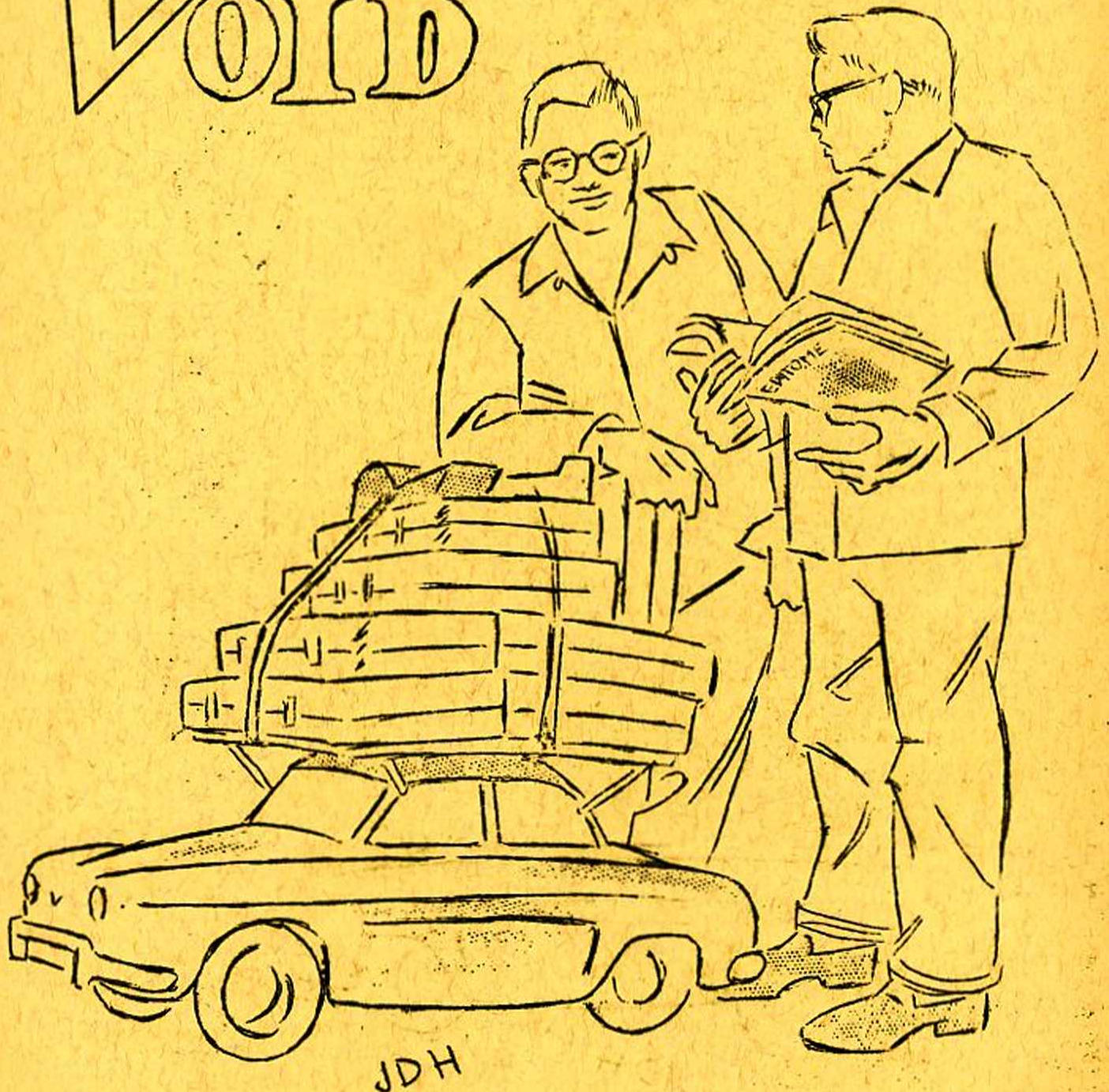
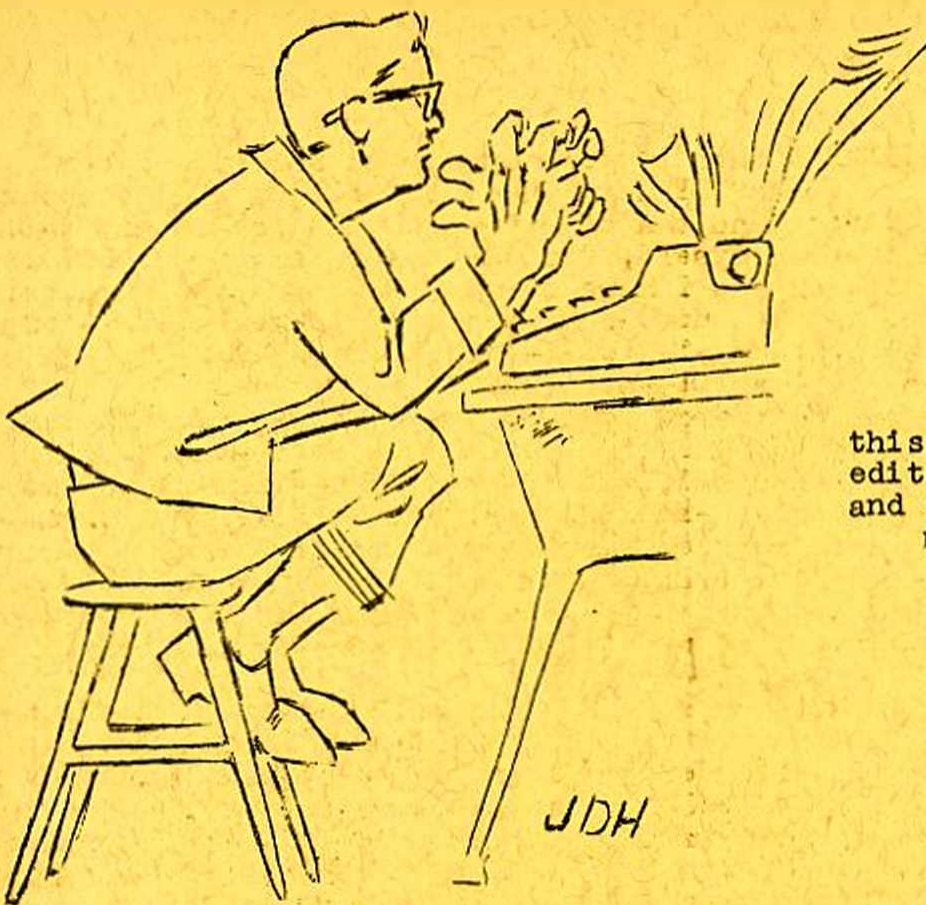


VOID



Well, let's see -- what will be our first step in the conquest of
Dallas fandom?



this is an
editorial,
and that is
me.

SCRAWLING

"GOOD LORD!" Yup, we're in Dallas. Before anyone starts asking me questions like "what's it like to be back?" and "How does the good ol' USA look?" I'd like to remind you that we live in a suburb...and suburbs are just as I'd imagined them. Understand, however, that Germany had its suburbs too. In Europe one would go to school amid armies of scowling, Volkswagen-driving businessmen. Here one goes to school amid scowling, Ford-driving men with gray flannel mouths. Seriously, doesn't anyone own something besides a Ford? Everywhere there are Fords--Ford trucks, station wagons, cars, convertables...all like that. Everyone must have a well-tended lawn, and a two-car garage, and a picture window. I had seriously considered sending out change-of-address cards labeled HELP HELP HELP I AM BEING HELD CAPTIVE IN A SUBURB, but Randy Brown and other local dallas conservatives convinced me of all the Deep-Seated Troubles it would cause me, and I didn't.

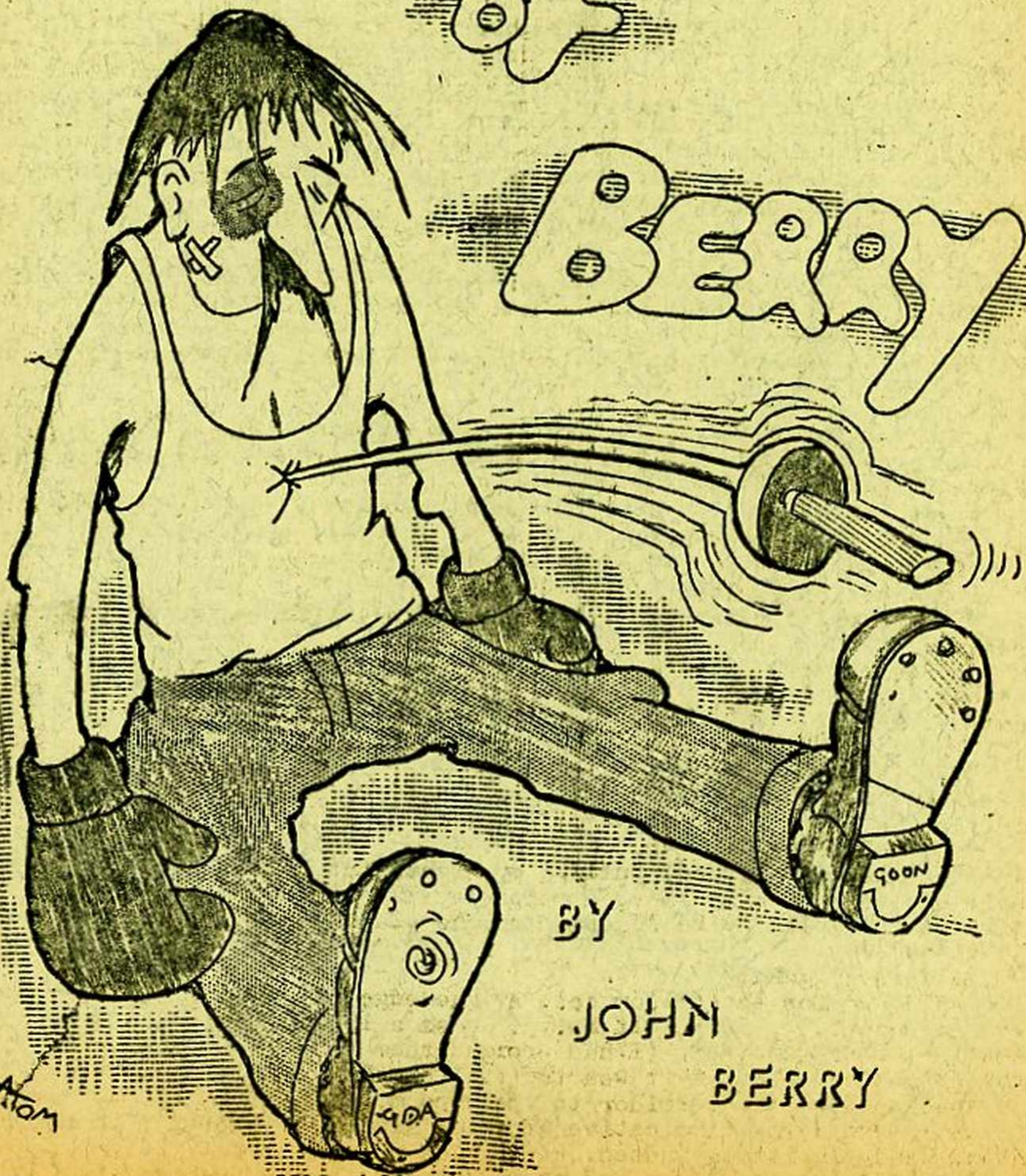
Also, in case any of you are losing sleep worrying about our descent into Dullardfandom, fear not. VOID will not become concerned with insulting Orville Mosher or running columns on the current situation of fandom in texas. who knows, we might even go so far as to refuse to publish old Dallard Derogations left over from Ron Ellik's idle notes taken in high school chemistry labs. Jim and I are just frightfully insurgent, you know.

Man, you are bugging me! You are bugging me!

Son

of

BERRY



BY

JOHN

BERRY

Atom

GREG BENFORD, CHILD GENIUS when I typed up a page for Mike Gates' MOTLEY, on the '56 poll, it didn't occur to me that perhaps Mike didn't send the zine to all who were on the mailing list of VOID. And so, kicking myself, for those who didn't get MOTLEY, and also to clear up some things I have to say, here are the results: TOP TEN FANZINES: (in order and number of votes they drew) GRUE--152, HYPHEN--148, A BAS--104, OOPSLA--77, VOID--70, RETRIBUTION--65, OBLIQUE--61, PEON--56, TRIODE--46, INSIDE--41.

Best Fan Fiction Writer--John Berry, Best Cartoonist--Arthur Thomson, Most Upcoming Fanzine--INNUENDO, Best General Fanwriter--Walt Willis, Best Single Fanzine Issue--HARRI STATESIDE, Best Poet--Rich Alex Kirs, Best Fanzine (Series of Issues)--HYPHEN, Best Fanartist--Art Thomson, Most Promising New Fan--tie between Kent Moomaw and Carl Brandon, Best Fan Column--Kirs' "How The Other Half" from A BAS, Best Humorist--Walt Willis, Most Outstanding American Fan--Dean A. Grennell, Most Outstanding Anglo Fan--Walt Willis, Most Promising Fanwriter--Kent Moomaw, Most Promising Fan Artist--Eddie Jones.

If I may, I'd like to comment a bit on the poll, although the results are pretty old by now, it's refreshing to note that only one zine--OBLIQUE--has been assumed dead. Perhaps there isn't so much turnover in fandom of late. The placing of VOID in 5th place is far off, and I feel that if the poll had been taken in another fanzine, VOID wouldn't have rated nearly so high...I doubt if it would have made the poll, in fact. The distribution of any poll makes a lot of difference in its outcome--this stands to reason--and I'd like to see someone else take a poll to see the varying results. It might prove interesting.

Runners-up in the top ten were ORION--31, YANDRO--27, EXCELSIOR--26, SIGMA OCTANTIS--25 and INNUENDO--21.

It is interesting to note that while GRUE was voted the top fanzine, HYPHEN won the Best Fanzine (Series of Issues). John Berry was a close runner-up in the best Humorist classification, only one point behind Walt Willis. Irish Fandom, which is outnumbered by the rest of fandom about 50 to 1, walked off with eight of the awards, not to mention placing its only two fanzines in the top ten. Alex Kirs, who, besides letters, has been confining his activity to only one fanzine, A BAS (which itself appears about once a year), took two divisions on the basis of his work in that zine alone. All in all, I would say that a very few fans have a monopoly on specialized talent, and that fandom is 'run' by a relatively small group of individuals. Any comments on this, or the poll, would be welcomed.

Incidentally, and completely off the subject, I'd like to thank Alan Dodd for the great favor he did in running off Bill Harry's full-page illustration for the last issue. It was greatly appreciated. // The headings for the lettercolumn and this editorial, plus the cover, were done by Jerry Hines. Although they look approx. like us, please don't take them as True Representatives. Jim, for instance, isn't as fat as he is pictured on the cover. He isn't fat at all, in fact. Nevertheless, thanks very much to Jerry for the work, and we hope he'll do more. Um? I'd also like to issue sorrows over the mimeo work in this issue. Although none of the pages have been run off, they promise to be very hard on the margins, and some of you might get some very botched-up copies. Sorry, and like that. Next issue out fairly soon...but don't forget to comment on this one, though. I'll be looking forward to hearing from you.--Greg

When I reached the seclusion of my office a couple of days after Christmas, I heard, through my slightly puffed ears, the other men joyously telling each other what a happy Christmas they'd had. They took turns to regale each other with intimate stories of their own immediate family circle, what they'd had for Christmas dinner, what lovely presents their children had rec'd, etc.

I barely managed a shudder as their conversation grew more animated. My Christmas hadn't been like theirs.

I wondered just where I had gone wrong.....?

.....
There's always a certain atmosphere on Christmas Eve, a sort of excited prelude to the morrow...an indication of really good things to come.

My two children, Colin, aged six, and Kathleen, aged two and a half, were thrilled with expectation. They still believed in Daddy Christmas, see, and repeated fervant hopes that he had been able to decipher what had been written on the letters they had sent up the chimney.

In my paternal way, I tickled their bottoms with the sole of my slipper, and sent them to bed to wait and soo. When they were safely tucked in bed, I looked down at their red-chooked cherubic faces, blissfully innocent, and told them that, yes, Daddy Christmas had phoned me up and said he would be coming on his reindeer when they were asleep.

Two pairs of eyelids clicked into place, so I switched off the light and tiptoed out of the room.

What nice kids, I thought. You know how you do. Sorta sentimental. That's the way I felt, see.

.....
I was dreaming blissfully of measuring Marilyn Monroe for a costume, the way James White measures his female clients (the dirty beast) when I felt an elbow decorate my ribs.

"Sorry, Marilyn," I panted, "I was only, er, oh, it's you, Diane."

My wife leaned over and switched on the bedside lamp.

"It's almost three o'clock," she whispered furtively.

I looked at my watch.

"You're right," I said, and turned over, reaching for the tape measure.

Another elbow.

"Aw heck," I said, "sure it's five past three, and I'm sound asleep, and you keep ---"

"The children's presents," she whispered.

"Oh, er, yes."

I sat up in bed and tried to get a message to my nose and ears. They felt as if they didn't belong. It was cold, see. Very cold.

"Oh, suffering catfish."

I crawled out of bed, pulling my nightshirt round my knees. I pulled a pair of socks over my feet. I rasped my fingernails up and down my ribs, like that chap in Spike Jones' band who plays the scrubbing board.

I yawned.

"Aaaarrggghhh."

I reached for the pillow case at the edge of the bed and dumped it over my shoulder. Sure felt heavy. Guess a lot of aunts and uncles had sent presents for them. (I had brought them a gift, too, but left it in the spare room because it was too big for the sack.) I crept along like an Apache, down the corridor to their room. I listened at the door. Slow, rhythmic breathing, indicative of sound slumbers. I leered in the darkness. Daddy Christmas indeed. Heck. Kids must be nuts.

I pushed the door open and stepped inside their bedroom.

I took a pace forward, and then a lot of things happened at once, culminating in my being suspended from the lamp bracket in a blanket, with joyous shouts of "Got 'im" reverberating round the room.

I heard the two children somewhere below, quarrelling about the ownership of the parcels as they pulled 'em out of the pillow case.

Heck.

Fortunately, my wife heard the noise, and came to investigate. She sized the situation up in a glance.

So as not to disillusion the children, she switched the light off, and at the same time pulled the slip knot of the rope which was wrapped round the blanket which was in turn attaching me to the chandelier. I didn't fall too far, but my chin caught on the edge of a bedside table en route. As Diane was swift to point out, 'This contemporary furniture isn't meant to be roughly treated, you know.' It's nice to see one's wife taking such an interest in the household effects.

She helped me back into bed, and I lay there and cursed awhile, making dark promises of revenge on the morrow, but my kinder nature prevailed. I mean, Christmas is Christmas, after all.

But I was soooo tired.

Marilyn had to make do with the costume jacket.

After breakfast next morning, Christmas Day, I surveyed the presents. I picked up mine, unwrapped it, blew my nose on it to break it in, and stuffed it in my coat pocket.

Then Colin approached me, a gleam in his eyes, hands behind his back.

"Look what I've got," he hissed.

He dangled a mean-looking boxing glove from each hand. I smiled nostalgically. I had boxed a mite in the army, until I had encountered a character known as the Human Gorilla....but that's another story.

"Will you teach me to box?" Colin asked earnestly.

My mind flashed back to that morning at 3:05 AM.

"Sure, sure," I smiled to myself. "I'll help you tie the gloves on."

I did so. I showed him the correct stance.

"Now, then," I said. "I'm going to show you how to counteract a straight left. This is your left fist. When I count up to three, I want you to punch me on the nose as hard as you can with that fist."

He nodded. I should have been warned by that look in his eyes.

I knelt down in front of him, and made sure my snitch was in hitting range. My intention was to block his straight left when I said three, and slip him on the ear with my left hand....fairly hard.

I started counting.

"Onetwo...."

Bingo.

For some seconds I had a double-vision view of an over-illuminated Planetarium, before I concluded the somersault and slid to a halt against the wall.

Now Colin ain't stupid. He can count, see. Especially pennies. I guess he didn't want to wait for the third count...maybe he was too bound up with the experiment and his verbosity got the better of him...maybe he just couldn't resist giving me a scarlet moustache.

Anyways, he caught me plumb in the kisser.

Three cold keys and a cotton-wool nose-plug later, I was able to sit up, and Colin approached me warily with a big box.

"What's them big words?" he asked me, pointing to a legend on the lid of the box.

"That's a Chemistry Set," I explained, gritting my teeth and slowly gaining control over my will power whilst my injured parental pride urged me to belt him across the flappers. "See them long words.... they say Instructive....Harmless...Amusing."

"Oh," he said, kind of inquisitive.

"Of course," I said, falling hook, line and sinker for his stratagem, "it's too advanced for you, but, weell, I'll show you an experiment or two."

He chuckled with delight as I opened the box and surveyed the equipment.

Listen. I did a smattering of chemistry at school, years ago, until I was seduced into the Physical Science class by the measurements of the teacher and the suggestive words 'physical experiments', my adolescent mind working on a different line altogether. And...but where was I? Chemistry. Well, I looked at the scores of test tubes filled with colored materials, at the Bunsen burner, at the litmus paper, etc...

"Where's the Instruction Book?" I asked.

"That's what it was," Colin frowned. I didn't like the way the corners of his mouth tried to twist upwards. "Kathleen tore it up, but here's half a page I managed to save."

He handed me a torn fragment.

"You know, I don't know too much about chemistry," I admitted, "but there's enough on this fragment to work from."

I scrutinised the instructions.

'...mixture of ammonium chloride and slaked lime in one test tube and a mixture of sodium chloride and sodium bisulphate in...'

I picked up the appropriate tubes and mixed generous measures.

Hmmmm.

Dead simple.

I looked at the rest of the instructions, what I could see of them.

'...heat both tubes and hold the mouths of the tubes together, and...'

I held the tubes over the gas ring, and slowly closed the mouths together. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Colin sneak surreptitiously out of the room. I wished I'd followed him.

Suddenly a cloud of white smoke billowed all round me, almost suffocating me. Remembering from somewhere that there is always a layer of air at ground level, I lay flat on my stomach and blindly wriggled round the floor of the kitchen like an over-sexed puff adder. I finally reached the door, opened it, and raced the white cloud into the garden. Phew.

I staggered indoors again when the cloud formation evaporated, and Colin rushed to meet me. He had a looney box.

"What does it say on this box?" he asked.

"The Kiddies Fencing Set," I read.

"Ooooh, let's play pirates," he enthused, opening the box and waving the blade of a broadsword round my gills.

But I went upstairs, locked myself in the spare room, and played with his other present, the one I'd brought for him.

I ran off a couple of one-shots, and several pages of RET. I pondered over the stupidity of relations buying presents for my kids that were too advanced for them to play with properly. Colin sure had taken me for a sucker. But I've decided to get my own back.

Next year I shalln't let him play with the new typer I'm thinking of buying him.

VENT MOO MAW



LOWINGS
IN
THE
FIELD

Department of Fallen Mighty

In the March issue of Ron Bennett's PLOY ((who is running for TAPP, you know)), Art Thomson mentioned the ever-growing number of British fans who've recently left the United Kingdom and immigrated to other countries, among them BoSh and Sadie, Don Harley, and Nevil Baxter. He also reveals that Joy and Vin/ Clarke are seriously considering a departure to California, which would be a major loss to English fandom, indeed. Atom then continues with some banter concerning the likelihood of his becoming the last man in Britain, and the profits he might reap by exhibiting himself as such throughout the world.

I doubt that the situation will ever reach that stage, but according to a television report broadcast over NBC sometime last week (as I once again demonstrate my phenomenal memory), fans aren't the only ones leaving, and things are coming to the point where the government should, if it hasn't already done so, become concerned. It seems that in a poll taken among some 250-odd students at Cambridge University, one out of ten interviewed were definitely planning to leave the country after graduation...definitely, that is! And perhaps even more significant, approximately 50% of them were earnestly weighing the possibility, hesitating only because of a lack of money, marriage, etc.

To me, the fact that some 125 of England's most brilliant young people are even considering such a move should be enough to provoke a bit of self-examination among the higher-ups, whoever they may be.

The editor of Cambridge's newspaper, in which the results of the poll were published, was the recipient of the inevitable query: "Whuffore?" He replied that most of the students he had interviewed were disenchanted with the overall lack of any incentive or enthusiasm prevalent in the UK today, particularly in the creative and scientific fields, where nothing is accepted until it is supported by half a dozen international authorities, proved thrice over in public demonstrations, etc. Students felt stifled, in a mental sense, was the report. Another point mentioned, something I'd never heard before, was the "crushing taxes" currently being enforced. No figures were mentioned, but the taxes were brought into the conversation more than once, which indicates that they must at least be as high as our American ones, about which so much has already been said.

Funny, so much has been said about our income taxes that I'd almost forgotten about the taxes in other countries. Evidently England is doing

her best to remain in the so-called "armament race", and finds the entrance fee just as steep as do the United States and the Soviet Union. In any case, the Cambridge students are unhappy with it all.

One of the fellows chosen for the broadcast represented the staunch, stiff-upper-lip old-Englishman, and defended his mother country against the rest on the grounds that, assuming the observations were true, they were all morally obligated to stay in England and see things through. I believe the ancient saw regarding drowning rats and sinking ship was resurrected especially for the occasion. This young Churchill (he talked like Churchill, at least) also said that he wouldn't want to raise a family in another country, and have them grow up with different interests, different customs, and even a different manner of speech than himself. He was roundly disagreed with after this, but the argument used against him escapes me at the moment.

Mr. MacMillan, present Prime Minister of Great Britain, has consistently repudiated suggestions that the days of the Empire are gone, and that colonial revolutions, unrest at home, and the many other factors of finance and international relations are, perhaps, evidences of such. According to Mr. MacMillan, England's influence and power has never been greater...and while there has been little time for comment from the gentleman over the feelings at Cambridge, I have a feeling that he'd say exactly the same thing in reply to this.

A final note: the NBC representative asked one of the men who had voiced intention of leaving upon graduation whether or not Britain's loss of face at the Suez Canal had anything to do with his decision. "That may have been the straw that broke the camel's back," the student replied, "but if you ask me, the camel was carrying a full load long before that."

Comments? Arthur? Ron? Anyone?

Department of Dirty Pros(e)

So I'm sitting at home doing nothing in particular, or at least nothing Greg would like me to mention here, and the phone rings. So I says to myself, says I, "Well, ain't ya gonna answer it, crumbum?"

Ghu, but that Damon Runyon plays hob with a guy's Oxford English.

I picked up the receiver and found myself listening to a carefully modulated series of cultured tones originating at the other end of the line. In short, it sounded like the description of Victor Mature in the last issue of GRUE--suave as hell.

"Hello, Mr. Moomaw?"

"That's right."

"Mr. Moomaw, my name is (???). I'm a member of the staff of the Saturday Review of Literature. We're conducting a poll, on a nationwide basis, concerning the popularity of science fiction, and are interviewing as many readers as we possibly can. Your name was given to me by a Mr. Mark...er, Slizt..."

"Schulzinger?" I ventured.

"Yes, Mark Schulzinger. Would you mind answering a few questions?"

"Not at all." What the heck, I thought. Ghu, the Saturday Review!

"Thank you. First of all, just how many science fiction magazines do you buy?"

I paused. "Oh...nearly all of them, I imagine."

"Yes, but how many would that be?"

I frantically searched my memory. Let's see, what did Gardner say in PANTASY-TIMES now... "About twenty-five, I'd say. Twenty-five to thirty."

There was a temporary silence, as though he was scribbling my answer

down as I gave it. I wondered if they were going to use names in the article. The Saturday Review. Spa fon. "And now...who are your favorite authors?"

"Ghu...er, I mean gosh, let's see...I like Ray Bradbury, and Theodore Sturgeon...Robert Heinlein...Cyril Kornbluth..." I stopped, thinking four an adequete number.

"Care to name any more? Any at all..." He seemed particularly anxious.

"Well, I dunno...Wilson Tucker...Algis Budrys...Eric Frank Russell..." Heck, if he kept this up, I'd be forced to mention Milton Lesser's name, yet.

"Well, this is all very nice, but haven't you forgotten just one person?"

Humph, I thought. What's the guy trying to do, influence my decisions? He's probably been bribed by Ray Palmer. "I don't..."

"What about Thomas N. Scortia?" A significant pause, then, "How are you, Kent?"

Scortia! Talk about hoaxes! I'd only been corresponding with him for a short time, and here he was making an ass out of me already. I continued talking to him, going from what he was doing in Cincinnati to what I did, to whether or not I had ever met Bob Tucker or Heinlein, but all the while I was still recoiling from the completeness with which he'd built up the illusion. The perfectly timed pauses...bungling Schulzinger's name as though he were unfamiliar with it, when actually they know each other fairly well...and I had swallowed it all without the faintest doubt!

The Saturday Review! I suddenly understood how he managed to sell stories to Campbell, Gold, Lowndes, Shaw, and all the others.

But really....the Saturday Review...

Department of Changing Tunes

"Frankly, I think I'd quit fandom if it ever went back to being stf-centered. I read science fiction, but it is not one of my major interests." That, gentle reader, was the voice of Terry Carr as it was transcribed in the first issue of ABERRATION, one of the latest crud-zines. I thought nothing of it when I first read it; Terry is without doubt one of the true-bluest trufans around, these days, and as such could hardly be expected to take much of an interest in science fiction itself.

Imagine my surprise, then, when I picked up an old copy of LOOKING BACKWARD, a FAPazine published by Carr and Peter Graham circa 1952, and read the following:

"I may be a purist, idealist, or whatever, but I find my interest lies more toward articles pertaining to stf....more than other stuff."

Author? Yep, Terry Carr.

Dispensing with the feet-of-clay comments in jig time, I began wondering if one could find a similar contradiction in the careers of some of our best-known trufans if enough research were done? Is it possible that somewhere, somewhere in the dim and mist-shrouded reaches of time gone by, Francis Towner Laney enthused over the latest novelette in aSF? Could it be that Charles Burbee or Bill Danner once wrote letters

of glowing praise to the prod of the day? Coming to more recent fen, is there a chance that Loyd Raeburn eagerly bought the latest issues of AMAZING STORIES or IMAGINATION once upon a time?

If some lazy person with an extensive file of back-issue fanzines will give me access to his collection, I'll be more than happy to do the archeologizing.

Department of Falling Idols

Despite the fact that his records continue to sell and his occasional personal appearances still draw sizeable audiences, Elvis Presley is definitely on that merciless show-business phenomenon known as the Big Slide. In words of one syllable, he's had it.



The first indication came with the release of his first film, which, contrary to popular notion, laid a tremendous bomb. Oh, thousands of pimply-faced teenage girls packed lunches and went to the theatre to watch Presley six or seven times on Saturdays, and gave their respective cinema managers all sorts of headaches, but this was expected. Even if every girl from age thirteen to twenty-one rushed to see "Love Me Tender" (and believe me, they didn't), the producers would have lost on the deal. The adults, the full-grown popcorn munchers who make a "Gone With The Wind" or a "Best Years Of Our Lives" what they are, seemingly avoided the picture in droves, demonstrating to 20th Century Fox an appalling lack of curiosity.

At the last moment, the bigwigs (I love that term!) attempted to send Presley around the country with the picture to stir up interest in it...hoping, no doubt, for a few juicy riots or fist-fights to make some more people curious about what kind of guy could stir up such intense feelings. But by the time the idea had dawned on some ulcerated producer, the film was already in the neighborhood houses of most of the major cities, and beyond help.

Later, Presley's only hit record since the picture, "All Shook Up" (sic), made the national top ten but without any of the meteoric rise that marked his earlier successes.

The clincher came but a few days ago, on an afternoon teenage tv program in which new records are played for a girating throng of mostly horrible looking young people to find out what their chances for popularity may be...sort of one mass plug for Decca, RCA Victor, etc. Discs are rated A to D according to applause, and the audience is usually enthusiastic to the Nth degree, giving A ratings for anything with a bigger beat than "After The Ball Is Over."

Presley's latest record received a solid D.

The king is dead.

Thank Ghu!

As usual, the standard arrangement on letter columns is in effect. You send us a letter without DNQ all over it and we print what we like. We

send out a certain number of free VOIDS for letters of comment--but, unlike several other zines, that means a letter

for each and every issue.

Otherwise, your name is cut from the mailing list.

You might have noticed a tightening-up on pharagraph spacing in this issue, and I'm sure you will in future issues. This is because the facts of fanpublishing have caught up with us and we find it necessary to cram material in no matter what the cost. Artwork has been lessened, except for layouts, where you'll still see some pretty fancy work done, and letters are cut more severely... Well, what are you griping about?

They do it in HYPHEN, don't they? (Did I say the right thing?)



WALT WILLIS comments... I thought the best or most memorable thing in the issue was that placard carried by one of the characters in Hines' cartoon at the end of Scrawlings---ELLISON HAS MATURED. For some reason I think that is very funny indeed. I really can't think why. But then as James White ((The Dirty Beast)) typically put it once, people laugh at the funniest things. Looked at more sanely, John Berry's OIL GET BY was really the best piece. All the stuff about the experts and everything was lovely and the implication at the end that it was his fuel that was causing the trouble all along was put over with beautiful subtlety. Constructionally, this is the best thing John has ever done. It occurs to me with a start that there is no reason why this shouldn't be flogged to a professional magazine almost exactly as it stands. I must suggest it to John. Incidentally he has now got the machine fixed. Some neo-genius came along and tightened a screw and charged him 2/6. He said the trouble had been the points. Not being an expert myself I don't know what he meant, unless he was alluding to the heads of the previous consultants.

The symposium was rather inconclusive, I thought. Raeburn did a pretty good job of describing his own personal approach--it's refreshing to find a faned who knows exactly what he's doing--but the others were too vague and general. Basically I think the

AND

SCRIBBLING

trouble was that the field of reference was too wide. If these contributors were anything like myself, they fought shy of getting down to details because they knew they'd be liable to write 50000 words and then find they'd just started to nibble at the fringes of the subject. Personally I would think the best approach would be to pose some clear but controversial question, like how should the fanned recompose contributors, or what should be the attitude of the fan writer to new fanzines, or what is the optimum size and periodicity of a fanzine, or what are the possibilities of co-operative publishing to a common sublist, and so on. Cf. the interest roused by Peatrowsky's little controversy about how to treat deadwood subbers. Whereas with a general approach everyone tends to deal first and last with motivations, which is a subject that has been speculated on ad infinitum before.

You and Moomaw seem to be disgruntled with some current faneds and I only wish you'd name names so I could see whether I agree with you or not. The general run of noofaneds seem no worse to me than they've always been but perhaps if you were to indicate whom you mean I would see a Trend too. The situation vaguely reminds me of the man who got a letter from an outraged husband accusing him of misconduct with his wife. His deadly reply began: "Dear Sir, I have received your circular.."

That was a fine letter you sent me about THS. It was good of you to take the trouble to go right through the thing like that, and I want you to know I appreciate it. If I were Forry Ackerman, who has a penchant for doing things like that, I'd promptly make a fresh will leaving you \$500, but since I haven't got \$500 and have no intention of dying until the Worldcon..or shortly after it..you'll have to be satisfied with my undying gratitude. And that's no figure of speech. We Irish have long memories you know, and maybe some day when you're middle-aged and wandering from the Waldorf to your Cadillac all drowsy with champagne and caviar and not noticing the truck bearing down on you, a feeble palsied old hand will twitch up from the gutter and pull you back from the jaws of death. That'll be me.

JERRY DEMUTH argues.. The best in the ish was Berry's "Off Get LY" which I probably rate as Berry's best job. Moomaw's article was the worst--poorly organized, childish and neofannish. According to Kent, he didn't enter fandom until the end of sixth fandom yet he states how great it was--sounds more like unconscious wishful thinking to me. And for a comparison he picks the best of sixth fandom (S-ship and Quandry) and the mediocre of the present (Muzzy and Alice). And hasn't it ever occurred to Kent that the diversity present now in fandom may be the characteristic of "eighth fandom"? Only by looking back can you draw lines between different "ages". And you especially can't say okay let's go and start eighth fandom now--I think it's about time for a change. During the middle of the fourteenth century do you think the Italians said "Let's start a renaissance here in Italy which will soon spread over the rest of Europe."? I doubt also if in 1500 Europeans, when examining what was going on said "Hey man, look at this, we're right in the middle of a renaissance!" Why, if you're the least bit familiar with European history you know how hard it is to draw lines around the Renaissance -- it's not obvious at all. And it's the same way with anything else -- and that includes fandom. ((Quick quick, moomaw.. run! The mad dogs!!))

JOHN BERRY

sends some news... Yep, I've stopped sending out any more mss...I'm still writing like billy-o, but I'm dumping the pages in a file, so that in the distant future I can start issuing stuff again. Frankly, Greg, I've gotten fed up of seeing myself in every fanzine I pick up, and have decided to slow up. Yet I'm being inundated with requests....got three letters from American faneds this week. Whilst I have the ideas, I say to myself, why shouldn't I send out material..why should I not send material to a neo fan who is struggling to get it, and, because he knows I am so prolific, asks me for stuff? Even in the last two weeks I've sent stuff to Moomaw and Sokol. It's my old argument that if I did stuff for three or four faneds, I'd lose the urge to write, because it would take about six or eight years to pub the stuff I've written already. I'm also afraid that if I stop writing, I shall lose the basic drive that keeps me so ongrossed.

I really admire your initiative in obtaining the services of so many of the top fan artists of today...in fact, I doubt if any other fanzine has been so fortunate as to proudly boast top class examples of fannish artistry in such a prolific way. Special mention must be made of the illos of Arthur Thomson and the skillful illo by Bill Harry. I've run out of superlatives to shower on Arthur, and I'm beginning to work through the list to give credit to Harry. Took a considerable amount of time in really studying the article about the job of an editor. I must say that I found Bentcliffe most sensible and downright intelligent, and it is quite true, what he says about his speed in replying to contributors. Anyway, Bentcliffe should share the blame with Willis and Enever for my irksome appearances in the current fanzines..those three inspired me when I had only one or two mediocre articles to my credit..and my 140 or so sroties and articles is the result. Bennett and Maeburn expressed themselves with marked skill and knowledge...you could have hardly of organized a better trio to expound such an interesting question.

HARRY WARNER

writes journalistically...

I liked this issue very much, particularly its semi-stress on two or three related themes about fan cliques and which fandom we're in or should be in and fans who don't like science fiction. It looks as if the people who are most concerned about fannish trends are those who have been in the field for only two or three years. The real veterans in the field have seen splinter groups and special interest groups spring up so often that it's no longer very alarming. I don't think that any broken-off segment of today's fandom is so completely separate from general fandom as the New York Futurians were about ten years ago, when they were concentrating on advanced poetry and James Joyce and Richard Strauss to the virtual exclusion of everything else. The main trick is to make interesting these non-fannish things that bob up in fanzines. It's hard to think of any hobbying group that pays attention to nothing but that particular hobby: outside interests may show up in the form of trips or big meals or other manifestations but there they are for photo clubs or church societies or whathaveyou.

About letter-writing and failure to write letters on the part of well known fans. I suspect that the unwillingness to write letters on the part of the West Coasters may be due in large part to the fact that most of them live in or quite close to large fan centers. Once you get into the habit of talking to fans, it's tiresome to write letters to them. Much the same situation exists in the New York City area, where many well known fans do almost completely without correspondence. Here is where a

tape recorder comes in so perfectly. I'm getting an average of two tapes a month from Burbee, who probably never wrote me two letters in the ten previous years. The tape recording is virtually the only way to get a personal message from the Shaws these days. It seems somehow easier to talk than to write. Living as isolated as I do, I don't suffer particularly from unwillingness to write letters; it's usually a delay caused by circumstances of one sort or another.

ARCHIE MERCER

toots.. The "editors symposium" was an excellent idea. I was particularly struck by the similarity of Raeburn's opinions to my own. I don't think they're usually so close, but here he hit the nail right on the head. Which is not to belittle the contributions of the other two, who also write sound sense. And that ATOM cartoon's even better than the usual ATOM cartoon.

Dill Harry's another good thing to have around; his illo to Ron's bit is a masterpiece. Ron's piece itself isn't bad at all--but the illo outshines it by a long way.

People clapping and drowning out the music have put me off r&r films now. Pity, because the films themselves are great fun. That's the one thing tv has over films I suppose. Following on the original

Lincoln rock-riot (a lot of wind, caused mainly by a lot of people standing outside the cinema waiting to see what happened when the teddy-boys came out) last year, I composed the following (pretty authentic, too) to the tune of Rock-a-Beatin' Boogie:

"You take a rock/ You take a beat/ You take a boogie/ You take a seat/ From the Regal/ It isn't legal/ Put it back/ Jack/ Or I'll give you a smack./ They jive in the balcony, they jive in the stalls/ "Break it up, Alligators!" the manager bawls."

BOYD RAEBURN

(gyp artist) writes page after page of solid black equations at us saying (in algebraic functions, of course)... Regarding my bit in "The Job of an Editor" I wish you had mentioned somewhere that I didn't have time to write a formal article, and just jammed some thoughts on the subject in a letter to you. Of course, the thought occurs that it is perhaps possible to do a better job when one is just chattering uninhibitedly, than when one sits down and tries to think of The Right Way To Express Oneself. John Dorry's item very good. You must have qualified for higher class material from him--although, come to think of it, the Dorry material you have been printing recently has been of a uniform excellence.

Ron Bennett seems to be burgeoning forth as a writer to be sought after. He seems to derive from Berry a little in style, but his subject matter is individual (and how is that for vagueness? I doubt that an English fan could do as well). In any case, I enjoyed this item by him.

Now that I know whom you had in mind when you were writing the first section of the second editorial, I can see what you are getting at. and of course we agree in this particular case--or cases, for I have in mind

I HAD ONE
GRUNCH, BUT
THE EGGPLANT
OVER...

MY GHOD! WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE
EGGPLANT?

JC.

another zine you seem to be tilting at a little too. It is difficult though to write on a subject like this and deal with only generalities. There are so many aspects to consider. I covered part of this earlier in this letter--inadequately, I feel--and don't feel like going into it again. A fanzine is not a publication for the general public, where the editor's sole job is to edit--there is nothing wrong with personality per se, it all depends on how the whole deal is handled. How much easier these things would be to discuss if editors and article writers just went ahead naming names and letting feelings fall where they may. Maybe the New Polite Fandom has its points, but it certainly louses up criticism of aspects.

Moomaw's article wanders a little, but he makes some sound points. Here is another case though where I wish the writer had named names, so that at times I could have known exactly what he was talking about. Hm. "It isn't Raeburn and those of his calibre who are turning fandom into a degenerated mire..." Well, that's nice. I don't know about the other apae, but FAPA is far from being wrecked...in fact, it is surging on to new heights, with all sorts of fine material appearing. Whether this standard will keep up if some of the SAPS members manage to get in is another matter. And mighod, here is Moomaw calling for 8th fandom. Are we going to have this all over again?

Little incident at the Midwestcon. We were sitting in the Sapphire Room or something at the con motel, and Coulson had been selling copies of YANDRO (he arrived with an armful of the things). I looked at Tucker's copy, and saw some fuggheaded stuff, so bought a copy. Was looking at the zine, and some guy looms up and says "Goshwow can I buy a copy of that?" or something like that. I said "Yeah, you can buy this copy if you like." "How much?" "Fifty cents." "Aw gee heck..." "OK 25¢." So the guy pulled out a quarter and handed it to me. Haw. So I sold him the zine and bought another for 10¢. Really shouldn't have taken him that way. Afterwards felt a bit guilty about it...but hell, it was so unexpected I just reacted naturally.

((I must agree about the sometimes overdone politeness in faaandom (as distinct from fandom) these days. While I don't quite go along with Ted White's belief that the majority of newer fans (especially younger ones) are lackeys and soft-speakers, perhaps he's not far wrong. Do you think we could persuade Laney to reappear in a column of fire?))

K. MOOMAW (man of the hour) rampages.. Greatly enjoyed Raeburn's thumbnail sketch of the average crudzine and its ed; I told Larry Sokol practically the same thing in commenting upon his first two issues (which contained lists of stories and authors, movie reviews, and all the rest), and that fine lad all but crucified me for condemning his choice of material. Still, Sokol probably does have 25 or 30 eager young neofans like unto himself who eat that kind of thing up, permitting him to shriek, "You didn't like 'Upcoming Scientifics'?" Ha! Nearly all of my readers, that it was the absolute end, which shows what a schnook you are!" and, what's more, mean it. I've given up commenting on such rags altogether; you can't please the editors without unqualified praise, and darned if I'm going to fill my letters with false enthusiasm merely to keep on their good side. Altruists are few and far between...and I'm one of the in-betweeners, I fear.

Don't pay any attention to people who, like the birdbrain in your second editorial, demand that you be sugar-sweet to one and all. Certain fans are currently quite put out with me because I'm supposed to have acted smug and superior; actually, all I've done is speak my mind. If

one were to act "superior", whatever that may be, and provide this type of person with lots of egoboo, I'm sure you wouldn't hear him grotching. It's only when you and/or your friends razz him and/or his friends that he denounces you.

BOB COULSON is thoughtful... Y'know, I just thought....maybe my fanzine reviews are dull because so many of the zines I get are pretty damned dull? Except for occasional bright spots like VOID's letter column and Bloch's review in STF-IN-GEN, and one or two other things, 90% of the fanzines I get could just as well be carbon copies of each other. Most of them aren't very interesting, and I can't work up an interest for reviewing them. (So why do I do it? Mainly as a favor to the editors who want to increase their circulation, and to the neo-fans, who need as many opinions as possible in order to judge whether the junk they're reading is supposed to be the best fandom can offer or not, and who might as well be reading my opinions as someone else's.)

((Yes, but the obvious answer is to review only those fanzines which involve your interest, and forget the rest. You wouldn't be reviewing the 'lesser fanzines', and hence not helping their circulation, but I feel that neofans should be shown the best and then, if they wish, they can plunge into the less worthy items.

I shudder to think what would have happened if Willis or Grennell had been subjected to a diet of sheer crud-zines in their early months. One can lose valuable talent that way. you know.))



JULIAN PARR expounds... The facts of fanediting were eddifying, and Eric Bentcliffe's comments were most stimulating. I don't agree that a fan editor puts out a magazine for his own personal satisfaction--except indirectly. I believe he needs the egoboo for the good of his soul--i.e. it is a psychotic drive to inflict himself on his surroundings, an extraverted, megalomaniac urge to throw his weight around, figuratively speaking, and achieve respect, if possible admiration, but at least notice from others. There are many people of this type--we all know them, but most achieve satisfaction of this urge in their personal relations with people they meet or associate with; the faned achieves it at a distance, by correspondence.

To define a successful faned as one whose sense of ethics, taste etc. conforms to that of the majority of fan is an insult I couldn't accept if I were a faned. And yet it may well be true. To achieve the reaction desired the faned must conform to the passive requirements of his readers. E.g. he can't, nowadays, print science articles or fan fiction. There is a certain fashion in fanzines, nowadays, and editors conform to it--consciously or unconsciously. Fashions change automatically, and fanzines will change with them, and faneds will continue to conform. For although Eric believes the faned only has to please himself, in fact he must conform to his readers' idiosyncrasies insofar as he triggers a response from them. I do not believe any faned would continue publishing if his readers did not respond--or at least some of them. If a silence echoed back every time he mailed out his pile of copies, he'd soon stop. So you see, the faned is putting out the magazine in order to obtain and quench his need for appreciation on the response from the readers.

And in order to obtain this response, he must conform--to a certain extent (without losing all his individuality) to his readers' tastes and sense of ethics, etc. It is for this reason that the most successful faned is the one who conforms best.

Since conforming to the tastes of the majority almost always lowers your standards, it is obvious that the faned operates at a lower level than the fan, who need not conform, but can pick and choose his subjects, his penpals, and in his correspondence need not aim at being "Successful" (i.e. need not aim at reaching a certain number--at least enough to make duplicating worthwhile).

For the faned, the egoboo or appreciation he thirsts for is measured in quantity (he rarely has time to read the letters he receives properly never mind carry on correspondence of any intensity or complexity): for the fan, it is measured in quality.

((Now, just a minute there. What about the faned who publishes small, infrequent fmz? Is he striving for 'power'? What about the editor who corresponds very much, and publishes irregularly? These don't fit in with your theme at all...and neither do several current fanzines best represented by A BAS, which don't conform to the usual standard.))

JOHN CHAMPION is concerned.. "The Job of an Editor". This I like. Bennett, of course, wrote more or less in a humorous vein, so no comment there. As far as Boyd's part goes, I think his ideas are closest to my own ((even if he owes you a letter?))...in other words, no set rules. Just play it by ear. And whywhywhywhy does every neo who enters fandom immediately have to pub his own fanzine? I did it ..I could name a dozen others since I've been around. Damn few of them have enough sense to wait until they're experienced...with the exceptions of Kent Moomaw and Marty Fleischman, to name the only two I can think of right now who've waited till they'd been around and gotten a bit of ego-boo in other fanzines before beginning their own. Actually Marty hasn't begun any sort of subzine. And when you compare Moomaw's first issue with the first issues of the neofans, it shows up...yessir, it shows up. It makes no difference who you are..I still hide my first three issues and refuse to show them to anybody. Half the time the neofaned never really gets anywhere with his mag, br it seems to take off on its own in a different direction than he'd like, and so he is, like me, forced to start all over. Ah me. Maybe we should encourage neos to join the n3f as soon as they find out about fandom, after all.

JOE HARRIS reacts profusely... My reactions to the opinions expressed in the forum will be strictly those of the reader (you know: "I know what I like and what he described seems to me to be the type of zine which would appeal to my cultivated tastes.." etc.), because I have at present neither will nor wherewithall to begin a zine myself. Bennett did a swell job of stating problems run into by the Struggling Neo, Raeburn proceeded to give evidence that none of these problems ever confronted him (leading one to the logical conclusion that he was never a Struggling Neo, I guess), and Bentcliffe finished the job by bringing in the terms "majority" and "personality". ...Ghod.

Since of the three zines whose editors have thus asserted themselves A BAS is--in this fan's humble opinion--the best, let us consider the remarks of the erstwhile ed thereof. A BAS, it must be admitted by even

the most truculent among us, is an exception to every rule. Because of the simple fact that BR follows no rules--except for the obvious ones stated in V10, viz: "I liked it and thought others would enjoy it also." "I only work on an issue when I really feel like doing so." etc. the only thing that keeps me from saying that Raeburn's article should be framed and memorized and practiced by every fan in dom is the sneaking suspicion that one fan's feat might very well be another fan's Waterloo, if one may hash metaphors without becoming totally indecipherable. That is, what works for one might not for another, to state the obvious. Let's face it --both Raeburn and A BAS are exceptional, and altho it might be all well and good to advise beginners to emulate him, let's remember all the sad attempts at Imitation Derogations.

As to deadlines, etc. again BR has the right idea: when meeting a deadline becomes a chore, the zine loses something. Perhaps Bentcliffe has the answer in keeping a private schedule. But it's becoming cliché-ish (if one may coin) to begin an editorial by adjectly muttering "Sorry I'm so horribly late, but.." No apology is needed. It's your zine ghoddammit, etc. (Ha. Looking at contents page of V10: "--maybe the next will be on time." Oh well...)

((No fair! Foul, foul! You said in the editorial. Fout! I have a number of letters that would bear printing, and unless I get an equally large number of interesting comments on this issue I'll probably run them next issue. Running briefly through them, Alan Dodd did not understand the 8th fandom editorial, Dick Ellington saw the typo in the first page of CAUGHT OFF BASS, Jean Young dug ATOM's cartoons, Ron Bennett didn't like Ron Bennett, Rick Sneary remembered old times, witty Whitmarsh thought American fans were dull, Bill Meyers presented his theory of numbered fandoms, Brian Jordan liked everything and disagreed with me, Jerry Merrill didn't like Julian Parr, Joe Sanders did, Eric Bentcliffe sent in a fake fan poll and talked about his jazz records, Pete Reischer took another look at Pete Reischer and didn't like it, and Wim Struyck told us about amateur musicians. Kirs lost his copy. Also next issue I have on hand about two pages of letter-argument between Archie Mercer and Boyd Raeburn about mouldy figs which I might print if nothing else turns up, but it's rather dead now. Then too, we have items by Archie Mercer, Ron Bennett, Lars Helander, Bob Coulson, Rich Elsberry and maybe Pete Reischer to run, although they won't appear in the same issue. Strange--most of the recent contributions have come from Anglofandom and the continent, with hardly anything from the USA. Have a few People Who Said They Would Contribute When They Had Time on the ol' string, but Ghod knows when they'll respond. I can't write this magazine myself, people. Oh well. All best, and like that.

VOID 11 is published by Jim and Greg Benford, whose mimeograph is kept in the attic of 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas. The price is 25¢ a copy, but letters of comment will get you issues as long as you comment on each and every one. Trades accepted. Our British representative tried and true is Ron Bennett (who is running for TAFF), 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. Because of what I consider to be a great difference in the value of 25¢ in both countries, the price for England remains one shilling each...but I wish you'd comment, if you have the time. Contributions are earnestly solicited. VOID will, in future, be published on an irregular but very frequent schedule. Never later than six-weekly. You probably know why you got this issue, so let's hear from you.

A Whatever Happened To Bob Tucker Publication.

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
SPECIAL RATE
RETURN POSTAGE GNT.

FREE RETURN
10521 Allegheny Dr.
Dallas 29, Texas

Dave Rike, ✓
Carl Brandon,
2431 Duight Way,
Berkeley 4,
California

