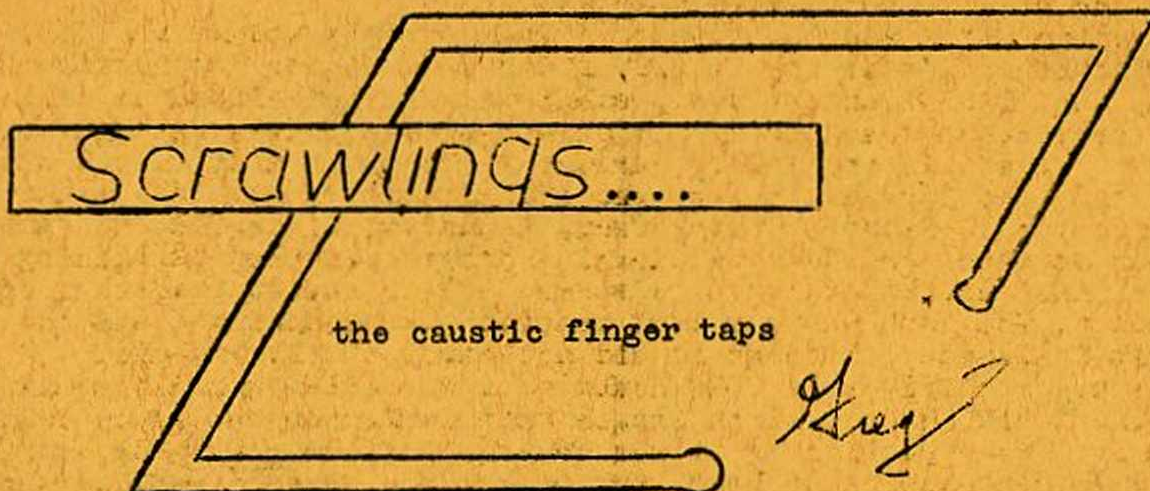


12





NOSTALGIA Just a little over three years ago, two young neofen put out the first issue of their mag...a very sloppy 18 pages of hectographed fanstuff. Which means that about 38 months back, VOID vini was produced. This being, under our past bimonthly schedule, the second annish, perhaps it's time for treading softly over the graves of these long-dead numbers.

VOID 1 carried seven items, which you must admit is fairly good for a first issue. What is not so good is that, in one way or another, they were all written by Jim or myself. There was an editorial, a horrible fa-a-a-an article by me, a short story by me, a flying saucer column by Jim, pocketbook reviews by both of us, fanzine reviews by me and a two-page fanfiction bit authored by (surprise) me.

The second issue looked up a bit. There were nine items in that one, four written by me. Joe Gibson produced an article which later affected my policy quite a bit, and we had a letter column. I was rather startled to attract comments on a first issue from a fan whom I considered to be a ENF at the time, one Richard Geis. In fact, it was such a shock that we didn't put an issue out for three months.

The third issue was occupied noisely with a mythical drink, Chola, to replace bheer as the fannish Ghod. I was thinking of building a tower to the moon with Chola bottles, but some sneaky California fans named Terry Vorzimer and Dave Ellik beat me to the punch.

VOID 4 was just about the same thing, with a little toning down on the Chola bit, and contributions from Gibson, Ernsting and Steul. At this point the letter column had started to attract actifans such as Archie Mercer, Walt Willis, Julian Parr, Dick Ellington and Ron Bennett (The Man Who Is Running For Taff), but I still wrote most of the zine.

V5 popped up shortly after the Wetzcon, an affair put on by Anne Steul with occasional gestures from us, and contained the first smattering of hope not written by Bonford. Wim Struyck, Terry Cur and Julian Parr put in an appearance, plus letters from the crew mentioned above and Eric Bentcliffe, Lee Riddle, Carr and Gibson.

The turning point of our policy came with the sixth issue--there were more fannish articles than sercon, and I wrote my first and last derogation on German fandom. VOID 7 finished the job. The cover was by Jeeves and illustrated "The Teenage Fan", despite a bad cutting job and weak printing. Interior illustrations from Eddie Jones and Bill Harry were obtained, plus prose by Ron Bennett (TAFf rep. cum later) and Julian Parr's regular column. I announced our decision on generalzine



fandom, and started soliciting material.

Two months later saw the advent of John Berry's column in VOID, with Arthur Thomson illos to top it off. I did some rather destructive fmz reviews, Ron 'TAFF' Bennett was present with a yarn illoed by Bill Harry, Terry Jeeves had one of his one-page epics, plus the letters.

VOID 9, 10 and 11 are fairly current (I hope) as most of the people present have received all three. The 9th contained material by Moonaw, local discovery Reischer, Berry, Carr, Helander, Jeeves, Parr, "An Anonymous Actifan" and Jack Williams. I discovered that publishing long lettercolumns encourages better letters, a fact starting editors could well employ. The 10th was our last continental production, and the 11th our first Dallazine, although it did not carry a Dallard Doro.

I think personally that VOID could well be called two different fanzines. The first through sixth issues were Gerfandom-centered, and I must admit a good portion of it was crud...produced not by the contributors (who were scarce at best) but by me. The seventh to the present one were different--they were generalzines through and through, with no purpose other than entertaining. We started getting more and better material through the contacts we had built up during the first six numbers. However, VOID is a fanzine of contributors--I, the editor, sit back at the sidelines and sorta direct the play. But the days when I wrote half the fanmag are gone and (thank Ghu) buried. This is an excellent situation, and I approve of it heartily.

Three years...that's a long time to be publishing a fanzine, even with our somewhat irregular schedule. Jim and I have had a lot of fun putting the issues together--it has become a habit difficult to break. At any rate, we both want to thank all the people who have helped us along the way to this 12th issue...during my time in fandom, I have found most fans to be intelligent, at times witty, and generally the best sort of people to know. Look for us around--we wouldn't miss it for the world.

You pseudo-Kirs!

HOOHAW? Jim and I were attending a local teenage dance a short while ago, and Jim came over to me midway through the proceedings, saying quick quick come see the progressive jazz fan I have found. Around Toronto progressive jazz fans might not seem out of place, but in Dallas they must live under rocks or something. So I followed and lo! but an average-looking type handling the PA system was introduced as the jazz fan.

"Do you actually like jazz?" I said.

"Oh yes," says the PA-manager.

"What type? Do you go for modern or trad?"

"Oh, modern mostly. The old stuff is rather a drag."

"Oh joy. Really? Just whom do you like? Brubeck? Mulligan?"

"Well, I specialize. Usually modern jazz--like what Lawrence Welk plays, you know?"

Oh well. — 9 FOR REAL

I had hoped to include in this issue some comments on the fanzines which have appeared lately, but it will have to wait. In the meantime I'll bid you all a happy Farmer's Washday, and scamper off to mimeograph this Thing.

REMEMBER, YOU PROMISED
TO LOVE, HONOR, AND
SUPPORT ME!

THE BABY WAS
CRYING ALL NIGHT!

DARLING, WE MUST
BE RAISING A FUTURE
MEMBER OF THE
NIGHT PEOPLE!

DARLING, SPESS WHO'S
BIRTHDAY IT IS TOMORROW!

HMM... WHAT? I
GET MY COPY OF
THE FAN DIRECTORY...

DARLING, I'VE BEEN
SAVING GROCERY MONEY
IN THE COOKIE JAR,
AND NOW WE HAVE
\$5 TO DONATE TO TAPP!

DARLING I BURNED
THE DINNER AND NOW
IT'S RUINED!

THAT'S ~~MY~~ MONEY
-WE'LL PRETEND
WE'RE AT A CON
BANQUET

WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
"WHY DON'T YOU
LIKE MY MOTHER?"
SHE'S A NONFAN ISN'T SHE?

SOMETIMES I THINK
YOU ONLY MARRIED
ME FOR MY MIMED!

Harry Harris

FACE CRITTERS

HUSBAND + WIFE IN FANDOM

YOU DON'T LOVE ME
ANY MORE! YOU NEVER
TAKE ME OUT DANCING
OR ANYTHING!

I DO TOO - WHY
JUST LAST MONTH
I TOOK YOU TO THE
FAN CON!

I DON'T CARE IF
YOU DON'T LIKE MY
COOKING! I SENT
SOME RECIPES TO
MADELINE, AND SHE
SAYS WALT LIKES
THEM - AND HE HAS
IMPECCABLE TASTE!

DON'T WORRY JUST
BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T
MAKE FAN'S TOP TEN
- I LOVE YOU, ANYWAY

GOOD BIT

THE Greg Benford

POLKA

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a young trufan entitled Greg Benford. Now this young trufan had a fanzine, which was his pride and joy, and the apple of his eye to boot. And the name of this fanzine was VOID.

Now far away across the seas there lived another trufan, entitled Archie. And Archie used to spend his spare time writing things -- or even Things -- for fanzines. So Greg wrote to Archie, asking him to write something nice for his pet fanzine, VOID. And Archie replied:

"Fee, fie, fo, fum,
The great ideas they will not come,
But if ever I'm struck by an inspiration,
Chez Benford will be its destination."

Now all this happened, as I say, a long, long time ago -- and so long ago in fact that everyone had forgotten about it, barring Greg and Archie. Every now and then Greg would remind Archie about it. And Archie would reply that he still hadn't thought of anything worth writing about, but he was still trying to think of something. And so the matter rested.

Until one day Archie sprang out of bed with a great oath. "By Elvis Presley's Hound Dawg's top left-hand whisker," he swore. "I know what I'll do. I'll institute a special week in aid of Greg Benford -- a Think of Greg Benford week. What's more, there's no time like the present, so I'll begin now."

And thus was inaugurated the sensational Think of Greg Benford week.

Shaving, washing, drinking his morning cup of coffee, Archie thought solidly of Greg Benford. He set off to work, still thinking of Greg Benford. However, concentrated thinking upon any one subject did not come natural to Archie, and before he's even turned into Station Road he found himself thinking of Jim Benford instead. Guiltily, he switched his thoughts back to Greg Benford, and turned the corner. Two minutes later he pulled up with a start, to find himself thinking now about

ARCHIE MERCER

Colonel Benford. With a curse he banished the alien thought from his mind, and concentrated once again to the best of his ability on Greg Benford. Nevertheless, by the time he turned in at the works gates, his thoughts had once again wandered from their allotted channel, and he blushed crimson to find himself thinking instead of Maureen O'Hara.

This, he thought as he clocked in, will never do. Maureen O'Hara may be an intrinsically pleasant subject in her own right -- but she's not fannish. Greg Benford this week, boy -- think of that. So he walked up the passage to his office thinking -- by way of a typical British compromise -- of GMCarr.

This, he decided, was going to be more difficult than it appeared on the surface. Steps would have to be taken.

For a start, he reached up to the calendar on the wall beside him and wrote thereon "THINK OF GREG BENFORD" in a neat scrawl. Then he sat back in his chair and contemplated his handiwork. And for five abstracted minutes he actually did succeed in thinking pretty solidly of Greg Benford. Then the cat blew in -- of the two-logged hep or hip variety -- and distracted Archie's attention by executing an impromptu jive in the middle of the floor. By the time he'd finished, several other wage-slaves had put in an appearance, and Archie was distracted altogether by the necessity to wish them good morning, make a few sarcastic remarks about how early it was -- or might have been -- and other details of amicable intercourse. Some twenty minutes later still, when most of the room's occupants were seriously thinking of pretending to start work, a sudden sideways glance at the calendar brought him out of his rapt contemplation of that day's dinner -- for Archie was nothing if not a forward-looking individual.

"Greg Benford" he muttered to himself -- "or bust." Which of course was QUITE the wrong way to look at it, because that particular office is not at all badly equipped in the matter of the female bust. Particularly in the low-neck season. So taking his thoughts sternly in hand, he picked up his pencil again and looked around him for suitable sites. There was his blotter -- "THINK OF GREG BENFORD" he inscribed on it. Then his scrap-pad. That, too, was promptly inscribed "THINK OF GREG BENFORD". But there wasn't much room left on the top sheet anyway, so he tore it off and inscribed its successor -- just for a change -- "REMEMBER GREG BENFORD".

When Archie's boss finally came it (late, what else?) Archie suddenly realized that for the past ten minutes he'd been thinking of the Alamo.

Anyway, Greg Benford or no Greg Benford, it was high time to do some work, so he gave the subject his serious consideration. So he set to do an urgent cost estimate that was left over from the previous night. He charged through it, initialled it, and took it in to his boss for counter-signature. His boss examined it for a minute, then looked up.

"What's this estimated carriage to Dallas, Texas, for?" he asked. "I thought this firm was in Coventry."

Archie looked. "So did I," he muttered, abashed. "I must have been thinking of Greg Benford."

That disposed of, he decided it was time for a change, so he started to work out some wages (for he's nothing if not versatile). All went well -- or appeared to -- until the accounting-machine operator came in. "Are you trying to come the mickey?" she demanded. "How can I work out the payroll if you use American money?"

Archie looked. "Hell," he objected, "I shouldn't have given it to him, either. Sorry -- I thought I was working out Greg Benford's pocket money."

Later that day, he was called in to see the general manager about something. Prominently displayed on the wall was a calendar with a "THINK" motto. All would have been in order had not the general manager been called away in the middle, leaving Archie in temporary occupation of his office. And of course the obvious happened. Five minutes after the general manager had finished talking to Archie, he called him back again, and pointed to the calendar which he'd just noticed.

"Who," he demanded ominously, "is Greg Benford?"

"Jim Benford's brother, sir," Archie answered.

"Oh," said the general manager. "All right then." And Archie turned to go. As the door was closing, the general manager suddenly shouted. Archie opened the door and peered in.

"Who's Jim Benford?" the general manager demanded.

"Colonel Benford's other son, sir," returned Archie, and turned to go again.

"Come back," said the general manager. "I want to get to the bottom of this. Who's COLONEL Benford then?"

"I wish you wouldn't keep putting me off, sir," Archie complained. "I've no desire to think of either Jim or the Colonel, as it happens. It's Greg's week," he added as an afterthought.

"Oh," said the general manager again. "Well, would you possibly mind letting me know when it's Jim's week or the Colonel's week then?"

"Not at all, sir," returned Archie easily. "Only I'm not at all sure whether those weeks'll be necessary. You see, if Greg's week turns out all right, I needn't have any more."

"Oh," said the general manager yet again. -- "I didn't know about that. I can guarantee you at least two -- or your money in lieu. But that may not be necessary. Just answer me one little thing -- WHAT HAS GREG BENFORD GOT TO DO WITH MALLEABLE IRON?"

"I -- I don't know, sir, not offhand," Archie told him. "I'll have to think that one out. Shall I ring you back?"

"No," the general manager told him. "You shall NOT ring me back. Tell me NOW. This instant."

"Er -- well, nothing really, I suppose," said Archie doubtfully.

"Then why in the name of Elvis Presley's Hound Dawg's top left-hand whisker write his name on my best calendar then?"

He didn't ACTUALLY invoke the awful name of Elvis Presley's Hound Dawg's top left-hand whisker, of course, but the meaning was much the same, and Archie recognized it as such. "Well, look at it this way, sir," he explained. "As it was, that notice was entirely non-specific. You see it -- the word THINK. You actually do so, perhaps. But about what?"

"Well, er," said the general manager -- "I don't exactly know. But it makes me think -- that's the main thing."

"But WHAT DOES IT MAKE YOU THINK ABOUT, SIR?"

"Oh, anything that comes into my head, I suppose. What's the difference?"

"Plenty of difference," Archie told him. "You say you think of anything that comes into your head -- the lowliest insouciant does the same. It thinks of anything -- of everything -- but stops there. Because it fails to CONCENTRATE its thoughts into coherent channels. You can sit there, and read the notice, and think. You think about your home, and about the works, and about the books you're reading and where you're going for your holidays and politics and sex and sport and finance -- your own and other people's -- and religion and the weather and your friends and last night's television -- but it gets you nowhere. But if you were to pick on just one of these subjects, and consider that subject in detail, then you'd GET somewhere. Your thinking would have a PURPOSE behind it. Instead of being bogged down in a morass of unrelated thoughts you'd be able to follow one chain of reasoning to its logical conclusion. And thus add to the sum total of the world's knowledge."

"Such as?" asked the general manager.

"Such as Greg Benford, sir," suggested Archie quickly.

"Oh," said the general manager. "Well, I'll have to consider that. All right, Archie, you may go now."

"Thank you sir," said Archie, and went.

Since then the general manager has been sitting in his office thinking solidly of Greg Benford. Archie, however, had to call his own operation off -- he's too worried thinking about the general manager.

2000817

prose
AND
nonsense
Lars helander



When Greg first asked me to write this article or column or whatever he said something about me enthralling the readers with my literary brilliance and deft handling of words, gripping them and tossing them about, etc. Furthermore, he produced some mutterings to the effect that my last VOID contribution seemed to have been fairly well received. He refrained from stating, however, whether this in any way was due to some literary-brilliance-type of thing on my part or not. However, dear readers and you there in the corner, let me hasten to assure you that this time the following supposedly connected word-type letter concoctions will not be the subjects of deft handling, nor will this piece of writing in its entity not never nohow in any way resemble a painstaking polished surface reflecting some kind of literary brilliance.

This depends partly upon my realization of the intriguing fact that an outstanding, recognized and literary-type kind of writer ~~such as I~~ should not depend upon the usage of difficult, unusual and foreign words for the splendour of his sparkling prose, nor hide the true quality of his superior personality behind a maze of grammatical knowledge, manifested in a complicated treatment of the syntax. No, guys, give me good ole plain-type English! The fact that I haven't at present any lexicon or dictionary available hasn't, of course, in any way affected my change into a new and simpler literary style. This is imperative to realize.

Man, you dig this important fact? This new style sure is cool, and I hope you'll read me clear all the way thru. I'm no cube and I don't wanna be considered square but penning these sentences and clauses and things is supposed to give you a real kick...make you flip..get you real stoned ..man, you're hip? And you sure gotta agree that my new trend is the outest...really the mostest..sure real gone! You dig? Craaaazy!

After this digression, let me explain why I ain't got no dictionaries and whatnot around here handy. Well, I'm now staying at our leedl country cottage or forest cabin or mountain shack or whatever you may want to call it, situated 30 kilometers from Eskilstuna, in the wilderness of Swedish pine jungle. And being a guaranteed lazy slob I haven't bothered to bring along heavy books such as those, nor the typer, which is even heavier. That, Greg, is why this mss. is written with a piece of coal on the back of a paper bag.

This place is isolated and primitive, but it certainly has its rustic

charm and I love it. Of course, it has its drawbacks too.. I have to walk one kilometer through a huge pine forest to fetch my mail (such as letters from Greg, asking me to write things like this), and I have to go down to Kungsör, which is six kilometers from here, to replenish my stock every time I run out of cigarettes..like now. But at present it's raining and blowing and I hesitate to step outside. When I was very young I used to make my own cigarettes, using "tobacco" obtained by my collecting from the ground dry and crumbled leaves from the previous autumn. These leaves I then pulverized until the poison resembled tobacco. I think that's what I'll have to do now -- though where do you find dry and crumbled leaves when it's raining?

Behind the cottage there is a wee mountain, "where, no doubt", Greg sez, "you run a little moonshine still on the side." Forgiveness, sire, but I think I fail to understand the meaning of your words..true, the moon still shines on the side, but...? Ah! Now I see! He thinks I run a gas worx up in the mountain -- heh.

But back to this column. What to write about? "Just about any theme would be fine", sez Greg. "Write about your opinions of faaaans or your shack up in the mountains or anything". My opinions of fans? No. Fen in this country are still mad at me for my "revealing" contributions on Swedish fans in UMBRA, VOID etc. Mountain shack? No...I've already mentioned that. Well. I'll have to ransack my mind for ideas.

Hoo hum. Tomorrow I'll leave for England. Will stay there for seven weex (four of these together with two Swedish pals) and return to Sweden after the con. Yes. Ha! This brings to mind a host of memories from the last time I visited England, in '54, together with a gang of Swedish boys and girls, among these the two guys mentioned above -- Hans and Mats. I wasn't a fan in those days, but we sure had fun all the same. Now, that might be a suitable subject for dealing with. So, with apologies to all British readers of this fanzine, I'll put into words a few of my reminiscences from England, land of bheer and Stork Margarine. OK? OK!

Togedda with Hans and Mats and the others, I was staying at Lowestoft, Suffolk, a few weeks in July, 1954. Now, as it happens, Lowestoft is a seaside resort, and, as is the case with all seaside resorts in England, it sports a long esplanade down by the sea along the beach. Another regular feature of British-type seaside resorts in England is a pier somewhere along this esplanade. In Lowestoft it was called the Belmont pier, I think.. I don't know whether this name also is a regular feature. Anyway, the Belmont Pier was a kind of amusement place, with slot machines, shooting galleries, automatic fortune-tellers, punchballs and all the rest. Hans and Mats and I used to meet at this pier. One evening when we were hanging around there to see if some of our countrymen or countrywomen would come along, a real British-type girlish kind of English female (!) appeared and asked us if we were Spanish tourists. Obviously, she'd heard us speaking Spanish. Surprised, we retorted (this word is very common in RETRIBUTION) that we came from Uruguay. "They speak Spanish there too," we explained, "so you were kinda right, though."

"Oh yecees," she chirped. "Weeell, I thought you looked so liko the Latin type."

Now it happens that all three of us are fair and rather tall, but the girl was cute and what the hell, if she preferred to consider us senores, that's her bizniz.

"Yeah," said Hans.

"Sure we're Latins," said Mats.

"Natch," said I.

(We always synchronize our speech like Donald Dux nephews do, you know... Dewey, Spewey and Eney or whatever they're called.)

"I like you," the girl tweeped. "But loss got outta this stuffy place, ey, boys? Cmon.. loss go fo' a walk or somthn!"

We looked at each other. What was this? Anyway, we hadn't made any speshul plans for the evoning, and as I said before, the girl was cute..

"I know ey playce whur we kin be aloon, boys," she smiled. "Ahmon' the rox further along the beach!"

We looked at each other again, this time in dispair. Were all English girls like this? We, coming from Sweden, land of the Midnight ~~Sun~~ Sun and (according to US and UK journalists) "free love" (whatever that might be), weren't exactly expecting this of good old moral England. Hell, or she might have some gangster-type boyfriends lying in wait for us among the rox planning to rob us, ignorant tourists (from Uruguay), of everything we had.

"We ain't got no dough," we therefore said, desperately trying not to sound scared.

She smiled at us ambiguously. Then it dawned upon us that she might possibly be a nocturnal-type female. (You dig?) We looked at her with awe.

"WE AIN'T GOT NO DOUGH!" we repeated (this time with a -- heh -- very good reason. Still digging?), desperately trying to sound tough. By now we had reached the rox.

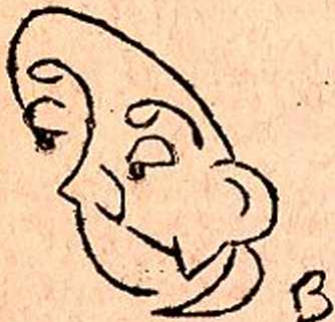
And now, noble lectors, I must disappoint you by changing the subject. You see, the above was only a kind of introduction, intended to enable you to understand the following. Okay? No? Oh...

Anyhow, nothing special happened. (What I mean is that no gangster-type boyfriends robbed us.) Later, on our way back into central Lowestoft we found out that she was staying in Lowestoft during her holidays only and that she would go back to her home town on the following day. "Pity," she thought, "But you'll write me, wontcha?" We got her address, but I doubt any one of us ever used it. Well. Next day she went back to Glossop, Derbyshire, and that's all.

Now, though, comes the real story: It seemed as if Hans had kind of fallen in love with this girl... Anyway, he was extremely disappointed that she had to go back so soon. Therefore, Mats and I resolved to enlighten his gloomy mind by using him as a target for a practical joke. (Mats and I are rather skilled at that game.) we planned to make Hans believe that Beryl (the girl) would return to Lowestoft next Saturday, wishing to see only him this time. But how were we going to do it?

We thought about it for a couple of days and then I got a brilliant idea (well, it worked, anyway). I wrote an imaginary letter from Beryl to Hans telling him that she'd liked him so much that she'd come down from Glossop next Saturday in order to see him only. And would he meet her at the Belmont Pier at 7 P.M.? Then Mats copied my draft onto a piece of writing-paper, with Beryl's handwriting, which we (and Hans) knew what it looked like from the slips of paper she'd written her address on and given to us.

Then we had to find out some way of obtaining a Glossop postmark on the letter's envelope. It was too far to go there to mail it on the spot. Then I got a brilliant idea (well, it worked, anyway). We put the envelope with a stamp and Hans' name and address (we'd told Beryl where we were staying) into another, bigger envelope, which we mailed to the Lord Mayor of Glossop, enclosing a letter stating that we were two Swedish students who desired to play a little innocent joke on one of our dear friends. And for this cause it was highly imperative that our beloved



friend receive the enclosed letter mailed in Glossop. Your role in this matter, dearest sir, would simply be that of the mailing factor and need we declare that your assistance would be enormously appreciated etc. etc. Referring to the supposedly British sense of humor we signed off and mailed the letter.

Some days passed and one morning Hans came howling, waving a familiar-looking letter. He showed it to us excitedly but he was a wee bit suspicious: he wanted to know if we had written to Beryl telling her to write this letter to

joke with him. "Oh no," we declared solemnly. "Oh no. We swear!"

"Haaah!" he shouted. "Wow! Then I'm the happiest guy in the world! Oh brother!"

"Brethren," we corrected calmly.

And off he went next Saturday evening. We followed him at a distance and watched him wait at the Belmont Pier for three hours. The following morning he tried to look amorous and cheerful and we asked him if he'd had a good time. (We were sure he wouldn't like us to know what really happened.. or what didn't happen..)

"Sure," he said, trying to look convinced. "Sure. You shoulda been there."

We smiled. Yeah, we shoulda been there.

Mats and I wondered for quite a time what Hans would have thought of his beloved Beryl who didn't turn up. Three months later I showed him my draft of "Beryl's" letter together with a copy of our letter to the Lord Mayor. Boy. Oh BOY!

Another "English Incident" was our finding of a mysterious letter which resulted in our breaking into an empty but securely locked house in the outskirts of Lowestoft, through a window (English type -- can't be opened like a door.. just pushed up or down) I managed to get open. There we stumbled upon a lonely bed covered with a white sheet beneath which an object resembling a corpse was hidden. That gave us a real scare, but we dared lift up the sheet and look. Gosh. We were looking at an accumulation of bricks and plaster arranged to resemble a human body. Odd, indeed. We also found a sf comic. (Of course it had to be a sf comic.) According to the letter we'd found the house had been abandoned for one month, but the magazine was only one week old! VERY odd, indeed.

But for fear of Berry, famous supporter of law and order, disapproving of this criminal behavior, I think I'd better postpone the telling of this incident (which actually happens to be true although it seems a bit strange) to some other time. Alors, lectors, that is, as Dearest Mr. Kipling is supposed to have said, another story.

Farewell then, friends -- and you too. Now I'm going to finish reading Francois Mauriac's LE SAGOUIN. What are you going to do?

Is Dallas all of science fiction fandom, or just the majority?

NOT BAW



HOOHAWWWWW

WW DEGLERATION

((While it is not my practice to point out aspects of material, perhaps as editor I should state that this is not a satire on derogations, as most of you would believe, but a satire on a current fannish attitude set in the derogation style. I don't know how many will get the idea, but let me know if you do.))

The scene: As usual.

Raeburn: Well fellow Insurgents, here we are for another Dogleration (named in honor of its first fugghead, Claude Degler). Say something to start the Deglo, Gerald, so I can write it down.

Steward: Hey, did you see the latest GALAXY? man, that lead yarn was the...

Raeburn: Nonono! You know better than that, Steward. No pro stuff in this Deglo...maybe those dallas fans with their Dallard Deglos can talk about prozines but not we original Insurgents.

Kidder: Why not? How come we alla time gotta talk about fans and that crap?

Lyons: Yeah, why do we have to say funny things for you and make obscure puns about cars and intransitive verbs?

Kirs: Oh blibbity blibbity thump thump. Boyd is a kind little boy; he wishes to hurt no one. You faan creatures are on-strangling his talents with your vile protests.

Alan Dodd: Oh, I don't know about that. What about those poor people he so cruelly treats with sharp words and barbed tounge? Doesn't anyone ever worry about them?

Raeburn: Didn't you hear him Steward? Say something humorous and fannish and biting to defend me. Show Dodd up as a conservative English fan who does not understand the inner implications of the Degleration.

Steward: Not any more, Raeburn. We don't like you saying things

and putting them in our mouths so fandom will think we're a bunch of juvenile delinquent hoods. What kind of impression do you think Claude Hall and Redd Boggs will get if you say we wear black leather jackets and take the wrong subways and end up in Harlem looking for rumbles?

Lyons: Yeah, getting Kirs over on your side so he can spout arty and bohemian phrases and make us look like dull uneducated clods.

Kidder: And touring around to conventions having fans buy you drinks and sharing one of Tucker's bottles of Jack Daniels because you're such a Ghod and editor of A BAS. How many faaaans know we type up and run off A BAS for you just to get free rides to work at the shoe factory?

Lyons: Where would you be if we Told The Truth to fandom? What if we told them you and your gang of teenago hoods make us do your zine for rides to work in a sportscar you bought from the sub money to A BAS?

Steward: And those other rackets you run all through Canada? Those switchblades disguised as pen and pencil sets, the reversable black leather jackets that turn into gray flannel coats?

Raeburn: Stop, you hear me? This is my art form and nobody but me runs it. You've said too much!

(tears off business suit, reverses into leather jacket)

Kidder: No, not that, Raeburn! Not your gang of teenago hoods! Not Kirs with his iron chain! No, no!

Raeburn: You asked for it, Kiddor. I'll teach you three to louse up my Deglo. Trina, the zip gun!

(Trina whips out concealed zip gun, hands to Raeburn, Kirs produces heavy chain, all three clad in black leather jackets and smelling mysteriously of motorcycle oil.)

Kidder, Steward, Lyons: No, Raeburn, no! We'll let you put words in our mouths! Not your rapier of wit! Stop!

Raeburn: Too late now. Okay, Kirs, rumble!

(and so they did)

+ Raeburn looks like the prototype of the Hollywood juvenile hood. Judging by his haircut, he must go to the same barber as Elvis Presley.-KM

...and

scribblings

Well, letters of comment on V11 have started to come in, and probably will appear later on, but we have some stuff left over from last issue you might like, and all:

DICK ELLINGTON

informs.. Clothes is funny. One of our favorite getups around here is--quite naturally--all black outfits, tho not featuring the leather jacket kick--that we leave to the juvies from Toronto. Usually is black sport shirt (or old died Army shirt in my case) and black slacks, tho Curran augments his with occasional black jodphurs. Curran also known to appear (his version of "dressed up") in black slacks, shirt and corduroy sport coat with white tie. Me at convention had black charcoal suit, black corduroy sport shirt and black knit tie with black handkerchief in lapel-pocket. Hoochaw.

This Skiffle thingumbob kills me. Here are all these mad cats, doing something -quote- new and different -unquote- and the Angles flipping over all this new stuff and so far the only things I've heard of them doing or heard played by them (I mean all the different Skiffle groups) are old American folk-songs--none of which they can do at all well.

And on the other hand we have five fingers, or Elvis Presley and Rock and Roll company doing the new and different Rock and Roll biz which has been hiding its million a year or more business under the title of Rhythm and Blues or Race Music for nigh on to twenty years now, man and twah.

WIM STRUYCK

refers to "Caught Off Bass".. I once worked somewhere and one of our customers always wanted to play the bass. He played it about the same way Ron did in his story, but he firmly believed he did us a great pleasure by "assisting" us. I can assure you however that nothing is more annoying and makes things more difficult for the real musicians. The same goes for people wanting to play the drums. The worst thing with the above mentioned bass enthusiast was that he made a lot of show--turning the bass around, or walking around it himself. During these stunts, the all-too-weak rhythm he produced normally fell out altogether. Being a customer we endured this patiently for some nights. But we lost our last threds of patience when he started telling us we should make more "show" ourselves. Next night we told him with deep regrets that by special new police orders no more amateurs were allowed on the stand.

((But you missed a good opportunity, Wim..you could've charged him 'amateur union dues'. Are you not a fa-a-a-an??))

JOHN CHAMPION

hoochaws... Heck, I laugh at everybody in fandom. If I think they deserve laughing at, that is. We place a bit too much importance on our microcosm sometimes, I'm thinking. After all, as Bloch says, what is it really to be a BNF? So maybe about 250 people or so look up at you and worship you like a ghod. 250 people...is that really something to crow about? And I doubt that there are more than 250 actifans (really truly honest to ghod active) in the who damn world of fandom today.

Moomaw says something that's been said before..however, since nobody ever seems to pay any attention to it, maybe he should keep on saying it. Incidentally, I hope he remembers to look in the mirror himself... I hope all of us do...and see whether or not we're trying to get somewhere on having our names mentioned occasionally in the same sentence with LeeH or Raeburn or Bloch or Willis, or having our letters appear once in a while in the BNFzines, or maybe even having some BNF print an article or something of ours. Sure, that's the way to get to the top, because the only way to do it is workworkworkworkwork like a dog. As I said before, maybe it's not really worth it.

((First, it seems to me that the primary concern is not how many people respect or look up to you, but the quality of those people. If you are a 'BNF' and fans look up to you and all, and if these fans are maturo, intelligent people, you have good reason to be proud.

Geeee, do all these fans try to have their names mentioned with the BNFs? Offhand, I've noticed very little of this in fandom lately--very little indeed. But then, not much has happoned, either.))

I went out to get a pack of cigarettes and missed 8th fandom.

KENT MOOMAW

brings us to V11.. Unlike most of the recent Berry material I've seen, "Son of Berry" is real first class stuff, remeniscent of his better efforts in HYPHEN, GRUE, OOPSIA, etc. Best thing in the issue, by far, and Atom's illo was a knockout. My column seemed sorta mild. What will the readers think? "Moomaw is becoming senile," they will whisper. "He's not foaming at the mouth any more. He's getting Soft." The shame of it.

The way in which Willis expresses his thanks to you for the compliments on THS is positively remarkable. Funny; you go around blustering and arguing and defending and attacking and a guy like Willis extends a simple gesture of good will to someone else publically, and it makes you stop and wonder if all of your rantings and ravings are as important as you believe them to be. It's strange, and I'm not kidding. I hate to say that little things like this are what makes fandom worthwhile, but dammit, they do. ((WAW is a Good Man, forsooth.))

I don't agree with Julian Parr at all. There may be some fanods about whose sole motivation for publishing is ogoboo, acceptance, et al, but I don't think very many achieve their aim through slavish imitation of previous successes by others. Look back, Julian, at the big names in fandom. Did any of them get to the top through strict "conformity"? Rather, haven't most of them been unusually original and clever, explored new areas, injected new ideas? Of curso. Remember, just because a fan doesn't print MZB science stuff or fan stf is no indication that he is conforming...he probably hates the stuff himself, as I for one do, and sees nothing in such material to warrant publication. I believe,

for the most part, that fans pub for self-expression more than sheer popularity, and in any case, I'm positive that faneds who consciously seek Fame and Fortune seldom achieve it.

RON BENNETT

forsees cautiously.. Buck Coulson and I are in the middle of a little discussion at the moment about fanzines which might become the focal point of fandom, as QUANDRY was a few years ago. I favored YANDRO, but Buck has come up with a good point in that it's not really a SF-fan mag. He favors one fmz for several reasons which I'm forced to agree with, their being excellently thought out and presented, but we're both agreed too that the mag would have to come out regularly.

((This subject interests me no end, especially as it ties in with Ron's comments in the latest PLOY. There are several most promising fanzines and fans at present--Terry Carr, John Champion, Kent Moomaw and Bill Meyers to name but a few--who could suddenly blaze forth through their mags. Coupled with the evidently renewed interest in publishing among the older fanzines, this could Mean Something. (no, not that)..))

BOYD BAEBURN

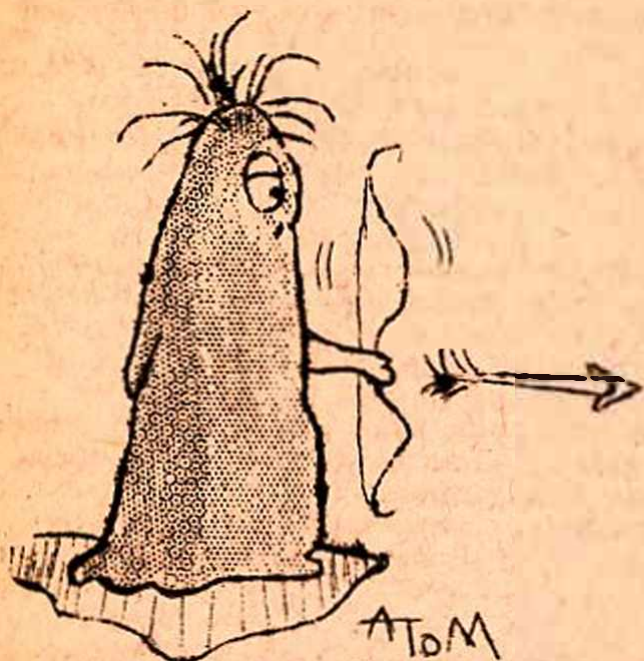
downshifts... Liked the cover. Having met you both, I find that it does portray you both protty well, but the illo on the editorial page certainly doesn't look like you. Liked your crack about "grey flannel mouths". Good.

Moomaw: Dept. of Changing Tunes: Uh huh. People do change their attitudes and interests, Kent included, it seems. I know of one case where a current well known faaaan once in a fanzine chided faaaans for being more concerned with fandom than science fiction, but this was hidden behind a pseudonym, and will escape Moomaw's searching gaze. However, if he wants to find well known fannish names taking an interest in science fiction he needs merely to look at the letter column of any TWS or Startling of about seven years back. Dept. of Falling Idols: Oh foosh. This is just wishful thinking on Kent's part. I won't bother to refute this item statement by statement, as I really don't give a damn. I wonder, though, as this constant Down With Presley kick Kent and some other fans seem to be on. I notice he isn't howling about Lawrence Welk, Pat Boone, Teresa Brewer, Perry Como, and others too numerous to mention. Presley only. Does this mean that he dislikes only Presley, and likes or tolerates the others? Ghaa!

Nine pages of material and eight pages of letters. No objection, for I like good letter columns, and this one is fine, but at this rate VOID is in danger of becoming a letterzine...or else with so little material you will draw little comment and thus have room in the next issue for plenty of material which will draw lots of letters--sort of seesaw effect. VOID is now one of those zines that I eagerly snatch up as soon as it arrives, and road through immediately, instead of suffering the fate of some zines which get put aside to be read later.

((Well Sharpie, I feel that as long as there are interesting letters lying around, they might as well be printed. I've found that letters generally provoke more comment than the material in a fmz, contrary to your expectations...and anyway, I'm waiting until I can maintain a balance of English and American material before running a lot of the 20 pages as contributions. Would any of you American fans be interested in aiding this Noble Cause (altho it doesn't include beer cans?))

All the world's a Burbee epic.



TERRY CARR

sez..

When I got VOID, Ellik had got to my box first and had read it before me. He wrote on the cover (my collection, o my collection!), "Better than the usual VOID". With which I disagree. I think it's just as good, no better, than most recent VOIDS. Which is to say, pretty good.

The Berry story surprised me by being completely readable. I do not like Berry stories. Most of the time I do not read them anymore. But I read this one, and liked it.

Moomaw's column brought me to a stop with feelings of, "Well, it's finally happened. It had to happen sometime." I mean, of course, his

Dept. of Changing Times. I've been waiting for someone to compare my earlier sayings with my current ones, because there's definitely an about-face evident. In this particular case, tho, Moomaw didn't catch me too badly. I'm not sure, but I wouldn't be surprised if that quote from me said in full "...I find my interest lies more toward articles pertaining to stf and fannish subjects more than other stuff." You see, that quote from my fapazine was in regards to an article in HORIZONS on music (and Warner later pointed out that the article was on fantasy music) which I didn't read because I figured it would be just more mundane, nonstf&nonfannish stuff such as FAPA abounds in At the time I didn't particularly like such stuff (there's been an about-face regarding that, too), and I said so. It may interest you to know that the quote from WAW quoted at the head of the Drummond reprint in the Innish was in answer to this bit of mine here.

But if he'd really wanted to, Moomaw could have done some research and caught me good. He could have reprinted from my letters in Fantastic Adventures and such, for instance. Boy, there were some fuggheaded letters for you.

Regarding Moomaw's further wondering, "Could it be that Charles Burbee or Bill Danner once wrote letters of glowing praise to the proed of the day?"--I have a lovely little clay-feet quote by Burbee from a 1943 fmz which I intend to print as a filler-quote in some upcoming Inn. I doubt that Danner was ever a rabid stfan, having come into FAPA thru VAPA, a mundane apa, and never having been in fandom proper. And Laney at one time published ACOLYTE, the number one fmz for a year or two, which was dedicated to serious constructive articles on fantasy. The title referred to Laney's being "a sincere acolyte of H.P. Lovecraft". Of course, Laney's sercon days were pretty intelligently handled (as witness the top position) but he definitely had clay feet, and realized it himself. In fact, "Ah! Sweet Idiocy!" is in a large sense an expose of what a fugghead Laney had been in bothering with and getting mixed up so deeply with the misfits in the LASFS. But even in ASI Laney was strongly favoring a fantastically sercon and ambitious scheme for the Fantasy Foundation which makes the N3F seem paltry by comparison. Of course, Laney had it all worked out to the point where it could have worked and would've been worthwhile, if you like that sort of thing.

This stuff about today's fandom being wishywashy and too polite is very true. Dave and I have been noticing it and have been irritated by it. Why, the very best parts of Bennett's conreport in Inn were DNQ. So were many of the best parts of the letters of comment I got on the issue. I do not like the overuse of the DNQ in fandom today, dammit, and I'd like to see somebody speak out strongly against it.

ART THOMSON is envious... Nice to hear you've gotten settled in at Dallas--and goodness, doesn't it seem so far away from us all, since Germany. Still, not too far away to lose contact with British fandom, though. which is a good thing, ((If not a Good Thing.))

Y'know, I feel a little envious of you both, in being able to travel as you have done, in Europe and the States. You might not think so at the moment, but it is quite a thing to even have had the opportunity to have visited and stayed in other countries. I remember vividly, and still consider them the best two years of my life so far, my Royal Air Force service in the Middle East countries. It was nice to have met you whilst we had the chance--during that short visit to London that you made, and even if we have to write to each other instead of meeting again, it's good to remember that we have met, shaken hands and said "hello" to each other.

((Yes, I fondly remember England, what little of it I saw. In fact, I was very sorry to leave Germany for the States, despite the fact that I was returning to the home country, as contact with English and Irish fandom is slow. But that fannish necessity, the airmail letter, will at least keep me up with most of your doings...but not all, Dentcliffe.))

Not many letters have arrived yet, but still there were some to crowd out. Tripping over them briefly, Don Powell demanded that I spell texas with a capital t, Guy Terwilleger had some vague remarks about Kent Moomaw, George Metzger liked Hines' work, Bob Coulson dug Archie Mercer's r&r bit the most ("Do I sound like Terry Carr?"), Alex Kirs was disgruntled, and Bill Meyers had tired of fanzine-commenting. Randy Brown telephoned in some comments, but I could not understand his texas accent. That Raeburn-Marcus dispute I mentioned last issue was jammed out and I doubt that it will appear in the future. Something called 'folk music' is apparently holding sway. Humpf.

VOID 12 is published (or soon will be) by Jim and Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, texas. 25¢ per copy, a shilling from Ron (the man you all know is running for TAFF) Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. We manage to get this thing out monthly, if not sooner. Contributions are even more earnestly solicited than last issue, as we have only a few scraps of material left that hasn't already been stenciled.

Art Credits: Dave Rike and Arthur Thomson, Good Men all. Cover by Jerry Hines. I had an idea for a cartoon, but Reamy's phone is out and I couldn't contact him in time. Oh yes, Terry Carr is somewhere in there too. Interlineations this issue by Kent Moomaw, Jim Benford and me. Name the fans and win a prize.

Next issue! Coming!! "How I Edit The Letter Column, Yes I Really Do." by Boyd Raeburn, international mathematician and Harlem wanderer.

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