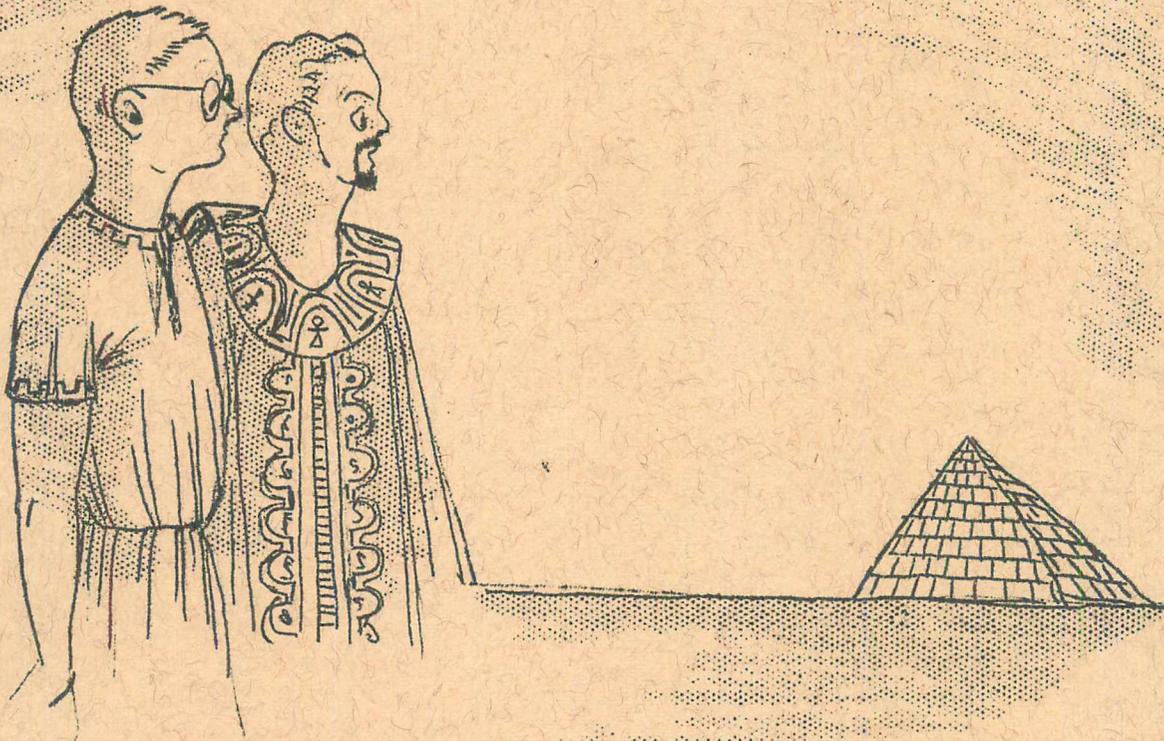


"You're putting me on, Pete. That's a pyramid. The 100th FAPA mailing was much smaller..."



Atom

Well, this is good ol' NULL-F #31, edited and mostly written by Ted White, 339 - 49th St., Brooklyn 20, N.Y., for FAPA mlg. 101, and published by the redoubtable QWERTYUIOPress, which according to Redd Boggs will be looking pretty drab by 1987. Oh well. Caveat color...

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Our Cover is by Arthur Thomson, who will be surprised to hear of it.

UFFISH THOTS

I'm tired of saying it; I'm putting this zine out at the last minute again. As usual, it's largely because I haven't had time to read the mailing until quite recently, nor time to work on NULL-F either. I suppose that follows. I've written a little science fiction (in collaboration with both Terry Carr and Marion Bradley), sold most of it, and done various other things which, because they earn money for me, come under the heading of "professional activities." Most of these are time-consuming, although they don't command my exclusive attention.

Gary Deindorfer's column is back this issue, in a slightly different format. As is par for the course with NULL-F's giant stable of columnists, Gary stencilled his own material. That's the main reason I'm running it. I haven't had the energy to stencil anyone else's material for months. If Breen's column arrives by tomorrow (Friday the 2nd of November) it will appear in here as well. Otherwise it won't. Walter has sent his column in so late, so consistantly, that I've given up hoping for it to arrive, say, two weeks before the deadline or anything like that. The double issues of NULL-F which have graced several mailings this year are a result of his column arriving after I've run off and assembled the entire issue, and sometimes even packed it for mailing. This time I am taking NULL-F with me to the Phillycon to give to OEney in person (his suggestion), and if Walter misses, he misses. Tch.

"Tch" is a 'word' which fascinates me. Have you ever tried pronouncing it? I first encountered it in the newspaper comic strips, I think, and for a long time I did not associate it with the tongue-cluck it is supposed to represent, and I spoke it as "Tetch." I picked up a lot of interesting words that way. Another was "youse." When I see this word I automatically pronounce it "yowse" instead of "yuse", the latter being the proper pronunciation of this ungramatical word, I am informed. Actually it was Carol Carr who told me this, and she grew up in Brooklyn, so I suppose she ought to know. Me, I'll always subvocalise it as "yowse," thank youse just the same.

The cover this issue may bear a startling resemblance to the cover of last mailing's LIGHTHOUSE. This is part of a Fine Old Tradition, launched a year ago to the mailing. Terry tells me there'll be no LIGHTHOUSE this time, so perhaps using an old L'HOUSE cover will help make up for it.

NOTED: 100

ICE AGE: Shaws - Sylvia used to order Howard Johnson's "Tendersweet fried clams" alla time. They come breaded, deep-fat (I think) fried, in a H-J frankfurter roll (if you order the "Clam Roll") or on a plate with French fries and such like. I prefer my clams in chowder any day.

Speaking of which, I'd known for a long time that clams toughen when cooked for a long time, but the fact wasn't graphically illustrated to me until Robert Bashlow and I went to Luchow's on 14th St. this fall. This is a Fine Old German Restaurant to which neither of us had been before. Bashlow had suggested it, although he said his friends had warned him against it. We had clam chowder. They must've dumped the clams in live about a minute before serving the soup to us. Those clams were tender as I've never seen clams tender before. Both of us dug the restaurant, and as we left Bashlow was cursing his friends under his breath. (I should introduce Bashlow, perhaps. I met him through Walter Breen. He runs several rare coin companies and allied-type activities, and I've been printing up catalogues and newsletters for him, as any visitor to the place out here during the months of August or September would've surmised. Boxes of paper filled one room for a time...)

Although I've snarled at her in SAPS about Coventry, I must point out that Jane Jacobs/Gallion/Ellern has shown an active interest in fandom and had adequate credentials. She was an active member of SAPS for at least a year before joining FAPA as a separate member. I'm mildly surprised at the insularity of some FAPAns who assume that if they've never seen anything by a fan, the fan must never have published anything. Good grief; none of us get everything published in fandom and its sub-fannish branches today.

BULL MOOSE: Morse - If there isn't land space for new highways, why doesn't Brittain build elevated highways? Local roads can run on the ground, while express traffic roars by overhead. This is what most of New York City's freeways are like, and I presume this is true in most other large US cities. Of course, I agree that the loss of the railroads is a shame, but Walt Willis was telling us about the fantastic number of tiny lines which interconnect into the overall network, and I'm not surprised that such a system is finally collapsing under the weight of its own inefficiency.

SERCON'S BANE: FM Busby - "Oh well, a lot of you optimists thought Hitler was kidding, too..." Careful of those parallels. Last time I looked, Hitler started out by claiming arms buildups in surrounding countries, and then invaded them in "self-defense"...Read any papers lately?

You almost lost CRY's newest columnist with your confession that you've edited pieces ("no matter what the contributor may have had

in mind) to make them come out even with the bottom of the page. Frankly, I've never seen anything wrong with a "continued on page blank", and it beats me why some people are so fantastically dogmatic about keeping continuations out of "a lousy fanzine!". I mean, you can carry anti-Pseudo-Campbellism to as many extremes as Pseudo-Campbellism itself was ever taken to. There are plenty of valid justifications for continuations, and it seems to me that even in a lousy fanzine we have a right to flexibility and freedom from dogma.

As to the editorial cutting of fanzine material, it seems to me that there are sometimes valid justifications for cutting a contribution, but that making it come out even with the bottom of the page is not one of them. Good grief, Buz! Why make all your material come out even with the bottom of the page in a lousy fanzine, yet?

You're quite right about the likelihood of anyone "up" on mes-caline/peyote desiring to drive a car. There are many stages of "intoxication" when one takes the stuff, and one's attitude towards various activities will vary according to which stage he's in, but while only mildly high on the stuff, in 1959, I had no desire to drive a car. Of course, one reason was that my vision had so tightened up that I'd removed my glasses, leaving me with sight about half as bad as usual but still quite inadequate for driving purposes.

Speaking of vision, I've recently decided that at least in the case of near-sightedness it is a mistake to periodically increase one's prescription. I base this on the fact that I went from 1949 to 1960 with one prescription--much longer than I was supposed to, of course--so when I got new frames in 1960, I had my eyes examined, and a new prescription. My right eye (the stronger one) was stepped up one notch. The left eye (which is much weaker) was stepped up two notches. This was the "proper" prescription for the condition my eyes were in. However, once I donned my new glasses, I began having splitting headaches, my distance-perception became screwed up, and I couldn't read. I went back, and they stepped the left eye prescription down one, keeping the relationship equal to that which had been before I'd gotten new glasses. My headaches went away.

Okay, that was fine. My left eye simply didn't want to work as hard as the right one. Well, for a week or two I noticed my eyes were sharper; I could see things more distinctly, further away. But then, a month or so later I found I could see no better than before my prescription was changed. On familiar landmarks I tested myself and found that my vision had deteriorated to its previous norm. (This norm isn't so bad; the Army tested me out as 20/20 with glasses.) I have come to the conclusion that my eyes are most comfortable seeing with a certain degree of clarity and sharpness. If I get stronger glasses, the muscles in my eyes simply relax a bit to compensate for it. I can't wear my old glasses today (anyway, I lost them), but effectively I simply brought about further deterioration in my eyes after changing prescriptions. I shan't repeat the mistake again soon.

SALUD: E. Busby - If you think Ben Casey is overwritten, you should see "The Nurses." Maybe you have. I saw it one night when I was over at the Carrs'. They have this baby TV set, see, which they put on the bed between them and watch lying down. (Who was it that said the TV belongs in the bedroom; not the livingroom?) Anyway,

every so often I am invited to come over and perch in a chair at bedside and join this proxy-orgy. So far I haven't seen anything worth while, but Terry regales me with great stories about how good various shows were the previous week, and maybe some day soon I'll drop in last week and catch one of those good shows. We all disliked "The Nurses," anyway.

American robins must go south for the winter. After all, you find out spring is here when the first red-breasted robin shows up. Or at least we always did in Virginia. I believe in the robins-who-go-south-for-the-winter, Elinor.

But Elinor, juries always have axes to be ground. Try putting a Negro on trial in front of a white jury in the south, and see how far justice is carried. Other localities, other prejudices. And an expert at least can discriminate between evidence of validity and a smokescreen of bull; the lay jury swallows it all whole and then decides the case on emotional intangibles, like what the defendant looks like.

If you take dramamine an hour before boarding one, you can read on a bus quite easily. And you can also doze easily when you want to. When (shudder) I am forced to take a bus and leave the driving to Them, I always prefer to take dramamine. Otherwise I am sometimes sick.

Yup, there was another point to "Affair with a Green Monkey." The point is explained in the title. Or aren't you aware of the story of the monkey taken from its cage, painted green, and then put back in? He was different, so his fellow monkeys shunned or attacked him, I forget which. It was this point Sturgeon was trying to make about human being and a humanoid alien who was still "different." Hmmm. I see you are now going to jump up and down and scream. Oh well.

I wrote "YEA!" in the margin next to your superb putdown of slow drivers. I detest the driver who pokes along at half the speed-limit on a freeway or a street with lights timed at the speed limit. And he usually drives in the middle or left lane, too.

I hate to tell you this, but I rarely spend over \$4.00 for ready-made slacks. I can often find them on sale at \$2.98 at Macy's, too. \$16 to \$17 seems prohibitively expensive to me unless you're getting fine fabrics of some sort.

CELEPHAIS: Evans - Bill, I've been meaning to ask you something. I've recently become reinterested in model trains. Are there any HO gauge (or other) kits for subway cars, el cars, trolleys, or underground-trolley street cars? I remember your roommate had some overhead-trolleys, but were these from kits or hand-built? I've enough space here for an elaborate layout, and a friend, Henry Dupree, who is interested in working on it with me, so I thought I'd ask.

I'd rather drive a car on a long trip than be the passenger, but of course I'd prefer to be able to change off with someone else when the driving became tiring. I have found I can easily drive the distance from Washington D.C. to New York City with one rest stop, and I (rather unwillingly) did all the driving to Chicago and back this Labor Day (which may help explain why I seemed rather pooped and out of it this year--going out I was pulling a heavy trailer as well). But for sheer enjoyment in travelling, I dig driving a car, especially

through the west. It's really exhilarating to zip along at 80 on totally uncrowded roads through hills and plateaus. And I dig being able to set my own schedule. My next car will probably be a Chevy Greenbrier, with a cot in back for long distance driving and roadside sleeping.

Speaking of anachronisms in movies, I recall seeing a British version of "Romeo & Juliet" filmed at a Real Authentic Monestary. There were also some real authentic telephone wires in one scene.

Your remarks about my writing and Terry's points up something to me about your fast-reading abilities. You read primarily for content, and you miss style. I mean, you must've, to read all those SHAD-OW mags in such large gulps. You say here that you tell us apart by subject matter (and my inferior spelling), and that when one of us writes on a subject where we both share tastes, etc., you find it hard to tell us apart. But, Bill, our styles are quite different. The way we attack a subject, the way we phrase our sentences, these things add up to quite different styles. Sometimes I've tried to imitate Terry's style, but I rarely succeed in more than copying a few of his mannerisms. As a rule my style is much more utilitarian than Terry's, because I am myself less style-conscious than he. And, significantly, Terry admitted (in SAPS) that he reads far slower than either of us. Apparently the slower one reads, the more style-conscious he will be.

About a year and a half ago I discovered Chinese beef with peppers and tomatoes. But whenever I mentioned it to anyone they always stared aghast at me. "Tomatoes? In Chinese food? Horrors!" they would say. I'm glad someone else digs this esoteric dish.

DIFFERENT: Moskowitzes - The tape trascription has been subtly edited. Mostly this is a case of "applause dubbing." For instance, we have "Sam: I mean, those fans are dying. (Laughter) # (Unknown voice caught on tape - They're dying happy.) # Kemp:..." The "unknown voice" was Richard Eney, and his line brought standing applause from the audience. Any laughter provoked by Sam's previous statement was meagre in comparison. The dialogue seems remarkably complete, however.

To answer Chris' accusation that Sylvia knew not whereof she spoke, I should say that Sylvia had been a member of caving fandom, and was acquainted with several others. I hardly think photography fandom can be considered the sole other fandom worthy of consideration or acknowledgement. I was irritated to hear an ex-cathedra statement that anyone not as intimately knowledgeable of photography fandom as Mrs. Moskowitz must not be "acquainted with those other fields"--the Other Fandoms.

No doubt the quote from Breen's conreport was included to embarrass Walter with his inaccuracy. I, on the other hand, am amazed at how consistantly accurate Walter was. There was, of over half a dozen direct quotes, only one error. That's a record which beats most professional reportage. I'm pleased this tape transcript was published, in any case; I had thought of asking to publish it myself.

LIGHTHOUSE: Graham & Carr - Pete, you're getting testy and crotchety in your old age.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC: Brown - "I like my women the way I like my

coffee -- hot, sweat, with a little cream." You like sweaty coffee?

I hate to disillusion you, but the original definition of "fugg-head" was "anyone who disagrees with me." And it wasn't safe to disagree with Laney, either.

COCKATRICE: Boggs - A lovely publication, Redd. But was it wise to publish "The Theory and Practice of Chicken" so directly before moving to L.A.? Jabs at Bjo aside, I thoroughly agree with your position. You've more or less lined up so many guns that you've annihilated your opposition, but then I think they richly deserved it. It's amusing how much less effort is made to follow the rules when they benefit a less well liked member.

I simply can't agree with you about The Door Through Space. I think it's one of Marion's poorer efforts. I have more to say on the subject in a forthcoming YANDRO.

THE PERSIAN SLIPPER: McDaniel, or Johnstone, or somebody - But if you see the movie first, the book will almost always be an improvement. Whereas if you reverse the order of the two, the movie will usually be a disappointment. I've seen only one movie which followed the book exactly, and it was a joy to see: The Maltese Falcon. If anything, the movie was better than the book--and both were excellent--because Bogart brought Sam Spade to life better than Hammett had.

There's nothing wrong with expecting hospitality from your friends, but the reverse side of the coin is your consideration of them, as hosts. For instance, it's always best to write or phone ahead. If you drop in unannounced, you sometimes cause an awkward situation because other plans had been made. You are then an imposition upon others, and won't be welcomed with open arms.

My Day starts nine hours after the previous one ended, whenever that turned out to be, unless somebody phones or rings my doorbell at any of the ungodly hours which happen that day to be included in my nine for sleeping. Once up I drink a can of Nutriment (a meal in a can), get and read my mail, and then carry out any pressing business of the day (mail demanding reply, etc.; a trip to Manhattan for any one of a number of reasons; more etc.). Following this I spend a couple hours writing (or more if I have time), grab a meal, and by then it's nighttime. What happens then depends. I may visit a friend, I may write, I may do mimeographing, or, recently I've gone up to Bashlow's each night to supervise a mailing of 2,500 which had to be addressed, folded, stuffed in envelopes, sealed and stamped. I live a very flexible day.

Terry Carr didn't make those comments on Brown's Ichabodings; Pete Graham did. Aw come on, Johnstone; you can pretend ignorance on some things, but not on this.

Not the "Subway Sun," Dave. That's a poster they put in our subway trains. You mean the Evening Sun or somesuch.

Hmmm. You say because you've had a respiration ailment you've "been taking a 1-grain tablet /of pyribenzamine/ every morning for five years now." Then you mention, a paragraph later, that you've been smoking for "about five years now." And you see no connection?

THE INSURGENT MANNER: KAnderson - Pardon my undrunken quibbling, but if silping is drinking an iceless drink as though it had ice in it, what do you do when it does have ice in it?

You're making your Nuclear Fizzes All Wrong. It's not curacao you should be using, but cointreau. Hmph. And you a native of the Land of the Nuclear Fizz.

THE VINEGAR WORM: Leman - "I think it behooves us all to do something that doesn't conform occasionally, and this issue is my own rebellious gesture. I know that everybody else is going to have a hundred pages for the hundredth mailing..." Uh huh. Welcome, Conformist.

DRY MARTOONI: Patten - That is easily the sexiest cover Bjo has ever drawn. The air of licentious abandon is enough to hold me entranced for hours. *Applause*

No, no, no. It's not "Old AMAZINGS, ASTOUNDINGS, UNKNOWNs, and others for 5¢@!"! "@!" means "at", not "each." ASTOUNDINGS @ 5¢, is the proper form. Dig?

GRUE: Grennell - Gad, that's a great cover, if I do say so myself.

HORIZONS: Warner - Mensa members wear blue map-tacks in their lapels for identification purposes. I suppose stfen could wear another color. Round-headed map-tacks are cheap, anonymous to the un-suspecting, and distinctive. Of course, not all of us have lapels handy all the time, and not all of us want to be instantly identified as a fan by every neo on the street.

Well, I'm now one person in seven rooms, and I dig it. I grew up in a house with eight large rooms, with my grandparents' eleven-room house next door. I envy the Silverbergs all their space, but I'm pleased with the space I have here.

Have you ever heard of a chap named DeKoven? He apparently issued records on his own label for a time, and he now has a radio show sponsored by himself on WRFM here. He is an exponent of "Barrococco" music, and firmly believes all music beginning with the Romantic period and from thence on to be unadulterated trash. He is rather outspoken in his opinions, and has expressed several rather libelous comments on several living conductors who don't play just the music he likes. ("Prostitutes no better than the women who make their profession of sex" was one of his milder comments...)

TARGET: FAPA: Eney - On June 14th, 1962, I notified Dick by personal letter that I would be publishing nothing further about him of a derogatory nature and that I would be ignoring his attempts to provoke me from then on. This is the reason for my "failure to dispute the fact that (I had) been caught in a blatant lie." Naturally I deny any such blatant lie. Eney is in error in assigning the villainy of two SICK SICK SICKs side by side in the Spring mailing to my "having a buddy on the spot;" I sent my copies to Burbee with a covering letter explaining that I expected Eney to have such a publication in the mailing. If he did not, I said, I did not want mine in the mailing either. As far as I know, Pelz--not Harness--handled the mailing assembly. As a past OE, Eney should know that listings

in the FA are usually a result of assembling a sample bundle and running through it, and that such listings usually have little to do with the order of various zines' arrival. I admit that I was pleased, though, to see the two SICK SICK SICKs together in the mailing, and I imagine most neutral FAPAns would've placed them side by side in any case. I am at a loss to understand why Dick feels that "Harnesskat" is responsible for all his troubles.

LE MOINDRE: Raeburn - Fred von Bernewitz just got a Norelco 401, which is a taper with four speeds (the fourth is 15/16) and if anything even better than previous Norelco's in terms of lack of flutter and wow, and upper-range frequency response. But a taper which goes no lower than 60 cycles at any speed is a trifle lo-fi for me; I have my eye on a Viking deck just now. I don't need three speeds (or four speeds) anyway. I'll probably continue to tape all my music at 7½ anyway.

Which reminds me. I discovered, at long last, that Symphony Sid has been broadcasting live from Birdland Friday nights. Last Friday I taped a half hour of Charlie Mingus, and a half hour of Dizzy Gillespie (my tape ran out so I missed Dizzy's last fifteen minutes). The sound is fuzzy, being taken off AM radio, but these are, by ghod, authentic Air Shots. Interested? And where's the tape you've owed me for two years?

CHURN: Rapps - Art, I applaud your comments on the NFFF, but I'm afraid I still won't join. I'm one of those rare birds who was never a Neffer, and I want to maintain my Proud Tradition. Anyway, I haven't the time or interest. But I'm glad to see that someone of your stature does.

BADLI: Hevelin - As long as you're remembering how lousy an OE I was, how about also remembering what a fine President I was? Hah?

WRAITH: Ballard - I agree with you about TAFF. It strikes me it was originally set up so people could meet the fan they most wanted to see, not as a popularity contest in honor of some fan who did something recently. Sure, a fan is honored that so many people want to meet him, but the fund is set up primarily to benefit the host country. Ask any fund winner... (I recall discussing this with Ella briefly. We were discussing the current nominees, Ethel Lindsay and Eddie Jones, and I said "They're nice people, but I don't know Eddie as a person at all, and the fans I want to meet aren't running--like Mal Ashworth, James White, and like that." "Yes," said Ella, "but what have James White or Mal Ashworth done in fandom recently?" "What has that to do with it?" I replied. "I'd rather get a chance to meet them. I don't care if they've been dormant five years." Oh well.

I never thought "Ballard" was a funny name. When Falls Church was first settled, the Ballards, the Belzes and the Smiths divided the eastern third between them. The Belzes were my maternal grandparents. The Smiths had a farm a half-mile north of us, and the Ballards had built an old log cabin a block or so south, and then moved west through the woods up on a hill. The three families were extremely close, and the name arouses nostalgia in me more than anything else. The Ballards have moved a hundred miles or so west, now, and my old family doctor has their house. The land is mostly housing developments.

DAY*STAR or STENCIL GAZING or maybe just MARION ZIMMER
BRADLEY BOX 158 ROCHESTER, TEXAS: Bradley -

I don't wanna
fight, no, but
I do disagree

that stf is ideally a short-story form. I think this is much more true of the whodunnit mystery than stf. The whodunnit is an intellectual puzzle, with the question asked in the first chapter and answered in the last. As such, most whodunnit books are bores. (I don't apply this criticism to the Hammett-Chandler detective mystery, however. In Chandler's The Big Sleep, the opening mystery is solved in Chapter Six. The book is thirty-two chapters long, with a real kicker at the end.) Now the thing is, your belief that stf stories depend upon "the impact of a new idea" and thus can't be sustained for novel-length, is wrong. Most stf stories don't start out with the impact of any new ideas. And, strictly speaking, I see no reason why they should. In my very short career as a stf writer; I've written one "idea story"--that is, a story based on an idea alone--"Grey Day In Manhattan" with Terry Carr. The remaining stories, including "Phoenix," which I wrote with you, was based on a new treatment of human reactions to basic ideas already used.

However, and this is the important thing, you can get away with less plot in a short story. The short stories I've written are not well plotted, and some have accidental or haphazard plots. But the novels I've plotted are fully fleshed and contain sturdy plots.

This strikes me as a common inadequacy in stf; most stf is short stuff and badly plotted. It's much harder to plot short material well; there's no room to sprawl. The short form is easier to do, but harder to master. But novels are where we get away from stories as ideas and get into stories as stories, complete dramatic episodes adding up to a full plot. I'd rather read a novel any time, and I wish I had the patience and stamina to write them as effortlessly as I read them, because I'd rather write novels any time too.

WAHRSCHEINLICHKEITS-RECHNUNG: Boggs - I'm sorry. What does the title mean, Redd?

Your projection into the future suffers a common plight with most predictions: the tendency to grab a few main trends and generalize them into overall states as though the future was created in a vacuum, and evolved in a straight line from the present. We have no idea how drastic changes may be, or in what direction, in the next twenty-five years. Who knows, a Wetzel might cause so much trouble half the membership would resign, FAPA'd lose its prestige, and by 1987 if it was still alive it might be another N'APA. One Never-Knows.

APOCRYPHA: Janke - I liked this, Curt, but at the moment I find nothing to disagree with.

I thought of leaving you with that much, but the hell of it is that I do have a few comments.

The picture of your musicians' life is no surprise to me, but I was glad to see it published. When I first came to New York and began digging the club scene, I was very disillusioned to find that these guys were working six-nights-a-week gigs, just working, and often playing nothing of any significance for the entire night. I expected them to be having immortal sessions creating Important New Music. I was naive.

The stereo idea is a marvelous one, and one I'd like to experiment with if I ever get the necessary equipment. (We don't all make \$20 a night for fun the way you do, Curt.) However, I have one question: What about phase distortion or whatever the proper name is for two sound waves meeting each other from facing speakers and cancelling each other out. Or does the reverberation introduce enough delay to avoid this? Sounds like all you need to add now is a Componder and you're all set.

PHLOTSAM: Economou - Well, to each his own. Our position in life conditions our attitudes a good deal. Personally I have a hard time regarding some people as human beings and others as machine-substitutes. But maybe if I was Rich and Ruthless I'd join the Republican Party and adopt kindred attitudes. To me arrogance is arrogance, no matter what one is in life, and I dislike it.

A lot of food faddists use salt substitutes, but don't ask me why. I never figured it out.

Sorry; it may be "the business of management in any industry to know their audience...and understand which button to push" but I find button-pushing reprehensible in any case. You are saying, in effect, "It's not the poor management's fault if it has to burn crosses and lynch Negroes to keep its people happy. That's what they want." Sure, and people "want" lousy TV programming, pabulum for reading matter, etc. It's our duty to supply it to them, right? This is, by the way, the same excuse the Roman Catholic Church uses in pandering to the emotional fears and desires of its people, and the Motivational Research people use in trying to sell the consumers things they don't need. One thing you overlook: People learn how to push other people's buttons for just one reason: power. And in the end they control not only the buttons, but the way the people react to the buttons. In the end they enforce and entrench the prejudices, fears, etc., they originally took advantage of. There has never been a moral justification for button pushing, and I'm saddened that you advocate it.

I can think of one reason why Goldwater sold more hundred-dollar plates than Kennedy (and the fact that one is senator and the other is president has little to do with it, one way or the other--each represents his own faction): Goldwater appeals to the die-hard conservative who is usually of just such a persuasion because he has money and lots of it. It may be a generality, but I imagine more conservatives could afford a \$100-plate dinner.

On the other hand, lest I seem only to criticise you, I agree completely with your comments to Harness on the Martin affair, and I'm glad to see this change in your viewpoint.

I understand the price of the IBM "golfball" typers has increased by almost 100%, and this fall they are to introduce a feature which will make the earlier model obsolete: variable pitch. I'm not sure whether this will be just a selector for setting pitch at 10 or 12 characters per inch, or more than that. I figured it would happen. That's big business.

THE VENUS ORGANIZATION: Rotsler - I'd swear I knew the girl in the middle of the left panel.

KARUNA: Gallion - Despite the fuzzy mimeoing, this is an auspicious introduction to FAPA. You seem to have come a long way since a year ago when you were raving about Coventry in QSAPS. I have a "BRAVO!" noted in the margin by the last paragraph of your "The Stranger Shrugged," and I suppose that's really all I need say on the subject.

I quite agree with you about making food a treat to eat instead of a treatment, but I think you're overlooking the fact that simple foods with little spice can be often as tasty as the fanciest. There is also another consideration: the emotional atmosphere of eating. My old Baltimore friend, Richard Wingate, would often reiterate that as long as certain basic nutritional standards are met, it really doesn't matter nearly as much what you eat as it does how you eat it. A good meal must be emotionally satisfying. (To me this automatically includes 'good tasting'.) It should be looked forward to with pleasure, enjoyed at a leisurely pace with no interruptions, and remembered with pleasure. When one eats on the run, or forces food down, or is agitated by other emotional pressures while eating, not only does it make good food appear less appetizing but it hinders digestion. I make it a point to enjoy my food, even when it's a hotdog in the subway.

I never used to like spinach, but this summer I finally turned on to it. I find I enjoy it most cooked fresh or frozen (not canned), and then served with a little butter, salt, and vinegar on it. The flavor thus needs no augmenting.

In making green beans, try doing them "French style" adding minced onion and lots of butter while they cook, and then immediately thereafter adding parsley, nutmeg and lemon juice.

20% alcohol will not make a beverage syrupy in texture; that's a function of the sugar-syrup content. However, Swiss-Up does sound vile.

A PROPCS DE RIEN: Caughran - I know what you mean about having your own writing style influenced by the style of whatever you've just read; after reading Frank Harris' Oscar Wilde I wrote an extremely florid jazz article. But I wish you'd learn to state your thoughts more clearly in any case. Your mc's are only 70% intelligible this time. Try writing in simple sentences using basic English. This should clear your written thinking remarkably.

Since this is my last mailing-comment, this would be a good place to add that I'm very pleased with the improvement of my own mc's this time. Paragraphing seems to have allowed me much more cogent expression and amplification of my thoughts. I think that my former style (separating paragraphs with ##'s) led to a compression which gave me a Don't Just Sit There--Run! feeling. I feel I can stretch out more this way. My thanks to Terry Carr for turning me onto this form; I've used it successfully in my guest mailing comments for his last OMPazine and SAPSazine.

--Ted White

DORFISH

THOTS

---Gary Deindorfer; being Comments on FAPA #100.

Wraith18 Heck those HighSchool reunions are a lot of fun aren't they. Our HighSchool class had its first reunion a few months time ago and it was lots of fun. The thing is I just graduated a years time before the reunion so not too many people came because theyd just finished seeing each other a short time before. But I went and got a real big kick out of seeing again all the kids in my HighSchool class (or at least those who came to the reunion anyway) and finding out what they were doing these days and everything. Turned out that the guy voted "most likely to succeed" was working down at the strip-pers mill (thats a place where they strip the bony covering off peat wheat and its sure a rough job, I did it one summer myself for some money). Three girls were attending college but they were the only ones (and oh yes one boy was going too) and out of a class of 1,600 thats not too good a record I guess. But we all had lots of fun at the reunion and I guess Ill go again when they have another one.

You got your "t" fixed Wrai!

Different: Sam & Christine Moskowitz -- I agree with you 103% that if those dunderheaded and ungrateful FAPA members don't send Donald A. Wollheim, who after all founded FAPA, a complimentary copy of the 100th mailing they will once more prove just how dunderheaded and ungrateful they are. Wollheim would not like the mailing, though, for it is composed for the most part of ungrateful and dunderheaded mailing comments. Face it, FAPA is full of ungrateful and dunderheaded people. Every one of the members (except for one or two of them) should be packed off to a psychiatric ward right away!

Thank you for giving us a transcription of the Seattle World Convention Fan Panel. It is only right that we should know what was really said there. Those beatniks in FAPA and on the waiting list aren't going to pull any wool over on our eyes with their false reports!

REVELATIONS FROM THE SECRET MYTHOS ----- Ron Parker

While I admire your comment to Bob Cculson that his chiding comment directed at Ted White to the effect that anybody who would marry Ted couldn't be very intelligent was an uncalled for remark, nevertheless I wonder just why you made this comment, I must say. There is the fact that in certain instances a chiding comment on a chiding comment is warranted, but nonetheless the fact remains that most all of the time such a comment is only going to mean trouble for the person chiding the person who originated the comment. I think that this is one of those times, because while the fact remains that in some cases I might emphatically and definitely tend to agree with comments on this order, nevertheless there are certain times when I can't help but wonder whether it was wise for them to be made. As I think I said most definitely a few sentences back there, I think this is one of those times and I can't help but wonder why you made this comment when you would have done better to have made a great effort not to say anything where you said what you did say. After all, you can't expect not to be criticised by everybody in the next mailing (this mailing, that is). Many other people may in fact say in this mailing what I have just got

finished saying, but actually these comments are original with me. So think about it and be careful in the future, will you, man???

It certainly is a commentable thing.

NULL-F: White - Sure, the Theremin dates back a lot further than 1947. And I say that though it isn't playing real electronic music, it is producing music played upon an electronic instrument. Thus, while a particular piece performed on the Theremin can't in the strictest sense of the word be called electronic music, it is electronic music just the same, since the Theremin is an electronic instrument. Dig?

~~Walter Breen~~ Walter Breen - Your statement, "you aren't easy to communicate with," puzzled me for a second or two until I recognized it as being a joking ref to Winterknoll's doctrine of divine disinhibition. Winterknoll adumbrates this doctrine in one of his early books (Liminal Sublunary Postulatism, Kent-Wyckoff, 1948---not currently available, though I have five copies). Page 338: "Perhaps we need nothing more nor less than a doctrine of disinhibition---even of divine disinhibition." This of course ties in with the old ~~Legion~~ Legion line that marching in the streets on National Holidays is somehow pleasing in the eyes of God/~~YHWH~~/Allah/what-have-you. It is only too obvious that this is errant nonsense of the most blatant sort. It's the Pullucidean ~~cur~~ Thermolappissian "honor the Great Square Uncle" rationale all over again. # I suspect that USO clubs, tv dinners, lawn mowers and similar manifestations of 20th C. living-in-idioty will have disappeared within the next thousand years, even as Degler/Don Rogers eventually vanished from our microcosm. # Van Tobin's "Swell Tide," Shaman-dieu's "Books of 3-way Power," and even the BEK "shift" sculptures all must be included in my own private list of wonders, along with Palatine's first two string quartets and the old baseball cards from the 1936 Fleers' "read&chew" series. # Your statements re the Hendacesyllabi justification and your assumptions therefrom are easily disproven by Hegel, Kant, et al, esp. in their later writings. # "And furthermore, I have no use for them." Huh!?! That statement was unworthy of you, Walter.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC - Rich Brown. I think there was a book written once that dealt with twenty-four hours in a man's life. I think it was written by somebody named John Joyce but I can't remember the title of the book. There may have been a few other books like that written too, but I'm not really sure.

Somebody told me once who it was that Bach studied under, but I forget just now, unfortunately.

Hey, your joke wasn't bad. It reminds me of this story about this minister who was coming home from a trip overseas and this guy, a salesman, I think, sits next to him on the plane, since they were both on a plane, and he says, "I don't like ministers. Are you a minister?" The minister said he was indeed a minister and that for that comment he was going to throw his seat-partner off the plane. So he took the guy by the scruff of the neck...and threw him off the plane!

I don't understand it either. If anybody thinks it's funny, I wish they'd explain it to me. Explain why they think so, that is. They think it's funny, that is.

You know, this is a big compliment, Rich, but you're the only guy I think is funnier and more talented than I am. We're both pretty sharp guys, both having quite a ways with words.

Oh yes, the title of that book by John Joyce is The Odyssey, I think, or something like that, and it all takes place (the action of the book takes place, that is) in a day in some Irish town like Belfast or Shannon or something.

Oh wait. I just remembered the name of the book is Ulysees. Yes, that's it.

No, Rich, don't make me drink that gin...no...don't! Aaaaarrggghhh! Haha.

Sercon's Banc: Y'know, Buz, this business of survival types vs. non-survival types is a tochy one. I mean, take a fella's been living out in them woods all his life. He's bound to make it better in those trees than some city fella who's been pushing a pencil and riding subways all his life--- some fella who can't even peel a banana. But, and here's the big but...Y'take Mister Woodlore and plunk him down in the city and where's he then? Most likely the poor guy'd find himself run over by a Packard 'fore he'd walked half a block. But I'll betcha know that already, ya old F.M.

Who sez fruits don't sometimes sleep with women? Maybe they won't admit it, but I'm willin' to bet most of them've done it almost as much as the straight fellas.

Gee, I sure sound pretty darn folksy here, don't I?

LIGHTHOUSE: Pete Graham & Terry Carr

You're getting goosey in your old age, Pete, not to mention bitchy and cranky. Where is the fun-loving mailer out of Willis death-hoax postcards that we once knew? Your comments on twisting are ridiculous, of course. I honestly doubt you are half-way intelligent if you can entertain the utterly and thoroughly preposterous notion that just because a man is black he is therefore a better twister than a white man. That's a hopelessly cloddish stand to take, Pete, and I trust you realize it. ## Quit throwing red herrings and dead cockroaches at me, Pete. Your statement to me in the letter column about judging FAPA writing on how "good" it is quite obviously is just some more Pete Graham typically preposterous and ridiculous b.s. It's almost as ridiculous and preposterous as your comments on twisting. ## Preposterous and ridiculous as was practically everything you said in this issue, I found myself enjoying your stuff after a fashion. Even though I have had a generalized opinion of you as a particularly bitchy and constipated angry young man, nonetheless I have found myself once in a while being able to read your stuff with some degree of pleasure. Keep up the fairly good work, or something. I hope I have not sounded here as though I've been complimenting you. That would be terrible.

Terry: I enjoyed your stuff in this issue. You had at least two lines in Lighthouse which are at least as good as any you've ever written: "'Skatekey!' is one of them," and, "They are, you know." Beautiful.

I worked a few hours a week in the high school library in my senior year, and I found that the best way to preserve 40¢ Ace Books is to cover them with Saran-Wrap. I went back there a few weeks ago for a friendly visit and just on an impulse asked to see how the 40¢ Aces were holding up. Mister Frankpeep, the kindly head of the mending department, brought a few of them out of storage so that I could see them. I was delighted to find that, because of their Saran-Wrap coverings, they appeared as good as new, and in some cases even better than that. Of course I couldn't read them because they were wrapped in all that Saran Wrap. But, then, I didn't really want to.

The next person who tells me he can't tell my writing from David Bunch's is going to hear from my lawyer.

PERSIAN SLIPPER #2 (Dave McJohnstone) -- FADE IN on long shot of gigantic spaceship coursing through space. CUT to close-up of TEDRON, DUKE OF METHYLONIA, looking up at large screen. Dangerous looking meteor of impressive size shows on screen. Insert title: "GAD. THAT THING IS HEADED STRAIGHT FOR OUR SHIP!" CUT to long shot of gigantic spaceship containing Coventry being struck by impressively huge meteor, and shortly thereafter being blown to billions of tiny shards. Insert title: "COVENTRY IS NO MORE. NOW WE MUST FIND SOME NEW VICARIOUS LIFE-OUTLET. SOB." CUT to medium shot

of TEDRON, BRUCIFER, AND OTHER COVENTRY WHEELS paging through Little Lulu comics and identifying fiercely.

Celophais (Evans). The non-thinker has even more of a problem than the slow thinker---he lacks the ability found in fast and slow thinkers to regard a problem and eventually to figure out a solution. I have a good friend who is a non-thinker, who can take a problem and work with it for hours or even days or weeks. But if he doesn't already know the answer to it, or there isn't anyone around he can get the answer from, he'll never come up with it himself. But he's a wonderful person to check out a problem; if he has the answer, you can be pretty sure that everybody else already does.

DRY MARTOONI #1 Yeah, that bit about Atlantic City streets being the name sources for the Monopoly game is for real. In fact, just like in the game, there lies Baltic Avenue in the worst section of town, and so on on up. # I agree with your agreement on IQ tests. In high school I generally got "E"s and "F"s without working anywhere to my full capacity, and I sometimes helped other kids cheat on exams, and it was obvious that they got worse grades than I did. The teachers were always telling me that since my IQ was 67 I should have been getting straight "F"s, and were always wondering how I was sometimes able to get minimally passing grades. # Your cover was enjoyable although I think maybe you goofed because there were two of them. # Your colophon was also very interesting and enjoyable. When you become a member you should make quite an enjoyable one.

Horizons: Your comments about the passing of your old car remind that my car is itself about ready for the junkyard. The brakes saw their last usefulness three months ago, and the last one of the tires blew out two weeks ago. It was as I was careening down a hill yesterday, my car supported by four flat tires flapping about the rims, and the brakes completely shot, that I remembered your comments about your car and said to myself, "Those comments of Harry's in Horizons remind me that my own car is shot." 'I think the optimum fannish identification insignia would be the cover of the first issue of Out of This World Adventures worn as an arm-band around the right arm. It would be inconspicuous, distinctive, and available cheap from any second-hand book dealer. There is the additional advantage that the rest of the magazine could be given away to a Salvation Army Collector.

Karuna -- Jane Gallion: Gee Jane but your recipes were surely interesting! I got almost as much fun out of reading them as I did reading Helen's wonderful talk on Japanese clothes in her fanzine. And I think I will tell you one of the recipes I really like a lot since it's always fun to exchange recipes because what indeed is more fun than just eating? I take a cupful of walnuts (crushed) and half a pint of fine rich milk, toss the walnuts in the milk, put this mixture in the freezer for a long long time, take it out much much later and find I have a bunch of crushed nuts all frozen inside a bunch of milk and boy it sure does taste funny. Let's have lots more recipes in your next issue Jane. And avoid that unpleasant muddy green color in the finished pic.

Apocrypha -- Curtis Janke: I liked this, Harry, but I find nothing to disagree with.

....Gary Deindorfer

