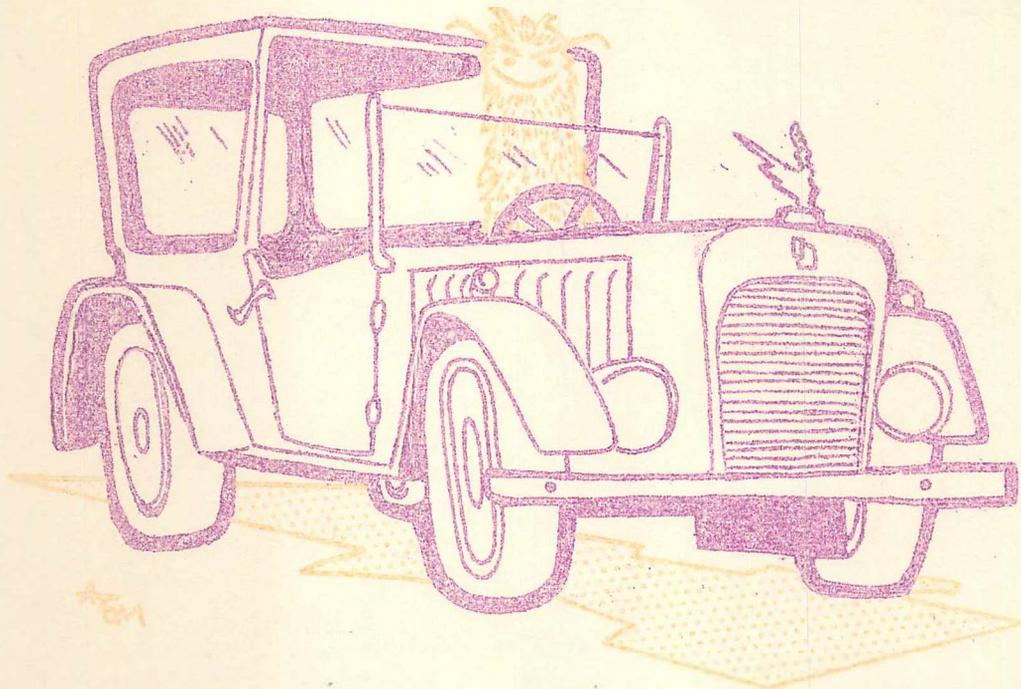
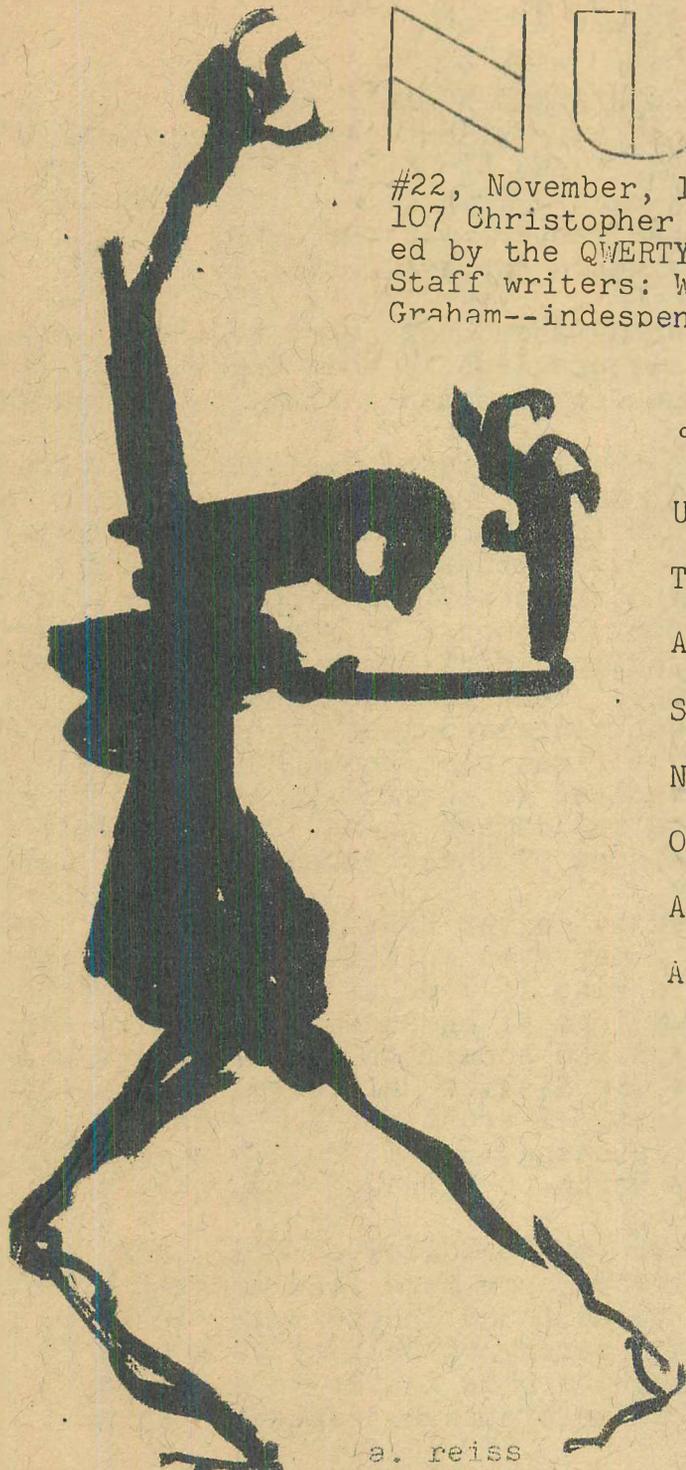


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contents:

UFFISH THOTS, an editorial of sorts, by Ted White 4

THE FOURTH OF JUNE, a story of sorts, also by Ted White 5

ALLEREI 1, mailing comments on FAPA 96 by Walter Breen x8

STILL MORE OF OLE JOSH BRANDON'S BLUES, by Terry Carr 19

NOTED: MAILING 96, comments on comments by Ted White 21

ONE ORDINARY DAY, WITH POPCORN, a tender story by Carl Brandon . . 29

AND HAVING WRIT..., our letter column, complete with Letter . . . 30

A COLUMN FOR WISE GUYS AND BOOSTERS, CARD SHARPS, CRAP SHOOTERS & TED WHITE, by Pete Graham 31

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INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS: what there are of them, by Andy Reiss and Ray Nelson. You should be able to tell them apart; they're signed.

a. reiss

uffish thots

Welcome to ~~another/giant/issue/of/LIGHTHOUSE~~ NULL-F! I don't think I've put out an issue this large since the extravagant third issue. Come to think of it, I published the last BIG issue of NULL-F almost five years ago, to this mailing. Hmm... It's been a long time. Our Last Issue, in fact, now that I cogitate upon the matter, was our Sixth Annish. How about that? I knew there was some reason for publishing it.

Some of you (the very few of you who make notes about this sort of thing) may be puzzled by the fact that the issue previous to this one was #20, and this is #22. Don't let it bother you for a moment. I'm just balancing out for the two #19's.

I've taken the liberty of including a little more than the usual run of material, this. For instance, the piece of fiction which begins on the next page (please note: fiction; I'm not in the Navy yet...) is one of the few I've written in the last several years. It's a mood piece, and only a vignette. In many respects, it was something for me to practice upon. Although it may not read like it, it was written under the heavy influence of Henry Miller; I'd just finished the Rosy Crucifixion trilogy. Your comments and critical insights are humbly solicited. (I just conceived last night of a plot for an sf novel. Inasmuch as this is the first plot which has occurred to me in the last eight years, I am resolved to cherish it lovingly to my breast, but I'm not sure I can write the damned thing. Ah weel...if only I was Christine Moskowitz, I'd have none of these problems...)

Walter Breen's mailing comments (stencilled by Walter Breen) are to be a regular addition to NULL-F. In fact, I may even pull a Rike, and let Walter do all the mlg comments for this zine if I do as badly again as I did this time. Walter reads the mailings of somebody in Berkeley--probably Rike--so your replies will reach him sooner or later. (I've heard a few ugly rumors about some people who dislike Walter getting together to bkackball him from the waiting list. I trust nothing comes of it and I hope I was mistaken about the whole thing, but I trust his material in this issue demonstrates Walter's worth to FAPA and his ability to contribute interestingly.)

Terry Carr (my Co-Editor on VOID, and Pete's co-editor on LIGHTHOUSE) has contributed some more fine fannish blues (earlier blues by "Josh Brandon" are to be found in the Cult, in VOID, and various other unlikely places), and a parody of Shirley Jackson's "One Ordinary Day, with Peanuts." (I mention this latter in order to tip off the less cultured among us, like the creative giants of Newark.)

Pete Graham (Terry's co-editor on LIGHTHOUSE, and my Co-Editor on VOID) contributes a column which this time takes us on a jaunt round Fanoclast Country, so to speak. We were unable to inspire him sufficiently to write "One Ordinary Day, with TCarr," as originally planned... You can't win 'em all.

With all this fine material, you'd think I would've spent more time on layouts and classy presentation, but I didn't. I remember Bill Danner's strictures about Simple Layouts, and besides, I'm doing this zine at The Last Moment. As usual.

-ted white

THE FOURTH OF JUNE

a story
by ted white

I've been possessed by a mood.

It was an early Sunday evening, and a delayed spring had opened itself upon the city. People were thronging the streets, aimlessly wandering, chattering, glad to be out in the softly moving air and dusky sunshine. People, paired; among the wandering Bronx Jews the Negroes and the Puerto Ricans, couples young and old.

I'd gotten off my ship at St. George, and ridden the Staten Island Ferry to Manhattan. There I'd just kind of walked around, feeling a little uncomfortable in civies, but still digging their anonymity. I wasn't sure what I wanted to do, so I decided to ride up to Fort Tryon Park. At this time of day, it is one of the most beautiful I've ever seen: gently curving paths, lined on the right by evenly spaced trees, and on the left by gardens sloping down to the Hudson, the sunlight skimming over the Jersey Palisades and lighting the gardens and trees softly, warmly.

I took the IRT local from South Ferry up to 59th St., and got off there to change to the A train on the IND line. I spent my time waiting for the train by favoring a nearby young woman with covert glances around a pillar--covert because her boyfriend was eyeing me belligerently, and because when it boiled down to that, I was watching her only because there was no one else preferable to watch, and thus I had no stronger incentive than that she was feminine, and well turned from the rear. Unhappily, her face was too strongly chisled, too unfinished and unrounded. I preferred her when she faced away from me and I could admire her hair and imagine the shape of face I might have preferred for her--only then her boyfriend necessarily faced me, glowering. I gazed up the tracks--the wrong direction for the train of course! --fifty percent of the time in compromise.

Loneliness is not ever easily satisfied, but I have always been an Outsider, a looker at others, and simple easings of the pain have always been possible for me in the vicarious participation with others such as is possible in a crowded city like New York. New Yorkers have strangely closed faces; they do not choose to see much of that which goes on around them. Each New Yorker is an island universe even in the most crowded conditions, and I have always enjoyed taking advantage of the fact to single out one among them to scrutinize, speculate about, and for a moment live with.

They never even know.

When the train finally arrived, it was packed, of course, but apparently not so much so as I had first believed; everyone was clustered in the front of this, the first car. The couple pushed past me and headed back to another car while I glanced indecisively about me: there were no seats. Then, amongst the others who pushed on, the girl brushed past.

She was wearing a black and fashionable dress of some sort. My eye is poor for women's fashions, but later I noticed a fluffy lace-like substance which sprayed out from her sleeve cuffs, the

subdued taste of the cut, and the quiet elegance which implied expense. The first fleeting impression I knew was that here was the first girl I had seen whose features were like that of a long-lost childhood sweetheart, although this remained more of an unconscious intuition for a time, since I had seen only her back and perhaps a three-quarter rear view of her face. What made me certain of this was the cut of her hair, under a round little hat which perched on her head like a kid's sailor cap: it was cut medium short, with a casually uneven look to it, and was a rich brown in color.

It has always seemed to me that one should be able to tell much about a girl's face from the shape of her hair as viewed from behind. When one notices a girl whom one is walking behind, or is waiting behind in a line, and she has an attractive body and her hair is also styled well, one--or at least I--becomes impatient to see her face as well. I usually speed up my walking speed to overtake her, and then, when abreast or past the girl in question, I always find it embarrassing to turn back and stare. Thus, I've worked out some pretty elaborate schemes for subtly peeking through that hair and finding out what its owner looks like. The hair--its consistency, its coiffeur, its length--in its every detail tells a picture of the face it frames. A certain kind of hair goes with a certain kind of face, and one learns intuitively to match the two.

From behind, from the way she held herself and from her hair--even from the silly, but very cute hat--I could tell what this attractive young girl would look like. She would have a softly rounded chin, sloe eyes, perhaps a pert nose, and her lips would have a gentle fullness to them, the lower one slightly outthrust into an almost-pout. Her hair would fall in irregular bangs low upon her forehead, and...

For the longest time she maintained her position in the rear quarter of the car, close to the last door, standing determinedly, holding a pole for support, in a steady ease which belied her needle-sharp heels. She remained facing away from me, towards the rear of the car, all the time the train rocketed along the express tracks from 59th St. to 125th. I took up a position near the center of the car, and bided my time in sizing her up, conjecturing upon her appearance, and plotting exquisitely fancy maneuvers. Her figure--trim, well-proportioned for a 5-foot-5 girl of perhaps sixteen, which I took her to be--lent itself to my gaze until I had counted every one of the sixteen buttons which ran from the nape of her neck to the small of her back.

Then the train slid into the 125th St. platform, and two people sitting in a seat midway between The Girl and I got up and got off. She turned, and made for the seat. Timing my move perfectly, for I had worked out this and about 68 other combinations, I slid into the seat next to her with betraying any hurry or sense of of specific desire.

As she had turned to face me, in the moment when she moved to the seat, I had swept her face with my eyes, at the same moment my mind preoccupied with the logistics of our encounter. It was as a delayed reaction that I realized that I had been totally right! It was as though I had seen this girl once before, and the memory had persisted. And--at the exact microsecond my eyes had met hers, she had given me a look which I can still not explain. Recognition? At first I'd thought so; now I am no longer sure. But surely awareness of some sort. Otherwise her next actions would be inexplicable.

Sitting next to her had been a mistake. The seat faced forwards and we were wedged too closely for me to turn and look at her

without rudeness. I was, I found, too close to see her.

Without a glance in my direction, she began to fumble at her purse. It was a small, carried-in-hand sort of purse, black and fashionably part of her attire. She searched within it for a moment, and then withdrew a pink envelope. It was a personal-sized envelope, a size beloved of the stationers as "a number 6½ envelope," and delicately shaded pink.

There was no address, no marking on the face of it.

Unsealed, she opened it, and extracted a sheet of paper, half the size of a normal letter-size sheet, folded twice into thirds and typed across the long way.

The message was in Russian.

She studied it for many long moments, passively searching its contents which she had by now, I was sure, memorized. Then she folded it and returned it to the pink envelope and thus restored it to her purse. Her gloved hands crossed over the purse in her lap, and she remained silent for the rest of the trip.

What could have been in that message? I could not tell: was it typed out or was this some mimeographed announcement? Was the message directed solely to her? There was no signature, although the form was that of a message, with salutation and closing. What had she read? If only I'd signed up for Russian last year!

Why had she removed the message and displayed it? Clearly she already knew its contents. Was she only refreshing her mind--perhaps as to the address of her destination--or was she actually trying to show me in concrete terms her alien allegiance?

I felt in her a lack of belonging, an attitude of "I'm just passing through--it's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here". Did she sense the same transience in me?

My lonely heart went out to her. I felt her aura, unprotected, needful.

But this is New York City, on a subway train: the A train past Harlem. I am not a lecher; I cannot go about following and picking up strange girls. Some of my bunk-mates have no such inhibitions, but mine is a small-town attitude. I felt an unbelievably strong affinity for this girl, but I could not voice it.

The train stopped at 168th St., and she rose. I moved to let her past, and she stepped through the open doors to the platform, turned left, and was gone.

Desperately I wanted to follow her. I wanted to rise from my seat, step to the platform, and follow her up and out onto the street. But I did not. Somewhere inside me a small voice of supercilious sanity reminded me that she was never mine, and to stretch out our parting would only be foolish.

I did not leave the train till 190th St., where I rode an elevator to the entrance of the park, and stared about me at the people: a blonde girl-child running happily up the sidewalk, and then halting, suddenly aware of the adult world she has impinged upon; dressed in pure white and golden in the setting sunlight. Coupled--but probably brother and sister--two children running to a fountain. "Look! See what I found!" A broken piece of plastic.

With a mock-broken heart--within me that same voice laughs at my sentimentality and scorns my emotions as shallow, worthless dreams of wish-fulfillment (be still, damn you!)--I moved into the bear-

FANTASY AMATEUR: Officialdom - A potential source of trouble for w-l'ers is concealed in the way the requirement of acknowledging the FA is worded. Let's assume that a w-l' er takes a little over 3 years to get in, and that successive Secretary-Treasurers continue Evans's rule "w-l'ers below Quagliano are allowed not more than 2 nonconsecutive failures to acknowledge the FA, otherwise not more than one". The S-T doesn't let the w-l' er know whether his acknowledgment reached him, so the only way the fan can find out is to read the next FA. And so he acknowledges the May FA with a postcard around May 25, then reads in the August issue that he is credited with a miss. He can't prove he postcarded the S-T (after all, who makes photocopies of postcards?). Two years and nine months later he finds himself, not on the verge of becoming a member after all, but dropped from the waitlist for a 2nd miss-- and for the identical reason. Exit, disgruntledly, and FAPA has lost someone who might have been a worthwhile member. It would be asking too much to expect the busy S-T's to mail out letters or postcards replying to waitlisters' acknowledgments. Under the circumstances perhaps the best answer might be a modification of the Donaho method (described to me by Evans): send a "reply" postcard, the other half of it (pre-typed FA acknowledgment received with space for the then S-T's signature). It costs FAPA nothing and requires little more time from the S-T than he already spends recording waitlister acknowledgments and credentials, and it is safer than merely sending in letters or postcards. But just to make sure, I will insert in FANAC at appropriate times an acknowledgment of the FA in addition to my own reply postcard, and that will provide me with some 40-odd witnesses in the membership. (I have some personal involvement in this question; the card I sent Bill asking the May FA is presumably still lying on the floor of some railway mail car, covered with footprints rather than eyetracks.)

Forty witnesses--that's not too many.

LARK: Danner - This lowly waitlister would appreciate one or more extra copies of the Fzot Laws, with or without typo. § I echo your comment about the fascination of do-it-yourself letterpress work. I learned the trade in 1947 at a VA hospital, on a Kelsey; bigger than a 3x5 but I don't recall exactly what model or size and would rather not guess. (I recall the Kelsey name because of the usual simile.) The press had no electric hookup, but the slowness of operation (compared, say, with an electric mimeo) seemed a trivial disadvantage, vanishing when one held up a needle-sharp page of one's own composition. I recall poring over type-specimen catalogues, eventually being able to recognize by name a couple of hundred different faces; most of that knowledge, alas, has gone the way of the language of the Hittites. But I am sure that given access to a press I would before long get around to relearning. Perhaps joining a mundane apa might follow. I have seen SIAMESE STANDPIPE and some of the other papers you named; admirable work. § I think that if I found Schubert quartets accompanying a movie, I would be greatly distracted, probably prone to listen to Schubert and shut my eyes to the screen; the quartets (particularly the late ones, the "Death and the Maiden" and the G major, op. 161) are too intense and brilliant to serve as background to anything else. It is for the same reason that Prokofiev's "Alexander Nevsky" is far better as a cantata than as movie background music. § Dorcas Bagby isn't in the Britannica, either, but then its authorities even omit figures like Juan Crisostomo Arriaga (1806-26) who is commonly regarded as the Spanish counterpart of Mozart, and don't so much as mention that Domenico Scarlatti wrote anything for the harpsichord, despite some two dozen volumes of his harpsichord sonatas on Westminster.

DIFFERENT: Moskowitzes - Seriously, Chris (since that's the vein you appreciate), I can't answer for others, but I would personally regard an attack on one of my friends as an affront to me even though not specifically aimed at me, whether or not said friend could defend himself. The attack on the Ellingtons wasn't only about peyote; there was also a reflection on their child-rearing practice, in your PEALS Philcon report where you compared them unfa-

-9-

vorably with Taurasi because Poopsie was not raised under the kind of oldfashioned discipline which has been used on Jimmy Jr. This, though perhaps not mentioned specifically since, has not been forgotten. § You and I discussed peyote at the Seacon, after the fan panel broke up. I objected to a flat label of "addictive narcotic" being attached to peyote or its active principle mescaline, and cited the UN¹⁹⁵⁹ Bulletin on Narcotics (which seems at present authoritative, if not yet definitive, with its over 550 bibliographic references) in support of my contention that peyote is nonaddictive and non-narcotic. You referred to other MDs--specifically a couple of psychiatrists--(who may not have had firsthand knowledge)--in support of your own position that it is addictive. These reports of peyote's addictiveness are certainly in the minority and need to be verified as to the character and constancy of withdrawal syndrome, if any, before one accepts them in preference to the vastly greater number of medical reports which tend to confirm the Ellington-Donaho-haLevy position that it is nonaddictive. You expressed fear that this drug might tend to get into the hands of youngsters, or other persons (let us say, to be realistic, persons with unsuspected allergy, metabolic idiosyncrasy or liver malfunction) to whom it would be potentially dangerous. I suggested that the cost would effectively limit youngsters' acquaintance with peyote in any form, and the unpleasantness of preparing the cacti would be almost as much a deterrent. But clearly this is not the basic issue: it is, instead, whether or not legal controls should be extended over something over which they have not earlier proved necessary, on the sole alleged grounds that a restricted class of individuals might otherwise undergo unknown risks. These legal controls you advocate (by terming it a "narcotic" and "addictive") would place peyote, illogically, in a class with heroin, resulting in taxpayers' money being spent, without their consent express or implied, to pay salaries of an increased number of federal snoops who would engage in a relentless witchhunt even as they have against cannabis. It would result in more income for pushers (who would peddle the cacti at exorbitant prices and with misleading accounts of the "kicks" involved) and more graft to the police whom the pushers pay off. Having peyote included under the Harrison Narcotics Act as amended would play directly into the hands of the immense tobacco and alcohol lobbies, even as ^{when} a similar campaign got cannabis so included in 1937. Pressure towards such illegalization comes largely from sources notable for ignorance or venality: churches, devout housewives, American Legion posts, misguided conservatives who have swallowed a lot of propaganda about subjects outside their personal competence, and the abovementioned liquor and tobacco lobbies. These last interests correctly realize that their own incomes would be lessened if the other 'benevolent drugs' (nonaddictive euphorants, etc.) were made, or allowed to remain, legal. If mescaline is dangerous to selected individuals because of metabolic peculiarities, so what? The same is true, far more commonly, of alcohol, and I certainly do not wish to hand you the gratuitous insult of assuming that you would seek to bring back prohibition--but the analogy is exact. And I am firmly with Bill Danner in regarding the "There ought to be a law" attitude as creeping BigBrotherism, and in opposing it in any form. I will stand behind the position on dope laws outlined in DAY*STAR, even though the latter suffered by being far too short, with supporting arguments at a minimum. It cannot be overemphasized: the real issue is economic, not medical nor moral. It becomes moral only insofar as individuals addicted to heroin who cannot get it or related drugs at clinics are forced to resort to thefts and extortions to obtain money to pay the pushers' extremely high prices. That issue does not exist for cannabis or peyote. § SaM: Since you were apparently unaware of Ted White's writings published in ROGUE, METRONOME, JAZZ GUIDE and 33 GUIDE, you were premature in drawing some of your conclusions. And in particular I would question whether you are qualified to judge his competence in jazz, just as I would question Ted's qualifications to judge Chris's medical knowledge--if he tried to judge it. Yet you made just such a judgment at the Seacon fan panel, and in such a heated tone that I was forced to conclude that under the influence of adrenalin you gave up any pretense to objectivity and resorted to strictly ad hominem argument. In all fairness, the best I can say for you is that you forfeited any moral advantage you might have had until then in the controversy with Ted. And rather than comparing Chris at her present age with Ted at his, you might go back and ascertain what Chris was doing at age 22.

I doubt the relevance of softball pitching or fencing records in proving anything whatever about Chris's superiority; I also doubt that knowledge of these records would contribute to any alleged feeling of inferiority on Ted's part. I'll gladly admit that Chris is more of an athlete than I'll ever be, but this does not make me feel inferior to her. (I bring up my own case here because as a freelance writer I am in a position in certain respects analogous to Ted's.)

THE R J & SS MAG: Ashworth - The Doc Weir item deserves larger circulation than FAPA + OMPA, and it ought to be read in context of his "From Yellowed Pages" in BASTION 2. Actually, it seems less important which and how many stf prophecies came true (or were even surpassed) than whether the stf stories were successful alike as evocations of possible worlds and as fiction. I am glad that the supply of Weir MSS was not exhausted with ELDRITCH DQ #1 and BASTION. I hope more will turn up; we suffered a real loss in Weir's passing, and he will not be easy to forget. § Was Sheila correct in esping the rugby score? Possibly, if so, she does have some ability in that direction; though if so, she may be in for some nasty bumps later, as Alan Burns will doubtless tell you. § Planned obsolescence and deliberate shoddiness in British goods? I am disillusioned--I had hoped that British manufacturers would have more sense than to imitate American robber barons, 1961. How disappointing. § I can see intellectually why missionaries came about--after all, it was an outgrowth of Jesus's "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them..." (which particular piece of fuggheadry should effectively dispose of claims that Jesus was omniscient--omniscience would have included knowledge of the effects of such alien doctrines on other peoples, and anyone as benevolent as Jesus could not have complacently accepted the missionaries' roles in making miserable dependents out of once free peoples.) But emotionally I am completely with you about the missionary, the taxcollector and the policeman: all are emissaries of a basically authoritarian, antipleasure and Our-Way-The-Only-Way society, guilty in the highest degree of provincialism writ large. § I have suspected for some time that Tolkien's verses were deliberately put into that manner which so irritated Edmund Wilson & Co., to give them the appearance of being approximate translations from folk poetry of a bygone age, with attempts to preserve the original rhythm & rhyme structure. The test would be to find any Tolkien poetry NOT dealing with Middle-Earth. § If there is no satisfactory legal answer to police abuses--as is true in the USA--it proves that the police represent a series of local breakdowns in the system of checks and balances which characterizes many if not most stable "democratic" governments, whether explicitly as in the USA or implicitly as in Britain with its elected House of Commons. And I see no effective answer to the problem short of the radical proposal outlined in DAY*STAR last mailing. § The train question is easy: a "day-couch" becomes a "night-couch" when the conductor dims the lights after 10 p.m. (And thereby hangs a longtime gripe: trainmen are averse to leaving lights on bright enough for reading, or turning them off to enable passengers to sleep. It's for that among many other reasons that I prefer to fly if the distance is too long for convenient bus travel--say over 400 miles. Counting cost of meals, planes become more economical than trains when the distance is more than a couple of thousand miles.) § Those who scream loudest in denunciation of communism are likely, not to have communist leanings themselves, but to conceal authoritarian, coercive or exploitive urges, whether they scream in the name of Big Business, Big Govt. or the Holy Roman Catholic & Apostolic Church. § On the other hand, since you speak of bookburning, I would not suffer a very large break in my own heart were I to see copies of books of antiquated health nonsense ("Self-abuse leads to insanity, blindness & impotence" on the rubbish heap. Certain doctrines, even as certain personalities, leave no regret at their disappearance, not even as horrible examples. § It is harder to get a permit to carry a God must have loved horrible examples--he made so many of them. gun in NYC than to get a clearance from the Atomic Energy Commission. This has the (perhaps intentional?) effect that the only persons who can readily obtain weapons are the police and the underworld; the law-abiding citizen is practically out of luck. DAG is fortunate not to live in NY, whether or not the recommendations in Heinlein's Seacon speech become the difference between survival and nonsurvival. § If you register as a Hindu, you may find yourself deprived of beef

77 *advertis*

courses in hospital meals. I recall that at the veterans hospital where I spent much of 1948-50 nobody got anything remotely resembling meat on Fridays because of the Catholics, pork was rarely seen at all because of the Jewish 10%, and likewise around the high holydays matzos replaced all other forms of baked goods. There was no wine or beer, but that may have been for other reasons than to satisfy the 3 or 4 professed Muslims. Good thing no other religions were recognized there, or we might have had restricted diets indeed. I am reminded of a s-f story (name and author forgotten--can anyone recall it?) in which ^{city}rules were being changed every day --always in the direction of increasing restrictiveness--in order to avoid offending delegations of aliens, and as a result more and more earthmen retired to quasi-monasteries where these rules did not hold. § If your OMPA version was anything like this, I am sorry indeed I did not see it. A good zine, Mal.

OVERTIME FOR EYETRACKS: Coswal - The word you referred to as meaning "demons" and being cognate with it was evidently "daimones" or some form differing only in the last two letters. But this properly means "divine beings"; other connotations in common use were "departed souls" and "fate" or "destiny"--the meaning "demon" as "evil spirit" was extremely rare, so Broughton 1600 "fearful of devils" is plain wrong, especially in context. If "devil worship" meant placating an evil spirit so that he will not cause disaster, then as well as now, it was no major part of Greek religion; there ~~does not appear to have been any cult of Typhon (alias Typhoeus, later identified with Egyptian Set), the most likely candidate, as mythology generally told how such spirits were after fearful struggle rendered incapable of action by being confined to Tartaros or crushed under mountains, etc.~~

APOCRYPHA 3: Janke - Much appreciated.

VENUS ORGANIZATION: Rotsler - Why thank all those firms? Did they use your photos for ads, or your films for - er - entertaining customers?

THE NO HOLDS BARRED GUIDE: Karen Anderson - Fun to look at, anyway.

ALIF: Karen Anderson - My own nomination for that part of the USA most deserving the name of Moordor is not LA (despite the smog); it is the district close to Linden, NJ, with its perpetual foul smog dominated by intolerable sulfurous vapors (much like those one would expect from around a more or less active volcano like Mt. Doom), and in which at night one sees mysterious lights and hears strange noises. Mundanely it is the district occupied by Standard Oil Refining Co. and various chemical manufacturing establishments. Car and bus drivers routinely shut windows when speeding through on the NJ Turnpike, and woe betide the driver stuck there at rush hour or behind an accident. § I can't match Caughran's graffito, but I did see one in a john in the same building, reading JACK KEROUAC FOR PRESIDENT.

HORIZONS: Warner - Many happy returns. § French taught in the ~~first~~ grade in York? There are some experiments of the kind around here, and they should continue; but first grade is already pretty late to be starting foreign languages if a youngster is ever to be effectively polyglot, according to experience and the most modern teaching theory; it is familiar enough that language-learning ability decreases with age. § The birthrate might drop during a major depression because of the great cost of lying-in hospital, baby food & clothing, etc. § To the meagre roster of animals which do attack unprovoked I would add many species of insects plus scorpions and centipedes, and let us not forget Portuguese men o' war and smaller jellyfish. Maybe other ^{Japans} can think of others. I don't know enough about sharks to be certain if they qualify, but reports abound that they do. And do caribes (otherwise piranhas) occur north of the equator? If so, they'd have to be added. § Mann's "Dr. Faustus" contains sexual motivation; the succubi provided the composer in later years were part of his reward. I found this the most disappointing of all Mann's work, the second being Tonio Kröger; and I vacillate between amusement and indig-

nation at Mann's ascription of the 12-tone system of music to the devil. Somehow I think Schönberg, Berg and Webern would also have failed to appreciate the judgment. § Terry Carr once estimated (in SA PS) 2,532 fmz pages pubbed by him since he began. I suspect the alltime record would not be much higher, and Forry Ackerman might be a likely contender, though Taurasi might also be close. § I guess you were referring to Bach organ works in the comparison with Buxtehude. Having the complete set of Bach organ works on Archive (with the blind German organist Helmut Walcha playing two fine old organs of Bach's own day), I personally have to conclude that the Bach compositions in this medium range from routine to extraordinary, with maybe a dozen or twenty in the latter class. These latter I prefer to Buxtehude's best, though Buxtehude at his best is better than the most routine Bach. Composers were expected then to be prolific, and not even Mozart was at his best in the majority of works done on assignment. But I find tedious length not so much in Bach organ works as in the eternal recitatives in cantatas and oratorios. Tediousness is not so much a function of length as of monotony/predictability. I find no trace of it in, say, the G minor Fantasia & Fugue, or the F major Toccata or C minor Prelude for organ, though those are among the longer works. (Schmieder 542, 540, 546) Thematic repetition is absolutely demanded by the design, and the contexts are different enough to provide no basis for attention-wandering. On the other hand I do find diffuseness in much Buxtehude; he sometimes seems not quite certain what to do with his materials, and I find myself wishing that he had developed them rather than interjecting passage-work (something all too true also of Handel, alas!). § There is increasing evidence that the development of cancer is associated with generalized drop in resistance (as with many other disorders). Kallmann's Heredity in Health & Mental Disease mentioned that schizophrenic onset almost never occurred except at the time of an abrupt drop in weight. § The observation of the departure of the "soul" (thetan, Jack?) from a dying person, as a little puff or spiral of vapor, is curiously frequent. It may be related to the Greeks having the same word (pneuma) meaning breath, life and spirit; "pneuma apchienai" meant to give up the ghost. This "departure" as a puff of vapor has been independently described by many different people. I rather doubt, for instance, that the medium Eileen Garrett (Adventures in the Supernormal, Sense & Nonsense of Prophecy, etc.) got her description of it from Louisa Mae Alcott rather than her own experience. At least she told me she had seen it often enough and I have no reason to doubt that she perceived something, though I don't know what it was. § Story appreciated, though I hope you don't limit its circulation to FAPA; it belongs in a prozine. And your rundown on Hagerstown, while occasionally making me think of Lehrer's Home Town, was fascinating.

VINEGAR WORM:: Leman - In other words, anything two fans do together is fanac. § Cogswell seems to harbor the unexpressed premise that "most fans are adolescents and/or dullards, therefore none deserve your time." But even if true, which is doubtful, this is only another version of Sturgeon's Law, and applies a fortiori to mundane people. In saying so he was trying to raise in your estimation (and that of his complacent readers, many doubtless ex-fans) pros and pro publication. But with whom does one communicate ^(a 2-way street) in writing for prozines? Readers in general? No-one's friends, and perhaps a few who write you letters c/o your publisher (and these latter turn out to be fans or would-be fans afteraall); one meets other pros largely at Hydra Club meetings or fan conventions. And even if "Hydra Country" is 95% exaggerated (which I couldn't say from my own experience), it still sounds dreary enough; one has to seek out one's friends, again, rather than mingling indiscriminately. So I think Cogswell's arguments are somewhat less than convincing, whether for exclusively pro publication, or against fandom; tarring us all under the "Beanie Set" brush is evidence of ignorance. Does he seriously think that even most fans are so inane and limited in their conversational range? Where does one find one's peers anyway?--in the business world? in mundane generally? at the lodge or the local tavern? I have found a few here and there, but the greatest number of them are in fandom, some being older, some younger. And it hasn't been for lack of trying either. § My personal nomination for Prize Highway Menace: first place Iowa drivers, second place California

drivers; former for indurated roadhogery, latter for sheer recklessness. § "Porsche Faces Life"? Surely you should have seen the recent MAD in which similar bits based on car names were scattered all over the margins. § Evidently getting an ulcer is the fannish thing to do...I got mine last November and I would gladly give it away, free, no strings attached--in fact I'd even pay for the privilege. If the tiny white pills--evidently belladonna extract or atropine--give you such severe side effects, you're in line for either a reduction of dosage or a change of medicine. I got my own belladonna pills replaced by Pro-Banthine, which is quite effective. § Ayjay: Ach du lieber Auguster? To august (says my unabridged) is to ripen, to turn brown, therefore an auguster is one who or that which.... But then, there is also a verb to gust, meaning to taste or relish. And there is the solution: a pencil guster is one who invariably moistens the point with his tongue before writing something. (Down, Sigmund.)

MOONSHINE 29: Sneary - The funny part of it is, people as diverse as Poul Anderson and Gerald Heard would take you seriously, since they more or less seriously advocated ideas not far removed from your facetious one--former in "The Imperialist Manifesto" in SMÖRGÅSBORD, the latter in various philosophical books. § As Fapatown gets older, people die off or move away, and new jobs come into existence along with new people to handle them. I would suggest some of the following additions: Drunken City Editor (under Larry Shaw, natch): Lee Jacobs. # Artist (mostly for making woodcuts for Larry's newspaper): Lars Bourne; later on, when his immigration papers come through, Richard Bergeron. # Engineers: ~~Andy/Thibault~~ F M Busby, Evans, Pavlat. # US Assayer: Gregg Calkins. # Dick Ryan probably would join the library staff. Miri Carr would be a fine ornament to the local saloon/dance hall. Les Nirenberg's General Store would be a real landmark. John Berry, of course, would be the fingerprint expert in the US marshal's office, loaned out on occasion to the sheriff. Bill Donaho would be head bookkeeper or office manager for one of the local merchants or maybe the First Western Bank, but I suspect he would rather be chef or brewer in the restaurant at the Tucker Con Hotel. Dick Ellington would be in charge of the stagecoaches for Adams & Co. or Wells Fargo. Andy Main would be in demand as an interpreter--the only fellow around who could understand all the local Indian dialects. Ted Johnstone would be town crier (well, TV & radio announcing & programming is close enough, I guess) and master of the local lodge. I would probably be teaching at the local school. § My own personal hell? The first that comes to mind: a perpetually cold and drafty army barracks, peopled by the same kind of unalloyed clods I met in the Air Farce as top sergeants and fellow-soldiers, and with no hope of promotion or discharge, no PX or post entertainment other than an ancient TV set and some tinny radio blaring hillbilly music, no mail incoming or outgoing, and no change of scenery other than occasional stays in the guardhouse. --Oh, and perpetual low-grade flu, not enough to get me shipped off to the hospital, but enough to lower my efficiency at perpetual KP to almost zero. And nightly GI parties--scrubbing down said barracks with a toothbrush for the frequent inspections, but never being able to get the place up to standard.

CHURN 2: Rapps --Much enjoyed, especially the Tattered Dragonette. § Isn't it hard to decide a priori which method of obtaining publicity for Peace is better than others? If so, then why not try just about any & every method?

CELEPHAIS 28: Evans - Guess it depends on what city you're in what the situation is concerning bikes. In Berkeley thousands are seen every day, the majority used by Cal students, most of the machines being English style critturs with 3 speeds, many of the rest being 8- or 10-speed French racers. Thefts are fortunately rare. § Of my own classical record collection, numbering about 380, some 75 are Bach, 60 Beethoven, 35 Bartok; Mozart, Schubert, Stravinsky, Bartok, Brahms, Mahler come next in frequently in that order (all figures approximate), but this proves nothing about preference among the composers, only about the number of their works I enjoy. § The Sower design: wasn't that also used on the coins? I have none of the stamps in question, so can only guess.

DAY*STAR: MZBradley - What happened to the Terry & Kerry poems announced on your cover?

Nextish maybe? § Censorship of the bible is hardly new; if I recall rightly, the infamous Dr. Bowdler whose Family Shakespeare put his name into the language also wanted to (and perhaps did) publish an expurgated bible, because (heavens to betsy) the King James version contains four-letter words not to mention references to any number of sex practices and other activities frowned upon by our infallible enlightened lawmakers. And I understand that someone made a test case out of the Comstock law by sending several verses of scripture through the mails; he was promptly jailed on grounds of mailing obscenity. I am not sure which verses they were, but can make several guesses--mostly from Genesis, Kings and Chronicles. § Possibly this loss of alertness in neglected, unloved youngsters is related to the fact that intelligence/sensitivity is often a greater capacity to experience, therefore a greater capacity to feel: but there is only so much suffering a person can endure (particularly when too young to do anything constructive about it) without withdrawing into a self-constructed shell. § Your cavil on my Essay on Justice (the latter admittedly suffering by being too short, by including too few of the best supporting arguments) seems a little beside the point. The middle ages had no such anarchism of armed citizens as I suggested; there were always liege lords and subordinates and serfs. I can't prove it conclusively, but it now looks very much as though the unpleasant history of the police in western civilization begins with the rise of the Jewish merchant caste in cities (a result of their being forbidden to own land), these becoming the class most in need of protection. In any event, the police have not been a permanent fixture of western civilization, and their powers have increased exponentially here and in Europe in the last few centuries, perhaps less from brute necessity than from the generally censorious character of the culture (and from the police demands for increased powers ostensibly to fight crime, but really because power is enjoyable). There is material here for a Ph.D. thesis for someone....Wars in the middle ages were far less violent than in recent centuries, far less extensive, and major ones were much less frequent. It follows that more evidence is necessary if your contention is to stand, that a less policed society inevitably "deteriorates into the tyranny of the strong over the ineffective". § And then, of course, the weak do have their own weapons, even here and now, and they have used them; collective nonco-operation (outside of a nearly or quite totalitarian setup) can be effective at times. In the system I advocate, this could become a standard method. In addition, vigilante committees would probably take care of the power-mad. § But the big question is, how weak are which members of the armed citizenry? The logical course in the system I outlined would involve training in judo or similar hand-to-hand methods plus training in how to use one's weapons--this part of every youngster's education. § I did not make the suggestions in DAY*STAR as an absolute panacea, but as a solution to a number of closely interrelated socio-economic problems. Not a guarantee against suffering and death--good lord, the present system is anything but that--but a method for, perhaps, lessening the sting of certain sources of present suffering, a method involving less rather than more government power. § Calling your foreknowledge (in the dream) of the behavior of Arwen's jewel "precognition" is an easy way out; unfortunately the word "precognition" is a label, not an explanation--something like Moliere's "dormitive virtue" adduced to explain opium's sleep-inducing properties. But at least precognition is a simpler hypothesis (one perhaps explainable by the JWDunne theories) than the other alternative, that of ascribing reality to Middle-Earth in some time long past (or which parallel universe? Tolkien tentatively identifies Middle-Earth with Europe of millennia ago.) and you remembering it from some previous incarnation. § Too bad nobody had a copy of those folksongs at the Seacon, or doubtless they would have gotten fine renditions to Sandy Cutrell's guitar. § This was one of the most enjoyed zines in the mailing, Marion.

TARGET: FAPA: Eney - If you really want a round robin story in FAPA, Dikini, why don't you start one? There are, ghod knows, enough good writers in the membership to keep the thing going on a high level. § Some pronounce HUAC as though retching; the IPA probably lacks exact equivalents for the sounds. § You might ask Buz for his objective evaluation

of the Tapscott affair, while you're at it...but it's pretty much ancient history by now, since Scotty reached an understanding with Ted and me at the Seacon. Go and do thou in like manner. § The stiffupperlip kind of kids determined to be Polite & Cooperative No Matter How Much It Hurts all too often grow into stuffy, inhibited, overpolite adults. A.S.Neill's "The Free Child" (parts reprinted also in his "Summerhill") goes into this in detail, saying it better at length than I can in this short space. § I have heard that the upsilon when long or accented was generally pronounced like German ü, French u, and when short was a little nearer to short i; transliteration y or u was capricious (generally via Latin) when not attempting to be phonetic. But always eu and ou rather than ey or oy for the upsilon-containing diphthongs. § The pair of Greek lovers were Eros and Psükhe, Dikini; Cupid is English, from Latin Cupido, and Sukey isn't even nearly the transliteration needed. Now if you had said Latin lovers...

RAMBLING FAP 25-6-7: Calkins - Much appreciated, and I am glad the Bloch & Heinlein bibliographies got into OOPSLA 30. § The rarity of nonsmoking friends might possibly have something to do with how people start smoking: kids somehow get the idea from their slightly older companions that smoking is an Adult Pleasure that they shouldn't be denied, and that it's the Manly Thing to Do, etc. Being a nonsmoker myself, I've kept a lookout among my own friends and acquaintances...and out of many hundreds I've found maybe a dozen nonsmokers among them, counting both sexes and all ages among 16. No Mormons, though. § Maybe you don't want to pass your armed-forces hazing onto others, Gregg, but there are many of the Armyllmakeamanoutaya school who would like to do just that. § I don't know; I'm a veteran myself, but for some reason we don't agree in possessing the feeling you referred to. While I'm not recommending that every draftable male use every possible evasive tactic to avoid the draft (and for that matter I do think that there are some personality types who would get along better in the army than in civilian life--being better adapted to the combination of job-security and authoritarian setup than to many civilian environments), I nevertheless don't regard the Army experience as anything better than a sometimes-for-some-people necessary evil. If anything, I'm nearer to the view espoused by Heinlein in his Seacon speech: "conscription is slavery, unworthy of a nation with any selfrespect; in a REAL emergency people will volunteer." But short of that emergency, I will continue to object to present-day army selection methods and orientation, on several grounds. (1) The morons rejected by the army as too stupid probably are more likely to get along following orders and doing the dirty work there than are more intelligent types, who are more needed to do other things. I recall a colonel (drunk but coherent) telling me that the draftboard should lower the minimum IQ requirement and put a ceiling above which candidates would be exempted: the high-IQ types tend too often to be high-strung or rebellious, and the country needs these more in civilian positions--they are too likely to end up in the guardhouse or in assigned duties far below their capacities. (2) I object to army orientation, especially the peacetime army orientation, on the grounds that it is specifically intended to make killers out of peaceable types. (And no quibbles about whether we're at peace now; the point is that we are not now being attacked by force of arms.) There is, to my mind, a marked ethical difference between developing enthusiasm to SHOUT when one hits the man-shaped dummy with the bayonet (and chant ^{ing} combative slogans in unison, etc.) and learning to kill in self-defense when one's unit is being attacked. The former is, I submit, likely to increase perhaps permanently the combative, violent, inhumane, even sadistic impulses--whereas the self-defense scene will not. The bayonet scene differs only in degree even now from the kind of orientation being flung at Cal freshmen in required ROTC classes (required by the University because of the money paid the Regents by the army for every ROTC student, not because of any law). § Sexual excitement can lower pitch of male and female voices because it is associated with swelling in practically all tissues whose surfaces involve mucous membranes, the vocal cords not excepted. Kinsey's report on females has chapters on the anatomy and physiology of sexual response and orgasm, which go into considerable detail on this point. § I can wiggle my ears, but the second direction doesn't cut down sound with me--perhaps a differentlylocated set of muscles? Speaking

And great culture

of freakish abilities, Gregg, I lately discovered I could cross my 4th & 5th toes, without using my hands. Crossing the big toe and its nearest neighbor is easy; this seems less so. § I have heard (listening, Bill Donaho?) that capital punishment is also extremely costly; far more than just the "few pennies for cyanide". I somehow don't welcome the idea of paying taxes for either of the alternatives presented, feeling as I do that most of these things could be prevented--that the trouble lies with parents and schools and with the entire social system. § I have it from a couple of former fraternity types at Johns Hopkins that frats were ostensibly co-operative living groups, but in orientation they were overwhelmingly given to extreme WASP-supremacy (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) and snobbery of the worst sort. Insofar as a fraternity is something not everyone can join at will, it acquires prestige value, and the WASP-supremacy snobs preferentially gravitate to this kind of group. And these monolithic reactionaries tend to take control and decide who can or who cannot afterwards be admitted. The presence of a couple of predominantly Jewish fraternities at Hopkins (such as AEPi) did not contradict this generalization, and the snobbery made itself unpleasantly obvious there too. I recall visiting some of these frats when they had open house shortly after I entered Hopkins--and being completely turned off even then, though I had no knowledge whatever of frats until that time; my early impressions were mostly confirmed--and extended--by what the ex-frat rats told me later, just paraphrased. Even if these were the groushings of a couple of malcontents--which did not seem to be the case; even if exaggerated by a factor of 5 or 6--which did not seem too likely--the above include, I think, excellent anti-fraternity arguments.

SALUD 7: Elinor Busby - You are so right about minor poets. There are several of these that have been my private delight for years. One of them, Trumbull Stickney, you really ought to look up if you haven't already. He was a 19th Century American--to judge by his name, a New Englander, perhaps a Bostonian. Once in a rare while you'll see one of his sonnets in an anthology, and every one of them is an exquisitely carved gem. Another, still living, is Kate Brackett. Your library just MIGHT have Durham Chapbook XI, "The Lonely Guest" (American Weave Press, Cleveland; Durham Poetry Award, 1955 Univ of New Hampshire Writers Conference), which is a collection of some of her published poems. Another time, given a lot more space than here & now, I would like to reprint a bunch of them. Among others I could name, a few especially memorable ones might be George Starbuck, Frederic Prokosch, W.J. Turner, Meleager of Gadara, Michael Drayton, Richard Barnefield, Matthew Arnold (for "Dover Beach" anyway...unless you count him a Major Name, which I don't quite), Thomas Traherne, and perhaps Edmund Bolton and John Clare. § Possibly part of the tarnishing of Byron's reputation is less from shallowness of his verse than from some of the scandals associated with his later life. Wilson Knight's "Lord Byron's Marriage" practically spells it out. But I do not deny the element of fashion, as the same thing goes on in music; in Mozart's time "the great Bach" was not Johann Sebastian but Karl Philipp Emanuel, old J.S. being regarded as an oldfashioned organ virtuoso who had written some clavier music of extreme difficulty in an outmoded contrapuntal style. Beethoven considered Handel the greatest of all composers, though of course he had seen very few Bach or Mozart scores; but despite The Messiah and the Water & Royal Fireworks music and a couple of organ concerti, very few Handel works are ever programmed here or in NY. Telemann was extremely popular in his own day and has been almost forgotten except for a lovely A minor Suite for flute and strings. And so forth. § Robert Graves's "The White Goddess" goes into plenty of detail not only about Oedipus's club foot, but why he and many other Sacred Kings were ascribed some such deformity; in short, he takes up the subject just where Frazer left it off. § If you want it to be called SALUD, why continue the FAPULOUS subtitle?

VANDY 12: Coulsons - Presumably an even more (relatively) sane individual wouldn't include Nightstand Books or French postcards in his concept of porno. I would guess that the Kronhausens have pretty clearly defined the class. § Weak genetic stock isn't that hard to identify. Try families who though reasonably well fed still succumb to just about every passing germ, spending much time in clinics and hospitals; stock, in short, with low resistance. Sheldon's

"Varieties of Delinquent Youth", chapters 5 & 6, spells it out. The real trouble is, these are not just kept alive, they are literally subsidized to reproduce in quantity, increasing the burdens on the more capable. I have no doubt that many of them would just as soon have smaller families, but the combination of their own sex drives and churchly pressures prevent that. § The "New Frontier" clipping is hilarious and deserves wider circulation than FAPA. I hope you aren't afraid to put it in YANDRO just because of the objections to the Deckinger story....At least it shows that some Catholics--unlike the Protestants of Rev. C.L.Moorhead's ilk--have a sense of humor. But then, it was mostly Catholics who bought specimens of the medal reading "CATHOLIC STATES OF AMERICA + IN THE POPE WE HOPE 1963 / (reverse) GOOD FOR ONE CONFESSION BY AUTHORITY OF PRES. KENNEDY & JOHN XXIII".

LAREAN 8: Ellik - These are some of the finest natterings & mc's I've yet seen. § Other than "pettifogging", I have no really good single-word intransitive verb meaning lawyering, though I confess some partiality to the word "pleadering" coined by Bester's Old Man Mose.

CATCH TRAP: MZB - But Marion! It doesn't mean at all that 30 of FAPA's present members have to drop out to let waitlister #30 in. Surely, some of the members admitted in the meantime might also have dropped out. § You may well be right about the hip trouble being sacroiliac. The worst pain from my own ruptured disk was in my left hip and back of the thigh and knee. It occasionally kicks up a fuss even now, two years after the first crisis; invariably from my having to lift something heavy, particularly if its weight is unbalanced, and invariably with the pain recurring in the same places (along the trunk of the sciatic nerve). § Probably the aversion to having a condemned man commit suicide ("cheating the law" is a common newspaper phrase for it) is partly from the christian taboo, partly from the ancient notion that a more or less public execution was at least as much for the edification of the public as for the expiation of the prisoner's "debt to society". I think you're right, but I doubt you'll get much argument or any counter-reasons. § Do you think Carradine has the VOICE for Saruman?? § Hot soup is unquestionably better for the blood sugar than is coffee, as it doesn't stimulate the pancreas as does coffee.

ANKUS 1: Pelz - Howdah, yourself. § Is Goliath, then, the eponymous hero as well as the legendary author of goliardic verses? Both, it seems, derive from an Old French word for gullet. This immediately calls to mind the Abbot of Cucany in "Carmina Burana" and the whole family of Gargantua, some of the gigantic roistering ascribed to them doubtless recalling goliardic high jinks. § Yes, Ernie is right; it's the March from Prokofiev's opera "Love of Three Oranges", after Carlo Gozzi. § The "when you care enuf..." lino got into the SAPTERRANEAN 4 quover, and I too am surprised that it wasn't picked up more often by Ellik-for-TAFF fans.

STEFANTASY 47: Danner - Beautiful, even though I missed DAG too. § I hope Rotsler picks up some of those Wm Feather quotes for QUOTEBOOK #2.

LAUNDRY MARK 9: Hevelin - Which is your other hobby + insurance of child-raising?

REVOLTIN' REMARKS: Alger - Maybe it hasn't yet been publicized in Detroit, but there are fans and fringe-fans occasionally taking turns on the picket line before the AEC building in Berkeley, protesting the renewal of fallout. Every week one or two get put in jail, usually on a trumped-up charge of disturbing the peace, though the last arrest was of an 18-year-old student who lay down prone on the steps before the building, so that employees had to step over him. Going to and from Cal several days a week I pass the picket line and have gotten to be close friends with several participants. They are for the most part students, but too skeptical of both American and Russian politics to be "communist dupes".

LIGHTHOUSE 3: Graham - One of the best-put-together zines in this mailing. Nelson was superb --both in writing and in cartooning. Unsurprisingly, the editorial natter sounds like VOIDi(o)torial stuff. § I think you've just about pinned down the story right when you called

it "essentially shallow but...a beginning". It has certain superficial resemblances to Terry Carr's novel-in-progress, of course. A beginning, maybe; but a creditable one. I've seen far less competently written things in prozines.

CAMPAIGN (F)LIAR: Jacobs - Noted

WASHINGTON GUIDEBOOK: Speer - Sorry I didn't see this before the Seacon. § I'm not sure that the decimal crossreferences will be much help to the hapless lay reader; too much chance of confusion between 11.12 and 11.112, say.

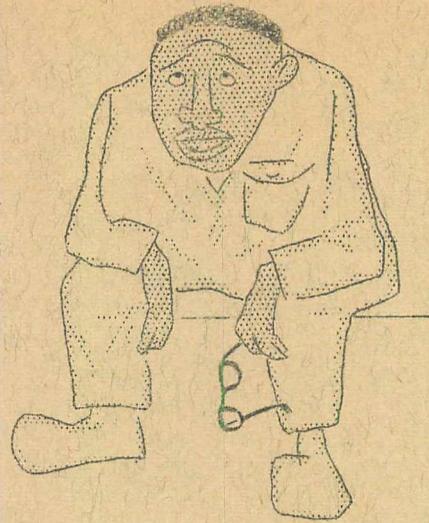
SILLY SEASONSVILLE: Trimble - Noted

PHANTASY PRESS: McPhail - Then maybe "Doghue" could be a term applied to the lovely pale blue Karen Anderson favors for her fanzines. § Somehow I doubt you'll get much argument anent Senor Castro. His basic preference for the Soviet brand of bread and circuses to the Western comes out even in favorable reports such as the one by some Negro poet (I forget his name) that got into EVERGREEN REVIEW last year. § "Cold as kraut"? That's one expression I never saw nor heard before you mentioned it in PP. Is it maybe an Oklahoma localism?

SERCON'S BANE 7: EMBusby - There is a difference between dealing with subversion per se and a paranoid American Legioneseque leaning-over-backwards-towards-fascism-to-avoid=anything-vaguely-leftish; between plugging security leaks and anxiously thinking one smells communists in every garbage can or rat hole; between due process of law and congressional-committee fiat; between perception of clear and present danger and confusing laborites, ultra-liberals, Wobblies, socialists, anarchists and beats with partyline-spouting Sons of the Bird. I will freely admit that I am not familiar enough with the facts on subversion (as distinct from the distortions purveyed by newspapers of whatever color) to make positive recommendations. Nevertheless I deplore any breakdown in the checks-and-balances system of government, and the HUAC and its ilk represent only one of several such breaks, along with Big Labor and police departments. § Would it perhaps be possible to extend the barcon vs. partycon classification to other cons? In my own limited experience, Lunacons have been mainly programcons; Seacon was program-cum-partycon; Disclaves are strictly partycons. Is it possible to predict from knowledge of the kind of con meetingplace where the con will fall in that classification? Despite Earl Kemp's promises about the roving bar, I would guess that Chicon III will be another one like the Seacon only bigger. And I wonder if we can get Heinlein there to pick up his Hugo? § Bruce Henstell (from the little I saw of him at the time) was quite pleasant at the Seacon. He held his own quite well at a vigorous though friendly debate with Jerry Pournelle, on part of which I was sitting in. (Jerry was a bit embattled, though far from defeated.) Bruce comes on far, far better with a few than he does in a crowd--something true also of me and a number of other fans we both know, though there isn't a great deal of resemblance in other personality traits.

LIMBO: ~~Rife~~-Donaho - On the other hand, some Cal sociologists think it extremely significant that such a majority of fmz fans turned out to be onlies/alienated firstborn. It is, certainly statistically significant; no such correlation has been noticed among hobbyists of other kinds. § But reading aloud is for other than just informational content! Perfect cases in point--poetry, Dylan Thomas's prose, Joyce, Kerouac. § I croggle at your seeing no structure in Borodin; what could you have been listening to? Almost every phrase in his 2nd Symphony can be accounted for given the germinal motives; the symphony's emotional content & power are what I would associate with an episode from an epic. I only hope you weren't thinking exclusively of those superficial Polovtsian Dances, which were probably interpolated to satisfy the patrons' demand for a ballet, and which are among the poorest things Borodin ever did. § And that's it for now. See you in the February mailing, I hope. --whb
typoes & strikeovers in the above courtesy Breen, who was without corflu.

terry carr



STILL MORE OF OLE JOSH BRANDON'S BLUES

SAM'S BLUES

Say, what's happened to fandom while I turned my back?
Tell me, what's happened to fandom while I turned my back?
Nobody reads Anthony Gilmore--they're all talkin' about Kerouac.

Say, what's happened to fandom while I been eatin' frozen foods?
Well, what's happened to fandom while I been eatin' frozen foods?
They're writin' 'bout jazz and dope and corrupting youthful minds with
nudes.

Oh, what's this I hear 'bout fallout and an anti-bomb-test walk?
What's this talk I hear 'bout fallout and some anti-bomb test walk?
I wrote the dee-finitive essay, 'bout an Olaf Stapledon talk.

Boys, you've deserted stf for nonsense, and I'll pay no attention to you.
Yeah, you've deserted stf for nonsense; I ain't gonna pay attention to you.
Well, talk of sex and store-bread isn't fit for a fan who's stout and true.

Rock, rock, rock around AMAZING.
Rock, rock, rock around ASTOUNDING.
Rock, rock, rock around FANTASTIC.
--Rock around Gibraltar too.

GAFIA IN MIND

(to "Trouble in Mind")

Gafia in mind...
I'm old 'n' tired,
But I won't be tired always.
Well, the sun's gonna shine on
My mimeo someday.

I'm gonna lay
My head
On that ole Gestetner feed-tray,
An' let that automatic feed
Iron my troubles away.

TOWNER HALL BLUES

(to "Basin Street Blues")

Now won't you come along, feller,
Down into the cellar...
You'll see the original Wailing Wall--
The Focal Point of fandom; we call it Towner Hall.

Towner Hall
Is the stall
Where the New York fans all have a ball.
Where fans from out of town
All come down.
You never know what starry-eyed
Mental horizons the dimness hides.

Star-begot...
A damned strange lot.
But it's where we plot our brand of mind-rot.
This is where we lose
Those Towner Hall blues.

Now aren't you glad you came, feller,
Down into the cellar?
You've seen the Gestetner, typers and all--
The Secret Headquarters of fandom; we call it Towner Hall.

noted: MAILING 96

Despite my Big Plans for NULL-F this time, and the fact that I asked various other people to contribute, and all that, it remains a true thing (as Andy Main would put it) that one week before my self-imposed deadline for writing, running off, and mailing the zine I had not yet read more than snatches of the mailing. One reason was that my bundle didn't arrive (for some reason) until after I'd left for the Seacon, and although Pete's was here, I didn't want to read it through since I couldn't have checkmarked his margins (well, maybe I could've, but such is my feeling of sanctity for possessions that the thought didn't occur to me), and any zine I read without checkmarks is lost forever for mailing comments. So, I put things off, and put them off, and... This week, as I was running off VOID, thumbing the LIGHTHOUSE stencils and wondering when the ten tubes of ink I ordered would arrive, it suddenly occurred to me that I really should read the mailing. So I just did.

I am still experimenting with my style of comments. While I admire the Terry Carr style which is self-contained and a Joy To Read even if you haven't read the zine he's "commenting" on, my fund of anecdotes is limited and my basic motivation in doing these mlg comments is a desire to say things to people. I realize this is not a universal motivation, and that indeed it is frowned upon in the city of Alexandria, where the effect one creates with the pearls one mouths is always of more importance than one's honesty.

So bear with me. I'm going to answer direct questions, take offense at deliberate lies, sneer at abortive attempts to Put Me On, and maybe exchange some conversation with people I enjoy. I've thought about the Hand Crafted Way, but one of the most appealing things about FAPA for me has been the fun of talking to 64 other people (give or take a few dual memberships on the one hand, and supercilious clods on the other). So if I get tedious at any point, skip over it, and accept my apologies in advance. As Heinlein has said (and said...and said...), "It may be a crooked game, but it's the only game in town..."

(Mighod has he said it! I've found it in at least three of his books, often as a chapter title, sometimes quoted only in part. I was surprised he didn't use it in STRANGER...)

Before going into the mailing proper, I'd like to orate for a moment. This may be one of those tedious spots I mentioned, but I'd appreciate at least token attention.

Something which has always irritated me as a characteristic in some fans is a quality of deviousness, which leads to a One Up approach and a ready willingness to lie. None of us truly enjoy the embarrassment and shame of a significant "loss of face," and I suppose we'd all do a certain amount of fudging to avoid getting hit where it really hurts. But this sort of serious embarrassment is rare in fanzines (cons may be another story), and a person who will attempt to squirm out of any boo-boo or intellectual argument which is failing, rather than ever admit an error, earns my undying disgust.

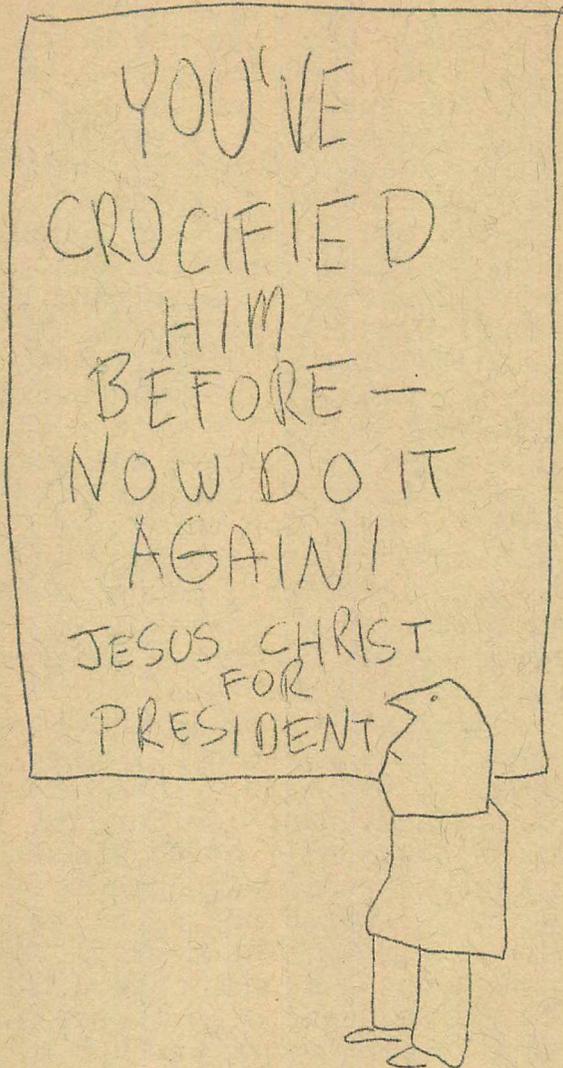
One of GMCarr's irritating qualities, I am convinced, was her seeming inability to ever admit a mistake or take her lumps with the rest of us. Logic had no effect upon her, because--as she once admitted--she doesn't believe in logic. Result: she never "lost" an argument. When things went against her, she ignored them.

It has amused me, a little, to see an active antagonist of GM's assume her tactics. These tactics have been perhaps more obvious to me than to others, since from 1957 on I have been on their receiving end. I am referring to Richard Eney, of course. I am perfectly aware that Eney has been a splendid fellow to others, and that many think highly of him. I suspect I might myself, if it were not for his never-ending series of attempts to misquote, misreport, and generally crap on me. It is perfectly true that I do provoke him from time to time, usually by attempting to seriously refute him. There was even a time when I thought that intellectual argument would sway him, but this was before I discovered how immensely pleased he was to hear the sound of his own voice. I have ceased trying to rebut him, to him, but such is my sense of fair play that I still try to correct his misstatements about myself to the Audience at Large--which is you, fellow FAPAN. Thus, such tedious (indeed!) statements about The Tapscott Affair in the Cult nearly a year ago, which Eney refuses to drop, despite the corrections he's received from such obviously disinterested by-standers as Norm Metcalf. Thus, in the most recent TARGET: FAPA, we find no factual correction to my original correction of an Eney misstatement, but a typical GMCarr-ish non-statement: "Those who've had opportunity to compare ted's other 'clarifications' with fact, when the covert object is to Get At somebody Ted dislikes, can pretty well guess how accurate his explanation of the Tapscott matter is." Mind you, Eney did not bother to challenge one iota of my "accuracy"--he merely suggested that since I was correcting him, and I dislike him, I must be wrong. Possibly this is how his own mind works? Disregard the truth when putting down someone you dislike? It would seem so. Over and again, when discussing the Cult (in this TARGET: FAPA, in his Seacon report, in conversation), Eney says I used "unmailable language" in the Cult, and here he says this is why I was against Tapscott's membership in the Cult.

It isn't true. Anyone with recourse to the facts (back issues of Cult-zines) could prove that, and I can't quite understand Eney's obstinate denial of the truth, in the face of evidence which makes him a liar. Truly, I must be a red flag to him. My original stand against Tapscott was that he seemed to enjoy denigrating fans at random in pretty vulgar (but not necessarily unmailable) terms, and in one case (the one which sparked the Oust Tapscott movement, which I initiated only with considerable encouragement from other quarters) he spent pages reaming out a Cultist because of an intellectual disagreement of minor proportions, terming his antagonist a "fag", a "thirtyish queer" and various other untrue and inappropriate libels. A good number of us were outraged. Eney didn't mention that. I think that if it ever came to that (and it might), I could probably prove that nothing I wrote for the Cult was unmailable. Discussions of sexual matters can be (as Hugo Gernsback has shown) quite mailable, no matter how esoteric the subject. Recourse of four-letter words was minimal...and even these have proved mailable.

The subject of this argument is, granted, a dull one. But I think examination of the tactics used is rewarding.

What the hell. I detest liars, and this Eney has proven to be, whenever it has been to his advantage. There's no arguing with him, and, indeed, no point in paying attention to him. In the future, I shall ignore him, even as a GMCarr.



This (1) is an Andy Reiss cartoon. Andy is now a pro. But this will never sell.

VANDY: Coulsons - First time I read your comments on PRA, Buck, I thought you were saying that pornography is of interest only to unhealthy minds. Second time through, I think what you're saying is that one's definition of pornography, when applied to mags like PLAYBOY and MAD, is unhealthy. Yes, ideally speaking, we could discuss, write about, draw pictures of, or participate in sex without its having the unhealthy tinge of "dirt" or being called pornographic. Things might get vulgar, or unsubtle, but not "dirty." In the introduction to THE YOUNG NUDES (a beautiful photographic work by a Japanese photographer), the point is made that the nude in Japanese art is a very recent thing, since it is largely based upon the unusualness of nudity and certain emotional connotations which are not present in traditional Japanese culture. Japanese pornography, for instance, is not so by western standards, and is of a high standard of art. For another instance, HOUSE OF JOY is an Olympia Press book, and banned in this country as pornography, but I found it neither pornography nor even sexually stimulating. ## I've run into people (mostly kids, like Meskys or Deckinger) who think PLAY-

BOY is "pornography", but my usual reaction is laughter. One fellow earnestly pointed out to me that some of its nudes were sexually stimulating (I rarely find that true), and thus the magazine was obscene and highly indecent. But, hell, I can remember when I was in 5th Grade and just discovering dirty jokes and such, that the Girl on the White Rock (being barebreasted) was highly exciting. ## We ran into a lot of Canadian money this summer. In one place in Wyoming, there were big signs saying "We Do Not Accept Canadian Money." Naturally, I received Canadian coins in my change. At the Hyatt House and generally in Washington State we had no trouble with Canadian coinage. Once or twice when my change was mostly Canadian, I insisted on American, because I wasn't sure I could use the Canadian stuff elsewhere. Soon after our return, a bum stopped me on the street, and told me he didn't want any money, but could I change a Canadian quarter for him? It seems he couldn't spend it. I did, and later spent it with no trouble. I wonder though (Boyd?) why is Canadian change so much like ours? I believe the quarter is a shade smaller, but otherwise it seems to be of the same size and monetary value as US coinage. Was there a reason for this? ## We found, in testing our odometer against measured mile stretches, that the speedometer in our '53 Ford reads 13% slow. What this means is that at decent highway speeds, I'm going much faster than I think I am. The knowledge that at an indicated 50 I was doing nearly 60 rather shook me up. I'm surprised I haven't got more (many more) tickets. (So far I've managed to collect nothing but parking tickets in the last three or more years--quite a change from my flaming youth...) ## Yeah, our bread gets hard, rather than moldy, most of the time. Then we make breadcrumbs out of it, and use it in meatloafs and such. ## Foreign 3rd Class rate is up to 5¢ per first two ounces now; still 4¢ to Canada. For VOID (which never exceeds two ounces) that makes foreign postage higher than domestic (3¢). So there. ## Juanita, I tried one of those cigarettes which has the "cool, soft smoke", and it ain't. The menthol is stronger than the smoke, and although it deadens one's mouth after a bit, the first drags are strong. My test for mildness used to be to see how it felt blown through the nose. (Learning to blow smoke through my nose was a childhood achievement of no small proportions; I still cherish it.) ## I was avoiding graphic description of sexual acts which don't lead to conception largely because I felt I might shock somebody; despite Eney I can go on at great length without breaking any laws of mailability. But the acts are unlawful in practice, although figures I've read claim widespread use among married couples nonetheless, which is as it should be: none of the state's damn business. I was not, of course, arguing against contraceptives where desired and efficient. I have great hopes for the oral contraceptive; I think the manual variety has been by and large a huge drag as far as enjoying sex goes. It's significant that those who've used the oral variety report more pleasurable sex lives now--the clutter and bother of manual contraceptives always imposed a mental strain, even if not consciously realized. There's a good section in THE YOUNG LOVERS where the boy leaves the girl momentarily to fumble for his contraceptives and she misunderstands and thinks he's suddenly come to dislike her, and he gets all anxiety ridden, and they nearly break up before they talk things out. About six months ago a friend mentioned that this nearly happened to him, and that it messed him up considerably. I suspect manual contraceptives, especially among the unsophisticated, cause a lot more mental anguish than they're given credit for. ## Thanks for the lengthy comments on NULL-F; you're probably right that you haven't changed, but rather we simply slipped into phase; nonetheless, I dig you a lot more with nine pages to develop your thoughts in than one or two into which you must compress. ## My heartiest applause to your comments to Busby

about communist dupes. I think I resent most in the so-called "conservative" the mental inflexibility which leads to such black-and-white thinking. (And no, F.M., I'm not talking about you. I disagree with your politics, but I admire your mental agility.) ## Well, you may say you know of no teachers who've quit for want of adequate pay, but I know of several personally. One, my sophomore Government teacher, had worked for the State Department, quit to teach at Duke, come back to D.C., been hired away from Georgetown University by our school (they outbid G.U. for him, actually), taught at our high school three years, and then quit to return to the State Department. He had a family to support, and even with a part-time job in the evenings, he couldn't do it on a teacher's salary. He loved teaching, but it didn't pay. He was a damn fine teacher, too.

HORIZONS: Warner - I once got into a fierce argument with Bill Meyers when I suggested that Tolkien was not the world's most perfect prose stylist. His writing is amateur and occasionally unwieldy, but the man is a story-teller of magnificent proportions; you can overlook the occasional stiffness of the prose once you're caught up by the story. ## I wonder if the PO has recently changed its attitude towards information concerning contraceptives... There are two paperbacks out on birthcontrol, one from Avon and the other from Ballantine. As a rule, pb publishers use the mails for distribution purposes. I think a good case could be made for the unconstitutionality of a number of such postal regulations. ## "The Undermen" is a curious story; it seems like a fragment. I wonder you didn't draw a closer parallel between the "treated" Undermen and freed Negro slaves...the readjustment problem would be simply enormous. ## I enjoyed your article on Hagerstown immensely, and was quite surprised to discover it ran thirteen pages, it read so smoothly and easily.

LARIAN: Ellik - Apparently this is your bad year for math; Evans and Rapp among others give the 70mph in one second acceleration as 3.2 g; somehow you halved this with 1.532 g... Oh well.

THE NEHWON REVIEW: Boggs - Yupp, you get about as much out of FAPA as you put in, Redd... And when you're four years behind on reading the mailings, you get a heavily delayed response at that to anything you contribute. I hope that when you read this in 1965 you won't regret too greatly your loss of FAPA membership... ## And, sometime about that year, drop me a card and explain, please, what means "FAPA CAP-A-PIE"...?

LIGHTHOUSE: Graham & Carr - The issue turned out pretty well despite all the stupid goofs we pulled. The stupidest was that I bought some ink, supposedly for Gestetners, which was so oily and runny that it either overinked or wouldn't ink fully to the bottom of the page. I haven't turned out a job this bad in years...

DIFFERENT: Moskowitzes - Well, at the outset I may as well say that I think SaM has every justification for writing an attack upon me. Inasmuch as I have already publicly apologized for the portion of "Hydra Country" which put him down, I don't think there's any need to pursue that topic further; despite my often violent disagreement with SaM over some of the things he has done in the past (his handling of Harry Warner's review of THE IMMORTAL STORM, for instance), I have respected him as a person. (My respect dropped somewhat at the Seacon, where he made a fool of himself with his feverish attacks upon

modern-day fandom.) ## Christine Moskowitz, I fear, is another story. As she has proved in the past (with her highly inaccurate articles on medical subjects), she is no respecter of the truth. In many ways she earns my contempt over this even more than has ever Eney; Eney can be excused in part because he is emotionally involved in the subjects at debate, while Christine apparently lies for the fun of it. Needless to say, I quoted her nearly verbatim in LIGHTHOUSE, and I have witnesses to prove it, among them Sylvia, and Larry and Noreen Shaw. Inasmuch as most of New York fandom was aware of her attitudes and she was free in giving her opinions of New York fandom, I hardly see why she bothers at this late date to contradict herself. Christine is, of course, an anti-fandom snob, and this is echoed in her every patronizing utterance. Her recent actions in FAPA ably prove the point. ## I will overlook Sam's "clever" "surmises" about my inferiority to Christine, since it has given him an opportunity to brag about her masculinity, and I'm sure I wouldn't wish to deny him that. Indeed, I'm pleased to provide the impetus for this introduction to the Real Christine Moskowitz. I think we all want to know the woman a little better, and perhaps a few softball scores would be just the thing! ## Now, when it comes to bragging about professional writing, I can certainly hold my own with either Chris or Sam. It may well be true that Sam has not "heard (me) brag about a minimum rate of five cents a word," but I blush to admit this this is merely owing to my great and natural modesty. In truth, my very first professional sale was for 50¢ a word, to a "publication (roughly) comparable in standing with Family Weekly" (well, it pays better), PLAYBOY. I don't think Chris can top that. Of course, if Sam ever pulled his nose out of the penny-a-word s-f markets, he'd discover that 5¢ a word is not an unusual rate elsewhere; I draw between 5¢ and 7¢ a word from ROGUE, for instance. And I just sold my first book, for \$1,500, to Regency... ## "People tell me Ted has regular columns on jazz running in music or jazz publications. None of them remember the titles of the magazines." Gad, how unfortunate! In my facet as modest but informative Ted White, I am happy to remedy this gap in Sam's encyclopedic knowledge. I have had columns in both METRONOME and JAZZ GUIDE. I am currently a record reviewer for METRONOME and 33 GUIDE, and do staff writing for both publications as well, under both my own name and that of Ron Archer. DOWN BEAT wants me to review records for that publication, but since they require me to appear exclusively there, I turned them down. ## Do ask, Sam, if ever again you should need such information. A simple phone call to 212 WA.4-6137 will insure complete and accurate data. I hate to see such an authority as yourself so far afield.

SERCON'S BANE: FM Busby - I'm sorry you misread/misunderstood me, Buz. I didn't say you "become fanatically enraged, etc."; I said your remark was typical of those who do become fanatically enraged. Read a little further and you'll see I asked if you weren't joking, or somesuch (my copy of the last NULL-F isn't handy). "But you're not serious, are you?" was about the way I put it... Of course I never said you "want(ed) to inflict what you had to go through on everyone else" either. Again, I was merely citing your original remark as typical of the 102% American Legion types who're all for automatic draft at 18 and such rot. I maintain this attitude is based very much on the "well, if I had to go through it, well then so can everyone else" way of thinking. A variation is the "well, if I had to walk through twelve miles of snow drifts to school each morning, so can you." I don't consider you one of these, Buz, and I'm sorry if I made it seem I did. ## "What measures would you advocate, to deal with undercover subversion?" I'd advocate competent counter-spy types. The government seems to agree

with me here (except, possibly, concerning competency). We have the FBI and a half-dozen "intelligence" agencies; they're already getting in each others' way without the added bumbling of a congressional committee made up of vote-seeking fat-asses. The HUAC, Buz, is superfluous. It has always been used most as a means for public grandstanding on the part of its members, as the year's past events have very well shown. Why was a film ostensibly made up to be shown governmental legislators shown widely around the country? From the HUAC's point of view it's good publicity. And why would the HUAC need good publicity if it had been doing a worthwhile job? ## Inasmuch as you've used a title containing the word "grok" ("Grok Around the Clock"), I may as well go on record here as thoroughly opposing this latest fad-word. "Grok" is an ugly-sounding word. It has been usually used as a synonym for "perceive" or "understand." Its proponents claim it has no synonym, but the word "dig" in every way duplicates it in meaning and usage. I am bugged equally by those who drop "grok" in casual conversation (usually where it is inappropriate, if we are to believe Heinlein), and those who've made a Big Thing about being "Water Brothers." I mean, here's a phrase which has but one clearly defined meaning, and that is of two or more people who share everything absolutely, including sex. "Water Brothers" should put up or shut up. (Again, Buz, that's not really directed to you; you just touched me off.)

THE RAMBLING FAP: Calkins - "Way Out" was a good show, more in the horror vein than sf. The acting was above average, and what appealed most to me was that the score was electronic music. ## I may as well refer you to my comments to Buz, and my column in LIGHTHOUSE this time, Gregg. I have no more sympathy than you for people who want to stay in the womb all their lives, but I think that a man should have some choice in the selection of "lumps" he will get--he should be able to chose his own path. Nobody's asking you to join anyone for crying in his beer; just try not to fall into the attitude that "what's right for me is right for everybody!" It don't slice that way. ## Applause for your statement to the Shaws that one needn't break up his TV set. We have one here in the office (because Sylvia won't allow it in the apartment), and I rarely watch it. But I'm glad it's here, because once in a while there's something, like the "Bullwinkle Show", which I dig.

SALUD: Elinor Busby - When I was in grade school I was a great reader. I read every book in the school library, every book I could get out of the town library (juvenile section, unfortunately), and every book in the church library. I read a lot of boys' books from the turn of the century that way: Rover Boys, Motorcycle Boys, and such like. The other night Avram Davidson and I were reminiscing over the Poppy Ott and Jerry Todd books by Leo Edwards. These always had bounc into them at the end a chapter from another book in the series. This was very frustrating because I rarely could find those books. Well, anyway, after reading all the boys' books, I read all the girls' books, and many of the books I read over and over. I've read LAND OF OZ at least twenty times--and the first time my mother had to read it to me. Tom Swift & His Electric TV or somesuch I read at least five times. I read both series of the Rover Boys complete. Those were the days!

THE R,J,&SS MAGAZINE: Ashworth - My Jag XK120 was built of extremely shoddy materials, and badly engineered on many small points as well. The Gestetner 160 I had was similarly cheaply constructed, with a few stupid omissions or bumbles. But the new 360 (which is apparently different from an English 360, from what

Ella Parker tells me) is both better designed and more solidly built. (It uses aluminum castings, for instance, instead of cheap steal stampings.) So maybe things are looking up for you. ## Beg pardon, but Larry Stark was editor of STELLAR at the time we filched your story, and I thought he'd checked things out with you. But at least we did send you a copy promptly, didn't we? ## "Day coach" means a car whose seats don't convert into beds or anything. You can ride 'em night or day, and more cheaply than a pullman or compartment car. (I wonder if they still have pullmans? Bill Evans?) ## Once there's no more hot air, rockets will push against all the spacial debris we've already put into orbit. ## Sorry, but Hayakawa's quote doesn't seem all that mind-crushing in its insight. I mean, he's pointed out the obvious. I agree with him, but so what?

CATCH TRAP: Bradley - My mother instituted a thing which lasted for several years during my youth, which I rarely hear about from others. Once a year, during the summer, I would have a "free day." On this day I did not have to do any chores, work in the garden, or whathaveyou. I could get up as late as I pleased, eat whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted it, play as long as I wanted, and stay up and out as late as I wanted. Just one day, but it made all the others worthwhile. I think it's a damn fine idea. ## Faulty logic: in order to get waiting-lister 29 in, we do not have to lose 29 present members. Some of the drop-outs may well be current w-lers who last only a year or less, and others may be w-lers who didn't acknowledge their invitation to membership, or failed to acknowledge the FA. Ruth Berman might join an assemblage made up of 64 of the current members... ## Wasn't there a Marion (or Marian) Zimmerman? I seem to recall a drawing by her in the fan-section of OTHER WORLDS. ## What do you mean, "Steve...won't be through school until he's eighteen-plus, and thus will lose four years."? How does he lose more than that first year? By the way, my birthday being in February, I had this happen to me.

Other zines in the mailing have been read and enjoyed, but don't spark any comments from me. Perhaps it's just as well; I don't feel I've been too inspired this time around.

-ted white

THE FOURTH OF JUNE (concluded): tiful park, one of the most beautiful parks in New York City, seeking solice in the youth, children chasing rubber balls upon the grass, young lovers strolling arm in arm, pretty girls sunning themselves on blankets; flowers, everywhere.

I walked slowly among the wandering Bronx Jews, the Negroes, and occasional Puerto Ricans, couples young and old, and, gradually, inevitably, the mood of sorrow in never knowing the Girl departed, as the inner self had known it would, and left behind another Mood.

What sort of mood?

What can a mood be, on a beautiful evening, a marvelous sunlit evening, when a lonely man has crossed tangents only momentarily with a beautiful alien person whom he will never know?

What kind of a mood can this be?

-Ted White

CARL BRANDON:

ONE ORDINARY DAY, WITH POPCORN

Sylvia White stepped out into the early afternoon sunshine, feeling the warmth follow her down the street to the subway. She stepped lightly down the steps, boarded a subway for Central Park, and in very short order was in front of the Museum of Natural History, with the sun again falling warmly around her on a beautiful afternoon, and a slight breeze ruffling the flags in front of the museum slightly.

Smiling slightly, her head slightly tilted happily, she patted a passing dog on the head and crossed the street to the park, where she made her way directly but unhurriedly to the site of the not-yet-completed Shakespeare Outdoor Theatre. She tripped lightly up the black rocks to the castle-like structure nearby which overlooked the small lake, humming a light little tune which made the workmen smile as they looked up briefly. For perhaps five minutes she stood in the castle's court, looking down at the construction, the little lake, and across from it the large field where children played.

Then she walked down the path toward the large boating lake, crossing streams here and there. She went all around the lake, stopping once to talk to a man who was reading a Greek newspaper. She gave him Pete Graham's address and suggested that he look him up because she knew they would like each other; the man smiled and nodded and Sylvia went on around the lake to the Roman-style pavilion with the fountain. It always reminded her of a Roman slave-mart, and she walked directly to the center of the court and pointed to a wall, calling out "Fifty drachma! Fifty drachma!" Five passersby heard her, and smiled. She smiled too.

On the path again going back to the Shakespeare Theatre, she saw a very fat squirrel gathering the remains of half a bag of popcorn which had been spilled. She chattered with the squirrel for a moment, and gathered half a dozen kernels of popcorn, which she carried with her and fed to squirrels all around the park during the next hour.

"I am the Robin Hood of the animal kingdom," she smiled to a middle-aged woman who stood watching her feed the squirrels. "I rob from the rich and give to the poor." The woman smiled and went on.

Sylvia looked at the time, shrugged, and went back to the subway. In half an hour she was back in the Village, and she went directly to the Metro Mimeo office, stopping only briefly to exchange greetings in Spanish with the man behind the counter at the Village Superette.

When she came into the office, Ted White looked up from the typewriter. "How was Central Park?" he said.

"Oh, it was nice," she said. "I fed the squirrels and looked at the lake and talked to some nice people. Everything and everybody was pleasant, and we all had a good time. How was your day?"

"The usual," said Ted. "Jeff Wanshel called and told me he had cut

some lines out of my column. I bitched at him for five minutes and told him I wasn't writing for goddam neofans. Then I called Pete Graham and asked him if he was the one who burglarized the half-inch of lemon juice from our refrigerator; he was very taken aback."

"You seem to have been in form," Sylvia smiled. Then she sat down and leaned back with her eyes closed, smiling contentedly.

"Tomorrow," she said softly, "it's my turn to do the bitching."

-Carl Brandon
(Terry Carr)

and having writ...

BOB LICHTMAN
writes

::

Spelling is something that's never been much of a problem with me, and actually your spelling errors are nothing major. Mostly they consist of phonetically rendering words, such as your spellings "apalling," "Galileo," and "existance." These are not really gross misspellings, but are probably just the result of the educational system. ((Recently I've had Terry and Pete proofread my stencils, but I have no doubt a lot of misspellings, in addition to plain ol' typos, have crept through anyway. Ah foop; I wouldn't want to ruin my FAPA image, anyway...))

Lovely put-down of Moskowitz and Taurasi. My long-standing opinion of Moskowitz, based entirely on his writing because I've never had any contact with the man, is that he seems to be a sincere acolyte of science-fiction-as-it-was-in-the-30s. Also a die-hard anti-Wollheimist who will never get up to date. It's a shame he has to resort to these obsolete feuds and out-of-date stf magazine viewpoints to say anything at all, because he seems otherwise to be a fairly intelligent person. ((We're doing what we can to furnish him with some brand new, up to date feuding material...)) Taurasi is another matter entirely. I question the mental balance of anyone who for over twenty years would put out a lousy pro-newsline with approximately the same format in the current issue as he had in the first issue. Anyone in FAPA who is naif enough to think that he'll ever put anything that isn't SFTIMES-type material into the mailings should have his head examined. Taurasi isn't about to change, not now. You've seen, I presume, the utter tripe he's putting into the N'APA mailings: FANTASY COMICS, MONSTER-TIMES, and other SFT-type material. ((And all reprint, too. I seriously question Taurasi's qualifications for membership. Seems to me he's lacking the original material necessary to fulfil his first year's activity requirements...))

"Policy Conference" was a good story. I guess that about does it, for these comments, I mean. I read NULL-F 19 (#2) and didn't have any checkmarks, probably because I'd read most of it before in VOID. -Bob Lichtman (c/o Donaho, 1441 Eighth St., Berkeley 10, California)

BY PETE GRAHAM - A COLUMN FOR WISE GUYS AND BOOSTERS,
CARD SHARPS, CRAP SHOOTERS & TED WHITE

I'd like to take you on a guided tour of Towner Hall.

It's only Towner Hall on nights when we do a lot of fanning here; the rest of the time it's the office of the Metropolitan Mimeo company, Ted White's affair, at 163A West 10th Street. It's a basement office, a long narrow rectangle stretching back beneath the building; at the other end is a door leading into two rooms which parallel the main office and end up at the front of the building again.

Metropolitan Coin company is here, too; at times Ikon Films is as well in the person of Dick Wingate and his girlfriend Ellen. A couple of other people wander in and out because they're subletting a room from Paul Weinstein, who is subletting from Ted, but we don't know who they are.

Towner Hall is the center of the fannish revival in New York city, so a physical description of it is where I have begun my rough description of New York fandom as it has become in the past year.

Let's take it chronologically, though, from this point.

Some years ago, Ted White and his wife, Sylvia, arrived in New York and homesteaded in the Twonk Tower on 107 Christopher Street. He became active in New York fandom as it was then--the Futurians, the Metrofen, the Lunarians--and with the few other types who were active in general fandom, including some he brought to it like Andy Reiss, who does cartoons for VOID, and now for various promags. VOID was something else Ted brought to New York; he had taken over its publication as of issue #14, while still in Baltimore, and became a co-editor with Greg Benford.

About a year ago, in August or September 1960, Ted, the Shaws, the Lupoffs, and several other local types got together and formed the Fanoclasts, a club for the purpose of getting together fannish types without the stodginess or ill-repute associated with the other local clubs. The Shaws live on Staten Island; they own a house there and come in for meetings and special occasions, but due to the distance--about 10 miles and a half-hour ride on the Staten Island Ferry--they are not part of the living, breathing, rapidly-circulating organism that is everyday New York fandom. The Lupoffs, too, are a distance away from Towner Hall, the Heart of New York Fandom, and are also seen most often only at Fanoclast meetings. They publish XERO, and have since the time of the founding of the Fanoclasts; it has gained something of a reputation as a New Trend (discussion) zine.

The Fanoclasts served a fine purpose, but for all practical purposes it has faded away to a shadow of its former self. During the time that little activity in New York was evident to the fan world at large, the Fanoclast meetings were a focus where local fanzine fans could gather, meet, exchange egoboo and discuss what to do next (usually involving a trip to Sam Wo's, though larger issues were intended). But then several things happened at once: XERO became a strong minor focalpoint in fandom, the Willis Anniversary Fund began swinging, and VOID began appearing as a

regular, bimonthly highpowered contender for fannish attention.

After this a good many fans began seeing each other regularly in the course of their fanac: Bbob Stewart, from Texas as of the Pittcon, made tours to the Lupoffs in his capacity as art editor of XERO; I started seeing a lot of TedSyl and Bbob due to my cooptation onto the VOID staff; we even went out and saw the Shaws a couple of times.

Then Ted rented his office here last spring, and the increase in New York fanac had a home. In a way, the doom of the Fanoclasts was sealed; it was still a good place for suburban types like AJ Budrys and Jeff Wanshel to meet local fans, but then they could do it anyway now simply by dropping in at Towner Hall. Within a year, the Fanoclasts has gone through the complete phase: a few charter members, peak meetings of around 30 people, finally now meeting sporadically with no regular place to meet. Its functions are served in other ways.

Near the end of July Terry Carr arrived in New York; most of the fannish outcome of that is self-evident. As of the Seacon, we lost Walt Breen temporarily to Berkeley, as Andy Main arrived here from there. Other people have wandered in and out often enough to make their appearance a matter of no moment: Al Lewis, Mike McInerny, Avram Davidson, Larry Ivie, Boyd Raeburn, Bill Sarill, Alan Dodd, Les Gerber... Yes sir, Ted's office sure is a home for New York fandom. Andy Main even lives in it.

Now--let's take a look at a few of these characters, and see how they fit into the local scene (chuckle).

* * *

There's Ted White himself, for example. You may have heard that Ted is currently involved in the throes of Changing His Image. He's been changing it for some time now and we sure wish him luck. He used to be Nasty Ol' Bitching Ted White, I think it was. He used to be Ted E. White, as a matter of fact, but he dropped the E. as a snake molts dead skin, an apt analogy even though I have never thought of E as a dead letter. But Ted has decided that it is insufficient for him to be his old self; it does not satisfy him; to use a word he likes, he doesn't grok his old image. He's decided to change his Image and become a new, smiling, friendly Ted White.

Ted White, Libertine and Lecher, is what it is. And it certainly is a wonderful change. You don't know the difference it makes to see Ted smiling as he bitches. Why, just the other day, as a matter of fact--just after the lemon-juice bitching Ted had done at me which you've read a fictitious account of in Terry's story--I saw a pleasant scene between Ted and Terry.

Terry likes to clean off the desk.

Ted is a compulsive man too. Now, this would be fortunate if only Ted's and Terry's compulsions worked along similar lines. But they are diametrically opposed: Terry likes to have all extraneous matter removed from the surface of the desk and Ted cannot stand the sight of a single square inch of pockmarked shellacked desk-wood. This leads to conflicts. Whenever Terry cleans off Ted's desk, invariably some minor scrap of paper with something useful on it gets thrown away. Terry only throws away obvious junk: he doesn't dispose of empty envelopes, used tissues, empty beer cans or torn slipsheets. Usually whatever Ted is looking for is right on the floor where he left it anyway, but they just go ahead and fight anyhow.

Today Ted cleaned off the desk and Terry phoned me a little while ago to ask if I'd seen his novel anywhere.

* * *

Let's take a look at Dick Lupoff. None of us have seen him lately and I rather miss him so it'll be sort of fun. Dick always comes into wherever I see him coming into with a sort of a bound and his wife Pat. He usually spies me after a second or so of accustoming his eyes to the gloom and says, "Hi, Pete Graham!" in that terribly enthusiastic voice of his which just discourages me for days. He usually asks me why I haven't commented on the latest XERO--I don't read XERO, I don't like XERO--and then asks me to write something for him. I would like to, I really would. But he turned my "Donald Duck Was Jew" article and I haven't gotten around to anything else.

The last time I went up to their apartment was for a Fanoclast meeting late last spring. I walked in and kicked their loudmouthed dog against the far wall and interrupted Dick who was talking about how great his living room fireplace was. A little later he took Ted and me aside and said something about how he'd recently discovered sex on the livingroom rug. We congratulated him--we're old hands, Ted and I--and a month ago Pat had a baby, so I guess it worked.

* * *

What about Andy Main, you say! Yes, says another in the audience, What about good old Andy Main! What's happened to him since he left Berkeley?

Well, not a hell of a lot.

He arrived here right after the Seacon, and took over the back room of the office. I mean, he took it over; two days after he arrived I walked in and stumbled over his hi-fi leads and complimented him on the excellent job he did in pasting the Guernica on the back wall. "Where will you put your three thousand books, though?" I said, "since you wouldn't want to lean a bookcase against that." But they were all behind me below the tape-recorder shelf next to the 17,000 records and the complete Coswal Collection of fanzines that Andy had brought out. I sat on one of the room's six hand-polished Danish chairs.

"You never go out," I said to him. "Why is that? Are you afraid?" I waved my arms. I knocked over the three sixfoot stacks of tapes. He did not answer.

And he never left the room again. A couple of weeks ago he sprained his ankle badly--there was something about lessons from Bhub Stewart--and had to hobble around the office on the crutches he'd saved from his accident some time before and had brought with him, but even when they were put away again a weeks or so ago he still hadn't gone out yet.

"Will you ever go out?" I pleaded with him yesterday. I sat on a stack of mimeo bond he'd bought in Berkeley and looked at him bemusedly. "Are you to be the Al Ashley of New York? Never to move, never to get a job, never to do anything? And the end of nine months are we to ask you to come on and have that baby, Andy?"

He looked up from his ditto. "I can't leave," he said, and poured out the last of his California ditto fluid.

"Why not?" I asked.

He kicked aside the twenty three boxes of ditto masters. "I forgot to bring any clothes," he said.

* * *

I could go on in a similar vein, but perhaps you are getting bored, so I will change the pace. I think I will discuss Beard Fandom and the Party at Dave Mason's. I'm very well qualified to discuss both of these subjects, you know.

You all know about Ted White's beard (I may-have mentioned it myself). By now you may even be familiar with Terry's beard, as well (we know how fans are). Betcha didn't know I tried to grow a beard once, though, didja? But I don't beard well and it's very slow and looks sort of awful and Sandy said I had to stop so I shaved it off.

But Fred von Bernewitz has a beard. He can wear a beard.

And Avram Davidson has a beard, and Bob Silverberg, and oh, just a host of New York fans. Pretty soon Larry Shaw will grow one, and Andy Main and Bbob Stewart, and maybe I'll try again, and Michael Evan, and boy-o-boy will we all look good at the next Fanoclast meeting.

It'll be a hairy meeting, as we say.

Like that party at Mason's the other night. Oh, lots of New York fandom was there. It was a Halloween party, and everybody was to come in costume. Everybody did, too; for example, Terry went with a card on his shirt that said "I am a grand piano." It was that sort of party. Sylvia went as a French prostitute with a Red Dress, and a Neckline, and a Slit Up To Her Hip, and a Beret, and was beguiling and the like of that (well, actually, what she was, was sexy), and Martha Cohen was there as a witch with some silvery spray-on stuff on her hair and it was all very striking. Yes. A lot of people were there but they were among the few who had actually put on a special costume. They stood out.

So did Ted when he put the silvery spray on his beard and hair and looked like Methuselah. He went around giving blessings and looking serene and patting people (on the head) and all. He came up to Terry and Carol and sort of leered at Carol. "Carol," he said, for that was his way, "I'm leering at you." (Or it was something like that; you know how Ted is; it's his Image.)

"Shame on you, Ted", she said, "at your age." Ted went away. A little while later he noticed his wife and he spent the rest of the evening getting silver powder on her forelip as is his wont.

I could go on and on about that party. But I won't, even though I'm very qualified to discuss both that party and beards, as I said above. That is to say, I don't have a beard and was out of town when the party was thrown. Mostly I won't go on about that party because this is a column about New York Fandom and if I write any more about New York Fandom I'll be thrown out of town.

We've toured Towner Hall. We've met some of New York Fandom. We've been to a Dave Mason party.

What more can life hold for us?

-Pete Graham

