

9?



ATOM

c o n t e n t s

10
01 V
is pubbed
by Jim and
Greg Benford in
Frankfurt, Germany.
Their mimeograph and
such is kept at number
10 Liliencron Strasse,
Frankfurt, Germany, and
said address should be
used by any people who
should want to write us
from such locations as
the British Isles, Con-
tinental Europe and the
USSR. For all of you
types who live in the
States or Canada, % Lt.
Col. J.A. Benford, G-4
Sect. Hq. V Corps, APO
79, NY, NY will serve
well enough.

Being natural red-
blooded American boys,
we also love money. Lots
of it. So...the fantas-
tic sum of a mere 15¢
is charged for this fmz.
people in the possession
of British coin might
try sending
Ron Bennett,
7 Southway,
Arthurs Avenue,
Harrogate, Yorkshire,
Merrie Ole England
a shilling for each
copy. If Ronny boy is
feeling good he'll pass
it on to me and you will
get the next issue. If
not...oh well.

VOID is also ex-
changed for letters of
comment....and make
that loooong ones,
too.

Yup, real
long.

SCRAWLINGS, an editorial by me
LOWINGS IN THE FIELD a column by Kent Moo-
maw concerning records and things
IMITATION DEROGATION is just that by Pete
Reischer, a local semi-active fan
JECKYLL AND SEEK by John Berry and illoed
by Art Thomson, both perfectionists
ON SIXTH FANDOM is an article by Terry
Carr on various and sundry people and etc..
Then, then, bawh, we have the CONTINENTAL
SECTION in which Julian Parr and Lars He-
lander perform very aptly...followed by
GOODWILL TO MEN, a little gem created by
Terry Jeeves
CLIQUEES... is a something which arrived in
a black-edged envelope and marked "From
An Anonymous Actifan". The GDA has been
employed in the investigation of this inci-
dent and the Truth has been revealed.
STORIES FOR TOMORROW, by Jack Williams, is
a stf review
THE DELUGE, where I sign off in the field
of fmz reviewing...and the lettercol
AND SCRIBBLINGS, which is chock full of
goodies and all.

The artwork this issue is by:

Dan Adkins
Eddie Jones
Bill Harry
Lars Helander
Jerry Heines
Jim Benford
Art Thomson
Dave Wood
Bill Kotsler
Terry Jeeves

Layouts are by Jim Benford, for which he
should be justly applauded.
Headings are by Art Thomson, Jerry Heines,
Jim Benford, Terry Jeeves, Eddie Jones.
Cover is by Art Thomson.

Helping with the mimeo work was Mike
Gates, and with the assembling Jerry Heines
and Mike Gates.

We wish to thank everyone who helped
in the production of this issue...we couldn't
do without you.

Scrawlings...

NOT HIM AGAIN... Probably all of you who are reading this have seen the last issue of OBLIQUE. Number seven, I believe it was. Contained therein (or somewhere) was a bit of editorializing by Gould on the subject of George Wetzel and What Should We Do About Him. Yep, we're back to that again.

So far a number of solutions have been suggested. Benny Sodek mentioned a possible Do It Yourself Machine-Gun Kit. Dave Rike, in his all-review zine, RUR, said mayhap a little talk to the right people in the Post Office would send the coppers down on Little George with a vengeance, due to his libels and such being sent through their department.

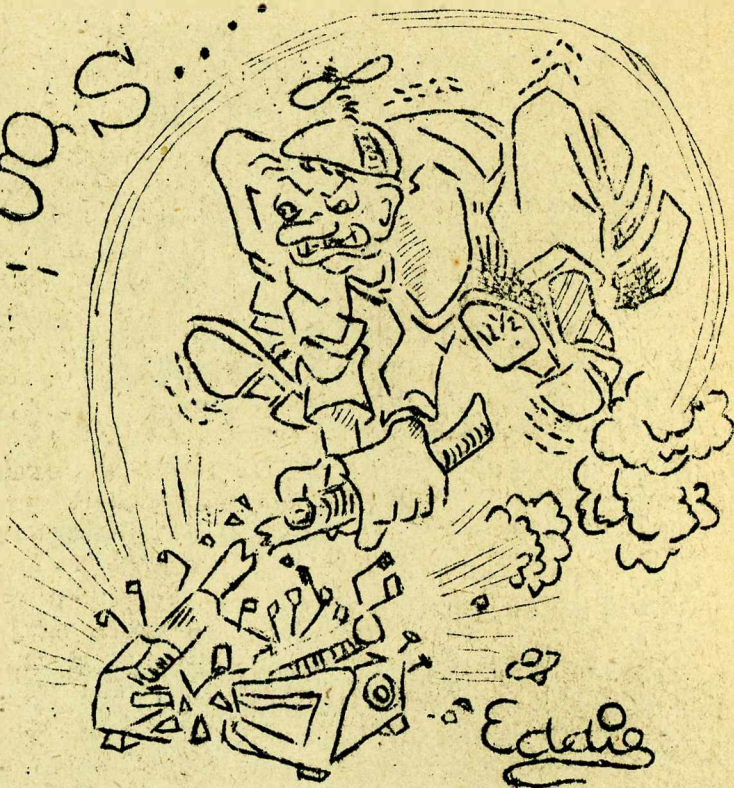
And now, at long last, yours truly is to join the fray....but this time only as a supporter. To my mind Cliff has by far the best suggestion...Rike's plan would involve too much trouble to take care of just a small pest. So...let you be warned: fandom has been irritated by this Wetzel character long enough...the time has arrived when we had best ignore him as the ONLY way to get him out of fandom. Enuf said?

ON JOKES Rumor has it back in the days when Al Ashley was looking for a job he was suddenly struck by an idea when he happened to see an agent's shingle hanging above an entrance door. Al walked into the agent's office, banged his hand on the poor guy's desk and said, "Mister, you gotta hire me....I've got a great midget act."

The agent looked at Al for a minute, sizing him up, and replied, "Look, if you're a midget, why're you six feet tall?"

"That's it!" cried Al. "I'm the tallest midget in the world!"

BRADBURY IS A DOPE I believe it was Tucker who mentioned in FAPA that he'd seen Our Boy Ray on the Groucho Marks Show. The other night said program was on the radio (you all know by now we get things late over here?) and I listened to the run-thru of questions. Bradbury outlined one of his stories, but didn't seem to have too much of an idea what he was doing when he wrote the thing and has been losing ground ever since. Anyway, Ray got up to \$300 or so until the last question, which he goofed and came out with a hundred seventy-five bucks. Which all goes to prove, I guess, that Bradbury is not exactly the genius in all subjects some make him out to be.



— GAB

LOWINGS

IN THE FIELD



Column-Type

by

KENT
MOOMAW

It's here at last!

Science fiction's fair name has been dragged through the mud by Hollywood's money-minded moguls, and its homefire counterparts, radio and television, have also done it little justice, but strangely enough very few fantasy themes have been captured on record to hurl at the general public. Latest attempts at stf on wax have been the title "music" from the film FORGOTTEN PLANET by David Rose, and a rock 'n roll horror known as DESTINATION 2165, the latter of which not even the Presley set seems capable of accepting, with the former being fantastic mainly because of the tonal vibrations and the variations woven into the actual score.

But now, out of the blue and completely unexpected, comes a science fiction recording to warm the heart of the most ardent trufan. It bears no awed-sounding title, suggesting the grandeur of deep space, but is simply called "The Flying Saucer". (I wish I knew the name of those behind it, or even the studio which produced it, but I'm sorry to say I don't. I've only heard it twice myself, and in each instance the disc-jerky failed to give the vital statistics. I am positive it is not Stan Freberg, however!) These three words, if seen by the average fan who has been thoroughly soured towards commercialized stf, while searching for a Brubeck in his local record shop, or perhaps on a jukebox, might not ordinarily attract him; I hope that reading this (they are reading it, aren't they, Greg?) ((are they, Kent?)) will be enough to prompt him to try it at least once.

This little black disc, on both of its sides contains not only a wonderful lampooning of the flying saucer craze, but even more wonderful of the rhythm and blues trend in current American pop music. It's Orson Welles' "Invasion From Mars" in the zaniest possible form. It's...well, here; I'll quote a few of the lines from the record (as nearly as I can remember them) and give you a brief outline of what it's all about. (The plot, what little there exists, is completely secondary.)

As you place it on the turntable, carefully applying the needle, you hear what is to all appearances an ordinary rock 'n roll number, if any of such can be termed ordinary. But just as your hand darts out to switch it off in order to save having to mop up the floor, the "music"

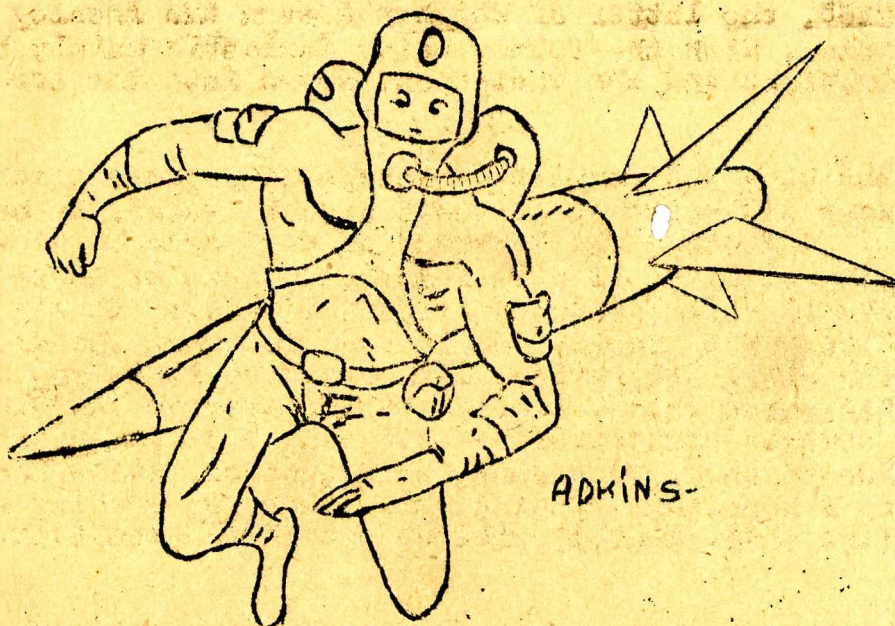
abruptly terminates, and an announcer's voice interrupts to say that flying objects, as yet unidentified, have been seen buzzing the city, and that the station is cutting to their on-the-scene reporter ("John Cameron Cameron") who is interviewing people who have reportedly seen the saucers.

And here begins a series of taped inserts from successful rock 'n roll records, hilariously placed so as to coincide with what the announcer and JCC have to say, perfectly timed and cut from the original numbers. As the announcer says, "We now switch to our reporter downtown," a shrill voice which is actually from the record "I Want You To Be My Girl" (a classic in modern music, to be sure!) belts out the words, "Come on, baby, let's go downtown!!!", and is then gone as quickly as it came. The brevity and suddenness of these inserts takes one completely by surprise, and can therefore be subject to a single criticism: the listener is still laughing when the next one comes in, often resulting in the failure to catch a few of the priceless words. A very small criticism, indeed.

JCC's voice, through a filter microphone, is heard over a buzzing crowd, asking various persons what they would do if the saucers were to land. "You, sir," he queries, "what would you do?"

"...DUCK BACK IN THE ALLEY!!" comes the screaming reply with a chord or two from an electric guitar, taken from "Long Tall Sally".

Seemingly satisfied with this bit of sage philosophy, JCC asks the same of another nearby man.



A deep male voice, with thudding chords emphasizing his every word, rumbles, "...what would I do (thud-thud) is hard to tell (thud-thud)..." from a record I don't recall.

Then comes the clincher. "And you, sir, with the guitar? What would you do?"

"TAKE A WALK-K-K DOWN LONELY STREET!!"

screeches Elvis Presley in his echo chamber, from "Heartbreak Hotel".

It goes on like this for six or seven solid minutes; the people responsible must have gone through hundreds of records for just the right phrases, and then taped the parts needed to play back during the recording session. Such gaiety as the following exchanges are to be found along the way:

"The President of the United States has just issued a statement to (con'd after "Stories for Tomorrow")

IMITATION | pete
reischer
DEROGATION

SCENE: A fan meeting at the Benford abode.

Claude Hall: We must delve into the qualities of truth and error and the underlying reasons that make a truth..

Ray Thompson: HAWHAWHAWHAWHAWHAW!!!!

Jim Benford: Who are you, you who laugh in such a neofannish manner?

Thompson: I am a fan who has been around for a long time
. I was publishing a fanzine before you ever knew a
bout fandom.

Pete Reischer: And I suppose in all this time you learned to justify margins and type beautifully?

Greg Benford: You shouldn't be so hard on Ray; after all, he's a Feuder.

Hall: I maintain that HODGE-PODGE was much better than QUANDRY. Of course, various sheep-fen like Hitchcock all follow the notion that Q was much better.

G Benford: See what I mean?

Hall: As a Free Thinker I say.....

Rich (or Alex) Kirs: Who is this of the flashing blue curls?

Hall: I am Claude Hall, a member of the United States Army and one of the Mature people in fandom today.

Cliff Gould: I suppose you're mature because of your bheer-bottle-bottom glasses?

Hall: It's too bad your brown typewriter ribbon cannot print out brown in your fanzine. It would characterize your material so vividly. Fandom used to be a swell hobby...

Bill Grant: (1) Fandom Activity, (2) Fan Publications, (3) Professional Publishing have gone into a decline.

Gem Carr: This is probably because of all the non-fan talk going around. In FAPA, for instance, we have discussions (in which I don't take part) of guns, music, cars....

Grennell: GM Carr does not approve, but we do it anyway.

Lee Hoffman: The diversity of fan interests has made fandom inadequate, and through completely natural processes it is breaking into smaller, more compact and unified groups.

Kent Corey: Boy, I'm gonna make my group outta fans who really like girly drawings and girly stories in my fanmag and boy do I like those girls and goshwow aren't they somethin', so girly, and....

G Benford: Mighod, another neofan.

Alan Dodd: Kent really publishes a rootin' tootin' Oklahoma zine filled with fine artwork and great writing. I especially liked the girl illos, Kent. Your zine will soon be up there if you keep improving -- who can tell, you might even drive Raleigh Multog's fine fanzine, STAR ROCKETS, to the wall.

Raeburn: Phillips is stupid. Are you stupid?

Wetzel: I say people have a basic right to be stupid.

Pete Reischer: Yeah, and you should know.

Bill Pearson: People are just dumb. Instead of Elvis Presley, why don't folks worry about something IMPORTANT for a change!!!!

Jim Benford: Presley is a slob...almost as bad as Our Boy Wetzel.

Gould: I feel we should ignore him. This is the only solution to this problem short of murder, and I, personally, do not wish to soil my hands.

Heuey Duck: DIRT may be what makes people SMART!!

G Benford: Must you always quote these comic strip characters, Pete?

Wetzel: Gould, Beck tells me you are about 14 or 15 years old which might explain a lot of your misconstructions.

G Benford: Misconstructions? I suppose all these lies you try to pass off are the Naked Truth?

Wetzel: N----- steal because their criminal inclinations come naturally. This can be documented but unless you come out of your own logic-tight prejudice you never will see it,

John Mussells: I have seen around fandom a great dislike for fan fiction,. So now we have decided to sponsor a contest, and it will be dubbed The First Annual Fan Fiction Contest,

Raeburn: These neofans are horrible, I think I'll do a dero on this,

Eric Bentcliffe: I don't always like Derelict! Derogations,,.it can be very funny, or very cruel.

G Benford: Ohghod, not another one.

Ron Ellik: This Edmund Davison writes a real mean notplay, he does,

Reischer; I like the way he tosses compliments to himself.

G Benford: Hey, I'm tired of acting like a dero-type crittur, Whatsay we kill this deal and let me write some letters?

And so they did.

TECKYLL

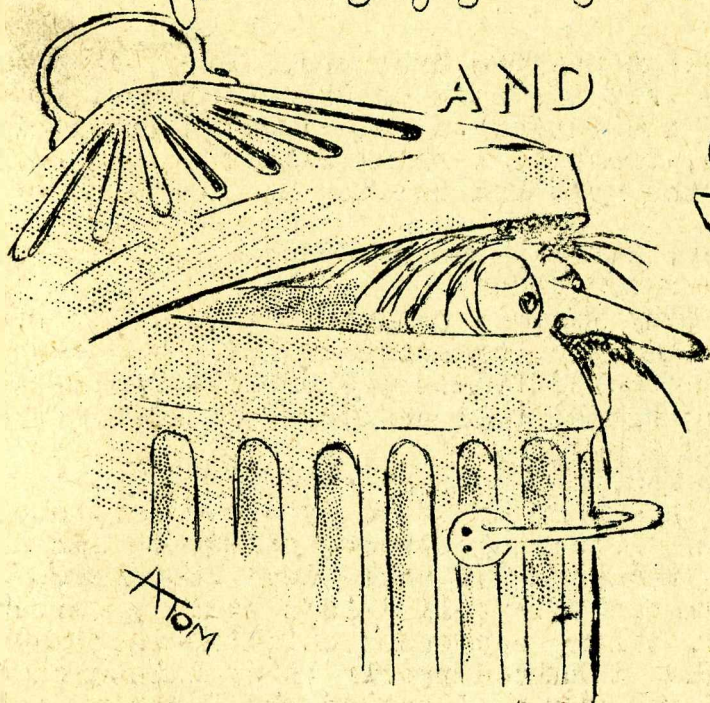
AND

SEEK

BY

JOHN

BERRY



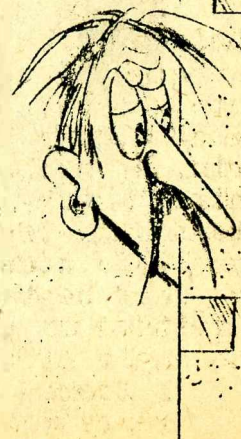
Sunday morning had been particularly hard insofar as my moderate mental and physical prowess was concerned. I found it very trying to have to get up first and make breakfast for the family. Diane, my wife, takes it easy on Sunday morning. Her theory is that foraging for me during the six weekdays entitles her to a rest on the Sabbath. Yep. On a Sunday morning she sure is lazy. Sometimes I have to ask her three times before she dresses me.

And when breakfast had been cleared away, and I had washed and dried the crockery, I spent three solid hours in the garden. I did, as a matter of fact, find it difficult to do my garden. The next door neighbor would insist on propounding his theories about the cultivation of prize roses and carnations. This I took to be a subtle form of mental cruelty, as I had to cut down a dozen square feet of vegetation to even talk to him.

Later on, after I had cleared away the remains on lunch, my wife suggested we should visit Carryduff, where her parents reside.

I pondered. Sure I like it at Carryduff, but my usual Sunday afternoon jaunt is a quick flip on the bike to see Walt Willis and Co. But, I reflected...a rest would do me the power of good after my morning toils...so I consented.

Throwing a child over each shoulder, I staggered almost a mile to the nearest bus stop. Carryduff is in the country, see, a few miles outside Belfast. Bentcliffe has been there, and one day I may even take Irish Fandom, if I can get Diane's parents to go abroad for a couple of months. It is a sort of poetic place. A bungalow. The bungalow is adjacent to an ancient Danish moated fort, and the historically



mind White and Willis will, when they see it, derive much pleasure from pattering around with small hammers.

But I digress, as I have a habit of doing.

After getting off the bus, I carried the children another mile and a half and we reached the bungalow.

I had a shower and two benzedrine tablets, and I felt rather better.

Now I must explain that Diane has two brothers. Terry, 18, who at this tender age has already left his mark on Oblique House. He played ghoddminton there once, and forgot to remove his agricultural boots before playing. Although, frankly, I think Willis agrees that the furrows in the plaster on the wall and ceiling do look kind of unusual, fannishly speaking.

Billy is her other brother. Strong, and a keen sense of humor... he once offered to help me clear my garden.

When we visit Carryduff, they volunteer immediately to entertain our offspring, Colin and Kathleen. They organize quaint games such as TAUNTING BERRY, or, with more cultured finesse, CROSS COUNTRY PAPER CHASE, using some of my pending manuscripts as fuel for blazing the trail. But this Sunday they had a new game.

"Hide and Seek," they gloated.

"Kid's stuff," I commented, and returned to my conversation with Diane's father, with whom I was discussing ethics, etiquette and general demeanour. But with my other ear, I could hear the others glorifying in the chase. I repeated to myself 'kid's stuff', but sure, they were entertaining my kids. A long repressed childish instinct fluttered through my weary frame. I raised myself to my blistered feet, and tottered outside. No one about. I sat on the dustbin, and decided to wait until someone appeared.

Without warning, the dustbin moved. I jumped off, lifted the lid and looked inside.

"Hey, get away, we're playin'," yelled Colin, my heir, aged six.

"Can...can I play?" I asked, handing over a few low denomination coins.

"Waaaaaeeell," he said, slowly climbing out.

I dropped a couple of shillings in his clutching palm.

"Well, I suppose so," he grumbled, pocketing the money. "Terry is looking for me. We're playin' hide and seek, see. Take me somewhere so he won't be able to find me."

I looked round. Colin is very impressionable, and I felt I had to find somewhere really good to bolster my parental prestige.

I felt dedicated.

Right enough, hide and seek is a good game. The dustbin had been a pretty good place, although unhygienic. I brushed tealeaves from his hair. I had to think of somewhere really brilliant.

With a sigh of careless rapture, I lept upwards and with a nonchalant flick of the wrist deposited myself on the low roof of the bungalow. I did dislodge a few slates, but the game comes first. I turned round, hooked my feet on the angle of the roof, and hung downwards like a bat. I grabbed Colin's wrists and pulled. With a fiendish grin, he pulled himself over and past me with the assistance of my shirt, which, although of superior quality, wasn't designed to withstand such treatment. After much effort, during which I nearly flogged myself to death, I eventually turned around in midair and landed on the roof beside Colin. I didn't like the look of his curled lower lip. I gritted my teeth, and we climbed upwards, Everest-like. We reached the angle of the roof, turned left, reached the chimney.

I looked down.

Terry was tiptoeing round the garden beneath us like an Indian

scout, but didn't see us. After a few moments, Billy joined him, then Diane and her mother.

Colin sniggered in unadulterated bliss.

My attention was temporarily distracted by a hornet which was investigating my trouser leg, and after I had finally eliminated it, I turned round to see Colin.

I saw several gaps in the roof, and winced in horror as Colin skimmed a slate 'flying saucer' like to the worried hunters below. I removed the ammunition and got really worried when I saw my father-in-law emerge from the rooms beneath. His face was flushed. I remembered our previous conversation, during which we had delt at length with vile people who make noises and play boisterous games on a Sunday. Sunday, he maintained, was a day of rest. It runs in the family, see.

He wasn't stupid, my father-in-law. He knew that a slate glancing off his bald plate stood quite a reasonable chance of having come off his own roof. The yell of 'Gotcha' from the chimney gave him a further clue.

He looked up. He looked angry. He waved his walking stick aggressively.

So Colin said, I wasn't looking.

I was making like a television aerial.

.....

"So when I saw Colin on the roof, sir," I explained, "I thought it judicial to nip up after him in an attempt to rescue him before he fell off...."

I tried to look concerned.

"....naturally, I'll pay for all the damage. The whole episode was disgusting, especially on a Sunday, when folks are trying to rest."

My father-in-law grinned as he adjusted the plaster on his head and opened an envelope.

He flung me the contractor's estimate.

.....

Today is Sunday.

I got up first.

I made breakfast.

I spent three hours in the garden.

I made dinner.

"Carryduff?" asked Diane.

We went.

Billy and Terry had everything arranged.

"We're playing ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN" they announced.

Huh.

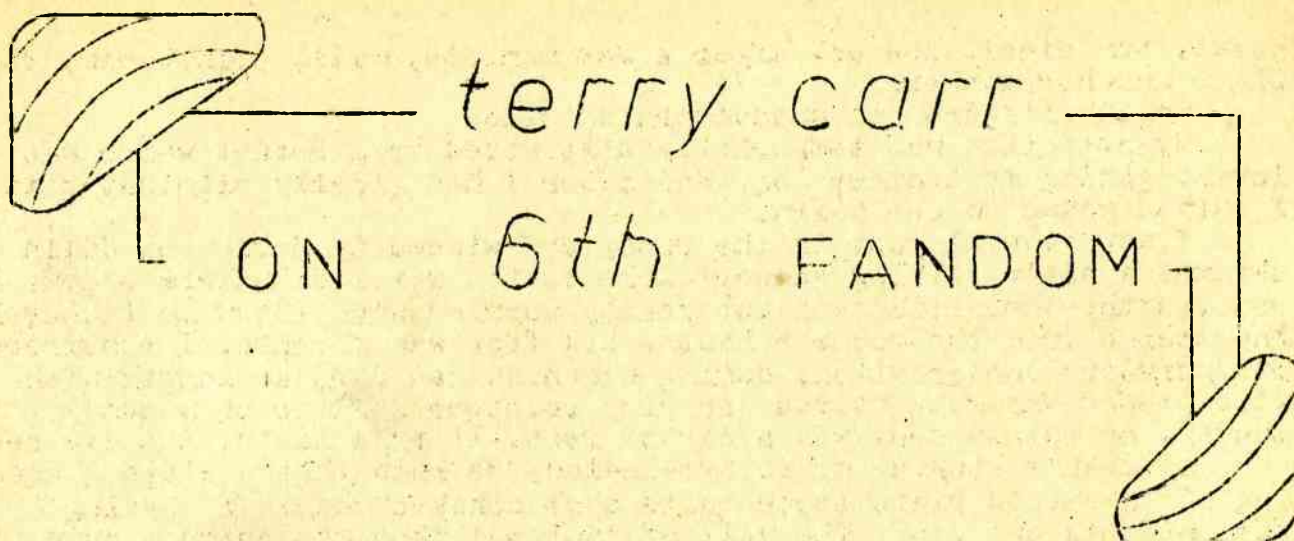
I've learned my lesson.

I'm staying in the house and writing this article, sitting comfortably in an easy chair.

Weeeeeell, almost comfortably, 'cept that when I lean back, the quiver rubs against my shoulder.

— John Berry

"I got a postcard on Tuesday canceling Wednesday." -NS



One of the most interesting things about fandom is the way in which things become distorted into legends. It is almost as if fans were holding up a crazy mirror to fandom and proclaiming the dizzy image therein to be a true reflection of the subject...and the damnable thing about it is that it's so hard to see through a mirror.

Take this business about how wonderful Sixth Fandom was, for instance. In our crazy mirror we see only the sharply-defined features of it with any degree of clarity: QUANDRY and The Harp and...well, that's just about it. One could get the notion that Sixth Fandom consisted of one fanzine, QUANDRY, one editrix, LeeSh, and one fan, WAW. Oh sure, there was someone named Keasler and some things called puffins, and another stray fanzine or ten, but they all sort of centered around Q, didn't they?

As a matter of fact, Q was not the only fanzine coming out during Sixth Fandom, and it was certainly not the center of all Sixth Fandom, nor even of a majority of it. There were fanzines like UTOPIAN, COSMAG/SF DIGEST, FAN-FARE, SPACESHIP, FANTASIAS, and yes, even SF BULLETIN. Not a one of these resembled Q much, and rarely did one approach it in quality...but each was an integral part of Sixth Fandom. If we look intently into that crazy mirror we might catch a glimpse of some of them, nearly obscured by the aura surrounding Q.

That's UTOPIAN there--see the crudzine in the corner? And FANTASIAS over there--generalzine. So was SPACESHIP (there, see?) and C/SFD (there), and most of the others. Sixth Fandom, you see, was primarily an era of generalzines. Even CONFUSION and FANVARIETY were generalzines to a large extent.

Pretty quick that odd, much-maligned and completely misunderstood era, Seventh Fandom, came along, and everybody got mixed up in controversies. Most of what was said was silly--whether it was said by its founders, its adherents, its opposers, or its killers.

Eighth Fandom cracked its egg and stuck its head out, but nobody paid it much attention so it never came out. People just weren't interested. They were too busy heaping dirt on Seventh Fandom, the chicken that had laid the egg, and laughing at the fellow who had seen a dog knee someone in the groin.



Pretty quick things quieted down and fans got back to fanning, but the uproar had had its effect. In the controversy over Seventh Fandom, its predecessor had become a legend. The fans who were just coming in had heard so much about Q that the generalzine era had gone and the era of fannish fanzines was ushered in without announcement because everyone thought it was perfectly natural that it should be there. And behind it all was the legend of Sixth Fandom, and Q (the constant harping had led us into a quandary, one might say).

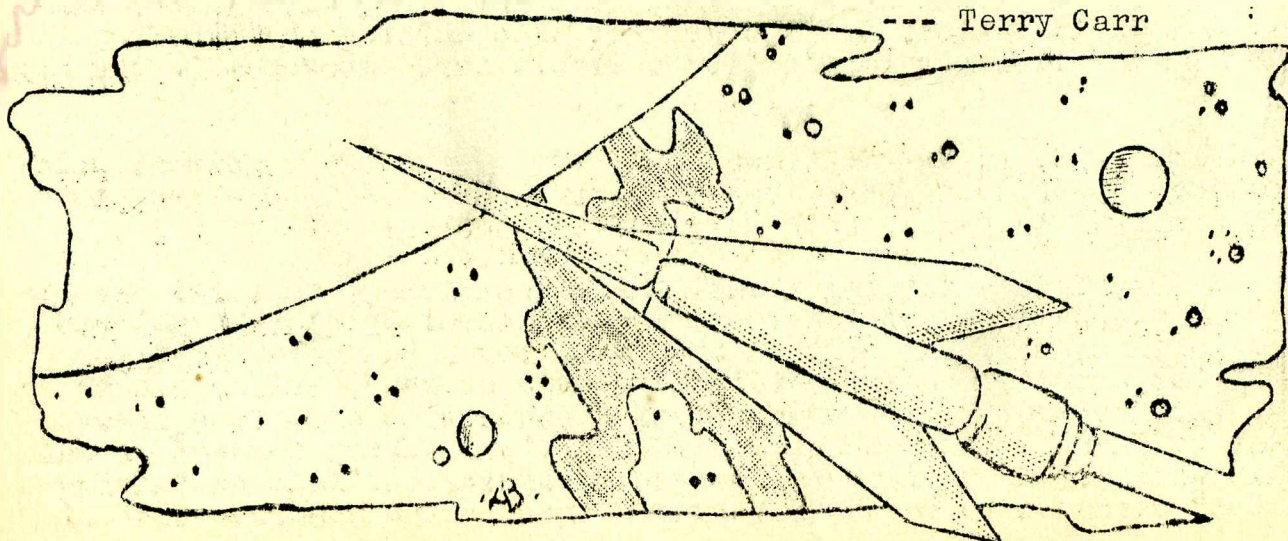
We wondered why there was nothing left to compare with this mythical fandorado of the past...a period when words of gold appeared on each page of a brilliant fannag called QUANDRY. Actually, Q was printed on dull gray paper in ordinary black ink, and though that seems unimportant it is a reminder that Q was,

after all, a merely mortal fanzine...a fact that should have become obvious when it died.

There are fanzines today which are as good, in their own ways. There's HYPHEN, for instance, and GRUE, OBLIQUE and RETRIBUTION. A whole slew of others, too. The fact is, Sixth Fandom wasn't half as fannish as is fandom today, and it couldn't boast so many good fannags. The reason you don't hear about much except Q, WAW, cf., Fv., Sship, OOPS and such is that there wasn't much else worth talking about. The rest was pleasant but not very memorable.

We can thank Seventh Fandom for making us forget the mediocre things about Sixth Fandom and developing the fannish trend that it pointed out. In short, Seventh Fandom killed Sixth Fandom, but the kid who saw him do it was so affected that he grew up to be more like Sixth Fandom than Sixth Fandom ever was.

--- Terry Carr



CONTINENTAL

section

GERFANDOM — JULIAN PARR

SIRIUS No 2 Sept. 1956 (Editor: Walter Wegmann, Postfach 88, Wald/ZH, Switzerland. Irregular. Free to Swiss members of the SFCD. 14pp.)

With its fourteen pages, SIRIUS has outgrown the swaddling clothes of the ANDRO review and earns honorable mention in these dispatches. It brings the first report on the "Zwischen-Con" (Interim Con), which was attended by 57 fans from Germany, Austria, Switzerland and (if you include me) Britain. Four came from Switzerland in Walter Wegmann's car; his report is illustrated by three small prints pasted into the zine (Wegmann owns a photography shop!). This conrep does not hesitate to criticise the SFCD executive for not preparing a proper program.

Another Swiss fan, Rolf Illert, contributes an article giving his own theory of the origin of Saturn's rings; it is illustrated by a whole page of diagrams. Later in the 'zine is another photostat page, this time a rather crude presentation of the atomic alternative --devastation or prosperity. (At the Con Rolf had showed me this and other examples of his SF artwork--including oil paintings). He had contributed 50 photostats of a half-page "Zeitdiagramm" purporting to explain his space-time theory. (I find that most Gorfans are troubled by this problem - the relatively slower rate at which time passes in a space ship approaching the speed of light. Three or more "explanations" of this phenomena--explanations which amount to completely new "space-time theories"--have already appeared in ANDRO. SIRIUS also contains a number of short items, ranging from an account of a UFO argument to a reminder that Swiss subs to the SFCD and Utopia are to be placed through Wegmann.

In all, a presentable fanzine, neat and tidy, with Walter Wegmann a capable editor. Let's hope that once editing has become a habit he'll allow his imagination a little more elbowroom in the mag.

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ANDROMEDA No 6, August-September 1956 (OO of the SFCD. Editor: Walt Ernsting, Irschenberg/Obb., Germany. Bimonthly. DM 0.50 - free to SFCD members. 38 pages. This edition: 450 copies)

A tidy and unexciting issue, this. Unexciting, that is, except for the reappearance of Ann Steul in Gorfandom! Spiceo has allowed his imagination to run riot on the cover for a change--a finely drawn but uninspiring fairy-tale landscape of gaudy spires and sweeping, airy motorways. The usual fiction, this time on a time travel theme by Juergen von Scheidt and the Martians wiping themselves out again with atomic warfare by Juergen Grasmueck. Article on "Anglo-fandom" designed to open the Gorfans' eyes to the humorous side of

fanac. (I had typed this item straight onto the stencil before submitting, and made an unholy mess of the illustrated heading. My humble apologies herewith to all faneds I've bawled out for untidy headings!) A report on the formation of a new Group in Frankfurt ((eh?)); Wolf Rohr winds up a rather inane competition. And an anonymous "starscraper" contributes a devastating criticism of the science in Clark Darlton's Utopia novel, "Die Zeit ist gegen uns". Darlton (Ernsting) is the darling of Gerfandom; his stories top every popularity poll of German SF, and this is the first real criticism of his work I've seen. "Starscraper," incidentally, is a Duesseldorf Gerfan! By quoting the classic "three-body-system" law he "proves" that Sirius (and most double stars) cannot have planets. Then the first of an astronomy series: "The Night Sky In September-October" -- I bet that horrifies you fannish types! Reports from the Stuttgart and Berlin Groups (the latter now numbers 25 and (as far as I know from the tape they sent to the "Zwischen-Con") opens and closes its meetings by shouting the SFCD greeting--"AD ASTRA!"). The usual letters, SF Buch Club, etc, and also the picture page featuring the Wetz-Con, which first appeared in TRIODE.

Walt Spiegl is missing from this ANDRO. He has given up his SFCD functions because his new job (he is assistant editor of Utopia) takes up all his spare time. But he has been replaced (in ANDRO, but not in the SFCD executive) by someone of equal calibre: Ann Steul. Ann has made her journey to Canossa, her head bloody but unbowed! She has joined the SFCD at last. It was pleasure to read her introductory remarks: "Herr Ernsting is a very versatile man, and this is one of the reasons a dispute arose among us. Everything I addressed to the author Ernsting was received by the editor Ernsting; and the founder of the SFCD received everything I addressed to the editor of Utopia. In view of this manysidedness, is it a wonder that a sharp distinction was not always possible? Still, I must honestly admit that I should have expressed myself more precisely on some occasions; not even at the height of our strife did I intend, for instance, to accuse Herr Ernsting of plagiarism." British fans had often referred to the "German tradition" in SF, and this was what she meant when she called on author Ernsting to give us his "own"--ie, German SF. She now repeats this call on German author, to stop imitating American and British SF writers--it seems a hopeless task to try to equal them in their own metier--but rather to create SF from their own background, surroundings and traditions. "Germany lags behind in rocket research and other spheres, but modern science offers so many themes that our German authors' imagination need not be confined at all--except by those limits they unfortunately impose on themselves."

This is thus her attitude: the author Ernsting should give us German SF, while editor Ernsting should by all means continue to give us good foreign novels.

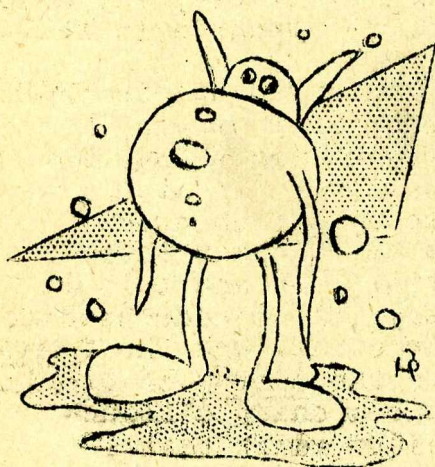
--- Julian Parr

SWEDIFANDOM - LARS HELANDER

What do you do with a convention when it's over? Well, you can always write reports on it. Some fen do, and that's almost the only thing I've been doing (with the exception of consuming enormous quantities of jetblack coffee) all the time since the LUNCON, the first Swedish and Scandinavian SF con, held in Lund this August. Under these conditions one can get pretty fed up with writing conreps.

In spite of my having labored with writing about this Con to such an extent that disguised suicidal plans have started to sneak into my overstrained brain through some of the bullet-holes in my cortex, I actually happened to be in a good mood--something that doesn't happen often--one day some time ago. And after a casual chat with our postman that sunny morning he produced an oblong envelope which he handed to me with an evil smile. And went on his route with a sadistic chuckle.

Ignoring his queer behavior, which actually should have warned me not to open that innocent-looking envelope (I have long since abandoned my attempts at trying to persuade our postman not to read my mail before delivering it--the guy says my mail looks so exciting), I ripped it open and read its contents...and Greg Benford alyly asks me in choice terms TO DO A CONREP FOR VOID. Mentally blinded by my casual goodwillishness at that disastrous occasion, I wrote a goodwillish letter to Greg stating that, aw ryte, I'd try to do it. So far everything was alright. The terrible thing was that I also mailed the letter.



Soon, the horrible truth dawned on me: I had promised to write another conrep! I dispaired. I tried not to think of it. I tried to forget about the whole thing. I tried to wipe it from my memory. But all this was of no avail. For today I got another letter from my tormentor, and after reading his extremely kind and encouraging exhortations ("quickly", "finish up the mss", "hush", "real quick-like", "am waiting" etc etc), I decided to

a) give up, b) write the blasted conrep and c) choke the tyrannical creature called Greg Benford by stuffing his throat with it.

This latter thought cheered me up quite a bit, and I sat down at my writing-desk, put some paper into my typewriter with the same eagerness as I would be forcing the conrep down Greg's throat, and started to think. On re-reading Greg's letter I find that he also wants the rep to "be interesting and to include the best incidents". This salient cruelty made me desperate.

My unfamiliarity with Greg's English (haah) forces me to ask myself a question: what does this inhumanly inhuman human mean by "incidents"? Does he, possibly, allude to the official items on the con program--the causeries and lectures on UFOs, mutants, stf, anti-gravitation, etc.? On the incessant, constructive discussions that resulted in the forming of a Swedish sf union? On the cinema-visit? Or the film-viewing session when we choked and chuckled at the b/w and color amateur sf films produced by one of the ten Swedish sf clubs? Or the unexpected amount of publicity this con received both in the papers and on the radio? Or the fact that not all of the auditors fell to sleep when I discoursed informally on my Israel and continental travels and on the state of sf and fandom in the countries I had visited? No---I dare doubt that this was exactly what Greg meant. The possibility that he was thinking of the fannish incidents still remains, tho. And this alternative seems far more likely.

Now, a great problem arises. Did this con actually feature any really fannish happenings? These require a certain number of faaaans as initiators, and therefore one is inclined to consider fannish fanac at this con an impossibility as only one trufan was present. I am speaking of myself. True, there are lots of fans in Sweden but I still

have yet to find a Servifan who'd understand me if I started to rave about Blog, Oblique House, The Epicentre, The Great Staple War, The Battle Of Bonn, Seventh Fandom and so on ad intinitum. Consequently, being a trufan in Sweden is a lonely thing indeed. Which fact I noticed quite clearly at the Luncon.

However, I felt reasonably at home among the rather numerous humorists and practical jokers who were attending the con, and we had quite a lot of fun. I remember getting to know that a member of the con committee had written a crazy invitation letter to the Soviet Government and had gotten a phone call from the Russian Embassy in Stockholm. Heh.

I actually got a vague impression that a kind of Swedish fannishness was born at this con. Not too early, True, we've already been

"Is this a fanzine???" (Overheard at the LUNCON.) /It was - in fact,
it was one of my copies of GRUE.../

having two crazy-humor-fanzines for some time (against eight sercon ones), but there aren't really fannish---at least not in the Anglo-American style.

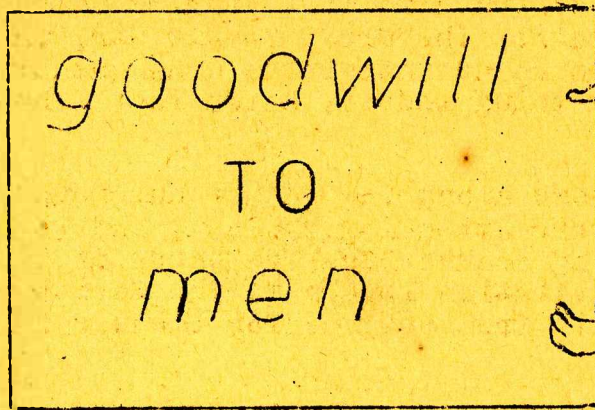
Of course, the serconfen at this con were nice chaps, too (in most cases), but sometimes they do carry things a bit too far. For instance, I was discussing Bradbury with two staff members of HARNA (the only Swedish promag at present) when a certain young actifan came up to us and solemnly declared that he didn't like Bradbury because he writes "too much about family life and stuff like that and too little about the technical things". Any comments?

The same guy is a co-ed of a fmz to which I recently sent a werewolf horror story I dreamed up on a stormy night last spring. At first he wouldn't print the yarn because it didn't feature any spaceships (yeah, that's what I said---go on, laugh!), but in a recent letter he told me that he'd accept the story if I allowed him to re-arrange it a bit -- make the werewolves into Martians and so on. Of course I won't let him. The funny thing is that the guy thinks the story is quite well-written and horrible enough -- but thar jest ain't no spaceships or Martians in it. Ghod -- if you are to judge science fiction by those standards, you're liable to get stranded pretty soon. (I can only hope that I am the only Swedish reader of VOID -- otherwise I'm bound to be lynched pretty soon by The Society for Preventing Unclean Foreign Influences on Swedish Science Fiction.)

Of course I don't care this much about that story...the reason for my mentioning this is to show you what it's like to be a trufan in a country of fanatic serconfen. The only thing that keeps my fannish spirits alive is my "exciting mail" -- or, rather, the part of it that consists of fan correspondence and fmz -- from abroad, that is. (If some of you choose to consider this an unabashed hint, alright, go on.)

Sitting here at my old typewriter (the only trufannish one in the whole of Sweden) it seems to me that this so-called conrep is turning out to be an obvious threnody and lamentation over the deplorable fannish-fandom situation in this here ole country. This statement, if anything, should make you realize what things really are like up here.

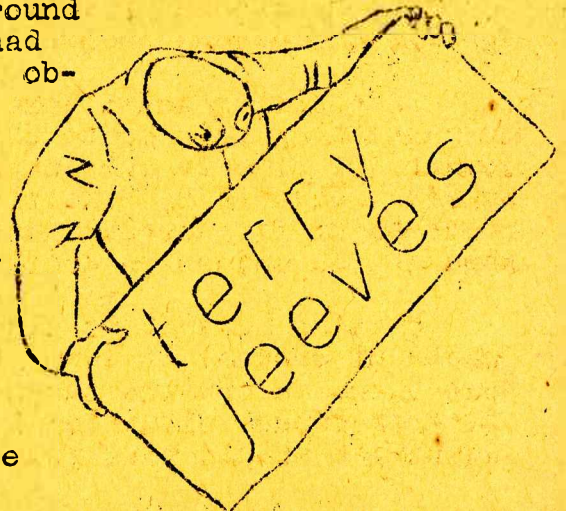
--- Lars Helander



There must be a Guardian Angel watching over me. A crazy one. No matter how I try to be friendly, something always seems to get there and muck up the works. Like the time I helped the old gentleman across the road. Took me a time, too, it did, what with his nerves making him jitter and pull this way and that. How was I to know that when I found him on the curb, puffing hard and gazing at the traffic, he'd only just managed to get to my side of the road? Anyway,

that's the sort of thing I mean. I try hard, put on the old charm and assistance routine, and what does it get me? Nothing, that's what. I'll admit it once worked out differently. I was once passing a jeweller's shop when I noticed someone had heaved a brick through the window. Being helpful, I went inside and found a huge bruiser knocking hell out of a scrawny little bloke. Rallying to the side of law and order, I tapped the bruiser over the head with a chair, and settled the conflict. What did that get me? Six months. It turned out the bruiser happened to own the shop and the little guy was the smash and grab marchant.

Since then, I've been careful. I've kept out of the way of people who might not want to be friendly. I even stayed home and looked after the garden. Bought myself a dog, too, to pal around with. This gardening became quite a hobby with me, and I even managed to pal up with the bloke next door, who made a hobby of growing prize roses. We even got to the stage of leaning over the garden fence and offering each other advice. My dog had to muck that up by scratching up a couple of his rose bushes. Things were very strained after that and the weeks went by with hardly saying a word to each other until one day Daisy, that's my dog, wandered into his garden and in the middle of investigating a rose bush was forced to answer the call of nature. First thing I knew I heard his cursing, so I looked over the fence to see my neighbor angrily scraping the unwanted manure from the plant. Now, I don't like to be at odds with people, so I tried to pacify him. Seemed to be doing a good job, too, as he'd stopped cursing and was looking at me in a queer way. I pointed out that dumb animals didn't know any better than to go around doing such things. My words seemed to have had an effect too, as he began to turn very red, obviously blushing at his own bad manners. Scraping up the last shovelful of 'you know what' from the bush, he came over to the fence. I could see he was really sorry and meant to apologize, since he turned quite white. Me, I like to help people, so to show I bore no ill-feeling at his previous harsh words, I made a show of offering the olive-branch. I stuck out my hand and said, "Put it there."



And the dirty so-and-so did -- the whole shovelful.

I told you my Guardian Angel was crazy.

Cliques...

— AN ANONYMOUS ACTIFAN

As others have pointed out, fandom is essentially made up of small groups and cliques who have the same interests or opinions. This has been said again and again in fanzines, and, of course, is true. However, no one seems to bother with the big question -- IS IT GOOD to break into cliques?

Usually, in both fannish and non-fannish groups, this is a natural and wholly healthy movement. The world is full of cliques of all sorts, the most notable being the intellectual and the non-intellectual. However, in fandom little groups who go off by themselves aren't good for the field (if it can be called such a name).

There are several reasons why this is true, but the most prominent is the fact that if several fen become members of a clique all they particularly care about the other members and their activities. It has come to the stage where a neofan can enter fandom and in a few months become drawn into a special group of fans. The neo never gets a real chance to see the whole of fandom and what it's all about.

In this manner some of our new blood is being drained off into smaller "fandoms". The real and very immediate danger of this is a slackening off of energy in fandom and a great loss of generalzine publishers. Take a normal fan who belongs to his own special group---usually all he will particularly care about pubbing is material concerning his clique, and the personalities involved. This, more than anything else, serves to cut down the quality of fanzines in general.

The "old fan" group is a fairly good example of this. Tucker, Lees, Rotsler and the rest have formed their own little compact set of mutual friends and they keep their zines to the same subjects. There are many other such groups, and ALL of them have one thing in common -- they do not participate in actifandom to any great extent.

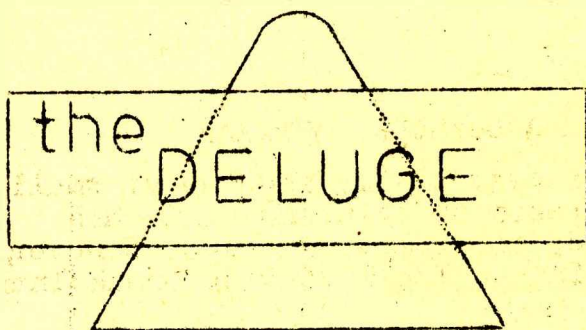
I am not, tho, trying to say all cliques are bad...not at all. Fandom has been built on select groups of hyper-active fans who spark the rest of their region. But I feel we are at a stage where there is no group active enough to become the center -- either regional, national or world-wide -- of fandom.

American fandom swings back and forth, from one side of viewpoint to the other, and this point seems to be the ultimate in the field of select cliques -- I don't think fandom could stand much more of it without flying apart. Always the balance has come back...but will it this time?

Will American fandom decrease the number of 'personality' columns and add more general subject matter (not necessarily science fiction)? Will faneds stop printing reams of "read once and throw away" crud? A good question.

And the answer had better be yes, or I'm afraid we are headed for a gradual decrease in the population of fandom and an increasing amount of bad reading. (Or at least average, if not worse.)

Alas, poor fandom, I knew it well.



Wandering down the long trail of fandom, I have at last come to one conclusion: No matter how good it sounds in a fanish article and such, if fanac becomes nothing but work the 'kick' has gone out of it. It has taken me eight issues to realize this, but at long last I have decided to cut reviewing fan-mags. Never, no more.

This is because, as I said, it has become work. No longer will I slave for hours before a hot typer, trying to dredge up interesting comments on various fmz. Most of what I wrote wasn't worth printing, anyway. From here on in all my commenting on faneds' efforts will be in the form of personal letters, and not in public. Sometime I might feel inclined to do a review column for another mag, but at the moment this looks very far-off and boring. And so, before I gab up all the space, here's the last batch to be done...I'm gonna try a 1-10 rating system this go-round, copying other reviewers before me...is everybody happy?

CANFAN 31, Bill Grant, 11 Burton Road, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada. Good layout, fairly good writing; Crutch not interesting. RATING: 2

OBLIQUE 7, Cliff Gould, 3741 Liggett Drive, San Diego 6, Calif. This one is fast becoming the top fanzine of the US. RATING: 1

HYPHEN 16, Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N.I. Still the same old "-", tho it's dropped a slight bit. RATING: 1

STELLAR 2, Larry Stark/Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va. Excellent repro and layout, but the material is slanted. RATING: 3

O 2, Gary Labowitz, 7234 Baltimore, Kansas City 14, Missouri. Very small and material low in quality. Could use a lot of work--RATING: 7

SATA ILLUSTRATED 1, A/2C Dan Adkins, 3636th CCRTRARON (SUPP), Box 5. Stead AFB, Reno, Nevada. Good art and little material; good. RATING: 2

FOCUS 2, Mervyn Barrett, 6 Doctors Commons, Mt. Victoria, Wellington, New Zealand. Mostly fanfiction and trite 'humor'. Ughish. RATING: 8

RETRIBUTION 3, John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belfast, N.I. An excellent issue with good writing and layout/art by Art Thompson. RATING: 1. Also from John is VERITAS 1, which for the size and intended purpose is well-done. Get both, RET and VERITAS. Up-and-comers.

FOR BEAMS ONLY 4, Jerry Merrill, 632 Avenue "H", Boulder City, Nevada. Poorly done repro and below-average material. Might improve. RATING: 7

MEUH 0, Jean Linard, 24 rue petit, VESOUL, Haute-Saone, France. Rather rambling and aimless, but above average. Repro fair. RATING: 4

PEON 37, Lee Riddle, PNC, USN, U.S.S. CASCADE (AD-16), Fleet PO, NY. A topzine back once more, tho smaller than usual. Get this. RATING: 2

1/14, Rich Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd. Alexandria, Va. A oneshot reporting the NYCon very nicely. Something like Graham's PSY conrep. RATING: 3

STORIES for TOMORROW

("Stories for Tomorrow" edited by William Sloan, published in Great Britain by Eyre & Spottiswoode at 18 shillings. 476 pages.)

To anyone who expresses the point of view that science-fiction is a genre of writing written for children and the lower intelligence groups and that typical science fiction can be found by reading Flash Gordon, listening to Dan Dare or gazing at the lurid covers of the cheaper magazines, the avid S.F. reader can now answer simply, "Read this book," for there can be few anthologies of science fiction chosen with the care Mr. Sloane has deemed fit to bestow upon his collection.

The twenty-two stories which comprise the collection have been divided into eight sections: The Human Heart, which suffers slightly from its sentimentality, particularly in the editor's own story, LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY, which is excellent in portraying human doubts but ends on a Hollywoodish Let's-sing-carols-round-the-old-log-fire note; There Are No Easy Answers, which might have been specially included for fans of Astounding SF, Sweat On the Brow; Difference With Distinction, a selection devoted to mutation; The Trouble With People Is People; Visitors, which speaks for itself; and Three Epilogs, one of which is the enthralling anti-climactic story by Clifford Simak, THE ANSWERS, whilst the others are old favourites by Arthur C. Clarke, THE FORGOTTEN ENEMY and the delicious THE NINE BILLION NAMES OF GOD.

Besides LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY, the section on The Human Heart features four stories which are classics of the school in which the scientific is subordinate to the emotional. Ray Bradbury has two typical stories in A SCENT OF SASSAPARILLA and THE WILDERNESS and Mari Wolf adds a touch of nostalgia (and trite sentimentality) whilst Anthony Boucher contributes a short 'vignette' with a polished climax.

Murray Leinster and Raymond F. Jones are the two representative authors in the section, There Are No Easy Answers, in which the stories are of the plodding-research-will-get-you-there variety. The stories are FIRST CONTACT in which two spaceships from different societies meet accidentally in space and don't know what to do about it, and NOISE LEVEL which should entertain the mechanically minded. The stories in the third section, Sweat on the Brow, are almost of the same variety, except that there is some lucky guessing and not so much plodding, and perhaps sweat. The stories are Kris Neville's FRANCHISE, H.B. Fyfe's IN VALUE DECEIVED and Milton Lessers' BLACK EYES AND THE DAILY GRIND.

jack williams

Which takes us to the fourth section to meet some mutants. Kris Neville's BETTYANN is a familiar, if somewhat overrated, friend, and it is left to John Christopher to supply a tongue-in-cheek touch with the story of a super-intelligent dig, SOCRATES, and Wilmar Shiras a more adult approach with the discovery of a mutant boy, lonely because of his differences from the norm in IN HIDING, even if H.G. Wells did it all first with THE FOOD OF THE GODS.

The Trouble With People Is People is a miscellany of themes. Eric Russell's THEN THERE WERE NONE is the star feature and is well supported by Frank Robinson's THE GIRLS FROM EARTH, James Blish's BEEP, in which the characterisation is a little ludicrous, and Chad Oliver's THE ANT AND THE EYE, which shows surprising intelligence for an ex-fan.

The section on alien visitors is well-treated in that Mr. Sloane does not fall into the trap of former anthologists and treat the subject with a seriousness that tends to mar the story for the reader. Ralph Williams' THE HEAD-HUNTERS smacks of Sheckley, and Mildred Clingerman's MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO is a neat satire on the topic with an additional touch at the ending.

That this is an unusual collection there is no doubt. Science-fiction readers accept the anthology as ordinary; invaders of earth, other dimensions, robots -- and what have you -- all have featured as the basic link between stories in anthologies, but here Mr. Sloane presents stories whose only links are human emotions, depth of thought presented in an intelligent manner to the reader, and quality. That some of the stories have been anthologized before and may be extremely familiar to the S.F. reader is but a little unfortunate; these are stories worthy of a place in a permanent collection.

LOWINGS IN THE FIELD...con't
the men from space, and we quote: "You kin do anythin', buh lay offa mah blue suede shoes!!" (This, in Elvi Presley's voice once again, complete with southern drawl and vibrant echoes, from the song of the same name.)

Or: "We will not listen to the first words ever spoken by the visitors to Earth: (sudden voice shrieks) 'A-WHOP-BAB-A-LOO-BOP-BILLOP-BAM-BOOM!!!" (From "Tootie Frutie", by an unknown singer who makes the alien bit at least sound authentic.)

And of course, as the saucers finally depart from our globe, we hear the lilting strains of "See Ya Later, Alligator" as the aliens bid us adeui with Bill Haley's vocal cords.

I've already told you what I think of the record, but if you get the opportunity, by all means listen to it for yourself. It's only been on the market for a short time, but it's already high on the local hit parade, indicating that it has commercial possibilities as well. It's a record after a fan's own heart; this fan, at least.

I can't help wondering if the fan who taped "The March Of Slime" were in any way connected with this record....the resemblance between the two is remarkable!

--- Kent Moomaw

... and
Scribbles

I'm afraid that, running through this lettercol of ours, there will be a number of comments on VOID 7. Don't let them worry you. I've included them mostly because I wanted to, and slightly because they might be of interest to you captive-audience readers. There are also a goodly number of comments in double brackets (()). These are by me. Don't let them worry you, either.



BOYD RAE BURN agrees..... Yes, I agree that "personality zines" are lacking in English fandom, on the whole. Some of the zines have excellent material, and some, such as Now & Then, have a definite personality. Others, as you and others are tending to remark, all tend to be somewhat the same.

I note Ron Ellik's comments on your derogation. I laugh greatly over his saying you haven't the talent for writing derogations. This is really rich, coming from Ellik, who, I am given to understand, wrote the Dallas messes under his pseudonym of Edmund Davison. Your one effort at a derogation far surpassed anything Ellik ever managed to do in this line. As I said in my last letter, you at least showed that you understood the general idea of derogation writing, and more or less dug the "derogation spirit". Ellik, with his feeble chatterings, never got to first base. Don't ever let anything Squirrel Ellik says worry you.

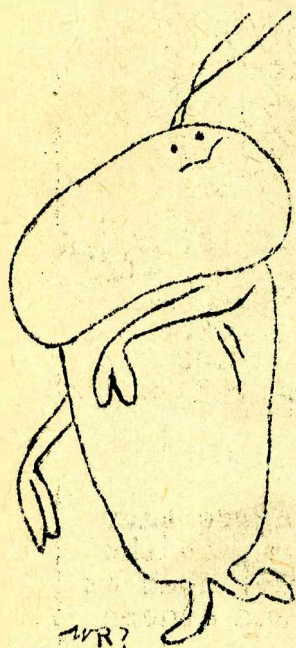
My boy, you slander Mason unjustly. Mason is no fugghead. Indeed not. Mason is a very fine writer, and has done a fine public service by his penetrating analyses of and critiques on Wetzel.

((Speaking of deros, I forgot to include a note in the editorial about the one in this issue. It's written by a local fan, Pete Reischer (and I hope that's the right way to spell it), and is NOT meant to continue in the future. Pete has borrowed every fanzine I have, read them, and talked over fandumb with Jim and I for some while now, and then one day he shows up with a dero all written and such for me. I expect you all to write me praising letters now, 'cause I like the way this boy writes and want to glean some more material from him. Yes.))

DICK ELLINGTON

reports.... The con is all over and all I got to say is, "Cons -- Pooley!" Remind me never to work on another one again soon. Brrrrr! Haven't worked so hard in years. Quit my job the day before the con and after the con I sort of collapsed for a week before I even went hunting. Have been working at new job since Monday and find it quite nice. That's one break from the convention, anyway -- I now have a job with higher pay, better surroundings, closer to home, shorter hours and like that. Of course I now have to work for a living but wot the hell, you can't have everything.

Saw the costume ball which seemed pretty good and part of the Monday afternoon business session which dragged and the banquet (got to sit at the speakers table). The rest of the time I held down the slot at the information-registration-reception-sales desk. Talk about work! Hit it Friday evening, Saturday from about 9 a.m. on up to Ghod knows when in the evening and Sunday almost as much. Frank Dietz and Pat Werner suffered in the sweltering heat along with me. The convention area wasn't air-conditioned needless to add and the good old New York heat took it upon itself to burst forth in all its sticky glory.



Friday night I had to leave earlyish to get home as I couldn't afford to stay at the hotel all three nights. Saturday night I got finished late and there wasn't much of anything doing anyway. Sunday night Pat and myself took Al Capp down to the Falaca's room for a drink after the banquet. In about 15 minutes the two rooms were packed solid and they were opening up the interconnecting door to Pavlat's room. I couldn't stand the crowd after working all day so I went up to Dick Wilson's room for a promised drink meaning to commence party-hopping afterwards. Found the party so fascinating I just stayed. It was one of those ideal affairs-- plenty to drink, not too big a crowd and fascinating

ing people all. About 6 a.m. I hiked out with some of the others for food and as soon as I hit the street the booze hit me. Remember arguing with Del Rey in the automat about somethin' or other and then being led back to my room.....

Monday night we toted one load of stuff home from the hotel and first thing you know there was a full-scale party going on here. Got to bed around 2 a.m. that night too.

What else happened? All I know is that somebody stole the cover for "I Libertine" and somebody else returned it. Several other things of value were stolen but were all returned except one thingumbob from the air farce ((Sorry...just couldn't resist that typo)) and -- of all things -- an INFINITY Emsh cover. This would happen. Don't know the other pubbers too well but Larry and LeeH we count as friends of ours and this got us p.o.ed no end.

Was the con a success? From what I've been able to garner from various people the fans thought it was an utter fell bomb (that's bad y'know) and the neos and pros thot it the best ever so I dunno. The damn thing is over now tho and while I might argue for the sake of arguing about it, I personally couldn't care less what people think of

it now. La-le-la.

One valuable thing that got done was the poll we took on science-fiction. The oh-so-cooperative responded piss-poorly to our requests for cooperation in filling out the sheets tho. You might expect this sort of idiocy from the neos, strangers and such but out of 260-70 sheets returned filled out, about 122 were filled by actifen which you must admit is pretty poor. Anyhoo, when we get it tabulated and studied, it may prove useful to the field in general regarding reactions and reading habits. One thing I'm particularly interested in is how the preferences of the fans and the non-fans check out. If they prove to be the same or close to the same a lot of publishers and editors who've been yapping that the fen are a minority and their voice doesn't really mean anything cause they don't think like the normal reader are going to eat a little crow -- in fact they may eat a whole flock of crows 'cause I personally would love to shove some info like that down their throats.

Crazy Gould called up here long distance the Sunday before the con to talk to Raeburn. He is gone one, that one. He couldn't come on account of spending all money on new Austin ((Healey?)) and like that.

Ellik hitchhiked out here -- and back. He is nice guy. Both letter and personally. Also had WSFA group around for a while -- Stark, Eney, Hitchcock and Ted White -- not to stay, tho, just for pre-con visits.

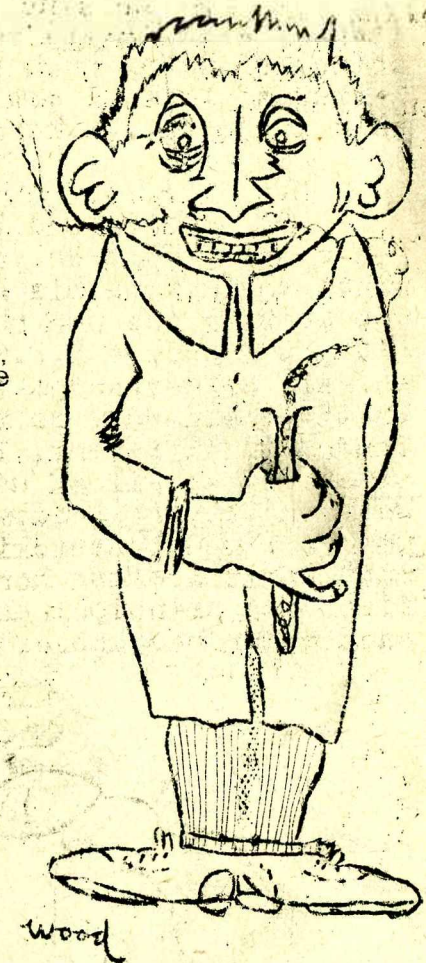
Kirs is character. He is stone deaf, very intelligent, overly sensitive, nutty as a fruit cake, lots of fun and I like him. He is Raeburn's Creature.

Wetzel not too much heard from as of late. Mason trying to start of all things, a left-winger's fan club here in NY. Not that this isn't the ideal place for it but what a weird thing it would be if it worked into anything -- which I don't think it will do incidentally. Have absolutely refused to have anything to do with them. Hell, can't even find time to write anything for COUP anymore. COUP, incidentally, would be organ of this group -- decayed appendix maybe. It's not the left wing bit -- hell, I am an active anarchist myself. It's just that the whole thing sounds so fuggheaded.

Grennell didn't show at con but this is his busy season selling furnaces. Seldom hear from him anymore myself. He's pretty Gafia, I s'pose.

Dunn surpasses the limits of fuggheadedness. Too bad they still aren't giving fugghead awards. This guy deserves one.

I can see your point in not wanting to get tangled up with all the little Gerneofen but couldn't you at least set up a small service --



like say turning letters of this type over to the ISFCC or some other -uh, group or suthin that specializes in this sort of stuff? Why not do them little favors when it won't hurt you. You might even make up a list and send names and addresses to RAP who will gladly print them. Just note that they want to correspond with Amerifen. They'll probably get more letters than they know what to do with. Just suggesting.

((Well, Dick, I did send him a couple addresses...but to make it a policy of doing such things would cost me too much moola and time... Matter of fact, I got a goodly bit of response from the readers on this subject....like so....

WIM STRUYCK

sez..... A thing I can't understand is your comment on D. Schleicher. Now, for heaven's sake, what do you expect from a 15 year-old boy, who (probably) wants to improve his English by corresponding with an American and who prefers one who shares his taste in S.F. Of course he's a neofan. Did you expect a B.F.N.? ((or mayhap a BNF?)) Those don't need addresses. All of Gerfandom is like this, you say. Well, what's wrong with that? It couldn't be the same as American fandom, just as England's fandom is different. If they are neofen, well, they have to start sometime, as all of us had to do. Could you, by the way, tell me: What exactly is fandom? That is: your version of it? Don't get me wrong. I'm not attacking you. Maybe I'm very neofannish myself. But I must admit I often don't get the ideas about fandom I meet. To me the first and principal part is: We like SF, and we get in touch with each other because of that. But to give one example: I like very much

those little pieces
Ron Bennett writes
about his life. He
can write, that boy,
and how. But where's
the SF?

((This is an oft-repeated statement in fandom, and I don't exactly know how to answer it...except that there are two sections of fandumb -- the stf part and acti-fandom. I prefer the latter, and Wim likes the sf district. Fine. Let it stay that way.

As to neofen....I feel I've expressed myself all over here...BUT... most of you, I believe, will prefer the more seasoned fans, as the neos are goshwowboyoboy types and usually act like the younger set of the human race. I think I am getting through to most of the readers



when I say that I am a bit justified in not wanting to spend all my time in Gerfandom. Let's leave it at that.

Oh Ghod...another one.....

GEORGE RICHARDS argues... I

gather that you have some argument against Gerfandom, not, I am pleased to see, from a racial standpoint, but because they are neofannish... Now what's the point of that Greg, surely you too were once a neofan, and maybe even had neofannish ways...did not anyone give you a helping hand... Why is it that there is a growing tendency amongst the elite of Fandom, the so called BNFs, the Truefans, and in particular the editors and publishers of Fanzines, to consider it a crime for anyone to be a neofan... Surely it's up to you (amongst others) to help the neofan along, not just to add further to their frustration... I think that you were being rather cruel in publishing that letter as you did and classing the whole of Gerfandom as the same.

Not
((Cruel, cruel, cruel... It 'peers all Britifen object to the cruel oh-so-cruel things we hard-boiled American types publish. I can't understand this, except that possibly mayhap the British conform more.. fall into line easier than Americans. This could be the same reason most British fanmags are alike, too...conformity. Tell me....have any of you English-type readers read THE LONELY CROWD??))

BOB BLOCH reports.... VOID not here

yet, but I imagine it is en route. I'm flooded with fanzines at the moment, anyway, and with work of all sorts -- a lot of it picked up in New York at the Convention.

It was too humid for me to do much drinking, and there were 1300 people for me to see. I am glad these affairs occur only once a year: I'm too old for more frequent fiestas.

There were the usual foulups, and I imagine there'll be a number of complaints in fanzine reports on the Con, but from the personal standpoint I can't quibble. As usual, more fun than I could handle.

Only thing is that when I return there's always this work staring me in the face. And I'm tired. Oh well, got all year to catch up now.

((I am astounded that Our Ghod is actually tiring of Drinking Bheer, Playing Poker, Throwing Neos Out Of Windows and all the other fine fannish occupations... Does this mean we must hold another election??))

JOHN BERRY comments... VOID number 8,

I see. You're batting along very nicely. Each issue is very slightly better than the one preceeding it, particularly as regards the general layout, an important detail to which I pay much attention, having myself an artistic eye (M.M.). I must confess that the list of artists appearing in VOID 8 is very imposing. I like to see a faned having sufficient initiative to vastly enlarge the general appearance of his fanzine by having variety in the drawings and headings.

Must say I liked Ron Bennett and Terry Jeeves. If only Ron wasn't quite so prolific with aliases, etc, he would truly be a fannish genius. His Redd Grayson, etc, and the Malash incident, combines to make me wary of anything I read by a name I don't know, in case Ron has

actually written it. Do you believe in Joan? Do you believe in Bill Harry? Tell you the truth, the only one I believe in is Cecil. Cecil has gotten over to me. I know he is real. But Joan. And Bill Harry. (Is there a Jan Jansen?) There, you see my state of mind. I am confused with Ron Bennett. Ron Bennett is the enigma of fandom. Long may he reign.

All in all, as I said before Greg, VOID, contrary to quite a few fanzines these days, is improving from an already-plus standard to an ultra-plus standard, and I can't see how you are going to continue the same rise. But you will.

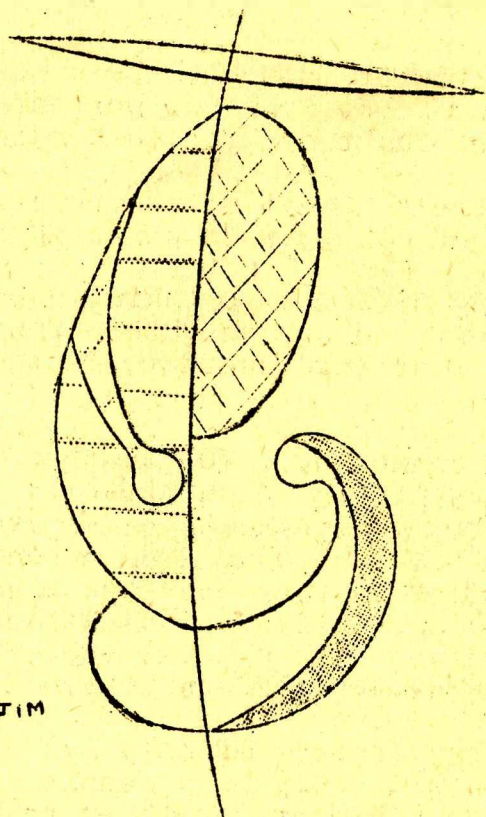
VOID, for the first time, is now in my top ten. Keep up the versatility of layout and artwork, don't loose your inimitable style, and you're going to be hard to beat.

SQUIRREL ELLIK

mutters... I believe, some day when I find time (when,when?) I will do you a full cover logo. Aren't you lucky? Unfortunately, I am now in college, carrying 17 units, and work 21 hours a week at it--just in school. Another twenty-one, at least, outside of school. This leaves me all sorts of time--which is taken up by eating, sleeping and other sercon activities. Actually, this is a good cover. Only trouble is the lettering, which is extremely poor.

Might mention that Wetzel was NOT at the NYCon. Chicken, Yellow as they come. He was a major subject of discussion, he would be glad to know. I met Dave Mason, we had many laughs over the Wetzel/Mason/Ellik hoax. Also talked about it with Art Sahn, who had some very

interesting commentary on the whole thing...unreproducable because it was three o'clock in the morning and who can remember anything that happened at 3:00 in the morning?



PLEASE, DO NOT PRINT MATERIAL BY KRANOLD. I'd thot he was thru with science fiction, since the Ackerman scene. Unfortunately (if you have reason to believe he's still interested in us) fandom is yet be-plagued with another Wetzel. You know (through Ernsting) about the Ackerman biz? Frankly, I've had enough Kranold to last me up to fifteenth fandom. And--come to think of it--the last time he was seen around LASFS was July, 1955.

Speaking of fifteenth fandom reminds me of something I was going to ask you.

You see, I've been thinking about schedules. It's been 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ years since the beginning of First Fandom. Seventh fandom started 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ years after, which means the

first six took about $3\frac{1}{2}$ years apiece. Now, $22\frac{1}{2}$ plus $3\frac{1}{2}$ is 26--don't you think it's time for Eighth Fandom about now? Seriously, I think it's time for a change in fannish outlook. What is there in the field today? Just A BAS, OBLIQUE and VOID, actually. What can fandom focus on? Actually, VOID is the only decent fanzine from a viewpoint of letters and generality. I was thinking that perhaps VOID should start the movement to Eighth Fandom. Why not make it the subject of your next editorial, and remind people that VOID is the only NECESSARY fanzine in the lot of them. You can point out that all the others either limit their circulation drastically or print nothing but sercon and non-fannish stuff like articles about sports cars and homosexual tendencies. You can count on me for support, you know. I'll be behind you all the way.

((I laugh long and loud...))

MAL ASHWORTH

rambles....

(This goes down in my diary as 'The Day I Wrote A Fan Letter') I - er - got here. I took a loooooong time, but I got here, I am still busy trying to think up excuses for not getting here earlier. I can't think of very many of them. One is that I had trouble with your address. Why can't you have a simple baffling address like mine - live on two streets at once, for example? Why do you have to have a bewildering baffling address like yours, which is conditional upon where one writes from? Phooey. I am never sure where I live or where I am writing or who I am, or anything, at the best of times; and when it comes to figuring out whether you are going to be in Giessen/Lahn or New York when I write you, I am plain, plumb, utter and complete-like lost. But in the ned, by dint of sheer human endurance and animal cunning, I found out the correct address to write to - I used the one you put on the top of your pchtsared you sent me. You see the uses brains can be put to, eh?

Yes -er - VOID - er - me - ~~er~~ - no letter of comment - er - no acknowledgement - er - complete silence - er - eh? (This needs some subtle thought!) Well you see I intended to write to you after every issue of VOID that you sent me. But it never got done and my lil ole conscience kept nagging away. And then one day I came across something that SENECA said that went something like this: "A benefit consists not in what is done or given but in the intention of the giver or doer." And I thought, Yes - That's me. I intend to write and that is a Good Thing. But I haven't written and that is a Bad Thing. But Seneca says it doesn't matter that I haven't written, it is the intention which is important and since my intention has been to write, it is a Good Thing after all. I tell you, I am thinking of appointing Seneca my personal fan philosopher.

And then comes this baffling pchtsared of yours. Apparently you don't go along with Seneca -- you actually expect a real, material letter. Oh dear - this is most distressing. Haven't you been enjoying all my good intentions? Tut Tut Tut.

And phooey, oh ye of little faith, whatever makes you think BEM is dead? There's still another issue to come and Tom's beard is only just beginning to turn grey. We have plenty of time yet.

((Yeah, bawh, suuuuure you do... in fact, you might even get it out before FILLER 2....))

BILL ROTSLEER rumbles... Recd

VOID and was not, in all honesty, particularly impressed. Don't let that bother you. Almost all fanzines but MASQUE, KTEIC MAGAZINE, GRUE, BURBINGS, most of Tucker's and Hoffman's mags and HYPHEN do not impress me. A random illo, a short article, an interlineation here and there is about all that ever amuses me. Guess I'm either jaded with fanzines or just not much interested anymore. You did a fair job stencilling my illos. Good boy.

Let me give you a tip, though...all new faneds write about their problems in publishing this issue or the last one or what looks like problems in the next one...don't do this unless you can write very well and, for my money, humorously. Write about anything but that. No-one really cares, you know. And publish only what you like and to hell with a "balanced" fanzine and those ever-changing "policies" that faneds are always having. Pooh. You'll have a distinctive fanzine that is you if you print only what you really like.

"You? Here?"

BILL HARRY pities..... Pity I didn't go

and see "A Man Alone" when it was on the Forum, I waited till it was on at the Majestic two weeks later. Ah well....do you have many buskers outside the cinemas over there?

They seem to perform in shifts in Liverpool. If you join the picture queue at 4 o'clock on a Sunday evening you are just in time to meet the man who travels the length of the queue selling Billys Weekly Liar (this, incidentally, comes out once a year, and the copies sold are usually about three years old). Then after that bloke has divulged you of threepence, another bloke looking like a fugitive from the "Beggar's Opera" comes along and sells spicy joke books (the vest pocket size). Next comes the music, usually a trio--an accordin player, a banjo man, and a collector. They play a tune or two, and then the collector comes along with a hat (if you don't drop a copper into his hat straight away he usually stands before you waving it in front of your nose, and you have to cough up to prevent further embarrassment),

Another cove comes along selling Photoplays at sevenpence a time --he's the only one who doesn't do much business. After him comes the solitary busker. He usually plays a zither or a banjo, or a guitar. After five minutes of popular tunes (played in an unpopular manner) he comes and collects the money himself, usually gripping the guitar in a threatening way. Occasionally, a bloke actually sings, and one fella once held up the traffic outside the Majestic. By this time the queue begins to move forward as the cinema doors open, and the last busker comes forward. This guy is no musician. A muscle-bound gypsy, he is armed with telephone books taken from telephone boxes, which he begins to tear up, tho I suspect he's doctored them beforehand. It goes without saying that one has to pay him.

And when I reach the paybox I usually don't have enough money to go in and see the picture.

PETE KRANOLD rambles... Inventing

is nice, when you've got ideas. Then you find that most of them don't work, and somebody thought of the rest of them first. And

when you do think of something good and it works, there's somebody ready and willing to steal it from you. That is the acid test of whether it's a good idea or not. I feel flattered because somebody tried to help themselves to a) ArtScope, b) a kind of gun I worked on last year, c) a hi-fi recording system of my own which does away with microphones. Who knows, something may come of it yet. Or maybe it's just that I'm an easy mark. Anyhow, that's the sort of things you want to think of before you invent something. There was the boy who made a car run on water, and checked into a hotel in Washington one day in 1917, with an appointment in his pocket to demonstrate same to the Army next day. He didn't show up the next day; his bed hadn't been slept in; nobody ever saw him (or the water-powered car) again. Would have wrecked the oil biz. Then there was the match that could be struck 1000



times or more ... experimental sample models floated around Hollywood during the war, were even used in 6 or 7 movies -- but it's never come on the market, and isn't patented. The match industry would have been ruined. There was the razor blade that never got dull, too, but I don't know any details about it, except that it was vintage 1922 or so. Would have ruined Gillette's. Then there is celluloid. George Eastman, of Eastman Kodak, offered a prize of \$5000 for such a substance, which would have given him ownership. A clergyman in New Jersey sent in his invention, which is what we now call celluloid, made from cotton and nitric acid. Eastman refused to pay, saying it was invented by some guy in his own labs. It was in

the courts for 15 years. Then Eastman was made to pay 18 million, and he must have spent as much again on court and lawyer's fees. See what I mean?

RAY

SCHAFFER

mutters..

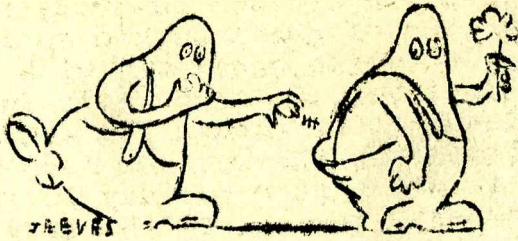
Go ahead, say it - - you hate me. Here you've sent me seven issues of VOID, and up until now I had only ever showed my gratitude by one miserable, badly typed, short letter of comment. Gads, but I must admire you for your optimistic faith. You've undoubtedly lied awake nights thinking, "When will he write, Ghod, when will he write? I'll send him just one more and that's it. Maybe, just maybe....." Well, finally, here I is. Perhaps in the future I'll find time to comment more regularly. Dammit, I'd better, cause those threatening notes on your bacover look kinda definite.

((Ah yes...let it be known that from now on, those little sweetly innocent-type checks on the back hold Dark Meaning. Yes, from now on the cute little brackets will strike terror into the hearts of fen everywhere....read 'em close-like, bawh, cause I MEANS that stuff. No more warnings on warnings on warnings....this is the real thing. You have been warned. Yeah.))

TERRY JEEVES

writes... By this

time, you must have gained the impression that someone had dropped an atom bomb on the Jeeves mansion. No such luck, the delay in answering your letter was due almost entirely to my unique filing system. Every time a letter arrives, I always place it on the mantelpiece or overmantel/mantle/mantell or whatever you call it over in Germany (probably 'gugenschlosspiel'). This continues with each mail delivery



until one of two possibilities manages to take place. Either I answer it, or the pile gets so large it topples into the hearth. In this case, I was reminded that I still owe you a letter, by the arrival of the latest issue of VOID. My memory tape ran through to a certain section and out came the information that I owe you a letter. A quick in-

vestigation of the leaning tower of mail, and that was confirmed. Herewith then, a letter.

Yep, I'm a schoolteacher, and before Ron Bennett joined the profession, it was pretty rough. Now it's absolutely ragged. It seems there is a slow paralysis centered around Leeds/Liverpool, and gradually spreading throughout the education system of this country. It manifests itself in class, by the fact that half the kids sit and read books on science-fiction, and the other half sit bemused and listen to gramophones grinding out Bop, be-bop and slop.

GEORGE SPENCER

starts...

Well, I'll start off by saying that you are making a fairly good impression on me. I didn't care for VOID as of the first copy (that I saw, I mean), but I think you're improving steadily. You now put out a quite presentable zine, both in material, format and art. Keep it that way. I was particularly taken with Jim's heading for "The Deluge". Quite original. I also like the filler illustrations by Eddie Jones. He has an amazing sense of proportion, which he uses to good advantage anatomically in his BEM-type cartoons.

 "A fanzine is VOID, if mailed in Germany."

"... I don't think anyone will blame me too much if I desert it (Gerfandom)...no?" Yes. Such a state ent irks me considerably. What, actually, are you abandoning? After all, Fannish Fandom (meaning the fandom centered around fanac, fanzines, etc.) is your main interest, isn't it? By "abandoning" Gerfandom, you aren't really casting off any shackles other than your own responsibility to REPRESENT active fandom in Germany! Until the embryo of interest in science fiction flowers and blossoms forth with a German counterpart of the fandom now thriving in the U.S. and Britian, you ARE active fandom in Germany, whether you like it or not. It's your responsibility to help and inform German fans in the ways of fandom proper, or at the least, have a civil mental attitude toward them while they find out on their own, rather than cluckling at them slyly with your superiority (or rather, your sense of superiority) beaming in all directions. You aren't going to gain one damn thing by sniffing at their neofannishness (no matter how much it may be evident) and turning toward the bulk of active fandom with a "I'm one of the gang." type of affected cliquishness. I'm sure you can be a fannish pilaster in Germany without writing about it in VOID. You represent Gerfandom by just BEING there.

Enough. Little things like attitudes often cause me to go off on a tangent like that.

You aren't the only one who finds his fanzine title has been used before. Some months ago, I learned from Bill Evans that OUTRE' had been used before, evidently on a small one-ish affair quite a number

of years ago. Coincidences like that are odd things. One example that comes to mind is Ted White (re ZIP 7, I believe) finding another Ted White in Madge's letter column. Well, the other day, I was flipping through the Washington (D.C.) Evening Star, and I came to the place where they answer factual questions in a little column. I read the first question, and my head snapped back so fast I couldn't see for a few seconds. The question was: "Can you tell me when the bandleader Boyd Raeburn was born?" Not being up on my bandleaders, natch, I was a mite taken aback. Some coincidence, hey? Or does Boyd lead a double life? I can just see some bandleader, somewhere, beating any player who makes with sour notes over the head with a rolled-up A BAS. Here-say indeed....

((Sure, I'll take on the job of representative for Gerfandom, just so I don't have to write letters to fen all day giving addresses. I got better things to ~~throw away~~ spend my time on... I did not come into actifandom with a "I'm one of the gang." feeling at all, but because I favored that type fandumb. As a matter of fact, that 'one of the gang' deal was one of the main reasons I got out of German fandom. There, that will confuse you fa-a-a-ns....

Oh well, just one more.....

BOB COULSON

rambles... Best thing in the issue was Bennett's. I dunno; I've never read anything of Ron's that wasn't either the best of whatever issue it was in, or close to it. Maybe he's a genuis.

"Circuit And See" was likewise enjoyable. Fanzine reviews were nothing special (I've yet to see any that are anything special), "R.S.V.P." was rather minor, and I didn't care much for "My Bit".

Which leaves the letter column. I have rather strong reasons for agreeing with Ray Thompson. A couple of years back, while I was going to work one morning, some damn fool batted out of a side road in front of me, doing at least 70. Not being able to stop or even swerve, I hit him broadside and killed him. Witnesses said he's been coming through there, without looking, for years....he tried it once too often. Trouble is, I don't believe preaching driving safety does one damn bit of good. The only effective cure of bad driving is revoking the license.

I take it you don't like "typical neofans". Well, if you don't, I can readily see you "deserting" German fandom --- for that matter, I should think your choice of fan-activities would be your own business Personally, I like neofans. They aren't so Goddam sure they know everything. (Re-reading that, I can see where you might think I was trying to insult you. I wasn't really -- there is a certain type of fan I heartily dislike, but I have no idea whether you're that type or not.)

((Strange, but most neofen I noticed were cock-sure types who think because of their 3 months in fandom they are senior to everyone but BNFs and try to impress this upon everyone they write to for the first time. Fortunately, these types are easy to spot..))

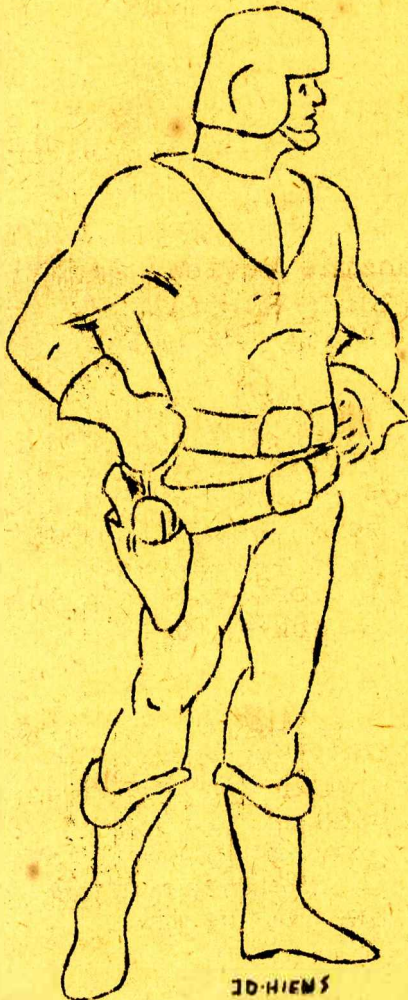
LARS HELANDER

spouts... A quite wonderful summer. Israel wuz nice. Greece wuz nice, but hot.

Italy wuz nice, but hectic. Yougoslavia was (???) nice, but poor. Switzerland wuz nice, but cold. France wuz nice, but Paris... yahoo... Ahem... Germany wuz nice, but rainy. ((Yuk.)) Denmark wuz nice, but small. Belgium wuz nice, but JJ... (I visited him. He wuz nice.) Nice was nice, I suppose, but we didn't go there. We just lay for six hours off the harbor while police boats were cruising around us all the time. One Cypriot girl wuzn't allowed to leave the ship, as they had discovered that she wuz a "terrorist". Tears. Shouts. Yells. Quarrels.

Israel was pretty dangerous. When we went to Jerusalem we passed a spot where a man (Israeli) had been murdered just an hour ago by Arabs. The borderline was just twenty or forty feet away. I managed to jump outta the car, run up to the border and take a shot of the imposing warning sign (Hebrew letters, by jove!) before I was violently fetched back by terrified natives. They didn't want me to get hurt, they said. I told them that I didn't want myself to get hurt, either. Somebody muttered something about "crazy foreigners" so I suppose they took me for an Englishman. No harm done.

ARCHIE MERCER



rambles (oh didn't he?).... Your editorial remarks about the BBC having a monopoly of the British air.... Actually, it never had. From the first, there have always been commercial Continental stations specializing in English broadcasts. The only one to survive is Radio Luxemburg - but that's a big success, that has long rivalled the BBC in popularity - if not surpassed it - by pandering to the lowest common denominator of taste. This may or may not be a good thing according to how one looks at it, but it's there, and can be easily received over most of the country. It's not very popular in official quarters, and a few years ago, when there was an international European conference to re-allocate wavelengths between the various countries, an attempt was made to confine Radio Luxemburg to the Grand Duchy thereof. Luxemburg simply said to hell with you, and poached a BBC wave-length, seriously interfering with reception on one of the regular BBC programs. Until eventually Luxemburg had to be given tacit recognition of its unofficial right to be heard throughout the British Isles. That's why there was all this agitation that led to the independent TV service - the advertisers HAD a perfectly adequate vehicle in Luxemburg, but a TV station across the channel wouldn't be any good - it'd have to depend on government-controlled land-lines and things that wouldn't have been granted if the BBC monopoly was re-

tained as a working principle.

WALT ERNSTING

types.... In any way I think it better you did leave Gerfandom, because you never would accept my way of organizing Gerfandom. But my way is the right one! The SFCD has 500 members, ANDRO is published soon in 600

samples. Is there a bigger fanzine in the world? A bigger club? Anyhow, you will remain my friend, and I will not forget you did help me a lot in the beginning. Ann Steul is a member, too, and I hope she will also be happy about her stuff, she is now able to present the members of the SFCD without being illegal. Mixed everything is good.

((Hmmmmm. Makes me remember the old days when we were running off VOID on a flatbed. Oh well....I just wanted to show everyone for the last time that there are no hard feelings between Gerfandom and I, and I hope between Anglo-fandom. So...whatsay let's quit this argument and forget the entire matter. It's an oooold problem....and tired.))

KENT MOOMAW asks... How can you have the pale blue curls with which Raeburn attributes you, and a crew cut at the same time? Perhaps haircuts in Germany are a little farther advanced than those over here? About the weirdest haircut I've seen was that during the Don Eagle craze of four or five years ago; you

"He never gets his hair cut; he has the oil changed twice a month."

remember, don't you, a burr on two sides and straight up in the center. Really caught on in the Cincy area, but not in this family. I look like heck in a crew cut alone, much less a Don Eagle trim; I have a pretty large head, and crew cuts only serve to emphasize it. Regardless, I think your pale blue curls would be more in keeping with the black leather jacket (wha' happen to the eagle on the back?), the black denim trousers, and the motorcycle boots; over here, the guys seen in that kind of garb wear their hair a la Elvis ((shudder)) Presley (the only true Ghod). That is, when it's combed all the way out, it's nearly as long as some of the girls' shorter bobs, kept well oiled, and combed back to a broad duck-tail. Cool, man, cool!

I received VOID 8 this morning and am here to comment on it. First off, it appears that you've mastered your machine now. I found the repro this very good, with no blurs and no under/overinking. The art and headings were particularly sharp and clean.

Overheard of a student peeking into a physics class: "Say, do you have to pass a physical to take this?"

The best art in this, tho, is Eddie's. There's a boy who has real talent, both in cartoons and in a sercon vein. Coulson or someone said that some of Eddie's art had been purchased by Peter Hamilton for NEBULA, but since I don't sub to that mag, I don't know whether it ever appeared or not. More by this boy, please; also by Atom, who runs a very close second in this.

"Circuit And See"? Well, it's by Berry, and what more can one say? I can't think of anyone anywhere who's made me laugh as regularly during the past few months as Big Jawn. Willis must be a true sadist if there's even a smidgen of truth in this, which I doubt.

"R.S.V.P." gives you a sort of "triple threat" in British fandom. Most surprising is the news that Jeeves has a son; are there no young English fen? It seems that every day I learn that a fan in England whom I had always considered in the college-age bracket or younger are in reality either middle-aged or are parents! Are you sure that you're as young as you make out? I'll probably learn that you and Jim are

moving into an old men's home soon.

I agree 100% about that blasted editorial in EEEK. That kind of thing has about as much business in fanzines as fugghead Wetzel's rantings. If Thompson, after seeing an accident, decided that auto accidents had to be brought to the attention of John Q. Public, why in hell didn't he write to his local newspapers, his city council, etc. How many people did he expect to reach in EEEK, anyway?

Of course England has more tradition than USA; patriotic as Dodd may be, he can't be blind to that fact. And I agree with Labowitz that England is far more similar in people and customs throughout than America. To see an illustration of this, simply witness the mess over racial integration in the South currently. The fuggheaded descendants of Jefferson Davis, who are mobbing to resist the government and preserve their children as clean and unsmudged as they supposedly are at present, are certainly a world apart from us up here. As different as people in one country can possibly be.

ERIC BENTCLIFFE

argues... Looks like quite an interesting argument is going to develop on whether the BBC is A Good Thing. Think it might be as well to point out that the BBC isn't the only radio service listened to regularly over here...for years Radio Luxemburg and Radio Athlone have competed with it for the favors of the British listening public. The former with its loathsome commercial jungles must be something like what the folks in the States have to suffer. I don't think the BBC can be said to have had any appreciable effect on the outlook (fannish and otherwise) of the people in UK, no more certainly than the radio programs of other countries. It has always supplied an ample alternative of programs (except during the war) and the only big difference in the basics has been that we have broadcasters with English accents and you in the States have them with American accents. I'd say that the BBC reflects the British way of life, rather than molds it. It's apt to be a little less sensational about things than is the American Radio.

I'd like to make one correction to your footnote to Alan Dodd's letter. The BBC is not and never has been 'Government controlled'. It is a public corporation licensed by the postmaster general and has to renew its license every five year.

As regards the public 'not getting some things it might if the BBC were not the principle broadcasters over here'....I'd say that the only thing we miss out on are the adverts, and I don't think anyone worries too much about that, especially since commercial TV got started. In case you're interested the majority of the commercial stations are not finding themselves able to capture more than a minority of the viewing public and the London station has recently had to dismiss a third of its staff.

I think you are wrong too about UK being 'one large community'. The Americans I've known who have visited the British Isles have been astounded at the diversity of accent and outlook over here...I know the UK looks small on a map but I can assure you that this doesn't mean the inhabitants are cast in one mold.

STEVE SCHULTHEIS

questions... I wonder if the relatively small size of active fandom, as com-

pared to the mass of people known to read science fiction, might not be due to the fact that an active fan must by definition be one who can communicate with ease. He must be a facile writer. Not good, necessarily, but facile. And the average person, in my experience, does not put his thoughts down on paper with ease, and much less with enjoyment.

((This aspect of fandom and stfdom I hadn't considered. Comments?))

CLOD HALL

ants... By what standards, however, small, do you consider Hitchcock, Gould, Thompson, Raeburn, etc. as intelligent? Hell!--those misbegottens are a small and totally unimportant segment of fandom.

What writer claims that I write crud?

My reputation is bad? With who?

I'll apologize to nobody.

I've made no mistakes.

Nobody with intelligence is influenced by Gould, Raeburn and clan.

As for me straightening out, I AM STRAIGHTENED OUT!

((After typing the above I have a bitter taste in my mouth...in fact, I usually do after reading an especially fuggheaded letter from Hall or Wetzel. Since I don't enjoy it, and have reason to believe some of you reader-types don't either, let it be known that there will be not one single word of feuding in V. I know these can get awful juicy at times, but otherwise they just fill space and possibly cause harm. In the future I wouldn't be looking for feuds and such in these colored pages if I were you, 'cause there ain't gone be none. I hope most of you will agree with me on this...except possibly Raeburn, that is. Somebody's gotta supply him with derogation material.))

"I'm just a lone and lousy faaaan, snubbing my way thru fandom." ...
-- Rich Kirs

RICH ENEY

rambles.... I wonder if you got Ray Palmer's plea of a while ago--the one begging for Dimes For Tarzan and including a truly cruddy copy of Other Worlds? Ghod. Sounds like a Gerfandom project.

And just what is wrong with Gerfandom? You seem a good person to ask, being in the Midst and all; almost every 'zine I've seen (that mentions the subject at all) grotches most offensively at the very thought of German faaans. How come?

((Oh.....I dunno.....))

"Should I address you in the future as One-G Benford, or is a little more gravity in order?" --- Eric Bentcliffe.

You, old man, are receiving VOID mostly because....

~~(X)~~ You have subscribed. () We trade. () Do you want to trade?
(?) Could you contribute? () Please review this. () This is the last issue you get unless you snap it up. ~~(X)~~ I like you. () You are the one and only, ever-lovin' Robert Bloch. () Are you dead? () Thanks for the contribution...care to make it a habit? Oh well.

"I mean this." -- Rich Kirs.