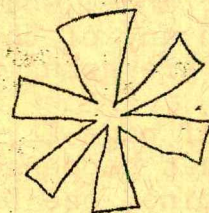


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NULL

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Nº 20



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* FAPA

This is NULL-F #20, the House-Hold Fixture FAPazine, Sweetness & Light Number. This grand, 20th Issue, like all others in this and any other series, has been perpetrated by Ted White, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. Mimeo by QWERTYUIOPress.

A FEW UFFISH THOTS

Well, here we are, with the 20th issue of NULL-F in six years. Let's see now: that figures out to three and a third issues per year; not a bad average, actually, and amusingly indicative of how false statistics can be, since the first three years I made every mailing, and the last couple I missed nearly every mailing.

My apologies in advance for the sorry state of the "corrections" herein. It has been my policy on apazines to type like hell, striking over minor errors and xxx-ing the major ones out. Afterwards I go over the stencils and corflu out the xxx's and extraneous letters or portions thereof. I also catch misspelled words and words with the wrong suffixes and all like that...sometimes. This time I started to go at my lustily typed stencils (all of which were typed before this one, and in chronological order), and I found my corflu was nearly dried up. It took a good deal of patience and effort to get any results out of it at all--usually the corflu would dry on the brush before I could get it from the bottle to the stencil, and I would dab at the typo with a rock-hard dry brush. I haven't run any of the stencils off yet, but I'm sure a couple of the corrections are going to look pretty messy. Sorry.

At the end of page 14, I casually mentioned that my column in METRONOME was cut. What happened was that last December the new Managing Editor of the magazine, one Dave Solomon, decided he didn't like the way Bill Coss and Bob Perlono were editing the magazine, and he fired them. Bill had edited METRONOME since about 1952, and was responsible for the magazine's new-found appeal and popularity. The field was pretty shocked about it. Nobody knew who Solomon was; he'd been a flunky of some sort at ESQUIRE. Well, he's the editor of METRONOME now. And he cut my column because, he said, I was a bigoted moldy fig. I didn't know whether, to use the Grand Phrase, to laugh or cry. It was a pretty weak excuse. Actually he was putting the magazine on a name-contributor basis. I ended up writing record reviews. Recently, however, he's started to change his mind about me. My reviews have been well received, and my appearance in magazines with a greater prestige than METRONOME has made him name-conscious. "Ted," he said last week, "Why don't you write some personality-type articles for us?" I think I'm back where I started.

POLICY CONFERENCE, by the way (the story that starts on page 13) is another Genuine Collaboration between Sylvia and myself. The opening was her idea, the ending mine. I did the first-draft, she did the second, and I did the third and final one. But it still didn't sell...

Well, so much for that. Welcome to the Giant 20th Issue of NULL-F! The material starts on the next page. Eyes right!

FAPA 94

As determined as usual to finally and actually set down some mailing comments, I read right through this mailing, 9¢ ball-point in hand, feverishly checkmarking. It is still the same week that the mailing came, and I am committing the following Comments to stencil without benefit of 1st-drafting. I think this marks some sort of record for me, for all the six years I've been a member; I've never been this gung-ho before. Put it down, if you must, to the fact that the mailing was both small (and thus not unwieldy) and surprisingly enjoyable despite the absence of several regulars.

When I first began doing mc's in FAPA (in 1955), then as now I did them first-draft, directly on-stencil. I reread a few old NULL-F's last week (I was searching for a piece LeeH had written for me), and I was mildly apalled at my writing style. I wasn't quite gushy, but I did kind of run on a bit. Around 1957 (after my mild gafiation following the NyCon--which I must remark upon in a moment), I decided to prune my wordage a bit, in favor of conciseness and readability. As I recall, I wasn't particularly successful. However, a considerable amount of time has passed since I last wrote any real mc's for FAPA (I think the last complete ones were in 1958), and it is just barely possible that my style has changed a bit since then. But I don't guarantee my spelling's improved.

(An aside to whomever it was who asked if my professional sales have helped my spelling: No. I try to spell properly, of course--but then, I always have... When submitting to a market I'm not familiar with, I type a very neat ms., all errors erased, etc., but for METRONOME and ROGUE I just xxx out my errors, and trust in the editors and proofreaders to catch my misspellings. Typoses I usually catch in rereading. But I fear I still have far to go, Bill Danner...recently Pete Graham read a carbon of a piece I'd written, and found three misspellings in as many pages.)

Re: the Nycon... After attending that convention (in 1956), both Dick Eney and I wrote conreports. His was ONE/FOURTEEN, and I think it was circulated through all the apas he belonged to. Mine was in NULL-F #5, and although intended for both FAPA and OMPA, I'm not sure if it ever appeared in the latter group. We seague now into 1960 or thereabouts, when I was looking through a stack of old fmz Dave McDonald was offering for sale. I found a volume published by Racy Higgs, in which he reprinted both Eney's and my conreports, apparently unabridged. In a preface, he explained that these two had been "judged" by "fandom" the most popular reports on the NyCon, and were thus being reprinted for all of fandom (he meant the N3F, of course). I was a little surprised; Higgs had never bothered to inform me of this, uh, honor. I have no idea if he ever told Eney. Jack Speer, wasn't that material common-law copyrighted?

This time I'm trying out a new (for me) system. If your zine isn't listed, it is simply because I had no comment upon it. This happens to the best, as well as the worst, if the material is so completely self-contained that it gives me no opening hooks for comment.

EGOBOO FOR YOU: Eney - "Hard lines" indeed, for, being not at all certain I could remember 1960 in FAPA mlgls well enough to qualify as an informed voter, I neglected to vote--and even have a "black hand" to prove it...must be some other "Ted" who sought the removal of "our own Vice-President," I guess.

SCIENCE FICTION AGE: Taurasi - I liked your editorial; it seemed to me that at last you were talking to us rather than some nebulous audience of 500 paid subscribers. But, if your pen-names are so well known, why continue to use them, unless for some particular effect? Inasmuch as some of this material is straight SFTTIMES reprint, from the original stencils, I can understand it using these names, but the cover, and "The FAPA Reporter" hardly needed pen-names which are explained away anyway. ## "Science Fiction Is Not Dead" is an absurd article, filled with self-contradictions. I quail at the thought that "articles like those by Sam Moskowitz are ideal science fiction articles." Any number of people have written better. And as for fans being "more informed and so more demanding of their science fiction," I regret to inform you that this is no asset for the stf editor. The most reliable figures show that excepting the fans, most magazines in the stf field have a complete turnover of readership within a five-year period. Thus, the sated, jaded fan may offer an opinion of a magazine's fare which is at complete variance with the majority reader opinion. (In comic magazines, editors have traditionally distrusted all letter-writers old enough or intelligent enough to use a typewriter, for the same reason: that they are not representative of the audience.) Fans, if they keep a realistic understanding of the publishing business in mind, might well make good editors, but Taurasi, a man with enough experience to have known better, belies even this. It is also amusing for me to notice him calling for a new "'break-in' mag for the younger readers." As I recall, he was a vocal (if none too literate) critic of AMAZING when it was edited under this policy. "They need a mag like PLANET STORIES, THRILLING WONDER STORIES, or STARTLING STORIES..." seems to me a grossly unfair indictment of the latter two titles, neither of which were ever intended for the 'younger set' even at their most pulpish. Indeed, I am convinced that TWS and SS in the period 1950-53 were the best stf magazines published, materialwise, appearancewise, and comprehensive-policywise...to belabor a Madison Avenue phrase... ## It's good to have a copy of Sam's in-temperate blast; I was only able to glance at the first runs of these stencils. Needless to say, this article underlines the modern-day fanaticism and fuggheadedness of a fan who has refused to grow up. To him criticism of his book (much more valid than he'd have you believe) is criticism of Sam Moskowitz, and--using the same Aristotelian logic--to criticise the Commie-hating Sam Moskowitz is to be a Communist, or at least a sympathizer. Notice how cleverly he avoids mentioning Harry Warner's age at the time the letter to FUTURIAN REVIEW was written, and manages to imply that Harry Warner 1939 and Harry Warner 1960 are one and the same; unchanged in ideals, thoughts, or attitudes. Possibly this is true of Moskowitz--his writings show this--but I doubt it greatly of Warner. "I have no desire to be hanged for something I never said," Sam states. Let us, then, hang him with and for what he does say. He says

of Warner that "His compulsion that he had to downgrade my effort in order to enhance his own coupled with the fact that he needed the 'incentive' of the 1/3 of a cent a word offered by NEW FRONTIERS...in order to write the new fan history/ scarcely inspires confidence." Sam, in attributing this article to such a base motive when actually Harry had no plans for writing his history at the time he wrote the article in question...well, that scarcely inspires my confidence in Sam. Sam says "However, if we are to be...honest, FAPA's relative importance...has declined every year since its formation." I suppose Sam, still identifying FAPA with the Eviol Wollheim, is compelled to take this point of view, but again he is factually wrong, and has only exposed his bias and ignorance of the doings of fandom after 1940. FAPA, of course, became the focal-point of fandom during the middle fifties, when all the BNF's and top fmz publishers congregated within it or attempted to. Its still lengthy waiting list attests to FAPA's popularity. I would say that FAPA enjoyed quite an increase of relative importance during the early fifties. And I think we can safely say that deadwood member Moskowitz has been in no way responsible for any of FAPA's increased quality or popularity.

LARK: Danner - We made the disastrous mistake of taking the New York Central to and from Chicago this Christmas, in making connections with the Santa Fe for our trip to Kansas. Our train from New York left a half-hour late, and lost time steadily. An eight-inch blizzard in Buffalo halted us three hours. We arrived in Chicago eight hours late, all connections lost. The train was packed, with NYC overselling its tickets, and travellers packed into the isles of the day-couch we'd fortunately found seats in. Many rode all the way to Chicago standing up. The dining car "froze up" and when they ran out of water to clean dishes with, they stopped serving food. (I can't imagine why, after fifty-plus years in the business, railroads should still have their cars freeze up in the cold. Does this happen every time the temperature drops below 32° F.?) Returning, the door jammed on one cubicle in the men's room, and the other had no light. The toilet at the women's end of the car overflowed, and sewage flooded the car, soaking everything we'd left on the floor with over an inch of the stuff. The Santa Fe was everything the NYC wasn't, including punctual. Eastern railroads are, I guess, another example of Progress In Reverse.

HELEN'S FANTASIA: Wesson - You're too minimal a publisher to have much room to carp at Perdue. And I think I prefer the quality of his minimal activity to yours.

VANDY: Coulsons - I too received an OCCULT GAZETTE from England. Has some fan over there placed fandom on a sucker list? ## I'm not shocked that Lichtman first tried smoking when he entered high school. Or if I am, it is because he waited so long. Most of the boys I knew, including myself, were getting sick of cigarettes by second or third grade, but not openly, of course. I am still amused by grade school kids swaggering down a street smoking importantly on a cigarette. (No, I haven't smoked in years.) ## The foregoing leads me to ask a question: How many of you Constant Smokers inhale? In my youth I naively assumed everyone did--except for me; I never could learn how. But recently several chain-smokers have confessed they don't inhale; that smoking is just a nervous habit for them, like tearing up paper napkins. But what kicks do non-inhalers get? I had always assumed that inhaling was what gave the kicks, since I never got anything from smoking. Now I wonder... ## I've been collecting pear boxes from the stores for about half a year now. I

paint them black and stack them against a wall. I already have a very effective floor-to-ceiling bookcase eight or nine feet wide. And they're just the right size for magazines and books. In this city, almost all produce comes in wooden crates, boxes, or baskets. ## An example of just how careless parents can get with children and guns is this: Less than a month ago (early February), Bob Stewart's father was visiting the home of a friend. The friend's five-year-old son went to the hall closet, removed the rifle kept there, brought it into the living room, raised and aimed it at Mr. Stewart, pulled the trigger, and shot and killed Mr. Stewart instantly. At no point did the child's parents raise an objection, or voice a warning. I think a good case for criminal negligence could be made out against them. (Personally, I shudder at the thought that through such an "accident"--i.e., the workings of fate as assisted by any number of Ghod's Idiots--I might be killed. I can pretty well face up to the idea if I've got warning, but to be shot and killed, say, while sitting here typing mc's, seems so pointless and frustrating.) ## Juanita's comments are truly personal communications; I feel I know her better (and like her more) from these than from years' of YANDRO's. ## Have you investigated this new oral hormone contraceptive? According to the papers, it was tested as 100% effective when used properly, and the price has halved itself in recent months. It now costs only about \$3-to-\$5 a month. Reports have it that the relief of tension over possible unwanted pregnancies has made the users' sex-lives generally more enjoyable. I wonder though if anyone in FAPA has sufficient information or general knowledge to hazard a guess as to the side effects of such a hormone treatment. This subject has been avoided in the papers. I mean, it presumably halts ovulation. How does this effect menstruation? And how about the psychological effects of pre-menstruation tension? The latter has been treated with hormones. If a woman was undergoing such a treatment (which I understand is fairly expensive), how likely is this new contraceptive to foul things up? I don't want to shock anyone, but it should be pointed out that liberal sex-partners can find other ways for avoiding pregnancy than contraceptives or "the rhythm method." Inasmuch as nearly all such methods are considered unlawful, I won't spell them out, but recent figures show that any number of married (and presumably some non-married) couples are "sex-criminals" in this respect. Tch. To take another parameter of this discussion, I am pretty well opposed to the common-variety male contraceptive. As far as I am concerned, it removes the spontaneity and much of the feeling from sex. I hope this new oral contraceptive works out, and I hope an oral contraceptive for men is found. ## Bread: I like soft, mushy white supermarket bread. I like this sort of bread because I find it tastes better with the sort of spreads (sauces, etc.) that I use on bread on those rare occasions when I eat bread. I like to fold my sandwiches. As Lucy once said, "Don't cut it! Fold it. Otherwise you lose the flavor." Absolutely. Can anyone fold the pre-stale-made Pepperidge Farm breads? (I do like Monk's Bread, especially their raisin bread.)

SERCON'S BANE: FMBusby - I'm sure various Berkeley FAPAn's will answer your comments on the HUAC movie, but it is my understanding that this movie was highly edited, to give a biased view. Personally I am 100% opposed to the current activities of the HUAC, and to any McCarthyistic method of "fighting commies." I figure that if we must lose our individuality and personal freedoms in order to successfully fight off the Communists, then why bother? What's been gained? What you call the "anti-anti-communist reflex" seems to me more likely just opposition to what I'd call the "fanatical anti-communist reflex." I'm

sure you know what I mean: the super-patriots, the Calkins-types, the McCarthiests, all of whom are perfectly willing to sacrifice everything from human decency to the human race, just to insure that we do not fall under the "domination of the goddless communists." Feh. I'd expected more of you. ## Without a doubt, the public transit systems in every city except New York (and possibly Boston and Chicago) in this country are inadequate and unsuccessful. This is a major reason why I've resisted the lure of Berkeley. What you people need is a good, comprehensive subway, elevated, or monorail system, with a one-shot fare and no fare-zones. I still own a car (the Weiss Rak IV), but I use it only for long distance trips, and leave it with the Shaws on Staten Island (they have their own driveway) the rest of the time. Since S.I. is pretty suburban, this works out well for them, too, and saves them buying their own car. ## Jazz is filled with neurotic Negroes who react to all criticism with a "You hate me because I'm black" sort of Crow-Jimism. One major figure was insulted when a white critic ordered his coffee black. He thought it was a subtle put-down. But these Negroes have been badly persecuted (the reason for their instability in the first place), and it is not difficult to forgive them their suspiciousness. ## I come from Virginia, and I once drove a Buick. I don't think I'm a bad driver; nor did I ever notice any bad driving on the part of northern Virginians from my area, except possibly some stodginess. ## "Amen, Bob--it's just about unanimous, the way we calloused types who have had our lumps in the Armed Forces have a rough time finding much empathy with anguished protests from folks who naturally want to avoid those lumps." I've noticed this. I call it the American Legion syndrome. It manifests itself in ex- or career Armed Forces men who want to inflict what they had to go through on everyone else. It shows up in the fact that these people are as a rule the most militant, and become fanatically enraged with those of us who find ways to avoid their fate. Good of you to point it out. But you're not defending this unchristian point of view, are you?

SALUD: EBusby - I got a bike at eight, and was one of the last in my neighborhood to learn to ride one. We considered them necessities, since we had a fair way to go to school, and no school bus covered our area (I think everyone who lived closer than five miles from school had to shift for himself then; nowadays a bus does service my old neighborhood). I bought a motor scooter at fourteen or fifteen (whatever the legal age was), and enjoyed it emensely. At sixteen I bought a car, the Weiss Rak I. I used my own money for this. And I've never regretted owning those vehicles, except for when I had a bike and wished for a self-propelled vehicle, or when I had a scooter and wished for something which shielded me from the elements... ## When I think of Los Angeles, I think of the Hell of America: all that spread-out space, discontinuous central areas, and the worst sort of public transit. Abominable. That's one city I'd never live in. ## "Since the turn of the century, no Republican president has got us into war, and no Democratic president has failed to," is the poorest sort of sophistry and I'm ashamed of you, Elinor. In the first place, the odds favor the Democrats, who've had few presidents and over the longest part of this century. And secondly, our presidents did not start these wars; world conditions did. You do recall that the japs bombed Pearl Harbor? Do you think they would have abstained for a Republican president? Or Hitler have ceased his activities in Europe? Absurd. I think it is more likely that the Democratic presidents have stood more firmly upon their principles, and refused to give way in most cases. Eisenhower allowed himself to be used as a limp washrag. And despite his press-agents, I don't think he deserves any credit for the ces-

sation of shooting in Korea. ## Almost all the fans I consider close friends here in New York have IQ's well over 125, and several are definitely in the "genius" category. Mine is somewhere in the 150's, and Sylvia's is over 160. Fandom is an intellectual pursuit on the whole--especially trufandom (and I thus exempt the Lunarians and the N3F...), and it stands to reason that it would attract people with higher IQ's than average. One has only to read "Voice of the Readers" in New York's DAILY NEWS to be reminded of just how low the "average" IQ really is.

THE HONEYMOONERS: Rike - You were quite prophetic in your inclusion of my picture on the dart-board.##An excellent bit of destructive criticism, for which I congratulate you.

CELEPHAIS: Evans - I'm the same way about subway trains: when a delay occurs, I'm more interested in what caused the delay than in getting to my destination quickly--that is, unless I have a pressing appointment. But since I ride the subways at least 50% of the time for pleasure, I usually enjoy the delays as much as the trip. ## Please define for me "erotic music." Does it arouse you? ## 0-70 in one second is not an impossible acceleration. I suspect the rocket sleds achieve it. High-powered stock automobiles have turned over 0-60 in four and five seconds; I suspect the specially overpowered dragsters have done considerably better, possibly even 0-70 in two seconds. Could you figure out what the G-rate would be, in a vehicle moving parallel with the ground for an 0-70 in one second acceleration?

STEFANTASY: Danner - I hope you don't give STEF up; just because you rarely leave us with anything to say but "Gee, another great issue!" is no reason to think nobody cares about the zine. I might suggest more comment-provoking material, though--i.e., more controversial. ## I think you're being too hard on Nirenberg, but I agree with you that putting silly notices on the outside of a fanzine is the height of stupidity. Mike Deckinger once wrote "Contents: Pornography" on one of his zines, and I jumped on him for it. Let sleeping postmen lie, say I.

MELANGE: Trimble - I have no comments here, but I couldn't pass up the chance to applaud and give a few whistles for Elmer's piece. It carried an already superb issue.

LIMBO: Rike & Donaho - It's a pity jazz has nothing for you, Bill. It seems to me that jazz, in its extreme diversity, has something to offer everyone. Now that Bill Meyers can drop by here to listen to records (he plays me his classical; I play him my jazz--a very happy arrangement for both of us), he's changed his mind about jazz. Of course I've grown to the point where I am almost too close to it. But one of the reasons I chose to be a jazz critic is that I do love good jazz (and remember: Sturgeon's Law operates in this field too), and I have more opportunity to do something about it this way. I've worked with John Handy, and written notes for his latest album (not very good notes though), and it looks like I may get into a&r work with a new label, Candid. This label is a subsidiary of Cadence, and is being supervised by Nat Hentoff. Nat and I are friends, and he's using several of my suggestions on coming dates. He'll probably also have me do notes. The Candid line, by the way, is one of the best I've ever heard, with three recent releases (Max Roach's "Freedom Now Suite," and albums by Mingus and Cecil Taylor) absolutely top quality.

HORIZONS: Warner - The Eney cover wasn't quite the shock it would have been two years ago, but even so, HORIZONS seems to be leading a more varied life than ever. ## The reason Taurasi has been "razzed" for using the "Sr." on his name is that he began using it immediately upon the birth of his boy. This strikes me as pretentious; surely his son didn't start getting mail that soon... Nothing personal, Harry, but I tend to feel unkindly towards fathers who christen their sons with their names, plus "Junior." It seems a bit over-egotistical, and it often annoys the son in later years. But even so, the usual practice has been for the father to simply go under his own name, and let the son tack on the suffix. To call oneself "Senior," in addition to the pretentious emotional connotations of that word, is like calling oneself Blank Blank the First. In Taurasi's case it was amusing to see him sign himself constantly as James V. Taurasi, Sr., as though he thought we'd otherwise credit his material to his son. ## I caught on to "In Glass Houses" at the top of the third page; the bit about liking little girls was the giveaway. Very nice. ## Kurtzman didn't say he turned his stuff over "to his writers and artists for realization." Harvey wrote all his own stuff and never used other writers. In addition, he personally laid out every page and panel of each of the comics he wrote and edited (two superbly researched war comics, plus MAD) in rough cartoon form on tracing paper. This was how he achieved his pacing, which was the keynote of his work. Not too long ago, Harvey wrote the script for Dan Berry's FLASH GORDEN daily strip. He did layouts for this as well. I've seen several. ## Your unfamiliarity with this sort of regional con tricked you into expecting drinkers at the afternoon session. No one does much--if any--drinking till the parties in the evening. And even then the accent is on conversation in small groups, not the consumption of alcohol. I'm sorry you missed the party, since I think you would have found the conversation you missed at the afternoon session. Certainly this should not be your objection to a Worldcon. At such conventions you have more time for close conversation; not less. Trips to restaurants for lunch, dinner, etc., are good opportunities for ideal small-group conversation, since a table is necessarily limited to six or seven at the most. And parties of the private sort--which still are a necessity at cons, become quiet, convivial and personal gettogethers with people who are your friends. Don't judge a con by its official program!

TARGET: FAPA: Eney - (hmmm, those colons get rather confused, don't they?) ## Oh, FAMOUS MONSTERS isn't all that bad. It's aimed at kids, of course, and should be accepted as such. But lots of movie fans in this city follow it for the stills. And, of late it has been running articles by Bloch, which are far from dreary reading. ## I'm not quite sure what you're getting at in your comments on HORIZONS, but I suspect Ghandi proved you wrong. And passive resistance has worked for Negroes here as well. I can't prove it, but I think there are ways of completely "formally disavowing the intent of self-defense" and still retaining one's position with "good" results. In other words, I don't know the answer, but I think it's there. ## You've incorrectly reported the Tapscott incidents so that I can't tell which of two you are referring to. I'll clear up both: A year ago I was OA of the Cult, which meant that new applicants had to apply to me for membership. At that time the Constitution mentioned something about the OA "clearing" the eligibility of these members. Lars Bourne said on a postcard to me that "Scotty Tapscott" was applying for membership. Coincidentally, Tapscott lived in the same town Bourne did, and Bourne has just lost his membership for failing to publish. Neither I nor anyone else had heard of Tapscott until then, and I questioned

his existence--not his "fannishness." Tapscott sent, along with a mildly abusive letter, an old driver's license as proof of reality, and I let him on the waiting-list. Personally, I frown on people with no prior connection with fandom joining an apa, since they are often unaware of the apa's traditions, or those of general fandom even, and this disorientation can be as unpleasant in its results as in the Chris Moskowitz affair. As it turned out, recently Tapscott, after successively increasing numbers of scatological and anal attempts at humor and tasteless argument, went off the deep end with a thoroughly distasteful attack upon Walter Breen, which consisted largely of outhouse invective. This type of mentality strikes me as pretty unfannish, and Tapscott has never pretended any great concern for fandom. So you might say that at this point I called him a "non-fan," although I never put it into those words. When I asked if anyone wanted to sign a petition for Tapscott's ejection from the Cult, three Cultists (the necessary number) immediately offered their signatures. (The Petition was voted down, largely by the efforts and rhetoric of Eney, in whose defense Tapscott has often, if obscenely, argued.) It was our belief that the Cult was better off without this junior Wetzell. ## I'm sorry your bias towards me leads you to so often present untrue statements of my activities, and/or morals.

THREE-CHAMBERED HEART: Champion - The idea is that you're supposed to be cold-blooded? ## I wonder how many Americans don't use contraceptives simply because they regard them as annoyances? The mechanical type are both likely to inhibit spontaneous desires and the follow-through. I mentioned my own feelings on this under VANDY. ## I don't know that much about women's styles--although being married helps--but I can tell a well-dressed woman from a badly dressed one. Any woman is well-dressed if her clothes are appropriate to the occasion, and flatter her natural appearance. The matter of clothes means a lot to the average girl. Most girls are neither pretty nor plain--they fall into a neutral area, and their actual appearance and "looks" will depend on two items: clothes and personality. Pretty clothes can help shift the balance, and a pleasant personality can do a great deal for an otherwise "plain" but regular-featured face. (In fact, this type of girl is the typical "pretty girl" of the ads and such; not so pretty as just attractive, and attractive in this fashion.) On the other hand, most girls who dress badly can lose a lot in the translation. New York girls usually dress well; Boston girls dress very badly, to cite a couple of outstanding examples. I think this is because Boston is a college town where girls want to be judged on their "fine minds," and dress to minimize their bodies. I think this is a shame... ## I have a plain ol' monaural record set-up, but with speakers scattered all over the place in nearly every room. The sound is very full and live. I think using two "unmatched" speakers (but with the same resistance, if that's the word I want--same volume from both, but different sound characteristics) give a surprisingly stereo-like sound, since you hear different aspects of the music from each speaker, and this tends to give some directionality and liveliness of the stereo sort. (If I can ever work a bit of payola, I shall get a stereo setup, but I sure am not about to pay for one.) Does anyone else besides Bob Silverberg and myself get headaches from prolonged exposure to genuine stereo setups?

LIGHTHOUSE: Graham - My article on the Hydra Club seems to have stirred up a hornet's nest in the person of the waspish Mrs. Moskowitz. Christine had me dumped from a debating position opposite

her on the Lunacon program, and has been phoning every member of Hydra in New York City apparently. Hans Santesson said he was deluged with calls to find what was happening. I rather imagine that this very mailing (the one you're reading--not the one I'm commenting upon) will contain some sort of allegation from the more masculine half of the Moskowitz family to the effect that I am utterly depraved in some respect. (Inasmuch as I don't drink, don't smoke, don't use narcotics or any stimulants stronger than Pepsi, and have never been a Communist, I am quite curious as to what I shall be branded as.) Well, I always said the traditions of New York fandom would win out in the long run. Do you suppose she'll sue? ## Seriously, I wrote that article specifically for LIGHTHOUSE, in the LIGHTHOUSE tradition, and largely tongue-in-cheek, although my references to Judy Merrill and Chris Moskowitz were truthful enough. So far, only La Moskowitz has heated any air over it, which must be indicative of something. I don't know what.

DESCANT: Clarkes - Beautifully biting satire, Norm. If your jazz playing is anywhere near this good, I wish you'd send me an audition tape of your music. I might be able to sell you to one of the labels here.

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT: Alger - The hearse is a wonderful idea. Seems to me you could set up a cot in the back and use it for long-distance trips. Reminds me of the fact that Jimmy Smith, a jazz organist, carries his Hammond organ from gig to gig in a hearse which he bought for that purpose.

EPIMETHEUS: Speer - I think you're wrong. It is my understanding that escape velocity refers to a speed imparted to an object which is not under its own power. In other words, a projectile, fired to leave the Earth, would require sufficient escape velocity. But as Heinlein pointed out years ago in ROCKETSHIP GALLILEO (the first real stf book I read--you can see how it's stuck to me), a rocket with sufficient fuel to waste could go up as slowly as it desired. ## When I was a tad (early '40's), we had all metal cars and such toys to play with. Usually these were castings. Long after the wheels had been pulled off or worn off, we still played with the cars. Nowadays nearly all such little cars (of the dime-store variety, not the imported sort) are either extremely thin metal stampings (which any kid can step on and crush) or plastic. The use of plastic in today's toys is the real reason for the speed with which they wear out. I'm fairly familiar with this problem, since my mother runs a kindergarten, and has to keep the playroom stocked with toys. She sticks pretty much these days to wooden blocks and wooden toys which she makes or has made for her. They wear far better. (Many of the toy or "block boxes" she still uses are the ones she had when I was that age, with a new coat or three of paint. These boxes were of the old type --well-fitted and jointed corners, solid wood, and nearly indestructable. Several still have impressed upon the sides the word "dynamite".) ## The "Ted White" in STEFNEWS was not me. He was a Canadian, and a one-time member of the N3F. When I found his name in an old fanzine (back in my first year in fandom), I added the initial "E" to my name to avoid confusion.

This terminates my comments on mlg 94. I finished them only two days after setting typer to the first stencil, and I am secretly proud of myself. Now to get back to the paying writing...

A SECTION FOR SAM and CHRIS:

NULLF ABOUT TOWN...

NOVEMBER, 1959: For some time we've touted the advantages of the European small car in these pages, and this year Detroit has finally gotten the message. For better or worse, 1960 is the year when the dikes burst, and Detroit began building the first sensible cars in over a decade. Within two years, we are promised by the press agents, there will be at least four more marques among the compact chariots, and no doubt the big Detroit Iron will be a thing of the past.

The dying throes of the Big Car, nevertheless, are a fascinating spectacle, much akin to a flamboyant bullfight with MG-A's, VW's, Fiats, and Ramblers all flanking a loan chrome-bedecked Buick, and at one side --still in the wings at the moment--a tiny beast bearing the tag of "Buick-Olds-Pontiac Small Car" waiting to administer the Moment of Truth.

Looking over the 1960 lineup, we were impressed with the efforts not being devoted to the new Small Three. (In spite of the high degree of nonsense spewing forth from Detroit currently regarding the place where an "engine belongs, naturally." We wonder if Ford and Chrysler never heard of the Renault, Fiat, VW, or Porsche...)

General Motors has cleaned up some of its cars (the Pontiac and Olds) while generally returning to an earlier era of chrome and gingerbread for the Chevy and Buick. Ford has effected a drastic revolution of design which we're told has caused some red faces in Dearborn, but from where we sit looks very pretty indeed on the new Fords, Edsels, and Mercs.

But the biggest surprise among the Big Boys of Detroit was the Chrysler family this year. The Dodge Dart has been set up in direct competition with the large Plymouth, a ridiculous dog-eat-dog philosophy to employ within a corporation. The styling, traditionally (well, since 1955) from the most tasteful styling department in Detroit, has become a travesty of itself, embuing a massively bulbous and ugly look and more useless gingerbread than we've witnessed since the Witch's oven.

The final blow, though, was this year's Plymouth. It looks like a wag dictated the theme: "Suddenly it's 1957!"

Pardon us, anyway. We always were more enthused over the new overhead cam MG-A...

DECEMBER, 1959: The latest handy device to come our way, via the testing grounds of the nation's PTA's and American Legion Posts, is the New Jim Dandy Censorship Kit.

This practical device, designed for coping in today's Brave New World of the Lowest Common Denominator and the Would You Let Your Child See/Hear/Read That modes of thought, comes complete with a large pair of scissors for snipping the lurid covers from magazines on your neighborhood newsstand, two blue pencils and a heavy black crayon for deleting ob-

jectionable words and passages in books and magazines, and several large rubber stamps. The latter come with legends such as "CENSORED," "TRAIT-OROUS," "BEWARE," "DANGEROUSLY UNWHOLESOME," "ANTI-AMERICAN," and "CALORY FREE" in big letters, and with them a stamp pad with red ink. There is also a bonus extra-large stamp, "CONDEMNED", for use on movie posters. Naturally the Kit is portable, and equipped with a handle, so that you can censor not only your own reading matter, but can also spread your good work among others... /Thanks to George Spencer for the original idea/

-- t white

POLICY CONFERENCE

by Sylvia & Ted White (Sept., 1959)

God lifted His putter and sighted along the tee to the indoor putting cup at the other end of the room. He aimed carefully, then swung at the ball with a slow, clean stroke. The ball scooted along the carpet toward the cup, hovered at its brink...and rolled to one side.

"Goddammit to Hell!" bellowed God. The golf ball glowed for a second, and winked out of sight. He looked murderously at His club, and was about to send it after the ball, when the door opened and St. Peter gingerly poked his head in.

"It's 11:30, Boss."

"Oh, yes... Well, come in and sit down. I wanted to go over an outline of an idea I'm thinking of proposing with you. It's just a skeleton, Pete, but I thought we'd see how the bones fit. Want your reactions on it, Pete, of course."

God lowered himself into a chair behind His desk, and began to ruffle through several sheets of paper while St. Peter took the other chair and made himself look expectant.

"Now, I haven't gone over this with the others yet, but what would you say to the idea of inviting Cl' Nik to come up and visit Heaven? It seems to me that this might be just the thing in our policy of furthering interregional relations..."

"Why, Boss! That's...that's never been done before!"

"Of course not!" God beamed proudly. "I hadn't thought of it before."

"But it might lead to more regional tensions..."

"Nonsense, Pete! It'll be great for Peace. And of course if Nik accepts a tour of Heaven, he'll be socially obligated to ask me to go to Hell." A benign smile settled over God's face, as, out of the corner of one eye He calculated the distance between the golf tee and the cup. Maybe they were too far apart...

"What about our immigrants from Purgatory? A lot of them still remember the oppression Nik caused there."

"Ah, but they're just a small minority. We'll put the publicity department on it--we'll hire BBD&O to sell a good image of Nik, and within two weeks he'll be the biggest celebrity here. Why, they'll be begging him to visit their homes. After all, most of our people have never had the opportunity to see a real live Devil before. And besides, we have a

strong Security Force. I shouldn't think we'd have to worry about any incidents marring his stay."

"Boss, you know the Uncommitted People down on Earth just might think that your inviting Nik is a tactical gain for him. You know, an admission on your part that his way of life is better."

"That's sheer foolishness! Why, the fact of the matter is that Nik is just sadly misinformed about us. I say let him see with his own eyes that we are a strong, simple, peaceful, Godfearing people, and the trust all our citizens have in their Leader--after all, ahem...it is emblazoned on all our currency--and, why I'll bet we can even win him over!"

"I can see it now...we'll have him meet our Archangels, talk to the average saint in the street, visit our great and prosperous fields of mana--and I'll even show him where I was Born Again!"

"In the end, we can't help convincing him--and the entire universe--that ours is the Better Way of Life!"

St. Peter found himself completely won over by God's ideas and enthusiasm for the new project. "Well, you've sure convinced me, Boss. I guess I'd better get this right out to the Press Secretary, huh?"

"Yes, and tell him to hurry so we can get in the early afternoon editions. Oh, and when you're through with that, don't forget to have a stenographer draw up an invitation for Nik, too."

* * *

It was late afternoon, and a multitude of vanished golf balls later, when St. Peter next popped his head into God's sanctum sanctorum.

"Boss?"

God angrily snapped His last putter across his knee and signed. "Yes, Pete, what is it?"

"I think you better take a look at this. It just came by, uhmm, special messenger." He handed God a thin sheet of asbestos. Its message was short and fiery:

Let it be known throughout the Regions of Hell and all of the Above that on this day of June --, 19-- , the Devil Himself does declare complete and total Hot War upon Heaven for that Agressor's invasion and bombardment of the Nether Regions with a myriad of small, hard and quite dangerous white balls, in a completely unwarranted and inexcusable attack.

/by/ His Satanic Majesty
Nik

God sat down slowly, and shook his head. "Well, Pete, it looks like we have a lot of heavy thinking to do to meet this new problem. Want to set yourself up a tee?"

--s & t white

In the--if you will--Best of Traditions, the foregoing three pieces were professional rejects, all from fairly early in my career. Two of the three are too dated to attempt peddling today, anyway. I had a lot more material which I had considered inflicting upon you: a review of the book The Story of The Original Dixieland Jass Band, which was crowded out of METRONOME, a "Reviews in Context" column on Johnny Hodges which was returned when METRONOME's new editor killed my column, a review of a concert of "Third Stream Music" which was also crowded out of the same magazine, and--oh, lots more goodies. But it occurred to me that maybe the Moskowitzes have the right idea. Maybe I'd better hold on to some of this stuff. I might need it some time to save my membership...