

gambit 30

---STELLAR c/w GAFIA #26 and DIMENSIONS---

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-----STELLAR c/w GAFIA # 26-----

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cover: White; symbol: 1st Fandom Is Not Dead	
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dated

A NOTE OF SOME IMPORTANCE: This is the last of the larger-sized GAMBITS.

Like, from now on, GAMBIT will consist solely of one or two sheets hurriedly produced in my usual haphazard fashion. The reason for this is simple: As of the 14th issue, Greg Benford and I will be co-editors and I the publisher of VOID. And as of the 14th issue, due out about the end of February, VOID will be a monthly.

Yes, actually and literally. There hasn't been a faaanish monthly since the long-dead days of the early PSYCHOTIC, which had followed on the heels of Joel Nydahl's statospheric VEGA. And before then...? QUANDRY. We'd sort of like to recreate the atmosphere of immediacy, informality, and quality which surrounded those earlier zines. The schedule guantees at least ten issues a year (leaving room for convention-activity) but I'll try for twelve. The schedule also calls for each issue to be out by the 29th of that month; all contributions should be in by the preceeding 5th, and all letters in by the 22nd.

The twenty pages, counting covers, will include fanzine reviews by Carter Little, and a regular column by Adam Ehrlich, but everything else is wide open. A monthly fanzine notoriously gobbles up material in great huge chunks, so I am hereby and now requesting contributions from all interested parties. If VOID is to be a successful monthly, it must have the solid support of active fandom, in the form of material and letters. From you.

Along the line here, I can hear a rabble-rouser in the audience rising--yeah, you; the third from the left!--and asking in a raucus voice where I; Ted White, prime old procrastinator, will get the time, inclination, or enthusiasm to keep up a monthly.

Well, I've craftily avoided the main pitfall--that of shouldering full responsibility--by having an able co-editor to bug me when I slip or fall behind, and a genuine, full-fledged Assistant Editor in the person of local-fan Ted Pauls to help cut stencils. In fact, I have it all figured out. If I work it properly, I shall be able to devote less time to fanac than I am now doing. Yeah.

And, all it takes to keep me enthusiastic is a regular flow of good material and egoboosting letters. Now, that shouldn't be hard, should it?

A SPATE OF FANZINES have found their way into my mailbox lately... MOOR PARK from Terry Carr's spouse, and looking just like a Berkeley Publication; PSI-PHE from Bob Lichtman, dittoed on heavy coated stock, which would be more impressive if saved for the covers only; PRO-FANITY #4 from Bruce Pelz, which shows marked improvement in every respect, but still leaves room for better duplication, and layout especially; SATELLITE from Don Allen, which boasts covers by Jim Cawthorn, whom Allen touts as fandom's best artist--let's you and John Berry fight--and more.

GAMBIT 30: is published and edited by Ted E. White, at 2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Maryland. Like all GAMBIT's, it is free for the asking, trade, or letter of comment. Last STELLAR-type issue... 3

RON PARKER:

THE DOTTED
LINES ARE

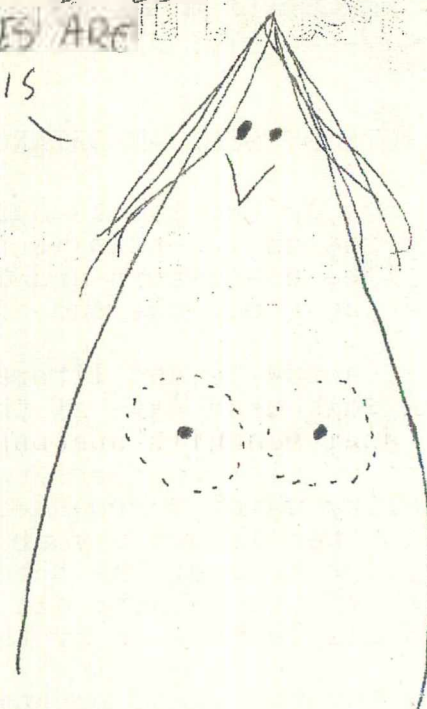
HIS

ADVENTURES

IN

A BIG, HEAVY, SAFE

petticoat PART II



((WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Ron Parker had at last arrived at the fabulous 2712 N. Charles St. abode of Magnus, ingate and White, only to find that White had again eluded him, leaving behind only Sylvia and Joanne to keep the homefires burning. And then--"So I immediately set the famous Ron Parker charm to work. With dazzling speed and efficiency I" and here are narrative broke off. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:))

lunged forward, harboring a wild gleam in my bloodshot eyeballs. Hungrily I clutched at the ravishing creature before me. I touched her, carressed her, kissed her. There, where I found her, I made mad love to her and whispered sweet nothings in her earbone. Yes, I decided, once making my conquest, Ted's Gestetner was a ravishing creature.

I was just commenting on Ted's lettering guides when there was a strange noise behind me. I whirled around, like they had taught me in Bayonet Fighting, Hour Three, and was confronted by a beard and moustache carrying a sack of groceries. Peering out from behind this disguise was Ted White. He assumed I was Ron Parker from the Army uniform I was wearing. He looked startled, but even moreso he looked frightened, as a criminal might look when all his ploys had failed and he was at last confronted by the Saint. Fear touched the very bottom of his heart as Magnus said: "Hi, Ron."

Ted White shivered. "Ron Parker?" he managed to stutter.

"Why, yes, Ted. Ted? TED? What are you doing on the floor, Ted?" When Ted was revived, he seemed considerably calmer. He merely got up, stumbled out the door, and was not heard of for two days.

4 During the following weekends many weird incidents would occur around the 2712 Castle. As soon as they would happen, I would write them down, and Ted would snatch them up, scurrying off to his Material File with a lustful gleam in his eyebones. And as soon as new ones would happen, Ted would always be sitting silently in the shadows, sipping a Pepsi, and calmly saying at the most opportune moments, "Write that down, Ron."

During about the second or third weekend, Ted White, I found, had shaved off his beard and moustache. He was practically unrecognizable. It was frightening. Later, thankfully, he grew the moustache back.

In the midst of this period, I joined WSFA. Ah, WSFA meetings. The place where John Magnus ruled Supreme, banging his ray gun gavel only rarely, but gaining attention when he did. Bob Pavlat, checking my Army records to see why I hadn't gotten the school I requested, and Ted marvelling over 'The Wheels of the Powers That Be starting to Turn'. Bill Evans, bringing me sf mags he didn't want, and giving them to me. Bill Evans, who was treasurer of everything but the U.S. government, and Pavlat was, I think, working on those angles as well.

Then there was the WSFA meeting where I, in uniform, struck up a very free conversation with a new face, only to discover he was a Major in the Marine Corps.

Ah, yes. WSFA.

5 Of course, I found that arriving in Baltimore Friday evening was better than arriving Saturday afternoons, so I found the secret of getting long weekend passes. The first one they promised to me. The second came about due to the fact that I let them usurp a pint of my blood. This seemed like a good idea, so the following week...

"I'd like to give a pint of my blood."

"Fine, fine. Have you ever given blood before?"

"Oh, yes. Last week, as a matter of fact."

"Last week? Why, you can't..."

"Oh, but I'm very sturdy. Got gallons of the stuff lurking in the marrow of my bones."

"Lurking?"

"Yes. If you'll lurk hard enough you can lurkate it."

"Well, I'll take a blood test. Give me your finger."

"Why?"

"So I can take a test of your blood."

"But I've already told you I've got some."

"I know that. I want to find out what kind you've got."

"Well, it was red last week, and I don't imagine any major changes have come about in this short length of time."

"You don't understand. Different people have different...oh, never mind. Just stick your finger out."

"Hey, what are you going to do with that needle?"

"I'm going to puncture your finger so I can get a sample of your blood."

"Not my finger you're not."

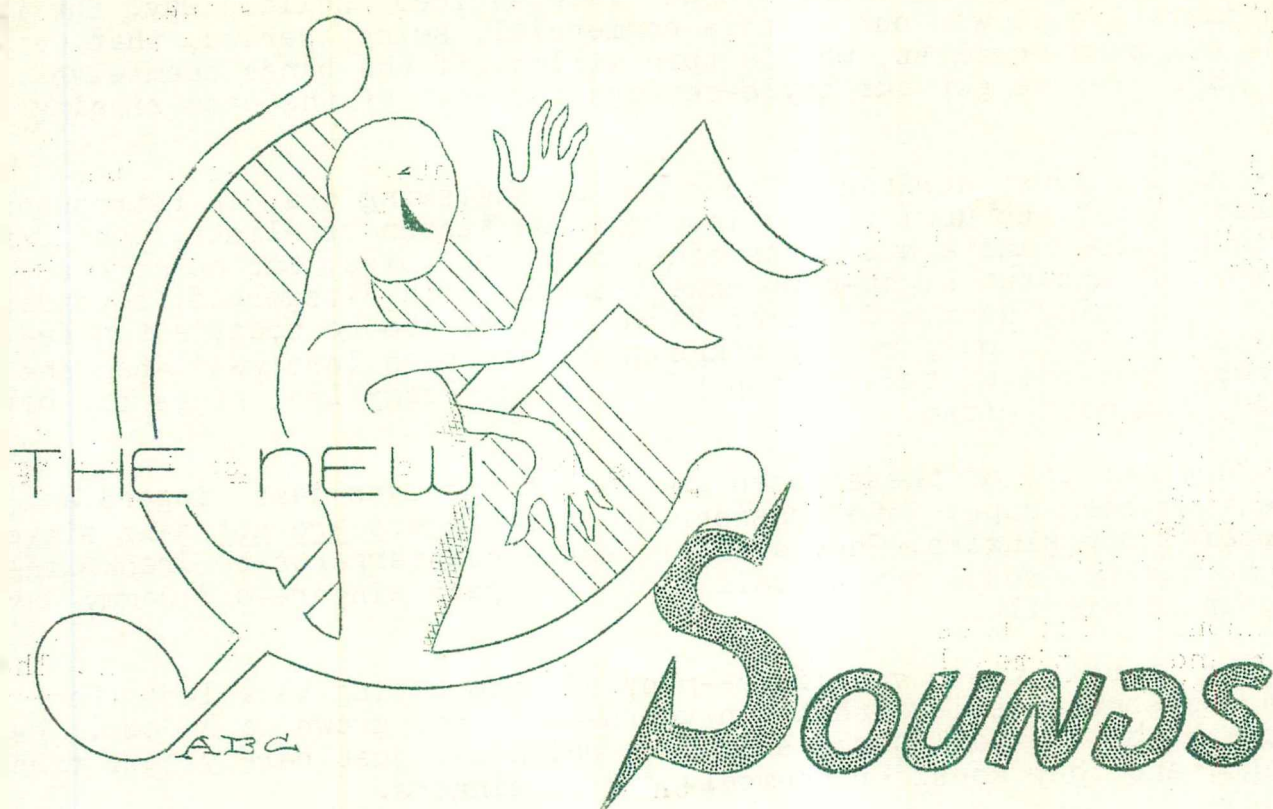
"But I've got to if you're going to give blood!"

"Well, in that case..."

"Now I'll just..."
 "AARRGGGHHHH!!!"
 "Did it hurt?"
 "Mighod, you've kilt me daid!"
 "All I did was--"
 "Daid. Do you hear me??? DAID!!!!"
 "Good Lord!! This blood..."
 "Now just what's the matter with the blood you just stole from me?"
 "It's...it's...full of alcohol. It's almost pure alcohol!"
 "Only the best. That stuff's worth at least \$10 a pint!"
 "But we can't..."
 "Nonsense. There are alcoholics that would pay a fortune for that stuff."
 "Oh, never mind. Just take this card into the next room."
 "Why?"
 "So we can take a pint of your blood!!"
 "But my finger still hurts."
 "It'll stop by then."
 "Alright, but by Ghod, if you've kilt me daid..."

 "Next!" the nurse called out.
 "I guess that's me," I answered.
 "All right, now just sit on the edge of the bed and hold onto your bottle."
 "What's that colorless stuff in the bottom?"
 "That's to keep the blood from coagulating."
 "From which?"
 "Coagulating. Y'know, clotting up."
 I said something about not being any sort of clot, and she said, "Now just lie down on the bed, and hold this little block of wood in your hand..."
 "What for?"
 "It keeps your hand active and makes the blood flow freely."
 "Is that good?"
 "It is, if you want to give any. Now hold still. This won't hurt a bit."
 "AARRGGGHHHH!!!"
 "What's the matter?"
 "You've kilt me daid. I swear, by Ghod, you've done gone and kilt me daid!"
 "Now, stop yelling. It doesn't hurt now, does it?"
 "Well, I...YYAAARRRRGGGGHHHHHH!!!"
 "Now what's the matter?"
 "That bottle! It's filling up with red stuff!"
 "Why, yes. That's your blood."
 "That's all coming out of me? You're going to fill that whole bottle full of that stuff...out of me?"
 "Why, of course. Certainly."
 "Mighod!! You'll kill me daid. I swear, by Ghod, you're gonna kill me utterly and irrevocably DAID!!!!"
 "Nonsense. You won't even notice it. Don't be such a child about it."
 "Mighod, the bottle's half full already?"
 "It doesn't take long."
 "Oh, Good Ghod, kilt entirely daid....."

The things I would do to get to Baltimore a day earlier... -Ron Parker



VOCAL JAZZ: The history of jazz is rich with vocalists. Jazz was created through vocalists; people singing spirituals, gospels, work songs, blues. I don't think a run-down on the origins of jazz is necessary here; for a thoroughly researched and authoritative book on the subject, see Marshall Stearns' 50¢ Mentor pb, THE STORY OF JAZZ.

But, thirty years ago, when jazz was well established, jazz singing was still in its most primitive form, blues singing. The blues are an integral part of jazz--they form the bedrock of harmony and feeling in jazz--but the blues are not all of jazz. The major female jazz singers of that day, Ma Rainey, Ida Mae Cox, all the Smith girls, and soon even young Billie Holliday, were blues singers. And the men, urban or country-folk, were all blues-shouters.

Probably the first departure was Louis Armstrong--in those days quite a revolutionary, and an innovator--who instead of singing in a way that a horn man might try to imitate, sang in imitation of his own trumpet. His was a gravelly, "unmusical" voice, applied with the same vigor, verve and phrasing as was his trumpet. The result he called "scat singing"--often wordless strings of nonsense-syllables in imitation of an instrumental lick.

After Louis, there were few non-blues-oriented jazz singers until the popularity of swing. Swing was not all jazz, and above all else it was commercial.

Commercial music has words and is sung. This way it better sticks in the public mind. So singers were added to the swing bands, and the big influx of pop singers was on. Many of these swing singers were merely popular singers of no great talent, with little jazz feeling or inclination. Yet, they set the style and pace for jazz singing for the next twenty years! Benny Goodman's star, Martha Tilton, for example, didn't ever in her life

sing jazz. Sometimes she swung, in her sweet-voiced, sexless way. But it wasn't jazz. And it was out of this commercial, swing, period, that we got the big band vocalist, who in turn killed off the bands themselves... Out of this era, we got our style-setters for most of the jazz-singing today.

It is a pretty lousy heritage. The queen of the swing era, in retrospect, was Anita O'Day, who unwittingly inspired two Kenton vocalists, June Cristy and Cris Conner. Anita has a tasteful, swinging voice, but no more so than many out-and-out night-club entertainers. Ella Fitzgerald, considered by many--including Norman Granz of Verve Records--to be today's top female jazz vocalist, only rarely sings jazz, and then less well than she sings pops. And one of today's top pop singers, Peggy Lee, sings far better jazz, far more often.

Let us face it: all of these women who call themselves jazz singers and whom we have been duped into considering jazz-singers are not jazz singers but tasteful pop singers. They are the female counterparts to Frank Sinatra--who has the sense not to call himself a jazz singer--and Sammy Davis Jr., and their ilk.

The reason is that these vocalists--many of them dating back less than fifteen and sometimes less than ten years--have not grown with jazz. They sing something they call jazz, something which was just barely jazz twenty years ago, and they consider themselves jazz singers.

They're not, and let's be done with them. They needlessly clutter the jazz scene, and obscure the few important jazz-singers.

Jazz has not stood still since the mid-Thirties. It has progressed into an entirely new era with, so far, three subdivisions. The era is Bop. The subdivisions: original Bop (1939-48) with just a flavor of the Afro-Cuban at the tail-end; Cool Jazz or Cool Bop (1949-54); Hard- or Neo-Bop (1955-present). Only Sarah Vaughn of today's "jazz-singers" ever sang Bop, and that was quite early in her career. The Misses Cristy and Conner sang a sexless variety of unlyrical cool bop for Stan Kenton, some of it predating the cool movement as a whole, and none of it particularly successful. The most recent version of bop has produced perhaps one or two pretenders (those who sing, like Abby Lincoln, backed by Hard-Boppers, but who don't sing the hard-bop), but no genuine singers.

Bop has produced its own kind of scatting, wherein various instrumentalists would put down their horns and sing out, in nonsense-syllables, such phrases as "oolya coo," or "oop bop sha bam", which in turn gave the word "Bop" itself to the language. Early pieces of witty writing like "He Beeped When He Shoulda Bopped", which concerns an unfortunate trumpeteer who did just that, were not repeated or popularized. The dueting team of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, who sang with Charlie Ventura, were about the only full-time vocalists to make use of bop-scatting. Generally bop produced a dearth of vocalists; it was too complex to attract popular singers, and since most of the pieces played were originals, there were no words. As an uncommercial music, bop was not overly concerned with balladry (Monk's "Round About Midnight" is one of the few exceptions, and I've heard that piece actually performed by Guy Lombardo!), or lovers' laments.

But, over ten years after the birth of bop, in 1952, a man who called himself King Pleasure and was christened Clarence Meeks began recording as

singles for Prestige a number of jazz vocals. These took established jazz pieces--not popular standards--and set them or a solo portion of them to words. Pleasure would recreate the recording with the single exception that he would sing the solo. Sometimes he would bring in another soloist, like Jon Hendricks, or a vocal group like the then-current Dave Lambert Singers.

Pleasure created a number of moving and eloquent recordings in this fashion, high among them his prophetic "Parker's Mood" which is an elegy to the Charlie Parker who died two years later. It is singularly fascinating to hear the complexities of bop sung, and with meaningful lyrics.

A number of these singles have been recently reissued by Prestige on lp as KING PLEASURE/ANNIE ROSS SING. Annie has the last four sides on the record, among them her memorable 1952 versions of "Farmer's Market" and "Twisted". She used Pleasure's technique of setting solos to words and singing them. "Twisted" caused considerable furor when it first appeared, and "Farmer's Market" contains her versions of solos by trumpet, saxophone and a comping piano.

And this is jazz singing. Not pallidly swung pops, but modern jazz, full of its original instrumental excitement and complexity, fantastically set to words, and sung by those who Know, who've Been There.

In 1958, after a five-year lapse in recordings of this nature, ABC-Paramount issued SING A SONG OF BASIE, featuring the "Dave Lambert Singers." The "Singers" turned out to be three people: Lambert, Annie Ross and Jon Hendricks. Accompanied only by a rhythm section, they set out to recreate the entire orchestration of the Basie Band, by means of multitaping their own voices into whole sections and singing solos over their own backgrounds.

All of the music is set to words, including the section riffs. Jon Hendricks wrote all the lyrics for the recording; lyrics which tell jazz stories in the jazz idiom. The words for all but "One O'Clock Jump" have been printed on the liner--they enable one to follow each piece closely and help to show how fantastically well-knit the words are to the music. This lp received critical raves, and deservedly so, for it marked the renaissance of modern jazz singing.

Following their success with the ABC-Paramount record, the Singers began nightclub appearances, often with the Basie Band itself. Without the benefit of multitaping, they no longer sounded like the band, but achieved more of the sound originally King Pleasure's. In addition to their own voices, they had the additional voice of Joe Williams, the band's regular vocalist and a blues singer.

With Williams and the Basie Band, they recorded their second lp, SING ALONG WITH BASIE, for Roulette. This lp contains less variety, and the band seems dreary. The pieces, while individually good, lack the excitement of the Singer's first lp, and of all the pieces, only "Li'l Darlin'" achieves any individuality.

Still, it is full of a rare commodity, modern jazz singing. There isn't much on record yet. Just the three mentioned above. Annie Ross has been signed by World-Pacific following her recent rise in popularity, and undoubtedly will have some lps forthcoming. After that, who knows? Perhaps someone will rediscover and start recording Pleasure again. Whatever happens, the public has been exposed to the genuine article, and it is unlikely that it will ever again accept the Swing-era canaries as jazz-singers.

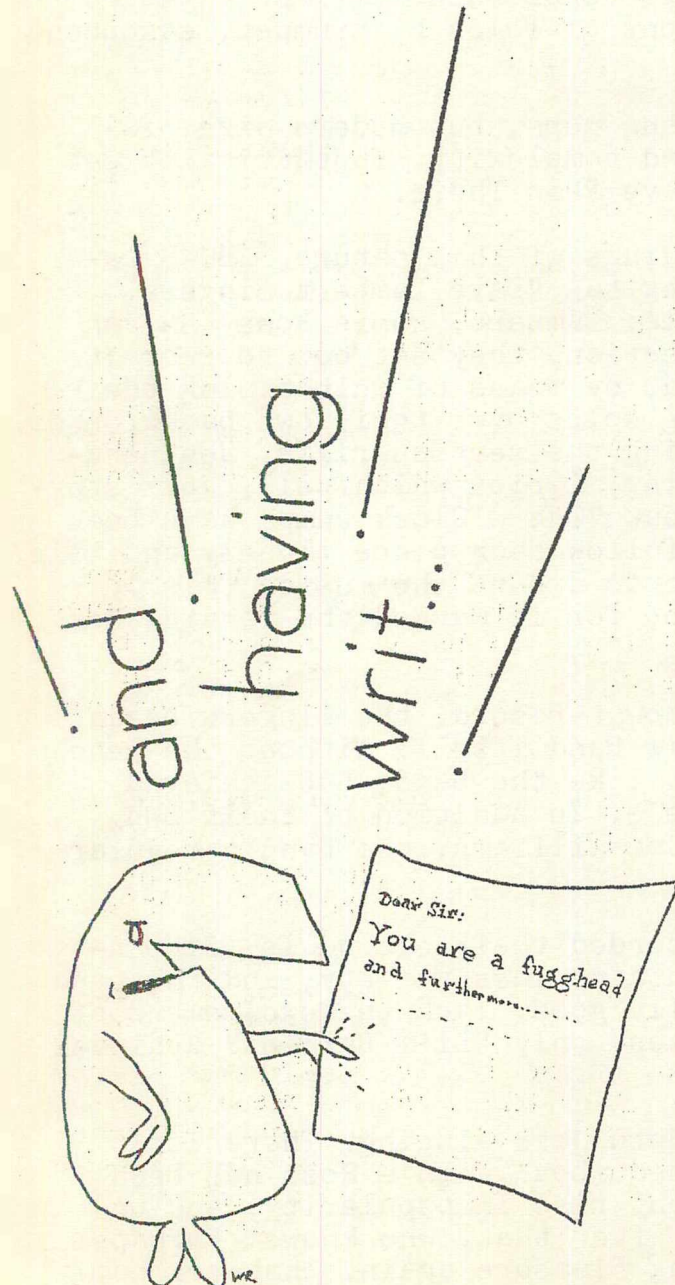
letters

JOHN HITCHCOCK: Let me urge you to go back to your old policy ("old"--up to G 27). I agree that Terry Carr is fandom's present foremost practitioner of Insurgent Humor. I appreciate the beard-stroking subtleties of your Satire on I.H. style. I comprehend that, in one way, I, along with most of your readers, have been taken in by this Subtle Satire. But since you've shown the ability to write good, funny Insurgent Humor--the ability to make me laugh uproariously in much the same way C. Harris, W. Willis, and the now-defunct C. Brandon did--I'd like to see you produce more of it. Above all, I don't want to see GAMBIT descend from a zine to a journal of Keen Analysis and Introspective Philosophy (with or without caps.) ((Dear me...it seems you took my droll jesting seriously again... Please note that the full phrase was "Ted White, Keen Analyst and Introspective Philosopher (Part-Time Humorist Only)". You must allow me my little excentricities of serious thought. Why, even Terry Carr occasionally takes of from humor to lecture on Why We Can't Know Anything About The Universe...and I too have my foibles--like not wanting to turn out humor like a machine, but preferring to wait for an occasional inspiration. You dig?))

I must assume that the first product of this new dedication to Keen Analysis and Introspective Philosophy is the depressing amount of space given to the WSFS feuding in both G 27 and 28. I had all along been privately congratulating you for keeping out of it. Why don't we all just keep quiet and let this thing run its course (have you considered where this course might lead?), then sum it up after the participants have gotten too tired or too disillusioned to bother swinging back? ((You mean, wait till they're down before I hit them? Seriously, I don't consider 2-1/2 pages out of fourteen a "depressing amount of space," nor was it the product of any 'new order'. Those two and a half pages were exactly the sort of stuff I was writing back in the original GAFIA--though perhaps a bit better, I might hope.))

The conreport was only mildly interesting. It could have been shorter, I think, and it could have gotten across the atmosphere and the spirit of the conclave (if there was any) much more effectively. Perhaps this is just personal prejudice, but I've never been wildly enamored of the popular conreport style of practically printing your notes verbatim. ((I didn't take any notes.)) I don't want to hear about what everyone did, nor even how they did it. I want to feel how. ((You shoulda been there.)) A conreport that gives me that feeling I enjoy. All others, unless very well written, tend to be boring.

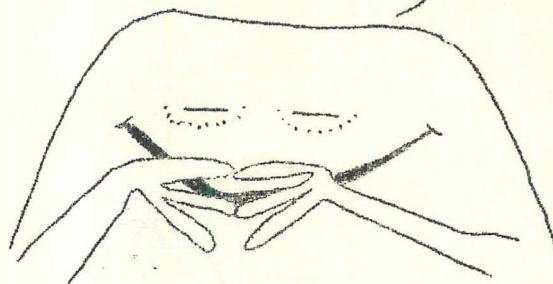
So I thank you for all three GAMBITS, but I liked #26 best. Unfortunate that you can't give out much egoboo for something as light as that (which is why I usually shut up and don't write letters), but even if I can't make you feel it, I want you to know I appreciated your adventure into Insurgent Humor very much--indeed as much as I've appreciated anything this year in fandom. So there. [206 West 92nd St., Rm. 5B1, New York 25, New York]



DON FORD: GAMBITs #26,27,28 arrived, today. Thank you. Enjoyed your views.

HEEHEEHEE!

The thing that sparked off this letter was your comments in #28 regarding Inchmerry Fandom. Well spoken. However, don't forget one thing: they make a good basis of determining whether your own viewpoints are correct on any given subject: if they're opposite yours, then you know you are correct in your thinking. After all they are the World experts on American fandom in all its aspects.



Season's Greetings to both you and Sylvia. ((This is a good time to thank all you people out there in fanzine land for your christmas cards. As of this writing (too damn close to Christmas), I haven't done anything about cards, because a thought has persisted in the back of my mind about doing up our own. So if I've procrastinated too long, let me herewith wish all of you indeed a Merry Christmas, and my hopes that 1959 will be your best year yet!)) Box 19-T, RR#2, Wards Corner Rd., Loveland, Ohio,

JOHN CHAMPION: Met an old buddy of yours t'other day--actually I've known him ever since I came here; he was a sophomore then and lives in Fleming House right down the hall. I even found out he was from Falls Church but never got around to asking if he knew you. Anyway, one night we were talking about pornography and he mentioned this old highschool friend of his who published these little mimeed porno leaflets--"when he wasn't publishing fanzines." I double-took--"You mean Ted White?" "Yeah, Ted White; how'd you know?" I described meeting you at the con, your present state, what I could. He asked if you'd gotten a sportscar, and I told him about the Jag. He wasn't surprised to hear about your beard, but was surprised about you getting married. And so forth. So one of these days watch out or I will come out with a small mimeed pamphlet entitled THE SECRET PAST OF TED WHITE which will reveal all your hidden past. Oh, I forgot to mention his name--Steve Stephens. About six feet, average build, light brown hair, glasses, pronounced drawl. He said to say hello. "Good old Ted White," he said. (And thus my carefully hidden criminal past catches up on me...Gad, the coincidences involved in that meeting...!)

The other night, Trenholme and I were sitting in Steve's room. I was trying to work partial differentiation problems, Trollhole was attempting to read a copy of Amerika (the American Propagandazine for Russians--like U.S.S.R. in reverse), and Steve was alternately working problems for me or translating Russian words for Trollhole. Somehow we got to talking about Ted White.

"You know," Steve said, "It's a funny thing. I had heard of Ted White before I came to Caltech. So had you," he said, pointing at me. He turned to Trollhole. "Tell me, Trollhole. Had you heard of Ted White before you came to this hole?"

"I'd seen the name mentioned in a fanzine or two," said he.

"Just think of it," Steve pondered. "None of us had ever heard of each other before we came here. You didn't know I existed, and vice versa. Yet we had all heard of Ted White. It's fantastic."

"Ted White gets around," I commented.

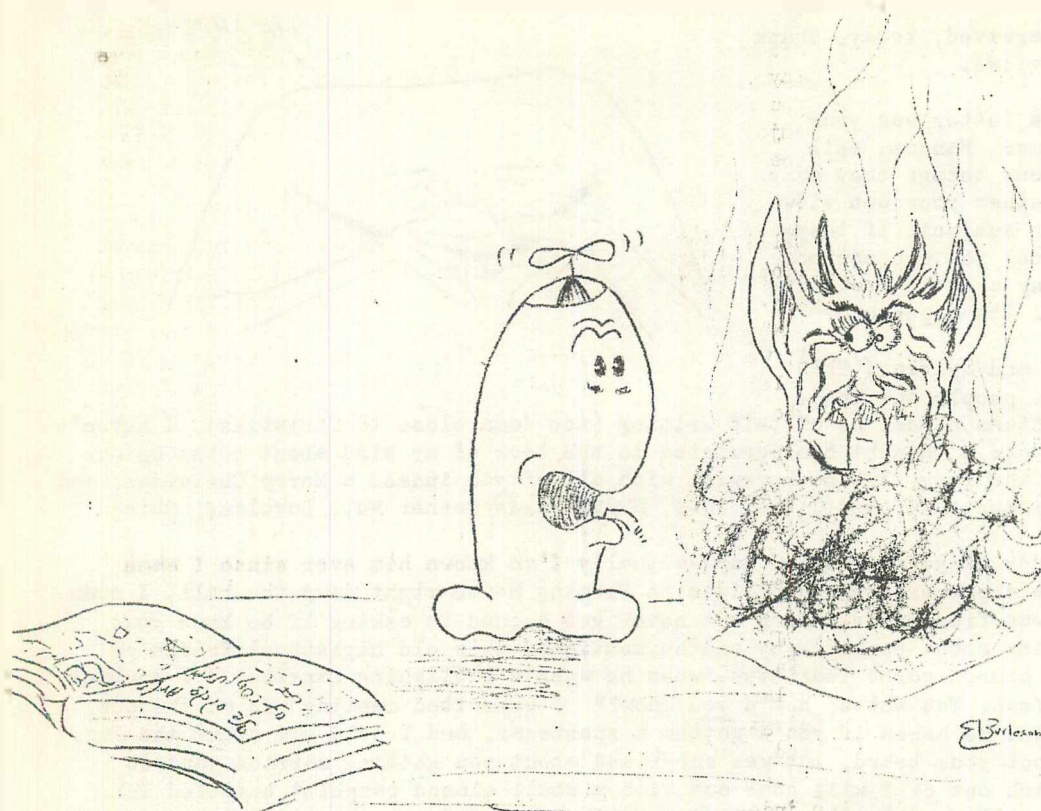
"Or else," said Trollhole, "Ted White is manipulating our destinies for his own purposes. Perhaps he's really God."

"Why," I said, "maybe we're all characters in a Ted White story being pushed around for mysterious purposes known only to Ted White. In the end of the story we'll all be destroyed in a burst of pure energy."

"Or else we'll all be turned into bagels," said Trollhole.

Which ended that.

Since writing last, I've acquired the new Columbia WL127 MODERN JAZZ CONCERT, consisting of the music recorded recently at Brandeis University as a sort of experimental thing. Quite interesting and enjoyable. You've probably seen reviews if you haven't the record itself (see "The New Sounds" this); as they say, it's hardly jazz. I'd say it's more like modern serious (i.e. "classical") stuff arranged in jazz form, like some of Hamilton's things which Katz arranged, or some of (John) Lewis' more far-out arrangements, such as "Fontessa". ((Actually, I consider over half that lp pure jazz. If you liked it, or dug the old Norgran (now Verve) MODERN JAZZ SOCIETY lp, which consisted of material by John Lewis in orchestrated form, you'll really enjoy Lewis' new EUROPEAN WINDOWS lp on RCA Victor with the Stuttgart Symphony Orchestra. Again the question, "Is it jazz?", but whatever the answer, it's very good music--and that's my sole criterion for enjoyment..)) Fleming House, 1301 E. California, Pasadena, California.



"...YOU HEARD OF ANYONE CALLED GHU?"

WALT WILLIS: It seems an awfully long time since I wrote to you; in fact I can't even remember when I did. (We went at it pretty frenetically in 1955...) Though I have thought of writing to you so many times that I subconsciously think of you as a regular correspondent.

Well, first, heartiest congratulations on your marriage. I hope you'll both be hectically happy. I don't know what's going to happen to fandom with all this inbreeding, but I can recommend science fiction fans as wives. And not just because they're understanding about little things like mimeo ink on the carpet. The only suggestion I make is that you come to some firm agreement about who's allowed to open the mail.

Thanks for GAMBIT. I don't blame you for that admonitory check mark on the wrapper; in fact I'm grateful

to you for keeping me on the mailing list all during that long gafia of mine. Those fine fanzines of yours helped to keep the fannish embers smouldering.

All of a sudden everyone's starting to write like Burbee, except Burbee, but the editorial stuff was fine nonetheless. Loved that bit about Uncle Harlan. (Around here, we regard Ol' Harl as the patron saint of backbreaking fanac conducted over a leisurely period of time...) That bit about the fillers reminds me of Laney's famous remark, "It's not good enough for an interlineation, we'd better make an article out of it."

Parker was good. He's improved a great deal since he was somewhere's answer to Robert Bloch. The way his piece breaks off there reminds me of tv commercials. Not that I've ever seen one--since 1952--commercial television has not yet penetrated these remote fastnesses, but often in US tv films on the BBC I notice a brief hiatus and think, ah that's the commercial that was.

I liked the letter section almost better than the editorial, mainly because there's more of it. Bless that little varityper of yours--that's just the shrt of font I searched for vainly for years, and for the same purpose. (Alas, I fear the bearer of this micro-elite type is but an L.C.Smythe, of fairly recent vintage, its only other outstanding virtue being a .20-inch carriage...) Interesting to see that Terry Carr says that too about SG having been an amicable convention; maybe it marks the end of the era of bad blood. // Was amused to see Redd Boggs asking who the Falascas were. I'll bet they're surprised. I wonder if they knew who Redd Boggs was. // I'm inclined to side more with Redd in this matter of incentives...there is more too it than egoboo; there is the wish to communicate, to give pleasure and simply to create, all of which can exist in the absense of response...though admittedly not so fully. For instance I have written pieces which gave me as much sustaining pleasure as anything I've done even though they were virtually ignored. I'm thinking particularly of a parody of Burbee I did in FAPA once. (I believe I remember that...a commentary on being called a Fabulous Burbee-like Character, wasn't it? In PAMPHREY? I read it several years ago, but still remember it with enjoyment.)

All for now. I know this isn't a very bright letter, but I just wanted to let you know that I DO wish to keep getting GAMBIT, etc. [170 Upper N'ards Rd., Belfast, North Ireland]

NOREEN FALASCA: Your piteous plea for correspondence to cheer the heart of a faned has moved even me to action. Dry your eyes, boy, and hush your sobs; a letter od comment on GAMBIT follows. First, let me thank you for keeping us on the mailing list, even though we've been more than lax with the comments. We enjoy all the Whitezines muchly, and since your ideas on jazz and fandom and like that pretty well agree with ours, we find ourselves nodding when we read your stuff and murmuring, "yes, man, yes."

I note that in the lettercolumn in #25 that Ron Ellik is feeling all kinds of shame that you quoted him so accurately on the snow job he did on us about Brandon. (I rather think he was mostly unhappy about the words I quoted him as using. As you know, and I know, but Ron hopes no one else in the audience knows, Ron has a colorful vocabulary which was probably not crippled by his sojourn in the Marine Corps...) Ron, you don't have to feel bad at all; we have discovered one or two things about the Brandon Bit that might clear Your Good Name with us. Yes, there is more to come on Brandon. (And for a parcel of that "more", I suggest that everyone who hasn't get out and dig a copy of THE DEVIL'S MOTOR BOAT #1 from the Falascas; like, now.)

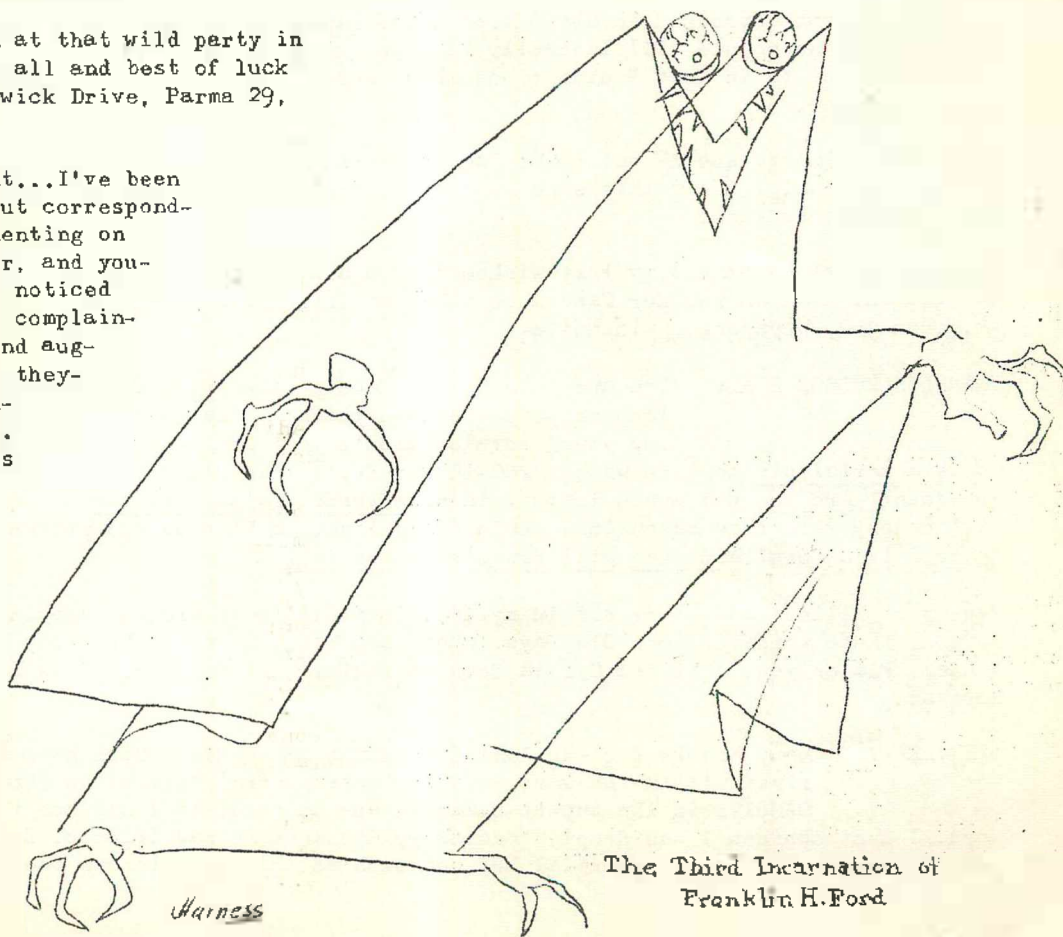
And now to a subject that touched me deeply. I refer to Redd Boggs' quote in #25, "Who are the Falascas? Could Mrs. F be the lady poet Ellison used to feature in his rag four or five years ago?"

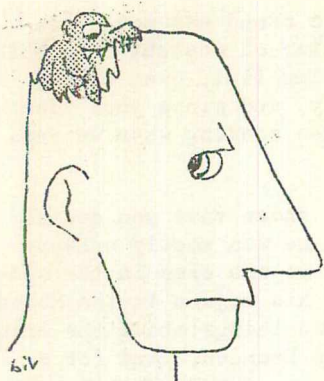
Mr. Boggs, suh, there are certain things no gentleman would ever discuss about a lady's past. I mean, there is such a thing as honor among fans and all that. I have tried to the best of my ability to go straight and live down my errors, but every time I think people have forgotten, along comes some historian who says, in loud ringing tones, "Noreen Falasca used to be a "lady poet" for Ellison." I do, however, thank Redd very kindly for calling me a lady. That's about 100 degrees better than most of what I've been called lately and it makes me feel glad all over. Now that it's out in the open about my Dinwiddie past, I ask all of you to forgive and forget and let me start over.

"Who are the Falascas?" is a very good question indeed. It ranks with "What is Truth?" "What is Beauty?" "Who is Redd Boggs?" Will someone out there in the ranks please step forward and identify us as the editors of the to-be-run-off-this-week-zine, "The Devil's Motorboat." If it doesn't answer Redd's question, at least it may compound the mystery.

Had fun with your wild crowd at that wild party in Philly last week. Regards to all and best of luck to you and Sylvia. 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio

ROBERT BLOCH: You are right...I've been very lax about corresponding and commenting on fanzines during the past year, and you're not the only one who has noticed it; the local post office is complaining that unless I hurry up and augment my daily contributions, they'll be reclassified and downgraded due to lack of volume. (I think they're a 10th Class Postoffice now and are afraid of becoming an 11th; at one time they were a 9th Class outfit, and then a Postal Inspector came around and discovered that they had been selling stamps to Democrats, so they lost rank. However, since the recent elections things may change--now that Pope John is in, almost anything can happen. Or am I confused? Don't answer that; even my psychiatrist won't tell me).





As a matter of fact, even this note isn't so much a letter of comment on GAMBIT or your FAPA material as it is an opportunity for me to offer you my congratulations.

1958 will always rank in your memory as a Big Year--perhaps the decisive year of your entire life. Take it from one who has been around a long while; nothing changes a man like assuming the responsibilities of Official Editor of FAPA.

I also hear something about you getting married. Well, I've no objections to that; providing, of course, that it doesn't interfere with your official duties. We in fandom are, by and large, a very tolerant lot, and as far as I'm concerned, some of my best friends are married. I'm sure that if you put an honest face on the matter and explain to fandom at large that you are marrying this young woman solely because you've admired her impeccable reproduction of fanzines and hope to make use of her abilities in furthering your fannish career, there will be little real bitterness. As for myself, I can understand your motives

and I assure you that I will defend your decision.

As a matter of fact, I rather like Sylvia, from what little I've seen of her (which was about 12 seconds, before you enveloped her in your bat-wings and spirited her away to safety). I admit that at first I was a trifle disappointed in seeing a lovely young girl, since I'd been hoping she was a hoax and that Sylvia Dees was really a 200-lb. six-foot, baldheaded male. But now that I reflect on it, maybe things will work out better this way--don't you agree? On the other hand, now you can never write a screenplay entitled I MARRIED A HOAX FROM OUTER FLORIDA. Still, I suppose money isn't everything. I mean, there's always diamonds, oil wells and other values in life to consider.

FM Busby and several others remark on the way paths differ at Conventions; the Solacon was no exception, and I too am sorry that the winding trail I followed (watch that last phrase for types, please!) led me from Santa Monica up to the San Fernando Valley but seldom crossed or paralleled yours. Still, I assume you had a fairly good time out there, and various people have assured me that I did, too. As was the case in San Francisco, the thing that most impressed me about West Coast Fandom is its wonderful hospitality--those people will literally kill you with kindness, and it's still a marvel to me that I didn't end up at Forest Lawn before the Convention was ended.

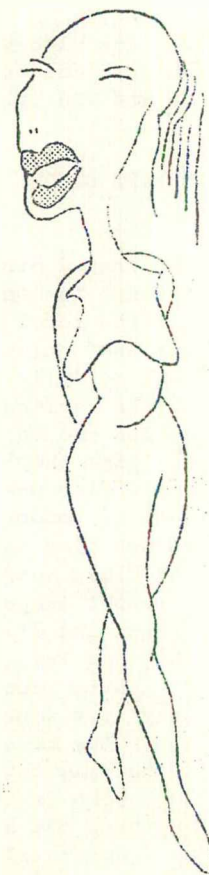
I was also glad to see 19 out of 65 FAPA members present; better than 25% of the membership. Isn't this some kind of record? You're a record-collector; you ought to know.

Seriously, let me extend my best wishes to you and to Sylvia. And if you two get any data on whether Fandom is a Way of Life, clue me in, will you? [P.O.Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin]

FRANKLIN HUDSON FORD: You and this Sylvia Dees person are going to extreme lengths to perpetuate the hoax that she is a ravishing young female, aren't you? Don't you realize that it is a mortal sin to live with a 200-lb six-foot, baldheaded male as you are doing? Are you not aware that it is an offense against the law to commit sodomy with this masculine creature who lived in Florida and pretended to be Sylvia Dees? And what will Bruce's mother say?

Fans just killed each other off in my day. They didn't go around marrying hoaxes. Those were the Good Old Days, when fans had a Sense of Propriety and Wonder. Pic on you. I'll bet Sylvia Dees is really Carl Brandon. [Boys Town, Nebraska]

JOHN BERRY: Many thanks for the last few issues of GAMBIT, which have arrived within the last week. My main general comment on these GAMBITS is the superb neatness and sparkle, if I may use that word. I must confess I was deeply touched by the Kent Moomaw Tribute. Can it really be true that this potential BNF met such an end? Remembering the Willis



and Tucker Death Hoaxes, I'm still not really convinced yet of his demise, but if it is true (and it surely must be--no one would organise a hoax of that magnitude) it is a great loss to fandom. You produced a moving memorial to him.

Really sincere congrats to you and Sylvia on your forthcoming nuptials. Please forgive the pen; but at long last the Shaw-Berry Typer has bust--kaput--broken--. So I am forced to revert to this most unfannish medium. (Actually, your handwriting is quite easily readable...) [31, Campbell Pk. Ave., Belmont, Belfast, North Ireland]

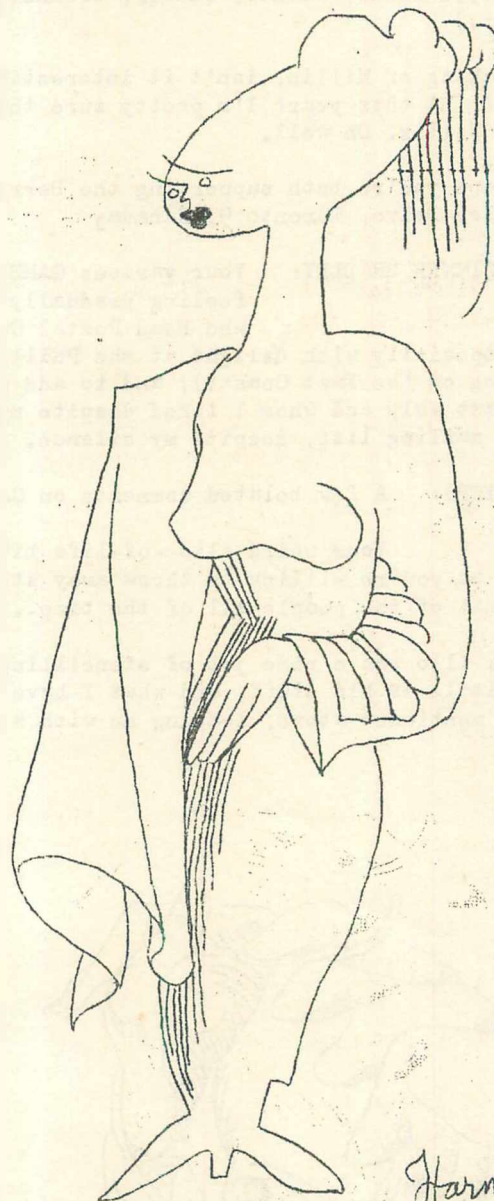
BOYD RAEURN: Tomorrow, before you receive this letter, I presume you will be married, provided Richard H. Ensey, with fiendish chuckle and leering curling mustachios (and a beard, now too) does not abduct the blushing bride. I received an invitation to the wedding from Sylvia's parents, but as no return address was given I was unable to write expressing thanks and deep regrets at being unable to attend, so please pass on my thanks and regrets. Gad, Ted White married! What is fandom coming to next? Naturally I hope you will be madly happy and produce many happy fanzines together and all that sort of thing.

Enjoyed the GAMBITs, although croggled by the way you seem to have returned from LA with the Terry Carr anecdote style down pat. The similarity at times is a bit too much. I'm not saying you consciously copied his style (no, but you could)--after all, it isn't original with Terry. The Monk article is very good. I really enjoyed this. If this is the sort of stuff you are going to write on jazz, more power to you. I particularly like the bit about Monk now being one of the "accepted" and "approved" and hope he doesn't go the way of Brubeck as a result. I still enjoy the early Brubeck as much as ever, but just can't find any interest in the records he has made the last few years, since he moved to Columbia, and the last time I saw him in a concert--and it was some time ago--it was all pretty nothing. Whereas in his "golden era" a friend and I went to Chicago just to hear him again after he had been in Toronto, and found the evening fully worth the trip.

Interested to note a letter from George Spencer. I thought he had gafiated. He's still on the fringes, huh? (When he can snatch time from college work...)

I can't see the reason for your ill-tempered reply to Coulson. His point regarding signatures on TAFF ballots seems quite sound. (I just got fed up at that point with people who keep thinking the worst of fans and making them out to be undisciplined schnooks with no ethics or like that. My real point was that if fans are really that bad, that they'd cheat towards such petty ends, then no amount of regulations will stop them; there are always ways for those who seek them. Unlike Coulson, I don't think every fan would steal his aging grandmother's gold fillings for the loot to buy the latest ASF. The abuses to be found in past TAFF affairs have not come from active (publishing) fandom, but largely from a few unscupulous nominees who knew and cared little for the traditions of fandom, and from unsuspected fringe-fans whom they duped. Once you are aware of such people, it is easy enough to circumvent them. They compose a very small minority in fandom, and to indentify them with fandom, as I felt Coulson was, is a pretty cheap trick on fandom as a whole.)

Boy, I'll say you were no shy rosebud at the Solacon. (See, F.M.? I tole you. Just ask Boyd, I said.)



"It...just wouldn't work" is not a very satisfactory explanation of what was wrong with your fuel pump. Why didn't you insist on a precise explanation--and get back the defective pump. Now the cat will probably fix it and sell it. Could be the points were gone. (Manhattan Auto, the people who supplied the "service", is not a very satisfactory organization...!) This happened to mine on the way home from the Midwestcon last year--it went south of Toledo, and all the rest of the way home we had to keep banging with the hub hammer in the region of the pump to make it work. Gad, that seems to cover all the checkmarks I have on the various GAMBITs, I did enjoy them all though, and hope you keep on sending the stuff as well as putting it out. Now must stop and do some work on A BAS which is coming along slowly. It looks as though it might be a good issue after all--have some pretty fair material...Willis, Warner, Tucker, Grennell--the usual gang. (Willis will probably plunge all fandom into war.)

And speaking of Willis, isn't it interesting to learn that but for GMC we would probably have seen Willis in LA this year? I'm pretty sure that the dear old b***h will blast out in the next GZ bawling out Willis. Oh well.

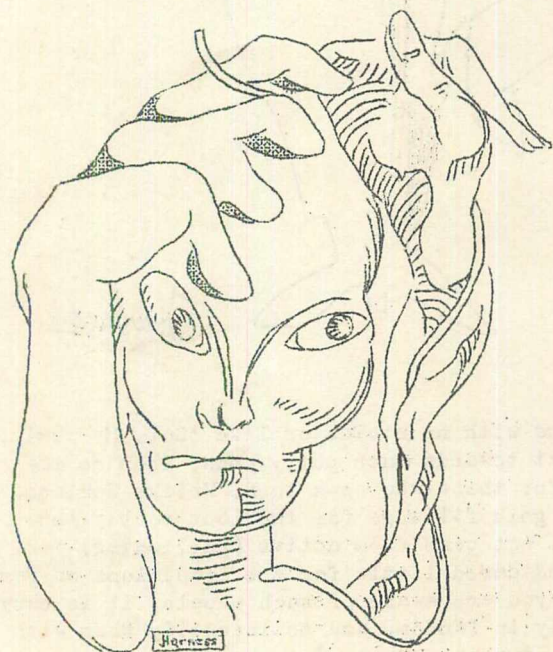
PS: I hope you're both supporting the Berry to Detention fund, with cash as well as good wishes. [9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada]

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY: Your various GAMBITs have been received, but I've been in the hospital and feeling gradually more and more like h-(censored for the benefit of people who Read Postal Cards)-l. So I'll merely acknowledge the whole stack of them, especially with delight at the Phillycon report, which sounded like fun (so that's what FJA was doing on the East Coast!), and to add my shock and sympathy about the death of Kent Moomaw, whom I met last July and whom I liked despite my fannish snarls at him. I've appreciated your keeping me on your mailing list, despite my silence. [Box 246, Rochester, Texas]

BILL MEYERS: A few belated comments on GAMBIT 25:

Your weird slice-of-life bits are getting rather tiresome by now, but I can take it as long as you're willing to throw away stencils, ink and paper on publishing such fluff. (You can't please all of the people all of the time...)

The Monk illo was a nice job of stencilling. The text, itself, I was not interested in, since I've heard little of his stuff, and what I have heard impresses me in the same manner as these sterling fillers mentioned above, leaving me with a feeling of--to coin a phrase--wothell. I mean, you may get your jollies from it, but I sure don't. (You can't please all of the people all of the time...)



The letters were all interesting and well edited. I wonder if you're "baiting" Buck Coulson in the same manner in which the Berkeley Bhoys claim to be doing with you? You do seem to be a bit prejudiced as to whom you award your snide editorial insertions, Coulson on the receiving end of most of them. He and you have your differences but most of his comments he makes which you give the appearance as being aggravating (???) are no worse than a lot of others found in the same letter column that are left untouched. (You can't aggravate all of the people all of the time...)

Though it probably doesn't sound like it, I do enjoy GAMBIT very much. Not in the same manner as a VARIOSCO, or an INNUENDO, but as an enjoyable communication from Ted White.

The cartoons were particularly good this time, too...

PS: And--yeah, Meyers, get with it!--congratulations on your marriage. Best wishes to you and Sylvia. [4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tenn.]

DICK ELLINGTON: Just a note to say tks. for the missing file copy--and also, because I don't think I have yet, say congrats to you and Sylvia. Watch for more

stuff on Metrocon and hope you people will come up--promises to be a noisy gas. (Like, we'll be there, man!) P.O.Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, N.Y.]

GREG BENFORD: Ghod! Just looked through the stack of Balto stuff I have, and it is easily 1/4 of my fanzines of late. You trying to become a publishing giant or something?

The latest GAMBIT arrived today, and I wish you'd cut down on the semi-Insurgent manner of humorous writing, since it dulls the barb slightly to have it repeated three or four dozen times per issue. GAMBIT 25 has a nice, symbolic cover. Editorial is example of what I mean--condense, cut out the not-as-good-as-the-rest stuff. (Brisk criticism, uh?) Parker's bit good, but a bit loooooong. New Sounds...didn't read it. So snub me. By the way, I think I detect a note of personality-type-writing, in the short Insurgent humor bits, without the real distinct personality to write about. (Have you ever met Parker?) Um. I seem to run you down more than I should, though, for these bits are quite good in places.

The letters are always the best part of the zine. I think people are writing better letters than articles, stories, etc. I wonder--do you second-draft your letters? Like, it would not surprise me. (No.) Yes, Kent was at the composition of CCR. He typed it all on the back of a letter I'd just received from him a few days before, which is about as faaanish as you can get. Looking at this issue, I wonder if you've been reading Dean Grennell's statement in some old fmz about the popularity of a zine being directly proportional to the number of fan names in it. Good, good, good. (Now you've gone and exposed The Secret!) P10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas]

JIM CAUGHRAN: You'll have to excuse my tardiness in commenting on these GAMBITs, etc--I'm still two weeks behind on the mail, though I've been working like a dog during vacation. Yesterday I was four weeks behind.

Tomorrow you get married. We discussed going to the wedding, thinking it would shock you out of your beard (if you're wearing one at the moment) (just a moustache) to have us show up at the wedding, arms outstretched to kiss the bride, but decided we couldn't afford the ten days it would take to get there and back--plus the two weeks it would take afterwards recuperating. Congratulations anyway.

I like this sort of pointless conversation that you've got all the way through these things--not awfully commentable, but darned worth reading. (Mr. Caughran, meet Mr. Benford.) I almost started a letter substitute to catch up on the mail, but decided I would rather write in person. Which I'm doing now.

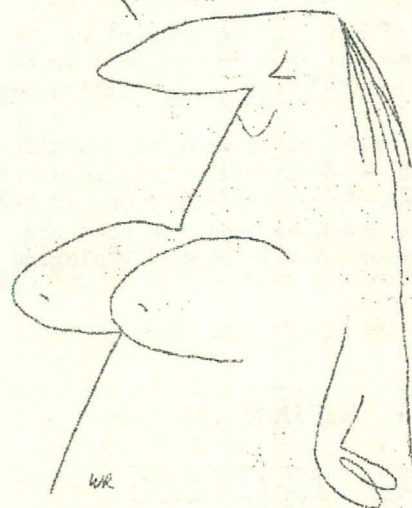
Bjo's signature on the Terry Carr thing is laughable ... Mine is illegible. You shouldn't have had people sign it all fagged out from a convention ... By golly, a letter from me peeping out here! This surprised me--I hadn't even remembered I'd written you anything ... (You don't remember sending us about a card every other day...?)

All I remember about the one time I was in Baltimore (about a year before I became a fan, at 12) were the rows of monotonous apts., no variety for blocks and blocks--I'd hate to come home there after a drink or so too many--like after I left Burbee's last weekend, with homebrew. Djinn and I walked as uneven lines as I've seen, if I'd been able to see. Ellik is a teetotaler, and Burbee drank about twice as much as the rest of us together, and was still unaffected. P2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif.]

G.M.CARR: GAMBIT 25 rec'd. Thanks. Much enjoyed in preliminary perusal although I see nothing on which to base an argument this time. Must be love... If so, I'm all for it, even if it does interfere with my feuding. Congratulations and best wishes to you and Sylvia, and I withhold all indelicate remarks about future productions from two of the most outstanding ampubbers in current fandom. Grandmotherishly, GMC P5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington]

JACK HARNESS. (excerpt): Have read and enjoyed GAMBITs and STELLARs and such. Amusing to see Terry Carr depreciate the writing style in GAMBIT when it is simply a prolongation of his own style. P/o HASI, 971 S. Westmoreland Ave, Los Angeles 6, Calif.]

WHAT ELSE DOES
A SMART GIRL
NEED?



TED PAULS: Well, this morning when I finally awakened I thought I had a SAPS mailing in six chapters (or something). Seriously, I did think the faneds had finally decided that my money was as good as anyone's, so I picked up the first envelope. Seeing your return address I thought I had some GAMBITs, but upon opening it I discovered (to my joy) STELLAR. Turning to the second manila envelope, I again noticed "Ted White" in the corner. When I got to envelope #7 I wasn't even bothering to look at return addresses, just laughing with glee over my growing pile of STELLARs. Turns out #7 was from Elinor Poland, but that's another story.

Wish I had time to comment on every piece in every ish, but I don't think we'd live through it. I mean, old age is creeping up on both of us. Anyway, you are thanked; a million times, and you can be sure of receiving all of my publications (aren't I an ingrate?)

Gawd, that color work is beautiful! I was trying to compare STELLAR #1 with Chula, but I can't even think of CHULA while looking at STELLAR. While on that track, did you notice Ronel calling CHULA & HI "Quasi-White fanzines". One of us (namely you) should be insulted. (I think we can afford to let it pass. Remember that Ron chatters a good deal about nothing, as it were...(and see, Ron, no direct references to your rather biologically unusual ancestry, either...!)) [1448 Meridene Drive, Balto 12, Md.]

ROBERT MADLE: Thanks very much for all of the issues of GAMBIT. They are always interesting--and it is nice to read about such people as Dick Eney, Bob Pavlat, John Magnus, and my other good friends from the Washington D.C. area. Sure did hate to leave the D.C. area--and, in some ways I wish I hadn't.

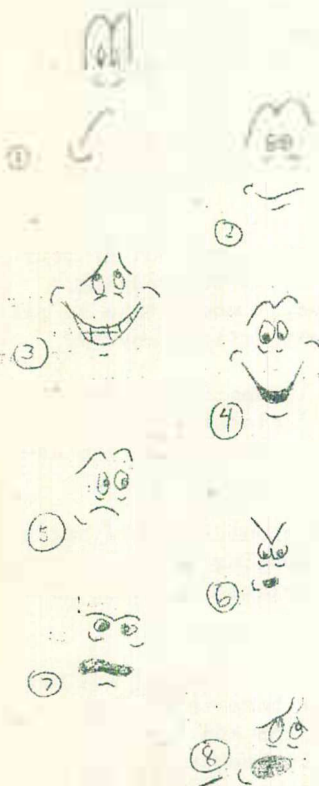
Incidentally, thanks for the kind words anent TAFF and the auction at the Midwestcon (GAFFA #9). The total pulled in was \$37.50 and this amount cinched TAFF's 1958 success as it enabled me to send \$210.00 off for Ron Bennett's return ticket. On the subject of auctions for TAFF, I have written to the Detroit gang requesting them to have another Auction-Bloch for TAFF come next September. This will be especially neccessary as TAFF is going to have to compete with the Berry Fund this year. And, as you know, we are starting from scratch.

This letter (which is handwritten) is being written from Fort Knox, the present home of Harlan Ellison, as well as a lot of gold. I was here two weeks ago and tried to get in touch with Harlan, but with no success. Seems like he was never around his area when I called, and my messages did not get to him. This time I wrote in advance. So--I called his organization today and was informed that he is in New York on furlough! [3608 Caroline Ave., Indianapolis 18, Indiana]

JOHN TRIMBLE: (November 14) Went over to pick up my mail this morning, and found GAMBIT 23, 24, 24-1/2, 24.6 awaiting me. Since this three day break business has been on, I've been having a blast at fanac almost. Nice of the Air Farce to decide to co-operate for once. Of course, I think that if they knew they were helping, they'd find some way to stop it.

Reading about Ron Parker's anecdotes re the Army again brings on that feeling that I should have picked some other service than the Air Force in which to put my time and get it over with. The AF is so prosaic. Our basic training is a laugh, and life is so unregimented in comparison with the USMC, Army, etc. Of course, it's still the military, which makes it sit not at all well with anyone who wants to be able to do his own thinking, and living, and eating--yes, even eating. This last is on my mind, since I just returned from the midday meal, if it could be called that. They served us what passed for steak. We've been having steak quite often lately, which leads me to believe that some nearby rancher has liquidated his herd of horses. I could almost swear that I heard my "steak" whinny when I bent my fork on it.

MR. CARR'S FACE KRITTERS



THE TROUBLE IS THAT I
CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING
TO SAY.

It's rather a switch, an abrupt one. I mean, to go from the above to Kent Moomaw's death, but here I am. I never met Kent, nor did I correspond with him. In fact, I haven't even read much of what he contributed to fandom. I do know that even those who felt a dislike for him had a high regard for him as an individual and a fan, which speaks well of him, to my mind.

I feel a sorrow at his death which I feel might be attributed to my philosophy that no man is an island. I don't think it could be much else, as re the above, and the fact that I regard fans as a group of people separated from the conforming mass only by their vocal urge, and what might be called a sublimated conforming urge. Fans are gregarious, without being conformist, while being non-conformist without making a religion of it.

I'm sorry to hear of his passing, not only because his death diminishes me, but because we're all poorer for it--even those who knew him not.

(November 27) And so here I sit at Ellick's in Berkeley. I'm getting to be a travelling giant, or could be if I tried; LA last weekend, Arizona for two days, and now Berkeley yesterday and today, then back to the base tomorrow. Gee, I enjoy this sort of thing, even if I do get airsick. (Airsick? and you in the Air Farce? Tch, tch...)

GAMBIT 25 arrived one of those days I was in Arizona, and so I decided that I should get off a letter of comment sort of thing, or at least let you know I'm alive and kicking. Ellick's place has a very fannish air, so why not...

Noticed, or heard of, a few fans here and there grotching at your habit of including longish conversational bits in your fanzines. They seem to feel that this doesn't make for SIGNIFICANT fanac, etc. I disagree. This sort of thing gives me, at least, a great idea of BaltoFannish life. I can't say that it's a correct picture, but it's certainly vivid.

Ron Parker's "Adventures" struck me right off; kindred souls, or experiences, anyway. In line with that, I suppose, is my liking for "The New Sounds". What little knowledge of and contact with jazz which was mine has been wiped out by the some 3-1/2 years that I've spent in the good old Airy Farce among the rock 'n' roll and hill-billy addicts. So a column like yours really sits right with me, even if I don't possess the knowledge to critique the thing.

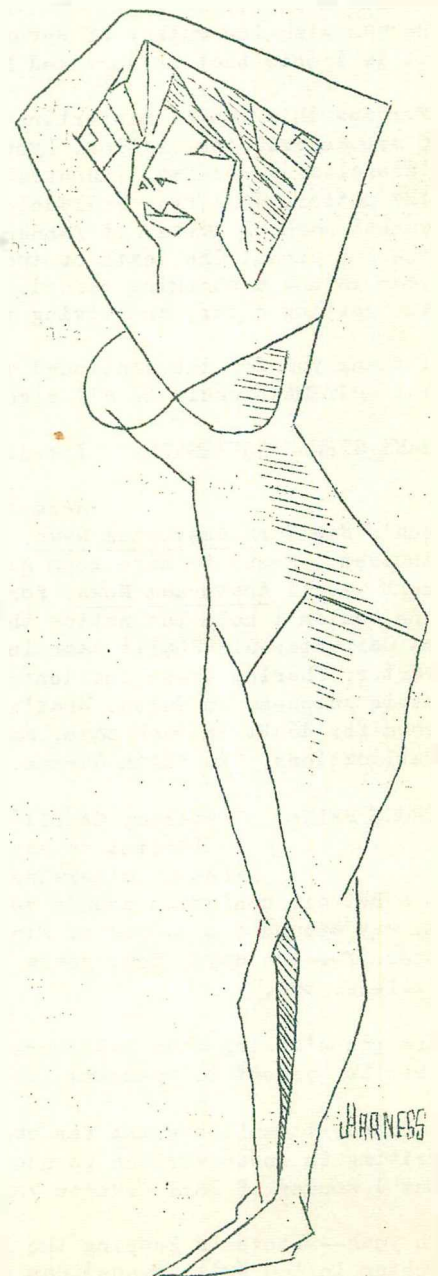
A possibly interesting sidelight here: I heard a very interesting Rhythm & Blues group (trio) recently at a Phoenix area club-restaurant, and I don't know whether it was the fact that they weren't bad, or just the lack of good jazz about, but I liked them. Heresy? (Not at all... Hell, I enjoyed a group of extroverted r&bbers at the Golden Nugget in Las Vegas--while Ron Bennett was cleaning up on a wheel of fortune...)

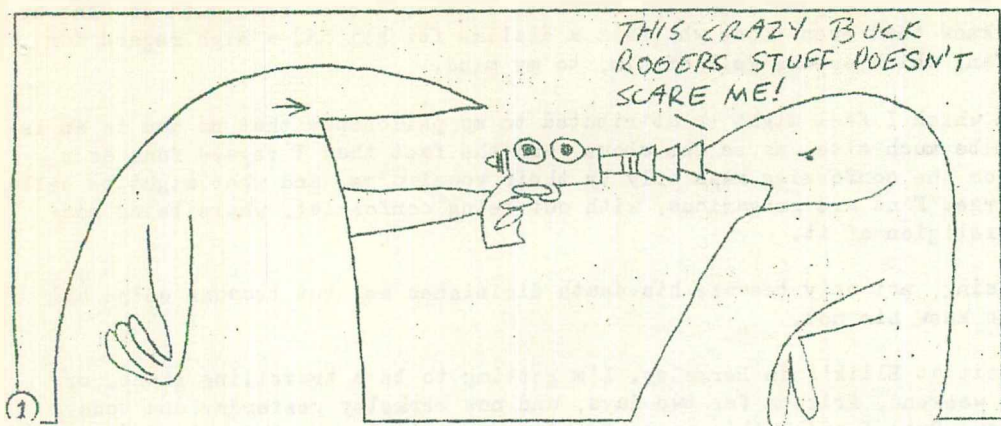
Observations in LA over the weekend: I don't know if it was the Solacon, pressure from Berkeley, or just a natural renaissance, but LA fandom is undergoing a revival. Really, acti-fandom is slowly rearing its ~~tail~~ head in SoCal. Rotsler is showing up around lasfs, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is/has reappeared, and will continue on a six-weekly basis under single editorship I'm told.

Say, if this is the effect that holding a con is going to begin to have on host-area fandoms, post-'60 D.C.-BaltoFandom will swamp all fandom, and unite the fan world. A single purpose, and... Let's not get carried away, eh?

H'mm, the M-key on this typer does stick; Caughran was right. Biggolly. Enuf. (I think fandom is undergoing a resurgence and renaissance on a national--world-wide--level. And I think this is one of the best damn things that could possibly happen. The dream of South Gate, and the virtual destruction thereof of the WSFS Monolith has done a good deal to wake droxsing fen, and to bring a new feeling of closeness and harmony. Or maybe I just feel good today...)

-John Trimble, A2c, HqSSec, CCTWing, Williams AFB, Arizona,





BOB TUCKER: I have an airmail from Ackerman, telling of the death of E. Everett Evans, in Los Angeles, On December 2nd. A series of strokes was the cause. Evans had just turned 65; he entered fandom at the 1940 Chicago convention, and often said that he met me there, although I couldn't recall him. (Evans was also a member of FAPA for a number of years, an early leader in the NJF, and the author of the "Little Miss" series which ran in OTHER

WORLDS a few years back, and which he had told me at a recent Midwestcon would soon be in book form. He was also the author of several stf books, and featured prominently in Laney's "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!"-- it is ironic that he survived Laney only by a few months. Ironic, but sad...)

Perhaps this run of misfortunes will end with the turn of the year; I think the numerals 1, 9, 5 and 8 are an evil combination. Lynn Hickman stopped here yesterday, and told of a reported death in Indianapolis: a neo-fan, I understand, named Ken Newman. He is trying to obtain reliable information on the matter. (And from Philadelphia comes the report of the recent death of a local fan... This is the surest mark, I guess, of fandom's age. Obituaries, I fear, will no longer be such seldom things in the fan press. The death of two (or three, counting EEEvans) pro's and four prominent fans in a single year is now a shocking record. But I fear it will in the next ten years be more common-place; fans are getting older, and living tensions are increasing. It's not a happy outlook, is it?)

I thank you for the continued mini-mailings, whatever you choose to call them. GAMBIT if you insist, but WHITEMAIL would be all right, too. [Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois]

HANS STEFAN SANTESSON: Immediate thanks for GAMBIT.

Here is the latest on the (Thelonious Monk arrest) situation, from this weekend's New York Amsterdam News, local weekly. Thought you'd also be interested in the Thelma Carpenter incident. Seems to have been quite a nasty affair, according to what I hear. (An editorial from the next week's Amsterdam News, forwarded by Hans, states, "Last week was a bad week for entertainers and one couldn't help but notice that in each case a mixed group or pair was involved. There was the Thelma Carpenter-Sid Shalit case in New York, the Thelonious Monk, Baroness Nica Rothschild De Koenigswarter, Charles Rouse incident in Delaware, the Billy Daniels rhubarb in Las Vegas and the Dizzy Gillespie subpoena in Tulsa. What's going on?" A rather good question, since there seems considerable room for doubt in each case, and two of the four mentioned are notable jazz figures...) [c/o King-Size Publications, 320 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York]

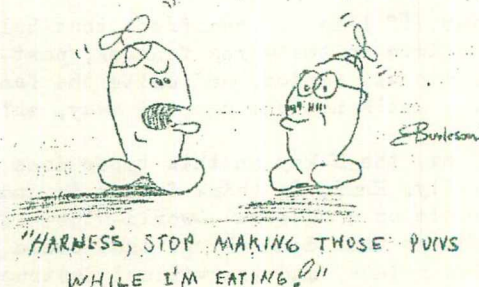
BRUCE PELZ: Yesterday GAMBIT 25 arrived, and prompted comments... Comment on "The New Sounds" will be limited to saying that Sylvia's drawing is remarkably good, but I do not dig jazz-- Monk or otherwise. Parker, however, I do dig.

His Belvoir confusion sounds very similar to my trying to find my way around the campus of Florida State U. after having been there for two days, four years previously. Keep Parker on the fillers, too.

Are you claiming that Baltimore has character--or characters? (Re the comment to Spencer.) (Come to think of it, both...)

Offhand, I can't see any fan casting multiple votes in TAFF by writing in under various pseudonyms--the idea sounds inane. But I wonder if Carl Brandon voted last year...?

Oh yeah--whoever's keeping the list of names supporting Washington in '60 (Bill Evans) can add mine to it. Has a con title

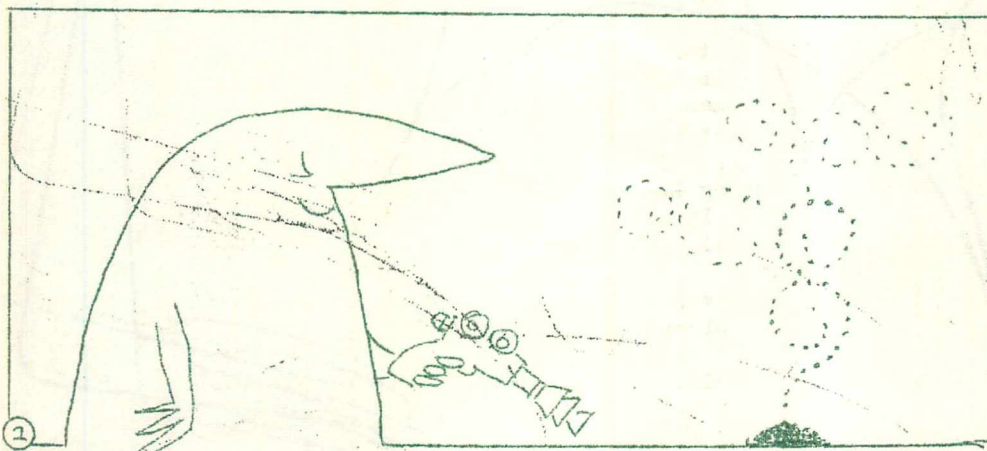


been selected? Seeing as it's the con of the decade, how about DeCon? (Sounds too much like Detroit, the title generally agreed on now is Capicon.) 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida;

TERRY CARR: About TAFF: I will do absolutely no campaigning myself. It would be unseemly. Any campaigning you see for me in FANAC will be done by Ben. The only thing I'll be doing to strengthen my position, as it were, in the TAFF race, is writing for more fanzines than I have been, and I'm halfway decided to do that anyway, after the CB hoax was exposed. I'm currently working on a loooooong (20,000 words or more) Solaconreport for publication somewhere in England, I hope. Have sent some Cult CB reprints to Foyd Raeburn and Bill Meyers to go under my name, have offered a column to CRY, and an article to MIMSY, plus column to SHAGGY. Have several ideas and need only time to write them up. (You know, it's a good thing you're just taking it easy on this TAFF bit...)

And of course you've heard by now that Ejo is also running. Perry Ackerman is her chief supporter to date. She wrote to Bloch asking if he'd sign, but he declined reluctantly on the grounds that he'd already signed to support me. Ejo herself signed that thing to support me at the con (which was printed in GAMBIT 23), but please don't make any comments on this, because, mainly, I asked her to sign it myself. She was the only person I actually asked to sign it and I certainly wouldn't want to hold it over her head. She'd make one hell of a fine TAFF delegate, you know?

How's Magnus doing with that de anthology? Can't Something Be Done to get the wheels of progress moving? (He now lacks only the introduction and title pages--all else is run off. I wrote him an intro a year ago, and Ellison one much earlier. Which he'll use, if either, I dunno.)



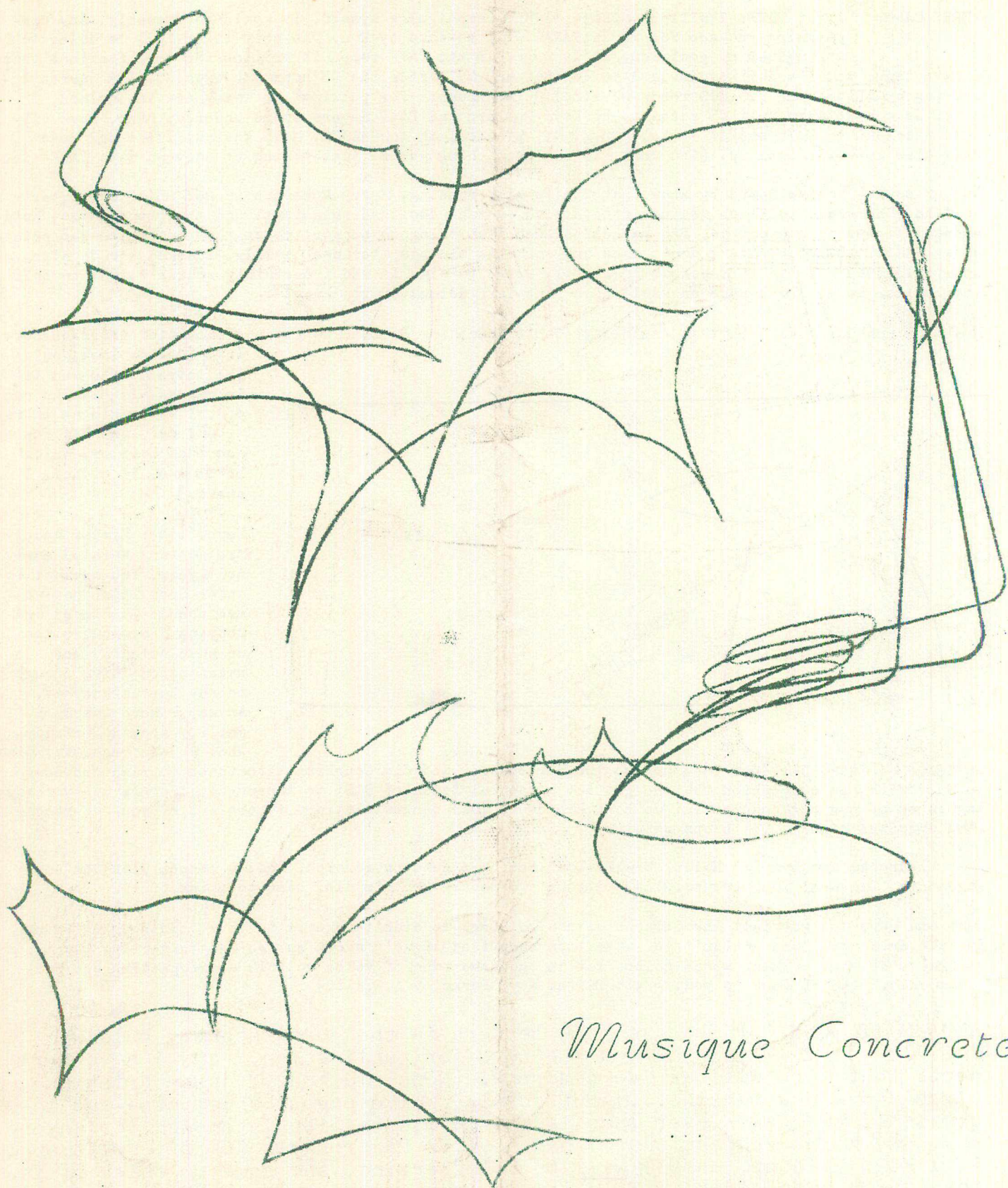
News, like: Miriam and I are getting married early next year. You are not to infer from this that we are pseudo-Baltimore and copying from you, since we have actually been engaged since July, though nobody but us knew it. Anyway, there was much jollity around Berkeley when we announced it, since

an issue of FANAC had just been mailed the day before, and Jim Caughran threatened to rush the news to Eney with the suggestion that he get out a special issue of StSt to thoroughly coggle us by scooping us on my own engagement. But we beat him down. (Our congratulations to the two of you--we recommend marriage highly...it stops gossip.)

Tony Vondruska and Lynette Mills, New Zealand fan, are getting married, too. A banner year for engagements, I guess. They got married a day or two before you'n's did, come to think of it.

Must end here and go visit the Gibsons with Jim. Sorry we didn't make it to your wedding, but thank for the invitation and wouldn't you have been surprised if we'd shown up? We are Travelling Giants, you know. We were talking about going, but in the same tone of voice we talk about putting out one-shots only. Best of luck to you. 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif.

AND SO IT GOES. There are more letters in the just-recently-bulging file marked "Letters for publication," and I have no doubt that more will arrive tomorrow. (None did today; just Christmas cards and a new fanzine...) But surely twelve pages of letters--and increase of two pages over last issue--in micro-elite is enough for anyone. Why, one might suspect that I had revived Peatrosky's CONFAB, or something. If I keep this up, GAMBIT will be a letterzine, and come to think of it, that's not a bad idea... This is, of course, the last of the larger-sized issues of GAMBIT for the duration. Next issue, and succeeding issues, will be in the old, reliable two or four-page format, and letters, instead of being stored up for a month, will be printed more frequently.



Musique Concrete

by *silv-*