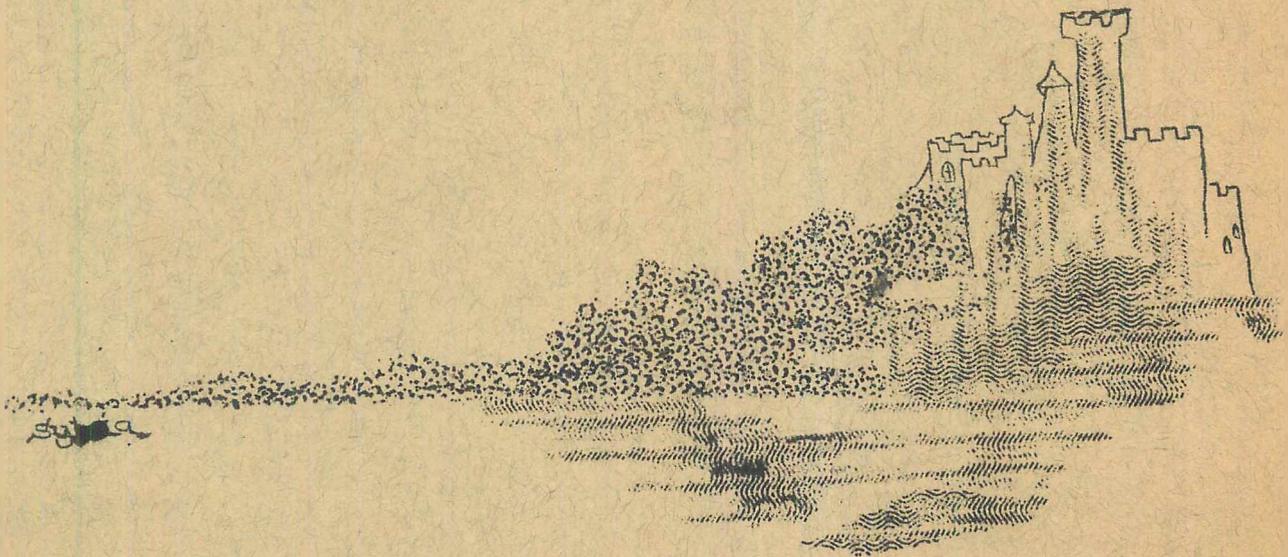


NULL-F 44



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written and edited by Ted White.

ANOTHER ISSUE OF NULL-F: Yes, friends, here it is less than nine months after the publication of my last issue, and I feel the strong urge for another issue of NULL-F. I am at a loss to explain this peculiarity, but perhaps it's due to an early spring. (Only a few feet to my right, as I type this, the endive and Swiss chard sprouts are thrusting their way towards the sun on the other side of the window, all five grapefruit trees are putting on new spurts of growth, both mimmosas are green and leafy, and, after a bad winter following the consumption of all its leaves by one of the cats, the nectarine tree is again putting forth fresh leaves. The avocado, four feet tall now, recently added two new branches, about eighteen inches above the original branch. I dunno how spring is springing outside, but here in my office hothouse, it's in full bloom.)

This week I washed the winter salt from my car and spaded the back garden, destroying in the process all the plantings of my upstairs neighbors whose tresspasses are no longer allowed this year. I also installed a modern lock on the house's main front door, after someone easily picked the old one and broke in the door of the aforementioned upstairs neighbors, taking away with him their television and record player. To judge from the fact that the sounds of their five or so records are still monotonously pealing out through the halls of the house, I imagine they instantly bought replacements.

The house in which I've made my home for the past six years is a three-storey rowhouse on a quiet sidestreet in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge. It is neither the best nor the worst block in the immediate neighborhood, and this house, over a hundred years old by recent estimates, has certainly seen better days -- most of them, I assume, while it was a single-family house. My landlords bought it around 1947, and originally lived in what is now my apartment (thus "de-controlling" it from city rent-control). Around the same time, they installed a furnace and central steam heating. My apartment occupies the four rooms (and bathroom) of the ground floor, plus three rooms, hallway and a storageroom in the finished basement. I also have a back porch and a backyard. In the six years I've lived here I've made a lot of changes and improvements in the place, as visitors have noticed. And when I stop to think about it, I'm rather happy with it. But I have this strong hankering to Get Out.

It's a basic conflict. I love New York City as a city. Its subways endlessly fascinate me. I enjoy driving its streets. It contains, as a city, more of my friends than any other city in the country, and it is the focus of my professional career. But nonetheless, I feel squeezed here. I want more space, more room. Not just room within an apartment, but land-room, yard and grounds room. I want to be able to park my cars off the street and, if necessary, behind locked doors, away from vandals or thieves. (And I'd like to be able to pay more reasonable insurance rates on them.) I'd like more privacy from the crush of people. I detest my southern-trash upstairs neighbors heartily.

More important yet, is my sense of the impending doom of the American cities. Until the recent Riot Commission reports, I placed the timetable for Chaos and the fall of present-day civilization between seventy-five and one hundred fifty years in the future. Now I see it coming between ten and thirty-five years from now.

Civilization is going to fall: I am convinced of this more and more with the passing of each day. We live in a period of ever-accelerating history. Already we're heading downhill without brakes, and there are a lot of tough unbanked curves ahead. Too many of them to luck through them all.

We may be wiped out by plagues -- man-made or natural. We may fall

prey to the dissonant vibrations of class warfare already erupting in the ghettos. Yesterday three Manhattan department stores were firebombed; the day before three or four downtown Chicago stores had "mysterious" fires. And hundreds, if not thousands of blacks are training in Viet Cong-style terrorism. Our society balances precariously, and it will not take many active terrorists to bring the cities crashing down around and on us.

The answer to many of these possible impending disasters is to Get Out -- to move out into the country, and to put considerable distance between myself and any city of size. Buy a farm, or a lonely mountain homestead. Isolate myself from the carrier of plague and the throwers of bombs. I needn't live here any more; I can write as easily anywhere in this country where the distractions are no greater. The only problems are where and how much will it cost? And the latter problem is greater by far. My writing has never been so lucrative that I could build up much savings, and credit for writers is notoriously difficult. Well, I may or may not have solved that problem by the time you read this.

As to where, I have set my sights on two opposed areas of the country: New England and Florida. Ideally, both. Realistically, one now and the other later. I've been talking about Florida for two years now, ever since Robin and I were married in Florida while visiting her brother. I've been trying to find the time and money to make another trip down ever since, but something has always forestalled us. This year it's my obligations to write the books I should've written last year, and the stubborn unwillingness of my publishers to part with some money after the books are written.

But even as we plan our garden for the back yard this summer (lots of salad vegetables), I try to convince myself that this year we're moving out of here, away from the creeping slums, the inadequate schools, the racial violence, and just plain cruddy people. I wonder if we'll make it in time.

ME AND VIETNAM: In the last NULL-F I held a sort of dialogue with myself about our involvement in Vietnam. It wasn't conclusive in any respect, and it didn't even get down properly all that was on my mind. It began while I was sitting on the toilet, a spot where traditionally the VOID Boys found their inspirations, and it ended when I was forced away from the typewriter for a reason I no longer remember.

My purpose was to stimulate a little non-doctrinaire thinking on Vietnam, to try to get discussions out of the silly Dove-Hawk dichotomies and into realistic thinking. I can't see that I accomplished much of that, if the February mailing is any example of FAPA's reactions. I'm told I made some people mad, and that others decided I simply didn't know what I was talking about, since I didn't logically buttress their own positions. *Sigh*

Since writing that piece, last August (yes, that's when I wrote it), I've changed some of my thinking, and other people -- people in government -- have changed theirs. Tonight President Johnson announced a groping sort of de-escalation of the war, and stated he would not seek another term in office. And this has followed sharply on the heels of some of this century's most fantastic political maneuverings for the presidential nominations as well as the publication of a historically important report on the riots of last year.

I stand convinced, with John Lindsay, that the racial and ghetto problems in this country must rank as our highest priority. I felt this way last August, and even then my strongest objection to the war in Viet-

nam was its crippling effects upon domestic programs and the way in which dissention over it was morally destroying us. ("Moral destruction" is a popular Liberal cry, but I do not agree that only Hawkish morals are suspect. Liberals strike me as very nearly morally bankrupt in their total committments to Peace. 'The end justifies the means' has taken on new life in the Liberal encouragement of civil disorders, and certainly the widening gap between polarizing viewpoints -- neither of which I have great sympathy for -- is rending the country right down its basic seams.)

The publication of the Riot Commission's report, a much truer-to-life report than I had honestly expected (I expected another McCone-type whitewash) convinced me of this matter of priorities. It is certainly a trueism that you should put your own house in order before attempting to police another's. My continuing disillusionment in the actual state of the war itself added to this feeling. The Tet Offensive was our country's Moment of Truth: it exposed all the lies and wishful-thinking the Hawks had placed so much confi. . . in. And I can't say I found the reports of U.S. wholesale destruction of towns and villages in "friedly" areas very encouraging. Rather like setting off a bomb to kill the flies in your house -- and destroying the house as a side-effect.

There was a lot of hysteria about escellation at one point, and the Johnson-is-a-murderer people had not only decided he would escellate, but had also decided he would use nuclear weapons and were crying loudly against it. I had an argument with a friend at that point about nuclear weapons. Why, I wondered, was everyone getting so emotional about nuclear weapons? An H-bomb was clearly of no tactical use; the only nuclear weapons likely would be small-scale atomic explosives or the use of radioactive dust to defoliate the jungles. What made this worse than napalm (a weapon now being used as often by the VC as by 'our side') or the chemical defoliants (many of which have bad side-effects upon rice crops and the like)? From a strictly military point of view, the choice of weapons should be decided by those most capable of doing the necessary job most efficiently and with the least loss of lives. Frankly, I think a non-lethal nerve gas makes more sense than just about anything else. But the notion of "gas warfare" seems to strike more emotional sparks than even tactical nuclear weapons. Why? I don't know. Many people just seem to react emotionally to the question without thinking out alternatives.

But, as I said, the matter of priorities (a pragmatic set of criteria) decided my own stand. I wanted, and still want, to see our involvement in Vietnam cease as soon as is practically possible. I want to see that enormous defense budget diverted, without erosion, into a domestic program to rebuild our cities and to give our people something once more worth believing in and working for.

In recent weeks, the New Hampshire McCarthy near-victory, Bobby Kennedy's entry into the primaries, and the new life this has brought to politics was encouraging, but I remained cynically uncertain it would add up to much. Tonight's announcement by Johnson that he would not run throws everything into a wholly new light.

I've never been a big Kennedy fan, but I've tended to favor him over McCarthy because he has, I think, more winning power. McCarthy stands for issues; Kennedy stands for the same issues and has a powerful personal image. It's needed. Nixon almost beat John Kennedy last time around.

Then too, I've had occasion to watch Kennedy on several television shows recently where he's spoken, unrehearsed, on various domestic issues. He impressed me with his grasp of the race situation on the Tonight Show.

And his reactions to the Riot Commission findings matched my own. (Nixon earns a fat raspberry from me for his political pandering to the Midwestern WASP mentality -- "It's all them niggers' fault." Nixon seems dangerously close to the Goldwater-apartheid viewpoint these days, and he's certainly bidding for supporters from that area.)

A lot can still happen this summer and fall, but I suspect, I hope, that Kennedy and McCarthy will form a joint Democrat ticket in opposition to Nixon's almost-assured Republican nomination. And, hopefully, we'll see in a second president Kennedy a melding of JFK's idealism and LBJ's political shrewdness. And maybe, just maybe, Chaos will be pushed back

x another twenty-five or fifty years.
Maybe.

What can you make of a man like Johnson? I've read and heard so much libelous detail about him that if half the stories were true, he'd be Attila The Hun combined with Adolph Hitler.

He's not a man I think I'd find myself a willing friend if he lived down the block, but then, who is? I suspect that history books will record him an important president. In his first two or three years he accomplished more important domestic legislation than had either Eisenhower or Kennedy in the more than ten years before him. But that was really only catching up on back business. His statements tonight struck me as both shrewd and admirable. In one stroke he stole his opponents' thunder, climbed above their partisan politicking, and courageously resigned from a race he might -- with much attendant bitterness -- have yet won. It took a bigger man to do that than most of us had come to consider him.

I'm struck by some strange but obvious parallels between Johnson and Truman. Both were Vice Presidents whose selection had political overtones, and both were "common" men with careers in Congress and a lot of backroom savvy. Both initially became president after the death of a president. Both ran once for office after that, each winning. Both became entangled in Asians wars which were not popular at home. (Nobody talks much about Korea these days, but I seem to remember it was not at all popular at the time, and the easy brainwashing and defection of captured U.S. soldiers was cause for much comment during the fifties.) And both decided not to run for a second full term, in the apparent midst of just those unpopular wars.

Both were/are considered "vulgar" men, but you know, I keep wondering how I'd fare if I was president and all my personal foibles, from nose-picking on up (and down), were made sport of. Back when JFK was president, we had the story of his suppressed "first marriage," and the rumors that Jackie was a lesbian, and JFK involved in Marilyn Monroe's suicide, etc. People will always find something belittling to gossip about in any man who is president. After all, Mamie Eisenhower is still a lush...

OLD COALS, RERAKED...: Next page is a long piece for Fred Patten, written in November for the non-existent February issue of this rag. It was more timely then than now, and much of what I said in it I've said elsewhere (outside FAPA) since. Nonetheless, it has relevancy. However, I should point out that the "you" referred to as a bad loser is not Fred himself, but a plural, collective LA-loser, and, despite our pique with the way TOFF managers exploited us, we did pass on \$100 of convention funds to the TOFF Fund among our other disbursements to fannish charities.

A MAILING COMMENTS FOR FRED PATTEN
or: How You Really Lost

Hindsight is a wonderful thing,
even when tempered by Sour Grapes.
Many of the points in your analy-

sis strike me as perceptive and accurate. Others, however, do not.
As the co-chairman of the NyCon3, I could take no public stand, but my initial sympathies were with the L.A. bid. The Baycon bid was not only 'out of order' in the West Coast scheme of things, it was also headed up by exactly the same committee (less one) who had so totally botched things (at least from my point of view) in 1964. However, I cast my private vote for the Baycon.

My private reasons were several, and not all of any logical substance. One reason (a strong one) was the Claremont. Normally I regard a hotel as a vehicle for a con and little more. The very fact that the NyCon3 survived the ghastly service of the Statler-Hilton was proof enough of this. (Indeed, I think that it gave the membership of the con a rallying point: a common enemy...) But I fondly remember the semi-resort atmosphere of the Seacon -- grouped around a pool -- and the Claremont seemed to offer much the same setting. I liked it. Another irrational reason for voting as I did was the fact that I like Berkeley better than L.A. as a place to visit, and that recent Westercons I've attended have been in the L.A. or south area. (By this criterion, Seattle would have been even better...indeed, if given my choice of three, I would've gone for Seattle.) The individuals involved did not influence my decision greatly. I had (have?) friends in each area, friends on each committee. I obviously could not decide on friendship alone.

But let's backtrack a bit. The L.A. bid was ineptly realized from its opening salvo. And this is why: A convention contest must be fought before the prospective voters -- not in other arenas. It's cool to campaign at regionals in distant parts of the country and in fanzines, but one must never regard these as major areas. We campaigned at a Westercon but we never thought it would influence the vote for us much at the Tricon. We campaigned a lot harder at the Midwestcons, though, because they were in the Tricon's lap. Where was L.A. during the East Coast regionals like the Boskone, Phillycon, Lunacon, Disclave, and Balticonference? This was your audience. You ignored it. I doubt more than fifty (as a generous estimate) attended the NyCon3 from the westcoast. But almost all the attendees of those east coast regionals were at the big con.

The primary way in which you reach your voting public is through the publications of the convention itself. The NyCon3 had over 1,100 paid members before the convention. Each of these received all three Progress Reports. Where was L.A.?

The first Progress Report had an ad in which L.A. (or "The Pan-Pacificcon," an unexplained group) offered covers to fanzine editors. Fanzine editors probably numbered less than one-tenth the circulation of that PR. In its ad in the second PR, L.A. pushed TOFF. Baycon had its first ad in that issue. It mentioned the Baycon bid and explained it. In the third PR, L.A.'s ad was an Atom cartoon boosting Tokyo and L.A. for 1968. No explanation. It was the sort of ad which should've begun the campaign instead of ending it. Baycon sent us a flyer for inclusion -- a full page of talk about the Claremont and Baycon plans.

You still had time to save the gravy. The Program & Memory Book. New York had taken out four pages in the Tricon book, and we felt afterwards that even four pages had been too few. Our ads had been a two-page "open letter" outlining our bid, and photocopies of two letters, one from the mayor and the other from the governor. They were window-dressing for the boobs who go for such things. We also had NYCON COMICS, buttons, and shopping bags, of course.

L.A. had only a one-page ad -- another cartoon. It was one of Bjo's best, but it still said nothing about your bid.

In point of fact, at no time, not even during the bidding speeches, was the Pan-Pacificon concept once explained! Your blind assumption that 'everyone knew' was fatal. Your entire advertising campaign -- through the medium which most directly reaches the voter, was totally incompetent. It could only work in a clear field and without competition.

The bidding speeches themselves were shambles. Al Lewis introduced Bjo as "needing no introduction." But she did. People should've been told that she runs the Art Show, that she was the original motivating force behind the Fashion Show. She had good credits, but they needed the telling. As it was, she was just a slightly haggard-looking woman, with no position from which to urge your bid. Gene Roddenberry was terrible. He kneed your bid in the groin, and then tossed it to the mad dogs (if I may coin a metaphore). If Baycon had said nothing, his speech would've clinched the bid for them. Roddenberry betrayed a total lack of awareness in either his audience or the nature of world cons. Hal Clement, however, surprised me. Normally a likeable but lacklustre speaker, Hal picked up the pieces as best he could, and gave the only speech worth noting for your bid.

What else? Your buttons? Amateur in appearance. They looked obviously home-made. The colors were ugly. They were another minus-point. Your party? Who in hell wants to look at slides of a hotel, even if shown in the grand ballroom? I heard open laughter at that bit of naivete.

But saddest of all: your inability to accept losing gracefully. I lost all sympathy for your loss in a) the wave of self-pity in which L.A. supporters indulged, and b) the pleasure with which you gloated over picking up \$800 on your TOFF auction, which we had been conned into bankrolling. (We had planned a substantial donation of convention funds to TOFF, but decided your \$800 was enough.) The behavior of the L.A. fan was infantile and disgusting.

I've checkmarked a number of margins in VUCAT #5. Let me comment on them.

p.3: I doubt seriously if bad hotel service at the NyCon3 had any appreciable effect on your loss. The voting was Saturday afternoon. The first real signs of bad elevator service (the most obvious and common complaint) was Saturday night. There was talk of boycotting Hilton-chain hotels by Monday, but very little hostility to the hotel at the time the voting occurred. I have informed the hotel of this, too, since I think the real complaints are valid enough, and I don't believe in sour-grapes explanations.

p.4: I dropped in on your Friday night party relatively early. The drinks were already gone. If you're going to finance free booze, either directly or by gift from a hotel, you've got to have more than that, or the ill-will generated outweighs the good. (If the hotel supplied the liquor, then the estimate of "several hundred dollars' worth" boils down to about \$50-\$100 worth by retail standards. The L.A. Hilton arranged its liquor through the N.Y.C. Hilton, and hotel liquor runs twice to five times higher in price.)

p. 9: A minor point, but soda in cans was available, for 25¢, on many floors. I know, because Monday night we raided one such machine for about twenty cans of soda.

p.16: For some obscure reason, L.A. fans seem to think that conventions are won or lost in fanzines. This is apparently because so few L.A. fans ever attend cons away from home. The fact of the matter is that since I've been attending Worldcons (1955), the non-fanzine-readers have always outnumbered the fanzine fans.

p.16: I got one of those personalized form letters. I answered, rather indignantly, explaining that I could not give any public support to your bid, before I found out that everyone had received an identically-worded letter. But this letter would have made much more sense as an ad in the PR's, where it might've reached its intended audience much better. It was foolish to select for fans within a one-hundred-mile radius of NYC, too. The entire east coast and midwest should've been circularized. However, the fact that you found 200 such fans all living that close to NYC is interesting...

p.17: I'm afraid I still don't see how your success with TOFF could have helped your bid even a little bit. The accent on TOFF in your ads was unfortunate. They should've been a separate series of ads.

p.17: "The walk-in vote." You refer to this vote time and again. Yet, aren't you the fan who objected that I/we were not promoting our con on the radio and through newspapers? Fred, I did everything I could to discourage the 'walk-in' attendees. I invited no reporters, and told inquirers from radio stations that if they mentioned the con, please to give no dates or locations. With an advance registration of over 1,100, I knew the con would be big. There are well over 200 fans in the Greater NYC Metropolitan Area alone. Over 300 (close to 400) attend the Luna-con. (That's as many as at several worldcons in recent years.) We drew over 200 memberships from Lin Carter's column in IF (we could tell; they were addressed wrong). Another five or six hundred registered at the convention. But walk-ins were largely mundane friends of fans, come along to see the fun. Most of the literal walk-ins were fans who lived too close to stay at the hotel. You may not have recognized them, but they have been to many of the regional events in the area, and consider themselves fans. Many have been fans at least locally active for twice the length of time you've considered yourself a fan. These fans don't see many fanzines (if any) but they gave careful attention to the bid presentation. L.A. acquitted itself badly.

p.18: You had buttons, but within a couple of days after seeing them, Berkley got its own to hand out? You've got to be kidding. I don't know of any firm -- even in NYC -- which could fulfill any order that fast. Face facts: buttons are common stuff at cons. We had them, Syracuse had them, Baltimore had them... Maybe the Baycon thought of buttons on their own.

p.18: The seconders for the Baycon all thought they were the only seconder. Each was surprised to see the others on the platform. (Each told me this, in some surprise, while we were chatting before-hand.) None had written-out or rehearsed speeches, with the exception of Stark -- whose speech was informative but almost as dull as Roddenberry's. If you'd listened with half an ear, you'd have observed that their speeches were actually keyed to reply to L.A.'s -- impossible to rehearse in advance. The real difference was this: Baycon picked good speakers. And each realized that brevity was a virtue after watching Roddenberry make a shambles of the L.A. bid.

p.19: When Lester asked me if he could second Baycon, I was unhappy. There are no unwritten rules on the subject, but I felt the GoH should be above such things. But Lester had already been asked, and I told Lester to act as his conscience dictated. I don't think Tucker or Harlan had thought of their official convention roles when agreeing to second. However, you are in complete error in stating that Lester traded upon his status as GoH. He did not. He specifically stated that he spoke as a long-time fan in this regard, and not in any professional status. He then went on to rebut Roddenberry, stating that he was interested in attending cons for "fun," not for deadly dull junk such as Roddenberry suggested. (Roddenberry suggested, among other things, closed sessions

for pros to be briefed by "doctors" and other types...) You are making a very basic mistake in accusing Lester of saying "As the NyCon's Official Guest of Honor..." and I'm afraid I take exception to it.

p.20: I've never before heard of a "taboo" on predistribution of a PR. True, it's never been done before, but that is largely because no one thought of it. Had we thought of it, you can bet we'd have done it. (We printed up neither PRs nor membership cards for the Tricon, because we felt there was a genuine chance we might not win the bid. We had no money to throw away by then.)

Each con-bidding committee has to map out tactics appropriate to its bid. Each must consider the area in which the voting has taken place, the probable makeup of the voters, what voters have come to expect from past campaigns, and what will be fresh and exciting to them. The entire L.A. bid was based on two misconceptions: a) that the voters are the 'inner circle' of fanzine fans (and that, if they aren't, they should be); and b) that those not in this inner circle can be won over by contempt.

I don't think the "walk-in trade" have any effect on the voting. Less than 600 voted, out of 1400 in attendance. The comics fans rarely left the huckster room and showed little interest in any of the programming. Most of those under-600 were far more aware of consite voting than you think. Most of them judged you by your total visible bid, and weighed it against Baycon's.

I think they made the right choice. And L.A.'s post-loss reactions seems to confirm the fact.

WRITING LIST: In the first three months of this year I wrote two books and a short story, which is rather a pleasant accomplishment for me. The first book was Spawn of the Death Machine, for Paperback Library. It should come out some time this summer, and it has a lovely Jeff Jones cover painting. The title was deliberately in the old Ace-pulp vein, because P.L. seemed to want would-be Ace material. The book itself is the sequel to my Ace book, Android Avenger, another selling point, I'm sure. Among those who've read the manuscript reaction is divided. Lee Hoffman liked it pretty well, while Alex Panshin told me it was a "transitional" work, marking the beginning of a new area of growth for me, or, in other words, "I just can't believe in a man with steel bones, Ted."

The second book was No Time Like Tomorrow, a young-adult book written for Crown, to hit Crown's introductory Fall list. I was quite proud of it when I finished it, but my editor at Crown quickly took the wind from my sails: "It's a very ambitious, Ted, and I think it can be an important book." At first she appeared to want a total rewrite -- in effect a new book with the same basic characters and situations -- but at present I think we shall agree upon somewhat less revision. Nonetheless, this hassling over what I considered a finished book has thrown my schedule completely off track. I hoped to be finished with a third book by now, and it's hardly started.

Between the two books I did a short story, "Only Yesterday," which, like "Wednesday, Noon" /Feb. '68 F&SF -- plug/ made it all the way up to the top man at PLAYBOY before getting rejected. My agent seems to think this indicates hope for a future sale, if I can only come up another idea for a workable enough and short enough short story (I seem to think in terms of novels and novelettes).

I still have five contracted-for books ahead of me, so my year is well booked-up. However, this year is notable for the fact that the old books are finally coming out of mothballs and into print. Notably, the

book Dave Van Arnam and I wrote in 1965 as When In Rome is finally coming out this April (before you read this) from Pyramid as Sideslip. (This is one title change I wholly approve of, by the way.) The cover is one of Gaughan's nice ones, and the blurbs are lovely.

Also, the long-delayed and often-rescheduled Captain America has finally been set in Bantam's July schedule. Hopefully, since a year will have gone by since the publication of Binder's The Avengers Battle The Earth Wrecker, it might stand a chance of selling.

My first juvenile, last spring's Secret of the Marauder Satellite, has been doing very well for me. It was selected for the New York City Public Library's recommended list of teen-aged books, a prestigious list which is sold to and circulated among libraries all over the country. And Hayden Howard sent me a clipping from Santa Barbara that the book was one of thirty (the only sf) voted by a Santa Barbara high school for inclusion in its own library. That particularly elated me, since it confirmed the fact that I'd not only Made It with the reviewers and librarians, but also with my Ultimate Audience. And, to top it off, I was asked to appear on WNYC's "Teen Book Talk" radio show last month, to discuss the book with a panel of teen-aged readers, all of whom reacted intelligently and positively to the book. The feedback, both financial and egoboo, on this book has been overwhelming. I just hope future books in this area will be received equally well.*

In between all this serious activity I have been plugging away at STELLAR, my cooperative prozine attempt. More snags than I'd dreamed possible have cropped up to delay its publication, but the primary one is that I have neither the necessary amount of time to donate to its production, nor the money to finance the labor of others, and my partner, Al Schuster, has already spent the limit on it. We will get the magazine out, but I'm beginning to think even quarterly production is optimistic.

In the meantime, my activity with STELLAR has led to the removal of my name from F&SF's masthead, a token actually, since my only contribution to the magazine in the last year was two book reviews. Well, I occupied the masthead at F&SF for five years, and that's nice to point to, anyway. Now people can accuse Andy Porter of all the things they dislike about the magazine, instead of me.

MY LIFE AS AN AGENT... has been relatively quiet this year, but I'm still Bob Shaw's U.S. agent. Bob's Night Walk came out from Banner last September, and Banner quietly folded in October. The Banner list has been absorbed by parent-company Avon, and Bob's second book, The Shadow of Heaven, is presently scheduled by Avon for April, 1969, with an Avon reissue of Night Walk the following fall. In the meantime, Bob has just finished his third book, The Two-Timers, which, barring last-minute slipups, will be the August Ace Special this summer. Bob also dug out an old story he'd never marketed, "Appointment on Prila," which I promptly sold to ANALOG. It should show up in a few months. I'm really happy for Bob in his success since resuming active sf writing. I don't kid myself that I was essential to it, but I think I've helped, and I think Bob is gaining momentum for himself as a writer with each book and each sale. And naturally, I'm rather proud to be associated with his success.

* At -presstime- I'm rather pleased to report that Secret of the Marauder Satellite has gone into its third printing; this while still in its first year of publication.

NOTED: MLC COMMENTS...

HORIZONS: Warner - Both Terry and I were a bit startled to find mention of our first meeting each other at the Solacon in yours notes for the fanhistory. Actually, I don't suppose the meeting was so much historical as it was inevitable. After all, Terry was the first fan I ever feuded with (in 1952, in BREVIZINE; well, I considered it a feud at the time, even if it was only a silly discussion of the relative merits of sf comics), and later we hammered out a bit of a love-hate relationship in the Cult. But I was really looking forward to meeting Carl Brandon -- not Terry. I remember how I discovered Carl was a hoax.

It was before the con, Thursday I think. In the afternoon. I'd met Terry in the lobby of the Alexandria, and he and I with Ron Bennett and one or two others went into the coffeeshop to sit at the counter, harrass the waitress, and talk. Someone started a Wish-You-Were-Here card around for signatures. Terry was sitting next to me and I was at the end of the line. When the card reached me, there below Terry's signature, in handwriting I recognized, was "Carl Brandon."

"Hey," I said, or words to that effect. "What's this?"

And Terry explained it to me gently: no Carl Brandon. Hoax. Give you a copy of INN tonight. Sorry about that. I almost cried.

And when I thumbed my copy of the new INNUENDO, there, at the bottom of Terry's editorial, in a zine designed to be read just before or after the Big Revelation about Carl at the Solacon, he said, "Some day we'll have to pull a really big hoax and plunge all fandom into war." I really did cry, Harry.

If Lee Hoffman hasn't already told you, I'll mention that the Western Writers of America still publish their fanzine, THE ROUNDUP. It's letterpress printed and looks like a stodgy mundane-apa publication. Reads like one, too. Periodically Lee and I lay plans for how, after I've sold and written my first western, we'll take over the WWA and Throw The Rascals Out. The WWA is ripe for Insurgents...

This entire section of notes only whets my appetite, Harry. I really faunch after your book.

DAMBALLA: Hansen - Your comments on LIGHTHOUSE are curious beyond belief.

You seem to be angry at Terry Carr for "reprinting my letter," and you chew Terry out for "excrable judgement" of publishing your comments on Phil Dick. You also make repeated mention of "epistle"s and "letter of comment" in such a way as to almost convince me you think the item Terry published in the lettercol of the last LTHS was a letter you wrote to him. Unless I am very much mistaken, it wasn't. It was a reprint from your mailing comment in an earlier issue of DAMBALLA, one of several mailing comments from FAPAns which Terry reprinted in LTHS's lettercol. It is my impression Terry reprinted it because he considered it asinine. Certainly I think your present attempts to obfuscate the situation are equally asinine. You had your own opportunity to edit "the steam of my sudden anger", you "slept on the problem," and yet you published your morally righteous and indignant comments on Phil for FAPA. Was the fact that Terry let Phil see them what bugged you, or was it Phil's reaction?

TRILL: Wells - By all means, write about Cleveland's rapid transit. I'm interested.

(TRILL: Wells, cont.): I don't recognize the names of the other two, but Jerry Pournelle is a boor who inhabits the fringes of fandom and periodically writes pieces for fanzines which strike me as the right-wing counterparts to John Boardman's writings. You might enjoy political arguments with him...or maybe not.

HOR(RR)IB: Lupoff - Distribution, as you say, varies from spot to spot. However, you may be heartened to hear that in my local neighborhood One Million Centuries has enjoyed vastly better distribution and display than any of my books (which is to say, it's been on most of the stands and is still in the gift-store on the pb rack, while none of mine have even shown up).

Not having heard Jim Harmon's side of it all, I'm curious: just how did Ackerman "behave no better" than Pickering? Forry is forever altruistically motivated and apparently constitutionally incapable of thinking ill of anyone until after the other's lack of scruples (or whatever) has been demonstrably proven. And I wonder just what it was Harmon told you which could so change your attitude towards the entire situation. I'm not asking for lip-licking dirty details, just some justification for these broad allegations about "conscious or unconscious entrapment."

It's my impression (like you, I can't support it with facts) that Virgil Parch was an army buddy of sorts of Ackerman's, and/or a friend of Laney's. He did the "Sgt. Ack-Ack" cartoon-portrait of Ackerman, but I can't recall anything else remotely considered fanac. If he came to know Ackerman through Laney, it might've been through Laney's non-fan friends like Laurence Lipton and Craig Rice.

Please convey my warm appreciation to Pascudniak and Farnsworth.

GRANDFATHER STORIES: DeVore - The most common reason I know of for replacing mimeo impression rollers is the development of soft spots, bumps or flat spots, all of which tend to leave sections of the mimeoed page blank or under-inked-looking. A couple of years ago the roller in my Gestetner 360 started shedding its skin in a very disconcerting fashion, which made me decide it was time for a new one. The inside of the old roller seemed to have turned to jelly, but did not explode when I threw it out.

I really don't give much of a damn about Schultz's labor experiences, but I draw the line at false and malicious rumors about me buying cars with NyCon money.

LE MOINDRE: Raeburn - By golly ned, this is a fine issue, Boyd. I was getting awfully sick of pseudo-drunken oneshots, and this zine entertained me more than all your contributions to the Queebshots stacked together. I particularly hope you continue the trip report.

The Beach Boys: I have carefully examined both front and back cover photos on "Surfin' Safari," and I am reasonably convinced that it is too Brian Wilson holding the back of the surfboard. Mind you, I wouldn't swear it in a court of law or anything, but I am satisfied in my own mind that it's Brian.

Well, I set out to write a more critical, more Definitive, you might even say, piece on the Beach Boys, but it didn't happen. The only reason, I guess, is that I'm not as verbal about rock music as I am about jazz. I have strongly defined likes and dislikes, but insufficient critical vocabulary. And I have a haunting fear of reading as though I was a CRAWDADDY writer, if you know what I mean.

"Be True to Your School" (I agree: a lovely put-down) is on the "Lit-

tle Deuce Coupe" album (1998). I bought the "Christmas Album" this season. The first side is largely (but not quite entirely) Beach Boys originals; the second side is Christmas standards. My reaction is that the album is spotty, but their "The Three Kings of Orient Are" is stunningly beautiful. When everything else is said, the Beach Boys are probably the best singers in rock music.

I disagree about the "Wild Honey" album. I might refer you to the April and May CRAWDADDYs for Paul Williams' thoughts on the subject and the story of Brothers Records, but if you missed them...

Basically, Brothers Records was Brian's own idea. He wanted his own recording studio, available any time of day or night, and his own label, free of philistine meddling. As you probably know, "Smiley Smile" is not the originally planned "Smile" album. Only the instrumental tracks were ever recorded for that album, and despite the article in the first CHEETAH, all the tapes are still in existence and have been privately circulated. I have hopes of obtaining dubs, or of seeing them released as a record by themselves, without the (never recorded) vocal tracks. They are said to be stunning.

The confusion of labels between Brothers and Capitol seems beyond rational explanation. I did not pick up the single of "Good Vibrations," so I don't know which label it was on, but "Heroes and Villains" was on the Brothers label. "H&V" was on the "Smiley Smile" album, of course. But when "Wild Honey" came out (the single, I mean) it was on the Capitol label, and, backing it, "Wind Chimes," from "Smiley Smile." So "Wind Chimes" (same version) has appeared on both labels. More recently, "Darlin'" (from the "Wild Honey" album, Capitol) has been released as a single on the Capitol label, backed by a track from "Pet Sounds." Yeah.

Originally I surmised that Brian would record his own special music on Brothers, while the more commercial material would come out on Capitol. (You'll notice the "Wild Honey" album is not produced by Brian, but "by the Beach Boys.") This theory was boosted by the fact that Brian is fighting the others in the group over his more experimental material; Mike Love seems to be leading the pro-commercial camp. Williams seems to feel that ultimately Brian will break off from the others, since he has the voice to record and track all the vocal parts himself. I don't know. But it also appears that the legal fabric of Brothers Records collapsed, and this alone may explain the return to the Capitol label, and the mixing of material between the two labels. "Smiley Smile" was fabricated by Capitol -- Capitol typography, etc. -- anyway, and was distributed by Capitol, so I'd guess there's been no real break.

"Wild Honey," the album, is much rawer, more visceral, than earlier Beach Boys albums, and might have been done in part to dispell the "faggy falsetto" image some people have pinned on the group. But if you listen to the songs themselves, they are as melodically arresting as any Brian has written, and several have strong lyrics as well. The coda of "I'd Love Just Once To See You" ("I'd love just once to see you...in the nude...") with its fugal repetitions is strongly reminiscent of several tracks from "Pet Sounds." "Mama Says" is very much a part of the satirical first side of "Smiley Smile." And I prefer their "I Was Made To Love Her" (the only track Brian didn't write) to Stevie Wonder's version -- it seems to fit in with the "Wild Honey" approach.

I think what put a lot of us off on this album was our expectations of another "Pet Sounds" or "Smiley Smile." But if you dismiss such expectations and just dig it for itself, "Wild Honey" is a beautiful album. In fact, I find myself listening to it more than "Smiley Smile." Give it a chance, Boyd.

Recommended listening: "Song Cycle" by Van Dyke Parks -- the best

pop album ever produced. And "Pandemonium Shadow Show," by Nillson; lovely. Warner Brothers and RCA-Victor, respectively. Dig them.

VUKAT: Patten - Thanks for the comments on "Wednesday, Noon," but I think you're either taking the story too literally, or not literally enough. There never was a Millenium; the people never really did dance in the streets. It really was just a dream. It was an anxiety dream, and it was probably triggered by Archer hearing the record from somewhere outside his office. (That's a real record, by the way, and one which turned me on when I first heard it.) But if you insist on taking the dream fantasy literally, no, it wasn't aliens or Russians. It was God. And the Avenging Angels. The "young man" was an angel. The point of the story lay in Archer, not in an external plot device. Archer's anxiety fantasies illuminate his own character, his own essential failure to come to grips with life. Archer is a loser. Remember that when you read Sideslip.

As for making a book of it, no. Or rather, I can't see that story as the jumping-off place for a book. I can see it as an interlude in a straight mystery novel, and some day it will appear in The Stainless Steal, when it's time to write that book. In the meantime, Archer, his ancestors and descendants, all play bit parts (and one starring role) in science fiction stories and westerns, the latter courtesy of Lee Hoffman.

I've observed that a lot of "working men" talk crudely and even clumsily, but think intelligently and may have "intellectual" tastes in music or books. Stop and think about Burbee and Laney working in a machine shop. So I'm glad you picked up on my doing this with Archer. But it's not original with me. I suggest you read Raymond Chandler or Dashiell Hammett sometime. Among the latter's work, the Continental Op stories, in particular.

THE RAMBLING FAP: Calkins - As I mentioned in the front of this zine, I've been thinking about moving elsewhere, and one factor would be the tax situation, and the general economic health of the area. I seem spiritually tied to the East Coast when it comes to permanent-type homes, and I am looking for depressed areas where my money goes farther. But if I wasn't still umbilically connected to the Atlantic Ocean and the green mountains of the east, I'd think seriously about the state of Nevada, where the tax situation looks good (from here), and several financiers (Hughes isn't alone) are plunging a lot of "clean" (non-Mafia) money. From your point of view, Nevada might be ideal. Not Las Vegas, but somewhere in Nevada.

A PROPOS DE RIEN: Caughran - You suggest my feeling that "both sides in the conflict were wrong" wasn't being applied to Washington -- meaning Johnson, I presume. I'm sorry I gave that impression. My basic thinking at the time I wrote the piece was that I was sick and tired of the Johnson: Villain nonsense, which does not lend understanding of the man or his actions, and I was applying myself to that point. I overlooked or left out a lot I should've said, and one of these things was that I by no means wholeheartedly supported Johnson myself. However, I do still have a healthy respect for the fact that his channels of information and intelligence are superior to mine, and that he may be working on something I know nothing about. It's damned easy to second-guess a president, but, I suspect, a lot harder to be one. As it's turned out, Johnson fooled us all, and I wonder what your reaction to him is now?

As for isolationism between us and Europe, that cuts, I think, both ways. Europe is used to being handfed by us, and it alternately loves and resents us for being a sort of over-protective mother who thinks she knows best. Suddenly postwar Europe is adolescent and mother turns her loose. The reactions are, by and large, infantile, and they don't confine themselves to France. Now Sweden, perhaps guilty over its easy surrender to and collaboration with Germany in WW2, has become huffily moral about Vietnam. (But when black American deserters in Sweden take blonde wives, they discover racism exists even there...) Europe has been enjoying the feeling of moral superiority to us for the last few years. But the truth is starting to pinch. Britons who were chiding us about racism in the U.S. have closed their gates to colored British citizens. Yeah...

"Control of riots?" you ask. Recently I've heard a lot of discussion of past and future riots. They boil down to two, opposed, viewpoints. The Liberal viewpoint says, "We must attack the causes, the root problems, the sickness in society." The Conservatives talk about mob control devices, beefing up the police forces, and "violence in the streets." I think they both have half the answer.

Like a sick man with a bad fever, we have to treat the problem on two levels. Aspirin for the fever, antibiotics for the bug itself. Or, long-range planning to get at root causes, plus short-range prevention of total riotous anarchy. Without one, the other isn't much good. An attack on the roots doesn't mean much when the city is rubble right down to the roots. And all the police in the world out on the streets isn't going to prevent future riots if we don't get started on the real problems.

But let's talk about this summer. Let's talk about Memphis, already. No amount of money or effort can lick the situation in a couple of months, and it seems very unlikely even much of any money will be channelled into this problem. So what do you do? If you're Mayor Lindsay, in New York, you practice "visible government," you let yourself be seen in the ghettos and you talk to the people on the street and you hold a Sunday evening tv show every week -- and maybe, just maybe, New York still stay "cool" again this year. But most cities don't have a John Lindsay -- they have party hacks, like Adonizio in Newark. And they will have riots. So what do you do? Mobs are mindless and wantonly destructive, and you'd have to be out of your mind to suggest they're good for a city in any but the most basic, symptomatic, way. So what do you do?

Well, I'd suggest a relatively harmless gas that tranquilizes is superior to tanks, carbines and sub-machine guns. Passing out is better than dying. But see, I'm a pragmatist.

SERCON'S BANE: FMBusby - You're oversimplifying my reactions to Dirce Archer, Buz, and you're Wrong. To begin with, my pissed-offedness over Detention politicking by her is long gone. Despite what you might think, I really don't carry grudges long. Hell, you know that: we've had our differences in the past, and that's where they have stayed: the past. Dirce and I were on friendly terms at the 1965 Midwestcon with all forgiven and forgotten. This business with her and the NyCon3 is absolutely fresh and real, and I want to assure you she can certainly "fight back." Actually, this invalid role of hers is her biggest weapon because she uses it to make people respond exactly as you responded. And she conned me with it too, which is why we let her "take Auction money away from a Con Committee" as we did.

The story doesn't end with the close of the con. A month later I

started receiving a stream of hate-letters from Dirce that you wouldn't believe. The gist of them was that she felt I'd personally cheated her out of the fortune she'd intended to make off Eisenstein with the paintings that never showed up. Reason? She'd received word from the Express Company that they'd tried to deliver the paintings to me At The Hotel, and I'd checked out. She sent along a copy of the notice she'd gotten from them to prove the point.

It had to be they'd tried to make the delivery to me in Brooklyn, Tuesday or Wednesday before the Con, she said, and because I'd left a note on my mailbox directing them to the hotel, they'd taken the stuff there. Got that? So the misdelivery of the paintings was my fault. Right? Okay, now get this: right there on this copy of the notice, that Dirce herself laboriously copied on a typewriter, typed by Dirce herself, was the date of receipt of the paintings in New York City and their attempted delivery. It was, brace yourself, September 21, 1967.

That's right: the paintings didn't even arrive from Pittsburgh until three weeks after the con, which isn't so surprising when you consider Dirce shipped them less than a week before the con. They must have been diverted because, at Dirce's insistence, I called REA Saturday morning during the con and asked for them to be sent directly to the hotel. Of course, I also specified that if they arrived after Monday there would be no point to it, that it was a weekend convention, and all the rest of it. But REA moves in its own ponderously moronic fashion. The stuff arrived the 21st, and was sent to the hotel, where I was no longer (after all) staying. So it went back to the warehouse. REA made no attempt to contact me at my home address. (Idle thought: could it be Dirce really addressed it to me at the hotel in the first place?) After a month, REA asked Dirce what to do with the stuff.

At this point Dirce started in on me again, demanding I pay all round-trip expenses on the stuff. I wasn't having any. She picked up quite a few hundred on that auction, and she kept it all, no split with Freas. I figured she could pay the twenty or so dollars for her own stupidity and she might learn a lesson thereby. When she started dunning us for the sum, after getting the paintings back finally, we told her we'd be glad to deduct it from the agreed percentage of our share (25%) on her auctioned items. We knew she'd picked up at least four hundred dollars and we suggested we'd settle for \$75 out of the \$100 coming to us. We haven't heard from Dirce since.

But Dirce can fight back. She told a highly personal version of the story to Kelly Freas, and that gentleman told Andy Porter, during a visit to Lancer Books, that we were the worst bastards on the face of the earth.

No, we owe Dirce no apologies. And I notice the Baycon is specifying auction donars can keep only 60% of the proceeds, which leaves Dirce out; she takes 75%. I like to think I might have been responsible in part for that.

SERENADE: Bergeron - Good to see you becoming active again.

Who doesn't remember VOID, "The fanzine of slogans and facetiousness"? Anyone who had to letter that subhead would remember it, I think.

And that seems to cover the zines I checkmarked. I thought of going into shock treatments, in my comments to Buz, but since I said all I know from personal experience last time around, there's not much I can add. I will say, though, that news has it Camarillo doesn't even administer shock treatments, so chalk up another lie for Pickering, and another swallowed line for Boggs. *Sigh*

WRAPUP: I should thank Calvin Demmon (of the *Biff* Demmons) for his spirited defense of me to Redd Boggs. Some of us who remember disquietingly the Redd Boggs of Old are wondering if indeed the Real Redd Boggs is yet alive, or whether, perhaps, he was foully murdered, his body disposed of, and his identity stolen by someone else...like, maybe, Luis Zamora...

It is quite true that my automobile carried a "Support Your Local Police" sticker on each of its two cross-country jaunts (1965 and 1966); additionally, I put a sticker on the rented Rambler which accompanied it in 1966. I am a pragmatic man, and I am well aware of the midwestern reaction to a car full of bearded individuals. The first sticker was picked up by arch-conservative Mike McInerney when he visited the local Birch Society headquarters in Long Beach, California, in 1965. He put it up on the mirror in our suite. I took it down and affixed it to the back bumper of the Weiss Rak V. It probably helped, since the one time we were stopped, on our way east, Dave Van Arnam was driving 20 mph over the limit and without a driver's license, but received only a warning.

The Old, the Real Redd Boggs would've understood all this without requiring an explanation. It saddens me that the new "Redd Boggs" could so plonkingly demand the details of my 'sellout'.

I supported New York City's ill-fated civilian review board, and was incensed at the vicious advertisements which threatened full and bloody lawlessness in the streets if it wasn't defeated (which it was). But I do 'support my local police' in the sense that I prefer to deal with them as human beings rather than monsters, and I would like to see them upgraded (along the Berkeley Ideal) rather than lynched and dispensed with. I believe in a firm and just rule by law (which I note is becoming passé among Liberals these days -- "Boggs" among them), and I'm certain that reviling our police is not going to produce it.

The problem is that police work is nasty, demanding work which rarely attracts people of much intelligence or sensitivity or education. Traditionally the big-city police departments have been staffed by ethnic groups emerging from the lower class (here, Italians and Irish), and it is easy to see the psychology at work here. An hour spent in a station house is repelling, on the one hand, and sympathy-encouraging on the other. Too many cops are cops only in order to establish their own lower-class status -- in order to throw their weight around. In common with the rest of the lower-class ethnic groups, they are clannish, bigotted, and extremely sensitive to criticism; they tend towards sociological paranoia. Attack them, or let them think you're attacking them, and they react violently -- as in the many 'police riots' of the last few years.

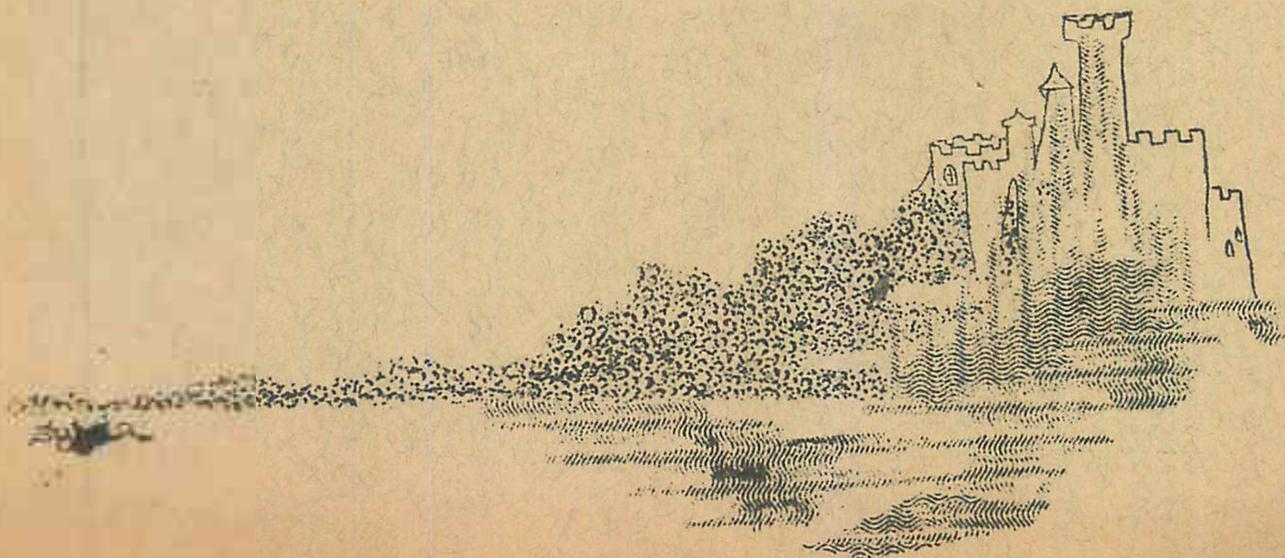
And yet, they're the Only Game In Town. They're all that we have between us and the kind of anarchy the far-left revolutionaries hope to foment -- and none of us could hope to emerge unscathed from such a revolution, since it is based not on idealistic principle but on hate and hate alone.

A FINAL NOTE FOR BOYD RAEBURN: I've been extensively relistening to my Beach Boys albums and may yet write the piece you wanted to see from me. In the meantime, I'm submitting several rock record reviews to THE ROLLING STONE, and recommend the publication to you. (CRAWDADDY rejected my last submission because it attacked the deafening volume of live rock and called Big Brother and The Holding Co. a no-talent group...)

-- Ted White/68

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NULL-F 44



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written and edited by Ted White.....

ANOTHER ISSUE OF NULL-F: Yes, friends, here it is less than nine months after the publication of my last issue, and I feel the strong urge for another issue of NULL-F. I am at a loss to explain this peculiarity, but perhaps it's due to an early spring. (Only a few feet to my right, as I type this, the endive and Swiss chard sprouts are thrusting their way towards the sun on the other side of the window, all five grapefruit trees are putting on new spurts of growth, both mimmosas are green and leafy, and, after a bad winter following the consumption of all its leaves by one of the cats, the nectarine tree is again putting forth fresh leaves. The avocado, four feet tall now, recently added two new branches, about eighteen inches above the original branch. I dunno how spring is springing outside, but here in my office hothouse, it's in full bloom.)

This week I washed the winter salt from my car and spaded the back garden, destroying in the process all the plantings of my upstairs neighbors whose trespasses are no longer allowed this year. I also installed a modern lock on the house's main front door, after someone easily picked the old one and broke in the door of the aforementioned upstairs neighbors, taking away with him their television and record player. To judge from the fact that the sounds of their five or so records are still monotonously peeling out through the halls of the house, I imagine they instantly bought replacements.

The house in which I've made my home for the past six years is a three-storey rowhouse on a quiet sidestreet in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge. It is neither the best nor the worst block in the immediate neighborhood, and this house, over a hundred years old by recent estimates, has certainly seen better days -- most of them, I assume, while it was a single-family house. My landlords bought it around 1947, and originally lived in what is now my apartment (thus "de-controlling" it from city rent-control). Around the same time, they installed a furnace and central steam heating. My apartment occupies the four rooms (and bathroom) of the ground floor, plus three rooms, hallway and a storageroom in the finished basement. I also have a back porch and a backyard. In the six years I've lived here I've made a lot of changes and improvements in the place, as visitors have noticed. And when I stop to think about it, I'm rather happy with it. But I have this strong hankering to Get Out.

It's a basic conflict. I love New York City as a city. Its subways endlessly fascinate me. I enjoy driving its streets. It contains, as a city, more of my friends than any other city in the country, and it is the focus of my professional career. But nonetheless, I feel squeezed here. I want more space, more room. Not just room within an apartment, but land-room, yard and grounds room. I want to be able to park my cars off the street and, if necessary, behind locked doors, away from vandals or thieves. (And I'd like to be able to pay more reasonable insurance rates on them.) I'd like more privacy from the crush of people. I detest my southern-trash upstairs neighbors heartily.

More important yet, is my sense of the impending doom of the American cities. Until the recent Riot Commission reports, I placed the timetable for Chaos and the fall of present-day civilization between seventy-five and one hundred fifty years in the future. Now I see it coming between ten and thirty-five years from now.

Civilization is going to fall: I am convinced of this more and more with the passing of each day. We live in a period of ever-accelerating history. Already we're heading downhill without brakes, and there are a lot of tough unbanked curves ahead. Too many of them to luck through them all.

We may be wiped out by plagues -- man-made or natural. We may fall

prey to the dissonant vibrations of class warfare already erupting in the ghettos. Yesterday three Manhattan department stores were firebombed; the day before three or four downtown Chicago stores had "mysterious" fires. And hundreds, if not thousands of blacks are training in Viet Cong-style terrorism. Our society balances precariously, and it will not take many active terrorists to bring the cities crashing down around and on us.

The answer to many of these possible impending disasters is to Get Out -- to move out into the country, and to put considerable distance between myself and any city of size. Buy a farm, or a lonely mountain homestead. Isolate myself from the carrier of plague and the throwers of bombs. I needn't live here any more; I can write as easily anywhere in this country where the distractions are no greater. The only problems are where and how much will it cost? And the latter problem is greater by far. My writing has never been so lucrative that I could build up much savings, and credit for writers is notoriously difficult. Well, I may or may not have solved that problem by the time you read this.

As to where, I have set my sights on two opposed areas of the country: New England and Florida. Ideally, both. Realistically, one now and the other later. I've been talking about Florida for two years now, ever since Robin and I were married in Florida while visiting her brother. I've been trying to find the time and money to make another trip down ever since, but something has always forestalled us. This year it's my obligations to write the books I should've written last year, and the stubborn unwillingness of my publishers to part with some money after the books are written.

But even as we plan our garden for the back yard this summer (lots of salad vegetables), I try to convince myself that this year we're moving out of here, away from the creeping slums, the inadequate schools, the racial violence, and just plain cruddy people. I wonder if we'll make it in time.

ME AND VIETNAM: In the last NULL-F I held a sort of dialogue with myself about our involvement in Vietnam. It wasn't conclusive in any respect, and it didn't even get down properly all that was on my mind. It began while I was sitting on the toilet, a spot where traditionally the VOID Boys found their inspirations, and it ended when I was forced away from the typewriter for a reason I no longer remember.

My purpose was to stimulate a little non-doctrinaire thinking on Vietnam, to try to get discussions out of the silly Dove-Hawk dichotomies and into realistic thinking. I can't see that I accomplished much of that, if the February mailing is any example of FAPA's reactions. I'm told I made some people mad, and that others decided I simply didn't know what I was talking about, since I didn't logically buttress their own positions. *Sigh*

Since writing that piece last August (yes, that's when I wrote it), I've changed some of my thinking, and other people -- people in government -- have changed theirs. Tonight President Johnson announced a groping sort of de-escalation of the war, and stated he would not seek another term in office. And this has followed sharply on the heels of some of this century's most fantastic political maneuverings for the presidential nominations as well as the publication of a historically important report on the riots of last year.

I stand convinced, with John Lindsay, that the racial and ghetto problems in this country must rank as our highest priority. I felt this way last August, and even then my strongest objection to the war in Viet-

nam was its crippling effects upon domestic programs and the way in which dissention over it was morally destroying us. ("Moral destruction" is a popular Liberal cry, but I do not agree that only Hawkish morals are suspect. Liberals strike me as very nearly morally bankrupt in their total committments to Peace. 'The end justifies the means' has taken on new life in the Liberal encouragement of civil disorders, and certainly the widening gap between polarizing viewpoints -- neither of which I have great sympathy for -- is rending the country right down its basic seams.)

The publication of the Riot Commission's report, a much truer-to-life report than I had honestly expected (I expected another McCone-type whitewash) convinced me of this matter of priorities. It is certainly a trueism that you should put your own house in order before attempting to police another's. My continuing disillusionment in the actual state of the war itself added to this feeling. The Tet Offensive was our country's Moment of Truth: it exposed all the lies and wishful-thinking the Hawks had placed so much confi. . . in. And I can't say I found the reports of U.S. wholesale destruction of towns and villages in "friendly" areas very encouraging. Rather like setting off a bomb to kill the flies in your house -- and destroying the house as a side-effect.

There was a lot of hysteria about escellation at one point, and the Johnson-is-a-murderer people had not only decided he would escellate, but had also decided he would use nuclear weapons and were crying loudly against it. I had an argument with a friend at that point about nuclear weapons. Why, I wondered, was everyone getting so emotional about nuclear weapons? An H-bomb was clearly of no tactical use; the only nuclear weapons likely would be small-scale atomic explosives or the use of radioactive dust to defoliate the jungles. What made this worse than napalm (a weapon now being used as often by the VC as by 'our side') or the chemical defoliants (many of which have bad side-effects upon rice crops and the like)? From a strictly military point of view, the choice of weapons should be decided by those most capable of doing the necessary job most efficiently and with the least loss of lives. Frankly, I think a non-lethal nerve gas makes more sense than just about anything else. But the notion of "gas warfare" seems to strike more emotional sparks than even tactical nuclear weapons. Why? I don't know. Many people just seem to react emotionally to the question without thinking out alternatives.

But, as I said, the matter of priorities (a pragmatic set of criteria) decided my own stand. I wanted, and still want, to see our involvement in Vietnam cease as soon as is practically possible. I want to see that enormous defense budget diverted, without erosion, into a domestic program to rebuild our cities and to give our people something once more worth believing in and working for.

In recent weeks, the New Hampshire McCarthy near-victory, Bobby Kennedy's entry into the primaries, and the new life this has brought to politics was encouraging, but I remained cynically uncertain it would add up to much. Tonight's announcement by Johnson that he would not run throws everything into a wholly new light.

I've never been a big Kennedy fan, but I've tended to favor him over McCarthy because he has, I think, more winning power. McCarthy stands for issues; Kennedy stands for the same issues and has a powerful personal image. It's needed. Nixon almost beat John Kennedy last time around.

Then too, I've had occasion to watch Kennedy on several television shows recently where he's spoken, unrehearsed, on various domestic issues. He impressed me with his grasp of the race situation on the Tonight Show.

And his reactions to the Riot Commission findings matched my own. (Nixon earns a fat raspberry from me for his political pandering to the Midwestern WASP mentality -- "It's all them niggers' fault." Nixon seems dangerously close to the Goldwater-apartheid viewpoint these days, and he's certainly bidding for supporters from that area.)

A lot can still happen this summer and fall, but I suspect, I hope, that Kennedy and McCarthy will form a joint Democrat ticket in opposition to Nixon's almost-assured Republican nomination. And, hopefully, we'll see in a second president Kennedy a melding of JFK's idealism and LBJ's political shrewdness. And maybe, just maybe, Chaos will be pushed back
x another twenty-five or fifty years.

Maybe.

What can you make of a man like Johnson? I've read and heard so much libelous detail about him that if half the stories were true, he'd be Attila The Hun combined with Adolph Hitler.

He's not a man I think I'd find myself a willing friend if he lived down the block, but then, who is? I suspect that history books will record him an important president. In his first two or three years he accomplished more important domestic legislation than had either Eisenhower or Kennedy in the more than ten years before him. But that was really only catching up on back business. His statements tonight struck me as both shrewd and admirable. In one stroke he stole his opponents' thunder, climbed above their partisan politicking, and courageously resigned from a race he might -- with much attendant bitterness -- have yet won. It took a bigger man to do that than most of us had come to consider him.

I'm struck by some strange but obvious parallels between Johnson and Truman. Both were Vice Presidents whose selection had political overtones, and both were "common" men with careers in Congress and a lot of backroom savvy. Both initially became president after the death of a president. Both ran once for office after that, each winning. Both became entangled in Asian wars which were not popular at home. (Nobody talks much about Korea these days, but I seem to remember it was not at all popular at the time, and the easy brainwashing and defection of captured U.S. soldiers was cause for much comment during the fifties.) And both decided not to run for a second full term, in the apparent midst of just those unpopular wars.

Both were/are considered "vulgar" men, but you know, I keep wondering how I'd fare if I was president and all my personal foibles, from nose-picking on up (and down), were made sport of. Back when JFK was president, we had the story of his suppressed "first marriage," and the rumors that Jackie was a lesbian, and JFK involved in Marilyn Monroe's suicide, etc. People will always find something belittling to gossip about in any man who is president. After all, Mamie Eisenhower is still a lush...

OLD COALS, RERAKED...: Next page is a long piece for Fred Patten, written in November for the non-existent February issue of this rag. It was more timely then than now, and much of what I said in it I've said elsewhere (outside FAPA) since. Nonetheless, it has relevancy. However, I should point out that the "you" referred to as a bad loser is not Fred himself, but a plural, collective LA-loser, and, despite our pique with the way TOFF managers exploited us, we did pass on \$100 of convention funds to the TOFF Fund among our other disbursements to fannish charities.

A MAILING COMMENTS FOR FRED PATTEN
or: How You Really Lost

Hindsight is a wonderful thing,
even when tempered by Sour Grapes.
Many of the points in your analy-

sis strike me as perceptive and accurate. Others, however, do not.

As the co-chairman of the NyCon3, I could take no public stand, but my initial sympathies were with the L.A. bid. The Baycon bid was not only 'out of order' in the West Coast scheme of things, it was also headed up by exactly the same committee (less one) who had so totally botched things (at least from my point of view) in 1964. However, I cast my private vote for the Baycon.

My private reasons were several, and not all of any logical substance. One reason (a strong one) was the Claremont. Normally I regard a hotel as a vehicle for a con and little more. The very fact that the NyCon3 survived the ghastly service of the Statler-Hilton was proof enough of this. (Indeed, I think that it gave the membership of the con a rallying point: a common enemy...) But I fondly remember the semi-resort atmosphere of the Seacon -- grouped around a pool -- and the Claremont seemed to offer much the same setting. I liked it. Another irrational reason for voting as I did was the fact that I like Berkeley better than L.A. as a place to visit, and that recent Westercons I've attended have been in the L.A. or south area. (By this criterion, Seattle would have been even better...indeed, if given my choice of three, I would've gone for Seattle.) The individuals involved did not influence my decision greatly. I had (have?) friends in each area, friends on each committee. I obviously could not decide on friendship alone.

But let's backtrack a bit. The L.A. bid was ineptly realized from its opening salvo. And this is why: A convention contest must be fought before the prospective voters -- not in other arenas. It's cool to campaign at regionals in distant parts of the country and in fanzines, but one must never regard these as major areas. We campaigned at a Westercon but we never thought it would influence the vote for us much at the Tricon. We campaigned a lot harder at the Midwestcons, though, because they were in the Tricon's lap. Where was L.A. during the East Coast regionals like the Boskone, Phillycon, Lunacon, Disclave, and Balticonference? This was your audience. You ignored it. I doubt more than fifty (as a generous estimate) attended the NyCon3 from the westcoast. But almost all the attendees of those east coast regionals were at the big con.

The primary way in which you reach your voting public is through the publications of the convention itself. The NyCon3 had over 1,100 paid members before the convention. Each of these received all three Progress Reports. Where was L.A.?

The first Progress Report had an ad in which L.A. (or "The Pan-Pacificcon," an unexplained group) offered covers to fanzine editors. Fanzine editors probably numbered less than one-tenth the circulation of that PR. In its ad in the second PR, L.A. pushed TOFF. Baycon had its first ad in that issue. It mentioned the Baycon bid and explained it. In the third PR, L.A.'s ad was an Atom cartoon boosting Tokyo and L.A. for 1968. No explanation. It was the sort of ad which should've begun the campaign instead of ending it. Baycon sent us a flyer for inclusion -- a full page of talk about the Claremont and Baycon plans.

You still had time to save the gravy. The Program & Memory Book. New York had taken out four pages in the Tricon book, and we felt afterwards that even four pages had been too few. Our ads had been a two-page "open letter" outlining our bid, and photocopies of two letters, one from the mayor and the other from the governor. They were window-dressing for the boobs who go for such things. We also had NYCON COMICS, buttons, and shopping bags, of course.

L.A. had only a one-page ad -- another cartoon. It was one of Bjo's best, but it still said nothing about your bid.

In point of fact, at no time, not even during the bidding speeches, was the Pan-Pacific concept once explained! Your blind assumption that 'everyone knew' was fatal. Your entire advertising campaign -- through the medium which most directly reaches the voter, was totally incompetent. It could only work in a clear field and without competition.

The bidding speeches themselves were shambles. Al Lewis introduced Bjo as "needing no introduction." But she did. People should've been told that she runs the Art Show, that she was the original motivating force behind the Fashion Show. She had good credits, but they needed the telling. As it was, she was just a slightly haggard-looking woman, with no position from which to urge your bid. Gene Roddenberry was terrible. He kneed your bid in the groin, and then tossed it to the mad dogs (if I may coin a metaphore). If Baycon had said nothing, his speech would've clinched the bid for them. Roddenberry betrayed a total lack of awareness in either his audience or the nature of world cons. Hal Clemment, however, surprised me. Normally a likeable but lacklustre speaker, Hal picked up the pieces as best he could, and gave the only speech worth noting for your bid.

What else? Your buttons? Amateur in appearance. They looked obviously home-made. The colors were ugly. They were another minus-point. Your party? Who in hell wants to look at slides of a hotel, even if shown in the grand ballroom? I heard open laughter at that bit of naivete.

But saddest of all: your inability to accept losing gracefully. I lost all sympathy for your loss in a) the wave of self-pity in which L.A. supporters indulged, and b) the pleasure with which you gloated over picking up \$800 on your TOFF auction, which we had been conned into bankrolling. (We had planned a substantial donation of convention funds to TOFF, but decided your \$800 was enough.) The behavior of the L.A. fan was infantile and disgusting.

I've checkmarked a number of margins in VUCAT #5. Let me comment on them.

p.3: I doubt seriously if bad hotel service at the NyCon3 had any appreciable effect on your loss. The voting was Saturday afternoon. The first real signs of bad elevator service (the most obvious and common complaint) was Saturday night. There was talk of boycotting Hilton-chain hotels by Monday, but very little hostility to the hotel at the time the voting occurred. I have informed the hotel of this, too, since I think the real complaints are valid enough, and I don't believe in sour-grapes explanations.

p.4: I dropped in on your Friday night party relatively early. The drinks were already gone. If you're going to finance free booze, either directly or by gift from a hotel, you've got to have more than that, or the ill-will generated outweighs the good. (If the hotel supplied the liquor, then the estimate of "several hundred dollars' worth" boils down to about \$50-\$100 worth by retail standards. The L.A. Hilton arranged its liquor through the N.Y.C. Hilton, and hotel liquor runs twice to five times higher in price.)

p.9: A minor point, but soda in cans was available, for 25¢, on many floors. I know, because Monday night we raided one such machine for about twenty cans of soda.

p.16: For some obscure reason, LA. fans seem to think that conventions are won or lost in fanzines. This is apparently because so few L.A. fans ever attend cons away from home. The fact of the matter is that since I've been attending Worldcons (1955), the non-fanzine-readers have always outnumbered the fanzine fans.

p.16: I got one of those personalized form letters. I answered, rather indignantly, explaining that I could not give any public support to your bid, before I found out that everyone had received an identically-worded letter. But this letter would have made much more sense as an ad in the PR's, where it might've reached its intended audience much better. It was foolish to select for fans within a one-hundred-mile radius of NYC, too. The entire east coast and midwest should've been circularized. However, the fact that you found 200 such fans all living that close to NYC is interesting...

p.17: I'm afraid I still don't see how your success with TOFF could have helped your bid even a little bit. The accent on TOFF in your ads was unfortunate. They should've been a separate series of ads.

p.17: "The walk-in vote." You refer to this vote time and again. Yet, aren't you the fan who objected that I/we were not promoting our con on the radio and through newspapers? Fred, I did everything I could to discourage the 'walk-in' attendees. I invited no reporters, and told inquirers from radio stations that if they mentioned the con, please to give no dates or locations. With an advance registration of over 1,100, I knew the con would be big. There are well over 200 fans in the Greater NYC Metropolitan Area alone. Over 300 (close to 400) attend the Luna-con. (That's as many as at several worldcons in recent years.) We drew over 200 memberships from Lin Carter's column in IF (we could tell; they were addressed wrong). Another five or six hundred registered at the convention. But walk-ins were largely mundane friends of fans, come along to see the fun. Most of the literal walk-ins were fans who lived too close to stay at the hotel. You may not have recognized them, but they have been to many of the regional events in the area, and consider themselves fans. Many have been fans at least locally active for twice the length of time you've considered yourself a fan. These fans don't see many fanzines (if any) but they gave careful attention to the bid presentation. L.A. acquitted itself badly.

p.18: You had buttons, but within a couple of days after seeing them, Berkley got its own to hand out? You've got to be kidding. I don't know of any firm -- even in NYC -- which could fulfill any order that fast. Face facts: buttons are common stuff at cons. We had them, Syracuse had them, Baltimore had them... Maybe the Baycon thought of buttons on their own.

p.18: The seconders for the Baycon all thought they were the only seconder. Each was surprised to see the others on the platform. (Each told me this, in some surprise, while we were chatting before-hand.) None had written-out or rehearsed speeches, with the exception of Stark -- whose speech was informative but almost as dull as Roddenberry's. If you'd listened with half an ear, you'd have observed that their speeches were actually keyed to reply to L.A.'s -- impossible to rehearse in advance. The real difference was this: Baycon picked good speakers. And each realized that brevity was a virtue after watching Roddenberry make a shambles of the L.A. bid.

p.19: When Lester asked me if he could second Baycon, I was unhappy. There are no unwritten rules on the subject, but I felt the GoH should be above such things. But Lester had already been asked, and I told Lester to act as his conscience dictated. I don't think Tucker or Harlan had thought of their official convention roles when agreeing to second. However, you are in complete error in stating that Lester traded upon his status as GoH. He did not. He specifically stated that he spoke as a long-time fan in this regard, and not in any professional status. He then went on to rebut Roddenberry, stating that he was interested in attending cons for "fun," not for deadly dull junk such as Roddenberry suggested. (Roddenberry suggested, among other things, closed sessions

for pros to be briefed by "doctors" and other types...) You are making a very basic mistake in accusing Lester of saying "As the NyCon's Official Guest of Honor..." and I'm afraid I take exception to it.

p.20: I've never before heard of a "taboo" on predistribution of a PR. True, it's never been done before, but that is largely because no one thought of it. Had we thought of it, you can bet we'd have done it. (We printed up neither PRs nor membership cards for the Tricon, because we felt there was a genuine chance we might not win the bid. We had no money to throw away by then.)

Each con-bidding committee has to map out tactics appropriate to its bid. Each must consider the area in which the voting has taken place, the probable makeup of the voters, what voters have come to expect from past campaigns, and what will be fresh and exciting to them. The entire L.A. bid was based on two misconceptions: a) that the voters are the 'inner circle' of fanzine fans (and that, if they aren't, they should be); and b) that those not in this inner circle can be won over by contempt.

I don't think the "walk-in trade" have any effect on the voting. Less than 600 voted, out of 1400 in attendance. The comics fans rarely left the huckster room and showed little interest in any of the programming. Most of those under-600 were far more aware of consite voting than you think. Most of them judged you by your total visible bid, and weighed it against Baycon's.

I think they made the right choice. And L.A.'s post-loss reactions seems to confirm the fact.

WRITING LIST: In the first three months of this year I wrote two books and a short story, which is rather a pleasant accomplishment for me. The first book was Spawn of the Death Machine, for Paperback Library. It should come out some time this summer, and it has a lovely Jeff Jones cover painting. The title was deliberately in the old Ace-pulp vein, because P.L. seemed to want would-be Ace material. The book itself is the sequel to my Ace book, Android Avenger, another selling point, I'm sure. Among those who've read the manuscript reaction is divided. Lee Hoffman liked it pretty well, while Alex Panshin told me it was a "transitional" work, marking the beginning of a new area of growth for me, or, in other words, "I just can't believe in a man with steel bones, Ted."

The second book was No Time Like Tomorrow, a young-adult book written for Crown, to hit Crown's introductory Fall list. I was quite proud of it when I finished it, but my editor at Crown quickly took the wind from my sails: "It's a very ambitious, Ted, and I think it can be an important book." At first she appeared to want a total rewrite -- in effect a new book with the same basic characters and situations -- but at present I think we shall agree upon somewhat less revision. Nonetheless, this hassling over what I considered a finished book has thrown my schedule completely off track. I hoped to be finished with a third book by now, and it's hardly started.

Between the two books I did a short story, "Only Yesterday," which, like "Wednesday, Noon" /Feb. '68 F&SF -- plug/ made it all the way up to the top man at PLAYBOY before getting rejected. My agent seems to think this indicates hope for a future sale, if I can only come up another idea for a workable enough and short enough short story (I seem to think in terms of novels and novelettes).

I still have five contracted-for books ahead of me, so my year is well booked-up. However, this year is notable for the fact that the old books are finally coming out of mothballs and into print. Notably, the

book Dave Van Arnam and I wrote in 1965 as When In Rome is finally coming out this April (before you read this) from Pyramid as Sideslip. (This is one title change I wholly approve of, by the way.) The cover is one of Gaughan's nice ones, and the blurbs are lovely.

Also, the long-delayed and often-rescheduled Captain America has finally been set in Bantam's July schedule. Hopefully, since a year will have gone by since the publication of Binder's The Avengers Battle The Earth Wrecker, it might stand a chance of selling.

My first juvenile, last spring's Secret of the Marauder Satellite, has been doing very well for me. It was selected for the New York City Public Library's recommended list of teen-aged books, a prestigious list which is sold to and circulated among libraries all over the country. And Hayden Howard sent me a clipping from Santa Barbara that the book was one of thirty (the only sf) voted by a Santa Barbara high school for inclusion in its own library. That particularly elated me, since it confirmed the fact that I'd not only Made It with the reviewers and librarians, but also with my Ultimate Audience. And, to top it off, I was asked to appear on WNYC's "Teen Book Talk" radio show last month, to discuss the book with a panel of teen-aged readers, all of whom reacted intelligently and positively to the book. The feedback, both financial and egoboo, on this book has been overwhelming. I just hope future books in this area will be received equally well.*

In between all this serious activity I have been plugging away at STELLAR, my cooperative prozine attempt. More snags than I'd dreamed possible have cropped up to delay its publication, but the primary one is that I have neither the necessary amount of time to donate to its production, nor the money to finance the labor of others, and my partner, Al Schuster, has already spent the limit on it. We will get the magazine out, but I'm beginning to think even quarterly production is optimistic.

In the meantime, my activity with STELLAR has led to the removal of my name from F&SF's masthead, a token actually, since my only contribution to the magazine in the last year was two book reviews. Well, I occupied the masthead at F&SF for five years, and that's nice to point to, anyway. Now people can accuse Andy Porter of all the things they dislike about the magazine, instead of me.

MY LIFE AS AN AGENT... has been relatively quiet this year, but I'm still Bob Shaw's U.S. agent. Bob's Night Walk came out from Banner last September, and Banner quietly folded in October. The Banner list has been absorbed by parent-company Avon, and Bob's second book, The Shadow of Heaven, is presently scheduled by Avon for April, 1969, with an Avon reissue of Night Walk the following fall. In the meantime, Bob has just finished his third book, The Two-Timers, which, barring last-minute slipups, will be the August Ace Special this summer. Bob also dug out an old story he'd never marketed, "Appointment on Prila," which I promptly sold to ANALOG. It should show up in a few months. I'm really happy for Bob in his success since resuming active sf writing. I don't kid myself that I was essential to it, but I think I've helped, and I think Bob is gaining momentum for himself as a writer with each book and each sale. And naturally, I'm rather proud to be associated with his success.

* At -presstime- I'm rather pleased to report that Secret of the Marauder Satellite has gone into its third printing; this while still in its first year of publication.

NOTED: MLC COMMENTS...

HORIZONS: Varner - Both Terry and I were a bit startled to find mention of our first meeting each other at the Solacon in yours notes for the fanhistory. Actually, I don't suppose the meeting was so much historical as it was inevitable. After all, Terry was the first fan I ever feuded with (in 1952, in BREVIZINE; well, I considered it a feud at the time, even if it was only a silly discussion of the relative merits of sf comics), and later we hammered out a bit of a love-hate relationship in the Cult. But I was really looking forward to meeting Carl Brandon -- not Terry. I remember how I discovered Carl was a hoax.

It was before the con, Thursday I think. In the afternoon. I'd met Terry in the lobby of the Alexandria, and he and I with Ron Bennett and one or two others went into the coffeeshop to sit at the counter, harrass the waitress, and talk. Someone started a Wish-You-Were-Here card around for signatures. Terry was sitting next to me and I was at the end of the line. When the card reached me, there below Terry's signature, in handwriting I recognized, was "Carl Brandon."

"Hey," I said, or words to that effect. "What's this?"

And Terry explained it to me gently: no Carl Brandon. Hoax. Give you a copy of INN tonight. Sorry about that. I almost cried.

And when I thumbed my copy of the new INNUEENDO, there, at the bottom of Terry's editorial, in a zine designed to be read just before or after the Big Revelation about Carl at the Solacon, he said, "Some day we'll have to pull a really big hoax and plunge all fandom into war." I really did cry, Harry.

If Lee Hoffman hasn't already told you, I'll mention that the Western Writers of America still publish their fanzine, THE ROUNDUP. It's letterpress printed and looks like a stodgy mundane-apa publication. Reads like one, too. Periodically Lee and I lay plans for how, after I've sold and written my first western, we'll take over the WWA and Throw The Rascals Out. The WWA is ripe for Insurgents...

This entire section of notes only whets my appetite, Harry. I really faunch after your book.

DAMBALLA: Hansen - Your comments on LIGHTHOUSE are curious beyond belief.

You seem to be angry at Terry Carr for "reprinting my letter," and you chew Terry out for "excrable judgement" of publishing your comments on Phil Dick. You also make repeated mention of "epistle"s and "letter of comment" in such a way as to almost convince me you think the item Terry published in the lettercol of the last LTHS was a letter you wrote to him. Unless I am very much mistaken, it wasn't. It was a reprint from your mailing comment in an earlier issue of DAMBALLA, one of several mailing comments from FAPAns which Terry reprinted in LTHS's lettercol. It is my impression Terry reprinted it because he considered it asinine. Certainly I think your present attempts to obfuscate the situation are equally asinine. You had your own opportunity to edit "the steam of my sudden anger", you "slept on the problem," and yet you published your morally righteous and indignant comments on Phil for FAPA. Was the fact that Terry let Phil see them what bugged you, or was it Phil's reaction?

TRILL: Wells - By all means, write about Cleveland's rapid transit. I'm interested.

(TRILL: Wells, cont.): I don't recognize the names of the other two, but Jerry Pournelle is a boor who inhabits the fringes of fandom and periodically writes pieces for fanzines which strike me as the right-wing counterparts to John Boardman's writings. You might enjoy political arguments with him...or maybe not.

HOR(RR)IB: Lupoff - Distribution, as you say, varies from spot to spot. However, you may be heartened to hear that in my local neighborhood One Million Centuries has enjoyed vastly better distribution and display than any of my books (which is to say, it's been on most of the stands and is still in the gift-store on the pb rack, while none of mine have even shown up).

Not having heard Jim Harmon's side of it all, I'm curious: just how did Ackerman "behave no better" than Pickering? Forry is forever altruistically motivated and apparently constitutionally incapable of thinking ill of anyone until after the other's lack of scruples (or whatever) has been demonstrably proven. And I wonder just what it was Harmon told you which could so change your attitude towards the entire situation. I'm not asking for lip-licking dirty details, just some justification for these broad allegations about "conscious or unconscious entrapment."

It's my impression (like you, I can't support it with facts) that Virgil Parch was an army buddy of sorts of Ackerman's, and/or a friend of Laney's. He did the "Sgt. Ack-Ack" cartoon-portrait of Ackerman, but I can't recall anything else remotely considered fanac. If he came to know Ackerman through Laney, it might've been through Laney's non-fan friends like Laurence Lipton and Craig Rice.

Please convey my warm appreciation to Pascudniak and Farnsworth.

GRANDFATHER STORIES: DeVore - The most common reason I know of for replacing mimeo impression rollers is the development of soft spots, bumps or flat spots, all of which tend to leave sections of the mimeo page blank or under-inked-looking. A couple of years ago the roller in my Gestetner 360 started shedding its skin in a very disconcerting fashion, which made me decide it was time for a new one. The inside of the old roller seemed to have turned to jelly, but did not explode when I threw it out.

I really don't give much of a damn about Schultz's labor experiences, but I draw the line at false and malicious rumors about me buying cars with NyCon money.

LE MOINDRE: Raeburn - By golly ned, this is a fine issue, Boyd. I was getting awfully sick of pseudo-drunken oneshots, and this zine entertained me more than all your contributions to the Queebshots stacked together. I particularly hope you continue the trip report.

The Beach Boys: I have carefully examined both front and bacover photos on "Surfin' Safari," and I am reasonably convinced that it is too Brian Wilson holding the back of the surfboard. Mind you, I wouldn't swear it in a court of law or anything, but I am satisfied in my own mind that it's Brian.

Well, I set out to write a more critical, more Definitive, you might even say, piece on the Beach Boys, but it didn't happen. The only reason, I guess, is that I'm not as verbal about rock music as I am about jazz. I have strongly defined likes and dislikes, but insufficient critical vocabulary. And I have a haunting fear of reading as though I was a CRAWDADDY writer, if you know what I mean.

"Be True to Your School" (I agree: a lovely put-down) is on the "Lit-

the Deuce Coupe" album (1998). I bought the "Christmas Album" this season. The first side is largely (but not quite entirely) Beach Boys originals; the second side is Christmas standards. My reaction is that the album is spotty, but their "The Three Kings of Orient Are" is stunningly beautiful. When everything else is said, the Beach Boys are probably the best singers in rock music.

I disagree about the "Wild Honey" album. I might refer you to the April and May CRAWDADDYS for Paul Williams' thoughts on the subject and the story of Brothers Records, but if you missed them...

Basically, Brothers Records was Brian's own idea. He wanted his own recording studio, available any time of day or night, and his own label, free of philistine meddling. As you probably know, "Smiley Smile" is not the originally planned "Smile" album. Only the instrumental tracks were ever recorded for that album, and despite the article in the first CHEETAH, all the tapes are still in existence and have been privately circulated. I have hopes of obtaining dubs, or of seeing them released as a record by themselves, without the (never recorded) vocal tracks. They are said to be stunning.

The confusion of labels between Brothers and Capitol seems beyond rational explanation. I did not pick up the single of "Good Vibrations," so I don't know which label it was on, but "Heroes and Villains" was on the Brothers label. "H&V" was on the "Smiley Smile" album, of course. But when "Wild Honey" came out (the single, I mean) it was on the Capitol label, and, backing it, "Wind Chimes," from "Smiley Smile." So "Wind Chimes" (same version) has appeared on both labels. More recently, "Darlin'" (from the "Wild Honey" album, Capitol) has been released as a single on the Capitol label, backed by a track from "Pet Sounds." Yeah.

Originally I surmised that Brian would record his own special music on Brothers, while the more commercial material would come out on Capitol. (You'll notice the "Wild Honey" album is not produced by Brian, but "by the Beach Boys.") This theory was boosted by the fact that Brian is fighting the others in the group over his more experimental material; Mike Love seems to be leading the pro-commercial camp. Williams seems to feel that ultimately Brian will break off from the others, since he has the voice to record and track all the vocal parts himself. I don't know. But it also appears that the legal fabric of Brothers Records collapsed, and this alone may explain the return to the Capitol label, and the mixing of material between the two labels. "Smiley Smile" was fabricated by Capitol -- Capitol typography, etc. -- anyway, and was distributed by Capitol, so I'd guess there's been no real break.

"Wild Honey," the album, is much rawer, more visceral, than earlier Beach Boys albums, and might have been done in part to dispell the "faggy falsetto" image some people have pinned on the group. But if you listen to the songs themselves, they are as melodically arresting as any Brian has written, and several have strong lyrics as well. The coda of "I'd Love Just Once To See You" ("I'd love just once to see you...in the nude...") with its fugal repetitions is strongly reminiscent of several tracks from "Pet Sounds." "Mama Says" is very much a part of the satirical first side of "Smiley Smile." And I prefer their "I Was Made To Love Her" (the only track Brian didn't write) to Stevie Wonder's version -- it seems to fit in with the "Wild Honey" approach.

I think what put a lot of us off on this album was our expectations of another "Pet Sounds" or "Smiley Smile." But if you dismiss such expectations and just dig it for itself, "Wild Honey" is a beautiful album. In fact, I find myself listening to it more than "Smiley Smile." Give it a chance, Boyd.

Recommended listening: "Song Cycle" by Van Dyke Parks -- the best

pop album ever produced. 'And "Pandemonium Shadow Show," by Millson; lovely. Warner Brothers and RCA-Victor, respectively. Dig them.

VUKAT: Patten - Thanks for the comments on "Wednesday, Noon," but I think you're either taking the story too literally, or not literally enough. There never was a Millenium; the people never really did dance in the streets. It really was just a dream. It was an anxiety dream, and it was probably triggered by Archer hearing the record from somewhere outside his office. (That's a real record, by the way, and one which turned me on when I first heard it.) But if you insist on taking the dream fantasy literally, no, it wasn't aliens or Russians. It was God. And the Avenging Angels. The "young man" was an angel. The point of the story lay in Archer, not in an external plot device. Archer's anxiety fantasies illuminate his own character, his own essential failure to come to grips with life. Archer is a loser. Remember that when you read Sideslip.

As for making a book of it, no. Or rather, I can't see that story as the jumping-off place for a book. I can see it as an interlude in a straight mystery novel, and some day it will appear in The Stainless Steel, when it's time to write that book. In the meantime, Archer, his ancestors and descendants, all play bit parts (and one starring role) in science fiction stories and westerns, the latter courtesy of Lee Hoffman.

I've observed that a lot of "working men" talk crudely and even clumsily, but think intelligently and may have "intellectual" tastes in music or books. Stop and think about Burbee and Laney working in a machine shop. So I'm glad you picked up on my doing this with Archer. But it's not original with me. I suggest you read Raymond Chandler or Dashiell Hammett sometime. Among the latter's work, the Continental Op stories, in particular.

THE RAMBLING FAP: Calkins - As I mentioned in the front of this zine, I've been thinking about moving elsewhere, and one factor would be the tax situation, and the general economic health of the area. I seem spiritually tied to the East Coast when it comes to permanent-type homes, and I am looking for depressed areas where my money goes farther. But if I wasn't still umbilically connected to the Atlantic Ocean and the green mountains of the east, I'd think seriously about the state of Nevada, where the tax situation looks good (from here), and several financiers (Hughes isn't alone) are plunging a lot of "clean" (non-Mafia) money. From your point of view, Nevada might be ideal. Not Las Vegas; but somewhere in Nevada.

A PROPOS DE RIEN: Caughran - You suggest my feeling that "both sides in the conflict were wrong" wasn't being applied to Washington -- meaning Johnson, I presume. I'm sorry I gave that impression. My basic thinking at the time I wrote the piece was that I was sick and tired of the Johnson: Villain nonsense, which does not lend understanding of the man or his actions, and I was applying myself to that point. I overlooked or left out a lot I should've said, and one of these things was that I by no means wholeheartedly supported Johnson myself. However, I do still have a healthy respect for the fact that his channels of information and intelligence are superior to mine, and that he may be working on something I know nothing about. It's damned easy to second-guess a president, but, I suspect, a lot harder to be one. As it's turned out, Johnson fooled us all, and I wonder what your reaction to him is now?

As for isolationism between us and Europe, that cuts, I think, both ways. Europe is used to being handfed by us, and it alternately loves and resents us for being a sort of over-protective mother who thinks she knows best. Suddenly postwar Europe is adolescent and mother turns her loose. The reactions are, by and large, infantile, and they don't confine themselves to France. Now Sweden, perhaps guilty over its easy surrender to and collaboration with Germany in WW2, has become huffily moral about Vietnam. (But when black American deserters in Sweden take blonde wives, they discover racism exists even there...) Europe has been enjoying the feeling of moral superiority to us for the last few years. But the truth is starting to pinch. Britons who were chiding us about racism in the U.S. have closed their gates to colored British citizens. Yeah...

"Control of riots?" you ask. Recently I've heard a lot of discussion of past and future riots. They boil down to two, opposed, viewpoints. The Liberal viewpoint says, "We must attack the causes, the root problems, the sickness in society." The Conservatives talk about mob control devices, beefing up the police forces, and "violence in the streets." I think they both have half the answer.

Like a sick man with a bad fever, we have to treat the problem on two levels. Aspirin for the fever, antibiotics for the bug itself. Or, long-range planning to get at root causes, plus short-range prevention of total riotous anarchy. Without one, the other isn't much good. An attack on the roots doesn't mean much when the city is rubble right down to the roots. And all the police in the world out on the streets isn't going to prevent future riots if we don't get started on the real problems.

But let's talk about this summer. Let's talk about Memphis, already. No amount of money or effort can lick the situation in a couple of months, and it seems very unlikely even much of any money will be channelled into this problem. So what do you do? If you're Mayor Lindsay, in New York, you practice "visible government," you let yourself be seen in the ghettos and you talk to the people on the street and you hold a Sunday evening tv show every week -- and maybe, just maybe, New York still stay "cool" again this year. But most cities don't have a John Lindsay -- they have party hacks, like Adonizio in Newark. And they will have riots. So what do you do? Mobs are mindless and wantonly destructive, and you'd have to be out of your mind to suggest they're good for a city in any but the most basic, symptomatic, way. So what do you do?

Well, I'd suggest a relatively harmless gas that tranquilizes is superior to tanks, carbines and sub-machine guns. Passing out is better than dying. But see, I'm a pragmatist.

SERCON'S BANE: FMBusby - You're oversimplifying my reactions to Dirce Archer, Buz, and you're Wrong. To begin with, my pissed-offedness over Detention politicking by her is long gone. Despite what you might think, I really don't carry grudges long. Hell, you know that: we've had our differences in the past, and that's where they have stayed: the past. Dirce and I were on friendly terms at the 1965 Midwestcon with all forgiven and forgotten. This business with her and the NyCon3 is absolutely fresh and real, and I want to assure you she can certainly "fight back." Actually, this invalid role of hers is her biggest weapon because she uses it to make people respond exactly as you responded. And she conned me with it too, which is why we let her "take Auction money away from a Con Committee" as we did.

The story doesn't end with the close of the con. A month later I

started receiving a stream of hate-letters from Dirce that you wouldn't believe. The gist of them was that she felt I'd personally cheated her out of the fortune she'd intended to make off Eisenstein with the paintings that never showed up. Reason? She'd received word from the Express Company that they'd tried to deliver the paintings to me At The Hotel, and I'd checked out. She sent along a copy of the notice she'd gotten from them to prove the point.

It had to be they'd tried to make the delivery to me in Brooklyn, Tuesday or Wednesday before the Con, she said, and because I'd left a note on my mailbox directing them to the hotel, they'd taken the stuff there. Got that? So the misdelivery of the paintings was my fault. Right? Okay, now get this: right there on this copy of the notice, that Dirce herself laboriously copied on a typewriter, typed by Dirce herself, was the date of receipt of the paintings in New York City and their attempted delivery. It was, brace yourself, September 21, 1967.

That's right: the paintings didn't even arrive from Pittsburgh until three weeks after the con, which isn't so surprising when you consider Dirce shipped them less than a week before the con. They must have been diverted because, at Dirce's insistence, I called REA Saturday morning during the con and asked for them to be sent directly to the hotel. Of course, I also specified that if they arrived after Monday there would be no point to it, that it was a weekend convention, and all the rest of it. But REA moves in its own ponderously moronic fashion. The stuff arrived the 21st, and was sent to the hotel, where I was no longer (after all) staying. So it went back to the warehouse. REA made no attempt to contact me at my home address. (Idle thought: could it be Dirce really addressed it to me at the hotel in the first place?) After a month, REA asked Dirce what to do with the stuff.

At this point Dirce started in on me again, demanding I pay all round-trip expenses on the stuff. I wasn't having any. She picked up quite a few hundred on that auction, and she kept it all, no split with Freas. I figured she could pay the twenty or so dollars for her own stupidity and she might learn a lesson thereby. When she started dunning us for the sum, after getting the paintings back finally, we told her we'd be glad to deduct it from the agreed percentage of our share (25%) on her auctioned items. We knew she'd picked up at least four hundred dollars and we suggested we'd settle for \$75 out of the \$100 coming to us. We haven't heard from Dirce since.

But Dirce can fight back. She told a highly personal version of the story to Kelly Freas, and that gentleman told Andy Porter, during a visit to Lancer Books, that we were the worst bastards on the face of the earth.

No, we owe Dirce no apologies. And I notice the Baycon is specifying auction donars can keep only 60% of the proceeds, which leaves Dirce out; she takes 75%. I like to think I might have been responsible in part for that.

SERENADE: Bergeron - Good to see you becoming active again.

Who doesn't remember VOID, "The fanzine of slogans and facetiousness"? Anyone who had to letter that subhead would remember it, I think.

And that seems to cover the zines I checkmarked. I thought of going into shock treatments, in my comments to Buz, but since I said all I know from personal experience last time around, there's not much I can add. I will say, though, that news has it Camarillo doesn't even administer shock treatments, so chalk up another lie for Pickering, and another swallowed line for Boggs. *Sigh*

WRAPUP: I should thank Calvin Demmon (of the *Biff* Demmons) for his spirited defense of me to Redd Boggs. Some of us who remember disquietingly the Redd Boggs of Old are wondering if indeed the Real Redd Boggs is yet alive, or whether, perhaps, he was foully murdered, his body disposed of, and his identity stolen by someone else...like, maybe, Luis Zamora...

It is quite true that my automobile carried a "Support Your Local Police" sticker on each of its two cross-country jaunts (1965 and 1966); additionally, I put a sticker on the rented Rambler which accompanied it in 1966. I am a pragmatic man, and I am well aware of the midwestern reaction to a car full of bearded individuals. The first sticker was picked up by arch-conservative Mike McInerney when he visited the local Birch Society headquarters in Long Beach, California, in 1965. He put it up on the mirror in our suite. I took it down and affixed it to the back bumper of the Weiss Rak V. It probably helped, since the one time we were stopped, on our way east, Dave Van Arnam was driving 20 mph over the limit and without a driver's license, but received only a warning.

The Old, the Real Redd Boggs would've understood all this without requiring an explanation. It saddens me that the new "Redd Boggs" could so plonkingly demand the details of my 'sellout'.

I supported New York City's ill-fated civilian review board, and was incensed at the vicious advertisements which threatened full and bloody lawlessness in the streets if it wasn't defeated (which it was). But I do 'support my local police' in the sense that I prefer to deal with them as human beings rather than monsters, and I would like to see them upgraded (along the Berkeley Ideal) rather than lynched and dispensed with. I believe in a firm and just rule by law (which I note is becoming passe among Liberals these days -- "Boggs" among them), and I'm certain that reviling our police is not going to produce it.

The problem is that police work is nasty, demanding work which rarely attracts people of much intelligence or sensitivity or education. Traditionally the big-city police departments have been staffed by ethnic groups emerging from the lower class (here, Italians and Irish), and it is easy to see the psychology at work here. An hour spent in a station house is repelling, on the one hand, and sympathy-encouraging on the other. Too many cops are cops only in order to establish their own lower-class status -- in order to throw their weight around. In common with the rest of the lower-class ethnic groups, they are clannish, bigotted, and extremely sensitive to criticism; they tend towards sociological paranoia. Attack them, or let them think you're attacking them, and they react violently -- as in the many 'police riots' of the last few years.

And yet, they're the Only Game In Town. They're all that we have between us and the kind of anarchy the far-left revolutionaries hope to foment -- and none of us could hope to emerge unscathed from such a revolution, since it is based not on idealistic principle but on hate and hate alone.

A FINAL NOTE FOR BOYD RAEBURN: I've been extensively relistening to my Beach Boys albums and may yet write the piece you wanted to see from me. In the meantime, I'm submitting several rock record reviews to THE ROLLING STONE, and recommend the publication to you. (CRAWDADDY rejected my last submission because it attacked the deafening volume of live rock and called Big Brother and The Holding Co. a no-talent group...)

-- Ted White/68

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