
maLaise #30

Vol. 5, No. 6

11 May 65

TRICON! NYCON! SOUTH GATE IN 68!

fanzine. This is for Mailing Comments.

At least, I think it's #30. I had been keeping my fanzines in the office, but Good Ol' Ted White helped me cart them all home yesterday, and now I have no Referents. Even tho I no longer have a colophon for my weeklies, I think I'll mention that I'm Dave Van Arnam of Kadath in the Cold Bronx, and I'm still Weary from the DisClave.

But that's for another issue or another

FELICE ROLFE: (MAYHEM ANNEX/1) Gee, fancy meeting you here! I'd ask if there are going to be any G&S shows during the approximate period of the Westercon, but the Far-traveling Fanoclasts unfortunately won't be around long enuf. We'll be leaving Cincimati after the Midwescon about sunup Monday, as I understand it, and may make LA for LASFS. After the Westercon we'll be spending perhaps a day in the Barea, and then we have to head back. Gee, this comment hasn't had anything to do with your zine.

Good Lord! I've just realized I didn't read the mailing! I only skimmed it! Org. Well, I did mark a few things.

JACK HARNESS: (GALLANT GALLSTONE/28) Hm, that fragment of yours (or at least I assume it's a fragment) makes me realize slightly how difficult it might be for someone with no ear for poetry to have to comment on poetry. The certain knowledge that one is not quite attuned, is not quite receiving the message... However, I did turn the page expecting to see more, and was disappointed.

ARNIE KATZ: (CH -- Arnie Katz? That's ridiculous! owell -- CHOMP/1) I'm afraid you've got us dead to rights. "Steve," Ted said to me after a Fanoclasts meeting a few years ago, "Steve, the time has come for New York Fandom to come forth with a new Hoax." "It is strange that you should mention that," I said, "for I have recently acquired an old fanzine published by some guy with an improbable name who gafiated ten years ago. Let us resuscitate this old stumblebum, faking his revival by palming off our own rejected writings as his inept first-draft writing." "Excellent, Steve," said Ted, "let us start off with a genzine, which I will stock with several old unpublished articles of mine, and from there we shall play it by ear." And so we did. It was quite a shock to find that Bruce Pelz distinctly remembered the crumb whose work we were faking... But the Dave Van Arnam hoax lasted a little longer than the Tom Gilbert hoax, that you've got to grant us.

FRED WHITLEDGE: (P Q U R R I/11) It's probably ridiculous to go on with this after the above admissions, but we sorta feel it's a shame to waste the rest of the space available this issue. Besides, this issue of POURRI seems to be specially directed toward "Van Arnam"... rich, you're the Multilith man, why don't you take over here? Yes, well, of course, the fact that I've started working on a Multigraph (I've run off several Focal Points on it) gave me the idea to have "Dave" get access to an ABDick, so 'he' could talk about it. Actually I haven't done enough work on either to be able to really comment intelligently to Fred Whitledge, but I do know that the Duplimat masters don't seem to measure up to AB Dick masters. Maybe Ted knows something about this. Ted? No, rich, it's been a long time since I worked on offset.

BILL GLASS: (WSICI?/11) Steve here. Actually it was rich brown who left the lino out and misspelled Spider-Man. Neither Ted nor I would have

Null-Q Press

Undecided Publication #117, maybe

done such a thing. But no one fan could really put out a weekly fanzine for over a year, with another one running with it for half that time, and so we've rotated most of the issues. Thus the inconsistencies even in the mistakes. Tonite, of course, all three of us happen to be working on the issue, which is why when Ted started off at the top of the page he was still "in character," and I didn't realize that the hoax was blown until, with my turn to comment come round, I drew Arnie's zine. The prime rule of hoaxes is that you can only misdirect; it's Bad Form to simply Lie when you're caught out... Otherwise I might have asked Ted to rephrase things a bit at the beginning of the previous page. Gee, I shouldn't run on so like this, but it's like being out of prison, not having to write as if I were that damn fool Van Arnam. [] Ted here. Besides, it's about time to let go of the hoax, when even after a year people still spell your name 'Van Arman' (Bill Glass) and 'van Arnam' (Harness). Carl Brandon never had that problem.

FRED PATTEN & DON FITCH: (CARCASILLA/28) (rb:) It seems sort of silly for one exposed hoax to address mc's to another exposed hoax, but I suppose the habit-patterns established by Apa L & Apa F will keep the five of us at our charade for some time yet. Amusing that you two had noticed that there was something odd, and indicated this by remarking "I ((sic)) once mentioned to Don Fitch that certain passages of your ((i.e., 'Van Arnam's')) writing bore striking resemblances to Don's style." The ironic context was superbly chosen. [] (tw:) I might add, since you comment on it, that Steve was partly wrong about that blank lino. rich had put one in, but I thought it was just not good enough. I conflued it out, and somehow neglected to put another one in before running it off. (ss:) I liked my explanation better, Ted -- that it was the first half of a two-part lino that none of us remembered to complete. [] (tw:) It's also amusing to note, in the Hoax context, that the only comments you wrote to your selves this week were [1] a table of contents correction, and [2] a joke involving me, again curiously apropos...

(tw again:) Actually, the most amusing thing to note is how difficult it has been for each of us to shake off the "Van Arnam" prose style and write as we usually do. Something to do with the "Van Arnam" type-face and the Undecided Publication format, I suppose.

(rb:) Switching issues around as we've done, it's really more surprising that we haven't fallen out of character more times than we have. (A special No-Prize to anyone who can pick a good example out of the past 117 or so issues, where Steve, Ted, and I each fell into our own styles.) (Hm, Disclaimer, Steve...)

(ss:) You better Disclaim, you ratfink! I had enough with that last-name stuff in BATHTUB GIN.

(tw:) I didn't realize you were going to Blow the Gaff, Steve, and I'm really sorry in a way that you did. It really gave me quite a Charge to have a column by me in "Van Arnam"'s zine, and not have anybody notice! (rb:) Now the question is, What Do We Do For An Encore? (ss:) I just had an inspiration for an even more Diabolical hoax than this one was! (tw:) Well, gee, Steve, why don't you keep it to yourself this time? (rb:) I wonder what Eney will say when he hears about this! Shall we tell him it was actually Steve's brother in a fake beard who actually gave him that set of FIRST DRAFTS? (ss:) I think that's a bit too complicated, rich. (tw:) Why don't we knock off this chitterchatter and get on to the Real mailing comments on the next page? (ss:) Ok. (rb) Right. (tw:)hehehehehehe (rb:) Don't let Ted fool you, folks, the article on the next page is serious, and I for one would like to see it in THE BEST FROM APA L. S'long!

maLaisian flu

by Ted White

In the background the Shangri-Las' album is playing. I suppose that is appropriate. But the loud sounds do not fill the house. It is empty.

How does one explain the sense of loss experienced when good friends move away? How much sharper the parting when they have been living in your house, guests, for the past month?

The car wouldn't start. It was a 1960 Rambler American, with foreign tags; a driveaway destined for Colorado, which wouldn't start cold, and lacked an air cleaner. The spare tire was not merely bald, but worn through the threads, a hole which included the inner tube.

We tried to start it, rolling it down the street. Nothing happened. Every time it stopped it sounded like the brakes squealing. "Are you using the clutch?" I asked. "Yes, but nothing happens." "It doesn't even turn over the engine?" "No."

"Let me try," I said, and slid into the driver's seat. The overdrive was pushed in. I pulled it out. The clutch engaged, then, and the engine faltered. We rolled across Third Avenue, and then the engine caught and began to idle nervously as I tried to pull out the emergency brake to hold the car.

Minutes later the car was disappearing around the corner on Second Avenue, and I trudged back up 49th to my empty house.

Andy and Barbara Main are gone, and I miss them.

I first met Andy at the Pittcon, in 1960. His seventeenth birthday occurred during the con, and Andy Reiss and I made up a birthday card for him which was signed by many of the fans there. He still has it; he showed it to me recently.

The next year I talked to him on the phone shortly before the Seacon. He wanted to come east, and if we drove out, he'd come back with us. We did, and he did, selling his VW in Seattle.

It was a trying trip; Sylvia and I often got on each others' nerves at that time -- neither of us liked the other's driving -- and Andy was caught in the middle. He stayed for several months in Towner Hall, and the enforced contact between us was not beneficial. When I moved to Brooklyn, and Andy moved uptown, we saw each other increasingly less.

Times have changed: when Andy returned to the city last year, we found ourselves on much better terms. Even the pressures of our return trip together from the Pacificon did not fracture the relationship. And increasingly I found myself with Andy, helping him move, giving him old furniture, and all the things which fans seem to do when they gravitate into a closer friendship. He was one of those people I could call up if I was depressed about something; and vice versa.

I was skeptical about his upcoming marriage; marrying an eighteen-yr. old girl is a chancy thing at best, and I'd been feeling a bit chancy about my own relationship with a twenty-one-yr. old girl who by coincidence shared first names with Andy's intended. But after I met Barbara, I upgraded my estimate of their chances together. And I found myself godfathering their marriage; the only fan who witnessed the ceremony.

After their apartment was robbed a month ago, they decided to leave for California earlier than they'd planned, and they were reluctant to remain even the necessary few more weeks in the apartment. I offered them one of my rooms, and they accepted.

They were amazingly easy to live with, and I enjoyed their company. I live in a big apartment, and sometimes it seems too empty with only me and my cats to populate it. (From time to time I find, ah, "roommates"

to help me lick this problem...)

Now Sinbad, my big tom, searches mournfully for the girl kittens they took away with them. And I sympathize with him...

This last weekend we attended a going-away party at Steve Stiles', and then at noon the next day, we struck upstate to the Tristate area, and Valentine's Castle (as Avram dubbed it), where we picnicked. It was a warm and balmy day, perfect for a picnic, and with the new engine and transmission in my car, the travelling was all but effortless.

From there we headed up to Boston, arriving a little after midnight. Larry Stark came over (we were staying with the McCombses), bringing with him Sarah Lee Tharp and Pat Ellis. Pat is some sort of linguistics grad student, and I was not surprised to hear that she was John Hitchcock's present girl. John was not present, which was a shame...or maybe not. I first met Larry Stark in 1955, and John Hitchcock the same year. They are old friends, but my contact with them has been sparse since 1959 or 60. I found surprisingly little to talk about with Stark, and perhaps this would've been even more the case with John. Old friendships sometimes simply die, it seems. It was only last week that I saw Dick Wingate again and discovered he was getting fat...

Sunday people began descending upon the McCombs residence. Stark and Pat again, Sid Coleman and his lovely redheaded secretary, Paul Williams, Joe Pilati, and various folkies, two of whom were quiet types and one of whom most definitely was not.

I found myself spending most of the evening talking with Paul Williams whom I found myself most en rapport with among the Cambridge fen.

Monday we hit the record stores, and I found two jazz albums (one of which, a Verve cutout, had a cover photo by Rotsler -- hi, Bill!), and the Shangri-Las' album, for which I'd been searching fruitlessly for several weeks.

Four and a half hours after we left Cambridge, we were in NYC once more, and Andy was phoning the driveaway agencies in earnest.

Tonight we had a sirloin steak dinner, a sad celebration of their departure. And then they were gone.

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Mlg. 27

NIDDHOGGR 17: Hulan - Funny you think of NYC as the setting of "75% of all crime stories." You may be right, but if so, LA bags the other 25% easily. Most of my favorite writers (Chandler, Hammett, Ross MacDonal, Thomas B. Dewey, etc.) set their stories in California, usually centering on LA. Of course I think this can be explained rather easily; writers use the areas with which they're familiar, and most mystery writers in this country live on one of the coasts.

There's been a lot of talk about New Yorkers (and inhabitants of cities in general) not interfering in what's "not their business" -- like the Queens stabbing (hi, Van A!) -- and I don't think it's fair to lay this entirely at the feet of the inhabitants of one city. It's a modern American syndrome, reinforced by our rather weird law system, which penalizes those who do leap to help out strangers. But New Yorkers do have an exaggerated sense of privacy, I think. Space is scarce here, and many native New Yorkers grow up, even in well-off families, sharing a room with a brother or sister. When there is too little privacy in one's home, one becomes superconscious of privacy, and pursues it zealously.

That story may not be by Anderson; I wish I could remember where I read it and why. But yes, I'd agree that "...And Then There Were None" was equally a straw-man job...as is also most of Ayn Rand's stuff. What irritated me about the first story, though, was that it was such a put-up job, with the author's manipulations so obvious, and with the very evident "I told you so, you stupid peace-mongers" moral tacked onto the ending -- as though the author thought that by writing such a story he'd proven something. (First Law of Reasoning: A work of fiction proves nothing about the real world. --Ted White.)

There may be a few duplicates on my shelf of Carr books; books put out by different companies, which I have two editions of. Send me a list of what you need.

I guess my tastes in mysteries run in a different direction than yours because I am looking for vicarious adventure of one sort or another in all my reading for entertainment. Jim Sanders did a radio show on mystery writing with Aaron Marc Stein and me a couple of weeks ago (perhaps the best show in which I've participated), and I summed my feelings up then by saying that I was not a cross-word puzzle reader; I look for the "romantic" (in the old sense of the word) plot, with realistic handling, and a character with whom I can identify. This also sums up what I am trying to write, too.

Doc Savage is perhaps the only one of the 30's pulp characters who is readable in direct reprint. You should only try a vintage Shadow, or Phantom Detective. But I do recommend the Black Bat from BLACK BOOK DETECTIVE...

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Mlg. 28

I'm grateful to whoever made the Policy Decision to send me this mlg; it allows me a little more to comment on than I'd planned on having.

JERBOA #4: Thorne - I have only attended one Mensa function, and that several years ago. But I was not impressed by the overtly obvious intelligence of the members. Indeed, most of them seemed very square and dull. One walked up to Walter Breen, who was sitting on a sofa minding his own business, and stated in a beligerant tone, "The trouble with you beatniks is that you all conform to nonconformity!" I wonder how long it took him to conceive that marvelously original and hi-IQ concept.

My impression is that Scn. in the process of clearing cobwebs from one's brain makes one more efficient and capable in what he does. I also think that increased self-confidence makes a big difference. Supposedly Scn. is to "Make the Unable Able, the Able more Able..."

IPZIK! #28: Bailes - But, but, we do run serials in F&SF. We just completed one by Poul Anderson... Seriously, we prefer a series of novelettes which add up to a book-length story -- Jack Vance's sequel to The Dying Earth will be presented in this form -- but we also run straight serials occasionally. Coming up is a new novel by Roger Zelazny, "Call Me Conrad," which I recommend highly, which will be serialized in two parts.

CARCASILLA #28: Gilbert - In the case in question, I'd answered the questions (I thought) in the material that was being commented on. So the questioners must have read it, even if they didn't comprehend it.

These are interesting points you bring up about first- vs. third-person writing. Perhaps my enchantment with first-person writing goes back to my admiration for Hammett and Chandler, who pretty much made the rules for the private-detective story, and which are automatically conceived in first-person these days. (Me to Van A. about the narrator-protagonist of When In Rome: "Whaddya mean, you don't quite get his character? He's Travis McGee, Philip Marlowe, the Continental Op -- every damn private-eye you've ever read. They're all alike.")

It appears my vow never to write in third-person again was foredoomed, in any case. I've submitted an outline of the sequel to Phoenix Prime to Lancer, and have rough ideas in my mind for the third and fourth books in the series. They'll all be third-person, of course.

If Lancer doesn't use the *map*, I'll run it here. That's a promise.


You want to know how I outlined the last segment of Phoenix Prime? It isn't in the outline. The outline merely stated that Quest goes to the offices of Edwards & Archer. Often when I get to a particular chapter I find that my outline simply doesn't provide enough material for that chapter. I am then forced to invent new action or details. Properly speaking, this is not padding, and it makes the book a little less predictable for me. Which is necessary if I am not to grow bored with it. On the other hand, sometimes I outline too much for a chapter. In my outline for PP, I expanded a couple of middle chapters (in outline) into almost three times that number. This was necessary because I'd outlined a 45,000 word book, and I was contracted for 60,000. But also that section lent itself to a lengthened treatment. Indeed, it is my favorite part of the book. I'm pretty damned happy with the book; despite the flaws I know it contains; it's my most successful to date.


Thus conclude my comments. ...


I should mention that I am definitely planning to attend the Westcon this year. Indeed, I shall be making every conference and convention in this country, I believe. I shall drive out, hitting the Midwestcon first, and then the following week the Westercon. I'm looking forward to meeting the many among you I've never met before, and after the con I shall be heading up to the Bay Area to visit friends there as well.


The entire trip is deductible as a business expense.


- Ted White


 HI - REMEMBER ME? IN THE AMORPHOUS BLOB.


 SOMETIMES I'M TED WHITE, AND


 SOMETIMES I'M STEVE STILES, AND

 SOMETIMES I'M EVEN MICH BROWN!

 ACTUALLY, AS A HOAX, I DON'T EVEN EXIST...

 SO IT WAS NECESSARY TO INVENT ME...

 OTHERWISE, THERE WOULD BE NO ONE

 Hoping you are the sane!
-- "dgv"