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is published for FAPA mailing 108 by Ted White, 339, 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220, and is published on the giant huge QWERTYUIOPress, which is still hot from having run off JESUS BUG, DAY*STAR, LIGHTHOUSE and ALLERLEI all in this last week. TERRY CARR FOR TAFF, everyone.

ONWARDS & UPWARDS WITH F&SF: Since it was, I believe, Al (East Coast) Lewis who first told me of the West Coast rumor that I was the true, "secret" editor of F&SF, and Avram only a figurehead, I was not altogether surprised to see Bill Ellern's strange permutation of it last mailing. Needless to say, the rumor was totally unfounded; until recently my activities with F&SF have largely been confined to reading the slush pile, as all of you who read YANDRO already know.

I was pretty much shocked, therefore, when Avram wrote me he was resigning his editorship in order to increase his writing schedule another notch or two. And I was not unpleasantly surprised to find myself promoted somewhat. I'm still officially "Assistant Editor," and even yet I have not extended my perfidious control over The Magazine, but now I get to read higher-grade slush (I'm sorry to say that many of our professional submissions don't seem an awful lot better than the out-and-out amateur ones) do the copyediting, and even (whisper it!) tamper with the layouts a little. It's a small step, but a significant one.

Those who've known me for long know my First Love has been editing -- with maybe a little art direction thrown in -- and the irony of my professional career has been in the way my passion for editing has always seemed to end up advancing my writing career instead. Yet, as I've come into continually closer contact with the publishing industry in general, I've been stripped of many of my romantic illusions, and while once I'd have settled on editing anything, anything at all, I really have no desire to go beyond the specialized fields today. There's a different, um, aura to the specialized fields, the fields based on the love of a particular hobby or somesuch, like the car magazines, the music and jazz magazines, or the mystery or science fiction magazines. These fields don't pay very well and are commercially precarious as publishing endeavors, and as a result the status-conscious Big Money types bypass them. That's fine by me, because those who are left are those who genuinely love their field and are willing to take less, financially, to stay in it.

Despite the occasional intercene warfare that breaks out in these fields, I think they're better places for a meaningful career than the jungle of Big Publishing, and certainly they are far more attractive to me.

Therefore, any step forward in this tiny, underpopulated and overcrowded field of science fiction is valuable to me, yet another step towards that Magazine Of My Own that I was dreaming about when I was fourteen and pushing a lawnmower around the yard.

DOWNWARD & UPWARD WITH FAPA: It was dismaying to see our Noble President alibi the fact that all four of our officers voted for the recent blackball by contending that the Constitution required no reason at all -- much less a good one -- for such a vote, as though this lack of prohibition from our constitution was a positive endorsement of their (to my mind) reprehensible behavior. It was not surprising, though, after the similar justification offered for their failure to rectify the Martin case.

On the other hand, it was gratifying to see that (at last count) forty other FAPAns agreed with me that the blackball should not stand unchallenged. Most of us, apparently, can still think for ourselves.