



LICKS#12 (June 1994) is written and produced by Rob Hansen of 144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London E6 1AB, UK, for the 228th FAPA mailing. © Rob Hansen, 1994.

I don't usually get LoCs on LICKS, mainly because I only distribute a half-dozen or so beyond the confines of FAPA, but last issue generated a few:

REDD BOGGS Did you reely reely copyright LICKS 11? Why? I have no idea what  
PO Box 441 sort of rigmarole one has to go through to copyright publications  
El Verano in the United Kingdom, but I suppose there are forms to acquire and  
CA 95433 fill out and a fee to be paid, not cheap, I would further suppose.  
For some reason I copyrighted a few issues of SKY HOOK in the 1950s,  
but this didn't prevent at least one item being reprinted without my permission  
- Jim Blish's columns were reprinted with my permission, of course - this being  
a poem by Phil Farmer, which he later sold without my knowledge to F&SF. Of  
course it matters not (I wonder if he was paid anything at all for a poem?), but  
it would have been a sort of kick to have a credit line included with the poem,  
© Redd Boggs 1955 (or whenever it was).

((A useful way of talking about UK copyright law might be to consider the case of Paul & Cas Skelton's INFERNO, which became SMALL FRIENDLY DOG with its fourteenth issue, in February 1977. Paul Skelton had often referred to the zine by the latter name within its pages anyway, but he was spurred to drop the INFERNO name entirely when the British Library Board, having somehow learned of its existence, demanded that he send them four copies of all future issues and of every issue to date, as they were entitled to under the Copyright Act of 1911. Skelton replied, truthfully, that he no longer published anything called INFERNO, and asked for extravagant expenses to cover the delivery, by personal messenger, of copies of the early issues. By law, copies of all works published in the UK, including fanzines, were supposed to be sent to the British Library, but the only items published by UK fandom and always lodged with them were OMPA mailings. In the UK, authors are automatically assigned lifetime copyright to their work, with their estate continuing to own the copyright until 50 years after the author's demise. In the UK, copyright has to be actively signed away. As the situation in the US has been explained to me, anything you write is automatically public domain unless you attach a copyright notice to it (which is why I put one on LICKS, with contributors' copyrights reverting to them on publication, of course - it's not that I imagine people are clamouring to pirate my deathless prose so much as I object to the whole idea of intellectual property not being automatically protected), and copyright only runs for 28 years, with the option of a once-only 28 year renewal, so that copyright to something you'd written could actually run out in your own lifetime. If true, this is appalling.))

I appreciate the 'unabashed egoboo' for my fanzine. I don't get very much egoboo, to tell the truth. It's lucky I publish mostly for my own pleasure - just as other great (harrumph!) writers must do. Surely James Joyce got more pleasure out of writing 'Finnegans Wake' than anybody will ever get out of reading it.

PETER WESTON I'd put LICKS 11 on one side because I wanted to make a  
14 St Bernards Rd special effort to make a comment or two. What I really wanted  
Sutton Coldfield to do was to try and squash, once again, that old fallacy  
W.Midlands B72 1LE that I organised hotel patrols, back at the 1971 Eastercon.  
United Kingdom You, of all people should know better than to repeat that  
story, and if you don't make a retraction then I'll stop  
buying you drinks at future cons. What actually happened was that I was Got At

by the hotel staff on the Sunday morning at Worcester, who were complaining because some people were very obviously freeloading. I mean, bringing in backpacks and setting up a primus stove in the hotel lounge. Honest! I took a walk with Eileen by the river, feeling very depressed, and when I came back for a programme item, appealed to the fans to be a bit more discrete. I remember saying that I didn't particularly care what they did, as long as they did it out of sight. Somewhere the issue of certain substances was mentioned, possibly by me, because there had been some strange smells at room parties the previous night, and Dave Kyle jumped up from the audience and suggested in that helpful, deadpan way of his, that maybe we ought to appoint "vigilantes" to prowl the hotel. This concept was hastily rejected, but I've been unfairly ragged about it ever since. Shame on you!

I must say that I was intrigued by (your) denunciation of 'The Roads Must Roll'. I've never seen that particular argument before but you know, (you're) quite right. The rolling roads would be mechanically a nightmare (and I never could see how they would turn around, not with all those structures on them). I think the reason the SFWA voted for that story is the same reason that 'Foundation', 'City', and 'More Than Human' keep coming up on those polls of 'Best Novel', even though all three books are very hard going by today's standards. What it is, most people read these 'classics' a very long time ago, and they have fond memories of how good these stories seemed when they read them. If they tried today, I think they would have a different opinion. It's lazy voting, in other words, with a rosy glow colouring perceptions.

This has been the first letter of comment I've written for years; heck, almost the first letter away from a business context. It's a bit stilted because I'm out of practice.

((It was fine, Pete. Feel free to write again.))

#### MAILING COMMENTS:

rich brown: Though I have no interest in 'drugs' and have never even so much as taken a drag on a joint, I whole-heartedly second your response to Harry Andruschak's comment about "convicted drug dealers attending SF cons", an obvious dig at Ted White. Marijuana's illegality is a peculiarity of our laws rather than a judgement on its harmfulness when compared to legal drugs, and all Harry's self-righteous outrage has accomplished is to make him appear small-minded and prissy.//It's Mariel Hemingway, rich, not Muriel.//ct Speer: Who cares who sawed Courtney's boat? What I wanna know is who put the bomb in the bomb shebomp shebomp.

Tom Feller: I've always agreed with the idea that 'the Sixties' as a social period ran from the death of JFK to Nixon's resignation (or, in British terms, from the rise of the Beatles to the Oil Crisis), and that the 1980s began with Thatcher coming to power in late 1979, but what then of 'the Fifties' as a social period? I'd have to say that they started with Churchill's 'Iron Curtain' speech at Fulton and ended with JFK's death, making a pretty long decade. Did those in the apa who were around during that period perceive it that way or not, I wonder? 'The Forties', in my mind, always means primarily WWII, and I usually think of them as running from 1939 to the Fulton speech which signalled the start of the cold war.//I haven't actually seen The Remains of the Day, but from the clips I've seen I'd have to concur with the criticism of the Anthony Hopkins character over here, which arise from Kazuo Ishiguro's novel. The problem is that the butler is a weird hybrid, English manners laid over a Japanese temperament, and bears little resemblance to real English butlers. As critics here correctly pointed out, real butlers have more in common with Wodehouse's Jeeves, or the character played by Sir John Gielgud in the movie 'Arthur'.

Harry Warner: Could I humbly suggest, Harry, that you underline the fanzine titles at the start of each of your mailing comments? This would involve little extra effort on your part and make your zine more readable.//ct Schaffer: The question of just who should play the Doctor in any US version of DR WHO has been the subject of much speculation here at 144 since Spielberg's interest in such a project was made public. Traditionally, the Doctor has been played by somewhat quirky middle-aged character actors (the exceptions being the elderly William Hartnell and too-young Peter Davidson), so the first names that came to mind were those of Donald Sutherland and Jeff Goldblum, though Goldblum might still be a bit too young. Hmm. What about Alan Alda? Or Elliott Gould?

Brian Earl Brown: "...the things they find most offensive about New Age philosophy are the most characteristic of Jesus' ministry - tolerance, forgiveness, worry more about living your life well and not in condemning how other people live theirs. I call them 'alleged Christians' because at heart they have no Christian charity. they're little ayatollahs who want to use religion as a club to create an authoritarian state". Exactly. And while I don't personally believe in Jesus, if He did exist and was to return today I'm sure the 'moneylenders' He'd try to eject from the temple this time would be the televangelists and their ilk. Of course the little fascists who comprise the religious right would never recognise Him for who He was. If He preached exactly the same stuff He's recorded as preaching in the Bible, they'd dismiss him as a filthy, New Age hippy and He'd probably end up being killed by one of these fanatics, who would then claim, of course, that he was doing 'the Lord's work'. And while on the subject of Christianity...In today's (15/6/94) 'Guardian' newspaper, below a piece about the prevalence of cross-dressing among cowboys on the prairies, was an article about a schism among those translating the Bible into Klingon. Quite why anyone would want to translate the Bible into Klingon is beyond me, but the schism has apparently led to there being two groups that will now be producing their own translations. The split came about over whether the translation should be literal or should use notions more familiar to Klingons. When translating the story about the loaves and fishes, the literalists use the Klingon "tIrSoj", which means "grain food", and "bIQHa'DIbah", or "water animal", while the translation by the other camp reads: "vagh 'IWchab cha' ghargh wIghaj", meaning "We have five blood pies and two serpent worms." Works for me. I wonder which Bible will become the approved version? Which reminds me that, some years back and after the style of Lee Hoffman's SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY, the Nielsen Haydens and I talked about doing a one-shot zine - issue two of SCIENCE FICTION BI-MILLENNIAL. Among its contents was going to be the concluding part of the serial begun in the first issue, which would consist of the single line: "Then Mary woke up. It had all been a dream."

Jim Caughran: ct Warner: I recently read a very well researched article on the smuggling and the increase in organised crime that resulted from the Canadian government's attempt at 'back-door' prohibition by use of excessive taxes on cigarettes. None of it came as any great surprise. The disastrous US attempt at prohibition of alcohol earlier this century produced the same results and gave organised crime a grip on many American activities that it retains to this day. The self-evident failure of 'the War on Drugs' and the immense amount of drug-fuelled crime there is follows the exact same pattern and shows how damaging the prohibition of drugs has been. I don't like drugs but have come to the reluctant conclusion that legalisation is the only answer. That way the problem goes from being a criminal one to a medical one, the entry of legitimate businesses into production and supply of drugs would cause prices to tumble and addicts would then be able to support their habits without having to rob and terrorise the rest of the population in order to obtain the money for their next fix. Also, as a legal product drugs could be taxed (the funds raised, and the 'peace dividend' that would result from the end of 'the

War on Drugs' should be enough to cover the cost of treating addicts), and organised crime would lose a major source of revenue. Additionally, with hemp becoming a legitimate crop once again we could (as explained on the inside back page of either Ray Schaffer or Harry Warner's zine - I forget which) use the plant's quite remarkable properties to reduce our use of fossil fuels, cutting down of trees, and have a more ecologically sustainable source of natural fibre for clothing than cotton. Of course, this will never happen.

Vijay Bowen: ct Bratman: "Mark can read a book in such a way you'd think it was in mint condition when he's done. I think he may be a space alien." That's also the way I read books. It pains me more than I can say that Avedon will take a book from my shelves, one that will still be in pristine condition despite what could be multiple readings, and return it me looking as if she's played football with it. If we could afford to, I'd buy two copies of every book: one for me to read, the other for Avedon to practise her goal kicking on. Actually, Mark is a space alien. So am I. We're both from the planet Glubb, and you've cleverly deduced one of our characteristic abilities. In fact the reason it's been so easy for you to talk Mark into attending the last few DISCLAVes is that this is where we report to our leader, Senator Sam Nunn. Sam's secret was discovered and reported by one of your most prestigious newspapers a while back, a publication only available at the most renowned of US supermarket chains, but he was able to put them off by making a joke of it. One would expect no less of the Supreme Glubbian.

Janice Eisen: ct Speer: When I was in Minneapolis a few years ago I came across a 'Cretin Avenue'. Astonishingly - and I swear I'm not making this up - there was a school on it called 'Cretin High'.//My favourite of the book titles I came across during our visit to the US in May was 'Men Who Hate Themselves (and The Women Who Agree With Them)'.

Arnie Katz: It's been true for a long time that most of our fanzines have little or nothing to do with Science Fiction, and there have always been those involved with our fandom who got here by another route (for Spike Parsons it was body-building, of all things), some of whom never do become interested in SF (like TAFP-winner Pam Wells). But you're right that we should now try to attract people from fandoms other than SF fandom who might find the zines with only the most tenuous connection to SF that many of us put out of some interest. Unfortunately, the last full-size zine I did was a 100+ page slab of fanhistory, so all I have to offer at the moment are these 4-pagers. Still, in the hopes that he may find them of interest I'll mail a few recent issues off to Greg Bemis, though I think something of the substance and quality of Ted & Dan's BLAT! is more likely to impress him.

Arthur Hlavaty: I'm one of those who really dislikes the smiley 'irony indicator'. I'd prefer to rely on my own writing ability to sufficiently telegraph the use of irony, and on most of those reading it to be perceptive enough to spot it for themselves. However, for those who have a problem detecting irony I have just one thing to say: I'm not really from the planet Glubb. I actually come from Barsoom.

Norm Metcalf: Your mention of Niven & Pournelle reminds me that in the last mailing someone (Janice Eisen?) asked where I'd heard that N&P were the 'experts' Reagan consulted before coming up with the Strategic Defence Initiative. Actually, I was sat at home, innocently watching a TV documentary about SDI, when N&P appeared on the screen. I'd only ever seen photos of the pair before but recognised them instantly. Pournelle dominated that section, and Explained All. I wish now that I'd taped it. Should it be repeated, I will.

Just enough room here to say how much I enjoyed CORFLU and DISCLAVE, and finally meeting fellow PAPANS Jack Speer and Janice Eisen. Rob Hansen 16/6/94.