



NULLF 34

UFFISH THOTS

I'M TIRED. Yes, I am, actually and literally. It's about 2:15 am, and today I ran off a twenty-page zine for another apa, pasted up all the Gestefaxing for LIGHTHOUSE and ran that off, and now I am faced with the prospect of producing a NULL-F by tomorrow, when I must pack and mail everything for FAPA, lest it be Too Late.

So I am doing no mailing comments this time. I have read only a portion of the mailing, and I simply don't feel like rushing through the remainder in order to write comments. The mailing struck me as a very uninspiring one, on the whole, and perhaps that explains my reluctance to finish it. Because I didn't finish reading it, I never loaned it to Gary Deindorfer or Walter Breen (who is here in NYC for the summer), and as a result their mlg comments are also lacking. However, you will find some comments in this zine, this time by young Boston-area fan Paul Williams. I would like to add to his comments my agreement with his stand on Paul Stanberry. I read Rich Brown's buildup expecting to find quoted the lines of the next Willis, and instead when Rich finally did get around to Stanberry's much-vaunted early fanzine writings I found just another fan, nattering in an undistinguished fashion about himself and his circumstances at greater length than necessary; hardly a pearl in the truckload...

...BUT I'M STILL RUNNING. Ayup, I have again filed for the office of Vice President of this noble organization. I'm not sure how many years now I've indulged in this minor vice, but of course it is an invaluable aid to be able to point out the fact that every year I've gained a little more experience in the invaluable understanding of FAPA's inner workings -- from the side-lines as it were -- and am yet a little more qualified for the office. Hell, the way my qualifications have snowballed, I should be in and already out again... Anyway, I'm running again. I thought -- just as a lark, you understand -- of running for OE. "A grand wheeze," I told Terry when I thought of it. "I'll run on the solid campaign platform of hand-lettered covers on the FA." Laugh? I thought Terry'd cry.

I have no idea who my opposition is this year -- or even if I have any (although I'm sure I do; probably Redd Boggs or Dean Grennell) -- so I can't tell you how much better I am than he is, but whathell, you already knew that anyway. So vote -- and for me, please.

EGOBOO IN NEED IS EGOBOO INDEED. It was a pleasure to appear in FAPA's top ten again, and all the moreso for not being tied for the honor with Gertrude M. Carr. Thanks.

A RECORD REVIEW follows in a page or so. I originally had decided to put this into NULL-F because it is both an example of how I write such (this one will, I trust, appear in JAZZ magazine) and a way of painlessly putting a little more Me into the issue. After reading LIGHTHOUSE's lettercol, though, I knew I had to, in order to vindicate myself from the garbled story Terry tells Lichtman about me. The record under review is the one he misquotes me about.

"IT'S AN ART! IT'S AN ART!" screamed the wizened old thirty-five year-old man. "I spent the first half of my

life looking for the greatest art. I am an artist and I was determined to find the greatest art of all. I found it. I tackle it twelve hours a day!"

This was but one of the many replies we collected when we polled a representative sampling of the passengers of the BMT Culver Line Shuttle at the 9th Avenue terminal station in Brooklyn on the following question: "Do you agree with the statement made in TARGET: FAPA that 'a proper -- i.e. mutually satisfactory -- job of heterosexual lovemaking requires hard work and close attention, and about an hour is a generous estimate of the length of time that combination of qualities can be exerted, nonstop, in any connection'?"

The answers ran the gamut, of course, from a terse "Hunh!" from an elderly Presbyterian woman, to "Geeze, mac, I never timed it!" from a dockyard laborer on his way home for lunch. The general consensus, however, seemed to be that this was an unduly earnest formulation, and that lovemaking had been known to exceed an hour's duration on many occasions. Few seemed to regard it as hard work, although one young woman was heard to remark to a friend that, "It does pay well."

One minority opinion came from a handsome young fellow who replied, with a wave of his hand, "I'm sure I wouldn't know a thing about it."

Taking our leave of the station, we rode back to 4th Avenue on the West End Local, and parted our ways, I to return home for my midday bout in bed with Sandi. It was a pleasurable two hours and ten minutes (by my stopwatch), but we rested once or twice.

A RECORD REVIEW for H. Warner + N. Clark

CHARLIE MINGUS • Town Hall Concert (United Artists Jazz UAJS 15024 in stereo; UAJ 14024, mono): a thirty-two piece orchestra of whom only the following soloists were listed: Clark Terry (trumpet); Quentin Jackson (trombone); Eric Dolphy, Charlie Mariano, Charlie McPherson (alto saxes); Jerome Richardson, Pepper Adams (baritone saxes); Toshiko Mariano (piano); Charlie Mingus (bass); Danny Richmond (drums): Clark In The Dark; Epitaph Part I; Epitaph Part II; Freedom; My Search; Don't Come Back; Finale.

I wish this album had not been released.

That an album of this nature was released, packaged and handled as it is, is from some points of view understandable, but not forgivable. It reflects ill upon United Artists, whose motives can be summed up simply: to make money and to indulge in deliberate spite.

The difficulties which went into the production of this album have been aired repeatedly in the jazz press in the last nine or so months. The recriminations, charges and counter-charges have been given ample space in Down Beat for everyone to be aware of them. /For members of FAPA who don't read DB, I'll summarize: The concert at Town Hall was a fiasco. Originally it was planned as an informal open recording session, but over Mingus's protests it was promoted into a full-scale concert. The orchestra was nearly unrehearsed and copyists were still copying out arrangements when the curtains opened. Mingus had tried in vain to cancel but warned members of the audience that what would follow would not be a concert and to demand their money back now if they wished. What followed was about four hours of music interspersed with long pauses, false starts, retakes, etc., of the sort familiar to those who've attend-

ed recording sessions. Although a great deal of good music was heard that night, the conditions for hearing it were so poor that many walked out, and Bill Coss gave the concert a bad review in Down Beat. (I gave it a much more favorable one in JAZZ.) There followed a series of accusations of whose fault the mixups were in DB's lettercolumn, which arrived at no final conclusion./

The crux of the situation is this: whether or not Mingus had adequately prepared for the concert/recording session, there was a great deal of excellent music performed that night at Town Hall. I would surmise that at least an hour of Mingus's music came off well -- and this in addition to the false starts, etc.

Unhappily, UA's recording engineers were not equal to the task. Although they repeatedly interrupted the music that night to demand new starts, to move various musicians closer to microphones, etc., and although they had the entire stage wired for sound, as Mingus told me last fall, "Nothing came out. The engineers kept fooling with the volume and they didn't get anything."

The record bears Mingus out. Bill Coss skirts the truth in his liner notes when he says "This album is more /or less -tw/ than it appears to be. ... It is an example of the salvaging of valuable property." The property can be considered valuable from two points of view: First, as music, these tapes have some value: they hint at music of amazing strength and beauty, performed stunningly by a virtuoso orchestra. But, from what is more likely UA's viewpoint, they represent the reported investment of \$15,000.00.

UA has resorted to at least one shoddy trick in order to regain its financial investment. The cover of the album is overpasted with a large circle on which is printed "FIRST PLACE WINNER - 1963 INTERNATIONAL JAZZ CRITICS POLL". Needless to say, the album has won no polls; Charlie Mingus won this year's Down Beat critics' poll as a bassist.

It is questionable as to whether the remaining quirks connected with the album packaging were the results of haste or were deliberately intended to embarrass Mingus.

The jacket itself has no notes; both sides are given over to extremely blurry pictures of the Town Hall stage, and the UA symbol is overprinted on the front as an apparently last-minute thought (normally UA does not put its name on the front of its 14/15000 series jazz releases). The notes themselves are on a separate sheet stuck inside the album. At Sam Goody's, where I bought this album, there were two stereo copies and one mono, none on display. Only the mono copy included the notes.

It is ironic that Bill Coss was selected to do the notes for the album, considering the fact that his DB review of the concert brought about some friction between him and Mingus, but his notes are well done, although they skirt the essential nature of the album. But the most curious aspect of the notes is not to be found in Coss' writing, but in the absence of all credits, except to Coss himself for writing the notes and to those soloists Bill happened to mention in the course of his notes. It has been UA's practice to give copious credit to the album's producer, sound engineer, art director, etc., and for this reason the total absence of such credits is made more conspicuous. I can understand, however, that no one would care to take credit for the album's production, engineering, etc.

More important is the fact that both in the notes and on the labels of the record the pieces are listed in entirely the wrong order. While they are listed as I gave them above, with Epitaph's two sections together, Freedom opening the second side, and the album concluding with Finale,

the actual order on the record is:

- | | | | |
|-----------|---------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|
| side one: | 1. <u>My Search</u> | Side two: | 1. <u>Clark in the Dark</u> |
| | 2. <u>Finale</u> | | 2. <u>Epitaph Part I</u> |
| | 3. <u>Don't Come Back</u> | | 3. <u>Freedom</u> |
| | | | 4. <u>Epitaph Part II</u> |

As you can see, this programming, particularly the splitting of Epitaph and putting Finale on the first side, makes much less sense.

The actual playing time is only, slightly over half an hour, a short record by today's standards, and, when we consider that in several cases inferior takes were used of the two or more played, a pitiful sampling of the actual music played during the concert.

As a recording, this album represents a throwback of many years. None of the sound is up to today's standards, and the balance is often so bad that only parts of the orchestra can be heard. The volume level fluctuates, and loud passages either distort or are muffled by a rapidly diminishing volume. One wonders what sort of amateurs were handling the sound equipment that night. They seem to be afraid of loud noises. For instance, soloists are usually featured at the orchestra's expense (at the beginning of a solo, an unseen hand turns down the orchestra, thinning and muting its response, while at other times both soloist and orchestra suddenly recede in volume, as in the latter part of Charlie Mariano's solo on My Search, when the orchestra enters with a surge of full accompaniment), and the drums are often too loud. The bass playing is boomy, not clean, distorting many of Mingus's beautiful solos. To top it off, the stereo is largely artificial; not only are the musicians not placed as they were in the Hall, but soloists wander from one channel to the other as though they'd been striding across that cluttered stage.

This would matter much less if not for the fact that a tantalizing amount of music is still there, patched together and then fragmented again by capricious editing, editing done, to quote Coss, "with care and artistry." If "care and artistry" means tracks in every case incomplete, lacking either openings or closings, or both (and the latter glossed over by dubbed-in applause), the splitting of one piece into two, etc., and then their nonsensical programming, well, yes. I suppose it has been done with care and artistry.

The album opens with My Search, which Coss points out to be "an enchanting set of variations on I Can't Get Started," a tune which has long fascinated Mingus. It is one of the most successful tracks on the album, featuring some excellent solos by McPherson, Mingus, Toshiko, and Charlie Mariano. The piece did not actually end as it does on the record, but the applause and opening notes of Clark Terry's call to jam on In A Mellotone which immediately follow make it seem that way.

Finale is, of course, Ellington's In A Mellotone, and I think that Clark's earliest notes are probably missing, but what follows is a rousing, if very badly recorded, jam session of the classic sort in which the musicians finally let go. The bad balance is more understandable here; the musicians had left their carefully designated chairs and sections to group around Mingus and Jerome Richardson at the front of the stage. The band which remained for this jam got together and built riffs behind the soloists which sometimes overwhelm them and sometimes cannot be heard, but the spirit, aided and abetted by an audience which cheered the musicians and booed the stagehands (who were trying to close the curtains), is clearly audible.

The last track on the first side is actually a piece Mingus recorded six years ago on Bethlehem, Duke's Choice. He later used the theme in Open Letter To Duke on Columbia; and this version is orchestrated and conducted, if I'm not mistaken, by Bob Hammer. The insulting retitling of the piece to Don't Come Back is, I think, the clearest indication of UA's feelings about Mingus and the concert. Mingus seems to have a strong faith in Bob Hammer (if his notes on his recent Impulse album are any indication), and Hammer played piano on the earlier version of the piece. But, frankly, this faith seems misplaced. Hammer has used a thinner, more conventional texture, distilling out the characteristic Mingus sounds in the process, and his conducting drags unmercifully. His sense of rhythm seems to be labored and from outside jazz; he swings like a limp dishrag. The piece as a whole, though, is one of the better recorded tracks, probably because the music is low-level and offers few dynamic contrasts.

Side two opens with one of the strangest bits of business on the record. Clark in the Dark is credited by Coss as "a fragment from another composition," and indeed it is. It is the entire center section of Freedom, an emasculated version of which can be heard after the following track. There is, as near as I can tell, no reason why the long section in which Terry solos so brilliantly could not have been left intact in Freedom. It is quite likely that each track came from a separate take, but some of the Care & Artistry which went into dubbing applause onto Dark to make it appear to come to a conclusion might've been used to rejoin it to its parent piece.

The second track, Epitaph Pt I, opens with the brooding theme of Pithecanthropus Erectus (an excellent version of which appears on Mingus's first Atlantic album), but disintegrates into another dialogue between Dolphy and Mingus similar to the one on What Love (on Candid). It was present at the Showplace the night the first of these dialogues occurred /a series of vocal-like squawks from Dolphy's bass clarinet, answered by as nearly vocal twangs and thrums from Mingus's bass/, and that one began with Mingus making fun of Dolphy and Dolphy's spirited response. By the time it reached the record, it was mannered, and a bit boring. Since then I've heard it live several times and each time it has lost more of its original impact; here it is merely tiresome. (The second time this piece was performed that night the dialogue was omitted and the orchestral sections were much better, much tighter. But apparently it wasn't caught on tape.) The piece gathers momentum again as Dolphy builds over a slow and mournful orchestra and then gives way to Clark Terry and a faster tempo. The voicings, as on many of the other tracks, become quite Ellingtonian, and this segment along with Part II, which closes the record, hold great promise for the composition. It would be nice to hear it some day uncut and untampered-with. It is one of Mingus's strongest works.

Freedom, as it is heard here, is confined largely to Mingus's recitation of a poem of, as Coss puts it, "promise, threat, and explanation, about "this mule" -- the Negro people. It ends with the members of the orchestra chanting "stand fast," as Mingus brings his poem to a conclusion with the same words.

The music which appears on this record only hints at the music performed; its presentation can have only one effect -- to embarrass and harm Mingus's reputation as a composer, arranger, and musician. Every track is incomplete, often so completely fragmented that the original form and flavor of the pieces presented are lost; little hint remains of the color and life of the music.

It has been reported that Mingus entered suit against UA for payment allegedly still owed for this session, and Bill Coss mentions "law cases" in his notes. It is certain that a good deal of hard feeling still exists between Mingus and UA, to which the release of this album will undoubtedly supply further ammunition. In light of this, the fantastically slipshod production of the actual album -- even the decision to put it together out of badly recorded tapes -- begins to make a sinister sort of sense.

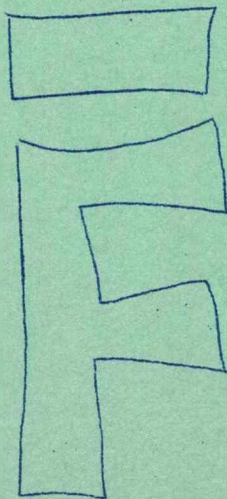
But whether or not it was actually UA's intention to embarrass Mingus with this release, one thing is certain: it's the record buyer who loses in the end. For it is he who has paid, in good faith, for an album which, for reasons of gross technical deficiencies, should never have been released.

-Ted White

As a PS, I should point out that released almost simultaneously was another Mingus album, THE BLACK SAINT AND THE SINNER LADY, from Impulse. The album is everything TOWN HALL CONCERT was not, including excellent recording. It is probably Mingus's best to date, containing a 37-minute suite covering both sides of the album which is fantastically powerful and beautiful. One hesitates to call it "jazz," and indeed Impulse has not labelled it a jazz album, but certainly it is an outgrowth of jazz, and perhaps the logical direction pointed towards by Ellington's early experiments with longer forms in jazz.

At any rate, Mingus is happy with Impulse, and Impulse with Mingus, and it seems likely there will be further fruitful collaborations between the two.

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GUSHLA MOCHREE!

PAUL WILLIAMS, Proprietor

Cellophane Heavens:

I read this through and smiled. I read it through again, and said to myself, smile even broader, "Boggs has done it again. Ghod, what a wonderful cut-up of...of...uh-oh...". I could not identify the parodee. I felt reasonably certain that it must be Demmon, because there was nobody else it might have been (as far as my feeble imagination could tell). But I have read almost no Demmon: just the stuff in the 11th Shadow mailing, and the quote in Null-F of Mailing 102. And what killed me was that this parody struck a responsive cord in me; a sense of deja vu, a realisation of the lovely reductio ad absurdum going on before my eyes.

Thus I must ask, "What, precisely, was this piece patterned after?" For no one in fandom could write a parody so perfect it would inspire one who had missed the original. No one except, perhaps, Redd Boggs.

Torrents:

Very nice.

Not wanting to be difficult or anything, but how do you open and close wooden Venetian blinds which are outside of the window? Or raise and lower them, for that matter.

I suppose Dikini is responsible for the design at the close, since the Rapps are typerless? Clever, at any rate.

And say, next time someone is passing through Boston who isn't busy being sick, drop me a line (a strange bit of slang, that). Put a dime in any phone and dial IV4-8560 (that's 484-8560, if you like that sort of thing).

The Vinegar Worm:

Ah, would it not be wonderful were Leman to return!
Too many of the best of us can only stand and yearn
And wish that we were commenting... but we must work and play
And give no thought to Fapa folk till once again it's May.

This is indeed an excellent fanzine.

Sercon's Bane:

'49

I checked the June/ASF, and then just to make sure I looked the phrase up in Bartlett's Quotations, and, sure enough, you're right. Somehow I just can't bring myself to believe that that famous foolish phrase originated in Astounding. I feel somehow that it has a grander origin, and up to now I would have thought I'd heard the original phrase used in mundania. But I guess not...

Your radical social change is a fascinating and agreeable idea, but it will never be, in this civilization. And I have a feeling the world puts too much pressure on people

already, forcing immature people (I speak from the position of being one) to make decisions like these might just foul things up completely. Particularly since many--those without real ambition--would take the easiest course, and as a result never really get their lives started. It happens too, too often even with the present system.

Now wait a minute! As long as you've brought the subject up again, would you say that "Dry Martooni" had no right to be in the mailing? Exactly half the material in it was written by Fapans; Harness did have 1½ pages in it, and he did. (I assume) say that it could be called his zine as far as Fapa purposes go. And who's to say that any editing was involved? It looks like a one-shot to me, and therefore doesn't really represent to a substantial extent the work of anybody. As far as I can see, the only work Patten did that no one else had any hand in was the mimeography. And that is obviously a moot point; who mimeos Horizons, for example? And while there are morals involved here, and they may be loose, legally and constitutionally there is nothing wrong with "Dry Martooni", and Dikini is damn lucky (or smart) he didn't refuse to run it... Fapa's got enough fighting over poor management already!

But there's a clincher. "Dry Martooni" has certainly met with ample protest, more than it deserves, for all that I can't agree with the idea of putting it in Fapa proper. But in the same mailing appeared "Beauty & the Beast", which received naught but praise. I was happy to see Beauty etc. in the mailing, and I feel that it was indeed a worthy piece of work. However, 90% of the material in it was done by Ray Nelson, a non-Fapan, and under no possible arguments whatever could this fanzine be included in a Fapa mailing if "Dry Martooni" were to be excluded.

I do not suggest that Beauty etc. should have been excluded from the mailing. I merely state that "Dry Martooni" had every right to be included. I state that the crack-down on franking was a mistake, unless Fapa wants to lose such potential publications as "Beauty & the Beast". As for people sending their genzines through, they'd be fools to do it, and Fapa would stand to gain rather than lose, in most cases; and anyway they would first need to find a member of the 65 who would willingly front for them; and finally, don't forget that 33 Fapans can, simply by signing their names, stop anything (I use the term loosely, of course). And let me close by again asking officers and bitching members of this organization to keep the incident of the two franked fapazines which appeared in Fapa 102 firmly in mind, and to watch themselves very closely for signs of hypocrisy before they deny franking priveleges to anyone.

Phantasy Press:

I plead the fifth.

Salud:

Some husbands will drink anything.

Y'know, I'm always cheered by someone who has good words for our age. I think it's easily as good as any age yet, and I can't help wondering about all those (not just the rightists) who go around griping about it.

Akkad:

Congratulations, by damn! It's always good to see success happen to One Of Ours. I'd like to do that someday... become a writer who can live well by writing what he wants to write. It's a worthy goal, and not, I hope, an unattainable one.

LTRBITP!:

Bill Rotsler is a satyr. Why don't you draw a picture of Bill Rotsler as a satyr, Bjo?

BobL, herewith my own punchline for your "Waitlist Idea": Feh! Foolishest proposal I've heard in a year and a half of fandom. This here is one waitlister who would not accept, in the unlikely circumstance that he were "voted in" to Fapa. You can bet your bloody boots on that.

LeeJ: But of course! What did you think the Farley File was for?

Redd, could you please explain how, under any conceivable set of rules, one could spell "Los Angeles" with eight letters?

Sadly, prime viewing time and local channel officials have decided that Hootenanny is not a prime view. But we cultural Bostonian types have an Arts Festival, which helps to make up for it. Say, that reminds me that educational Channel 2 here has been televising each Festival program, including Pete Seeger's performance. It didn't make much difference to me at the time, since I was one of 45,000 who saw Seeger in person, but now it occurs to me that that was probably the first time Pete Seeger has been on U.S. television (the networks keep him off because he belonged, once upon a time, to an Evil Organization of Subvertists. Indeed, there is presently a violent struggle going on over the fact that Hootenanny refuses to do a show with Seeger, or isn't allowed to.).

These L.A. one-shots always arouse the same reaction in me: "Why couldn't I have been there?"

Celephais:

"You may know that there are certain temples in India, covered with superbly executed carvings of a kind that we in the west scarcely associate with religion. To say that they are frank is a laughable understatement; they leave nothing to the imagination--any imagination. Yet at the same time they are genuine works of art. And so was Hartford's movie. :: It had been shot, in case you're interested, at the Temple of the Sun, Konarak... The reference books... apologize for the "obvious" impossibility of providing illustrations... of a shamelessly erotic character that have no parallel in any known building. :: 'My God!' I said... 'Are you going to telecast that?' "

--Arthur C. Clarke, "I Remember Babylon," 1960

"A 'FORBIDDEN BOOK' IS AVAILABLE AT LAST! We are proud to announce the official publication of KAMA KALA--after a three year censorship battle with the U.S. Customs Office. :: KAMA KALA is a volume dedicated to the beauty and meaning of Indian erotic sculpture, as exemplified in the exquisitely carved figures and groups which adorn the ancient temples at Khakuraho and Konarak. :: In this book we are given views of entire facades, and then,

page by page, details of each face, figure, couple, and group.
:: Thanks to the brilliant efforts of our attorney Martin J. Scheiman, Kama Kala may now be imported into and sold in the United States."

--from an advertisement in the
New York Times Book Review,
July 7, 1963

Wraith:

It's a shame that I've never had any comments in Fapa before, because if I had, you could have read about how much I enjoy Wraith. Unfortunately, this one managed to leave me cold. Better fortune next mailing.

The FA:

Acknowledged, in case my postsarced somehow went astray. Plenty confusion in the ranks this time, what? That's all right, it gives the officers valuable experience.

Lighthouse:

Definitely, there should be a dues moratorium. It doesn't do this organization much good to be independently wealthy. I recommend only elimination of members' dues; the w-1 fee serves a very definite purpose.

Re TEW for Taff. Tew bad. I guess you couldn't get the British signers in time, right?

Say,
Terry, a while ago we got in the mail a subscription pitch for NEWSWEEK which listed about a hundred names, and then said "If you had subscribed to Newsweek 37 weeks ago, you would recognize all or most of the names above." As it happened, I did recognize one of the names: Terry Carr. Is there another Terry Carr, or, if not, how did you become so Utterly Famous as to have your name in Newsweek? C'mon, tell us the sordid details--if you know them, that is.

Poor Richard's Almanac:

This surprised me. Not for the more obvious reasons, but because I read Rich Brown's introduction and decided that the play would probably be terrible. And then I read the play, and it wasn't.

"Genius on the Fringes" should never have been printed. For one thing, it is largely just another in the Richard Brown series of articles which cry (frustratedly) "Yarst on you, you pumbly old fandom!" And who could care less about one more disillusioned fan who wants to go, but to go with a bang rather than a whimper. And refuses to leave until someone sees him walking out, and tries to call him back. But no one will... and thus Poor Richard's dying gasps grow longer and more tedious...

But the really wrong thing about "Genius on the Fringes" is that it completely contradicts and defeats its purpose. It explains to its readers why Stanberry was never appreciated, and it even gives examples of Stanberry's writing to prove it. True. And now let us look at what Poor Richard has proved.

To begin with, the extended quotes from Stanberry have absolutely no real merit. This is, I believe, evident to anyone but a very close friend of Stanberry's. They consist of the usual editorial blatherings about quelquechose du rien, which neos and others often fill fanzines with. And these particular blatherings do not stand out. The writing is not abominable--it has some vague promise and might have been of some interest if Stanberry had had anything to say. But there is absolutely no sign of genius here..... indeed no sign of anything but the existence of one more "fourth rater"--and not a very good one at that. Yet Brown has convinced himself that his friend's idle words are truly great, and fraught with deep inner meaning. So all right... except for the fact that Brown was so convinced, he actually believed that everyone else would react the same way if they thought about it. So he offers this crap to us as "proof" of Stanberry's talent, and where does that leave us?

It leaves us with deep surprise that the play isn't awful.

Ah, but Poor Richard isn't bothered by my words. He knows why I have failed to recognise talent when it is right before my eyes. I am a Fan, and refuse to appreciate anyone unless he puts on a mask--unless he works on his image. Right?

Richard's whole "image" tirade is nothing more than a demonstration of the value of semantically loaded words. True, there are fans who do their best to portray an image--to deceive--but usually these are the ones who fail the most at giving fandom the right impression. For the second time in these comments, I refer to Bob Jennings: look where he got with his attempt to be a big man on the campus. But most fans do not have to create images of themselves; what is true is that people have images of them. This is not only normal and unavoidable, it is good. One gets an image of a person by reading his writings, by meeting him, by corresponding with him, by observing his fannish actions... and if he's not interested in having anything to do with you, then you're not likely to have much of an image of him. Not a favorable one, anyway. And if Stanberry was not going to have a fannish image, it only means that Stanberry was not particularly interested in fannish give-and-take and didn't really want to have much to do with the ingroup. So we should seek him out and say, "You're a potential genius, Paul. Please come and play with us."?

I mean, when you come right down to it, whose fault is it that Stanberry's fannish image is based on a crudzine and a half full of blather, and the wild antics of some Coventranians?

Richard, some people just can't be appreciated unless you meet them personally. And even then one often has to become friends with said person in order to realise that he's not an utter jerk. So all right, we're glad you know Stanberry so well. But we don't. We never met him. And we will probably not appreciate him as a fan until we do. If we do. And, like, that's life.

As for the play, I cannot and will not analyse it deeply. Indeed, I believe that would be against the original intent of the play. It is purposely unresolved; it asks questions, and the point is that people don't have the answers, or at least people as we know them don't. And they go right ahead pretending they do, and it doesn't really matter which way they pretend. And though inconclusive in regard to questions asked, it is satisfactory in regard to point made.

By fannish standards, this play would be quite impressive. But we must not judge Stanberry by fannish standards, eh what?

And by the theatre's standards... well, the writing leaves much to be desired: the dialogue is often corny, cornier than it was intended to be, and the poetry is poor. But the construction of the play is good, the ideas and the motivation are good, and it shows much promise. I, for one, expect Stanberry to be someone, someday, in spite of all Rich Brown has said.

Null-F:

Interesting.

I'd love to leave it at that, but I have autre chose to say...

Re CRY: agreed. An example of how important editing is (in fandom, editing and publishing are generally the same job), and how fans are perfectly capable of holding the editor responsible even more than the writer, is of course the Trip To Hell caper. I don't know if Jennings stated at the time of publication that he believed what he published. But he sure as hell deserved exactly the reaction he got. And his mistake was simply an editorial one.

New York squirrels probably can't hold a candle to Boston squirrels (I assume this from your surprise that one ate out of your hand). I have had Boston squirrels climb up my trousers leg in order to eat the peanuts I'm holding out in my hand at two feet above the ground. Dahl's drawings of local squirrels aren't at all inaccurate. (RonEl, do you have a comment?)

Since when is either high IQ or high competence a straight genetic inheritance? Surely it isn't true that geniuses beget geniuses? Or dopes, dopes?

I cannot conceive of any reason (this is, I suppose, directed more at Walt than Ted: comments on come on com...) why strikes at Cape Canaveral should be something to get worried about. It seems to me that steel, rails, or teachers' strikes are much more important. Yet I wouldn't advocate "dealing with" them--that is, settling them by order from the government (what else did you have in mind?).

Walter:

Re the Law of Pejoration: This is from Twink, which fans should be familiar with, if they aren't already. (It's a City Lights Book, made up completely of stuff like this):

" What do you think of great?

Not much these days.

It's lost all its power.

They've gotten it all wrinkled and used up.

It's a shame. Such strength it had.

There still could be something to it, though, if you knew how to use it.

How would that be?

A sincere respect for the old-fashioned great.

I don't think we're capable of that.

I say something can still be great.

In what sense? Great like the mountains? Or great like Roumanian swimming parties?

That's a great interpretation.

See? You have helped ruin it!

I am a mere member of a generation. "

"I trust SaM" ...Walter Breen, Null-F 33, P.11

Gary:

I enjoyed your comments on Phantasy Press. I can see there are going to be pyrotechnics aimed at you next time.

In fact, I enjoyed this whole mess.

But don't tell me Gary Deindorfer doesn't know what Rockland is!

I hereby welcome myself to this vast conglomeration of nuts.

Mimeo:

One difficulty with your plan for abolishment of the dual membership is that if every dual membership decided now to break into two individual memberships (a right which you say they should have--but should they go to the top or bottom of the w-1?) Fapa would suddenly have 9 more members, which, believe me, is one thing Fapa does not need. Otherwise it's not a bad plan, but is it really necessary? An amendment or two will clear up most of the bugs in the current system, and I don't think anyone will mind the slight extra bookkeeping involved in dual memberships when you balance it against the advantages of the system.

The surprising thing about California's drastically upgrading the teacher requirements is that they were so low to begin with. Most mature people would automatically assume that the requirements California just put into effect would have been demanded all along... knowing something about the subject you teach would seem to be the lowest, most basic requirement for a teacher. I am reminded of the Red Queen, running as fast as she could just to stay in the same place.

Engrossing mc's. I certainly hope it won't be another sixteen mailings before Mimeo 3.

Ankus:

Don't sit there sputtering, Richard. Say it and get it over with. Say it and get it out of yur system.

Phlotsam:

The old order passeth (sigh)...

Artwork:

(No, Dan, there wasn't a Fapazine by that name last time 'round; I'm just gabbing about a few of the perty pitchers.) Not too much this time. Bjo was as wonderful as ever in her cover work: the cover on Poor Richard's Almanac was particualrly impressive. I assume that's Rich Brown? The interior stuff for LTRBITP! was also good, but what'd you expect? Rotsler's "Help!" series was especially perceptive and noteworthy, tho I didn't much care for his other work in this one-shot.

Sylvia's cover on Mimeo was eye-catching, but somehow not up to par. The cover on Vandy was very nice, as was Jean's on Horizons. And I didn't care for Dian Girard's latest. I guess that covers it.

