
malAise #25
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in which Dave Van Arnam makes an attempt to recoup his lost ground & get the mailing comments out in time...

EASTERCON!

MIDWESCON!!

WESTERCON!!!

It occurred to me, Tuesday evening, just after I put the rest of MAL/24 and all of FD/56 into the mail for the 25th AL mlg, that simple Air Mail might not be sufficient to get either of them to LA in time. Which wd mean that after six years of hitting every mlg I have finally missed one. If such in truth is the case, let this be the first indication of my deep Woe and Lamentation. This new 2-week lag is a Drag.

FRED PATTEN: (RABANOS RADIATIVOS!/24) I suppose I won't be the only one to point out that Outsiders such as Len, Rich, and myself can hardly be described as "hav(ing) no prospects of ever attending a LASFS meeting" -- but I won't belabor the point. And in my case at least I didn't "only join...to get the Apa L Distribution" -- I joined at Don Fitch's urging, as a ploy on Bruce Pelz. Now, of course, I have for some time felt that it is currently the most rewarding apa in fandom, and, of course, I admit that I only remain in Apa L to get the Apa L mlg's -- but not just because they are fanzines. But I suppose this was just a case of accidental button-pushing, and not to your point at all, or mostly not.

ME: (FD/55) Jeez, 'strange' 3 times in the first para, 'but' 3 times in the third... You must have a tin ear...

MICHAEL KLASSEN: (BARAD-DUR/2) I dint realize my 'owell's were getting so noticeable. I guess it's too handy. owell... /// Enjoyed the story of the Green-Yellow Church of America.

JACK HARNESS: (GALLANT GALLSTONE/24) You don't make it easy on us fellow-poetry-criticism lovers, do you? As for your simplest question, the one about mixing rhyme and not-rhyme, I feel no jarring effect in the contrast, except perhaps that I thot the rhyme a trifle weak or, not 'obvious' or 'easy', but possibly...well, I don't quite know (Orients/sacraments is the one that's causing me this trauma; face/trace doesn't particularly bother me. -- But, of course, I'm speaking from the standpoint of one who seldom has used rhyme, is uneasy with it, and, strangely enough, frequently doesn't notice it when it's being used. The poem has some fine strong lines in it. But let me be perfectly honest; I didn't care for the final two lines when I first read the poem, or a version of it, in SAPS. I am a bit more used to it now, but it still seems out of place with the tone and weight of the rest of the poem. That this may be due to my tendency to dislike too direct a statement of theme or concept is quite possible. I enjoyed tracing the development of the lines from one version to the other. I will likely say more when the returns come in from the other states. /// You have propounded a fascinating moral problem with your movement 20% good, 30% bad, 50% neutral. In lieu of responding (which I am at present at a loss to do) I may bring the subject up again later when things slack off a bit. Wonder what Boardman will say, tho, as well as Stine... /// As you saw last issue I enjoyed John's Nixon Fantasy too; but it was, after all, extrapolation from only one given possibility, Nixon and the Internal Security Act. ((Cont'd on page 7 or 8, depending))

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 MALAISIAN FLU :: An Independant Column of Independant Opinion ::

It's been a fun-filled weekend, as they say. It began on Friday, when I joined Dave and Charles Wells at Dave's office, and after hamburgers we headed up to Dave's apartment in the Bronx, where he was hosting a Fistfa meeting. Wells was in town hunting a job; he hoped to get a position at NYU. I hope he is/was successful; he'll make a worthy addition to the fan scene.

The Fistfa meeting was a good one; in short order Dave's large apartment was brimming with people. It was great to see Wells and Lee Hoffman meet again, and Frank Dietz invited me to appear on a Lunacon editors panel with Fred Pohl, Don Benson and Don Wollheim, which I was flattered to accept. A group of fans apparently spearheaded by Fred Lerner decided to draw their own Langdon Diagram of Fandom (an attempt to link names sexually), and brought it to me, lips quivering and pencil outthrust. I disappointed them by adding but one line (one in common knowledge), no names, and erasing another line. It has always seemed to me that if what people did in bed was supposed to be public knowledge, they'd invite spectators in the first place.

I left Dave's that Saturday morning at around quarter to four; caught a train at 4:00, and was leaving the subway in Brooklyn at about 4:50. Somehow I find it hard to believe Dave when he tells me it's a two-hour trip.

Up at 2:30, Saturday afternoon, and at 3:00 people start straggling in for the first rehearsal of Barbara and the Bohemians. We end up with Barbara, Mike, Rich and myself. Chaos reigns, but order is beginning to grow out of it by late afternoon. We take a break, and Rich begins improvising a Bachian dirge on the organ, and I start following him on Mike's clarinet. But the clarinet requires a much tougher embrochure than I ever developed for a saxophone, so I keep degenerating into squeeks and squawks after perhaps five minutes of decent tone. Today, two days later, my upper lip still has teeth marks on its inside.

After a dinner of waffles for everyone, we all pile in the Weiss Rak V and head first for the Mains'. On arrival, we find they've been burglarized. Typewriter, stereo turntable and amplifier (but not the speaker, for inexplicable reasons), and various small things have been taken. The Mains are understandably upset. We leave them there to call the cops, and we head uptown to Lee Hoffman's, where I double-park, and Rich and I carry in twelve reams of paper I'd picked up for her. She joins us in the car, and we head uptown again, this time to the apartment of Steve Stiles and John Benson, where there is a party to which we've been invited.

It was a good party. I tried my first (and last) Pernod, but didn't drink much. The attendance was roughly divided between fans and non-fan friends of Steve's, and the blend went well. Steve's new girlfriend, Delores, was there, and I Approved. "Thank you, Father Ted," Steve said when he returned from taking her home. I left the party at quarter of four again, taking most of it with me, in the form of Van Arnam, Mike, and Lee, in my car. I was home by 4:30.

Sunday I was up again at 11:00 am, and after a quick breakfast, I took the Williamsburg Bridge across the East River to the Mains'. The part of Manhattan they lives in is becoming Peurto Rican, but was once a Jewish ghetto. Across the bridge in Brooklyn is Williamsburg, another Jewish ghetto. It seemed as though every Jew in Williamsburg who had a car was driving over to visit friends in Manhattan. It was a mess.

I picked up the Mains, and we drove down to their old building, where we picked up Tom Hahn and his girl, May. There was a lovely roast chicken on their stove, awaiting our return.

I spent the afternoon with the Mains and the Hahns, moving furniture, with a fabulous chicken dinner thrown in, midafternoon. After we finished, we sat around Tom's place talking about all manner of things until early evening, and then I drove home again, this time to pick up a couple of things for Terry Carr. One was a brown paper bag from Lee Hoffman, which felt like it held a book. The other was the manuscript of Norman Kagan's "The Earth Merchants." Terry had just read it in F&SF, and I'd been telling him of all the work I'd had to do on the story. Kagan's manuscripts are filled with strikeouts and misspellings, and his punctuation is erratic at best. He'd also ventured into areas in which he was much less competent -- like the ads in the story -- and I had to do a lot of rewriting to smooth them out. I also had to write the ending. Terry was curious about the extent of my changes, and I'd dug up the manuscript at the office when I was last in, to show him.

I found Terry and Carol at their old apartment, still unrented, and gave him both items. The book from Lee turned out to be a lovely book full of color plates on ancient Egypt -- one of Terry's enthusiasms. After glancing over both book and ms., we went over to their new apartment, just repainted, and they showed me around and we planned all the shelves and cabinets we'd/I'd build in. "Ted, if we had the money, we could keep you fully employed for a year, working on this apartment," Carol said.

I should explain that I am, when not doing anything else, a pretty fair carpenter. I've not done much of it in recent years, and mostly it's been for myself or my friends -- I've done only a scattering of other jobs. My first job for friends that was any size was to put record and book shelves into Terry and Carol's old apartment. Since then I've put shelves in for a variety of others, and Mike tells me he wants shelves in his new place, now, too...

When I got home last night, I was pretty tired. I even forgot to watch The Rogues on TV...

No fiction this time. But the response to the first fiction I put in APA L has been more favorable than I'd expected, and since you seem to prefer sf, I'll excerpt some more passages from Phoenix Prime in future columns. I shall not serialize it, however. That would rather defeat my point in selling you the book when it comes out. I will try to keep each passage self-contained, however, with no cliff-hangers.

COMIC STRIP: Bjo - "Gee," I said to Dave, when I finished reading this, "it sure is a good thing I'm a Good Sport about dirty, scabby, libelous slander like this, isn't it?"

"Are you going to sue?" he asked with trepidation.

"No," I said. "My lawyers tell me it would be too expensive to launch a suit in California. I have a simpler plan. As part of my plan for world conquest, I shall use my LASFS membership to --" and here I broke off into a whisper only his ears could hear.

"Ted, you're a genius!" he shouted.

"Heh, heh," I chuckled...

#24: Gold - I am totally nonplussed. You've found an anthology, edited by me? What is it? Who published it? How come they never paid me?

You must be putting me on. I've never had an anthology published. None of my books to date are hardcover, either, and only one (Invasion from 2500) has been published. Monarch. 40¢. Look for it.

Ben Jason made noises about excluding Breen from a Cleveland convention last spring. Don and Maggie Thompson quit the committee in

protest. Jason recapitulated in a flyer circulated with YANDRO last summer. In other words, he did reverse his stand publicly.

THE RANDOM TROLL: Hartman - I thought I'd explained all this with the accompanying notes on Phoenix Prime, but... No, nothing else has been published in fanzine print, but a greatly different version of the opening chapter appeared in AMAZING as "Phoenix", by Ted White & Marion Zimmer Bradley. I have no intention of running the complete novel in APA L. It would destroy the copyright, for one thing; for another it would take a long, long time to run 60,000 words serially in APA L at a thousand words or less per mailing.

What am I trying to do with the novel? Tell an interesting story, mainly. Beyond that, it exists on a number of levels. On one level it is a fairly good epic-quest story. On another it is the story of a superman's growth into maturity. I suppose there are other levels as well; I just don't know them all yet. I have about 100 pages left to write; I expect to finish it this week.

SERENDIPITY #9: Freeman - More questions I thought I'd answered already. I usually start my books without any but the roughest idea of the plot. I write a chapter or so to serve as a narrative hook, and in the process all kinds of ideas occur to me. I then outline the remainder. This outline is written in chapter-by-chapter form, and exists for two express purposes: 1) as a specific guide to me when writing, since it tells me how much I have to have in a given twelve-page chapter; 2) as a means of selling the book, which is almost always sold in outline form on a contract basis.

I single-draft my work with few exceptions. I write, double-spaced, on 854 a ream canary second sheets, trying to make my original draft as finished and complete as possible as I write it. Minor corrections and additions will be added, by hand, a day or two later on rereading. If I am really unhappy with a section, I will go back and redraft. Once I have finished correcting my draft I give it to a typist to be retyped into clean copy. When proofing that copy, I sometimes make minor changes that occur to me then. My aim is to perfect my writing ability to the point where there will be a minimum of correction necessary to my first draft. Most professional writers I know work this way.

Does fandom really need for the world to know it exists? Do we really need a vast influx of new fans? It seems to me fandom renews itself quite well enough as it is.

RABANOS RADIATIVOS #24: Patten - The Collectors Book Store sounds like the same line of stuff. Unfortunately, the guy who runs it is a bit of an ass, though.

But can "old-timers" find LASFS meetings after several years' absense? Have you been meeting in the playground that long? Seems to me an "old-timer" would probably call a friend, like Forry, to find out where the meetings are now; and in the process would learn of the change -- if any -- to Friday.

When I picked up Phoenix Prime after almost a year away from it -- I'd written the first two chapters in early 1964 and then filed them -- and started on Chapter Three, I was still fresh from the first-person writing of Android Avenger, When in Rome and Probe into Yesterday. So third-person felt odd to me. I was sure I was doing a wretched job of it -- partly because I was having to invent ways of padding out an outline which had been inadequate for chapters three, four and five. But at a Writers Group meeting I was assured that it sounded good. And I've

since readjusted my thinking back into third-person, so that it now feels natural to write in. But I still prefer to read first-person stories, I suppose because it makes for Instant Identification, and because I don't usually care for multiple-viewpoint stories. I might add that first-person is the most difficult form to write, when one is following the form of objective writing that Hammett created for Hemmingway, and Chandler used so masterfully.

You are wrong about the protagonist of the western, as I hope subsequent instalments have shown you; he's not a cowboy. He's a killer. He is also not that literate in his expression -- but he is an educated man. Many westerners were, you know. They came from all over the world, and a surprising number left respectable jobs and educations behind them.

I shouldn't have made that much fuss about NULL-F; it was just that I was bugged at the lack of response, and blamed it on its position in the mlg for lack of a better excuse.

FROM SUNDAY TO SATURDAY: Fitch - I think you're being much too harsh in your description of John Boardman. You are drawing a broad caricature, calling it "Boardman," and then sneering at it for being a caricature. Foul play. I doubt anyone whose beliefs are attacked headon and violently is going to give the attack much credit. Make up your mind whether you're entering into a debate for the benefit of the audience (the basis on which most fannish arguments exist) or honestly trying to convince a man he's wrong. If the latter, your tactics are wildly inappropriate, and I'm surprised at you, Don.

I dunno about Lawrence, but Miller is not obsessed by sex. He's actually far more obsessed with food, by your criteria. Taking his books in total, he spends more time describing meals than he does sex. Actually, your statement about Miller and sex is quite shallow; have you actually read much Miller?

NIDHOGGR #15: Hulan - I'll get that letter answered one of these days, never fear, Dave.

You're prolly right about Bryan; I don't know much about him beyond his set-to with Darrow, which, as you point out, came at the end of his life. But while I'd like to hope religious belief has little to do with political opinion, I've noted a disturbing number of attempts on the part of the right-wingers and conservatives to identify the conservative movement with God and religion, along with anti-communism. Goldwater was doing it, and let us never forget Billy Hargis (or whatever his name is). It seems to me that conservatism and fundamentalism do have a correlation, too -- like types of thought.

Your comment to Baker anent CONSUMER REPORTS says what I wanted to say concisely and well. Bravo.

ALL DIGRESSION WEEKLY #11:-Stevens - You may well be right that I should not have described the driver's voice as "dead" -- but for the wrong reasons, I think. It was not intended to create tension -- artificially or otherwise -- but rather to convey a lack of tone quality. I didn't like the word, because I felt it would telegraph the fact that the driver was what he was too soon. But I could think of nothing better which created the description I wanted. But at that moment I did not want the reader to be alerted to the driver.

If my protagonist was indeed egotistic about his abilities, it would develop in either first- or third-person. First-person writing does not necessarily reveal any more of the protagonist's character than third-person does. But in any case, Max is still too unsure of himself to get too egotistical. And, when he becomes more confident of his ab-

ilities, he has developed the necessary wisdom and maturity needed to handle them.

Stylistic variation? I dunno. I am not a stylist consciously. Van A tells me that I have a definite and distinctive style, but I am too close to it I guess to be aware of it -- in my fiction, I mean. I know I have a distinctive fanwriting style...

The thing I feel is important in writing in a way one can identify with is to follow the protagonist's viewpoint as though one was a sound camera perched on his shoulder. This can be done in either first- or third-person, with exactly the same revelation of his thoughts, with the same descriptions of action. I do not care for the omniscient viewpoint, so that advantage of third-person writing (if it is an advantage) is lost to me. One thing first-person allows is the intrusion of the narrator's observations on those things he sees and experiences. John D. MacDonald does this very well with Travis McGee, for instance. I like this; I think it's an effective way to vary pace and mood, and it allows me a more personalized commentary. But effective first-person writing does not put you entirely inside the narrator's mind. It lets you experience what he experiences, hear and see all that he does, but still carry your own thoughts and form your own conclusions. It is as important to know what not to say as what to say. It is always preferable to show his thoughts in his actions instead of introspecting them all.

Pornography means much more than movies, of course. I've encountered a wide variety, and the quality has varied equally widely. I've never seen a pornographic movie in which the women were attractive, but I'm told they exist. I have seen photographs which ran the gamut from ugly old whores to very lovely young things (many of whom were probably amateurs posing with boyfriends for personal kicks; a lot of porno has been homemade since the advent of the poleroid camera, and this stuff inevitably gets into commercial circulation sooner or later). I've also read everything from messily mimeod things passed around my highschool shop class to Olympia books. Some of this stuff was very erotic indeed. Some of it left me cold. I would not say anything disgusted me but the poor aesthetic qualities of much of the stuff -- but then, I've never seen anything that I think anyone would get very disgusted by -- I may have missed the fouler stuff. In porno, like everything else, I guess, Sturgeon's Law applies.

DER HOLLANDER #3: Hollander - That's ham slang: FB means Fine Business; OM means Old Man. LeeJ knew what I meant I'm sure.

There's no reason to take the kind of care that would be required to really preserve stencils for years, unless your stencils are for the FANCYC or somesuch. I took reasonably good care of every stencil I ever ran; for many years. I accumulated literally thousands of them. And to what avail? I eventually burned them. Back in the fifties I not only was a Publishing Giant in my own right; I mimeod for a great many others as well. That's a lot of stencils.

I have my own interpretation of where Frodo and the Elves went when they sailed away. Surely Tolkein, as a philologist, was aware of the old British phrase for dying -- "he went West," or "he's going West." I think the elvenhome was on another plane of existence which may have conferred immortality upon those who resided there, but could not be distinguished from death by those who remained behind. This marked, after all, the Passing of the Elves...and it seems obviously symbolic to me.

EXCUSE #1: Blackbeard - Well, it may be unfair of me, and even irrational, but I feel a certain jealous possessiveness about my fanzine titles. I dunno but what I might, under other circumstances, revive MINAC some day. What if I put out an apazine called QAR? What I'm saying, in my cloddish way, is that no, it's not okay to revive MINAC. Or VOID, or STELLAR, or GAMBIT, or any of my other titles, some of which may languish for years but usually get used again by me after a spell.

Hey, what do you do for a living? I gather it revolves around writing, but what sort? The other evening a bunch of us were talking and sort of thinking, "Why doesn't Bill come to NYC and write and sell books and make lots of money and become a Fanoclast and have Keen Fun?" So why don't you?

C.A.T.S. TELEPHONE GREETINGS - One evening at Fistfa the phone rang, and I was nearest. I grabbed it up and without pause I said, "Speaking!" The laughter was so deafening that it was more than a minute before I could hear who it was or who was wanted. Turned out the call was for me.

Four times I have picked up the phone and said, "Hello Dave," or another name, and each time I was right about the caller. This shakes people up no end.

MY GOD, A HUNDRED PAGES?: Geisenhainer - Your sensory helmet sounds like a marvelous gimmick. I may introduce it into a story of mine.

"Couldn't your character have been caught by an eagle?" You're kidding.

A quote from High Lonesome by Louis L'Amour:

"Nor were they free of the images their own minds held of themselves. The man on horseback, the lone-riding man, the lone-thinking man, possessed an image of himself that was in part his own, in part a piece of all the dime novels he had read, for no man is free of the image his literature imposes upon him.

"And the dime novel made the western hero a knight-errant, a man on horseback rescuing the weak and helpless. Never consciously in their thoughts, to these men without words the image was there..."

The men in question are outlaws, loaded with \$60,000.00 from a bank they stuck up, faced with the question of whether to vamoose with the loot or help out an old man and his daughter caught in an Apache ambush. L'Amour is a fine and perceptive writer about the Old West.

-- Ted White

-- and here's Dave Van Arnam picking up the stick from Ted.

BARRY GOLD: (/24) I don't just simply "start a new page" because I have to watch the number of pages. Tho if I get 4th Class/Special Handling figured out, postage may not be quite as great a problem. /// With all those CATSazines you people run the risk of being totally ignored in mc's; hell, all of you in one mlg? It's hard enough to get a picture of any of the CATS regulars -- at least for those of us who know you knoly thru Apa L, I hasten to add.

BRUCE PELZ: (HET BPEMR24) Hell, I've only got a couple of JARGONS left. If you come into any more I may buy 'em from you myself... /// Among defunct apas you left out Michael McNeil's Cosmic Apa (TRILOBITE, from Texas, circa 1952-53). And my office mimeo is the Null-Q Press, but my

house name is Undecided Publications; UPs are numbered, NQPs are not. /// Lin will be Gassed when he finds out how much you're selling SANDALWOOD AND JADE for. If I'm not mistaken that's the highest price you've listed yet.

FRED WHITLEDGE: (POURRI/7) I didn't realize Beyer had a whole series of "Minions" stories, tho I'd heard there was one sequel to "M. of the Moon" -- which is one of my old favorites. So now I've got to start collecting ARGOSY, eh? /// What kinda duper (brand, #, etc) have you got (my beautiful blonde boss just bought an ABDick tabletop offset, and I'm profession'ly interested)? /// I'd like any issues of Skiffie there may be, even if Ted doesn't. Interesting experiment.

BJO: (MAGNIFICENT SIX PAGE COMIC STRIP) All I can say is that whenever the strip has finally (may that gloomy year be far hence) run its course, I suspect I shall pay it the ultimate tribute by performing the ultimate sacrilege on Apa L, which wd be to remove it from the rest of the mlg's and have it bound...separately.

JOHN BOARDMAN: (SAGANA/11) Morgoth an Elf gone bad, eh?...Interesting concept, but one up with which only a fundamentally depraved brain cd come. /// Perhaps Jack was thinking of the truism that if we'd had an intelligent, firm line towards Communism before the Korean War, there wdn't have been a Korean War. /// Your point that Shakespeare was only trying to take the curse off of showing the Prince of Wales as a wastrel, with the soliloquy, is one I hadn't thot of, nor have I offhand ever heard it before. It's a reasonable point. /// As for your quote from NATIONAL REVIEW, as I have mentioned in conversation several times, it dates from 1957, 8 years ago. Buckley's attitudes have distinctly modified since then. In the last few years he has spoken out more and more strongly against Southern murders and brutality. As for the speech he made last week to the NYC cops, I shall not comment on it until I have read more of it than the two or three sentences of it quoted by the NY Post and that great "journal of record," the NY Times. Howevermuch you wish to deny it, however, Buckley is intellectually responsible enough to admit a change in his thought. But it takes intellectually respectable argument to change his opinions, and far too much Liberal writing on all current affairs are far short of that mark. God knows, tho, I don't support the greater portion of his ideas, especially the idiot notion that a Conservative is naturally religious. /// "Ethically blind"? I admit I may somehow be blind to your ethics, but I think it distinctly possible that one may differ with you and still conceivably be ethically (hell, even intellectually) correct. I recognize your ethics, however, which is why I don't get particularly bugged by your describing me as "intellectually and ethically blind".

MIKE DECKER: (APRIL ye FIRST) If it isn't all a big Put-On, I enjoyed yr tales of misdeeds and Flagrant Security Violations. However, you're Under Arrest.

JIM LUCAS: (PASTold) Communism has the right to propound its doctrine. It does not have the right to go beyond attempting to change our society by subversion. Nor does it have the latter right in any other country in the world. Nor does it have the right to conquer by force of arms, whether it calls this "liberation" or anything else. But it keeps trying. /// Durcell is wrong, at least to this extent -- the artist has to shape his creation to some extent at least. Good criticism merely tries to duplicate the necessary artistic critical function (that which makes a poet, for instance, drop one line in favor of another). /// You have brought up interesting material; I wish I'd come across this zine earlier in these mc's. For I'm hopeful that you are the sane...