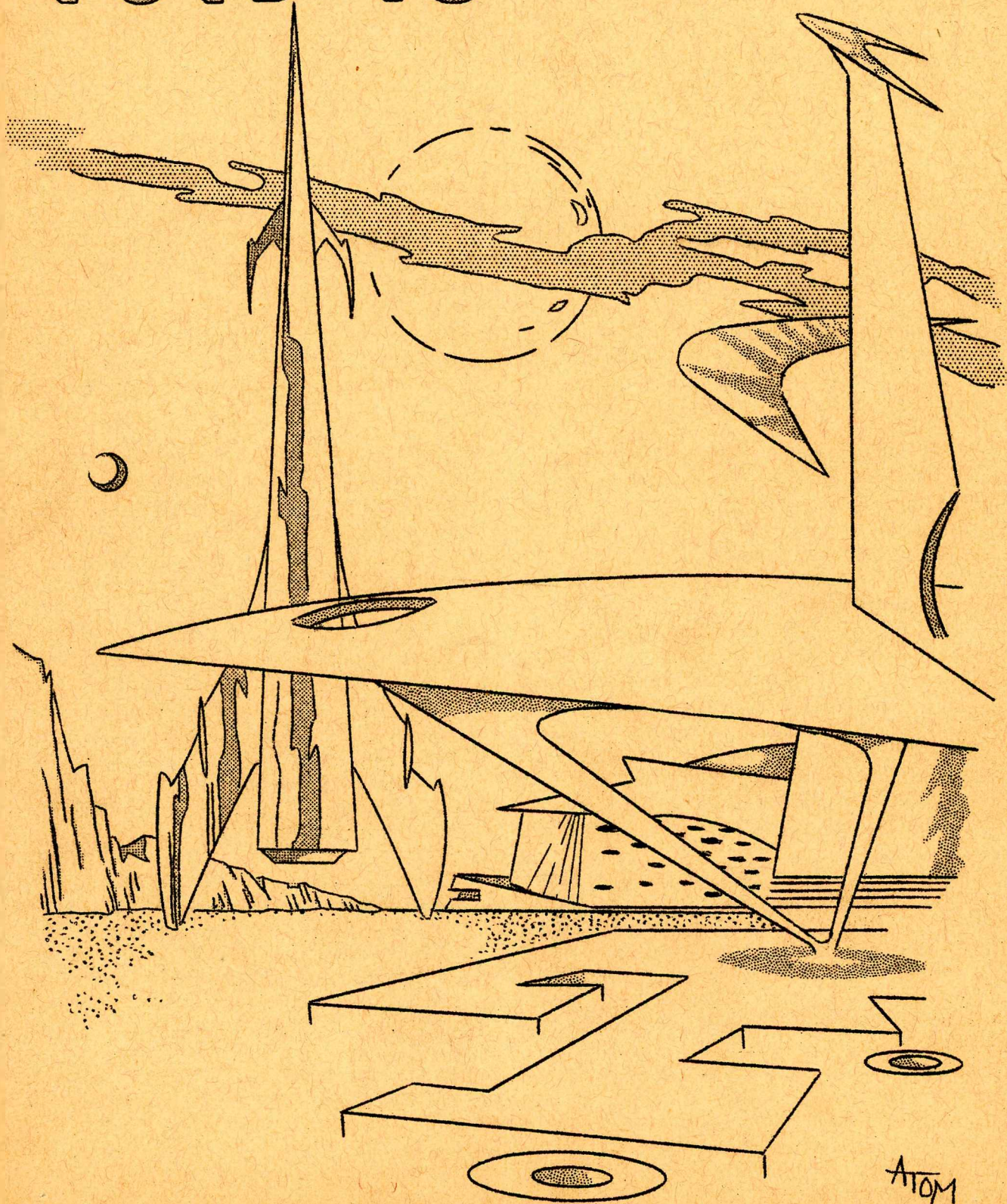


# VOID 15

MARCH — THE "FANNISH"  
MONTHLY





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UFFISH

SCRAWLING

Fooled you, didn't we? By gosh, it's barely been a couple of weeks and here is another VOID. In fact, this follows so close upon the heels of the last that my noble co-editor was caught with his editorial (some happy

Benford chatter, which will no doubt appear next ish) untyped. I had some campaigning for D.C. in '60 scheduled for this spot, but due to the extreme length of the material in this, I'm cutting it, and that which follows, to the bone. Issue 14 has been out only a short time, but a few letters and cards (mostly cards) have trickled in, and I'll try to squeeze some of them in too. You know, twenty pages can be a constricting amount of space when you have a thirteen- or fourteen-page story you want to get in. The story isn't all in, after all. The final portion will be appearing in VOID 16, which is due out in another coupla weeks. And you thought we were kidding when we said "frequent"...

THE STORY, I've been referring to, is of course the one starting on the page after the next, the late Kent Moomaw's THE ADVERSARIES. Kent mentioned the story depreciatingly in a letter in SPECTRE #4, and wondered what he'd do with it. We'll never know. When his mother sent me the material for ABERRATION #4 (which should be ready by mid-April if not earlier), she also enclosed THE ADVERSARIES, with a question as to was this fact, fiction, or what.

Of course it is fiction. Fanfiction. And while I dislike touting the material I print, I think this is one of the finest pieces of fanfiction I've yet read. Take a look at what little fiction about fans has been written. Most prevalent in these stories is a cynicism or disillusionment in either the mundane world, or fandom, which has led the author to wildly champion one extreme. There has been lacking a simple acceptance of fandom and the "outer world", both in proper perspective. The stories usually place their emphasis not on fandom as it is, for better or worse, but rather fandom as the author thinks it should be.

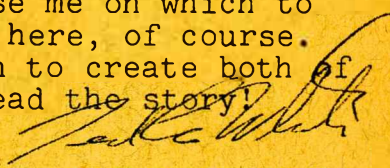
In other words, most fanstory writers are not operating within the framework of actual circumstance, but rather from an idealized viewpoint. This is not necessarily bad, when applied to allegory or satire. At its highest it produces outstanding pieces such as THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR and THE BNF OF IZ. But, as straight fiction, it usually becomes sermonizing moralism, aimed at in some way "improving" fandom, pointing out its ills, or "showing what fandom is really like" (from the point of view of its disillusioned author.)

THE ADVERSARIES, more successfully than any other fanstory written to date has broken from this. It accepts fandom more or less as it is, and though Kent's personal views were somewhat parochial, he did not deny the existence of others. This is a story which points to no moral, which preaches neither superiority nor inferiority, super-insight nor blindness to facts in fans. This is a story which simply says, "Well, here is fandom as it exists, and here are some real people who are fans just like fans who really are, and here is a story about them." A story. Not



an allegory, nor an over-long joke. A fiction dealing with human beings and their interaction and the conflicts of their existence. With fans as characters.

Obviously, the two main protagonists of the story, Frank Ford and Miriam G. Olds, are not real fans. More important, they aren't real fans with their names changed. I'm sure MGOlds may remind you of another well-known femmefan, but MG has her own individual touches of character. As for Franklin Hudson Ford, we all know who he is. It is significant, I think, that the Ford Kent describes in the story is a near embodiment of Kent's own ideals, and I am rather proud that Kent chose me on which to partially base his character of Ford. I'm not the Ford here, of course. But I am amazed at how Kent has woven fact with fiction to create both of these Adversaries. Ok, that's enough of my blurbing. Read the story!



BOB LEMAN: VOID 14 was about to go into the stack which is being saved to write long letters of comment on, when I realized that the height of the stack and the available amount of time made it most unlikely that very many of the editors would get letters at all, since by the time I reached their zines it would be too late to comment. Rather than have VOID suffer that fate, I at least want to enter a word to say thanks--many, many thanks.

and scribblings...

There's not room on a card for real comment, but a word must be said in honor of the review of PSYCHOTIC. It's reasonable commonsense (surprising in a jazz-fan) (!-tw) which uses quotes from the writer as a gallows upon which to hang him. Much better one review like this than a dozen of the run-of-the-mill variety. On the whole issue, congratulations. [2701 South Vine St., Denver 10, Colo.]

HANS SANTESSON: Immediate thanks for VOID 14 and attached material. Had begun to wonder if marriage and the post office had sort of slowed you down... (Sylvia! DON'T THROW THAT!) Glad to see there'll be a Disclave in May. I'll be there! [c/o King-Size Publication, Inc., 320 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.]

ROG EBERT: Without doubt, all of fandom is now rumbling, growling and (especially from Amherst, Los Angeles, and like that) roaring at the emergence of a monthly VOID. This all mixed in with a large amount of head-shaking and tired chuckles. For who could believe that Greg Benford could possibly tie himself down to a monthly schedule? Or even an irregular one? (And--who would believe that Ted White would go and do likewise?)

Vernon McCain's article was interesting, but typical of something that has been invading all the fmz with Astounding Regularity((Psionic Exlax?)): long articles on rather limited subjects that aren't properly of interest to many readers. Then again, fanzines are and always have been published for small segments-within-segments, and I could get a good argument defending the specialized articles if I were to be persistent and/or obnoxious enough. Which I have no intention of being, my avowed goal being to familiarize myself with Fandom and then blow the whole dirty plot to smithereens. (We weren't publishing the McCain article for the few who like jazz; we were trying to give space to the first in the series of articles on analogous fandoms. Broadens your mind.-tw))

White's WAILING WALL was an interesting and true recount of a sad fact; said fact called PSYCHOTIC. Seems as if Fandom has a way of gathering the most interesting characters together in one section of a this-side-of-mental-disorder group, and then furnishing them with the means to publish fanzines. Which makes it a lot of fun. Geis, however, seems to be a very interesting person--and certainly not mentally lacking. People ((CONT.ON BACOVER))

like, contents:

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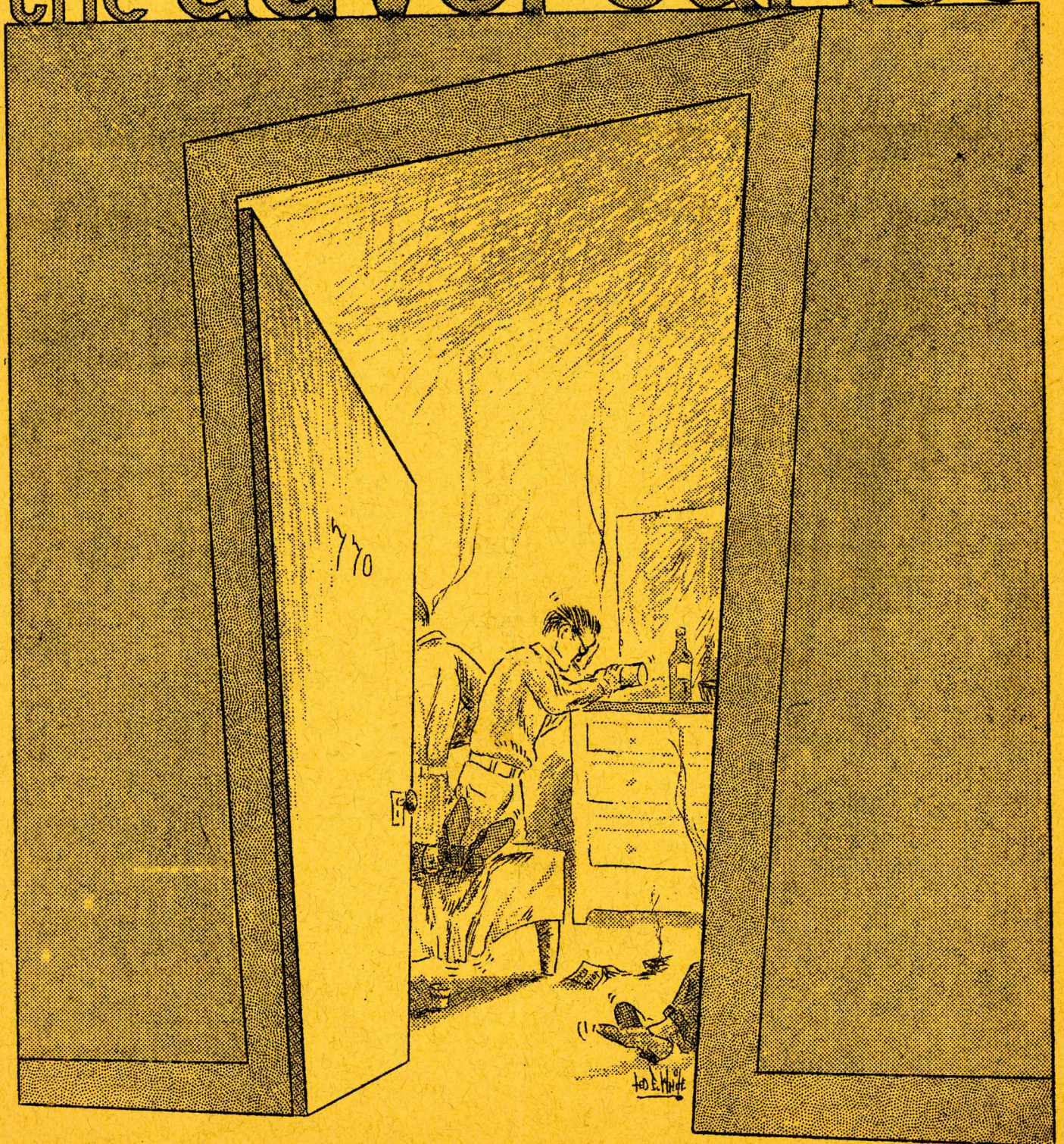
INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS: White- 4,16; Jack Harness- 7,10; Ron Archer- 13.

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a story by **KENT MOOMAW:**

# the adversaries





THOUGH we had checked into 770 only an hour or so earlier, a number of people had already gathered there, and judging by the noise that spilled through the half-open door into the corridor, a full-fledged mid-morning con party was going on inside. I stepped out of the elevator, walked down to the room, and looked in.

"Ah, the BNF deigns to honor us with his presence at our humble orgy," said someone I didn't recognize, raising his beer can in my direction. I smiled at him uncertainly, and nodded hello to a couple of slightly familiar faces, people I'd be looking up for long conversations later on in the weekend.

"I'm looking for Frank," I announced to the room at large. "Is he around?"

Greg Benford walked over. "He ducked out with Ted White a few minutes ago. What's up?"

"Come on, let's go find Frank and I'll..." I turned and collided suddenly with someone just entering the room. It turned out to be Frank himself, the very person for whom I'd been searching.

"Ghod, man, watch it!" he said in that very surprising squeak of his. I'd corresponded with him for over a year, but his letters had in no way prepared me for the short, brash, crew-cut guy with the high-pitched voice who showed up at my house the day before the con. I was still a little agog. "Who's inside?" he said, gesturing at the door.

I waved my hand. "Nobody, Frank, nobody. But I've been looking all over for you! Frank, guess who's checking in downstairs!"

"Ah, come on, Kent, don't play games. Who is it, Tucker?"

"Nah, we saw him here last night, remember? Seriously, man, who of all people is the one we least expected to attend?"

"Christ, Kent, cut the riddles. C'mon, who is it? Walt Willis, Claude Degler? Pete Vorzimer? Who in hell is it?"

I paused for effect, and then, speaking in my best Boris Karloff manner, I rumbled, "M.G. Olds." He looked stunned. I couldn't blame him. I'd felt the same way when Ron Parker told me he'd seen her at the desk.

"MGO? Mighod...that's incredible." He shook his head. "She lives 1500 miles away...in Arizona!" He cocked a quizzical eye up at me. "You must be kidding or something."

"I swear to ghod! Parker saw her signing the register, and was curious, and looked over her shoulder. Miriam G. Olds! Come on, Ron's finding out what room she's in for us. We're going down and spring you on her. Man, this is going to make fannish history!"

He stood there, seemingly incapable of believing any of what I'd told him. "Miriam G. Olds. Mighod. Fantastic."

"Let's go, Frank," said Benford. "This is going to be something!"

"All right, all right, I'm as curious as you are. Lemme get some cigarettes first." He went into 770 and I heard the same unknown guy who'd greeted me before giving precisely the same line



to Frank. Evidently he was already so crooked he couldn't tell one fan from another. And it was only 11:30 in the morning. Gad.

Greg paced up the hall a little way and back. "The meeting of MG Olds and Franklin Ford. They'll actually be in the same room! Kent, are you writing a con report? You gotta write this up for posterity. Or maybe I will. Where's Frank? Let's get down there!"

"Heck, maybe it won't come off." My latent pessimism was showing through. I remembered a MidwestCon once where Ron Ellick had raved to me about a fight between Dave Kyle and someone that was definitely going to occur. It never did. Kyle's antagonist never even showed up. Conventions are like that. "Maybe Parker was mistaken. He seemed sure he'd seen her, but then he's already had a couple of..."

Frank came out with a pack of cigarettés, stripping off the celophane. He was smiling in an evil sort of way, like something out of my EC collection. "Okay, men, we're off." He stalked away, and although I'm a head taller than Frank, and have correspondingly longer legs, I had to hustle to keep up with him. Greg was hard put, too.

While we were waiting for the elevator, Frank turned to me and said, "I wonder if she got the FAPA mailing before she left for the con. I mean, yours came day before yesterday, and if she came by train or bus, she would've had to leave at least a couple of days ago. If she's read my zine, this whole thing may wind up in a bloody brawl!" He placed a hand on my shoulder in mock seriousness. "You'll act as my second, of course. Make certain I get a loaded zap-gun."

The doors opened before I could reply and we entered. "Main floor," I said. "Ron's waiting for us at the desk. When I left to find you, he said he'd find out what room they had given her, and then we'll all be able to go up and heckle her together. Frank, how did this whole feud get started, anyway? I only got into FAPA with the summer mailing, y'-know. She's feuding with practically everyone, but why in such particular earnest with you?"

He grinned. "We've been going at it so long, damned if I can remember. No, actually it was like this: I was at a bheer bust a couple of years ago, before I'd even gotten into FAPA, and Carter Little was putting out an eleventh hour thing to save his membership, and had a bunch of us local club members writing things for the mag. A real drunken one-shot session. Ol' Carter Little, wow, what a fakefan!"

"Yeah, yeah," muttered Benford. "What about MGO?"

Frank turned and gave Greg one of his fabulous man-you-are-bugging-me looks, and then went on. "Yeah, well, like I said, I was pretty high. I'd seen lots of MGO fanzines before, and her illogical reasoning and narrow-mindedness had always crottled me, so when I wrote a review of a part of Carter's mailing, I came across this Olds mag. Ghod, what a mess. The bigotry, the pompousity, and those cruddy poems and old-maid type illos...she's married, I think, but they were still old-maid type illos. I was really disgusted. I should have given the damned thing a 'noted', or made some sort of subtle sarcastic remark, I suppose, but I was drunk and I went into my feelings over the zine in great detail, and called her a fugghead and a bigot and quite a few other things besides. Maybe I would have done it more deftly and smoothly if I hadn't had all that liquor under my belt, but basically I've always felt towards MGO just what I said in that review. I've never apologized and I never will."

"She read that zine, then?" I ventured.

"She read it. I didn't join FAPA myself until a few mailings after,



but I gather she took what I said rather hard. She was all set for me when I got in, and ripped my first zine to small shreds in her mailing review. Disagreed violently with practically everything I said. I'm a jazz fan, y'know, and she pounced on that with philosophy, theology, TAFF, censorship...ghod, what an old bat! We've argued everything from sex to the N3F!"

"As far as I can see, you've done nothing but call each other names ever since I joined, Frank," I said. "You'd better hope to ghod she hadn't read your FAPAzine before she left for the con. That 'Why I Hate MG Olds' article was pretty raw."

"Bull," he snorted. "Y'know, I'm glad she's here. I'm gonna find out what makes that old woman tick, for once and for all!"

He was still chuckling when the doors opened. I saw Ron Parker across the lobby and we began walking in his direction. "Ron! I got Frank! Where is she?"

Parker trotted over to us and chortled. "Wow, Frank, isn't this a gas? MGO came in with an old guy, her husband, I guess, about twenty minutes ago. I heard the clerk tell the bellhop to take their bags up to 419. She's probably up there right now. What're you two gonna do, Indian wrestle?"

"What a disgusting idea," said Frank, lighting a cigarette. "No, I figure we'll just go up and knock on her door, and one of you can introduce me. Then we'll just lay back and see what she does, come at me with a knife, or faint, or what. Let her put her foot in her own goddam mouth. She does it in print often enough."

"Ron isn't in FAPA," I said.

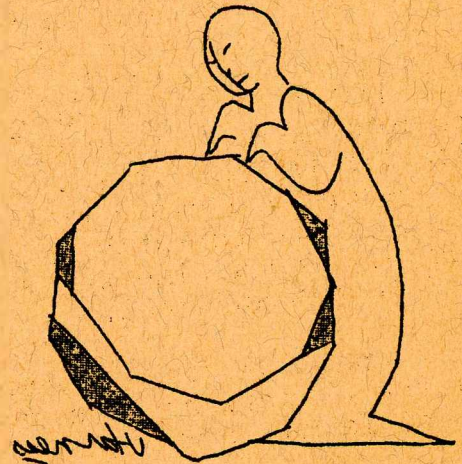
"No," Parker replied, "but I've heard rumors of the feud. This is really going to be a great convention!"

"What are we standing around for?" said Benford. "Let's go on up, Frank!"

"Sure, let's go." He strode off, and the rest of us scampered along behind.

AS I mentioned before, I'd been corresponding with Franklin Hudson Ford for more than a year. We'd both come into fandom at about the same time, both lived in cities with active clubs, and both published fanzines. His EN GARDE was at that time a very highly rated fmz, despite the fact that he brought it out no oftener than three or four times a year. He'd associated with fans and read a great many fanzines before he himself began publishing, and that experience, coupled with a natural talent, enabled him to make his mag a Top Ten choice practically from the start.

After meeting him, I could see the correlations between his true personality and the one which came through in his writing. He could be as faanish as hell when he felt like it, and most of his contacts in fandom were faanish types, as opposed to, say, the Bcggs type or the Indiana





anti-fans, but he was also a deep and serious person when the mood struck him.

EN GARDE, like Frank, was a curious mixture of faanish and serconishness. It carried fiction--good fiction, not the usual neozine crud--and serious articles just as often as it did satire, weird things like that Dave Rike essay, etc. I myself thought the mag was slightly terrific, and since it appealed to both sides in fandom, Frank would probably have been one of the most popular fans around if he hadn't also been one of the most controversial.

I don't think I need go into great detail. You must remember his fanzine review column in STELLAR, wherein he said exactly what he thought of inferior mags that came in, panned hell out of a few of the fanzines that were then in widespread favor, and generally acted the part of the Caustic Critic to the hilt. Most of acti-fandom ate his stuff up; it was a pleasure to see the crudzines and the neozines and all the junk that had been passed over in Rog Phillips type "reviews" getting the scathing they deserved. But lots of others didn't like the column, or Frank. Not only editors of mags he'd roasted--remember Johnny Holleman's infantile rebuttal in TWIG after Frank disposed of QUIRK?--but other fans besides. They condemned him in a body. Man, STELLAR's letter column really jumped in those days.

The review column wasn't all, either. Frank was a prolific letter hack too, and he treated fanzines in his comments to the editors just as he did in his reviews. If he liked the zine, if he thought it showed promise, he supported it to the hilt, offering ideas, contributing, mentioning the mag in his letters to other fans, and so forth. But if he found that indefinable spark of talent missing in the mag, which any seasoned observer can usually discern, if it exists, with one reading, he said so. In these instances he offered suggestions, but to do so he had to state in plain terms just what he felt was wrong with the fmz, and to many people, his comments in this vein were just plain destructive criticism.

In almost every case, the zines he thought promising came along. The others usually flopped. His percentage in this respect was fantastically high, if I'm any judge.

But since the number of new fanzines that really make it is always small, Frank made a lot of bitter enemies. A whole new generation of fans grew up hating the very guts of Franklin H. Ford.

The fringe-fans, of course, felt much the same. When Howard DeVore ran for TAFF and came in just a few votes behind Terry Carr, Frank was appalled. His editorial in EN GARDE on fringers and their place in TAFF was a classic, and most of us applauded it soundly. We'd all supported Terry, official editor of FAPA at that time and furiously active in both the apae and in general fandom, and were aghast at the closeness of the race when the final tallies were made.

Many of us felt just as strongly about the matter as Frank did, but the difference was that he felt compelled to say something about it, while the rest of us confined our grotchings to letters and private conversation for the most part.

DeVore and his contingent were understandably angry, and Howard went as far as to threaten to punch Frank in the nose if he ever met him in person. For a time the very name Franklin Ford was looked upon as a bad word in N3F and SAPS.

People now tend to remember Frank only as a critic. Actually, while all the controversy was raging, Frank was a frequent contributor to a number of fanmags, and wrote some really fine stuff. His takeoffs on prozine-



stories are among the finest ever done, I think, and his column of opinions on timely fannish subjects that appeared in the monthly John Hitchcock began after he folded UMBRA and got married was just Too Much.

Franklin Hudson Ford was afflicted with one great obsession: a desire to weed out and eliminate the inferior, the shoddy, the crass, the second-rate.

During his early fanning, this sense led him to express himself rather crudely; I've seen since the original Carter Little FAPAzine in which Frank cut MG Olds low, and even I must admit that it is pretty savage. But at the time of the convention, his writing prowess had so improved that he could wield a stillette with the best of them. He was still criticizing, but he was doing it so damned skillfully that even Boyd Ræburn admitted at one time that he'd met his master.

This, then, was the fellow who led us upstairs. He'd written me two weeks before the con (which the local club was staging--but you didn't catch me on any con committee!) saying that he was coming out by bus, and asking if it would be all right for him to bunk at my place for a couple of days before the convention got under way. I'd just graduated high school that summer, and since Dad was out of town on business, we had plenty of room. I invited him to come right to the house as soon as he arrived, and told him that perhaps we could rent a room together at the hotel once the con started so as to eliminate shuttling back and forth to and from my house over the three-day weekend. He agreed, and I sat back to await his coming.

After over a year of reading his fanzine, receiving his letters, and being personally embroiled in the battle he waged with the neos and fringeers, I suppose I'd formed something of a mental picture of Franklin Ford. Tall, I saw him, tall and lean. I knew he was a college sophomore, and I pictured him with dark horn-rims and a pipe and an intense, Dostoevskian look. I'd seen his articles on Proust and William Faulkner in DASH, and despite the large quantity of fannish material he turned out, I'd always regarded him as very much the stereotyped intellectual. This image was totally shattered when he arrived at Chase Avenue, fresh off the Greyhound.

He was short, for chrissake. Five-five or -six at the most. He had a round, boyish face topped by a brush of light brown hair, and wore flashy clothes. No glasses at all. He smoked, not a pipe, but cigarettes, one after another, and his voice was not the well-modulated rumble I'd come to anticipate, but a fairly high, almost adolescent squeak. I was shocked.

Once we began talking, though, I realized that here indeed was the fan behind EN GARDE and the STELLAR column. He was a fascinating guy, in short: restless, full of nervous energy, off-beat in his aptness to discuss Albert Camus or Colin Wilson as FAPA gossip or other fanstuff. I found him brash, but not overly so, prone to an occasional obscenity (which bothered me around the house only because my mother was around), but capable of turning on the most polished manners imaginable when the need arose, willing to carry on a vapid conversation with my mother at the supper table out of sheer graciousness.

I liked him a lot.

I came in on the tail-end of the FAPA feud between Frank and MG Olds, but I can imagine how it went, knowing both Frank and Mrs. Olds. Miriam Olds is about 40, and a semi-pro writer...that is, she's sold a half dozen stories, none particularly outstanding. She's intelligent, but incredibly narrow-minded, almost to the point of bigotry. Things like that--a



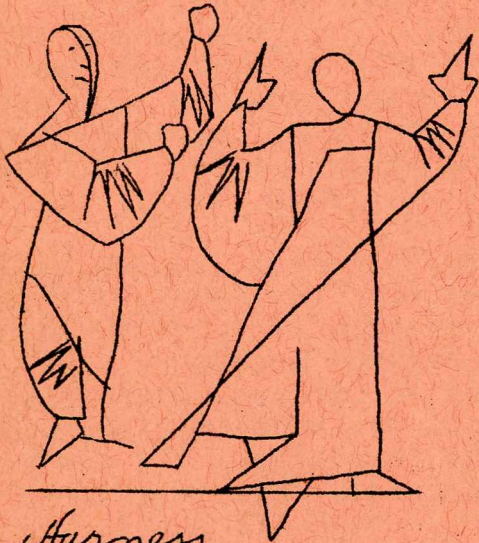
smart person who refuses to examine both sides of a question--make Frank furious.

MG Olds probably began arguing in her fantastic sans-logic manner with Frank out of sheer spite, having been against him in every way since that unfortunate bit of his in Carter Little's mag. Frank loves to argue, and no doubt entered into it with gusto, but when he saw how futile it was to attempt rational discussion with her, how she twisted what he said to ridicule him and serve her own ends, distorting his expressed opinions, ignoring those which were most important to concentrate on side issues... well, it probably crottled him but good.

From there on out it was strictly hammer and tongs.

By the time I entered FAPA, the feud had reached horrible proportions. It was, frankly, becoming disgusting to those of us sitting on the sidelines, observing. Imagine that battle between Dave Mason and George Wetzel that went on in WENDIGO some years back, then magnify it two or three times in intensity, and you have at least some idea of how far it had gone.

All of us felt that if the two ever came face to face, it would have to end with a visit from the riot squad. Too much had gone before for them to have ever reconciled their differences.



But when Frank arrived at my house, two days before the con, none of us expected to see MG Olds at all. She came up in conversation only once or twice. Usually I would bring her up, and Frank would snort and mutter a curse.

I had packed a bag the previous afternoon and together we'd conquered the confusing public transportation system of the city and made it to the hotel. We fell into the company of fans who'd already arrived almost immediately, and partied with them on the eve of the con until quite late. We slept on the floor of someone's room--the Berkeley group's, I believe--until ten the next morning, and then, with Frank, I went downstairs and got us a room.

We checked into the hotel officially, and prepared ourselves for a long weekend

of fannish kicks.

And then came MG Olds.

**B**Y the time we reached the fourth floor, our little group had collected a number of hangers-on. Some I knew, some I didn't. Most of the fans we'd been with the night before were still in bed, and some of the people we especially wanted to meet hadn't yet put in an appearance. A few neos, undoubtedly up since the crack of dawn for fear they'd miss something, recognized Frank from the photo cover on the last issue of EN GARDE and joined our party in hopes of getting into the Inner Circle. I think Randy Brown was there, and John Champion, and Greg, and Ron, and maybe one or two others. In any case, there were some six or eight fans with us when we came to a halt outside 419.

For a moment, we all sort of looked at each other. Ron grinned and knocked twice. A woman's voice said, "Yes? Who is it?"



Ron looked around at us. I shrugged.

"Some fans, Mrs Olds," he replied. "Are you busy?"

The door opened suddenly, and there she was. Fortyish; a face not yet resigned to wrinkles but evidently giving the whole thing some thought, rather jowly but not unusually so. Her hair had once been golden blonde, it seemed to me; now it was merely a pleasant mousy brown. She wore glasses, the kind with plastic rims that have little imitation rhinestones in them. A conservative dress.

She smiled and waved at the room behind her. "I just arrived. With my husband, that is. My, you boys certainly got to me quickly. Come in, won't you?"

Frank, Ron, and Greg walked in, but I lagged behind for a moment to inform the neos that there wasn't room for everyone inside, and that we had something important to discuss with Mrs Olds. They sneered and clomped off down the hall. Randy, John, and I followed the rest inside. As I closed the door, I found everyone quiet. Ron said, "It's no good, Kent. She recognizes Frank, too."

Mrs Olds laughed, a nice, warm sort of laugh. "Of course. I get EN GARDE the same as the rest of you." She looked slyly at Frank. "I think he sends me copies just to annoy me." No malice, no sarcasm. It was just a kind of opening gambit.

"Yeah, I'm always interested in your reactions to my writings, Mrs Olds," Frank said. I sat there thinking of the names that had been called, the insults hurled.

Were they just fencing, awaiting an opportunity to lunge, or could it be that they might actually get along with one another?

There was an awkward silence, and then I said, "Uh, did you get the new FAPA mailing before you left Arizona, Mrs Olds?" I didn't know what Frank would do if she had, but I had to ask the question and get it out of my system.

"No, I didn't...uh..."

"Kent Moomaw."

"Oh, yes, of course. How are you?"

"Fine, Mrs Olds." There was a brief interlude while she got the names of the other fans in the room, and shook hands with each of them, beaming.

"Well," she said, "you see, I left home three days ago with Robert, and we've been riding busses ever since. Is the mailing out? I didn't think Ron Ellik would be this efficient as OE."

"It's out." I didn't bring up Frank's article, and nobody else in the room knew of it but him and me. "I enjoyed your mag very much," I said, as an excuse for having asked about the mailing in the first place.

Ron said, "You're one person we never expected to see at this convention. When did you decide to come?"

"As a matter of fact, not until about a week ago. Bob didn't expect to get his vacation at the plant until sometime next spring, but there was a sudden mixup of some sort and he was forced to take it now or not at all. It came as quite a surprise to me; I never expected to be here myself! This is my very first convention, by the way. Bob's downstairs on something or other. He isn't a fan, but I'm sure you'll enjoy meeting him."

We all mumbled something about yes, we would. There was another uncomfortable break in the conversation. We'd walked in prepared for the worst, and now that Frank and MG had seen each other and nothing was happening, we didn't know exactly what to do next.

Mrs Olds is no dummy. I think she sensed our confusion, and looked over at Frank again.



"I suppose you're all amazed that I didn't pull out a gun and shoot Franklin as soon as he walked through the door."

We laughed politely, but she had been closer to the truth with that remark than she ever knew.

She smiled. I was beginning to like that smile very much. "No, no, you boys have misjudged me. I like to argue as well as anyone, and Franklin and I have certainly had some doosies. But I certainly don't see why we should spoil this convention for ourselves by continuing our disagreements throughout the weekend, though. I came here to have a good time. What about you, Franklin?"

"Suits me," he said. I looked over at him. He was smiling too. Michod. "We'd better agree not to discuss politics or religion or anything too controversial, though, Mrs Olds. Don't you think?"

"Perhaps that would be best, Franklin. You hold some very peculiar views along those lines, don't you?"

I cringed. Tension permeated the air for a second.

"Your views seem quite peculiar to me, Mrs Olds, as you must be aware."

"Yes indeed. I certainly am." We laughed again. "But we'd better keep off this line of talk if we don't want to begin scrapping. I don't think my husband would appreciate your beating up his only wife. At least I think I'm the only one..."

And on it went. We chatted lightly with Mrs Olds until her husband returned, about ten minutes later, and met him. They seemed like extremely nice people, and I found it difficult to conceive of this warm, friendly woman sitting behind a typewriter, turning out the material that had filled MARGO and FREBBLE, and all the other MG Olds fanzines FAPA had seen during the past five years...long before any of the rest of us had even heard of science fiction, much less fandom.

We left to allow them time to unpack and settle themselves, promising to see both of them later in the day. At the door, Mrs Olds shook our hands again, Frank included, and said she had been very glad to meet all of us and looked forward to seeing us later.

We stood outside the door for nearly a full minute after she closed it, even more stunned than ever before.

"That was incredible," I managed after a time.

"Ghod," said Benford.

"Frank," said Ron, "I can't believe it."

"Hell, what're you so dumbfounded about? Did you actually expect her to throttle me with her bare hands?"

He was trying to pass off lightly what had happened, but I could tell that it had amazed him as much as the rest of us. It seemed impossible that her personalities, paper and real, could be so far removed.

"To be truthful, yes," I replied.

Frank smiled wryly. "So did I, Kent, so did I."

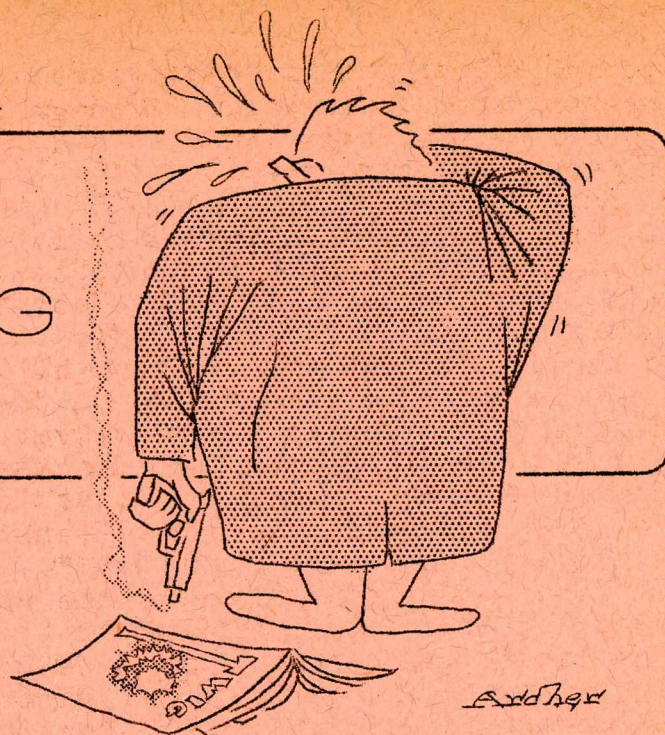
(The End of Part One -- To be  
concluded in the next issue)

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Due to its length, it is impossible to include THE ADVERSARIES in its entirety in one issue. The remaining four or five pages will be in next issue. Immediately afterwards, the entire story will be published in one volume, for the sum of 25¢. The profits (if any) will be put toward the publication of the Memorial issue of ABERRATION, which will be out shortly. -tw  
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A FANZINE REVIEW BY TED WHITE

# THE WAILING WALL



TWIG ILLUSTRATED, Guy E. Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho; #14; 20¢; 68 pages.

It fascinates me, the number of fanzines which not only exist, but which exist spectacularly, without ever attaining any real acceptance. These are the zines which one will occasionally pick up, notice the issue number, and cause one to say, "How about that...I hadn't realized this thing's had fourteen issues..." These are the zines that no one (except the participants, and I wonder about them) faunches for, the zines we never notice except when they arrive, and then soon forget.

YANDRO used to be one of those zines. It plodded along, month to month, and it was often difficult, without rereading the entire issue, to tell whether you had read it before or not. I know of one fan who through mischance received two copies of one issue about two weeks apart, and read them both thoroughly without realizing the duplication. YANDRO isn't that way any more; in the last two years or so it has definitely improved. And even in its more lacklustre days, probably due to its frequency, YANDRO was not totally outside the stream of main-fandom events.

A second characteristic of the "colorless" zine (to borrow an ill-famed phrase from my contemporary, FHFord) is that it seems rather timeless, and yet curiously dated, even when new. Largely this is because there are few or no reference points within the zine in relation to fandom at large. The zine could have appeared in 1955, or 1959--only the actual publication date, if there is one, will show the truth of the matter. These are the zines which build up their own fandoms which seem unaware of fandom-at-large.

TWIG is one of these zines. TWIG came out monthly for several issues, and no one--outside of Terwilleger--noticed. Thish, #14, comes out after a five or six month hiatus, and no one has noticed. No one has said, "where's TWIG; it's late." They might have said, "Haven't seen TWIG around much lately," but that's the extent of it. The zine kindles no excitement, no expectancy, no desire among its readers.

This is owing, I think, largely to its policy, rather than the quality of the zine. Until this issue, Terwilleger has had a curious fiat against mentioning the zine in his edit-



orials, or participating personally in matters of controversy. This goes hand in hand with a pervading air of over-cuteness which manifests itself in the department titles. Terwilleger either earned or appropriated for himself the slightly silly nickname of "Twig." In a mania for "personality" in his zine, he has extrapolated this into such titles as "Shavings," "Splinters", "Leaves," "Scaled Bark," and "Sawdust". No doubt other woody terms could and might have been used. Unfortunately, this single-mindedness has not resulted in column or department headings of particular appropriateness.

On top of this is the fact that Terwilleger himself appears in print a very bland, washed out, perpetual-neo sort of personality, easily molded by the proximity of others of stronger wills. No matter what he says, it comes across without climax, without the urge to communicate. One gets the distinct impression that Terwilleger has nothing to say.

And the same might be said for his editing as well.

The current issue is the result of the addition of Dan Adkins as art editor, and Adkins' is the dominant voice. Whatever pretense to originality may have been felt in the zine is now lost. TWIG Illustrated is just the old Adkins-Pearson SATA Illustrated all over again. The titles are more than a coincidence, and the cover layouts trace a direct ancestry.

As to the zine itself, it is, like the old dittoed SATA, very uneven. Visually, it is all top quality. Adkins has constantly improved in technique, and has now mastered the difficult art of using shading plates in ditto. (This is not original with Adkins, though he has probably brought it closest to perfection. I used plates on art for UMBRA several years ago, and Rotsler pre-dates me with some of his dittoed MASQUE work.) The art itself is several steps up in quality. Curiously enough, Lars Bourne's--the most self-consciously arty--comes off least well. The dittoing is not quite up to the quality of the mastering, but with time and patience no doubt it will improve. Layout and art-wise there is little room for improvement; only for perfection of existing qualities.

The material is another, sadder, story. In his editorial, Terwilleger says "the actual selecting of the written material is not as astute as it could be." This is an understatement of magnificent proportions. Practically all of the material in this zine--as with SATA--serves only one purpose: as a prop for the art.

And art is not enough. The most beautiful appearance, when coupled with bad material, is crippling. This was SATA's fault under Adkins. The editor was not interested in what he printed--just in how he did it.

This issue contains: (1) A negligible editorial, which carries no reason for existence except that Terwilleger evidently felt the zine should have an editorial. (2) A second editorial by Adkins in which he somehow subtly, without an overt motion, manages to convey such egotism as to repel me. I have the same reaction to the inclusion of an Adkins-egoboosting letter from MEN'S DIGEST in the letter section. (3) A story, "Terwilleger, The Fan Machine," which takes a plot already used in a prozine (probably UNIVERSE--or at least a zine of that period): that of a man with an eidetic memory replacing scores of supply clerks, and the subsequent demoralization when he is captured by the Enemy; and couples it with an artificial fan-background which is used only as a vehicle for transparent name-dropping, and does the entire business in an only half-satisfactory manner; by Rich Brown. (4) "A Primer to the In's and Out's of Fandom" by Dick Lupoff which lacks the intrinsic and interior logic of the ESQUIRE articles



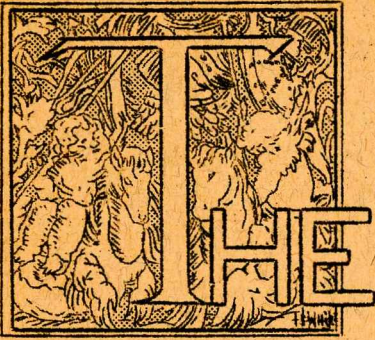
it copies (and I'm not just saying this because both Benford and myself are, according to Lupoff, Out--why, Dick?). (5) "Leaves," fanzine reviews by Adkins which are both competent and surprisingly unflavored with Dan's egotism, but which on the other hand are really only capsule reviews of little interest to anyone but the editor in question, and perhaps not to him. (6) "A Pocketful of Stones" a column in which Lars Bourne talks entertainingly, passionately, and fairly well about such varied subjects as art (he gives a basic lecture on the properties of art, and attempts to tie it in to fanart, but I wish he had been more detailed about fanart), the problems of relationship between an "odd-ball" son and his parents (he very thinly veils the fact that he is referring to George Metzger; it seems to me that if George did not go out of his way to appear eccentric, bohemian, odd, or whathaveyou, he would not experience the difficulties he does. One can be true to one's aims as an individual without flaunting it at others.), and a poetry-book review. Undoubtedly Bourne's piece, even to the title, is the best item in the issue. (7) A story with an overlong title by John Mussells which I did not even bother to read; it's imitation pro-fiction, and as such belongs either in a prozine or a wastebasket. (8) "J'Adoube", an open letter to Belle Dietz by Ron Ellik, and obviously typed on master by Ron; except for the fact that this is in reply to a previous item in TWIG it would better fit in FANAC. (9) And a comic strip, by Adkins, which evidently will plague us in the next issue as well--its sprawling plot does not fit within the nine pages allotted to it in this issue. The strip boasts some of the worst writing ever to appear in a fanzine since the UFA BULLETIN. It is pretentious, over-written, grammatically faulty, riddled with comic-book cliches, and the story-line is absurd. Adkins is wise not to claim more than 30% of the story as his; had he been wiser, he would have disclaimed it all.

Another story entirely is the letter section, which produces most of the the life of the zine. Here we run into arguments over the validity of the award won by Willis at the Solacon, with Bloch neatly summarizing why no other fan deserved the award more, and pointing out what many fans now overlook--Willis has poured more talent, energy and enthusiasm--with better results--into fandom since 1950 than any other fan. A less pleasant series of discussions concern Kent Moomaw's death. In my own churlish way, as one who considered himself one of Kent's closest friends, I resent the hoo-haw which has not allowed Kent to even die free from controversy. First we had those who, without ever knowing him, sought to analyze his motives and emotions, and then those who glorified his manner of dying, singing praises to a courage they found lacking in themselves, largely admiring him because he did that which they wanted to do but lacked the guts to do, talking ceaselessly of the nobility of suicide. Now we have the opposite, the ghouls, those who in Kent's life-time found themselves lacking in the moral courage necessary to oppose his honest outspokenness, but now at last raise their pitiful voices in outraged protest against even his outspokenness in death. I consider the philosophy which says "Speak no evil of the dead" a hypocritical one; but I think this sort of ghoulish disinterment far worse. Ghoddammit, Terwilliger, if you lacked the guts to speak up to Kent during his life-time, don't expose your moral cowardice now. Kent's talent was far greater than that of his detractors, and their snipings are incredibly petty. His tragedy is both a personal one--which is of no business to those who did not know him, and of little to those who knew him well--and a general one, affecting fandom as a whole. For those who cannot recognize the latter, I think he might best be dropped as a subject for unknowledgable conversation.

To return to TWIG, then, if Terwilliger the writer has little to say, Terwilliger the editor has nothing. There was little in this issue warrenting publication: one short column and a few letters. The path now being taken is one away from Editing, toward empty prettiness.

-ted e. white





Carl Brandon's

# THE DETENTION *tales*

AS TRANSLATED BY TERRY CARR

## GENERAL PROLOGUE

When that August with its Progress Reports  
Of plans being made for fun of all sorts  
At the yearly worldcon to be held Labour Day  
Has run half its course (as Chaucer would say);  
When conreports eke of the worldcon last year  
In fanzines galore at last start to appear,  
And memories run dimly back through the fog  
To Room 770, poker, and blog,  
Then budgets and brains prove to be no prevention  
For fans who are bound to attend the convention.

Each year now of late there is always a plan  
For fans to join up in a car-caravan,  
Thus to travel cross-country in fine fannish style,  
Singing folk songs and drinking songs all of the while.  
And it happened one year that I joined such a throng;  
Now I'll tell you what happened as we went along.

But before I go on with my tale of the trip,  
I'll endeavor to give it some--what's the word?--zip!  
By telling what manner of fen were with me  
And eke of their backgrounds, as you will see--  
For I've oft heard it said, and you know that it's true:  
Good reports tell of fans who are well-known to you.  
So I'll give a brief fanfile on each of the fen,  
to acquaint you with all, then I'll go on again.

A Clubman there was, a full serious sort  
Who would frown upon stfans who liked to make sport  
At what was to them just a hobby, no more.  
He would lecture at them, and quote First Fandom lore  
Of Gernsback's AMAZING and the early WEIRD TALES,  
And he'd finish by trying to make high-priced sales  
Of his duplicates (bought for a dime or a quarter)--  
For he was a collector, but never a hoarder.



Energetic he was, and full oft at his club  
The Recorder's fresh pencil was worn to the nub  
Setting down in the minutes the speeches he made  
To explain and support some new project he laid  
At the door of the club with a rousing injunction  
To remember that fostering stf was its function.  
A noble appearing fan was he,  
As it's really quite fitting conservatives be,  
But his talk soon suggested that this true fan's ardour  
Was less for sci-fi than increasing his larder,  
For the fine stefnal projects he backed with such vim  
Always seemed to involve paying money to him.  
He oft to club meetings brought with him to show  
To the members rare relics of fandoms ago:  
The pen Weinbaum used when he wrote his first tale,  
A handkerchief once used by Otto Willi Gail,  
Some dust from the floor of Hannes Bok's garrett,  
And a butt which he claimed had been smoked by A. Merritt.  
With these souvenirs, and a story of each,  
He would interest the members, and then make a speech  
Calculated to stir up their old stefnal passion,  
Then take up a collection, in his usual fashion.

A Feuder eke was with us there,  
With narrowed eyes and fire-red hair--  
A superfan, he, of Vorzimer's race,  
And children, I'm told, were afraid of his face.  
His voice was like thunder, or the pound of a gavel,  
And if fans interrupted to argue or cavil,  
By the end of the week he would have them in court  
On charges of slander or something of the sort.  
Full oft he'd drink heavy, and lose inhibition,  
Then would stand on a chair and damn fans to perdition.  
For fans professed interest in sci-fi, whereas  
Their fanzines concerned only sportscars and jazz.  
This proved them all liars, and fake-fans as well,  
And thus he full roundly consigned them to hell.  
But somehow I feel that this Feuder's loud curse  
Struck only at fans with their souls in their purse,  
For he had no real power for invoking damnation  
And could back up his threat only through litigation.

A nonfan Wife from Bath there was,  
But she knew well of fandom, and that was because  
Three times she'd been married, each time to a fan,  
And three times she'd been widowed--though never by plan,  
For when each of her husbands had gone to his fate  
His collection had comprised his entire estate.  
Three times she'd attended science fiction conventions,  
And each time she'd gone with the best of intentions:  
She'd looked at each con for a fan she might wed,  
Though she oft thought that they were quite sick in the head.  
Still, though they were eccentric, she found them to be  
Not one whit more eccentric at all than was she,  
And considering the state of the world, she admitted,  
Almost all of the nonfans deserved to be committed.  
And in favor of fans there was much she could say,  
Not the least being that they were good in the hay.  
Her third husband, for instance, always joined her in bed  
By leaping upon her from a wardrobe, she said.



He'd learned this technique from a story somewhere,  
And he'd said the practitioners of it were rare.  
Only fans knew the method, and so when he died  
She set off for the con, and joined us for the ride.

A Faned there was, a young boy in his teens,  
Who'd but lately encountered the world of fanzines.  
He pubbed amateur fiction and other such trash  
And he dreamed of subs bringing in barrels of cash.  
He charged thirty-five cents for his zine, FAR-OUT STEF,  
Saying, "That's five cents cheaper than F&SF."  
But to speak of his figure, his clothes were quite old,  
For his fanzine used up all his money, I'm told,  
And his hair needed cutting, his shoes a good shine--  
But he said once he got to the con he'd be fine,  
For he had in his suitcase one change of underwear  
And two hundred fanzines he planned to sell there.  
He had also with him ten stories he'd written  
Which he hoped he could sell, for he was quite smitten  
With visions of fame, great fortune and glory  
To be his by the sale of a single stf story.  
But to be fully honest I must make defense  
Of the Faned's ambitions, for he did have some sense:  
Though for years he had always wanted to sell  
To Campbell, he said Gold would do just as well.

There was eke with us an Old Guard Fan  
With a beard as white as had any man.  
He had bushy gray eyebrows like clouds of thunder,  
And he spoke many times of his sense of wonder.  
But he was no fan of the Moskowitz school,  
For he said that nostalgia was the mark of a fool.  
A good sense of wonder was healthy, he'd say,  
Only when it concerned stories written today.  
For the sense of wonder, he'd often state,  
Meant an inquisitive mind, which must keep up to date.  
And to read science fiction, he said, was correct,  
But only a damn fool would want to collect.  
"To save certain classics is wise," he said,  
"But the collector's critical instincts are dead.  
"To bury oneself in old magazines  
"Is a mark of regression, if you know what that means.  
"To return to the womb, to the state of the foetus,  
"Is the aim of the collector, especially the completist."  
Full oft he lectured us that way,  
And always we listened to what he would say,  
For the young like to learn from the old when they can,  
And he was a very wise Old Guard Fan.

A Trufan had also joined with us,  
For he hadn't the money to take the bus.  
His figure was slim, even gaunt, as they say,  
And his eyes always seemed to look far, far away.  
His voice was full soft, but he didn't speak much,  
And then only of stf and fandom and such.  
"I have no other interest at all," said he,  
"For fandom and stf are enough for me."  
A really true fan, so we were told,  
Would rather have fanzines or prozines than gold.



He said, "Money's the curse of the nonfan class,  
"And they worship it every day at High Mass."  
We asked him please to explain what he meant  
And he said that all nonfans were decadent.  
With each word he uttered he grew more obscure,  
And he didn't know what he was saying, I'm sure.  
His idea seemed to be that true riches lay  
Not in gold but in happiness, I would say.  
Now, the usual idea of this sort says that health,  
Love, friendship, and contentment make up a man's wealth;  
But to this Trufan riches were stencils and ink  
And paper and prozines and fanzines, I think.

A Convention Fan had also come,  
And he was our leader, according to some,  
For they said we were going to a con, after all,  
And therefore to him should the leadership fall.  
This did not make much sense to a few of our group,  
But none really cared, and so he led the troupe.  
Now to speak of the man, his shoulders were broad,  
As were some of his jokes, and J.D. was his god.  
He was a hearty fan at talk, an extrovert of sorts,  
And oft the things he said were written of in conreports.  
Once started on the WSFS he would talk on for an hour,  
For he felt that there was danger that it might get too much power.  
It might take over fandom if not watched, he told us once,  
And he raved on as theatrically as ever did the Lunts.  
But though he thought that fandom consisted of conventions  
Not a one of us disliked him, for he had the best intentions.

Now that I've told you as briefly as I can  
Of the fans who were gathered in this caravan,  
I'll relate the things that took place on the day  
That we left for Detroit two thousand miles away.

The Convention Fan said, as we piled in our cars,  
"No doubt we'll be stopping at diners and bars,  
"And at gas stations also, to empty and fill--  
"Therefore I propose a game, if you will,  
"Whereby in the evenings when we stop in to eat  
"We'll take turns telling stories till the trip is complete.  
"We'll have one tale a day, and the trip lasts a week--  
"That should give each a chance, if he wants, to speak."

To this plan all among us agreed with full heart,  
And the Wife of Bath said she would start.

(here endeth the Prologue to the Detention Tales)

--Terry Carr

-----  
A VOICE FROM THE STYX: "Has Calvin T. Beck got a father?" asked M. Jukovsky, to which Star-Begotten Fake-Pro Larry T. Shaw answered, "Don't look at me!" We were in a restaurant that was curiously devoid of customers--on its opening day--and Shaw, former editor of that estimable former prozine INFINITY commented, "Hmmm, looks like they're staying away in hordes." ...-Harlan Ellison  
-----



((SCRIBBLINGS, Continued:)) like him are the spice of fandom and so on, and just think how Same it would be if all fans were like Ted White. Or Greg Benford. Or anybody.

It adds variety. [410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois]

LARRY SHAW: Overjoyed to see you taking the bit in your teeth and fybtia. VOID is very fine indeed. I make no predictions about whether or not it will become a focal point, but all the signs are hopeful, and I can think of no one better prepared to handle a focal point than you two. Don't change it a bit, stick to the monthly schedule, and I'll be with you all the way.

I rated all the material much better than average, and have only praise for the editing and production jobs. My one complaint is that I didn't get any of the Dallas VOIDS, so am somewhat at a loss in the letter section, although it is fairly clear what everybody is talking about after reading the whole thing. Kinda wish you'd double-column when using micro-elite, but it's a minor point. (In order to do a decent double-columning job I'd have to dummy and justify, which is too much work... -tw))

Want an article on Monster fandom? (Gladly!) It isn't organized at all, but it exists, and I have tons of fan mail to prove it, most of it weirdly fascinating. Lee might do one on folk music fandom, too: she is mildly interested in fandom again--our fandom, that is.

Geis' "people...who know what the score is, so to speak" reminds me strongly of ON THE ROAD, which I finally waded through--although "waded through" isn't really very apt, as it's a highly readable book in the sense of being easy and not unpleasant to read. It just reveals an appalling mental poverty, is all. (For sheer unreadability, try his THE SUBTERANIANS... -tw))

Special love to Sylvia, best wishes to all, and I look forward to the Disclave. [319 East 9th St., New York 3, N.Y.]

THERE ARE more letters on hand, but they'll have to be saved for the next issue--which should follow this one in another two or three weeks. After that we'll be caught up on our monthly schedule and we'll be able to slow down and breathe again.

yhos, Greg (in absentia) and Ted...

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VOID 15

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