

NULL-F #37

is edited, written & published by Ted White, same as always, for FAPA 109. I seem to have forgotten the number of this issue, but it is intended for the November, 1964 mailing, and is being produced in the very same month. Terry Carr says I must include this Vital Information or I will drive future Fanhistorians nuts. Well, here's to you, Future Fanhistorians! :: QWERTYUIOPress ::

It must be admitted that I have been less than hyper-active in FAPA of late. I did a zine (a very brief one) for the last mailing, but it arrived (I presume) too late, and will appear in this one. I also put in THE BNF OF IZ, but our OE credited it to a mythical fan who once opposed me in an election for FAPA office. This mailing I am putting in the covers to THE BNF OF IZ, and perhaps I'll get the credit I so richly deserve for creating consternation in the hearts of every FAPAN who faces the decision: "Shall I keep my mailings intact, or bind the cover on to the publication?" -- clearly a matter of life or "something".

My lactivity was in large part caused by my overwhelming disgust with a fandom (and a group within fandom) which could support the sick and vicious meddling of the past several months. That in the end those responsible for this situation were exposed to be a loud and vocal minority (if I may borrow one of their pet phrases), and were repudiated by FAPA, and by extension, fandom at large, was a very heartwarming thing.

One of FAPA's staunchest loudmouths has been teeing off at me for the last several mailings. I have stopped reading his zines, under the theory that what I don't read will not increase my bloodpressure, and therefore I am making no rebuttal to his various arguments. In discussing this with him at the Pacificon, I pointed out that a) in the past my friends had advised me that replying to every jibe was not only a waste of time, but demeaning to me -- whereas now he was saying that my silence was an admission of defeat, and that he couldn't have it both ways; and b) I was tired of attempting to argue sensible points with him, or anyone else of similar disposition, before an audience, since this inevitably lead to grandstanding and one-upping, thus defeating any hope of a positive outcome.

In my naive world of Ideals, one wins one's debate on the logic of one's argument, and the verifiability of one's stated facts. After some years of attempting to follow this ideal (and slipping, repeatedly, into the frustration of emotionalism, *sigh*), it has finally come home to me that Socratic Discourse is not universal in fandom, or even FAPA. Maybe I've learned my lesson, or "maybe not".

The following mailing comments are truncated for two reasons: these are the zines I read and checkmarked when the mailing came (others were also read, but inspired no checkmarks, I should add), and I've had no opportunity to read the rest since. Secondly, this is again a Last Minute effort, and time, stencils and ink are all in short supply.

AMPERSAND #1: Grennell - It is a thought of some wonder to me today that I applied to FAPA's w-1 in the fall of 1954, and was in by the spring of 1955. There couldn't have been very many on the waiting-list at that time; not more than four or five, I'd guess. I'd have been in a half year or more earlier if Redd Boggs had read the fanzines I was sending him then. Alas, I penned a note on an interior page of an early ZIP, which Boggs, being a fairly accute critic, probably never reached. After some time this fact occurred to me, and I sent him

a more direct request.

LIGHTHOUSE: Carr - You're Wrong, Wrong, Wrong. "VFB" is ham slang for Very Fine Business, and was around long before high-school types subverted into sexual connotations. Right LeeJ, Dean -- somebody?

HORIZONS: Warner - This summer, while visiting my folks in Virginia, my mother took me up in the plane she flies (it's not hers; she uses one of the several planes at Godfrey Field in Leesburg) and we flew over the mountains towards Harper's Ferry, and passed directly over that huge AT&T project. It appears they scooped the top and interior out of a mountain, and then refilled it with concrete. It's supposed to withstand a nuclear attack, they say.

APERCU: Janke - My, you're irascible this time... As far as "modal" jazz is concerned, it would help if you listened to some. I think you're right, that it is misnamed, but you seem to be relying upon reviews or liner notes for your conception of the jazz variety of "modality". Basically it is a way of freeing the musician from a set of chord changes, by giving him an entire scale (or mode) to work in, the harmonic background being a pedal point of one or two chords from within that scale which seesaw back and forth hypnotically.

If you want someone who writes separate notes (or even melodies and counter-melodies) for each instrument, try Mingus. He can get a full orchestral sound from eight to ten men, just through his intricate voicings.

May I use your plot about the man certified insane who commits a murder?

I've found in general that musicians make the worst critics of music. There are exceptions, but on the average... One of DOWN BEAT's critics is Bill Matheiu, a minor arranger and composer who feels the need to put down all his contemporaries and superiors. His reviews are fine when they don't concern other arrangers or composers, but not worth reading when they do. Musicians hold the most incredible biases that they usually make lousy critics.

The crack about "little boys in FAPA who grow beards in Nat Hentoff's image, and prattle of free love in his footsteps" sounds as though aimed at me. If it is, it's a little wide of the mark; I grew my beard before Nat grew his, and I've never heard him mention free love.

GODOT: Deckinger - Bravo for your comments on Speer's "Opinion Poll!" Your comments on Paul Krassner inspire the reverse reaction in me, however. I've known Paul for some years, and he's never struck me as "misanthropic" -- only as a somewhat cynical and disillusioned idealist faced with the necessity for being a realist. His goshwow over the birth of his son is something I find it easy to empathize with, and his "idolization of Norman Mailer" is something I never noticed -- especially after that devastating Impolite Interview with Mailer.

CADENZA: Wells - I got a separate copy of this in the mail. Why? It is reassuring to see Betty Kujawa say that "Ted White, EEEvers, or Ray Nelson/.../are not My People, nor were they ever." I too have felt that I was not one of Betty Kujawa's People, and the thought warms me, especially on grey, foggy days.

I have over a page to say on KIM CHI, but must cut this short. Sorry, Dick
- Ted White