" House, but actually by far the most important) becomes Prime Minister. He and his supporters are thus the Government. They don't have a separate election for the Executive, that is. At present the Conservatives have a majority in the House of Commons,

therefore Eden (Churchill having of course retired) is R.M. And so on. Clear?

VOID (t' other one) WAS put out in England - I THINK it was Harry Clements, but I'm not sure of his name because I wasn't a Trufan in those days and didn't get it, but I AM sure of the title because shortly afterwards Ken Slater announced its death with the following pun: "VOID is now null and - - -" Showing that puns DO have their uses...

((The bit about the British gov't was in reply to a comment I made on something in Archie's ARCHIVE. Now I assume everyone knows of the British gov't and how it works? Yes. // Adding this to the score I now have a total of two VOIDS pubbed in England and I don't know how many in the US. Also the editor was an Airman (they all agreed on that, tho the names were different), and the mag was big and neat and small and scrawny. Quite a lot of ancestors, eh?))

////////////////////////////////////
This is VOID number seven, a Trufanzine published by Greg and Jim Benford in a neck of the woods called Germany...Giessen, that is. In case you should want to sue or something, the address for all you littl' ole fen in England and on the Continent and just generally any place but Canada and the States is 5D Chapel Road, Giessen/Lahn, Germany. If you live in the US, Canada or Toronto, just send your subpoenas to Greg Benford (that's me), % Lt. Col. James A. Benford, G-4 Sect., Hq. V Corps., APO 79, New York, N.Y. In case you don't live where either of these addresses apply you're out of luck. The sub rates for this thing are very reasonable, being 10¢ a copy and 3 for 25¢ if we like you. The artwork in this issue is supplied by Terry Jeeves, Bill Harry, Jim Benford, Eddio Jones, and Bill Rotsler. The headings and layouts are slaved over by Jim. Terry did the cover. Blame him.
////////////////////////////////////



DICK ELLINGTON, 299 Riverside Drive Apt. 11A, New York 25, NY, types merrily along stating very firmly... Well, Ge fandom has survived its first major fued without even a big split. Quite a remarkable feat. Must be the UN influence - or maybe it's Jansen. Anyway, things will probably get pretty quiet over there till somebody gets mad at somebody else again. Like I keep shouting up the chimney - fueds are the lifeblood of fandom - long live fueds! (just so I'm not in them).

Might as well spread the word via you that we're accepting memberships in the 14th World Con on a special deal for overseas fen who aren't planning to attend. You will be able to send 7/6 (I think this is Britishese for seven shillings and sixpence or sxpns as they seem to say) to one of the Anglefen - his name and address are lost right now but I'll get them back soon. This will be for people overseas who can't attend but would like to receive progress reports and program booklet, etc. If I remember right 7/6 is a little bit more than a dollar so it ain't a bad deal.

"Ernstbau." Damned if Gibson isn't trying to coin words for you. He may end up the Gernsback of Gernfandom yet. Which reminds me the old poker face and his lovely wife never showed up at the Midwestcon which I think is downright narsty of them. Of course neither did Tucker --

and Toronto sent a large delegation of nobody at all so who knows. Besides that it rained.

Gibson lies! I do so know other songs.

ERIC JONES, 44, Barbridge Road, Hesters Way, Cheltenham, Glos. England, comments...

Muchly thanks for VOID 6 which arrived here approximately 3 hours ago - which all goes to show how up-to-date I am with fan-mail since being forced to remain at home thru ill-health. However, this is conducive to getting all my correspondence cleared - which isn't very great really since I've done practically no long-range fanning for some considerable time (the pin-head has been wasting his time organizing the Cheltenham S-F Circle for the past year), but I'm hoping that I'll get plenty of letters about SIDEREAL (plug)((yes))3 before the next issue comes out at the end of June. (another plug) Some people are wondering about the schedule of Sider, well, the reason is as I state above, I've been wasting a lot of valuable time on the C.C. (and that does not menn Coca-Cola!) hoping that they'd all pile in and do SIDER (silly twisted boy!) but it all ended up with me doing the whole bung-shoot myself apart from the assistance of two fen (we do have two of those creatures!) in illoing and stencil-cutting.

Your 'Out Of The Void' shows you must be wealthy; you are going to BUY a rotary duplicator...or get one off'n the Army Salvage Dump; whilst you're down there if there's another busted, broken-down duplicator that no-one wants, remember me. I can repair these things! My duplicator dates from 1902 - or thereabouts - and is in extremely poor shape due to the fact that it's just not worth repairing..one of the first rotaries I should imagine...however, since I can't afford to buy another just yet it has to suffice. The Best of Luck in your Search, tho.

Deutsch Dero was an interesting piece of chit-chat and I see it is followed by a character by the name of Ellis Mills. D'you know, that name rings a bell...not the telephone bell, I think the lines were twisted...somewhere. Remember vaguely that we had a visit from a World-Traveler by that name...had a suitcase weighing about 4 tons., yes it must be the same one. // Ah see you got around to reviewing FANTUM at last! Ok, ok; stop throwing things at me, I know! Thing is that Anne gave me a copy at the CYTRICON II but someone thot they'd a better right to it so swiped it. Now I'll have to borrow one to review it. Terry Jeeves' letter in Marked Void reminds me of our postman. I think if fen sent fanzines to 4765 Barbridge Road, to Joe Bloggs, the postman would cross the whole lot out and re-address the thing to here...he's got to know how and when and where all the trash is sent....only don't try sending stuff to a fictitious address here.....I might not get it - or they may change the postman. Joe Gibson's letter re the origins of fanzines tally with my own ideas. He ends that pharagraph by saying that it took a few years for collectors to appear. Might I add that it is taking precisely 2 short years for them to disappear again. I am curious to know...is anyone collecting stf in fandom today? I doubt it. Especially Britfandom anyway. The attitude seems to be...well, the BRE's are as good as the US Editions so I save them, which is to me just hording useless and indisposable trash! (You can dispose of it in the dusbin of course, but that isn't a very profitable thing.) Then there are the 'collectors' who mix US Editions ans BREs together and consequently go to no end of trouble finding out the equivalent copies to assemble their 'collection' into the same order as published in the US. What is their 'collection' worth when they're finished sorting them? Obviously, only the value of the US Editions are worth anything in cash...or do I have the wrong end of the stick? Why do collectors 'collect'? I am a collector and I collect for two reasons, one is to have all the issues that come out and the second reason is that at any time I want to dispose of my collection I can do so

AT A MONETARY GAIN. Don't all collectors do it with that second view in mind or am I being purely mercenary..? Is it worth getting rare copies of SF zines these days, paying through the noes for them to find out 10 years hence they're not worth even the paper they're printed on? I'm beginning to think it isn't. Let's have some viewpoints on this...I have recently had a very good indication of how the collecting biz is going as I have some 20 copies of Galaxy (US) to dispose of. What used to be worth a couple of bob (2/-) a copy has now gone down to 6 pence offered for a copy. I think I'll give 'em away!

((Alas, the Fannish Legend of the Collector has begun to fade away. A funeral or something should be held for the Great Loss to Fandom. We no longer have a handy whipping dog to ridicule...))

KENT MOOMA, 4722 Peabody Avenue, Cincinnati 27, Ohio, suggests ... Why not GermFan? Just think of the lovely wisecracks such a title would inspire, not to mention the eventual lawsuits.

In Julian Parr's review of the German fmz I'm again handicapped because I've heard of the ed only a few times previously and know nothing of her((Ann Steul)) publishing achievements. I usually frown on extreme SerCon zines, but that is no automatic indication that I wouldn't like any particular zine; it would be necessary to read a copy. Matter of fact, I can think of no zines that are too sercon for me at the present time. About the worst was VAGABOND 3, but previous issues of VAG were a little lighter. INSIDE-SFA may be cited, but when you remember satires like Dave Foley's "Brave New Writing" and "Masters of The Metropolis" by Lin Carter and Randy Garrett, it's pretty difficult to label the Smith-zine as strictly sercon. Which, of course, gets us nowhere.

Terry Jeeves' comments regarding his wayward mailman recall to mind the trouble I've had with mine. Not that he intercepts my fannish mail...he just doesn't like to deliver it! The only ordinary day I'm home for mail delivery is Saturday, but even then I can tell by little subtleties in his manner (vicious sneer, the way he dumps all the letters and fanzines onto the porch instead of inserting them in the ample box, and the threats which come forth when DIMENSIONS comes in, all thirty-eight pounds of it!) that he is a little peeved at having to fill half his sack with my stuff. Yessir...join fandom and lose friends.

GARY LABOWITZ, whose address I don't have at the moment since this is typed while getting the mimeo ready and like that, mumbles in his beard... Please tell Alan Dodd that Schaffer means when he says English zines are similar that they all have a similar humor & writing style. If ten zines were to come from KC ((Kansas City, where Gary lives, but blamed if I can remember the address)) they would be quite similar, and England is like a large community. The people have been raised with the BBC, schools which teach similar subjects similarly, and tradition to an almost sickening extent. Echh!

((No doubt everyone will be wanting to have a little argument with Gary, and I have some of my own, but let's leave that up to you readers, hmmm.....? // Ho,ha, here we go with

BILL HARRY, 69 Parliment Street (not Upper), Liverpool 8, England, rants... Seems I'm in a bit of a muddle here. Just what is a letter of comment, Greg boy? Do I write about each individual thing saying it's good, nice, alright, lousy, smashin', or do I tell you what happened to me when....! as most fans seem to do in the letter-col? I could tell you about the time Ellis Mills visited the LoSFAs, but then nothing much happened that night anyway, 'cepting we were moved to a corker room with TWO electric fires, a plush carpet and a

notice on the door about the transatlantic fan fund. Perhaps you'd like to know that Ron Bennett ((whose latest PLOY arrived just a short while ago and consequently too late for reviewing)) always likes to give me a few tips on rugger, demonstrating how to tackle a man by trouncing my feet, jumping on my stomach and rubbing my nose in the dirt, encouraging me to learn to catch rugger balls by hurtling caps, stencils, boxes and other objects at me at the most akward times. I could tell you of the adventures of John Ashcroft and I at the Art College, but I've such a bad memory. Maybe a description of some of the things I receive in the mail might prove interesting, then again they may not. But I may tell you I'm a sucker for writing off about memory courses, etc....

RON BENNETT, 72 Clavell Road, Allerton, Liverpool 19, England, agrees... On the whole I'm with Joe Gibson if he confines his remarks to individual magazines. The LASES I still maintain put out about half a dozen magazines for the sake of putting out magazines and not to cut down their letter writing. Hell, I know from experience that putting out a fanzine increases one's mailbag (thank ghoddness). And wasn't the first fanzine Ray Palmer's 1930 Comet? Still, this could go on all day.. Someone had better back down. It might as well be me....

Curs,

Or madmen. As the solicitor employed by the fanzine PLOY I would like to point out that on behalf of my client, Ronald M. Bennett of 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England that there has recently been, in a continental publication named VOID, a violation of a copyright held by said ~~Mr.~~ Mr. Bennett, namely the introductory sign for the remarks of the editor of PLOY, viz: "X/X"
s/d etc etc

((Hohahum. That seems to end the letter section for this time, but I still have a bunch of massive missives stacked around here for print. Mayhap next time I'll allow some more space, but as for this run, it'll have to be held to this. Sorry.

I might mention that several zines have arrived since the fmz revs were run off, so I'll have to let them wait till next issue. The coming number, by the way, I hope to enlarge to around 34-36 pages, since I'll have more time then and won't have the huge amount of corrspeondence to finish off before starting on it. Expect the thing pretty soon after this one...a month or so, maybe. // Besides the nextish and correspondence to work on, an ISFCC offical mag is due out shortly and we'll have to do that too. I may reach Trufandom yet...

I have on hand another fan-fiction bit by Ron Bennett for the future and also several artists have stepped forward with their illos and I have even received a promise of a bit by the immor(t)al Jawn Berry, with illos by ATOM Himself. Things are looking up for me... // Once again the hasty withdrawal on all fronts and goodbyes to all.....Greg b

You are receiving this issue of VOID into your home because:

0 We need material. Could you contribute 0 artwork? 0 a column? 0 Something? 0 an article? ~~X~~ You subbed, bless you. 0 We trade rags. 0 Maybe you'd care to trade, hmm? 0 Review, please? ~~X~~ Comment would be appreciated if you have the time. 0 I owe you a letter. 0 You owe me one. "Joe Faan, sub till 7" --- 0 If there is a check your sub has run out. "Henry, please come back, Martha." --- 0 If checked you have run out. 0 This is your last issue unless we hear from you. 0 You are a real BNF. ~~X~~ You are a pseudo-BNF. 0 You are a BF (To be used only in case of Archie Mercer.) 0 Where is your mag? Are you dead? Gafia? And last but not least.... 0 You are Willis. (typed in tone of awe). or (seein' as how I'm from the USofA)... 0 You are Bloch.