

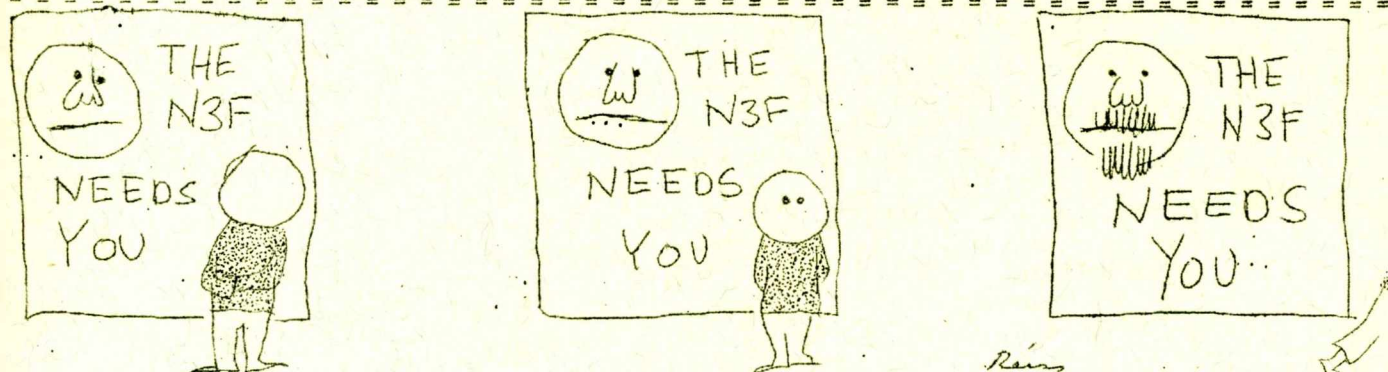
VOID 22 PART 2

is edited by TED WHITE (107 Christopher St., New York 14, NY) and GREG BENFORD (204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Oklahoma), and published by QWERTYUIOPress with assistance this from WALTER BREEN (who has since moved to California). As always, VOID is available for cash (25¢ a copy or 1/-), trade,

contributions, or regular acknowledgements (letters of comment). Subscribers will get all of V22 for their two bits--this still being the Fifth Annish. British agent: RON BENNETT (7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks., England). BOB TUCKER FOR TAFF!!!

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ETHEL LINDSAY

As usual liked Greg's editorial; he always writes nice and easy.

The account of the Detention was real good, thorough and detailed enough to almost suit me (I being the type who would only be satisfied with a tape of the whole thing...hate to miss anything!). Ted managed to convey the personality of the folk he met very well. I agree with Ted's remarks on con reporting; there are some folks who can almost make a con report dull reading!

Ted is the first person I have seen criticize the GDA as boring, but Fred Smith of Glasgow once shook me by saying that he did not think John Berry's stories funny, as they did not make him laugh. ((Hey! Go back and read that by-line again, Tom Condit is responsible for the "remarks on con reporting" and comments on the GDA in V20, -tw)) Made me rather thoughtful as when I mulled it over I realised that I had never laughed out loud at any of John's stories. I think it is because John is really more of a detective story writer than a humorist, and the interest is on how his plot will work out.

Was interested in Seth Johnson's letter because I loved all Ted's cracks. I also thought it odd, when pointed out, that we have had no duper salesmen at conventions. ((I don't think the duper manufacturers know about fandom, and the idea of selling a machine to a private individual seems very odd to them. They can't seem to understand that some people can amuse themselves sweating over an office machine... Very odd. -tw)) [Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, ENGLAND]

GREGG TRENDEINE

I once had an English teacher, Keever by name, who was a member of postcard fandom and steamboat fandom. He spoke with great nostalgia of steamboats on the Great Lakes and about the research that had gone into some of the publications of steamboat fans. There is a postcard fandom group in Detroit that is quite large; they have exhibitions of antique and rare postcards, and go into a great deal of research, and there is a national publication which deals with postcard collecting. The first publishing company in the U.S. to publish color postcards was in Detroit. This Keever is also quite a fan of trolley cars and often described rides on various types in class. He's a short guy with straight black hair and has a constant impish grin. I also found that he is an avid fan of Robert E. Howard's writing. ((Bill Evans ("Rail Fandom" in V18) is also a postcard fan, I think. I know George Wetzel is...-tw)) [20051 Regent Drive, Detroit 5, Michigan]

DICK SCHULTZ (again)

Greg Benford writes so well that one wonders how he could bear to practically forsake fandom. He points out some heretofor-overlooked facts about Don Franson's CRYhack cards. It has decided me into putting my CRYhack card into that plastine holder I got at the Detention for the card issued there. Everybody else will be wearing their Pittcon cards in their holders, but who wants to be like everybody

else? To be a CRYhack is a proud and lonely thing. CRYhacking is a way of life! ((Subversive prop-aganda!))

Since thou art in the same locality as Leeh, it shouldn't surprise me to see her critturs in VOID. But it does. Folknik fandom leaves little time for stf fandom, the way I hear it. Too bad. She's a talented cartoonist, as her con scene for your Detention diatribe proves. Really cute. ((Actually, I don't think folk music fandom demands too much of Leeh's time, but sports car fandom, now... As a matter of fact, Leeh has recently become more interested in fandom--at least to the extent of dig-ging VOID--and you can count on more fine cartoons by her in issues to come.--tw))

As a checkpoint for TCarr's opinion that V20 is relaxed, and therefore good, I recommend the Doubting Thomases to page six. That was hilarious! It was, without a doubt, the best composed and delivered, and funniest thing in VOID 20. One automatically has a mental picture of two Bjo-ish 'toon characters. One is foaming at the mouth, with a weebegone expression (!). One has a slightly surprised look on his face and is leaning back. Something like that. Absolutely hilarious. ((Be careful there, Dick. You know Ted White has no sense of humor.--tw))

First off, let me explain that no matter how much you say DC wanted the Con, it seemed to be the opposite. At an informal session last summer, when the Detroit group was assembling the progress report and program booklet, the subject of DC vs Pitt came up. "What are they (DC) doing to get the Con for their city?" A moot point. What were you doing? ((Me? I was doing up ads like crazy, plugging DC in VOID and like that...--tw)) Any booklets like Detention distributed? ((I'm glad you asked that. Actually, Chick Derry was working on a booklet of some sort to come out in June. Between the press of three different jobs, somehow it never made it--much to my personal anguish...--tw)) Any attempt to place ads in various fmz? ((A legalength rider with FANAC, is all...)) What personal contacts were being used? Were there any ads in the progress reports besides the full pagers? ((Why should there have been? Did either other city bother with extra ads in the PR's?--tw)) Buttons? Banners? ((This was adequately explained in the conrep.--tw)) Who was doing any campaigning? I'll tell you who: those fans who boosted DC did so in their fmz's. That's just about it. Little or no contact with non-fans. ((I'm sure I'll be put down for this, but I don't see one reason why non-fans should have any say in convention bidding or voting. They invariably know nothing of any of the real issues, care less, and are the sort to be swayed by grandstand stunts and emotional campaigns.--tw)) Can you wonder that we thot DC really didn't want it? I was persuaded to vote for DC only by John Berry's personal efforts. Is that an all-out effort? ((The entire problem, as I said before, was that too many of the DC fans were used to the relaxed campaigns of pre-1958. I still don't believe, however, that DC's deficiencies in campaigning (and I've made no attempt to hide these) reflect in any way upon the quality of convention DC could have put on--or would have put on. I can't see--really --what a tremendously organized push to get a convention has to do with the convention itself. Okay, so Pitt had an on-the-ball Chamber of Commerce and lots of money, and a go-getting hotel working for them; yet I've heard practically no one (excepting Lynn Hickman) make a favorable comment on the convention as it is shaping up. Everyone says it will be "dull" but that this they won't mind, since it will allow more time for partying. I expect it will be like the NyconII: a drag programwise--over pre-tentious, name heavy, and boringly dull--and a ball partywise. But, I don't see that this is any recommendation of the Con--that the parties will probably be fine. You can have fine parties at a Mid-westcon, or Disclave, or any informal gathering, without all that other blah. Oh well...--tw))

Down with Focal Point jokes! Down with joke warpers! Lynch Ted White! (Oops!) [19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich.]

PEGGY McKNIGHT

To be truthful, your account of the Convention was the first that I read straight through without skimming in places. You skipped a lot of the details which can't really be appreciated by anyone who wasn't at the con, and the people who were there knew them anyhow. Anyway, I enjoyed it. ((Peggy also says she's working on a fanzine, ETWAS, and could probably use contributions. Write to her.)) [Box 306, "Six Acres", Lansdale, Penna.]

TED JOHNSTONE

Y'know, it would be easier in referring to the Al Lewises if, instead of spelling out "(eastcoast)" or "(westcoast)" you just used the initials. But maybe not... Al (EC) Lewis reminds me of the good old MAD comics, and Al (WC) Lewis reminds me of...well, maybe it would work.

Your report on the masquerade ball at the Detention sounds like an awful lot of fun. I wish I could have seen it. Next year, by Ghosh, I wear a costume I can see and breathe in. There's just too much going on at one of these balls to miss. The only people I saw clearly outside of the Oz group from New York were Man Mountain Donaho as Friar Tucker (who could've missed him?) and Ruth Berman as Frodo. I got a glimpse of Virginia Schultheis, but couldn't believe the costume so I didn't look again, thinking that hypoxia was beginning to get me.

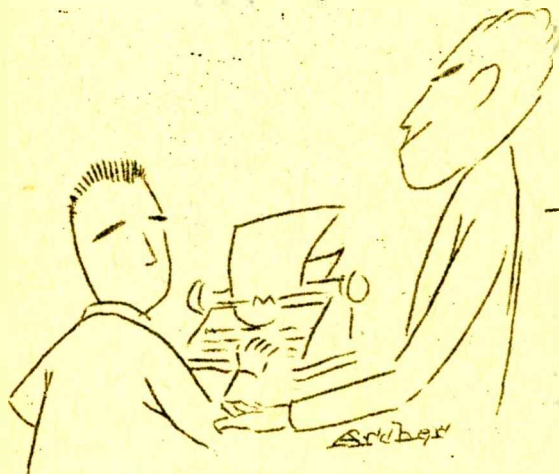
Aw, a convention without any program of fannish interest wouldn't be so bad--it'd leave the fans free to have parties all day too, and it'd keep the pros and con-fans out of the tru-fen's hair.

(Continued, unabated, p.42)

VANDALS OF THE Void

OR

"SAY IF I HAD ALL YOUR MONEY..."



by Bob Tucker

This is a new, slightly revised and somewhat longer version of an article which occupied almost the whole of Bob's FAPazine, PLEIADES PIMPLES. Of it, Bob says, "The piece is actually about five years old, now revised and up-dated so extensively that Geis wouldn't recognize it. I had submitted it to PSYCHOTIC that long ago, but he couldn't use it for some reason that I've now forgotten, and so it gathered dust in the drawer until the old FAPA urge overcame me once more. ...I am enclosing two pages of additional matter to follow the article, assuming you find it useful."

This is a somewhat personal, somewhat candid commentary on the science fiction book business from A to Z (but skipping O, P and Q for security reasons). It is not my intention to cut throats but to reveal some inequities; it isn't my intention to wander off the path, either, but I always do it so bear with me or skip on back to the comics. This applebox review was brought on by a letter published in a fanzine and by a heartless omission in a popularity poll taken prior to the Detention (and prior to every other recent convention).

The letter was actually published about five years ago (in PSYCHOTIC, I think) but I've never forgotten it. Someone asked why s-f writers bothered to write novels when, apparently, more and easier money could be earned by writing fifteen shortstories and selling them to the reprint anthologies after their magazine appearances? And the cruel omission was again noticed when the Detention Committee conducted a poll to determine who and what should receive the Hugo awards. There was no category for original hardcover novels. To be sure, there was a novel award, but the wording of the question (and possibly the spirit of it as well) invited the assumption that magazine serials were what the Committee had in mind. And if I recall rightly, a magazine novel (which later appeared in paperback) won the contest.

I don't quarrel with the winner, but I protest the freeze-out.

There are writers (in and out of the science fiction field) who have written one or more original science novels of varying worth, but who have never appeared in ASF or Galaxy--or any other magazine in our microcosmos. Fred Hoyle, for example, or George Stewart. This lack of a serial sale seems to prevent their running in the Hugo race, mostly I suspect because fans don't read the hardcovers unless the book club reprints them a few years later--or because they seem to think that last year's serials were the only novels published. I have long held that one of the greatest literary crimes committed by American fandom was the almost total ignoring of Stewart's EARTH ABIDES. That novel was stunning, astonishing; it was far better than LONG LOUD SILENCE or any other title in the same category except TEE 25TH HOUR. It overshadowed Hubbard's FINAL BLACKOUT (ASF, April-May-June, 1940) which fans still discuss with awe. But if it received a single mention in the awards of five or six years ago, I've missed it. British fandom held their sights higher, happily, and gave Stewart an International Fantasy Award for his book at the London con that year. I've long forgotten what serial won the contest here.

If we are to have an award for novels, let it be an award for novels. Let each novel stand or fall on its own merits, and let the serials do likewise in a separ-

ate category.

Give some thought to the very embarrassing situation which may confront us some day: some news magazine (one of those which have panned us unmercifully in the past) may attend a convention and carefully note the honors we pass out. The novel award may, as usual, go to a relatively insignificant serial while a truly good science fiction novel published in the mundane world may pass unnoticed. Can you imagine the press notices we will deserve--and surely get?

All right, back to the original question: why not write fifteen short stories and make more money than from writing a novel?

The answer depends on who you are and where your talents lie; on who is writing the fifteen stories and who is writing the novel. It also depends on several other curious factors which may or may not exist on the day a manuscript arrives at an editor's office. Is he in a foul mood because she repulsed him last night? Has his circulation toppled and his budget been whacked to hell and gone? (Once, magazine "A" rejected a short story of mine, but a few weeks later magazine "B" bought it. "A" and "B" have the same editor. The story was finally printed in magazine "A" but at "B" rates. You can't figure them out.) General conclusions are difficult to draw because no two writers sail the same course, enjoy the same luck, or maintain the same degree of platonic relationships with their respective editors. (Book publishers seem to favor the employment of female editors, whereas magazine publishers are the reverse.) It would seem that a Silverberg, a Leinster, or a Sheckley may well expect a better income from short stories than from novels because shorts are their stock-in-trade, and there is always the possibility of an anthology later. But please note that Bloch and Asimov do very well in both fields. Finally, there are the careworn hacks like myself who leap and shout with glee once every five years when a single short story is sold. One writer may earn as much from fifteen short stories as another will earn from a single book, but it would probably be disastrous if they exchanged places.

Speaking personally, I don't think much of the short story market because I fare so poorly in it, and because the rates are ridiculous. Top rates are said to be three or four cents a word, and perhaps they are, but a penny or a penny-and-one-half is still being paid in many places both high and low. Reprint income earned from those stories won't make a wealthy man of you either; an anthology sale may bring you twenty to forty dollars. In hardcover books the reward is much greater, but be warned that the work is much, much harder. If you are exceptionally lucky your reward may be equal to one earned by John Christopher, who retired (?) to Switzerland with his modest fortune.

I knew a young man who has written one book--just one. He sold it to a well-known publisher the first time out. He also sold it to a magazine for a one-shot "complete novel" appearance. And then to a TV program, and then to a book club, and then to a paperback publisher, and then to a British hardcover publisher, and at last reports the novel was working its way down the chain of small European publishers. The young man has collected something like \$5000 to date, with more to come. Previously, this chap had written twenty or thirty short yarns (several of which were reprinted in anthologies) but to the best of my knowledge, all the income from all the stories does not begin to approach the income from that single book. (He is now thinking of writing his second novel.)

But you shouldn't expect to reap the same rewards; that kind of selling streak is the rare exception and not even respected old pros can manage it. Consider: I know another not-so-young man who wrote four books in a fifteen-month period, and managed to sell one of them for a total of five hundred dollars. He quit in disgust and went into television writing, and I can't say I blame him. These two extreme cases represent the best and the worst in writing science novels--or rather, rewards of such writing. The ordinary hack falls in between.

You want to write a book, eh?



Nearly everyone does; it seems, or nearly everyone thinks he can. But if you are serious about it, if you are launching to hurl your precious sixty thousand words at a waiting fandom, I'm willing to give you a helpful shove. You'll need every shove you can muster before the Great Day arrives--that glorious day when you stand beside Big Hearted Howard's table at the con, autographing books as fast as he can sell them. I've already said it is hard work; long, rough, tedious work, but it is also great fun. I stay with it through good years and bad because it is more fun to write a book than to write a dozen fanzines from cover to cover. There is more freedom and less censorship in novels than in any other literary form I know, including the Broadway stage but excluding certain fanzines. The writer need not worry about slanting for anyone; he may ignore Gold's pets, he may praise or kick psi, and he may twaddle about ball-bearing mousetraps to his heart's content. If the story is entertaining, well done, and written with a taste on a level with today's norm, the book editor will read it without bias or prejudice. The publisher may not accept it for a number of business reasons, but the editor will give you a very fair reading. There are a few taboos which differ from one publishing firm to another, but unless you've written a deliberately perverted novel, you aren't likely to encounter them.. (Don't submit a book containing cannibalism to Rinehart--or one mentioning a certain sex act either. See Norman Mailer's DEER PARK, and his November 1959 Esquire essay.)

How fast do you think? How well and how rapidly can you plot? How fast do you type? Can you write an acceptable book in one draft, or must you rewrite it two or three times to make it move smoothly?

The answers will provide an inkling of the amount of time necessary to complete a novel. I think and plot about as fast as the next fellow, I suppose, but am a painfully slow typist. Once in a great while I can finish a book in six months, utilizing every spare-time hour available to me, but such instances are rare. Some eight to twelve months is the normal gestation period, and sometimes this is forced out to fifteen months when spare-time is in short supply. (But for the sake of Roscoe and your wife, don't give up your job! Work on the book only in those spare hours.) There are some professional mystery novelists who do a book in two or three weeks time, but they make a total career of it. And they have a bankroll to back them up. I understand that Asimov has produced more than thirty books in ten years; and I know that Bloch is a rapid writer and typist, although their work schedules are not known to me.

The different publishers look for novel manuscripts in different lengths, depending upon the sum they wish to spend on production cost. Like magazines, one or two pages cannot be added at the end of the volume because you've written a few hundred words too many; expensive signatures of ten or twenty pages must be added, or none at all; and unless your name is Hemingway they won't be added--the extra words will be deleted somewhere in the interior of the story where the gap will not show (you hope). Anything from fifty to eighty thousand words may be acceptable, according to the policies of the publisher, but the preferred lengths seem to be between sixty and seventy thousand. (Rinehart sets an upper length of seventy thousand for those science and mysteries they expect to market at \$2.75 and \$2.95.) I've had two opposing experiences with British publishers, however, and am in the dark as to what they really want. Some years ago Rinehart made me trim a few thousand words from WILD TALENT to stay within their limits; but the London house decided the book was too short, and not only were the few thousand words restored, but still more were added, making the London edition the longest of them all. Recently, another London publisher accepted an 85,000 word novel, and promptly whacked 25,000 words from it to fit the size they wished to publish. So where do I go from here, Boyd?

You surely know that a story of any length should be typed on good white paper, double-spaced, using one side of the page only. Don't waste money on expensive paper--spend it instead on several typewriter ribbons and keep changing them when they tend to fade. An editor might give you a break and wade through a faded manuscript if she suspects it has merit, but the union linotypist doesn't give a damn about your epic although he does worry about his eyesight--and you pay if he can't read your typing. There are double reasons for double spacing. The first is to help that linotypist, to render each page more readable; and the second is to leave room between the lines for corrections. Feel free to write in or type in all necessary corrections between the lines, for that is where the editor puts them and you may as well be a jump ahead of her. Don't worry your pretty little head about possible mistakes in grammar and punctuation--plug along as best as you can and rest easy with the knowledge that your editor will mop up for you. How she'll mop up! She'll twist sentences you had considered perfect, she'll throw out colons and semicolons, she'll even question your use of colloquialisms not familiar to her. And you may as well forget the dazzling typographical tricks, unless your name is Alfred Bester--she will wash those out as well. (I had trouble keeping "ghoodminton" in LINCOLN HUNTERS; fought a pitched battle with printers to retain a horse named "Kehli" in a mystery novel.)

Leave generous margins all around the page, nice wide margins because the editor, the designer, the make-up man, the printer, and the printer's proofreader all will want to doodle on your margins. Not one of them will take the trouble to write a separate note or letter. Why should they, when your margins are so inviting? It seems to be an occupational pastime and they will commit to margin all their whims, fancies, innermost thoughts and beard mutterings. The editor throws in those few corrections she couldn't cram between the lines, and will write notes

to you on the margins; the make-up man puts his doodles there; the printer and the proofreader will make their secret signs there. I have old manuscripts in the file attesting this: the designer will write a lengthy letter of instruction to the printer across the tops of the first few pages, telling the printer how to do every little thing (no matter how small) necessary to get the book into production. Showing dimly beneath all this bland handwriting are the opening sentences of my epic. I don't understand how the linotypist managed to separate story from instruction. On margins: I use pica type and content myself with 200 to 250 words per page. It seems an adequate number and the doodlers are happy.

To make the most of all opportunities (which will be explained below) there should be three copies of your novel. The first and second carbons should be on white paper, with the last carbon on ordinary yellow paper. This is your copy; put it away in the desk and await the emergency which will surely come sooner or later--you will receive a tearful plea from someone, confessing they have lost the manuscript--please rush another copy. (It happened to me last year.) Copyrighting a typed manuscript is pure nonsense; it marks you as a greenhorn. (I know a local would-be writer who not only copyrighted his short stories before mailing them out, he duplicated each one on a mimeograph or something and mailed out twenty copies to twenty separate editors simultaneously.) If you request it, and you should, the publisher will copyright your novel in your name on publication day. Avoid the other marks of the greenhorn: the manuscript is bound up in some fashion with stiff paper covers (like a bulky fanzine), it is tied with pretty ribbon, it has an illustrated title page, or perhaps a few pages are slyly stuck together to see if an editor pried 'em apart and Read Every One. Omit all this nonsense.

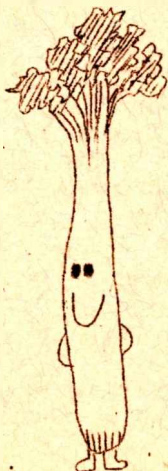
The editor wants nothing from you but a neatly typed manuscript contained in a stout box, with each and every page in free fall. When shipping the manuscript, pack it securely, wrap in heavy paper, and bind it with strong cord. If you will assume that it is destined to go around the world three times by mule train--and pack accordingly--it will arrive in New York in fair shape.

A writer who does not have an agent will ship one copy to a book editor and the other copy to a magazine editor. It is quite legitimate to make the same story work for you simultaneously in two separate fields. Railway express is sometimes cheaper (but not faster) than first class mail; choose the cheapest way, and buy some kind of service that will supply you with a written record of the shipment. I prefer mail, certified, with a return receipt requested. At the same time, mail separate letters to separate editors informing them that the manuscript is on the way, and also informing them that the other copy is being submitted to the other field. Keep the letters brief and strictly to the point; don't sing praises of the wonderful epic you are permitting them to read, don't tell them your life story, don't let them know your Aunt Martha declared your story was the finest piece of literature since Homer came home from the sea. (Or was it Jason? Oh, well.) The editor is quite capable of judging your story, and he will weigh it better than you possibly can. If he wants your life story to print on the back jacket he will ask for it, along with your photograph. And he doesn't care a moldy fig for Aunt Martha's opinions--she cuts no ice with him. Finally, make provisions for returning the manuscript to you, at your expense, if it is rejected. It probably will be, sad to say.

So simply go down the lists of publishers and magazines again and again, repeating the submission routines until you make a sale. Or until your funds are exhausted and you rejoin the beatnickles.

LES NIRENBERG —

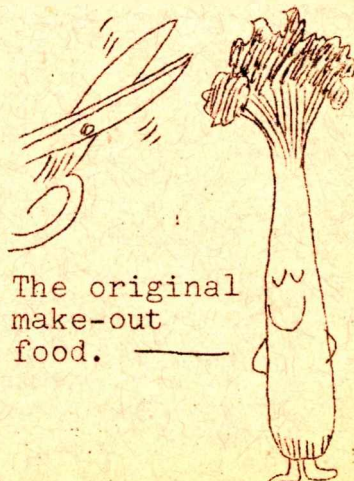
I'm a
celery.



That well
known aphro-
disiac.



The original
make-out
food.

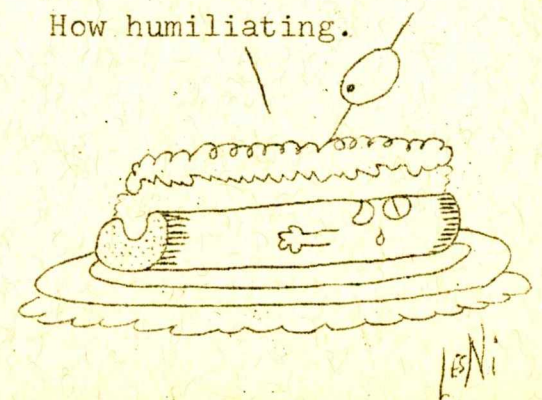
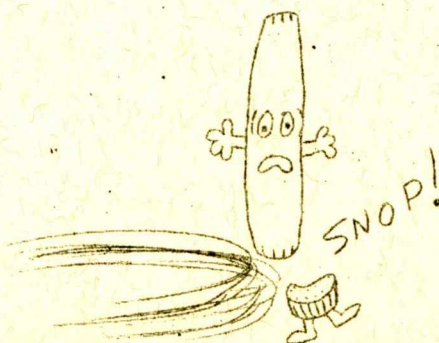
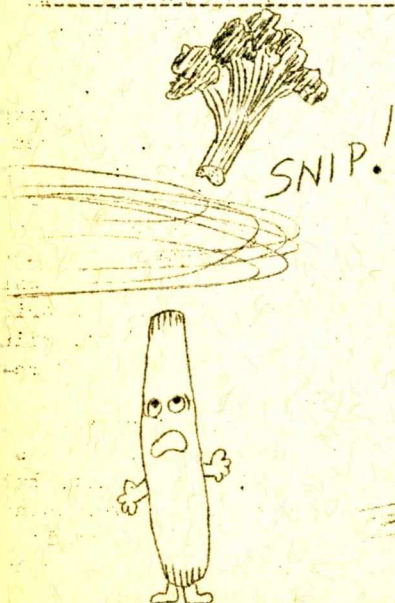


A writer who has an agent is spared these repeated expenses; both copies of the novel are shipped to him (employing the same insurance safeguards--you may trust the agent but not the mails) and the agent will make the simultaneous book-and-magazine submissions for you. He will also unwind the red tape and handle other business details which inevitably follow. You are free to relax, and sweat. If the novel is going to be rejected twenty times, an agent who lives in or near the Big City may as well be standing outside of twenty doors to catch it. (And please note that if an agent is willing to wait and catch, your script does have some merit. Some agents are as sharp as editors, some are former editors, and some are agents-and-editors simultaneously; they can spot a stinker as quickly as anyone and will not wish to waste their time attempting to sell the unsalable. If your story is hopeless, a competent agent will return it, telling why it can't be sold. More--much more--on agents later.

But just for the hell of it (and to lighten these drab pages) let's assume you have sold; let's assume that your thrilling space-opera, PLEIADES PIMPLES, has been accepted by one of those twenty editors. Thirty or sixty days after you mailed off the manuscript, thirty or sixty days of sweat, tears and beating your wife, there suddenly comes an airmail letter (or a telegram) announcing the stupendous news. You will be included on their next year's list. Give yourself one full day to come down off the ceiling and sober up, and read that letter again. You will now discover a few minor details you overlooked the first time. (1) The editor wants a new title. He will tactfully point out that PLEIADES PIMPLES isn't an eye-catcher, that it will not inspire enthusiasm among their salesmen (who are the dirty dogs who must go out and beat the bushes to earn money for you), that it won't move copies off the shelf. The editor will be so helpful that he will suggest a few likely titles and invite you to choose one. Running your eye down his list, you will read such inspiring titles as VANDALS OF THE VOID, SLAVES OF SATURN, BEYOND OUTER SPACE, and SANDS OF MARS. Resist these; resist the editor. Of course, you will have to supply a new title, but beat your brains for something original and salable--don't let him thrust these hoary old things off on you. (THE LONG LOUD SILENCE came about in just that way; I resisted Rinehart's well-meant suggestions, and browsed through a thesaurus searching for words of contrast. "Loud" and "silence" fell into place after some hours.)

Back to the letter of acceptance. (2) You will find that the editor also wants some revisions. It matters not that you have written the futuristic GONE WITH THE WIND, he wants revisions. And you will supply them. In time, the editor will send you a lengthy letter outlining all the revisions wanted, and you will groan and curse and beat your wife once again--for the dolt is asking you to eliminate the very best passages in the book! All those pretty little paragraphs or significant scenes which you fashioned so carefully, so lovingly, are to be thrown away! The editor is an ass--of course he is. But the paragraphs and scenes come out--if you don't take them out he will. (But if you take them out, sometimes you can slip them back into a new place in the manuscript--disguising them so well that he will never recognize them. That is, sometimes you can. And sometimes he may catch you at it, too.) Point (3), the letter advises you that the publisher's "standard contract" is being mailed under separate cover.

A "standard contract" is a printed contract offered to writers who do not have agents, or to any writer willing to accept the publisher's terms without quibbling. WARNING: do not do business with any publisher who asks you to pay a part of the production costs! Reputable publishers pay the entire production and marketing costs themselves (with one legitimate exception)



but the "vanity" publishers will soak you a few thousand dollars for costs. And if you are willing to go into the hole for the sake of egoboo, I have nothing but pity for you.

Eventually the "standard contract" arrives in the mail. Whether or not this contract is entirely fair to you depends on your point of view, your newness to the field, and how long you've gone hungry. Many agents and writers' organizations do not regard it as fair because the publishers tend to keep fifty percent of too many things for themselves. A competent agent will not accept the contract as is; he will negotiate to modify it, or he will reject it out of hand and write a new one--a contract more to his client's advantage. But if you are a first-timer standing on the doorstep to fame and fortune (as I was, as we all were), you will probably sign it, and take on an agent later. The contract will run to several pages and will include these more important points:

- (1) You are to receive an advance payment of about \$250.
- (2) You are to receive a sliding scale of royalties, beginning at 10% for the first 5000 copies sold. (That is, you are to receive 29¢ for each copy having a retail price of \$2.95.) The royalty rate will climb after 5000 copies have been sold.
- (3) You are to receive complete sales statements twice a year, and a royalty check covering sales for each half-year.
- (4) You are to receive six free copies of the book for yourself, and you may buy as many as you wish at the wholesale price.
- (5) The book will be copyrighted in your name.
- (6) You guarantee the publisher that the book is original with you, and not copied from Heinlein or someone; you guarantee that it's free from libel; and you promise to pay all costs and hold the publisher blameless if he is hauled into court because of the book.
- (7) You agree to submit to him the next two books you may write; that is, he gets first choice at accepting or rejecting them.
- (8) You agree to make all necessary revisions.
- (9) You agree to share with him, fifty-fifty, all money earned by the book after he publishes it (all subsidiary monies).
- (10) He agrees to print, publish and distribute the book at his own expense. He will advertise it as he sees fit. He promises to publish it within one year from a certain date, or else all rights revert to you (and you are free to peddle the novel elsewhere).

Point number 9 is the bone of contention, the big reason why many agents and organizations do not consider the contract a fair one. It means that every time the novel is resold to another medium, after the original appearance, the publisher gets one-half the profits you made from the sale. It means that when PLEIADES PIMPLES is taken up by a book club, or a paperback house, or a TV studio, or a movie producer, or a foreign publisher, the original publisher receives half of the cash paid to you for such sale. It means that if you succeeded in selling the second copy of your manuscript to John W. Campbell, and John was so late in getting it printed that the serial did not appear until after the book was out, you must give the publisher half the money John paid you. (But on the other hand, if John published the serial well ahead of the book publication date, you keep all the money for yourself. You must endeavor to sell "first serial" rights and try to get the serial published first; do not allow the serial to actually be a reprint if you can help it.)

And so we come to the agents.

Having or not having one depends on you, on your rugged individuality, on your sense of economics. An agent can do many things for you (such as seeing to it that a serial is published before the book); can make more money for you than you can generally make for yourself; and can fend off an astonishing number of headaches that might otherwise come your way. An agent can also be the most ornery, cantankerous creature on the face of the earth. Personally, I can't see that a writer needs an agent if the writer does only a few short stories and then quits--there is little point in an agent handling a short story which will earn him (the agent) only three or four dollars. But the steady writer who produces many stories a year, year after year, will be greatly benefitted by an agent. The man who writes a book is treading a perilous path without one. Agents will bargain for you, cry tough for you, extract better terms resulting in more money for you, read every contract with gimlet eyes for you, represent you and your N-a-m-e all over the world, and the very best ones will not accept the "standard contract" at all, but write their own and struggle to cram it down the publisher's throat. (By "best", I mean those agents with superior business sense and bargaining skills, coupled with scrupulous honesty. They exist, but they may be difficult to find because they seldom if ever advertise. They have no need of advertising--client word-of-mouth recommendations are all they need, and they are so busy they couldn't handle the extra business produced by advertising. Many of the better ones cannot advertise--they belong to a guild which provides it, and which provides a code of ethics.

In return for their services, agents charge you a sliding scale of fees. The scale will vary from one agent to another, but in general their charges are these: for sales made in the United States and Canada, ten percent of the sale price; for sales made in the United Kingdom, ten or fifteen percent; and for sales made elsewhere in the world, fifteen to twenty percent. They make the sale, arrange the contracts, collect the money, deduct their fee and remit the balance to you immediately. They will also take you to lunch, dinner

and the theatre when you visit New York--if you're a good boy.

As mentioned earlier, skilful agents will not accept the "standard" contract but will strive to modify it, or to compose their own. When they write their own (as mine does) the differences are sometimes startling to behold. Compare one of these tailor-made contracts with the details of a standard job as outlined above:

- (1) You receive a down payment of \$500 or \$1000.
- (2) You receive a sliding scale of royalties, beginning at 10% for the first 5000 copies sold, then moving to 12 1/2% for the next 3000 copies, and then 15% for all over 8000 sold.
- (3) You receive the same twice-a-year statements and checks, but with this difference: if the novel is taken by a book club, then the money paid by the club to the publisher must be passed along to you within thirty days.
- (4) You receive ten free copies of the book, with the right to buy more at the lowest wholesale price.
- (5) The same copyright protection applies, but if you wish to use a pseudonym the agent will take copyright in his name, and then reassign the rights to you, thus protecting your anonymity.
- (6) You make the same guarantees as to originality, libel, etc.
- (7) You agree to submit to the publisher, for his acceptance or rejection, your next (one) science-fiction novel.
- (8) You agree to the necessary revisions.
- (9) You agree to share with the publisher, fifty-fifty, all reprint income earned in the United States and Canada.
- (10) All other earnings are yours, and yours alone.
- (11) The publisher agrees to costs, printing, advertising, etc.
- (12) All money will be collected by the agent, and the agent is to be your only representative in these matters.

Point one should be more thoroughly explained: although I call it a "down payment", it isn't in the usual sense of that term. It is an advance against royalties, a sum to bind the contract, but it is not an outright gift or purchase. If your book earns a thousand dollars after it goes on sale, the publisher remits to you only \$500, because you have already received the first \$500 payment. (But if your book is a flop and fails to sell even \$500 worth of copies, the loss is the publisher's, not yours. You do not have to return the advance money.) Sometimes, in specially conducted contests, an outright gift is made in addition to the advance against royalties, but this gift is clearly labelled as such, and does not figure in later royalty statements.

Point three is an important one, in that the book may be taken up by a big, wealthy book club which will pay perhaps \$30,000 in advance. Without this protective clause, the publisher has the right to keep that money until the next semi-annual payday is due; but with the clause he must send along to you, at once, your share of the loot. And take it from me, friend, you can get awfully hungry while waiting six months for the next check to arrive. (And the big book clubs have taken science fiction, you know. Ask Arthur C. Clarke.)

Point seven: the publisher gets the first refusal option on your next science fiction novel only. If you write an historical epic and wish to submit it elsewhere, you have the right to do so--although it really wouldn't be the wisest thing to do.

Point nine: the original publisher may share with you only money earned on reprint sales in the United States and Canada. This means that he may receive his half-share of the profits when the book is taken up by the book club, or the paperback publisher, or if a magazine or newspaper wishes to print it as a serial. Point ten means that he gets absolutely nothing if your agent sells the book to the movies, or to TV, or to a London publisher, or any other publisher anywhere in the world. (And even this does not satisfy agents as to fairness; they are agitating to take away from the publisher any share of paperback reprint money. In general, these agents hold that a book publisher is entitled to all the money he can earn while selling his edition in North American bookstores--but nothing more.)

Point eleven should be elaborated on, as I mentioned earlier that there is one legitimate cost you are expected to pay towards production of a book. After a novel is set up in type, proof-sheets called galleys are struck off and mailed to you for proof-reading. You are expected to read them carefully and correct all errors which somehow got by the editor and the printer. There is no charge for correcting and re-setting in new type those errors caused by the printer, but a certain charge is made when you correct your own mistakes (above a specified free limit) or when you change the text in any way. So you will save money by making all corrections and changes before submitting the manuscript to the editor--let the story go to the printer in its absolute final form. Union linotypists get high wages, and you will find yourself paying a part of his wages to re-set something that should have been corrected many months earlier. Even the best editors let your mistakes slip through--as I learned when I misplaced the Illinois River.

But we are still assuming that your epic, PLEIADES PIMPLES (under its new title, of course) is rolling through the printshops on its way to the bookstores. You are an ordinary writer with ordinary talent (like me, remember?),

and you are prepared to open an ordinary bank account to receive the incoming wealth. You dreamer. What follows is an accounting of what may be expected if the usual breaks come your way--you may fall into a sinkhole and garner as little as \$250, or you may hit a jackpot of sorts and retire to Berkeley.

If the second copy of PLEIADES PIMPLES sold to a magazine, and the magazine serialized it before book publication, you would receive whatever word rate the magazine happens to be paying this week: 1¢ to 3¢ a word. Assume that you've written 60,000 words. But if it did not sell to a magazine, if John sent it back with a thoughty rejection slip, don't throw the copy away--send it to England. Ted Carnell might be interested, as well as the London hardcover houses.

Upon the novel's acceptance by a New York publisher, the advance may be \$500. After publication, and after six months of sale, the sliding royalty scale comes into play. Most science fiction novels today retail for about \$2.95, making your share 29 1/2 cents a copy. And you may as well ignore those larger percentages over 5000 and over 8000 copies. Heinlein earns them, but you will not. The sad fact is that most science fiction novels today sell less than 5000 copies, and quickly die. Some barely live to see 2000 copies sold. If the New York publisher has arranged for a Canadian edition to be published simultaneously with his own, you will earn half (that is, 5%) the usual royalties on such Canadian sales, but the two countries combined will not sell 5000 copies of the book. We just don't buy books at that price. So PLEIADES PIMPLES is chugging along at the usual rate, and in a year's time will have sold about 3500 copies in North America--and you have a bit over a thousand dollars due you. The publisher has already given you an advance of five hundred dollars, and by and by you receive a second check for the remainder due: another five hundred odd dollars.

That second check, coming with the first statement-of-sales you've ever seen, is one of the most discouraging things on earth. It causes you to realize how few fans--or even people--buy science fiction. The trick is to hang on, to keep your mundane job of washing dishes or shoeing horses, or whatever, and wait for the payoff. Sometimes it comes, and it can come in relatively spectacular fashion.

Pretend that the Fantasy Book Club has decided to pick up your PIMPLES. It is a small club as clubs go--nothing like the Literary Guild with their fantastic royalties. Your share of the book club's advance is likely to be \$125, and six months or a year later you may earn another four or five or six hundred dollars from them, depending on how many club members decided to buy PIMPLES. But sit tight and keep hoping for that payoff. The paperbacks are more easily obtainable than a movie or television sale, and if PIMPLES is worth anything at all, it



a crowd in the face:

will probably be reprinted by some paperback publisher. Science Fiction is hot now.

Some paperback houses buy original novels directly from you, or from your agent. I haven't the slightest idea what these sales are worth; you'll have to ask someone who places his novels with the Ballantine people. The advantage to such a sale is that the receipts are all yours--there is no hardcover publisher to share with; but the disadvantage is that there is no hardcover edition for egoboo, and no book club appearance. Of course, you are still free to place the story with some magazine before paperback publication.

Paperback books are a world unto themselves, and their sales fluctuate wildly; you cannot rely on a definite sales pattern as in hardcovers. (Paperbacks do not like to be called "pocketbooks" for that is the brand name of one particular company.) There are good and bad paper publishers, fabulously wealthy ones and downright miserly ones. Your luck, and the size of your jackpot, will depend on which reprint house decides to take a chance on PLEIADES PIMPLES. A reprint sale isn't necessarily dictated by the success or failure of the hardcover, nor by good or bad reviews following a hardcover; I've seen very poor hardcover books reprinted in paper, and very good ones ignored--so have you. Cast a glance over your shelves, separating the wheat and the chaff. Literary merit does figure in the decision, but it seems that the question most seriously considered is "will it sell?" More than once I've seen my dogs picked up and reprinted by paperbacks, and on at least two occasions I've seen better ones (those which I think are better ones) entirely ignored. (An agent does not usually figure in these paperback reprint sales; the paperback house buys directly from the hardcover publisher, and pays him directly, which is why he keeps half of the receipts.)

If PLEIADES PIMPLES is snapped up by Nadir Books, you've had it, Joe. This is a shoestring outfit operating from an attic in the Bowery or some such place. Nadir Books is blessed with a part-time editor who doesn't know an ion drive from a cloud chamber; it employs a news-stand distributor who is firmly convinced that none but illiterate Indians live west of Buffalo; it is so short of ready cash that it can afford to print only fifty thousand copies of a title. You may get an advance of \$250 from such an outfit and if you are very, very lucky you may get another two or three hundred later on when their miserable little edition is sold out. Their distribution is so poor that the book will not enjoy a decent chance. It is another sad fact of life that some hardcover publishers will sometimes sell novels to these shoe-stringers, usually on the excuse that no other paperbacks were interested in the novel, and this was better than nothing. It is a bad excuse because it throws away a book that might be more valuable later on; it might be more profitable in the long view to not reprint the novel now, to hold it for future years when you have a better reputation and the better companies will come looking for yarns to reprint. They do, you know, as soon as you've made a noisy splash in the literary world. Go ask Jack Kerouac.

On the middle rungs of the ladder are the center-field companies, the paperbacks which neither suffer miserable circulations nor enjoy the greatest sales. The great majority of New York paper houses seem to fit into this category. These companies can be expected to pay an advance of a thousand, or perhaps fifteen hundred dollars. Usually this amount will equal total earnings, but once in a while you may be surprised to receive another few hundred or another thousand dollars. They calculate the average sales and pay an advance based upon that average--and unless PLEIADES PIMPLES surprises everyone, you'll find their calculations to be very near the total sales figure. Advances aren't returnable and they don't want to give money away.

You and I will both be happy--nay, overjoyed--if PIMPLES is picked up for reprinting by one of the truly big wheels, by one of the handful of paperbacks which rule the roost. You'll find yourself in, and can afford to quit the horse-shoeing job for a few months. These companies have large print orders, tremendous circulations, and even have promotion men in the field who visit news-stands and push their titles. (These promotion men may even call on you, wining and dining you, and try to persuade you to come into the field with them to help promote your own book. Go ahead if you feel like it, but be prepared to pay your own expenses. They won't.) One of these outfits may be expected to pay an advance of \$1500 to \$2000--again, they have calculated in advance the number of copies they can sell, and pay accordingly. Generally speaking, the paperback royalty rate is as follows: 1¢ a copy for the first 100,000 copies, and 1 1/2¢ a copy for over 100,000. It is possible to draw as much as 2¢ a copy if PIMPLES should edge up toward the million mark. The usual first printing is 100,000 copies and the nicest thing that can happen to you is to learn that they are going back to press for a second printing--you may wind up with a quarter million copies in print. Three or four thousand dollars (for you, with an equal amount going to the hardcover publisher) isn't an unusual sum to earn from these large paperback houses.

Now do you understand why we hacks hang on, waiting for the payoff? We know damned well the hardcover edition will falter after a few thousand copies, and we know that the book club may ignore us entirely in favor of a Jules Verne novel, but we also know there is a decent chance one of the paperback publishers will pick us up and recoup those six or ten or fifteen months of work.

That which follows the above may be peanuts or it may be another bonanza. Sometimes a reprint magazine will publish PIMPLES and pay a few hundred dollars; sometimes a newspaper will run it as a daily or weekly serial and pay perhaps fifty dollars. Foreign publishers may put out large printings in the tens of thousands, but because of the unfavorable rate of exchange the income does not match the circulation. In the tight contracts mentioned above, foreign editions are considered as new books all over again, not reprints from New York, and the New York publisher does not share in the profits. The well-heeled agents will have offices (or representatives) all over the world to spread your name and fame to the four winds.

Ted Carnell may decide to serialize PLEIADES PIMPLES, so again the trick is to arrange for his serial to appear before some London house brings it out in book form. London houses usually buy the rights to print and distribute the novel all over the English-speaking world except North America, and they pay advances of fifty pounds (\$140) or one hundred pounds (\$280). After that the book must earn its keep on the regular royalty scale, and years later you may discover odd copies popping up in the damndest places: Tasmania, Hong Kong, Singapore, or the English colony in Japan. (Hello, Helen Wesson.) The European market is currently going after science fiction the way Ray Palmer went after flying saucers, with each country a separate market (or in some instances, separate languages are separate markets) with one publisher crossing international boundaries to serve a whole language market.). PIMPLES may see several editions in Sweden, Finland, Denmark, West Germany and Austria, France, Italy, sometimes Spain, and in Japan and Argentina. The man in Italy may pay forty dollars (with income taxes deducted from that) and the man in Japan may pay \$300 (with Japanese income taxes deducted from that). The pleasant thing is that these sales are scattered over one or more years, having staggered paydays; it is a constant source of pleasure to find odd checks appearing in the mailbox throughout the year. You may be wondering where your next bottle of Jim Beam is coming from when lo! the anonymous man in Spain sends you fifteen dollars (with income tax deducted).

I can offer very little information on those queer, mysterious moguls, the television people. I know only that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation will buy a published or sometimes unpublished--wby short story for a sum between \$125 and \$500. They rework the yarn into script form and televise it. And as mentioned very early in this piece, I know a young man who got one G when his book was converted into an hour-long television show.

Equally mysterious are the ways of those peculiar people, the Hollywood Producers, but if you deal with them at all you must have an agent. They insist on it, but even if they did not, you had better have one. Hollywood contracts can run to twenty or thirty pages of microscopic print and the various things which are thought of, and included, would stagger you. It isn't necessarily true that you become a rich man overnight if Hollywood decided to take PLEIADES PIMPLES. Did you read that report in a fanzine a few months ago about James Blish? Some shoestring producer offered him the lordly sum of \$750 for a book ("VOR", I believe.). There may be some truth in the rumor that Blish is now sticking pins in a doll which resembles that oaf. But on the other hand, it is decidedly untrue that Bloch received a cool half-million for his mystery, PSYCHO. (He now has gold-plated knobs on the john at Weyauwega, but that is neither here nor there.) There is no "going rate" in Hollywood, no purchasing norm. They will buy for as cheap a price as they can chisel, and you must sell for as high a price as your agent can chisel.

I realize that I will not be believed, but I turned down an offer of ten thousand for LONG LOUD SILENCE. If that entire sum could have been mine alone I would have accepted, but another man was involved: the script writer. This scripter (who turned in the most miserable piece of junk imaginable!) was to have received half the sum, plus his secretarial costs. And after my agent had deducted her hefty chunk, I would have wound up with a net of about four thousand. I may be the supreme fool, but I thought that SILENCE was worth more than that.

(But geez, you should have read that horrible script --I actually did the movie fans a favor by killing the deal. Every trite cliché, every worn bit of hackwork seen in pictures since the invention of the talkies was thrown into the script and thoroughly ground. Ugh!)

You need a hip agent for movie sales because those nasty producers will seize every possible right you fail to keep for yourself. A book is not simply purchased, made into a movie and then forgotten. There may be sequels to the original movie, or re-issues, or later sales to the midnight shows on television, or some attractive character from the book (and the original movie) may be held over and placed in new pictures which are written to order. Do you remember a popular picture of several years ago called "The Egg and I"? Betty MacDonald wrote the book. I hope her agent protected all rights, because a couple of somewhat popular characters named Ma and Pa Kettle appeared in the book and the picture. You know what later happened to Ma and Pa Kettle--and currently, they are even appearing in a cartoon series. Hollywood contracts should be written so as to provide additional payments to you for every additional use of the book, or the picture, or the characters, or the events therein. And if the flick inspires a television serial ("The Thin Man") you should get paid for that, too. So long as someone is making money from your original material, you should, too. After all, it's your brainchild.

PLEIADES PIMPLES is some kind of a success, or perhaps it is a successful failure. There remain two matters to interest you, Joe Neopro: taxes and reviews. (Excluding a third matter which you must handle as you see fit: damned fools who stop you on the street and ask you where you stole the plot, or who wrote the book for you.)

Taxes and reviews, the twin plagues.

You are now a businessman, a dirty capitalist, like it or not. If you wish to save as much of that filthy lucre as possible, you will have kept a careful record of every penny spent in writing and selling that novel. A detailed record, with dates, and receipts. Along with your regular 1040 income tax form, you file another one called "Schedule C, 1040," which makes provisions for manufacturing and selling losses (paper, ribbons, postage, agent's commissions, publicity and promotion, legitimate expenses while attending the convention, and odd other items which aided you in writing or selling the novel). If you spend money to earn money, legitimately, you are entitled to deduct most or all of that spent money. If PLEIADES PIMPLES earned you only a thousand bucks, the tax people do not expect you to pay taxes on the entire amount. Writers are usually entitled to many deductions other taxpayers do not enjoy, but as I'm neither a tout nor an attorney, you are advised to consult a tax expert well before December 31st.

And the reviews; ah, the reviews! Of course, you will be itching to know what Sky Miller, demon knight, Floyd Gale, and the scores of anonymous newspaper reviewers had to say about PIMPLES. (It is best not to know what some of them will say.) There are many professional clipping bureaus in and around New York, and for a fee (which is tax-deductible) they will round up all the reviews in all the newspapers they can lay their hands on, and mail the clippings to you. After that you sit back and sulk. Reviewers and critics are an interesting lot, and worth a separate article all to themselves (which will appear in SKYHOOK any month now) but in general you may put some trust in Sky Miller and demon knight, plus a very small handful of educated newspaper reviewers. The bulk of the newspaper reviewers know as little about science fiction

as that part-time editor of Nadir Books mentioned earlier, and you will find them discussing things or attitudes not visible in your novel--or worse, they'll dismiss it as another Buck Rogers opera after reading the jacket blurbs and the first ten pages. (One ignorant lout claimed that in LINCOLN HUNTERS, I had Honest Abe zooming through space in a rocketship!)

Publication Day, and After: Publication Day itself is a beautiful, fragile thing; cherish it. Those other publication days which may come after the first one are not quite as much fun, not quite so exhilarating as that very first, so stretch it out to twenty-five or twenty-six hours if you are able and let the wife clean up the bottles next morning. (She will be so thrilled at being the rich wife of an Author that she'll forgive you anything that first time.)

Those slobs mentioned above that want to know who wrote the book for you (or the source from which you stole it) are only a few of the irritants which follow publication day as surely as cheap sequels follow an original horror movie. Some of them are only joshing, of course, but other are quite serious because they cannot conceive of someone they know, some Little Man like Themselves, creating the minor miracle of a Book. In their minds such literary creations are to be expected of Hemingway and King James, but not an ordinary jerk in their own home town. They will lose no opportunity to cut you down to size. With certain exceptions mentioned below, have as little as possible to do with these slobs, for they are like carrion crow on the public highways.

Some bright character may offer to sell you a title for your next book. Spit in his face. One fellow here was greatly disappointed when I not only rejected his offer, but informed him that I wouldn't pay five dollars for title to a pyramid. And there will be many cousins to that oaf who will approach you with some variation of this chestnut: they will offer to furnish the idea (or plot, or outline, or chapter subjects) while you type out the story--and the pair of you will then split the subsequent wealth, fifty-fifty. These people sincerely believe that their idea or plot comprises 95% of the labor, while your mere writing is only a breeze. I have a standard method of dealing with these people. I reject them politely by telling them my own work schedule is laid out five years in advance, and I couldn't possibly use their plot until the sixth year--at least. Next, I tell them where to rent a typewriter, and promise them that when they have finished their book, I will give them a recommendation to my agent. They never bother me again.

Never make the mistake of reading any fiction these people may have written. Never, unless you can place absolute trust in them. If you do make the mistake of reading something they have written, and you later write a story or novel containing a sentence they happened to use, be prepared for a plagiarism suit. These still-born authors think everything they write is original with them, and you are a tempting target for a lawsuit because all writers are rich. That is a cherished belief in the mundane world.

A variation of the above are the people who want you to write the story of their life, again splitting the proceeds equally. The number of characters who think their lives are worthy of publication is simply astonishing.

There is the slob who thinks (and may tell you to your face) that if someone as dumb as you can write a book and get paid for it, by ghod he can too! Encourage him. Let him find out what it actually takes. There will be any number of Rotarian program chairmen, women's club leaders, short story club teachers, and such ilk who will want you to appear before their group and make a speech. Handle these as you see fit, depending upon your need for egoboo as balanced against the impositions they put upon you. But remember that if you accept one, the word will quickly spread and you are hooked. Do not be misled into believing the people who listen to your speeches will rush out and buy your



book. They won't. Remember the total sales figures for the United States and Canada quoted early in this article.

Two people to treat well, and with more than surface friendliness, are your librarian and your bookseller, if you live in a small city as I do and know them personally. The local bookstore has been able to sell as many as a hundred copies of my first mysteries because the manager pushed them; and the librarian buys from two to six copies of each book, depending upon the local demand. The librarian will set up little literary teas to greet each new book--and the ensuing afternoon is a crashing bore--but attend, and suffer through the tea and cookies in smiling silence. It will pay dividends and it will keep her as your friend.

But you may cheerfully sneer at the remaining pests: the local business men who want ghostwritten speeches, the womens' club members who want funny little papers to read aloud at the next meeting, the high school newspaper editors who want a short story to publish in their next issue, and the salesmen. Lordy, the salesmen! They will haunt your door for days after the news or the book review appears in the paper, trying to sell you everything from an electric back-scratcher to a Cadillac. Each of them believes you have just received a check for at least fifty thousand dollars, and therefore you are a ripe one. Set the dog on 'em.

But treasure fondly that first Publication Day. It is a proud and lonely thing.

- Bob Tucker

by Ted White --

LUNAcon: 1960

I have, for the nonce, sworn off writing long detailed conreports, but the Lunacon, held this spring --in the fashion of many another fine convention, with traditional precedents set by Ray Nelson and Wm. Rotsler among others--did inspire some wonderful cartoons of commentary from Andy Reiss' sketch-book. In order to set the scene, then, and for that purpose only, I'll provide a few page-filling reminiscences...

It was a pretty small con to start out with (held in a meeting hall on 53rd St.), and it got smaller as the program progressed. By the time the last item of the oft-reannounced program (run down for us at voluminous length at fifteen minute intervals by Hans Santesson, possibly due to the misimpression that the audience was forgetful just because so many seemed to be dozing) began, the faneds panel, there were almost as many of us on the panel as remained in the audience.

Nevertheless, it was a fairly successful con, enlivened by a few genuine highlights--each of which unhappily had its corresponding low point. For instance, Randy Garrett exposed a not-oft-revealed side of himself--Garrett the Critic--quite well in an off-the-cuff page-by-page condemnation of Kingsley Amis' New Maps of Hell. But then Judy Merrill who had previously confined herself to a few bits of obnoxious heckling from the rear, gave a talk designed mostly to impress us with how great, grand and lordly the Science Fiction Writer is, and how glad she is to be among that Lofty Few. The direct implication was that we should all fall fawning at her feet. I'm afraid I was as unimpressed by this fluttering of her desperate ego as I was impressed, later, with her increasing rudeness to the other speakers, whom she interrupted, heckled, and generally annoyed. For her, status seemed of prime importance, and she lost no opportunity to impress her own self-chosen status upon the rest of us, ranking herself equal to the best in the room, superior to the rest of us clods.

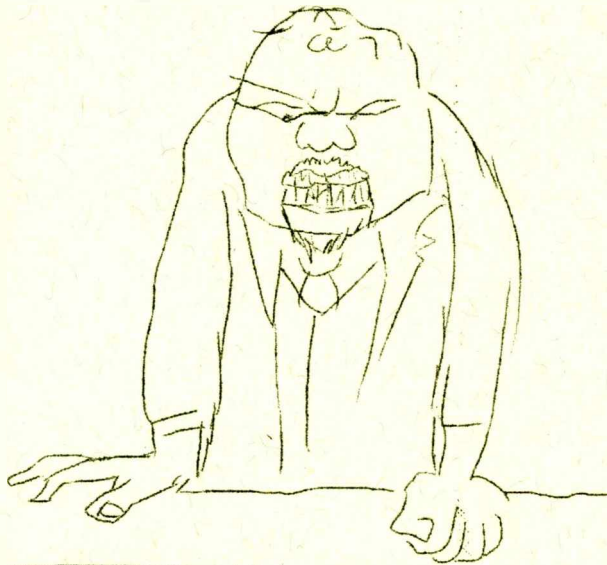
The other major high point was the showing of Ed Emsh's wonderful films. These included those shown at the Detention, plus several others using live actors in farcical playlets. The con was held in honor of Ed, but he honored all of us with his movies, which revealed both a delightfully surrealistic wit, and a deeper sense of the artistic than the Emsh-the-illustrator of old had been deemed capable of.

The balance here was the deadening showing of The Moskowitz' Wedding, The Moskowitzes at Niagara Falls, and a few con shots--all with the excuse that these were Pictures Of Fans--narrated boringly and often incorrectly by Chris Moskowitz. The coup-de-grace came with a view of the Moskowitz bedroom. "And here are our beds," boomed Chris. "Sam's is the only one in the world with rocketships on the bedspread!"

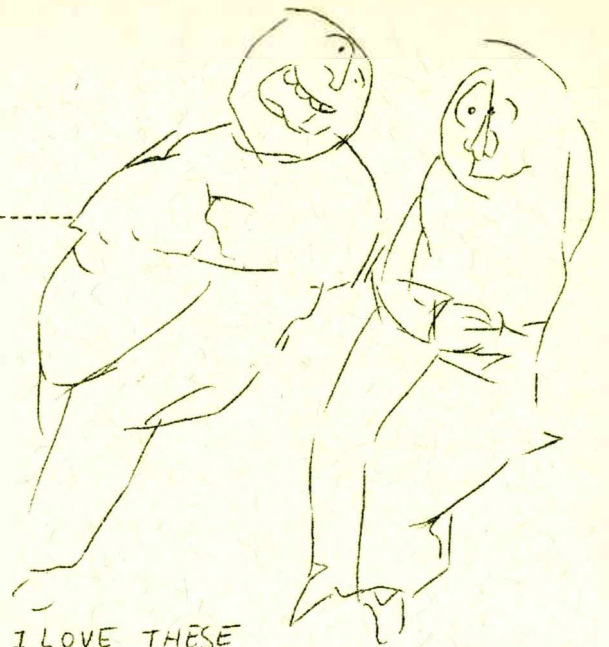
The faneds panel was moderated by Les Gerber (whose complete report on the Lunacon can be found in TESSERACT #2), who played Devil's Advocate in order to start off the discussion, and found himself both taken seriously, and unanimously opposed by the diverse panel. The panel members included James Taurasi, Delle Dietz, Sylvia and myself, and a strange simpering man who identified himself as Sidney Porcelaine in soft, swishing tones. Later I asked how this man who obviously knew nothing of fandom had gotten into this bastion of trufannishness. "Well," said Belle, "he asked to be on the panel, and I didn't know who he was, but I figured he must be somebody, if he wanted to be on that sort of panel, so I let him on."

But enough of this droll speech; on with the cartoons!

lunacon scenes



...AND I WOULD
SUGGEST MR. AMIS AS A CANDIDATE
FOR THIS YEAR'S "FUGGHEAD OF THE YEAR."!

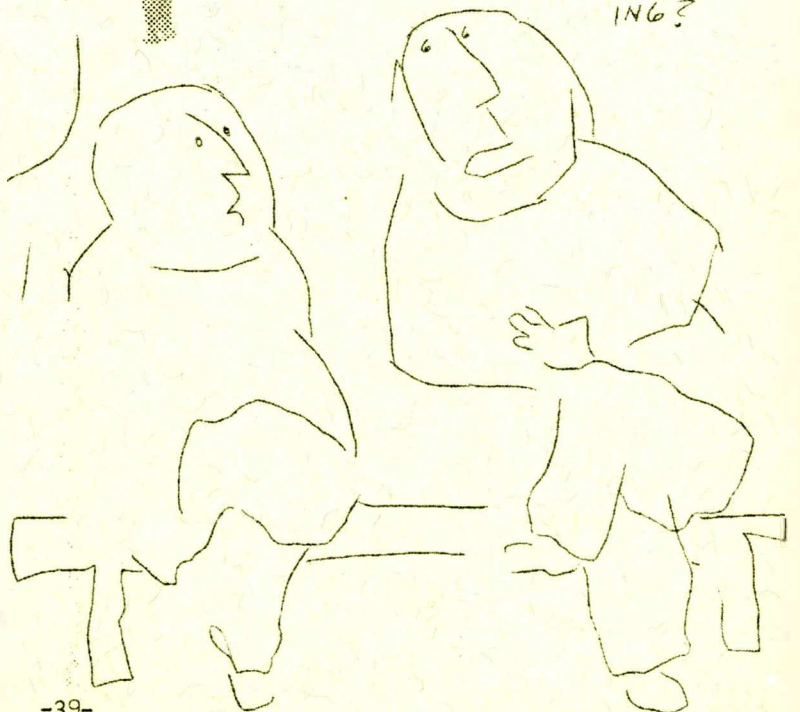


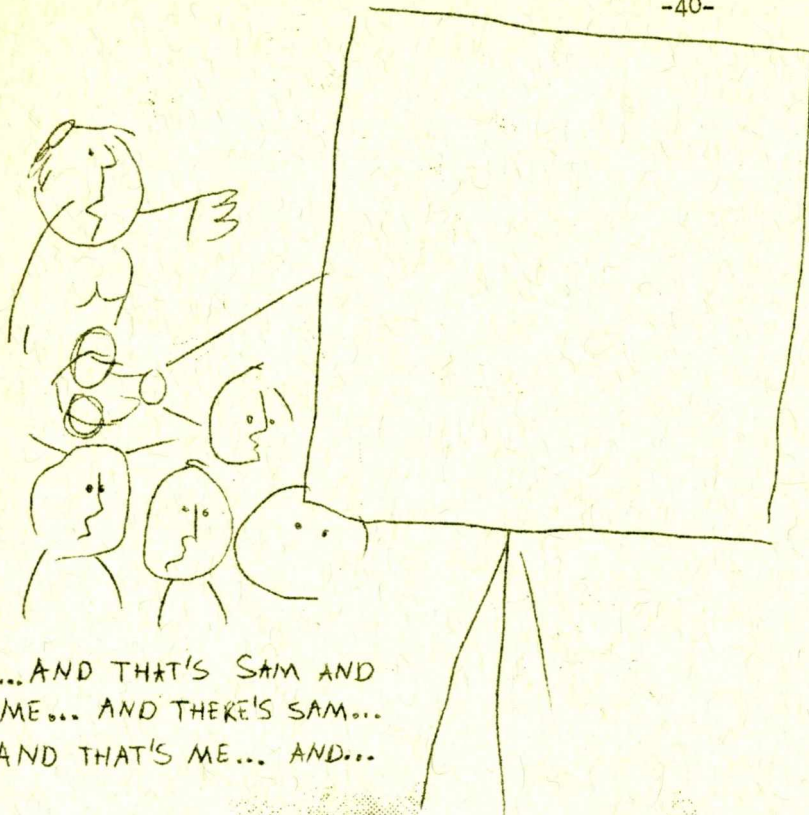
I LOVE THESE
INFORMAL CONVENTIONS---NOBODY GETS
MAD AT YOU IF YOU SIT BACK AND
YAWN.



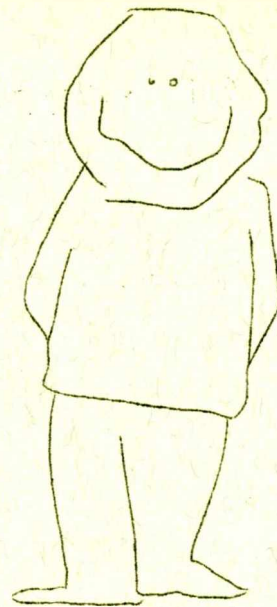
IT'S INTEREST-
ING TO NOTE
THAT EACH
SPEAKER HAS
SOMETHING TO SELL...

IF THIS GARRETT FELLOW
DOESN'T LIKE AMIS, THEN
WHY DOESN'T HE JUST TALK
ABOUT SOMETHING INTEREST-
ING?





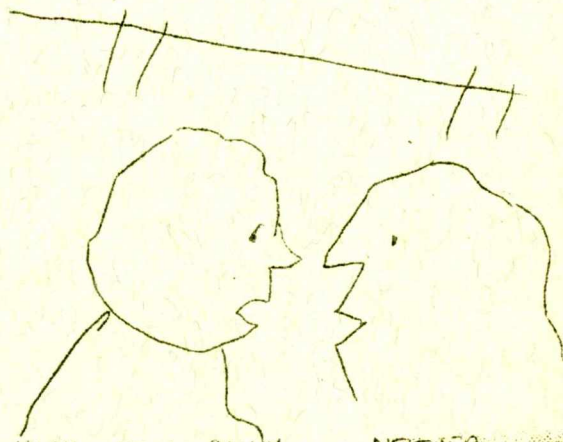
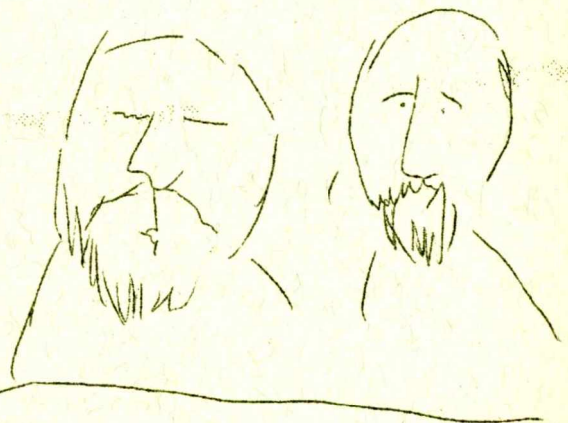
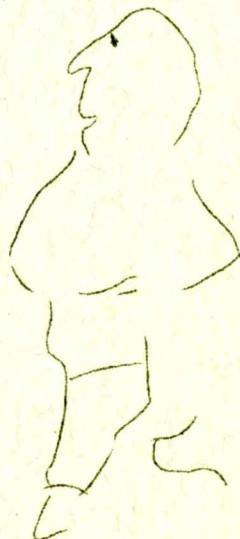
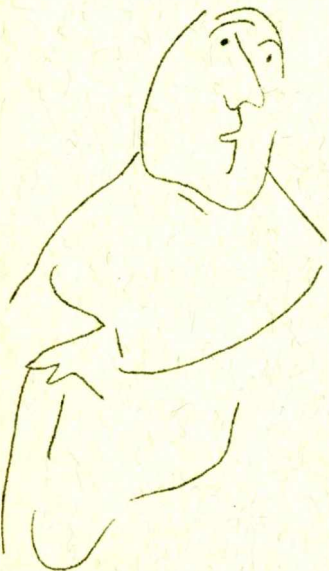
...AND THAT'S SAM AND
ME... AND THERE'S SAM...
AND THAT'S ME... AND...



UH... MR. GARRETT, SIR... I
KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH
IT TO IMPROVE YOUR WRITING.

IS SAM
MAKING
A
SPEECH?

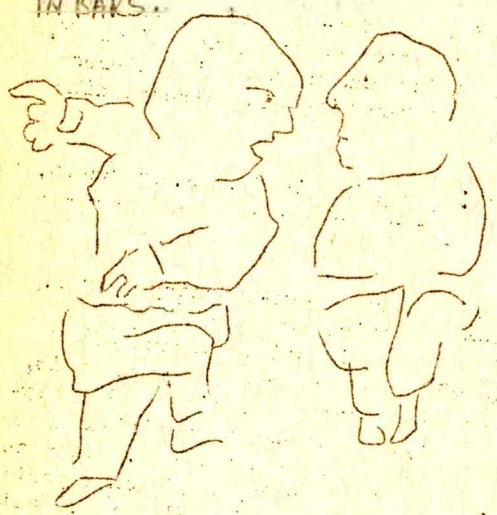
HELL NO...
HE'S
INTRODUCING
AN AUCTION
ITEM.



WHICH ONE IS RANDY
GARRETT AND WHICH
ONE IS BOB SILVERBERG?

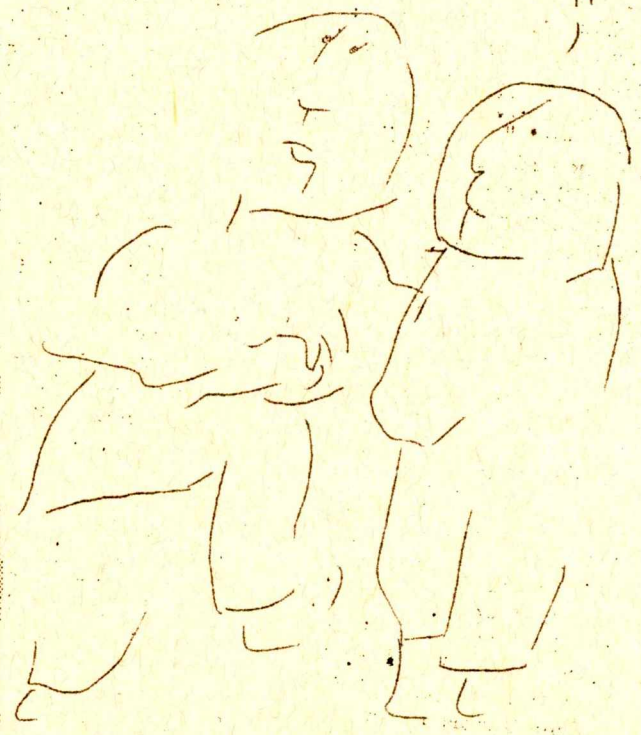
NEITHER... IT'S
DAVE MACDONALD
AND TED WHITE.

SEE THAT MAN UP THERE...
HE'S BOB SILVERBERG. HE
GREW THAT BEARD BECAUSE
THEY WOULDN'T SERVE HIM
IN BARS.



HE DOESN'T HAVE
TO KEEP REPEATING
IT--- WE ALL
KNOW FANTASTIC
UNIVERSE HAS
FOLDED.

PERHAPS
HE
MISSES
IT
)



YOU NOTICE HOW
THERE ARE FOUR GUYS
UP THERE AND TWO
OF US DOWN HERE...

RANDY GARRETT? NOOO...
THAT'S THE SAVIOR, LEAN-
ING ON HIS MOP...



ALL UNSIGNED CARTOONS BY
ANDY REISS →

STILES

{Ted Johnstone continues:}

And tell me true--do you go to a con for the program or to get together with all the fen you've been writing to and hearing from and fighting with all year? Now, I've got nothing against programs; they give you a place to go when the parties die out and you don't feel tired, but most of the talks, speeches, and panels (with a few very notable exceptions) are just there in case there's nothing else to do. The banquet and the costume ball are fannish occasions; more or less highly organized parties. Once in a while a mind-filling, awe-inspiring, soul-wrenching thing like the fan-editor's panel at the Detention comes along, or a good knock-down, drag-out battle like the psionics debate (where Jesus W. Christ, Jr. ganged up on five defenseless panelists), but most of the talks and shows don't interest the average fan (if I'm average) as much as mingling in happy fannish chatter with his corresponding comrades.

What is Ted White really like??

Hooray for the LeeH fillos! [1503 Rollin St., S. Pasadena, Cal]

REDD BOGGS (again)

Atom's cover is a rather odd bit, but it's hardly distinctive enough to make an eye-catching opener, is it? Pix like this bother me: no immediate center of interest. ++ I notice that you [Ted] are still fascinated by the personality of Peter J. Vorzimer, much as Bob Tucker is still fascinated by the personality of Don Rogers. Why? ++ I suppose Agberg is responsible for the page by page dating of V20. ((Correct.)) Will you dedicate the next issue to me if I suggest that you don't do this anymore? ((No.)) ++ "Detroit - or Bust" is a pretty tired title, but I suppose somewhat justified in this case. How old are those Leeh drawings? ((The ones in V20 were three or four years old. The ones last ish and thish are new.-tw)) Nice to see her Li'l Peepul again. This is a pretty good con report --I speak as one who is not a particular admirer of con reports aside from some by Rich Elsberry, Walt Willis, and a few others. I disagree with Tom Condit's remark (in the fanzine reviews) that "No one is really interested in what happened to Jophan at each specific moment during the convention." That's what we are interested in, isn't it? The fan's individual response to events at the con is what's interesting, not the events themselves. ((Yes, personal reactions are generally the basic ingredients of a con report, but the general reactions, not details about who you rode with out to the Lighthouse, and who was there, and what you ate for the twelve meals of the convention, and when you visited the bathroom. I believe this is what Condit was referring to. And all too often, this person-by-person enumeration bogs down and very little of the reporter (who shouldn't be a reporter anyway, but rather a commentator) and what he thought gets through. -gb)) But it does take a pretty sharp observer and writer to convey his impressions so that they mean something to the reader. Nobody who has ever read Elsberry's or WAW's report on the Chicon will ever forget some of the events they reported--like S.J. Byrne's Gilbert & Sullivan renditions--merely because these events were taken in by the observer and translated into personal terms. I don't think Ted's report is one of the classics of the genre, but it is better than most. ++ Hm. Well, maybe Karen Anderson was a friend of yours... ++ So what pro slings hash all year? That's an honorable enough profession, no doubt, but no doubt leaves one starved for egoboo, as you point out. ((This was told to me of one of the more status-seeking female pros. I can't vouch for its authenticity, but it illustrated the point I wanted to make rather well.-tw)) ++ You found Karen Anderson and Andy Young "settled on (your) bed"? ((I may as well clear that obscure comment up too... They were sitting on our bed, and apparently only talking. In a dark room. -tw)) ++ The filler consisting of quotes from the American Legion Magazine was lovely. Lovely. ++ I confuse Seth Johnson with whoever it was (Sam Johnson?) who published UNDERTAKINGS five or six years ago. Different fellow, isn't it? ((Yes.)) ++ I miss the elaborate headings that once enhanced QWERTYUIOPress pubs. [2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota]

HARRY WARNER

Your convention report was different enough from the three dozen others in print to hold my interest right along. You keep this up and you will be a Laney within another couple of years. Some of the incidents you describe are told in just the way that Towner would have done. This is also the first extended explanation that I've seen of the probable reasons for Washington's failure to get the convention, the first mention in any fanzine reaching me of the possible explanation for Karen Anderson's failure to win the costume prize, and so on. More convention reports ought to concentrate on a full description of a few main incidents which the writer is in a position to know all the possible angles about. ((Ted White, pseudo-Laney! -gb))

Tom Condit's fanzine reviews are the best thing that I've seen by him in any fanzine so far. It's so encouraging to find one fan after another suddenly proving that he can write descriptions of something other than parties and semi-beat activities. ((Tom Condit is a Good Man.-gb)) [423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland]

MARION BRADLEY

I enjoyed both issues of VOID that have come my way; the first one for the discussion of Circus Fandom by Harry Warner (as you might have guessed from my YANDRO article, I'm a circus fan myself--and also, as of recently, a member of the CFA)--and for amusement of "The Fanzine that Dares to Discuss Science

Fiction." Yock, yock. And a few years ago, these same fans were crying out loudly for "fannishness" and calling discussions of science fiction painfully sercon...aweeel, aweeel.

Your conreport tickled me, especially since you checked the "Egoboo" bit on the bacover. (If this be egoboo, may I never incur your dislike!) I liked you too. But I'm amused. So I "chatter like a naive squirrel," do I? My only comeback to that one is, you try living in Rochester for ten years--and see if you don't act a little like a puppy let off the leash when you get out of it for a weekend! As for being "sometimes very intelligent and sometimes unbelievably fuggheaded," why not say "sometimes she is very intelligent and sometimes she disagrees with me"? ((Touché! Actually, I botched up in describing people in that report because I didn't actually work out the characterizations fully. I suspect some people got the impression that I disliked you, but the reverse was actually true: I have since the Detention enjoyed your material (primarily in FAPA) more than previously, and found your conreport engrossing. Having read your report, I can now see why you were at times so inconsistent; my only excuse for the quote you gave is that at times you impressed everyone with a seeming inability to think logically--while at other times the reverse was true. Anyway, I do sympathize with your joy at getting out of Rochester, and I hope you dig that I really wasn't putting you down. -tw))

I think you made an excellent point about why Karen A. didn't win a prize... I personally admired her costume tremendously and felt that for sheer beauty it might well have contended with the best there. Quite a number of the girls present were annoyed with the awarding of the prize to, as Karen called it, "a pair of readymade tights" when a lot of them had taken a great deal of trouble to devise and work on original ones. I can be entirely disinterested about this, as my own costume was impromptu and just for the sake of getting into the spirit of the thing; but there were so many beautiful and elaborate ones--one girl, for instance, who had done the most exquisite makeup job I'd ever seen with blue skin and silver hair--that it seemed a pity to give a prize to a girl on the basis of "anatomy". Bjo's costume, which looked simple, was almost unbelievably complex; I watched her assemble it. ((The point Karen overlooked was that Nancy Moore did not get an award for most beautiful costume, but rather for "Best Basic Anatomy," or the like--which she probably had. The prize which perhaps should have been Karen's went to Joe Cristoff! The blue-skinned girl was, I think (heaven help me if I blunder again!) Martha Cohen, who was very hurt that I virtually ignored her in my report. That was of course a rude oversight--one of the many goofs I can see in the report in retrospect. Oh hell, maybe I should write it over again...-tw))

Ted, I was very pleased to hear that you're doing professional editing. As I said about STELLAR, it showed more editorial (as distinguished from other) talent than any fanzine to come along since Harlan's DIMENSIONS: and a professionalism that I admire in any fanzine, though I could never even try to emulate it. May you have a success equal to Harlan's--I could hardly wish you a quicker one. ((You want the best editors? We got 'em, boy! -gb)) [Box 158, Rochester, Texas]

+++++

RICK SNEARY

As for Greg's remarks about difference between the people at the U of O and the U of C, I suppose there may have been more "characters" at Berkeley, but I also think a lot of it rest in the eyes of the observer. Just as LASFS might have sound as great as the Wheels of IF, if we had a Willis in the mid-50's, so the U of O might sound fabulous if it had a TCarr for editor.

Now #20 and your Con report, which no matter what one thinks of what you said, was a good counterpoint to the other reports that I've read. Other than the number of people whom you stomped on, it is much the kind of report I would like to be able to give. And in regard the matter of "stomping", it is rather interesting when you do it, and I didn't mean I disapproved of everything you said. Just that I would be to chicken to call that many entrenching tools, spades...

Yours was the first view of the "judges" side of the costume judging--especially regarding Karen Anderson. Your reasoning would be Well, I've heard a few mumblings about why she didn't win a prize, and the suggestion that they just didn't like her entrance, is by far the fairest minded explanation given. Tho, I'm not sure it is right. ((Larry Shaw, who is planning a "MABAKKUK-type" zine to come out shortly, says he will make a statement on the whole situation. He was one of the three judges. -tw))

Your detailed reporting on the Con Sight was very good. The first "inside" view of what has been a supprisingly lightly touched on event. I am also glad/interested to read your reasoning as to why DC lost. It is sad to realize that there was seemingly more support for DC by Actifans in general, than there was from the local club. I know that it seemed everyone I was talking to was for DC. I'm sure most of the West Coast was. (Read: I don't know of anyone that wasn't) So I was stoned by the results. I had been perpaired for the fact we might not win, but to be massecured was another thing. I set with the Youngs, and a few other Hard Core types, and the results were quite a blow. [2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Cal.]

+++++

BOB LICHTMAN (again)

Benford is turning out some fine humor in these editorials. Good thing, huh, that he doesn't have to publish the zine himself so you get to fill your allotted space with talk on your reproduction problems

(with you...no, I'll leave that unqualified!) and all that.

Mighty clever way of updating VOID. ((VOID hasn't missed a month since February, 1959, and don't you believe any rumors to the contrary!-tw)) Trouble is, I noticed it right off. Like, if you had been putting in little "Void--blank 1959" all along I likely wouldn't have discovered the differences in them for at least five minutes after I read into the magazine. It'd go something like this: would be reading along at a happy pace in the middle of your conreport and would notice the "Void--October, 1959" on, say, page 9. I would remember in a flash of brilliance that the one back on the contents page said "Void--August, 1959". I would flip hurriedly back to the front of the zine and ascertain this, then flip through the zine, noting the changes as I went, all the time chuckling to myself and mumbling stuff like "that goddamn fannish Ted White." Real clever.

No doubt some people will complain because you filled your Detention report with a lot of personal bitching, but at this date it's about the only thing left to do. An excellent report--lots of things in this one that hadn't been touched on in others I've read, such as Kemp's dirty politics.

I have to laugh at Seth Johnson's giving Ted White helpful hints on publishing a fanzine. If Johnson could publish anything worthwhile, I'd be inclined to listen to him, but from the zines he's put out (equally full of these fuggheaded platitudes) I'm just more or less ignoring him. I wouldn't be too thrilled at putting out a one-shot at the worldcon; too much disunity and all--the zine isn't very interesting that way. And not many people want to stop their conactivities to write something for a one-shot. ((That's why I couldn't understand the reports of Rich Brown & Co. producing a one-shot through most of the Solacon. Who wants to write faaaanish humor when there are faaaanish fans around? -gb)) [6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.]

+++++
LEE HOFFMAN

Benford is pleasant and witty. I got one of those cards from the CRY, too, and don't understand it at all. Have I had some letter published within recent years or is this retroactive to the days when I was a Live Fan, or what? I wonder. I have a feeling that maybe I'm supposed to write them and ask. ((Nono! You're supposed to send them a membership card in the QUANDRY letterhacks club. You know--flash it at your friends and all that. Be the first on your block. By the way, when is the next issue of Q coming out? -gb))

Enjoyed your running heads or foots or whatever they are. They give the book class, even if they do say various and sundry different dates. Are they meant to indicate the date of composition of the articles on the pages, or to indicate the issues of VOID in which the articles were originally stencilled to appear? They certainly can't be the dates on which the happenings accounted occurred, since that would indicate the Detention having been the longest convention in fan-history. Or should I apologize to Mr Silverberg for my ignorance? Or what?

Fandom, these days, is leaving me somewhat confused.

The Decon report was quite entertaining. I can't say whether or not you are accurate, being quite a bit outside of it all myself, but I can certainly say that you are honest unto yourself. From the number of unkindly words you have for one and another, I have the feeling that whenever you do say a kindly word about someone or something you mean it sincerely. You'll probably bring the wrath of many down on your head for your criticisms of Pittsburgh, but I commend you for stating your opinions regardless.

As to that "Jolly Good Fellow", having both read White writings and met White in person, I can only say that he is uffish, stand-offish, austere, friendly, down to earth, broad-minded and occasionally makes sense, as well as being rather embittered, cynical, honest, frank, considerate and helpful, but not really the Boy Scout type when you come right down to it. I have the feeling, though, that others have reached these same conclusions on their own initiative. ((Gee, I think I'm complex! -tw))

To be honest, frank, etc., myself, I think Mr White's fanzine reviews are quite a bit better than Mr Condit's, though perhaps C needs more time and opportunity to develop his ideas.

In closing, I would like to ask Who Is Seth Johnson? And Why? [basement, 54 E. 7th St., New York 3, New York]

+++++
MIKE DECKINGER (again)

I remember at an ESFA meeting after the Detention Belle Dietz mentioned that there were several non-fans, graduating into the neo rank who had wandered in, and were curious about the whole thing, but didn't quite know where to begin. Some fellow asked "What is a fanzine?" and she steered him over to the N3F room, where I suppose would be the best place to start for someone like him. ((If he'd asked me, I'd have touted the FANCY2 to him...-tw)) But I got the impression that there are always a number of non fans who are interested, curious, but a little reluctant about beginning, and that's why I think a requisite for every con should be some sort of Indoctrination Room, or Introduction Room where newcomers are gradually introduced to fandom. You can have copies of NEOFANS GUIDE and other self-ex-

planatory publications lying around free for the asking, as well as samples of several fanzines, just to show a newcomer what they are.

Then you also might have several fans there ready to help out by answering questions, and providing help and advice. I'm sure there are many who would benefit from such a service, and it would also serve to recruit new blood into fandom. I also think the N3F would be the group best qualified for this. What do you think? ((I think that's a fine idea. I think we ought to send all new fans to the N3F. I think... -gb)) [85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J.]

DON FORD

VOID 20 got to me shortly before I left for London. Hotel was changed two days before the Con!!! I'm in the Kingsley, where things start very shortly. [picture pocsarcd showing "Horse Guard, Whitehall, London"]

SETH JOHNSON

I think the main reason Pittsburgh won the convention incidentally was the enthusiasm of its supporters. Neither Philadelphia nor Washington solicited my vote come to think of it, and I wouldn't have been too enthusiastic about Washington under any circumstances for I understand their hotels are the most expensive. Also understand there are no fans in Washington, but Wash con was to be run by Baltimore fan, ((Really? How interesting. I would dig knowing where you picked up these little "understandings," and who passed them onto you. Point: The Mayflower, the hotel DC had picked, was cheaper than either the Philly or Pitt hotels (which were priced the same, being members of the same chain). Point: Somehow DC has managed to support a Washington Science Fiction Association since 1948, which strikes me as pretty good for a city with no fans in it. Actually, the basis for this whispering campaign (which I'd heard rumors of before--amazing how hard some cities try for a convention which they'll wish they were never connected with once it is over and they've seen how much work a convention can be) is the fact that many DC fans live in the suburbs of DC in Virginia and Maryland. And, since Baltimore is only thirty or forty miles away, the three or so fans in that area often come to WSFA meetings. There was some purely facetious talk several years ago of putting on a con in Balto run by DC fans, but it gripes hell out of me to see the extent of the prejudices and whispering campaigns indulged in by various quote-fans-unquote who seem constitutionally unable to allow an element of chance or fair play to influence the selecting of a next-year's consite. Gahhh, it makes me ill. (Makes me more ill when these same "fans" then accuse me of "sour-grapes" when I expose their little campaign foibles.) Oh well... -tw)) [339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J.]

WALTER BREEN

Benford's bit about the CRY letterhack cards making their bearers members of an organization not recognized by the federal snoops intrigues me. I can see them examining the cards under seventeen different kinds of microscopes, spectroscopes, spy rays, ktp, trying to find out what those mysterious initials E.C.C.C.H. stand for, whether in Russian or English or some other language. (In Russian it can stand for words meaning Nonsense to the Union of Soviet Socialist Dungbeetles, among other things.) ((Subversive! -gb))

Yours is the most individual conreport I have yet read. ...I have to agree with you about speeches. Coin fandom is plagued by verbose after-banquet blatherers, about three out of four of whom read their speeches. Part of the trouble is that a speech-reader is more concerned about his ~~text~~ text than about his audience. If the speech is so well written that improvising over the text is out of the question, then the trick is to look at the text as little as possible, and it's even better if the speaker has slides or other exhibits to refer to. I won't try to comment on the politics involved in the consite election, other than to deplore the MadAve tactics which are now being used in this fandom (and which have pretty thoroughly ruined coin fandom already). ((In case anyone is wondering, yes Walt is working up an article on Coin Fandom, in which he is, I guess, a BNF.-tw))

Condit's reviews are unusually readable, and he gives the impression of really having something to say about each zine, rather than merely issuing a blanket value judgement.

Letters... Seth Johnson has brought up an interesting point. Not only should there be exhibits of dupers at worldcons, but exhibits of other paraphernalia as well. For instance, I've never seen a ditto machine and have no idea how one gets the terrific multicolor effects possible with these; Gestafax, Stenafax, Vicolor, and other processes used by faneds are also unfamiliar. I have no doubt whatever that the distributors exhibiting these at a con could make faneds start saving money. Even if they didn't sell any Gestetner at the con, they would earn a lot of good will and insure some eventual sales. ((Convincing mimeograph and ditto companies that it's to their advantage to put on demonstrations at cons will be difficult, though, after one or two cons with few, if any, immediate buyers.-gb)) ((As long as we've got the attention of all you faneds out there who are saving up to buy supplies, I might as well give my pitch: I can get you any mimeo or ditto supplies made by Heyer, Speed-O-Print, or Print-O-Matic at substantial savings, shipped directly to you. Like, write for details.-tw))

Reiss is really good and if he keeps up his present pace he will almost certainly place high in the FANAC poll. (With a few more serious illos like the PEALS cover he might also make it in the Artists category; he deserves it more than most of the commercial renderers who made it lasttime.) Harness also deserves a lot more recognition for the quality of his illos than he seems to have gotten.

"A Day with Calvin Thos. Beck"--gruesome! I suppose that some of your readers will think you're exaggerating. That will depend at least partly on whether they have known any Philip Wylie moms--particularly in their own immediate acquaintanceship. I have--several of them, at least two just as bad save that they don't keep their husbands locked up. This kind of thing makes understandable the plight of the little boy who insisted to the Reno cops that he was there on legitimate business, namely to get a divorce from his parents.

Some people are going to grouch at Condit for his remarks on NYC provincialism. But I've lived there myself for eight years, did not consider myself a NöYawkopolitan, and can testify that the provincialism is exactly as he describes--for some social levels it isn't even slightly exaggerated. The same kind of thing is found in Boston; the famous cartoonist Dahl (who appears in one of the Boston dailies) once satirized it in a strip dealing with a couple of Back Bay dowagers rejecting a travel agent's stuff with remarks to the effect that "Why should we want to go anywhere? We're already here!" c/o Bill Donaho, 1441 Eight St., Berkeley 10, Calif.]

There'll be more (gasp, choke!) letters, as well as a number of fannish articles &ct. in the 3rd and final instalment of VOID 22. I make no promises, but it might be along within a month. You never can tell.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Some time around April, this year, we began planning our giant Fifth Annish (well, giant for us, anyway). It was going to be a whole fifty pages long, and based around the Tucker article in thish. Unfortunately, more material came in than fifty pages would hold, and due to my professional obligations, I found the time passing rather more quickly than seemed possible. In short order it was June, and the May Annish had not yet appeared.

With a stroke of amazing insight, I saw the solution: publish the annish in instalments!

However...we human beings are not infallible, and I want you to know that. In fact, in order to prove it to you, I've gone to considerable pains to impress it upon all of VOID's Loyal Readers by finding no time whatsoever during the summer to continue VOID, much less get the "biweekly" instalments of the annish out of the way. When pressed, I will go to fantastic lengths to prove a point.

It is now mid-October, 1960, and I wish you all a very Merry Christmas.

- ted white

Ted White, publisher
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