



No. 1

NOV. 1952

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VOID is an amateur magazine processed and published irregularly by George P. Clements, 72 East Street, Colchester, Essex, England.

Member of Operation Fantast No B359. Fantasy Art Society.

Subscription rate, English and Foreign. 3 issues for 1/6d or one U.S. promag or 3 back issues of any good fanzine. Sample copy, one back issue of any fanzine. Will exchange with other publishers, copy for copy (not subscriptions)

IMPORTANT.

Letters of criticism, suggestions and/or praise are welcomed but if you do not get any reply, do not take offence. There are various reasons for not replying. Producing an amateur paper involves a lot of time and expense. Every effort will be made to answer those letters that demand a reply. Patience please !

Your subscription expires with this issue.
Free copy, you contribute
Free copy, we exchange.
Review please or chuck in W.F.B.

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OUT OF THE VOID.

November 1952.

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I make no apology for publishing (or perpetrating) yet another fanzine. If you don't like it, send your sample copy back for a full refund. Satisfaction guaranteed or

It is hoped that VOID will appear about once every three months. If it does not, it will appear later on !

Although not an artist, I aim to present fantasy as a visual art, hence the centre pages of artwork. For these I have to thank Alan Hunter of the Fantasy Art Society, who commissioned the work from members and traced them on to stencils for me. Alan also designed the cover and prepared the stencil.

I am open to receive contributions for future issues of VOID and want good stories and articles, particularly articles, up to about 1000 words. Don't forget the S.A.T. if you want any unsuitable material returned.

There is no letter column in this issue. I will print any interesting comments or suggestions you may make on fan art or fan publishing. Send them in. Fanzines are the life blood of fandom. Let's fan fans into publishing fanzines.

As these notes were written after the rest of this 'zine had been processed, I am able to note results of my first efforts at magazine production and can promise that VOID No 2 will be an improvement on this issue. There will be more illustrations which, with the able assistance of Alan Hunter, head stencil cutter extraordinary, will form the main feature. A little colour work is also indicated.

In case you are curious, VOID is produced, page by page, on a flat bed duplicator. Gostetners ? swanky mangles !

VIONA OF THE VALLEY.

by Jow Bowman.

The eerie music soothed my nervousness and as I went on into the night, and I supped more and more ruven I began to feel less embarrassed, more sure of myself. This strange world began to feel more like home, yet why should'nt it? The people were friendly, the climate was heavenly, the food was splendid, and it was upon this little world that I had met my VIONA. Above all, I was grateful for my Viona. Never before had I met a girl as lovely as she. The Rhamu people in this valley of Keffel were a handsome people but Viona seemed to me the jewel of its womenfolk, and today, beneath the golden sun of Mebaina I had made her my bride. Tonight was the wedding feast.

How I remember it. The green moon of Mebaina, great and wonderful making the verdant valley a glowing Paradise, The shining red 'star flies' scattering through the trees like showers of sparks. All around in a large circle burned the feast fires, while upon the calm night floated the music and the chanting, the smell of roasting food.

I got up and laid aside my ruven and crossed over to Viona who sat quietly by her father's side before the main fire. The women of the valley danced among the circle of fires. I sat down by Viona's side to watch them. They were beautiful women and a strange thing that I had noticed often before was the predominance of females over the men-folk in this heavenly valley. The marriage had been a very serious affair. I had sworn upon the sun, the moon, and the winds of Mebaina, to hold and cherish Viona until death. Strict were the vows of the valley.

I looked into her face in the fire-glow, noticed again its smooth perfection, its almost child-like beauty. She noticed me looking at her and smiled at me. It was nearly dawn before we were alone.

The days in the valley passed peacefully. Mebaina was now my home. I loved its people. I loved its simple ways of life, its calm forgetfulness, but above all, I loved my Viona. While she was with me I was

never lonely although I was the only Earthman in the valley. As the weeks went by our love grew stronger and stronger and her beauty ever brighter. Yet there was a strange childishness about her, a wild simplicity in her nature that took a juvenile delight in all things. She looked to me for help and protection, much as if I were an elder brother, looking after my wants yet relying on me as a child does upon an adult. Her knowledge of things outside the valley was practically nil, her ideas of space and other worlds amusing, nor could she either read or write. It seemed as if the men of the valley kept knowledge from their women-folk yet I could see no reason for this. Naturally, I did not worry about it overmuch. After all, Viona had never been out of the valley and probably never would.

The weeks became months and Earth and all its ways began to fade to the back of my mind. The Earth ship called at Jennah, twelve Earth miles out of the valley, every six months, but I never went to see it. I was content with my valley.

The ratio of women to men in the valley of Keffol was about ten to one. I had a strong suspicion that the same applied all the planet over. yet I puzzled over the fact there seemed very little strife or discontent among the mature women as one would have expected. No jealousy, envy, spite and yet no polygamy, although it appeared to be a strict duty for every man to marry and bachelors were rare. Walking through the streets of the village, one could not help observing the great number of little girls as compared with the odd little boy, here and there. Yet surely there must be a balance somewhere, otherwise spinsterhood must be a vast organisation on Mobaina.

What a world for the Don Juans of Earth, but the men of Mobaina re-

mained true to their wives, and I had heard rumours that strange and awful punishment had been meted out, in the rare incidences, when a man had erred in his contract. Perhaps similar things happened to Earthmen who came to Mobaina with the idea of a good time, otherwise Mobaina would have been a haven for tourists, and a Paradise for play-boys. Only occasional Earth-men, like myself, settled on the planet, which hinted at discouragement of some sort.

In the 'List of Inhabited Planets' Mobaina's population had been classified as 'harmless' 'very friendly' 'hospital traders', so I had known, before I had even arrived, that I would be perfectly safe to go alone amongst them. I had been a wanderer all my life, restless, discontented, working my passage between the stars as a 3rd class mechanic until I had found my haven of peace, right here in the valley of Keffol.

I had a good friend in Lenox, a cousin of Viona, and one day, as we strolled down the main street of Keffol, I tried to broach the subject of marriage on Mobaina, in a casual way,

'How do you like the life now?' he said to me in his lilting Mobainian-Earth language, for like many of the other planets, Earth language had become the secondary language of Mobaina, Earth being the origination of space-flight and capital of the Galaxy.

'I would not change it for half the worlds in the System' I replied, 'This is now my world.'

'Strange,' laughed Lenox, 'how little we know of those other worlds. There are so many. The histories, nature and description of them would fill a hundred thousand libraries and that's no exaggeration. How vast are the things we don't know compared with the things we know'.

'I know little of Mobaina,' I answered him. He laughed and shaded

his eyes from the golden sun to look at me. 'There is so little to know. Mebaina is a small world. Her ways are simple friendly ways. Look around you and you can see for yourself all there is to know'

'And how do you like married life compared with the single state?'

'Ah' he smiled, 'Action speaks louder than words. Linnell is my tenth wife !'

I was somewhat taken aback. Here was a new discovery. As I left my friend, I wondered how this could be. Surely Lenox could not be much more than 50 years of age and a year on Mebaina was only slightly shorter than a year on Earth. Yet I had never heard of any divorce on Mebaina, the marriage laws were too strict for that. How little I knew of this simple, benevolent world.

The months passed into years, and Viona became a part of me, a soothing balm to my discontent, a close companion to dispel my restless loneliness. I came in one day from the fields to face the first of a series of shocks which were soon to upset the calm tranquility of my new way of life. Looking at Viona, I noticed that the smooth perfection of her features were now no more. Wrinkles were beginning to mar her lovely skin, and her hair seemed to have become streaked with grey overnight. I recovered quickly, managed to stem the turmoil in my brain. She smiled at me, as I pretended not to notice anything unusual but as I sat down to the afternoon meal, I began to wonder what terrible thing had caused this. A cold premonition of dread passed across my mind.

The days sped swiftly by, yet still Viona did not improve. In fact, she became worse, the wrinkles yet deeper, her hair whiter. I wandered in the moonless night, through empty streets, for Keffel slept, dreaming of that far gone happy night when Viona had become my bride. Then my tension seemed to break. The shadowy valley seemed to close in around me. I dashed homeward in breathless panic, into our chamber, there to find Viona, stretched out on the bed, lonely and terribly old. I cried out and clasped her to me.

'What is it Viona ? ' I choked, 'What is this thing that has come to you ? '

Viona looked up at me, then she smiled, a sad and gentle smile.

'Have I made you happy ? ' she managed to say.

It sounded so grimly final that panic gripped me. I could not go on without my Viona. I ran out of the building to find my good friend Lenox and ask his help. I found him at home and sleepily he came to me, yawning and pulling his robe around him.

'What ails you, friend ? ' he enquired.

'Its Viona ' I panted, 'Come and tell me what is wrong.'

'Is she ill? '

At my silent nod he dressed and accompanied me to the bedside of my failing Viona. He took one look at her, shook his head, then turned to me, saying in a callous tone. 'I'm afraid you will have to get yourself a new wife. '

I stood dumbfounded. This was'nt my kind friend Lenox speaking these shocking, unfeeling words ?

'How can you say such a thing ? ' I was almost shouting.

'Did'nt you know ? ' he shook his head sadly, looking at me. 'Of course, I never realised. I keep thinking you have been here on Mobaina all your life. You see, Viona's life span is over.'

'Over ?' I stared blankly as my whole world seemed to totter around me.

'Of course, ' Lenox went on. 'All the ways of the worlds are different where ever you go. Did you think that our biology should be similiar to yours on Earth ? The female of our species only has a life span of five years or so, from birth to senility, while that of the male averages around seventy years. Naturally, Nature has provided for that. '

'Your nature' I thought.

'Thus more females are born than males.'

Understanding came like a blow. Nature had also made the males of Mobaina less sentimental to their women-folk than the men of Earth to theirs.

When one wife died, the Mebanain merely took another. That was their nature. That was the balance. Women here still had as much chance of a happy life. Women....

But why go on? As I write these lines the globe of Mebanina is shrinking away amongst the stars that I can see through the port. How I had watched those stars when I was very young, with a hungry yearning. But I wish that I had never seen the world of Mebanina.

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THE JUNIOR FANATICS.

This is a report, by DAVE WOOD, of the first years activities of the Junior Fanatics.

It was August 1951 when Ken Potter and I hit upon the idea of a Junior Society. This, however, was restricted to fen around the home town - Lancaster. Nothing resulted and the Society fell through.

Pushed to the back of my mind, the society was forgotten - by me but not by Ken. Early this year Ken startled me with "I'm going to resurrect the Junior Society," I said, "Its all yours". However, dont get the idea that I was'nt interested. I was. I was all for a Junior Societybut I remembered the last attempt.

We strived and strived. Nothing came up. We were almost in despair. Then Ken wrote a short story and sent it to Capt. Slater of O.F. along with a letter in which he mentioned the society. Wonders of wonders ! When Ken's short appeared in O.F. for it was accepted, there also was an ad for the Junior S.F. Society, which was then known as the British Teenage Fantasy and Science Fiction Society (phew !) At first, nothing. Then wonders on wonders, our first member, Peter Cook of Gillingham, soon followed by Tony Cooper of London and Howard Griffiths of Glamorgan.

Tony Cooper sprang the greatest surprise, he offered to print a club mag. on a rota-printer.

Scotland then appeared on the scene in the person of Matt Elder.

England, Wales, Scotland. Are there no Junior fens in Ireland ?

Ken then did a bit of converting. He picked up a Vargo Statton addict at school. Gave him Bradbury's "Martian Chronicles" to read and hey-prsto, a new member - Mike Crowson. Mike brought in a pal, Gordon de Lacy.

A round-robin letter was circulated asking various questions. The results were, a new name for the society was needed (it became the Junior Fanatics.) Subs were set at 2/6d per annum. For this one receives a news-sheet, the official organ and various other things. The title of the O.O. was chosen as EERI as apposed to STELLAR. A library was formed over which I took charge. Subs to this was set at 2/- per quarter, no extra for postage. The library has 55 mags. 10 pocket books (American) 60 fannags and 10 hardcover books.

Now one year after a very shaky beginning, the Society has 15 members most notable being John Brunner, Britain's newest and youngest pro-author. Only one female fanna has joined, Shirley Marriot of Bournemouth.

We have now opened the Society to American fens. Sub rate for them is 40¢ per year.

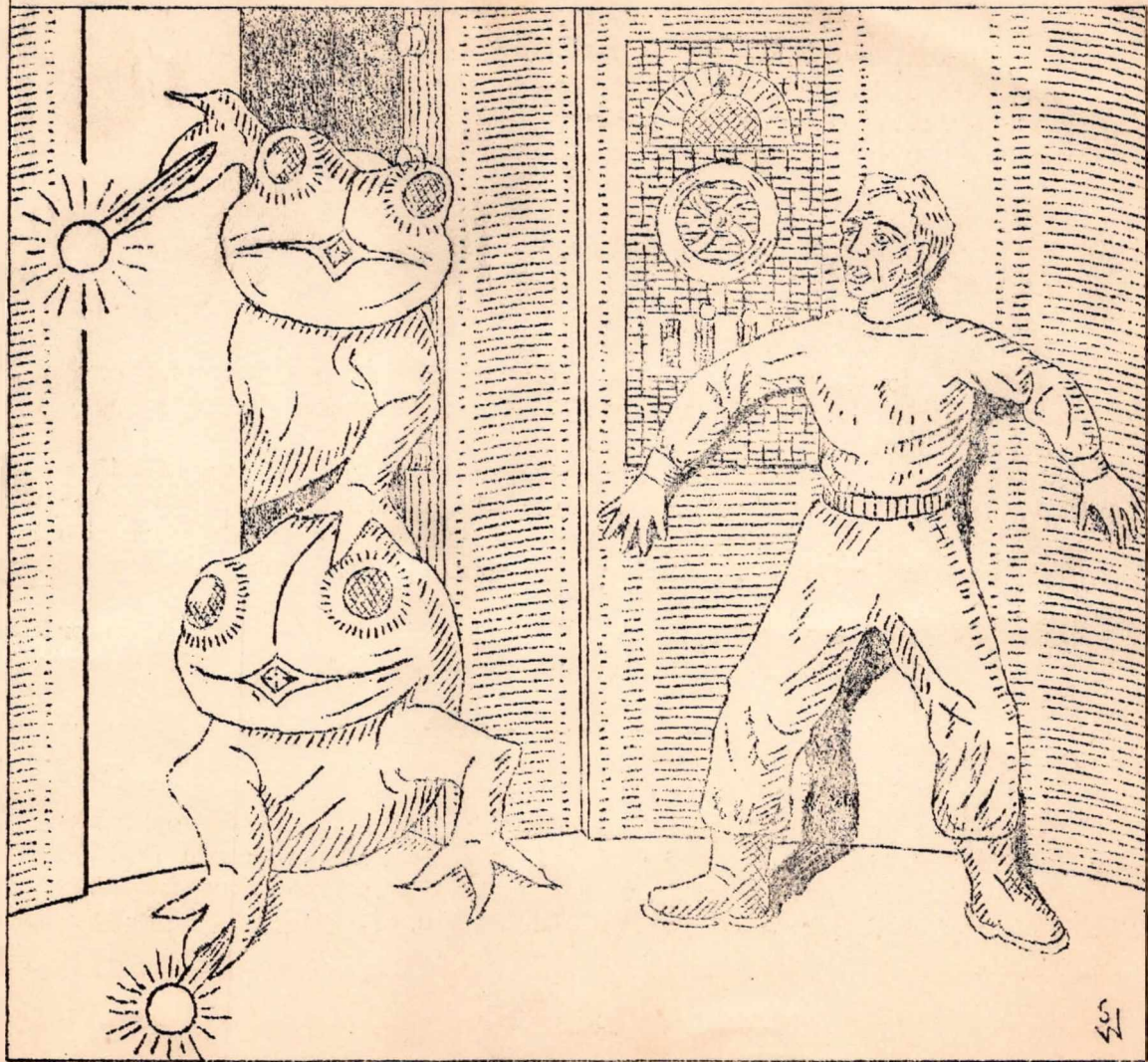
Our main project, EERI, is on sale, priced at 1/- (15¢) from printer Tony Cooper, 10 Essex Road, Chingford, London, E.4.

Book Collectors !!

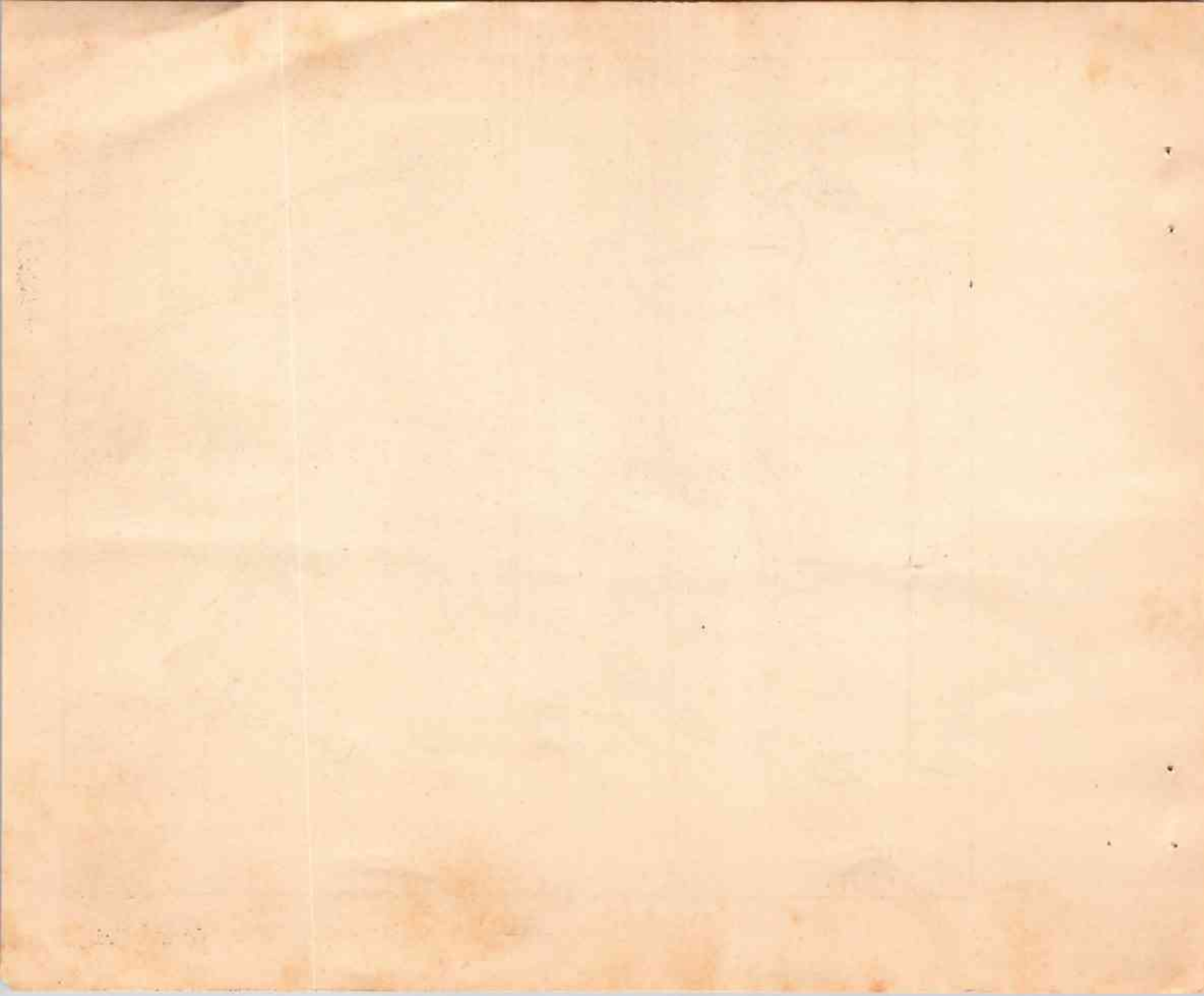
If that means you - then you need something to keep those books in order. What better than a pair of Science Fiction book-ends ??

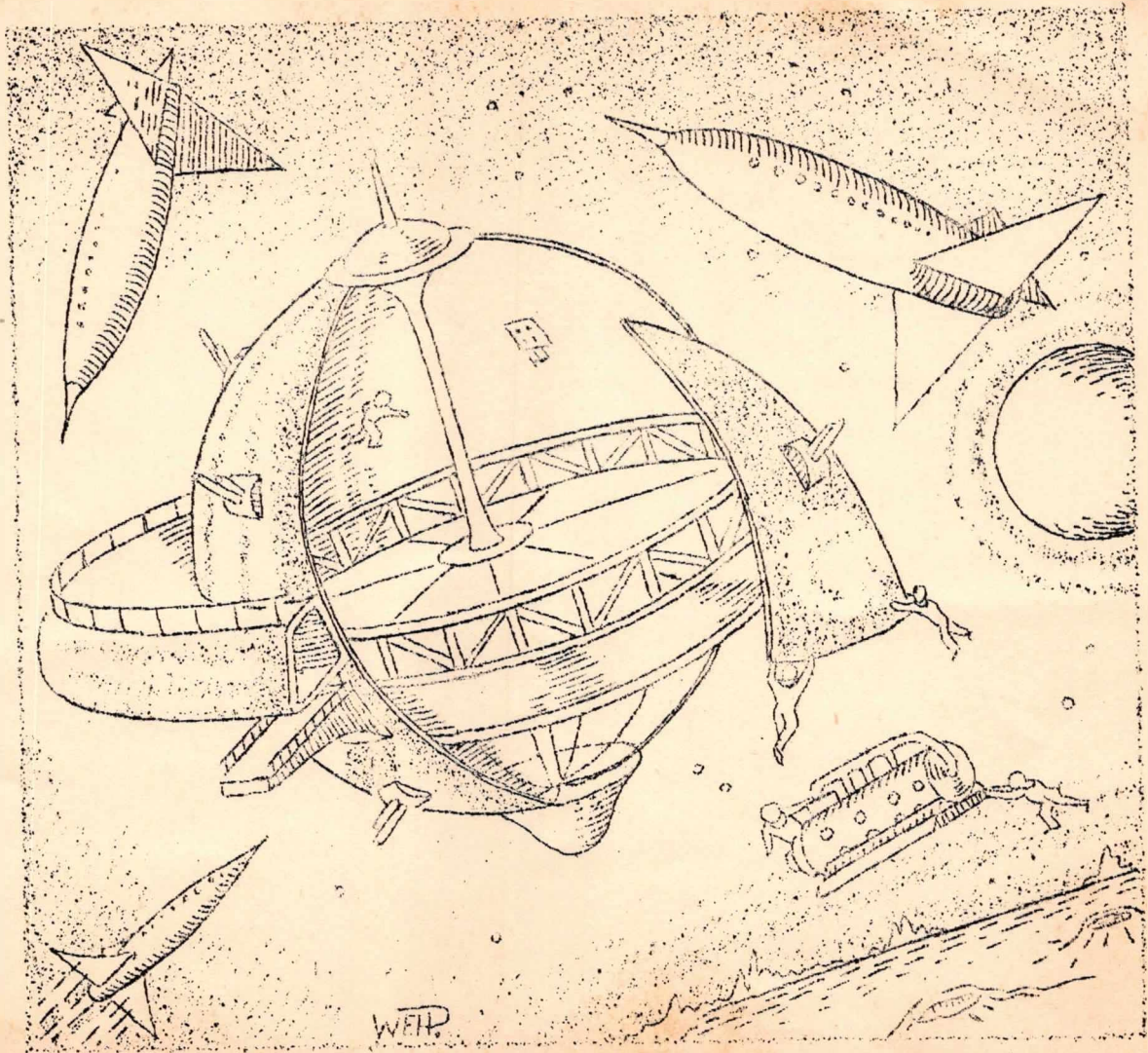
Wall-plaques, ash trays, and models of S.F. themes supplied by S.R.Wright, of 9 Hurstwood Avenue, London, E.18. Any model designed to order.

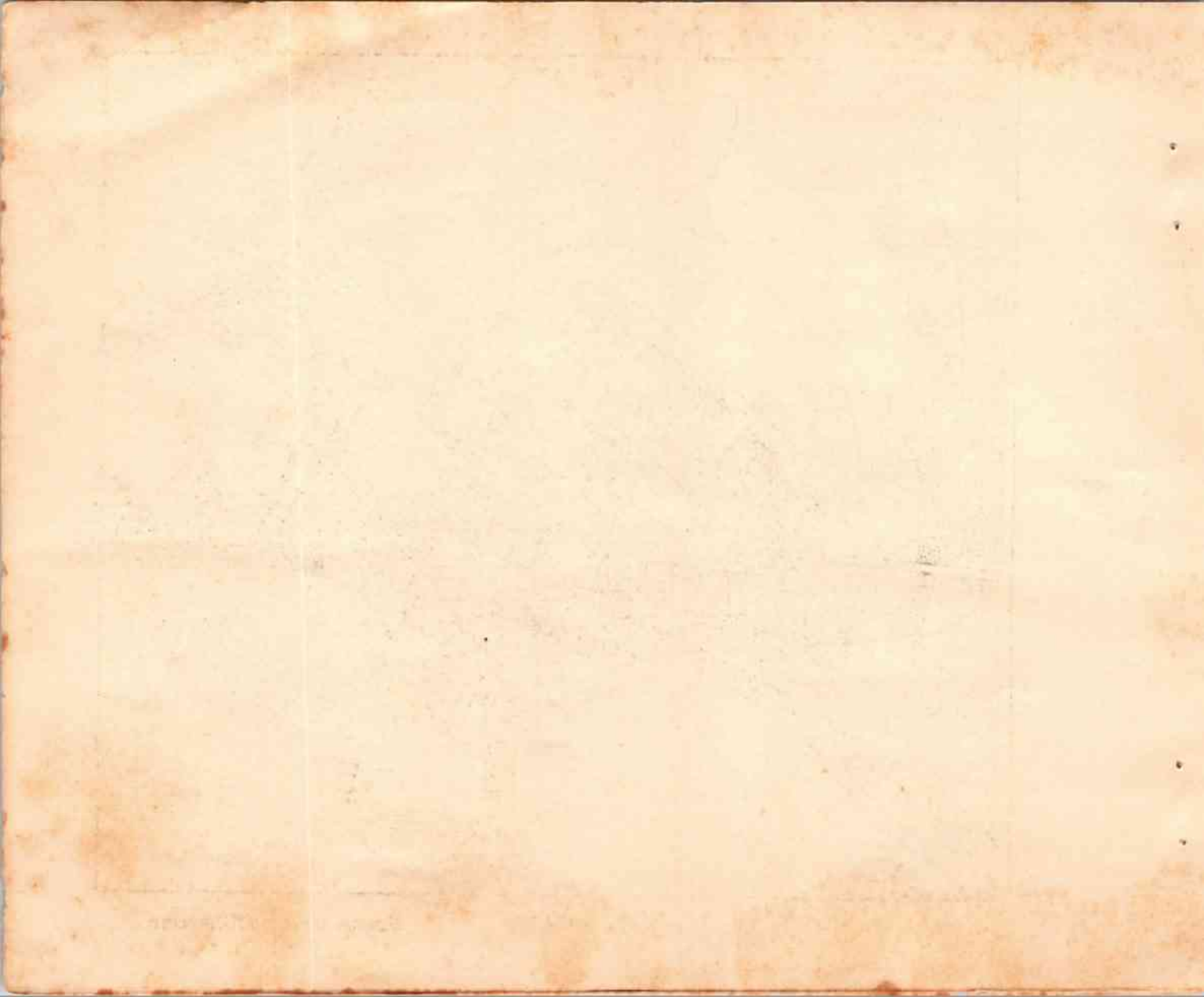
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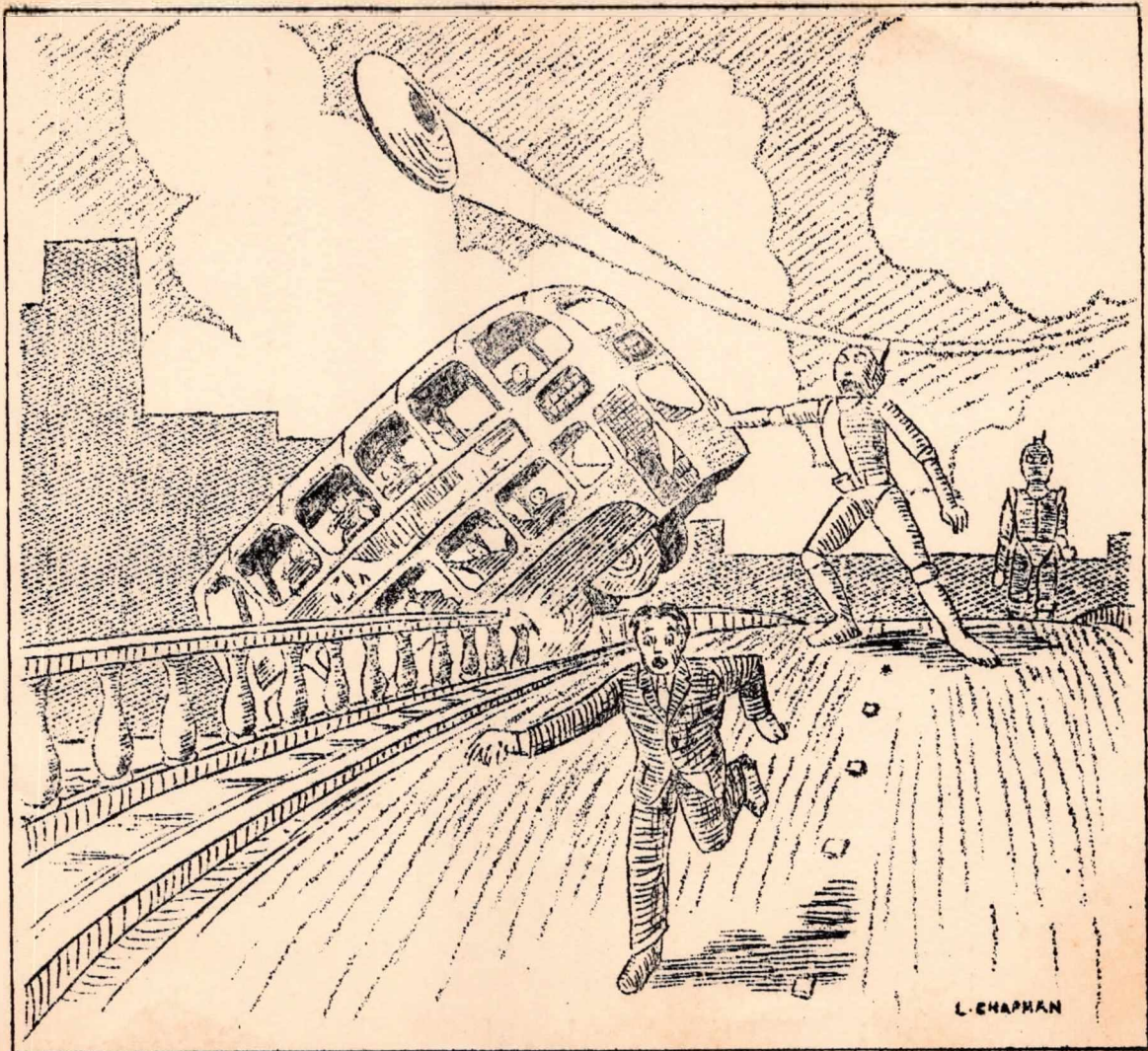


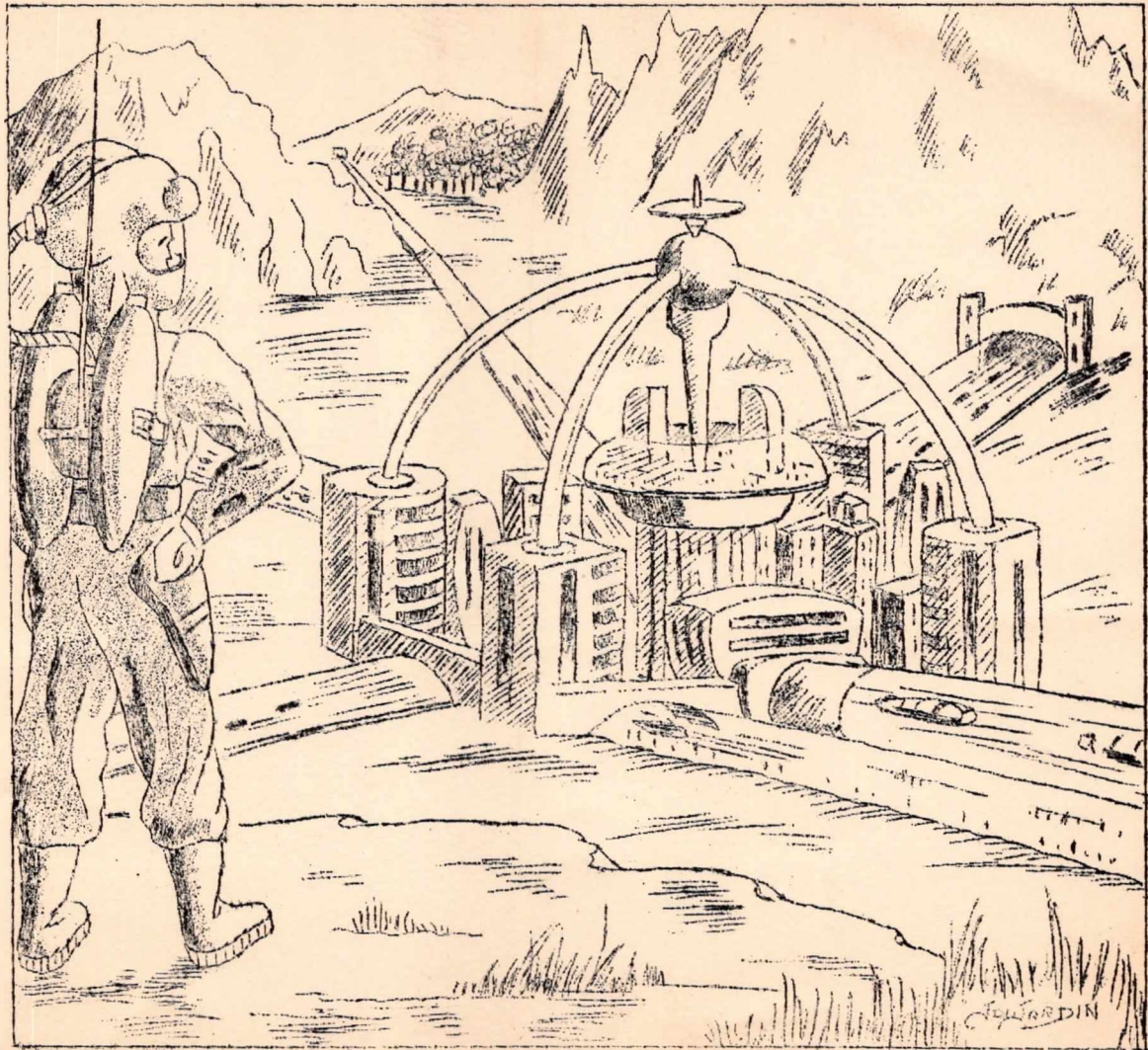
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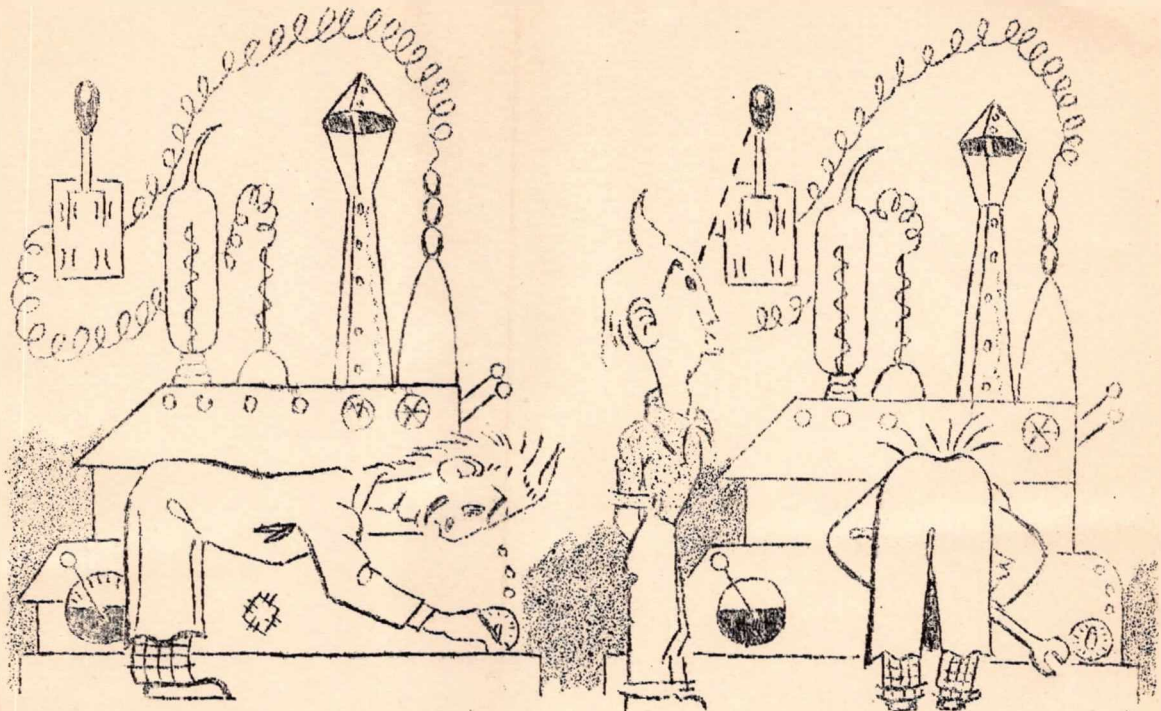








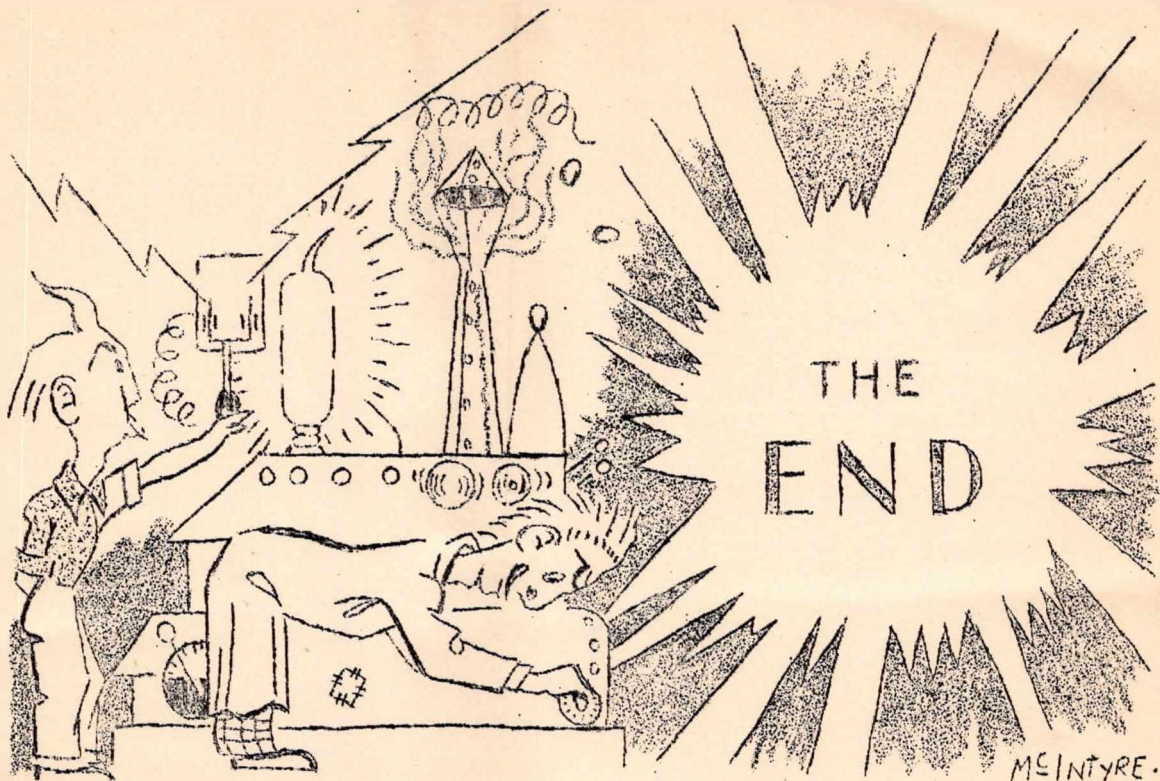




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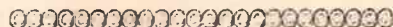
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On Publishing A Fanzine.

by

David S. Gardner.



There are, as any but the moronest of morons will realise, a certain number of requirements connected with publishing a fanzine. You dont just dream one up - more's the pity, you have to slave and develop a certain fannish cunning to aid you in production.

The greatest aid to publishing is, without a doubt, a duplicator. This can be obtained by various methods, the first that I mention is impractical because you have to buy it, and everyone knows that fen have no money. You can borrow one if you're lucky, but the most successful way is to do as I did.

Get into an office where you know they use the very latest in duplicators. Dont pick one that has a hand model, the only office for you must use one powered by electricity. This lessens strain on your arm and provides endless hours of enjoyment, when you gear it up to a record player. Now that you have been taken on the staff, it is important to show an interest in the thing. Its no good being scared of it or trying to humour it by hiding the stencils, after all, like you, it is there to work, whether it likes it or not

Let it be known that you always wanted to press buttons and see that blessed thing churning out reams upon reams of circulars and other uninteresting trash. You will soon find that the rest of the office is quite prepared to let you play with the machine all by yourself, in fact, they have been waiting for a mug like yourself to come along.

When you are finally installed and think yourself above suspicion start working late. This is your chance. take it. Take the duplicator as well as the chance. Carry it home under your arm, or better still, in a van.

The next morning the office is in a turmoil, the Machine has vanished. Blame it on to the Reds or somebody like that. A meek typist will do as a second choice, one that you can be sure won't try and deny it.

After a reasonable time, hand in your resignation and on the way out walk off with a dozen or so reams of paper and a couple of tubes of ink.

I really can recommend this method. How do you think the Liverpool Group manages to turn out a fanzine? Why do you think I am out of work? (It's surprising what lengths some people will go)

After the contemplation of your acquisition, including a period of gloating, you finally decide that now is the time for this good (?) fan to raise the art of fan publishing out of the mire into which it has sunk. Oh, yes. Everyone has these high ideals at first but don't worry, they won't last long.

Not if you are normal!

You thought you were ready to start, didn't you? But you're not.

What about a typewriter and stencils, brainy boy forgot them, didn't he?

Having left work you have no chance of winning them in the same manner as the duplicator and paper. Now you have to buy them.

Result - one very second hand typewriter and a bunch of almost new stencils. Minus a bank balance.

In planning the fanzine you have most probably forgotten the fact that it has to contain something. I know what you are going to say, "Impossible" and "Preposterous", but it is amazing how easy it is to slip up on this minor detail.

Consider, for the past three months you have been totally concerned with the question of obtaining your duplicator at all, and until that was done, there was no sense at all in making advanced plans. Very commendable and quite right, but now you are ready to go ahead.

You realise, of course, that it is too much of a task to fill the magazine with your own articles, artwork and stories. After all, you are an Editor (or will be) and an Editor never works - so Ted Carnell tells me. Material ! you have to find MATERIAL. This cannot be stressed too strongly. I repeat, therefore, MATERIAL !!!

You ask your friends for help.

You get it.

Articles on Motoring, Stamp Collecting, Spring in the Slums, The Joys of Sailing and a short story of amourist conquests by an advocate of free love.

This may be all very interesting, but some how, it isn't what you had in mind. You rush round to your friends again and this time you tell them it is a Science fiction fanmag you are producing.

They cant help you. They have never read s.f. "What is it, any way" They ask.

Trying not to be rude, you tell them.

No, they are sorry but they can't help - it just isn't in their line.

The last of your cash goes on stamps. You write to various people you know to be fans and eagerly await their replies.

After a wait of a few weeks, manuscripts start to appear in your letter box. You have to wait a few weeks because although the fans you have written to have manuscripts lined up in the hope that some one will ask them for material (there's that word again - I told you it was important) they dont

like you to know that. Oh no. You, friend, are getting something extra special. Something really good.

Sucker !

Naturally, has you had office experience in manhandling your duplicator, there is no need for me to dwell upon the production side of your fanzine.

Let us presume that, that the day of circulation has arrived.

The envelopes are addressed and awaiting their contents. Into each one you cram your fanzine and seal down the flap. You cart them to the post office. That is one of the best methods of getting letters and fanzines to people, it saves you such a lot of shoe leather.

You have mentioned in your editorial that the second issue will feature a letter section.

After two months you are still waiting for the first letter to arrive. You can't understand this lack of response. Granted that you could afford no stamps but surely with a wonderful magazine such as yours, the fen who received it would'nt object to paying 5d Due.

Or would'nt they ?

You take a look at your file copy.

Now you know. The first and last issue.

The glow of proud editorship has faded. You are able to criticise it.

Ghod ! No wonder it did'nt click. The contents stink !

Just look at this article, for instance.

See what I mean ?!

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On
Collecting
Fanzines.

by G.F.C.

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There appears to be quite a number of fans interested in collecting fanzines and similiar amateur journals. If you are one, are you a completionist? I had such an ambition until I started to make a rough checklist from fanzines reviewed in promags. Howee !!! It did not take me long to write up 100 titles then I stopped to think. My earliest promags are dated 1937 and there must have been thousands of fanzines reviewed in earlier issues. Most of them are now extinct. Very few new amateur editors know more than 25% of the snags in publishing otherwise there would not be so many fanzines started. Someone I know call fanzines "tricers".

Being a completionist fanzine collector is almost impossible but there are variations to the hobby. Here are a few suggestions and ideas gleaned from a study of the magazine and historical newspaper collecting fraternity.

Specimen copie . This is easy. It wont take you long to knock up a collection of 200-300. It will help if you make a checklist as I do. from fanzine review columns. Use blank postcards. Keep them in alphabetical order. Note the fanzine title, oditor's name, if first or last issue, title and date of promag reviewed in.

Collect only clean copies, first issues if possible. Use duplicates for exchange deals. Dont worry about cash values. Swap one for one or same number. If you do get any more duplicates in exchange deals, swap again. You could exchange swap lists with the other follow first and get exactly what you want.

A complete file of every issue is almost impossible (repeat) but if you come across a fanzine you particullarly like or because it is about your favourite subject, e. Flying Saucers, Rocketry, Shaver Mystery etc. try to get a complete file.

A simple method of filing is to store them in large envelopes. Gum flap down and slit along the longest side to form long pockets. You could

make them for yourself from brown paper and gummed tape. Two sizes are required to suit the largest fanzine and which seems to be about $8\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 and the medium size, $8\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 Pockets should be 1" larger each way than fanzines. Naturally, store small to medium fanzines in the medium envelopes, and several can be stored in the same envelope. Gum a label on top right corner and write on contents. Pockets (or envelopes) should be stored upright on the longest edge, in wood or cardboard boxes. Incidentally, this method can be used to file your correspondence or, collection of clippings etc. For these you wont need envelopes larger than 9 x 6.

First and last issues. No explanation is needed except to mention that the last issues are comparatively common, and that filing can be done as above.

Specimen front pages. They wont be so exciting as Bergoy covers nor will they take up much room. Choose first issue covers or those most interesting. Store them in loose leaf albums. Make your own from stiff paper about 10" wide and 12" high. Front and back covers of card. From left side of front cover, cut a strip 1" wide. Rejoin with book binders canvas to form a hinge so that cover folds back. Covers and sheets should be punched with 2-3 holes for cord fastener. Extra pages can be added as required. Fanzines front pages should be mounted on sheets by the left hand edge or with gummed tape hinges, several to a sheet, according to size. Typed index and/or notes can be added if required.

Being an ardent fanzine fan and collector, I would like to correspond and exchange with other collectors and if the above data seems elementary knowledge to you, let me know of any better methods which I will pass on to readers of VOID. Dont hesitate to write. I have a double capacity, ball bearing letter box.