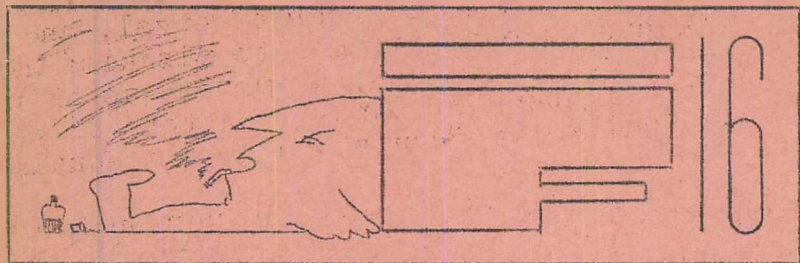


Yes, kiddies, it's That Man again...with another last-minute NULL-F for you. If he hadn't moved around enough alr ady, he's about to do it again --this time to New York City. He hasn't done it yet though, so thish is



still from his old 2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md. address. And no doubt mail sent to this address will be forwarded.

I blush to admit this, but I traded my old Jag XK-120 in on a Ford. I plead leniency, though. The Ford is a used six-cylinder economy

model, mit two doors. It's one of those black sedans you used to hear so much about. I am surprised by the maneuverability of the thing. I should have mentioned: it's a '53 model, which means it is about the last of the "sensible" Fords. I recently drove a '58 Ford which was its equivilent, and it was a veritable land-berge. Well, anyway, we got this Ford for two reasons: we wanted a dependable (reasonably) car, and we wanted something which could pull a trailer (we're moving, y'know). The Jag was on its last legs, and all the rubber was bald. I could see me shelling out \$50 or so for four new tires. How I made it through the winter without snow-tires, I dunno. I've talked with some other former Jaguar owners, and they say it's a rare person who buys another. I don't know about their complaint - but the Weiss Rak III had a lousy cooling system which made it impossible to drive in city traffic in the summer without vapor lock and/or a boiling radiator, and impossible to get heat from the heater in the winter. I put close to twenty-thousand miles on it in the year I owned it, and had to put in an entirely new exhaust system (the old one had been "modified" in such a way as to make it illegal, and the pipes kept falling off), cost: \$100.00 or so; had to have a new reverse gear put in; had to have the brakes fixed innumerable times without lasting results to keep it from pulling hard to the left (the left front tire was bald while the right front was still looking new--I switched tires and wore the other down); but all of this was nothing on the sheer mental stress it put on me. I was scared stiff of extended city driving, even on mildly warm days. I could watch the temperature needle slowly clumb to 100 degrees centigrade--inching its slow-but-sure way up from 90 towards boiling--and it was an effective weapon in the war of nerves I found myself engaging in against the car. It had other nusense value as well: the doors were too low to open at any normal curb, and this necessitated an occasional ticket for parking too far from the curb; the gas tank was exceedingly vulnerable to small stones and rocks, and finally developed a leak it took \$30.00 to have fixed; and you could never be sure when something else might happen. To top it off, the service men have the idea that if you own a Jag, you must have money (they're nearly right--you must have money to own a Jag and survive), and they pad their bills accordingly.

Some of my troubles I took care of myself. I had a worn throttle-linkage which parted at the oddest momebts--like on a narrow mountain road (going up-hill) on the way to the Midwestcon, and it came loose three times on that trip, though I vapor-locked only once--or in city traffic at rush hour.

The car was just too much. Sure, I enjoyed the "sports car feel." It's wonderful. But I am a nervous person, and I can't stand the war of nerves I had with that car, and the knowledge that on a trip exceeding 100 miles I was sure to have trouble.

The Weiss Rak IV, the Ford, has no pretentions. It is a slow starter, corners no better than any Detroit product, burns oil, and is a dream to drive. When it wears out I shall junk it. Sic Semper Tyranus.

I WOULD URGE that all of you read Evans' CELEPHAIS this time, especially the section under "The Fantasy Amateur". I have compared the handwritten letters of William Lance with those of George Wetzel, and am willing to swear that though George has made an attempt to disguise his handwriting that the two are one and the same. If my assurance to that respect isn't enough, one glance at the content of Lance's letters is enough to show that if he isn't Wetzel--an unlikely circumstance--he's equally bad.

It would be pointless to say that Larry Stark and I never pubbed a pro-Commie fanzine, but we didn't. I think the zine referred to is STELLAR #8, which was circulated through FAPA. In it we featured THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION, a round-robin serial in which fandom was grouped with other liberal (not commie) minorities and persecuted by a McCarthy-type. We cast "George" (no last name) in the role of spy-in-the-fan-ranks, a minor-grade villian. No doubt Wetzel/Lance felt this bitterly. At any rate, if any of you have forgotten his letters in GEMZINE (in which he grouped Stark, Silverberg, Ellison, and others as a pro-Commie cell!), this should be reminder enough that he is totally undesirable, under ANY name, and that you should cast your vote in favor of the Waiting-List Amendment which will be coming up, and then vote against Wetzel in all his incarnations. The man is a dangerous fool.

THE BNF OF IZ, a novellette approaching 20,000 words in length, and written by "Carl Brandon" (Terry Carr and Ron Ellick), is now for sale (35¢) from me. This is a 32-page (counting covers) illustrated (three pics) single-volume edition limited to two hundred numbered copies. Everyone who has read it has praised it highly. It ranks second probably, only to THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR as a fannish fable. It is already selling well, so I'd suggest you send me 35¢ for a copy while they're left. I'll be selling this at the Detention, and I doubt if there'll be many left after that.

I HAVEN'T PUT MUCH into FAPA lately, but it's not like I'm going gafia or anything. True, being OE and getting to read the zines ahead of time has sort of taken the edge off of the mailing, but, well, you see I'm pubbing a monthly fanzine, and... VOID is the name, and I co-edit it with the publisher of the first thirteen issues, Greg Benford. It's had three issues so far under me, with a fourth coming up. You'll find a number of FAPAns, like, for instance Harry Warner and Larry Stark, represented therein, and I think its personality is compatible with the average FAPAns. Try a copy. Free for letters of comment.

SO MUCH FOR COMMERCIALS, and it is time to thank y'all for voting me into the top ten this year--even if you did tie me with my Nemesis, G.M.Carr. Someone pointed out that a few of the votes for the FA should have been applied to me to put me ahead, but I'm gallant--I'll share the spot of honor with Gerty.

While I think of it, I want to chastise Gem for her bit about don't I ever smile, which she was propounding a while back. I have Seen The Error Of My Ways (thanks, Boyd) and she won't be getting much space in F any more, but really, Gertrude, I must rap your knuckles for that bit of blather, especially since you are yourself in such a precarious position: having more times than one risen to do battle with a jest, the humor of which escaped only you. Three instances with Raeburn, Speer, and Willis, leap to mind. Undoubtedly most FAPAns can site other examples of your outstandingly selective blindness. I wave a finger in your face, Gem. Tch, tch, tch.

 it was but the work of a moment to wipe the blood from my finger....

I DON'T THINK THERE'LL BE any mailing comments from me this time. I have read the mailing in so many installments that I haven't the energy to reread for comment-purposes. I may skim through later on and make a few comments, but for the main, I think I'll leave them for Sylvia.

This mailing marks the debut of my wife as a joint member, and her zine is totally her own work. Sylvia is determined not to be known as Mrs. Ted White, but to be a person of separate identity. This I rather sympathize with and support. Sylvia before she married me published two outstanding issues of FLAFAN, which she is continuing, despite setbacks, and the third issue of which should be around before too long. She's got a lot of talent and I hope to see her pour a lot of it into FAPA. It should keep our ratings up in the Egoboo Poll, anyway...

YES, HARRY WARNER, Saxophones more often than not are played with a vibrato.

In fact, I've never heard a jazz sax totally devoid of one, though some of the West Coast jazzmen, Paul Desmond particularly, come close to it. Without vibrato it sounds rather like a pure clarinet in tone, though different in timbre, pitch, etc. The harshness, or raspiness some men use is a form of vibrato. A vibrato, of course, can be produced on any reed instrument, in the manner that Sylvia explains. Someone in this mailing (Fred Smith, I think) says that modern jazzmen don't use it any more. This is incorrect. Smith is probably thinking of the West Coast school, a movement which is now fairly well assimilated into the mainstream again. But the modern sax men: Giuffre, Rollins, Coletrain, etc., all have pronounced vibratos. Of all the East Coast men, only Gigi Gryce occasionally drops it. I persist in thinking that Harry is carrying snobbishness to new limits in his pronouncements about the value of saxophones in music, and jazz in general. But I know better than to send another tape to him. I do suggest, Harry, that you listen to the Columbia lp of Leonard Bernstein's WHAT IS JAZZ. It has a sax with and without vibrato for comparison.

AFTER READING Gemzine, I went back and reread that Heinlein broadside, and I've been thinking about it all. The conclusions I've come up with are twofold: First, there seems to be no necessity for developing more nuclear bombs. We now have big enough ones to obliterate Russia without further experimentation, and it seems silly to say "they'll make better bombs if we stop testing". The fact that the Ruskies are now advocating banning tests seems a safe enough indication that they are aware that no more need exists, and are probably now diverting their work to tests of other varieties--like missiles. Every time we "test" a bomb (that's a ridiculous way to put it--you either use it or not; you don't 'test' it to see if it'll work, and if it does, put it away to use later) we use up another million or so dollars of tax-paid money. I think it's prohibitively expensive. Second: the monetary expense is nill compared to the expense to the human race from wide-spread radiation poisoning. We are not only condemning our children to hideous lives (a fact which troubles me more than slavery) as radiation victims, we are poisoning ourselves. Give the Russians credit: they want to conquer the world, but they don't want it to be dead by then. And they'd rather conquer it economically, and through economic control.

All this hoopla about "let's all committ suicide and murder our children rather than surrender to those unspeakable Commies" is so much hysterical nonsense. We're not suiciding just ourselves, we're murdering the human race. And the human race, even in slavery, is better than none at all.

What Heinlein and GMC and others of their ilk have overlooked it that man-made governments are terribly impermanent, and dictat-

orships are least stable. So mankind undergoes as much as 200 years of slavery. So what? He has in the past. And say what you will, Patriots, life in Communist Russia is not unspeakably bad. That's more, it is improving, slowly. The Russians seem interested in bettering themselves, not in holding their country in a barbaric state. Every improvement they institute ensures them greater support from their people. They are not unaware of this. Russia has pulled itself up from barbarism by its bootstraps with measures which were drastic beyond measure. But this is not a condition which cannot change. In no more than two hundred years, Russia will probably offer more individual freedom than the United States, if either country is still around and holding its own.

While Russia is young, coarse, full of life, and looking up towards what it hopes to become (a leader in the world where it was once bottom-rung), the U.S. is already in its decline, with less and less personal freedom, with decay already setting in. Gerty herself grotches at the red tape encountered in her husband's business. This is the way we'll lose, eventually. Subtly we're becoming despotic, governed by the least-common-denominator. We're going down hill. Somewhere along the line, fifty to hundred years from now, we'll meet Russia coming up. I hope I'm not alive then, because I love this country too much to see what it will become. On the other hand, I hope I reincarnate in Russia, because it'll be a better place than this country by then.

I suggest that even if she disagrees with my forecast for the future that G.M.Carr think about about the liklihood that Communism will always control the world, should it gain control. If she really thinks it will, she's admitting its superiority to our system. If not, I think she'll have to admit that temporary losses will be better than the total destruction of the human race. As long as man remains human, there is the spark, the hope for tomorrow.

WHILE I'M STILL ON GEMZINE, let me note that under Gem's logic (that if my fanzine is mailed in another fanzine's envelope, it is part of that fanzine, and if another fan puts his address on that envelope, it's his zine instead of mine) GEMZINE has been, since November, my fanzine, since my address stamp goes on the FAPA bundles. I'd just as soon disclaim the responsibility, however. Gem's logic is no better than usual.

She's closer--though here she was guessing--about another thing, though. While FAPA looses activity, the Cult is gaining, with the active w-1 filled (with five people) and five more on the inactive w-1, making the Cult nearly as big as SAPS, and probably as active...

I WONDER IF YOU'VE SEEN CONTROVERSY. It's a new mag, selling for 50¢, hitting a lot of stands in this area. The idea is to present both sidesto controversial questions, side-by-side for comparison. The mag's motto is "Weigh the facts -- Resolve a controversy." I wish it were that simple. However, while the appeal is intellectual, the makeup, format, and general content are blah. I'm afraid that the sloppy layouts, reminiscent of an old TIME magazine, and equally cheap in appearance, will not hold many readers, and those who are genuinely interested in such a magazine will find the arbitrary choice of subjects and their proponants and the "popularized" treatment unworthy of the 50¢ price-tag or continued reading. Too bad; it was a good idea, too...

Well, that's all of thish's NULL-F. The man in the logo may look disapated, but I'm not, really. It's just that the clock is chiming the eleventh hour, and I wanted to have something in the mailing, and... -Ted E. White