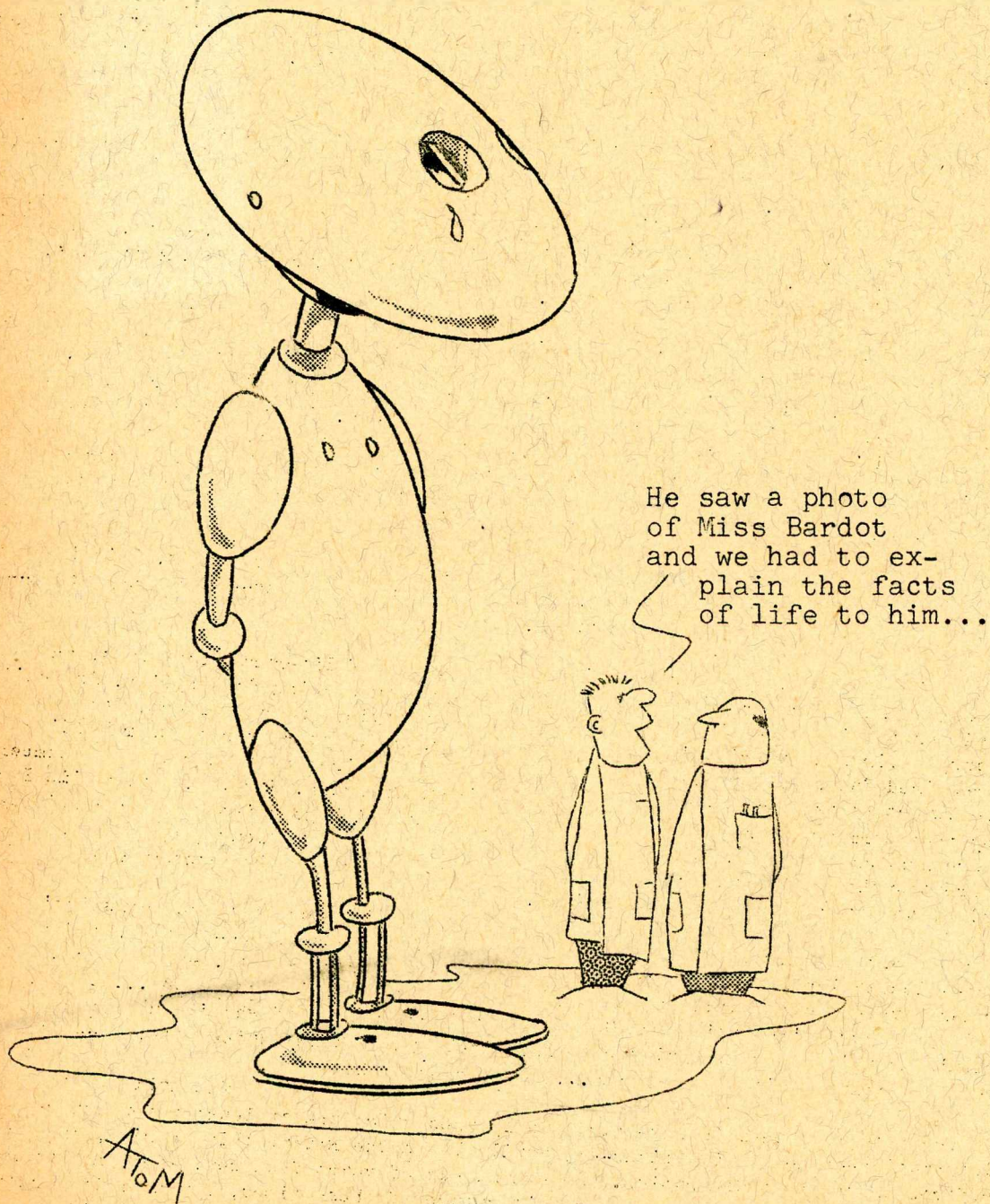


VOID 13

APRIL - THE FANZINE OF TO-
GETHERNESS



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HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER: IN A BAS 11

editor Raeburn mentioned receiving some of the current wave of "better living" advertisements which have been flitting through my mailbox (how, I know not) of late, too. I suppose now that Madison Avenue has exhausted the housewife slant, and the teenager slant, and the "man's man" slant, it must find something to slant toward or the entire tottering system will be Plunged Into Total War. But when the ad men try to sell the Man of Distinction I fear they fall down quite a bit.

First, their appeals are blatantly flattering: "you are naturally above the norm", "far ahead of commonplace trends", "a leader in your social circle"--and somehow they manage to still appear condescending. I've always wondered what sort of pseudo-intellectual would be taken in by such an obvious sell, as the appeal is so openly to the middle-class and upper-middle-class type who wants to Climb Up The Social Ladder and Be Among His Betters and all that. Who would be gullible enough to think that the real Man of Distinction would bother to eagerly lap up articles on travel to South America and fashions in "some better shops in New York, the capital of chic", as does he.

The insistance that said consumer is so stupid that he has to be told which magazine is for him, or that he can't recognize real quality when he sees it, would drive away quite a few potential customers. Come to think of it, I've noticed a marked decline in these magazines lately, which could well be a sign for the better.

HOW MANY PEOPLE have, as I, pawed through record stacks in local shops, uncovered the Dave Brubeck Quartet section, only to find it crammed with "Jazz Impressions of Central Asia" and like material. A few months ago I began noticing this, but only thought it another aspect of Fabulous, Cultural Dallas, which from all signs has never heard of anything except the middle of the road. Now there are at least a dozen of such albam as that and "Dave Digs Disney" and all cropping up in local shops. I get the impression that Good Ol' Dave has been stealing local ditties and pepping them up a bit to be recorded and eagerly grabbed by Dave Brubeck fans who will realize their error only after most of the albums are sold out. How the mighty have fallen, and that sort of thing.

BOTH BOYD RAEBURN and Lynn Hickman sent a copy of their comments on VOID to both of us. This is a good idea, and if anyone else feels as though his comments would interest both of us--which they would--he might make up two copies and send them to both Ted and I.

ALTHOUGH it's not too original an idea, I was thinking the other day of literary historians, and their mysterious ways. These thoughts were prompted by a research theme I was doing for English. As you'll remember, when one wishes to find some obscure detail regarding a style, or the personal habits of the author, or the origins of lines in a writer's works, it is necessary to pour over books regarding these subjects until the required facts are unearthed. But along the way you're apt to uncover any number of usable details, some important and some merely to serve as window dressing. However, every time I do this I am appalled by the enormous amount of time, effort and money which goes into the production of these books. There are lengthy tomes devoted to the themes of mere acts of famous plays, or the leisure activities of great authors, or even (Lord help us) one huge volume on the character of the Ghost in Hamlet--which role must not run over a hundred lines.

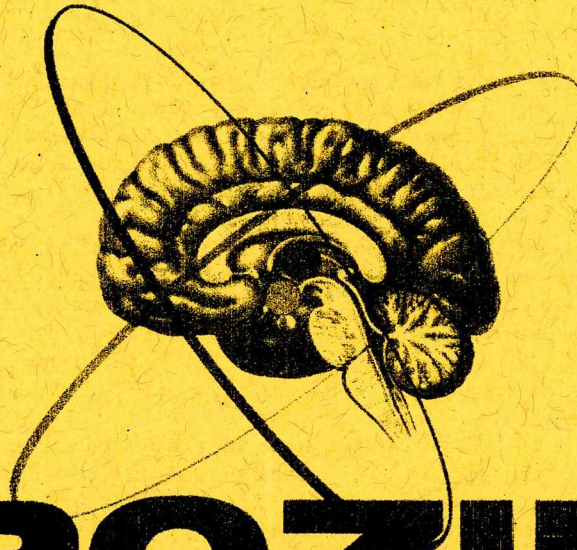
The mere existance of these books isn't notable. But when one considers the amount of material being written in those days--that is, before the distribution of large-circulation magazines, the building of many libraries, etc.--and the consequential number of volumes devoted to the study of the time period involved, in proportion....well, what is one to think of the century we're living in? Of course, a large amount of what's published today is just trivia--women's magazines, poorly written books, timely and quickly dated material--but excluding all that, there still remain quite a few words...to understate the point.

The habit of these literary grave-robbers seems to lead them to investigate only ages which are at least a few hundred years old. A wealth of information--some of it dubious--is available on the Elizabethian period, but try to dig up scholarly efforts on the Lost Generation. Some hundreds of years from now, when the later counterparts of these scholars start digging through the literature of these times, I wonder if perhaps they might run across fanzines. After all, Englands Keeper of Printed Books should have quite a stock by now. And what would historians think of fandom (assuming that it dies on its feet somewhere between Here and Then)? Would they recognize our terms and jokes for what they were--esoteric references? Or would they consider them as part of the contemporary mainstream?

I seem to remember someone writing about the fact that the "lower-class" art form of every period later became regarded as the best work

of that time. The theatre, the essay, and the novel all went through that stage. So, said the writer, why couldn't the comic strip become a new art form? On the same basis, why couldn't fandom, with its esoteric slang, cartoons, and genuinely good "personality writers" become the New Look in literature? Perhaps a writer will someday compile a lengthy tome crammed with facts to support his theory that during his pre-HYPHEN days Willis was better than Burbee in his post-Solacoon days.

--Greg Benford



PROZINE

UFFISH THOTS:

DEPT. OF DIRTY CAMPAIGNING: In a recent JD-ARGASSY, Lynn Hickman says that he will vote for Pittsburgh for the 1960 Convention. He says, "There are a number of reasons I chose Pittsburgh (sic)," and then: "1st, the maturity of the club." This is actually the only reason he mentioned, outside of how fine the prospective hotel is, and any city can claim as much in that respect. Hotel promises have been known to vary sharply from Hotel facts. What interests me is this emphasis on "maturity". He says Dirce Archer is "a founding member and has been the president for the past six years." Wow. He also mentions the only genuine asset I can see in Pittsburgh's favor, P. Schyler Miller. And surely the fact that the club boasts one (count him--(1) One Pro (1)) professional author is not enough to base a convention bid upon.

I suppose it is purely coincidental that Dirce Archer in a letter to FANAC a few months back also emphasized the "maturity" of the Pittsburgh group over the others bidding, and specifically put down the D.C. group as a bunch of infants.

This is silly. I don't know how old the Pittsburgh club is, but I'll bet the Philly club predates it. and Washington has long been a center of fan activity, since the early days of Speer and Widner, and the march on Boston. As a club, the Washington Science Fiction Ass'n has been in existence since 1947. Continuous existence, with regular meetings. And throughout that time, the WSFA has remained solvent. When I say solvent, I mean that--in recent years, since I joined in 1954--the treasury has had between \$50 and \$100 kicking around. When Washington bid against Portland in 1950, one of the points in its favor was the richest club treasury in the country. (An internal split--with many WSFans feeling that the West Coast deserved a con--caused Washington to lose that bid.) Periodically, we allocate \$15 or so to a Nuclear Fizz Party, a country picnic or the like. Right now, the WSFA is probably the richest club going, with the treasuries of the WSFA and the Capicon Committee totalling over \$100. I strongly doubt if either of Washington's contenders for the 1960 con have that much money, or are accustomed to working with as much. And certainly I'd say raising and holding as much money is not the mark of an irresponsible or juvenile club. Bob Pavlat, an ex-treasurer of FAPA, is acting Treasurer of the Capicon Committee, and he is working on a straight cash basis that is as likely as anything to ensure that any con we put on won't come out in the red.

As to members, all but a couple are over 21 years old, and over fifty-percent are in their thirties or past. Members like Bill Evans and Phil Bridges have been around since sf's magazine origins. They don't sound terribly juvenile, really, do they? Bill Evans co-edited the second issue of SNIDE with Damon Knight in 1942. Bill and Bob Pavlat (who dates from third or fourth fandom himself) have been working on and publishing the FANZINE INDEX, a monumental listing and indexing of fanzines. Chick Derry, the chairman and guiding light of the Capicon Committee, attended his first convention (along with Pavlat) in 1947, and all three have been ac-

tively participating in fandom for well over ten years each. Bob Pavlat, Bill Evans, Dick Eney (a relative newcomer in fandom; he entered around 1950) and I have all held offices in FAPA, and at the present we constitute three-quarters of the officers of FAPA, which we've been administrating for three years now.

I don't think any of us have held the office of President of WSFA for Six Years, though. That's silly. We believe in giving everyone a chance. I've been president (1955-56), Bob Pavlat has, (1957-58) and right now John Magnus (a real nep--been around only since 1952, and been publishing a top fanzine for only about that long) is running the club. I can't say who held which offices before I joined, but I imagine everyone's had at least one chance.

The WSFA has an extremely high percentage of actifan members. Among them are: Bob Pavlat, John Magnus, Chick Derry, George Spencer, Jack Harness, Bob Burleson, Bill Evans, John Hitchcock, Larry Stark, Bill Rickhardt, Sylvia and myself. Bill is a recent addition, and he's already been placed officially on the Capicon Committee, making it two years in a row that he has served on a con committee. We are pumping much valuable information from him. Ex-members include such as Phil Castora, Bob Madle, and Frank Kerkoff.

The average age of the members is about 35. The average number of years as a club member or participant in active fandom, 10-15. The average number of world cons attended, 3-5. I don't see any immaturity there. We're largely extremely stable-type fans, who have been around for long enough to know what's going on, and to prove it's no fad with us. We've been running things, like FAPA, and handling sums of money in our own treasury enough to have gained responsibility for our actions, and the necessary experience to deal properly with our responsibilities. A

And by and large, we are far more and better acclimated with fandom in all its aspects than either Pittsburgh or Philadelphia.

Man, we're hip.

DEPT. OF MISSING MATERIAL: Missing this issue are Carter Little's WAILING WALL (Yes, he will be continuing it), and Terry Carr's first DETENTION TALE (the Prologue appeared last issue). I assume both of these promised pieces fell victim to the extremely short deadline for this issue, which is appearing roughly two weeks after VOID 15, making it the third biweekly VOID in a row. Next issue will be on a monthly schedule, however, and out around the beginning of May. We've got a lot of goodies coming up for it and future issues, so if you've been lagging, you'd better do something to insure your remaining on the mailing list. We've got a Get Tough policy going, and, like Raeburn, if we don't hear from you in the form of letter, cash, contribution, or trade, by the next issue--man, you've had it.

THE DISCLAVE has run into a snag--the Disclave motel at the last minute cancelled our conclave--an earlier convention decided to extend its con by a couple of days. Right now Disclave Dictator Pavlat and WSFA Prexy Magnus are frantically searching the D.C. and Baltimore areas for a substitute meeting place. A couple of possibilities have presented themselves, places on the Bay, rather Beastlys-On-The-Lake like in description, and if they hold up under further investigation, the Disclave will be held on or around May 16. For all dope and bulletins, write Bob Pavlat, 6001 - 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md. Should all else fail, Larry Shaw suggests that we try to "arrange some kind of party (a Disclavette) for the weekend of the 16th, anyway." A good idea, and there'll undoubtedly be something brewing in the area on the 16th of May...

IF YOU LIKE my abusively candid fanzine reviews in VOID, you should love them in DISJECTA MEMBRA. This is Ted Pauls' new monthly fanzine which will (for the second issue at least) run 30 pages. IM is a letterzine, ala VOM, DAWN, and CONFAB, and if the first issue is any indication, it's a good one. My reviews will take up eight or nine pages of detailed analytical writings on various fmz of note. And even those not of note. I'm trying to review every zine which arrives. But unless Carter Little consistently misses his deadline, or I hit an inspiration, it's unlikely my reviews will any more grace the pages of this fine magazine. Sic transit & with tears... (Pauls' address for IM is 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md.)

--Ted E. White

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COVER: Atom SYMBOL: Sex And Science Fiction Don't Mix INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS: Ron Archer-5; Bob Burleson- 20; Eddie Jones- 24; Ted White- 11.

VOID 16 is edited by Greg Benford and Ted White, with the assistance of Ted Pauls, Bill Rickhardt and Sylvia White, and published by the QWERTYUIOPress at 2708 N. Charles Street, Baltimore 18, Maryland, U.S.A. Because we figure that those who deny us egoboo in favor of money must pay for it, we demand 25¢ a copy, though we are more liberal with overseas fen, who need pay only 1/- to Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks., Eng. Free, of course, for trades, contributions and letters of comment. Like, why pay? VOID is a monthly, and from now on will not come out biweekly.

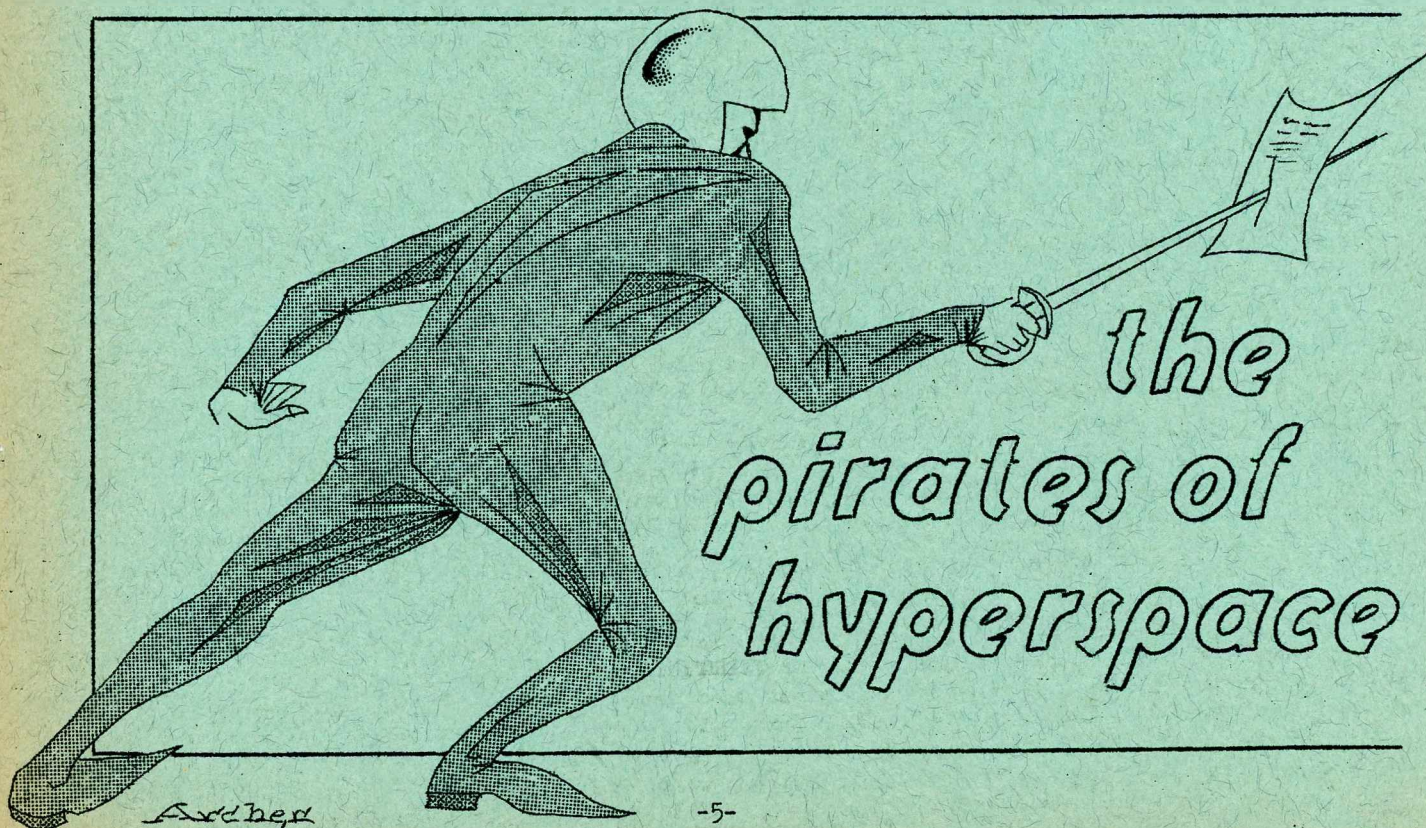
- All letters received are liable to be published, unless marked otherwise -

HARRY WARNER JR

Nobody would claim that fans are particularly honest. One of them stole at the Nycon some Air Force property that must have been at least as vital as the Air Force Academy, judging by the fuss that was made about it. Wives of people in science fiction have occasionally been swiped by other people in the same general field of endeavor. There was a brief period when every world convention committee practically expected to go into the red, assuming that incorporation would make it unnecessary for anyone to pay off the debts.

And yet there has been comparatively little difficulty with a kind of honesty that is peculiarly important to science fiction and to fandom. I'm talking about the honesty in respecting property rights involved in the written and printed word, the rights that are summed up under the copyright laws. There haven't been many occasions when these laws have been invoked in the science fiction field. One East Coast fan did get into deep trouble when he was proved to be copying a quite popular series of mundane fiction, turning it into science fiction by altering only a paragraph here and there, leaving vast stretches of pirated material unaltered. One of the best known professional authors seems to have gotten away scot-free back in the days when he had more work than he could conveniently handle and speeded up production by trivial changes in illustrations he copied from magazines in other fields. There's an occasional brief flare-up in fandom when someone produces a fanzine whose title duplicates an existing or recently demised publication. That's about the size of the effects that copyright laws have had on the field in recent years, to the best of my knowledge.

But fandom is constantly playing with fire in regard to the copyright laws, just as fans are endlessly running into great danger of lawsuit by ignoring the libel laws. In this article, I want to point out some of the things that the copyright regulations mean to science fiction and to fandom. As in the case of my previous article about the li-



bel laws, I want to point out at the beginning that I am not a lawyer, that my exposition of the situation barely grazes the high points of an extremely large field, and that my failure to mention some aspect of the copyright laws doesn't mean that you can or cannot get away with the piratical scheme that you may have in mind. Instead, I'm simply going to try to give some indication of the importance of remembering that the laws are there, that there's always the first time for anything in fandom including an expensive lawsuit over copyright infringement, and maybe in the process I'll bestir some of you into looking more closely into the matter.

Basically, there are two kinds of copyright, common law and statutory. The first belongs to you, automatically, the second you've got to apply for. As far as fandom is concerned, perhaps the most important mass of material falling under common law copyright consists of letters. Even the fans who are never seen except at conventions must occasionally write a letter, if only to find out where the next convention will be. Some fanzine fans are practically never seen, and their existence is assumed only because they write letters. It's hard to find a fanzine that doesn't contain quotations from letters, in the form of a comment section from the readers, or quoteworthy quote section, or some other medium. In a sense, almost every fanzine published today breaks the copyright laws, as a result.

The law says that the physical letter itself belongs to the addressee, in most cases, and the addressee may do whatever he pleases with that typed or written piece of paper, unless he breaks the common law copyright. But the writer of the letter owns that common law copyright on what he put into the letter. If the addressee or anyone else publishes it, the letterwriter has basis for a lawsuit. I don't mean to say by this that we should all rush out and see lawyers in order to live for the next ten years off the judgments that will be rendered to us by the courts against the fanzine editors who have been publishing our letters without written permission. I do suggest that we should be more careful about publishishing in fanzines letters from persons who are not well acquainted with fandom or who may not realize that their letters are about to see print. It could be particularly disastrous to publish excerpts from correspondence with a prominent writer, for instance, in which he unloaded himself of his opinions of editors without advance knowledge that he was to be quoted in print. It is also well to remember that under common law copyright, permission must be obtained from both the writer and the addressee before a letter can be published by a third party. (Telegrams fall under the same copyright rules as letters, incidentally.)

It seems to me that we'd afford ourselves a bit of protection in our fanzines if we stuck into each issue a little note to the effect that letters of comment are liable to be published. It might have little or no legal value, but it could give warning to a newcomer to the field about fandom's loose and easy way of dealing with things that are someone's literary property. And there's one more awful thing that you should know about common law copyright laws about letters. If a femme-fan has been writing you sizzling love letters and later decides that you're too neofannish and demands her letters back, you've got to give them up. "Confidential" letters like love letters are the physical property of the writer, in contrast to most kinds of letters.

Fans are a little more cautious about quoting material that they

know is copyrighted in the statutory sense--i.e., that says copyright such and such a year somewhere near its start. The law is a little more lenient about permitting the copying of published material that is under statutory copyright, as long as you're merely quoting extracts from it, not trying to pirate the whole shebang. Unfortunately, there's no hard and fast rule that says how much it's legal to quote word-for-word, assuming that you acknowledge the original source when you do your copying. To the best of my knowledge, the copyright holder cannot stop you from telling in your own words what is in his copyrighted material, even though in doing so you may take away all the value of the copyrighted material, as in summaries of the plots of all the stories in the latest issues of the prozines; I have no doubt, however, that a prozine publisher would find other means to halt a fan from spoiling his fiction endings pretty quick. For a great many years, it was customary to ask permission and pay for the right to quote even a mere two lines from the lyric of a copyrighted song hit, when it was incorporated in a story or a non-fiction work. Lately, I understand, the courts have shown less partiality to the music publishers. There was one instance in which a writer quoted at various places in a novel ten out of the 16 lines contained in the lyrics for a popular song. The courts sustained his use of this material. But I would like to point out that that writer had financial resources with which to fight the action that the publishers brought. Most of us in fandom aren't in a position to risk a lawsuit, even when we think we might squeeze through it without paying up. So I would most urgently recommend an end to the habit some fans possess of publishing in complete or nearly complete form the lyrics to their favorite folk songs or jazz vocals. Even if they happen to be traditional songs which you would assume to be in the public domain, this particular recorded version might have been copyrighted by someone along the line.

One book on copyright law sums up the generally accepted quotation permissions in concise fashion, which I'll try to digest a little more tightly: Direct quotations from copyrighted material in writings of critical and scholarly nature are generally safe. Different publishers have different ideas about the length of quotes that are permissible, but it's risky to use more than 500 words without asking permission in a prose work, or three or four lines of poetry. It is never safe to republish or digest copyrighted material in anthologies, collections, and compilations without permission. It is best to ask permission from the publisher if you want to reprint in this country something which appeared in another nation and which probably hasn't been copyrighted in the United States, because of various possible complications. There is no basis whatsoever for the old legend that you can reprint copyrighted material as long as it isn't intended for profit. You could be sued for copying on the typewriter an article simply for your own future reference. You may not copy art work, unless you're positive that the thing you want to copy is really in the public domain. You can be sued for publishing a photograph of a person without a written release from that individual.

Of course, fandom enjoys one great advantage over most fields of publishing endeavor. In our fanzines, we aren't normally even trying to break even, financially. The fact that we won't be seeking to make any kind of profit out of what we publish might make it a little easier for us to get reprint-for-free permission from copyright holders, in instances where we decide we'd better seek the okay. If you decide to go in for this kind of reprint

permission seeking, I would suggest that you inform the holder of the copyright in your first letter exactly how many copies you intend to publish, the nature of the circle among which they will be distributed, and the true facts of fan life as far as money goes. If you make those things clear, and offer to copyright the publication containing the material, if necessary, to prevent it from going into the public domain, you might have a pretty good chance of getting an okay.

It's customary in fandom for writers and publishers to explode violently when they discover that someone has reprinted their material without asking permission or has swiped their fancy new idea for a fanzine feature. However, there's virtually nothing that can be done about piracy and similar immoral actions, in the case of most fanzines. Not one fanzine in a thousand is copyrighted under statute through the filing of papers to protect the rights in it. Possibly one out of every hundred fan publications and the contents thereof do enjoy common law copyright. The copyright law says that you lose the common law copyright privileges (the same privileges that make it impossible for a magazine editor to copy the story you've submitted him, return your manuscript, and publish it without payment) when you do these things with your fanzine: Sell at least one copy of it, give away copies of it to anyone who asks for it, or put it on public display somewhere that allows it to be examined by anyone who wishes to see it. I don't think that the copyright law experts have heard yet about the fannish habit of making fanzines available to anyone who will write letters of comment and I'm quite sure that I don't know if this provision puts them into the public domain.

However, you can mimeograph a fanzine and still retain your common law copyright protection on it if you distribute it only to a limited number of known persons. It is a fine legal question, then, whether the ayjay groups in fandom provide any common law copyright protection to the publications that they distribute. Speer has indicated that it would take a test case to be sure. It seems quite certain that your common law rights in an apa publication vanish if the organization sells surplus stock copies, as FAPA does, or allows any Tom, Dick or Harry who applies to join, as in the case of some of the mundane ayjay groups.

This absence of common law copyright protection for virtually all fan publications has some important consequences that we should remember. The first is that you have absolutely no protection if another fan or a professional swipes a story that you wrote for a fanzine and sells it to a prozine. The second is that you aren't apt to get very good fiction for your fanzine from a professional, because he knows his work will enter the public domain upon its appearance in fanzine format, and there will go his chances of selling publication rights to a publish-for-pay magazine. And the third is that you'd better be either brave or honest in the event that you win an acceptance from a prozine for a story that you originally published in a fanzine. Even if the prozine editor is a good friend of yours, his boss might not rejoice in the knowledge that his magazine paid good money for first North American publication rights for fiction that was already in the public domain.

Of course, now that science fiction is growing old as a literary form, it's beginning to enter a new period of coming into the public domain. Statutory copyright doesn't last forever. When you copyright something through going through the proper paper work, you get protect-

ion for 28 years. You or your heirs can obtain another 28 years of protection by filing for renewal within one year before the expiration of the first 28-year term. This means, of course, that some of the oldest science fiction story classics from the American pulpazines are beginning to wander into the public domain. Anything published before 1903 would be safe to reprint, unless it's somehow fallen under a new copyright protection through reappearance in a form that gives it special coverage: you couldn't copy an anthology of 19th century fiction just as Harpers reprinted it in copyrighted book form last year, for instance. It won't be long before many of the finest things in Argosy and its brethren will be available to anybody for the asking. It is conceivable that copyright renewal has not been obtained on some of the pioneer science fiction magazines, but I would recommend urgently a conscientious search of the records before risking publication of copyrighted material dated between 1903 and 1931. On the other hand, I don't think it's telling tales out of school to reveal in print the fact that some of the more recent prozines have operated on such a shoestring that their publishers never took the time and small sum of money needed to copyright them. You might find it interesting to inspect the pages where the copyright notice must by law appear, in some of the more obscure prozines of the past decade.

In case you've been wondering whether the San Franciscoans created Carl Brandon so they wouldn't be sued as a result of their parody writing: The answer is that this wasn't likely to happen. Mimicry, editorial comment, and parodies on copyrighted material cannot be taken as infringement of copyright, although the subjects might react violently in other directions. The publicity that the press gave recently to Jack Benny's "Gaslight" parody effort shouldn't fool you. Parodies intended for the stage, screen, radio or television present a different legal matter, but fandom rarely needs to worry about those.

But there's an allied matter which might deserve emphasis. There have been quite a few fannish film productions lately, mainly in large cities where clubs exist. Pretty often, these are dramatizations of stories taken from prozines or books. Even if these amateur movies are intended solely for the makers' own amusement, will not be shown for profit, and will not be duplicated into other copies, permission from the copyright owners should be obtained beforehand. It doesn't matter that Joe Fann spent four weeks writing a dramatic version of a story that contained three times too many scenes, eight superfluous characters, and not enough dialogue. Dramatic rights may have been included in the original copyright protection.

The recent fannish pastime of taping music and sending it to other fannish friends is usually infringement of one kind of law or another. However, tapes aren't duplicated in quantities like fanzines and the music publishers and recording companies aren't as close to what's happening in fandom as the prozine editors and book publishers. So I don't think that this kind of piracy for the amusement of friends involves a very great risk of court action. Besides, it would be strictly outside the scope of this article, for the simple reason that you can't copyright a musical performance. If the music itself is in the public domain, which includes most of the classical music you hear and much of the jazz, you'd be sued for unfair competition or breaching exclusive recording contracts or some other dreadful offense.

If you want to copyright your fanzine, the process is not difficult. You

simply include on the first page of text or on the title page, "Copyright, 1959, by Joe Fann," altering the date and name to suit the circumstances. Please note that the copyright notice may not simply be used as a filler for a not-quite-complete stencil somewhere in the back of the magazine. It must be in the traditional place. Don't do anything else until you've completed and distributed your fanzine, and if you're like most fans, there may be quite a few months between the momentous moment when you type that copyright notice on the stencil and when you take the magazines to the post office. After this publication in the legal sense, it's time to send your application for registration of a claim to copyright. The form is obtained from and returned to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D.C. For most fanzines, Form B will be required. This covers periodicals that are published more than once in a year in the United States. However, you might find it necessary to use Form A if you're producing a one-shot or some kind of annual; this is the one that is intended for "books" but covers much smaller things. In either case, you're required to include four bucks and two copies of the best edition of your publication when returning the form to the Register of Copyrights. You will not find it difficult to fill out the form, unless you're publishing in collaboration with someone in a foreign country or aren't a citizen of the United States.

There is no particular rush about the paper work involved in completing procedure, by the way. In the past, suits against copyright infringement have been won even when the holder of the copyright sent his application and money and copies to Washington years after initial publication of the work in which the copyright notice appeared.

Once or twice in fanzines, I've seen a statement that went something like this: "Common law copyright, 1957, by F. Gh. Beaver." Don't do it. It has no legal value, and could conceivably mix up a whole courtful of attorneys if action occurred over the matter in question.

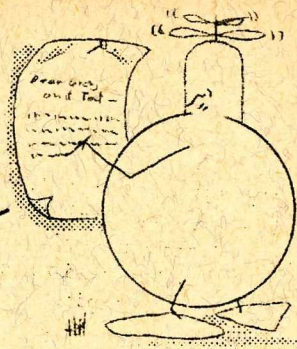
There are plenty of good books on the copyright questions available at any public library that will give you lots of other ideas about how the laws could involve fandom. Three that I've used in preparing this article are "How To Secure Copyright," by Richard Vincor, Oceana Publications, New York City; "A Manual of Copyright Practice," by Margaret Nicholson, Oxford University Press, New York City; and "The Law of Literary Property," by Philip Wittenberger, World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York City. If you don't want to tackle a book, you might prefer to read through the long article on copyright that can be found in any of the major American encyclopedias.

--Harry Warner

((It should be pointed out, parathetically, that none of this need apply to the British, for whom anything may be copyrighted, free, by sending a copy to the Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum. No printed notice in the fanzine is necessary. Ron Bennett, I remember, was astounded to hear that we savage Colonials must pay for our copyrights, and I remember quite agreeing with him over the injustice of it all. -tw))

ANNOUNCEMENT: Hear Ye! The first two volumes of the ASDFGHJKLibrary (a division of the QWERTYUIOPress, of course!) are now ready for order! These two fine volumes, printed on fine, durable, pulpy, mimeo bond are: Carl Brandon's long awaited (largely because the publisher was lazy) THE BNF OF IZ, priced at the low price of 35¢ (and never before circulated outside of the Cult, where it appeared in an abridged form)--and the complete version of Kent Moomaw's THE ADVERSARIES, for 25¢. These are both musts for the Trufan's library--and for yours as well! Order now!

and scrubbings



HARRY WARNER: It was good to see VOID return to existence. Of course, it's sort of hard to get used to VOID in this physical appearance, something like the difficulty that you encounter when you suddenly run across a woman you haven't seen for years and try to realize that it's the same person with glasses, a new hair arrangement, a few added wrinkles, and a more mature voice. I'm sure that I'll get used to this change in...well, not format, but maybe aura, the different typewriter, Gestetner-type mimeography, more polished headings, and that sort of thing.

That series on other fandoms seems to be a good idea. I can think of many eligible subjects, but I don't think that I'm sufficiently close to any of them to take part. I know vaguely of photography fandom, for instance. Many camera clubs put out fanzines, exchange them with all the other clubs, conduct feuds between the larger photographic national societies, and have conventions and that sort of thing. Then there's circus fandom, which doesn't seem to have very many publications but otherwise resembles science fiction fandom remarkably in its size, and the fact that it's championing a cause that many persons like vaguely but refuse to get excited about. Baseball fandom is another possibility. There are the fan clubs which are organized around favorite players, most of which issue mimeographed publications dealing with their heroes, there are historians who collect old box scores and programs and do amazing amounts of research, there are the collectors who simply are Coslet-type completists for baseball pictures on cigarette cards or record books, and there are the local organizations made up of old-time players and fans who get together regularly for chatter about the past. Bill Evans certainly could do a good job on trolley fandom, and if you ever get stuck for a continuation of the series, I think that I could tackle the circus fandom, simply because I've been writing news stories about the local tent (circus fandom's name for chapter) for a long time and once attended the group's national convention.

I imagine that a White-Geis hassle will now develop (See below), to take the place that the decadent Magnus-Young rhubarb has held for the past few months. I'm not going to get involved, except to hope that Geis doesn't send a pornography fanzine around the fan world indiscriminately. That involves too much danger of parents seeing it and assuming it's typical of fandom and removing their tender pubertizing sons or daughters from fandom by brute force. (It is significant that this has already happened in two cases I am aware of, where both fens (male, by the way) were promising future-BNF's...-tw) I think there is already a bit too free and easy use of hard liquor as fanzine titles and themes; I'm not ashamed to get a publication devoted solely to accounts of who drank what but it might be a bit hard on the younger fans who are still under inquisitive parental authority.

Odd that you and Bill Danner produced a printed circuit psionics machine at the same time. (It's due primarily to the fact that I didn't get around to printing it until recently. I've had it since the Solacon where JWC's speech inspired John Champion to create the Type Four machine.-tw) Next you should produce the same machine but poorly mimeographed so that the circuit isn't complete, and then we'd see if Campbell is right when he says that the device works even if it isn't properly made. [423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.]

DICK GEIS: Thanks for the publicity, man!

Certainly if there are any pornography lovers in fandom who slaver over Rotsler nudes and buy ADAM every month, they'll mayhap get in touch with me. Take a look at the ADAM READER along about May or June. I've got a story in it. Sex, sadism, and corn, but it is science fiction. Add it to your collection. (I'm not so much the completist that I collect crud, and I've never seen anything else printed in ADAM, including its "science fiction." Obviously this means a lot to you, so congratulations anyway. -tw)

Now, I was under the impression that I was turning you down when you asked for an article and I offered to do one for money. You didn't seriously think I thought you'd pay, did you? (And if I'd sent you a check...? -tw)

As for fans and fandom; I'll stand by my remarks, colorful as they are. I like to think I've gone through a cycle with regard to fandom. You know, entered a neo, pubbed a fanzine which became a 'focal point', etc., became a BNF, and so on.

Now I'm "disenchanted". And I still can't fathom this retreat from reality by fans. A depression is shaping up, the world is rocking on its heels, it's a spectacular show, interesting as hell, and yet to read fanzines you'd think nothing was happening. Fandom is small and as yet an unadvertised corner of the Beat Generation or its equivalent. Perhaps a more juvenile version. ('Horsefruit, Sailor!' A depression is shaping up? Who says so? You and your pet economist? The world is rocking on its heels? I don't want to shock you, but it's been rocking ever since the mid-thirties, in an ever-increasing arc. To read fanzines, you'd think nothing was happening? Why should you? Fandom is not a media devoted to heavy political and economic debate and information dispersal. We have newspapers and any number of specialized and unspecialized magazines for that. There are stock reports printed in every large paper. Study them and see if that depression is coming Right Now. From time to time fans have taken fanzine space to talk--sometimes well and sometimes not so well--about politics and The World Situation. Magnus devoted a lot of space in RUMBLE to such things. I discussed the recession in GAF-IA myself. Along with commentary on THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS. But such subjects were written about merely because they aroused the personal interest of the fan who wrote them. Not because he felt that the importance of their nature demanded it. You seem never to have understood the place of fandom. Fandom--as you were no doubt shocked to learn, after trying to live off of subs to SFR--is not a marketplace in which to make a living. Neither is it a political arena. It is a place in which to relax, doing only that which provides a modicum at least of enjoyment. It is a Hobby. I, along with most others fans, including those who have lost their jobs in the last two years, am well aware of what's going on. I often talk about it to other people. But I see no reason why I must devote 24-hour attention to it at the expense of my recreation. Most people don't live in one compartment all their lives as you apparently do, and for that reason it is sheer stupidity to judge them from what little you see of them as manifested in one area. You would have us all Repenting Our Fannish Follies, and shouting the Word--that The End Of The World Is At Hand. Horsefruit, Sailor. -tw)

I won't defend Bourne.

He can do it if he wishes. I'll just say that he doesn't put out a fanzine so much as a little serious magazine whose accent is not fannish enough to suit you. ((On the contrary, I enjoy BRILLIG, though I consider it to be often over-pretentious. -tw)) I don't write much non-fiction, and what I do write I send to him because we're friends and I'd rather he published it than someone else. Too, he likes the stuff I write.

Why jump on him for publishing stuff you can't get but would if you could? (I have seen nothing by you in BRILLIG that I would consider for VOID. When I asked you, last Christmas, about something for VOID, I specified that the subject be fannish and preferably that it concern the history of PSYCHOTIC. I'm not all that petty, thank you anyway...-tw) I won't write for you, Ted, simply because I don't like your desire to "edit" things people send you. You act like a frustrated writer. (Yeah, straight out of Woodford.) So my attitude is if you want to chop up my stuff you're damn well going to have to pay for the privilege. (Last year it was because I was "fitting material to [my] ghoddam layouts." You're not being consistant. All this venom about my editing because I cut two or three sentences from your piece in STELLAR 13 is a bit silly, as you well know. That piece was originally destined to appear with like material, and required a slight degree of cutting to stand alone. I am surprised, after your satisfaction with the appearance of your second piece in STELLAR 14, that you still harbor this silly grudge against me as an editor.-tw))

Earning kudos and praise in fandom is a cinch, really. You know that as well as I. After the first flush of enthusiasm is gone and the egoboo wears thin, it begins to look like a small potato patch indeed. (Yes, it does, if you're looking for an audience to impress. I see no reason to be so one-sided about it though. There is no reason to expect fandom to supply you with money, artistic acclaim, or whathaveyou. You have to be interested in putting something into fandom before whatever you get out will be very enjoyable. You can't get much from fandom, so you damn it. TS. Once you did seem to be interested in putting something into fandom, and the result was that your fanzine became #1. Ever since then you have apparently been motivated by personal gain. Small wonder you are no longer popular. Read the other reactions to my review of PSY 25 in the following pages. You will of course say, 'I don't give a damn what those clods think,' and maybe you'll believe it. But remember that you have initiated the action which led to these reactions. -tw) I'm currently testing myself in the big contest. Maybe I'll have a modicum of success, maybe I'll fail, or maybe I'll hit a goldmine like Spilane (sic) or Metalous, but sticking in an arena where there are no challenges I wish to take up... poop.

IF fans were really as superior and world conscious as a lot of them claim to be, I'd probably stay around. But this faaaaaanish nattering.... It just doesn't appeal to me anymore.

I must have hit a nerve with you, Ted, for you to lower yourself down to calling what I write ((no, wrote)) "sick raving." There's no point in taking the trouble to refute sick raving, is there? Save the aligator tears for the "sad end" of a once excellent fanzine. "Going down for the third time" eh? So who is patronizing who now? You're getting pretty good at fansmanship. (I'll stand by what I said. PSY used to be a top fanzine. The first time down was the abortive SCTENCE FICTION REVIEW, the second was PSYCHOTIC 24. At each turn, you seem to have lost something; something essential in your enjoyment of fandom. Now you really aren't a fan; by your own admission, it doesn't appeal to you any more. "Fansmanship"? I guess so. I quoted what you said back at you, and identified it for what it was. I guess you could call that

(sneeringly) "fansmanship". Incidentally, this letter has been presented in its full, pristine, uncut, unedited glory.-tw) [Apt. 7, 19 Wave Crest Ave., Venice, California]

MARTY FLEISCHMAN: VOID 14 is a beautiful job of layout and mimeography. As far as the contents goes, McCain's article takes top honors, I think. I liked it in BIRD-SMITH and I liked it in VOID... The thought occurs to me that there must be dozens of things that have appeared in the apas that are just waiting to be reprinted. I wonder if anyone has seriously given any thought to publishing an apa reprint zine. ((It is a thought well worth considering. In fact, you may shortly see a FAPA ANNUAL if all goes well...-tw))

Ol' Josh Brandon's blues were wonderful. "Scribblings" most enjoyable, particularly your own letter. I wonder if you're the first fan editor who ever printed his own letter in his letter column...

Re the review of PSYCHOTIC 25, I agree completely. Geis is an ass and for my money always has been. Not to mention a conceited bastard. Though his writing ability has always overshadowed his bad qualities, but PSY 25 is Too Much. Yeah, a pretty sad end for what was once an excellent fanzine...I've seen PSYCHOTIC. [90-09 153rd Ave., Howard Beach 14, New York]

BOYD RAEURN: Was very pleased to receive VOID 14. Ol' Ted White sent a letter with it flapping about getting a letter of comment fast fast fast because he gung rush out another issue in two weeks time to "catch up" or something (actually, it's just that VOID is a biweekly...), and indeed I did intend to write this letter earlier, but there have been Delays. I'll send Ted a carbon of this, just in case there is little time, but if you are editor YOU should be editing the letters of comment, but it looks as though Ted will be if I send him this, and you better watch out or ol' sneaky White will have pushed you out of the picture and taken over the zine for himself, and all fandom will be plunged into war.

I liked the cover - looks all neat and all, and now VOID no longer looks like a Dallas zine, it looks like a Baltimore-Washington zine. But semi-kidding aside, the cover is pretty funny. It's hard to decide whether all those letters in your editorial are fakes or whether some of them are real - for they sound so much like the actual articles, especially the first. Ted's editorial also extremely good - strange that we should both publish zines at about the same time and both mention somewhat the same subject in the editorials. I'd already read the McCain article, but it was worth reprinting, and I'm glad to have the opportunity to look over it again without having to look through old FAPA zines. Dug very much TCarr's description of the Beatnik Party. Didn't see PSYCHOTIC 25, but from what I have heard about it, and from the bits quoted, I agree completely with what Ted says. In the heyday of PSYCHOTIC, I admired Geis, but now he just gives me a pain. I liked Josh Brandon's blues. Champion's psionic machine is a phony. I picked a sensation, but the machine didn't provide it. Phooey. ((But it's not supposed to. All it does is Astound Your Friends. Did it astound a friend? -tw))

Hooboy! Carter Little challenges Reamy to name one zine devoted to jazz and sports cars, and Reamy names SPACE DIVERIONS, which contained not one word on either jazz or sports cars. But this is not enough - he then proceeds to reveal that he took seriously that very funny article on Little Richard! I had the impression Reamy was a bit of a clot, but this is just too much. No more comments on the letter column, which was a good one. I'm looking forward to the next issue. [9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada]

DONALD FRANSON: Somehow, fannish fanzines depress me, unless they are humorous, and sometimes even when. It isn't the material, it's the constant reiteration of how much better they are than sercon fanzines. I'm using the term "sercon" to mean "Sf-interest" until someone explains otherwise. ((Considering that Raeburn has done just this is very places recently, why not use that old and eminently practicable word, "stfnal", as like in "a stfnal fanzine." -tw)) Another thing that bothers me is the attitude that everyone should know all the esoteric terms, if only they had bothered to read some article written years ago in some limited circulation magazine of which there are no remaining copies, by some great but now-forgotten authority. I find the terms themselves interesting and figure that eventually I will catch on to them by their use in context if in no other way. I have asked for definitions in letters to fanzines, and have in some cases gotten conflicting answers. ((Bob Tucker, how about bringing the NEOFAN'S GUIDE up to date?)) So I don't feel there is any final authority, as meanings appear to change. ((Largely through use by those who are ignorant of their real meanings...-tw))

I'm surprised at all the BNFs guessing wrong on Carter Little, when it's obvious he is Boyd Raeburn. I base this on the style of writing, the outspoken yet telling criticism, and a few points like mention of "furious denouncer" and dissection of New Zealand zines. His (Boyd's) reviews in CRY #119 are very similar. ((An interesting guess, but still just a guess, I'm afraid.)) [6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, California]

LYNN HICKMAN: I'm pleased with what you have done with VOID, especially reproduction-wise and with a two-headed editor the opinionating should be a ball.

The highlight of the issue was the scathing review of PSYCHOTIC 25. It is a sad thing to see someone that had talent to put out a fine zine like PSY stoop to something like this. Pretty sick.

Ted, I agree with you in part and disagree in part on your terms of fandom, fanzine fans, etc. Actually it could be called an AJ fandom in many senses, but for the majority of fanzine editors, sf is what brought them into the field in the first place. Then too, there are those among us that like to discuss sf & fantasy as well as fannish personalities. (I'm with you; I enjoy talking about stf and the pro scene fully as much as the fan scene.-tw) I confess that I like both as I know you do. I like to go to conventions not just to meet fans I've been corresponding with and whose names I've seen in fanzines, but others too, that I like but perhaps see only once or twice a year at cons. But in the main, you were also right on that. But there are those fans that don't write fanzines very often if at all and perhaps that only read one or none regularly, but are collectors and correspond with other collectors about the books, magazines and stories. Their interest is science fiction and not the fan personalities. Perhaps in reality they are the sf fans. They have something to be a fan of. Of course there are too many definitions of a "fanzine" fan. I would consider you (or myself) of having broader interests than the conotation means to many.

Actually, I like your definition of fanzine fan, as against the one that says a fanzine fan is interested in nothing but fanzines. I don't think you will find even 2% of pubbers whose only interests in publishing is in the AJ field or that publish for egoboo only, and still call themselves fans. You've got to have an interest in sf and sf fandom to even start, and once you're started your interests broaden instead of narrow. [no address on letter]

BOB LICHTMAN: The cover message ("Let's put out a monthly fanzine...") sounds strangely reminiscent of something you put on a qc I received some months ago. Anyway, it's a nice spoof and a fine aspiration.

Of the two editorials, Ted's was more informative, but Greg's far more entertaining (esp. the "Wetzel" letter). Strange you say that Ted Pauls is cutting material for you, yet the type-face here doesn't look like his. But it may be only the difference in repro from the other example of his typer. (Ted Pauls has a machine (an Underwood) with type exactly like mine, except more worn. But he didn't have any typing in either VOID 14 or 15. Instead I shunted him onto cutting the stencils (some 24) for THE BNF OF IZ, which are now complete. He cut all but the title page of Warner's article in this issue.-tw) I trust that you are going to be bringing out THE BNF OF IZ fairly near in the future. When you have come up with a price for it, would you let me know so I can order a copy? (The price is 35¢. See the announcement elsewhere thish.-tw)

McCain's article is interesting in a strange sort of way. I find the parallels between record-collecting fandom and Fandom astounding; yet some things we have in Fandom seem to be missing in R-C fandom. For example: (unless Vernon didn't go deeply enough into the subject) there are no BNFs of record-collecting fandom, also no apae. Otherwise, the similarities are amazing.

I agree with you about Geis. If he wants to withdraw into his Little World of Pornography, let him do it. But he shouldn't expect to take half of fandom with him. Mighod, after reading those quotes I'm surprised that the "letter" got through the mails. I thot the postoffice kept their eyes open for stuff like this. Tchh. (There was nothing in Geis' "letter" that the PO could legitimately object to, and at any rate, it went First Class.-tw)

The Blues things by Carr were extremely well done. By the way, this Degler business leads me to suggest that you run an article about this fellow. I know precious little about him and doubt if too many of your other readers do, either. From what I've heard, he sounds like The Original Fugghead. (Anyone want to add another piece to the Degler Saga for VOID? You might try some old GRUES which ran a series of reprints and articles on Degler.-tw)

The main topic of discussion in the letters seems to be the problem of the Current Focal Point. It strikes me that CRY would be the current focal point, at least from the December issue on. The December issue seemed to be the turning point for the zine, from a clique-ish zine of dubious quality to a more cosmopolitan faaanish one of very evident quality. Hell, what haven't they got to make them a focal point? They have got: Length, a lot of space for articles, stories, reviews, and their regular columns (like Busby's prozine reviews), a long letter column, usually 15 pages and not as wild as it once was, and infinitely better edited than before; a monthly schedule, the most important of all. You have, in VOID, most of these things. You have the long letter column (long when you consider the typesize), the monthly schedule (which is important to an aspiring Focal Point). The only thing you haven't got is length (meaning number of pages), but if you use the micro-elite typer a great deal (if not exclusively) you can have the same thing in 20 pages. (You have a definite point about the wider use of micro-elite in VOID. I shall probably use it a good deal more, for such things as editorials, fmz-reviews, and the like. But I definitely shall keep on the pica, which for my money is more attractive and readable. As of thish, we've expanded the number of pages to 24, since this

still slips under the 2-ounce weight limit. This is our absolute limit, though, except for an annish or something of that sort. -tw)

So just keep up the good work. If you can maintain your monthly schedule (except during con-time, which is reasonable enough) and your quality, you have a definite winner on your hands. [6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California]

F.M. Busby: If you are able to maintain your monthly schedule long enough to get hooked on it, I'm sure you'll regret it: Ted Pauls is a good energetic faan, but does he have the stamina to turn out 25 to 35 stencils along toward the end of each and every publishing month? Monthly zines insidiously g-r-o-w, and unless you have a Toskey (or, recently, an Elinor) to cope with the incessantly increasing pagecount, you will have had it. (Well, now, Buz, I'm not pubbing a sprawling type of zine. Up till thish, VOID was strictly 20 pages, and if I had more material than that (and I did, and still do) I simply cut where necessary. I don't mean I edited material which I published, but rather only the very best got in. I think this will answer your next beef as well. And Ted Pauls has thus far, since our agreement began in January, cut an average of ten stencils a month, including those for BNF. I'm not pushing him; I cut them all myself for VOIDS 14 & 15 as well as GAMBIT 30--all out in March.-tw) Also, regular publication will expose you to slams re quality-vs-quantity, or to accusations of monotony, no matter what you do. (I don't want to sound conceited, but I'm willing to bet that'll never be the case with VOID. Greg and I are brimming with ideas for new and different things --we'll never catch up with our ambitions in this direction.) It is OK to be a focal point, I guess, if you're suited up for it with plenty of padding over the vital spots. Focal point is a fine-sounding term, but what's wrong with "target". OK, I'm clowning; go ahead a be a focal point if you want to. There's always gafia (lower-case).

Ted, I'm glad to see you clearing a little underbrush from around the term "fanzine fan" (as opposed, supposedly, to "convention fan"--as if the two were mutually exclusive). It strikes me that SouthGate was loaded with "fanzine fans", while there was a distinct dearth of those who have styled themselves "convention fans". You are coming in right on target, though, by emphasizing that the "fanzine fan" is the guy who communicates all year round, by publishing, contributing, commenting, corresponding, and etc. The strictly convention-fan communicates just 3 days a year (plus regionals); this is perfectly OK too, except that it does not behoove such types to psneer at those who are more actively communicative. It's the semantics of the hassle that are wholly out of line, as any SolaCon report will demonstrate.

I have not seen the Geis item reviewed, but the tone is familiar. Some people do some of their best writing from a bitter mood. Geis is not one of these people; Geis, unhappy, sounds like a spoiled brat. This is not a deliberate affront by him; it is in the nature of an affliction--but it does get sickening. I'll admit. It will be interesting to see if Geis carries his "down with dirty ol' fandom" kick into FAPA.

But don't be too hard on Larry Bourne--Lars is really quite a pleasant type. He's just a little bit too gone on his Significance kick, this past year or so. And Geis isn't doing him any real good along this line, to be sure. Right now, Lars is all carried away with Geis and Stuefloten and Quagliano's Jim Weber, but give him time--he'll either shape up or Go Beat.

John Champion's Fabulous Fannish Insults do have their possibilities: "Ted White is a Lawrence Welk fan", "Ted Pauls is burned out", "Terry Carr is the best new fan of 1958", "Burbee reads Bennett Cerf", "Eney is a cellar-Scientologist", "Sylvia does pretty well with hekto", "Ellington is a conformist", "Raybin needs a good lawyer", or maybe "Subscribe to Science-Fiction (Behind The) Times." [2852 - 14th Avenue West, Seattle 99, Washington]

BRUCE PELZ: It's strange that you should reprint McCain's "The Other Fandom," at this time. It was two or three nights ago that I was reading through my rather small collection of FAPazines back around mlg. 75 & 76, and came across BIRDSMITH 13, which I read, enjoyed, and put back wondering just how many 'other fandoms' were included in the general scope of fen. I myself have one such 'other fandom' - that of spelunking. It also includes publications, conventions, and many other things similar to fanzine fandom. I think Sylvia wpuld agree that the closest group on the University of Florida campus to being fans were the FSS (Florida Speleological Society), who had everything up to and including home brew. Would you be interested in an article? If so, I'll try to do a good one; if not, es machts nichts aus and I'll just forget about it. (By all means write it for us!)

Lettercol doesn't mean much, since I haven't seen V 13 (any back issues?)(for all backissues before #14, write Greg), but on Mercer's comment that take-offs aren't as good as the originals unless the author of the takeoff is in sympathy with the original, I would say he is correct if the takeoff borrows the style of the original to satirize something else. If it borrows the style to parody that same style, then the best results come when the author is entirely out of sympathy with the original. [4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida]

And thus ends the letter section for thish. Lotsa letters on hand for the next issue, and even with 24 pages it looks crowded! -tw

BY KENT MOOMAW:

PART TWO: CONCLUSION

THE ADVER SARIES

Franklin Hudson Ford, vitriolic critic and well-known fan, and Miriam G. Olds, a woman of forty, who is well known for her intelligence and narrow-mindedness, as expressed in her FAPAazine, are surprised to find themselves at the same convention. They meet, surrounded by fans eager for the kill, as antagonists, but part peacefully.

I SAW little of Frank during the rest of the day. We were both anxious to meet and talk to as many different people as possible, and aside from interludes in which we happened to wind up in the same room, our quests carried us to different parts of the hotel.

That evening, I walked out of the evening session just before a re-showing of "The Day The Earth Stood Still" and went down to 770 to see if anything was happening there.

I found the door open and the last remnants of a party inside: a half dozen empty glasses at various places, a couple of full ashtrays, and three fans engaged in an intense game of gin rummy on the bed. One of them was Rich Brown, and I asked him what the hell had been happening.

"Ford had a party going here an hour or so ago, but it broke up. He's drunk as a skunk. Everybody began excusing himself about the time he began getting obnoxious." He gestured at a bottle of gin on the nightstand, two-thirds empty. "A good part of that is inside ol' FHF right now."

"Y'know where he went?" I asked.

"Hell yes, he made it plain enough. He said he was going to find MG Olds, and 'iron out their difficulties' or something. Talk things over with her, he said. Are they feuding or something?"

"Yeah," I muttered, "something like that. He said he was going down to 419?"

"That her room? I guess so. What's going on upstairs?"

"Nothing much. Look, Rich, if Frank comes back here, tell him to wait around for me, eh?"

"Sure, Kent. Gin, Fleischman."

I was outside, heading for the elevator, before Marty Fleischman could reply.

I knew that Frank, drunk or sober, could take care of himself, and that I really had no business nosing in, but I couldn't shake the feeling that with Frank and MG Olds together and Frank high, there might be trouble. I waited impatiently for the elevator.

When I got to 419, I found Greg Benford standing just outside the door. There were loud voices inside. "What in hell's going on in there?" I asked.

"Franklin Ford and Mrs. Olds. I came down here with him from a party he held in 770. He was raving about how he was gonna talk things over with her in a 'sensible manner' or something like that. He's really stewed, and they're arguing to beat hell now."

"What are you standing out here for?"

"Heck, I told him to take it easy, and he practically threw me out. The old girl tried to keep the peace for a while, but after a while she began going at him in earnest. As if that false front she put on this morning was stretched to the breaking point."

"Where's Mr. Olds?"

"Up watching the movie, I imagine. What'll we do?"

"Let's go in and break this thing up."

I pushed the door open cautiously and found them there, Frank wobbling on a chair, talking rapidly, and Mrs. Olds seated on the edge of the bed, evidently quite disturbed.

"...-stand, MG. The thing is this: when you give a group like that the power to determine...oh, hi, Kent. We're jus' having a friendly li'l discussion."

He was grinning at me sloppily.

"Frank, don't you think you ought to get some air? Let's go back to the room, or up to the movie, or somewhere."

He waved his hand and shook his head. "Nuts. Now, Mrs. Olds, as I was saying..."

She wasn't drunk or anything, ghod knows, but she seemed to be just

as deeply involved in the wrangling over censorship as he was.

"Franklin, you're not looking at this thing objectively at all. You're intelligent. You're able to take care of yourself. But you must remember that there are some people who simply must be protected from the sort of thing you're..."

"Mrs. Olds," I interrupted. "Frank's drunk. I'm sure you'll be able to finish this tomorrow..."

"Shut up!" he snarled at me suddenly. "Mind your own business, willya? Mrs. Olds, I can't put it strongly enough that..."

"No, no, you're all confused. I think this pseudo-liberalism of yours is just a front. Deep down you know I'm talking sense, but you've been so brainwashed by all the left-wing propaganda you young men receive that you can't think straight anymore. Franklin, don't you recognize a Communist environment when you..."

They went on like this for five minutes or so, getting steadily stronger in their arguments, more heated in their rebuttals. Greg and I stood there watching them, unable to act, unnoticed by these adversaries as they warmed to the combat.

At last, MG Olds, her face flushed, leaped to her feet and cried, "Franklin, you're a hopeless ignoramus!"

And Frank, in his stupor, got to his feet and said in an equally loud voice, "And you, Mrs. Olds, are nothing but a goddam fugghead!"

"What was that?"

The voice had come from behind me. I turned. Greg had left the door open, and standing there framed in it, scowling at Frank, was Robert Olds.

He was wearing a baggy grey suit, with an open-necked sport shirt exposing his prominent breastbone, which was in keeping with the rest of his tall, lean frame. His steel-rimmed glasses were pushed forward on his nose, and his sparse grey-brown hair appeared ruffled. I cannot, even now, say for certain whether or not he was drunk too.

I winced as he came into the room.

"I said what did you call my wife?" he shouted, grabbing Frank by the arm. "Answer me, boy!"

"G'evening, Mr. Olds. Your wife and I were jus' having a friendly li'l..." I doubt if he even knew what was going on at that point.

"Shut up, you punk! I heard that word. I don't care who you are, you can't say things like that and get away with it!"

It was obvious that Olds had misunderstood Frank. I stepped over and said, "Look, there's been a mistake, Mr. Olds. Frank merely said..."

"I heard what he said!" The man was livid with rage, which he seemed to extend towards all of us. He frightened me; I thought he might have a heart attack or something. The cords stood out in his neck, and his face was a brilliant red.

Before I could react, he reached out and backhanded Frank across the face. His ring gouged into the flesh of Frank's cheek, and a tiny streak of blood appeared. I stood paralyzed, unbelieving.

He pushed Frank towards me, and before Frank could try to hit Olds, I grabbed his arm and hustled him over to the door.

"There was no reason for that," I seethed. "I could get the house dick up here for that!"

"Yeah? Try it, sonny, just try it. I'm sure he'd agree that a drunken snot can't go around shooting off his dirty mouth at a respectable woman and get away with it. Yeah, let's just get that house dick up here!"

I visualized explaining the word "fugghead" to a complete stranger

for a second, and then Miriam Olds spoke for the first time. "Bob, you really don't...?"

"Keep out of this, Miriam. I've always stood for your engaging in this stupid hobby if you wanted to, and I even agreed to use my vacation so you could come out here and meet these people, but when some fresh young snot hardly out of short pants comes around with his foul mouth--"

Greg took Frank's other arm and we backed him out the door. I mumbled a couple of obscene phrases addressed towards Mr. Olds, but not so he could hear them. There was nothing we could do, but I had to say something. I could see Frank's face as the larger man's hand sliced across his nose, and the blood, and most of all the look of utter surprise in Frank's eyes when he was hit.

"I hope you're real proud, Olds. You're a great big man, beating up a guy six inches shorter'n you and who's so blind drunk he can't even fight back. That sure takes guts, Mister Olds!"

"GET OUT!!" he screamed.

He slammed the door so hard in our faces that I had to jump back.

The last thing I saw inside was Miriam Olds.

She was standing just behind her husband, her hands knotted together.

I think she was crying.

I'm not going to end this like a Marion Zimmer Bradley story or anything, and tell you that both Miriam Olds and Franklin Ford gaffiated after this incident and were never heard from again. It didn't happen that way at all.

Frank and MG stayed on in FAPA for some time; they both stayed on at the convention, too. Mr. Olds, though, didn't venture out of his room until he and his wife were ready to check out, which was just as well.

I saw Miriam Olds and Frank within twenty feet of each other only once more during that weekend, and they made no notice of seeing each other.

I didn't mention the incident to anyone, and I don't think Greg did either. It was such a disgusting affair that I think we all preferred just to forget it. I'm really glad that Robert Olds wasn't around though. I don't know what we'd have done.

Of course, Frank is now a pro writer. He dropped out of FAPA recently due to lack of time, and has been selling regularly for the past year. I see him at cons once or twice a year, and he's the same weird guy.

Miriam Olds is still in FAPA, and argues as much as ever with the other members. But in that time between the con and Frank's resignation, the Olds-Ford feud was never continued.

They never even mentioned one another's mags in their mailing reviews. Not once.

Oh well. La vie en fandom, and all like that.

-Kent Moomaw, 1958

"Let's write that down--just for spite!" -H

dan adkins: out on a TWIG



VOID 15 featured a rather vitriolic three-page review of Guy Terwilleger's TWIG Illustrated which, while it has inspired no comment from TWIG's editor, did bring in the following letter, which while too long for the letter section does deserve publication. I regard it as significant that Adkins, whom I pointed out to be TWIG's dominant personality in my review, was the person to reply.

-tw

I'm sorry your taste is different than mine and others. Not just neos but fans like Terry Carr who reviewed TWIG and said it was a 'must' for a fan. He didn't think John Mussells' story was a front for art either. He said it was 'about the best amateur story I've read in a fanzine.' I respect both of your opinions. Actually the whole thing depends on taste. Funny that your opinions should differ so greatly though, seeing as you are both what may be called 'fannish.'

You speak of TWIG as not being noticed much by fandom. Like maybe you mean unknown, with little following. Perhaps to you, and to your so called inner circle it hasn't been. But, in the FANAC poll it placed in the top ten and for a fanzine that is not supposed to have 'acceptance', isn't this a gas? Of course, you may as you desire just laugh at the FANAC poll. Yes, you might do that.¹

As for me, that'd give me a chance to laugh at you for laughing at the FANAC poll, for man, then you'd be way 'out.'

If I'm not taking too much of your time, I'll go into your review more deeply. Guy Terwilleger is a rather meek person in print. He doesn't come across with a loud thud, like some people I know. Everyone isn't an axe grinder and not everyone likes an axe grinder. You would, for you are one yourself. So am I at times, and I like people like yourself, and myself, who will say what the hell they want to say.

This bit about TWIG being SATA all over again is something that you and others don't go into enough. If I appear in any dittoed zine with a cover, a series of illustrations for a story, and some better than usual fillers, then it gets the title of SATA. Much the same was said about QUIRK and ZODIAC when I did some fairly good stuff for them. With TWIG it is more so because I handle complete layout and arranging of art. But, it's Adkins- over again, not SATA. The art planning behind SATA was me, but on the photo-offset SATA, while a lot of the layout was mine, Bill was able to over ride my shadow due to the method of reproduction being new. One of the reasons I left SATA was that it couldn't get any tag except the Adkins- art kick.

SATA as it is now is mostly Pearson, for I've gone to TWIG. In fairness to Guy Terwilleger, one should compare TWIG now with SATA now. There is a good difference in the two.² When I took over as art-editor of TWIG, of course my ideals went with it and you get the same ideals I edited SATA with, only I tried to make a few changes. Most of the art for the dittoed SATA by myself was action illustrating. With TWIG I illoed Mussells' story with non-action illos, but more detailed, and attempted serious illustrating. A small change but a change. I also used more art by other artists. Yet, you can't expect me to change my ways of laying out a page, can you? I will, with future issues, use more different styles and let other artists handle more. But, it's not Adkins-Pearson that moved to TWIG, it's Dan Adkins. The actual written material has not changed. Except in my opinion, improved slightly. It was all Guy's backlog, except for one bit. I think you're left with a less impression of the written material because the art is now much higher than before. I'm not modest, and won't be silly and act like I am. What zine could get written material to come up to the art standard I set when editing? Sure you could get very good stuff, but how much fan-written material is of a real pro level? I consider Atom, Gilbert, Barr and myself as good as pro artists. Very few writers I think of as pro, that could actually sell. Bob Leman, Bob Bloch, Gregg Calkins; they are in the next TWIG and they are pro-grade. Certainly Bloch for he is a pro. Now, we get them, and then if their work doesn't meet the standards of the art, what are you going to do son? You tell me.³

I never got to pick stuff for SATA. Bill did that. I was very much against his printing his own fiction, very. I am somewhat against Terwilleger using his own, though I consider him a better writer than Bill. A good number of people liked Guy's story in UNEVEN and it should prove that he can do well. Maybe not to you. Maybe your taste is that much different than the normal.

You call John Mussells' story imitation pro-fiction, yet you say you didn't read it. How did you get that opinion then? Base it on a guess that it would be because of the old SATA? It is a good job of fan-fiction writing. It's not hack, much as Bill's work. It's good. Boston College doesn't print much poor material in its magazine.

I suggest you be fair when reviewing, and read what you comment on.⁴

Guy probably had the same reason for writing an editorial as you did son. What does yours say of importance, of interest? It's an editorial and few persons outside of Richard Geis and Gregg Calkins write strictly interesting editorials. Grennell does too, though I forget actually why I think so, for I don't recall his editorials right now. You, in short, talk of VOID. So?⁵

I often repell people with my egotism, but that's just one of those simply terrible faults I have...like, gee. Your gung ho spirit for this following and center jazz does the same for me. God bless our souls... The letter from MEN'S DIGEST was printed mostly for my egoboo, yes. So sue me daddy. At least I got a reaction out of you and at least when I cut up the scene you take out three pages to review TWIG.

Rather thought the Rich Brown story a swing'n deal. As for it being unoriginal, what isn't these days?⁶ Your reviews seem straight Geis, bless his heart.

The Lupoff thing was unoriginal, maybe, but new and different for a fanzine. With VOID monthly, you certainly should be 'in.'

The shortness of my reviews in TWIG will be changed and I go along with you if you like the longer ones. My short reviews will ap-

pear in JD-monthly.

Bourne jazz is your jazz and I can see you liking it. I wonder, do you think of yourself as well... 'beatish?'⁷

As for Moomaw, he and I were very good friends till late in his life. Then we didn't write each other much and I cut him up in print a number of times for being--of all things--conceited. But, he never said anything bad about me, just good things about my art. Even art I thought was poor. That makes me feel bad. I sincerely was hurt by his death, and disagree with Terwilleger violently when he implies that Kent knew what he was doing when he killed himself. I've cut my own wrists when I was younger and I wouldn't say that a person knows what he's doing. They do lead themselves into their emotional spells, but they have a way of getting out of hand, and actually you get to thinking uncontrollably. He must have been able to feel emotional hurt and self-pity to a great extreme.

Kent's story in VOID is very well done. I honestly like your reviewing very much. It is the type I go for and I hope you continue doing it. I disagree with your taste, but hell, so what? You write damn well son, damn well. Your art and layout is neat, clean and stylish. I like. I like VOID a lot, like you. A man that thinks for himself...yeah, I know it sounds like the cigarette ad...and says what he thinks. It's a shame you're not quite as damn conceited as me, then perhaps I wouldn't bug you.

Thanks for the nice words about my art side of TWIG and hope you don't mind my way of commenting on your review of TWIG. Hope someday you'll even like TWIG and if you ever care to write for Guy and I...

--Dan Adkins

EDITORIAL FOOTNOTES

All in all, I think this is a remarkably unbiased reply, and I even agree and sympathize with large portions of it, like, for instance, Dan's feelings about Kent. I do, however have a few points to make, which I am making here, rather than interrupting the body of Dan's piece. The numbers, of course, refer back to the part I take issue with. -tw

1. No, I don't desire to "just laugh at the FANAC poll." On the other hand, the knowledge that 57 fans voted TWIG into tenth place (and the odds are that a much smaller group than that actually voted for TWIG; I'd look it up but my FANNISH isn't handy), does not particularly move me to paeans of praise over the zine. I wrote my review before the results of the poll appeared, and while I admit they astonished me (much as the fact that RETRIBUTION also made the top ten--no shock to me--surprised Terry Carr), if I had to write that review again, I wouldn't alter it appreciably. My opinions are not molded by those of others. It seems likely that I will unfavorably review future poll winners, should they strike me as TWIG did: editorially flat and undistinguished. As I keep saying, I don't care how pretty a zine is, if it contains crud. As to my opinions varying with Terry's, I imagine this will give Terry a good chuckle. We've had on and off running battles in the Cult, and we've often disagreed over matters in the past. We're not sheep under another label--"fannish"--we are simply fans, and we disagree as any two individuals will. I seriously doubt that for the purposes of his FANAC review of TWIG #14 Terry did any deep probing into the zine. Terry's reviews largely represent surface impressions, and are presented as such.

2. My point was not that the current TWIG is another current-SATA, but that TWIG is becoming to some extent what SATA was, or might have evolved into, while the new SATA moves off in another direction entirely. The new offset SATA contains the best material of its career. You have fairly well borne out my point that to an ever-increasing extent--even to the title--TWIG Illoed is becoming a product of Dan Adkins, rather than of Guy Terwilleger, who is, in your own words, "a rather meek person in print." Terwilleger is sacrificing a good portion of his own editorial identity to someone with a much stronger personality. This is fine if TWIG is to be your zine. If it is to remain Guy's, it is definitely bad. Terwilleger the fan is nearly totally characterized by this "meekness" and it manifests itself in the fact that his material is limp, washed-out, "meek".

3. What should I do, hah? Well, it is certainly no problem for my concern if TWIG's art consistently outpaces its material. That is Terwilleger's, it being his department. Certainly the roster you list is impressive, and if these contributors are turning out top-rung material, TWIG will take a giant-sized step forward. And I for one will be glad to acknowledge it.

4. Well, first of all, I was careful (a) not to comment on Mussells' story, and (b) to mention that I hadn't read it. I said it was imitation pro-fiction, and it patently is, from its opening sentences (which I did read) to its illos. "Imitation pro-fiction" means fiction written like professionally appearing fiction. It is not a term of derogation, or for that matter, of judgement at all. It was certainly no "opinion" as you term it. I said I wouldn't read it because it "belongs either in a prozine or a wastebasket." Well, at your insistance, I have now read it, and I would say of the two it belongs in a wastebasket. This opinion is shared by the other people in this area who have read it (and because of whose voiced opinions I didn't bother with it originally). It was obviously written for an audience unacquainted with stf, and while its florid style does occasionally turn a nice phrase, it is riddled with self-conscious streaks of purple. I could easily pick to shreds such awkward and meaningless phrases as "the Jenkins boy that got sprayed with fire and kerosene some years back" (a better way to write it would be "that got sprayed with flaming kerosene"--as it stands it is absurd), which abound throughout the story. Like all of its ilk, it is pretentious, stiff, and unflowing. It reads well only in comparison with the sort of tripe usually printed in fanzines; no prozine would accept it. If you want an example of good imitation pro-fiction (so-called only because it appeared in fanzines), try Harry Warner's in HORIZONS, or Terry Carr's in his FAPazines. They belong in prozines.

5. It's less what is said than how it is said. There are writers, and I don't pretend to be one of them, who can talk about anything interestingly and well. Grennell is one of them; Warner and Danner are others. In my editorial, though, I wasn't simply saying "Oh lookee what we have in thish!" I said it was good, but then I went further in an attempt to show why it was good. This I think might be a distinguishing mark. And I do try, when I have space, to talk of other subjects.

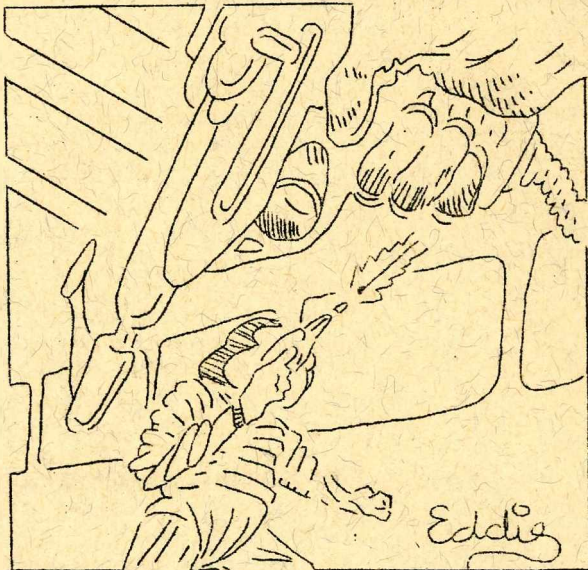
6. After writing that capsule note on Brown's story I was challenged by Bill Rickhardt and Sylvia. I then spent an hour proving my points. "Why didn't you say that to start with," Sylvia asked. "I should devote a couple of pages alone to a story of such relative unimportance, in a review of this length?" I asked in reply. Briefly, my points were, (a) the plot was a direct steal, bordering on plagerism; not a satire or parody. In the latter the fact that the plot is not the author's is implicitly understood; here Brown represented it as his own creation. He took it from a magazine which he admits reading during the period when the original story was printed. In addition to this, he (b) transformed it into a "fan" story in a weak and artificial manner, adding as little as he could of his own. In the original, the war was interplanetary. Here he makes it between Northern Fandom and Southern Fandom, an absurd break, apparently suggested only by the Civil War--hardly a fannish tradition. How much more topical to have made it a SAPS-vs-FAPA war, a Berkeley-vs-DC & Baltimore war, a New York-vs-New York or New York-vs-The Rest of Fandom war, or even a US-vs-England & the Continent war. You see, his setting--fandom--suggests many better possibilities. If Brown had to steal a plot, he could easily have devoted more thought to its transformed garb. Bill Rickhardt suggests that the reason he didn't is because he is incapable of it, but I tend to be more charitable. I think he just didn't want to bother. At any rate, this wasn't Rich Brown's story; it was some pro hack's story. And of course (c), the writing, with the exception of a few cute twists, was blah. The names had no relationship to their owners, and served merely as vehicles for egoboo. I suspect he made Terwilleger the hero in order to butter Guy up into accepting it. If the story hadn't suffered on all three points, without any real redeeming virtues, I would have thought higher of it.

7. I usually dig Bourne in spite of what he writes about, because Lars is at least sincere in what he writes, although I consider him the misled victim of the fads of intellectualism and now Beatnikism. And if you mean, am I sympathetic to those we call Beatniks--the self-consciously Beat and Cool ones, who Try Real Hard--no I am not. They repel me.

DEPT. OF FANHISTORY: (Overheard in a personal letter) "What means the title of Ron Parker's column in GAMBIT ("Adventures in a Big, Heavy, Safe Petticoat")? It sounds obscene."

(Ron Ellik in FANTASY ROTATOR #47) "Ron Parker and I were walking through the streets of downtown Tulsa, on our way back from a camera shop where they fix your flash and fleece your cash, when I noticed a startlingly attractive, but young, femme walking towards us. One of these bouncy little things with BIG, HEAVY, SAFE petticoats, interesting curves, and great potentialities. "Boy," I said, nodding in her direct a wee nod of indication. "Tulsa has other things than fans, I see." Parker grinned secretively and said nothing. We walked ahead, and as she came abreast of us, she smiled right at us, and said, "Hello, Ron." The confusion caused can well be imagined. I refer you to Wolfe, the hero in Boucher's COMPLEAT WEREWOLF, who found himself called by name while in his wolf suit..." Parker has laughed over this many times.

terry carr for taff —



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