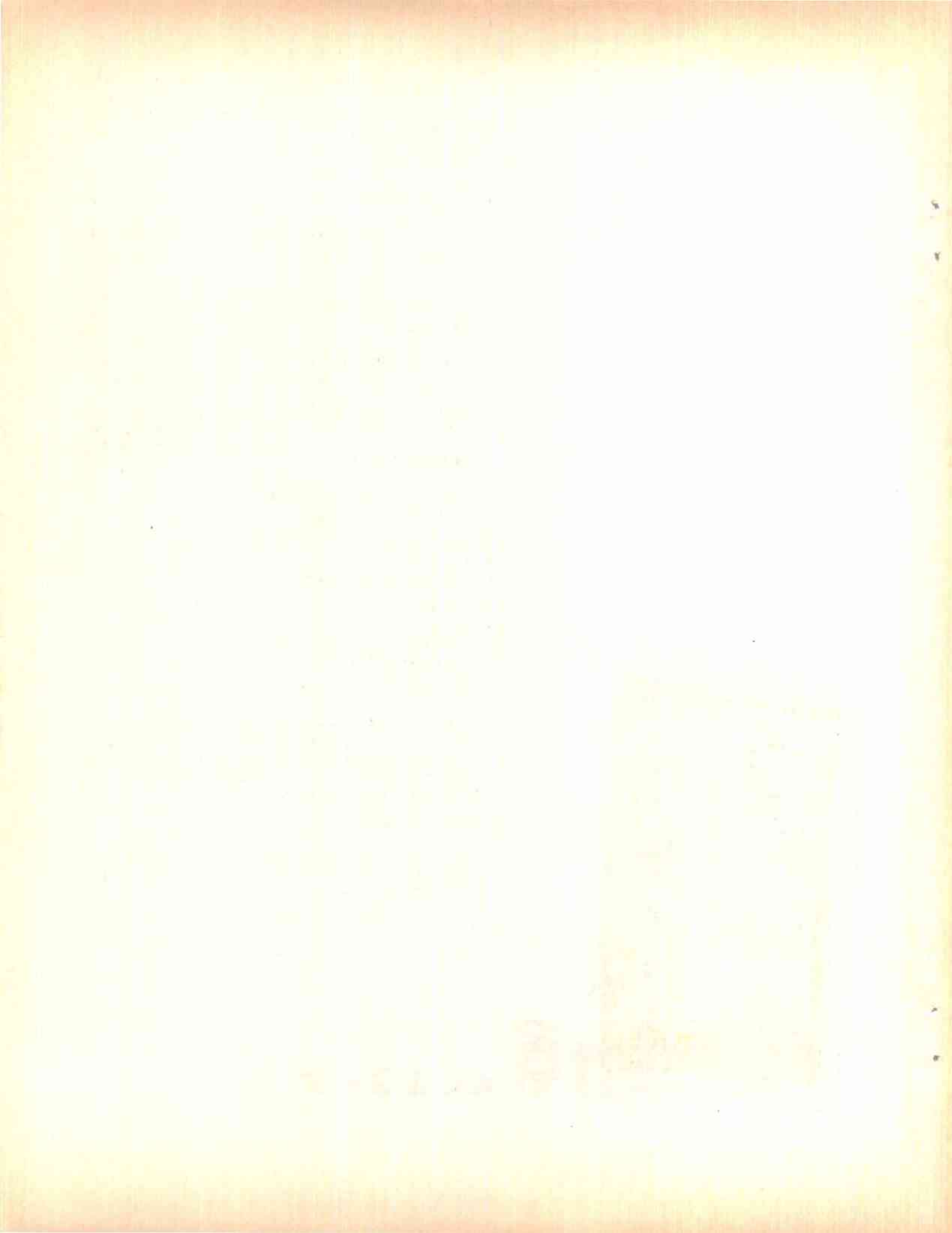




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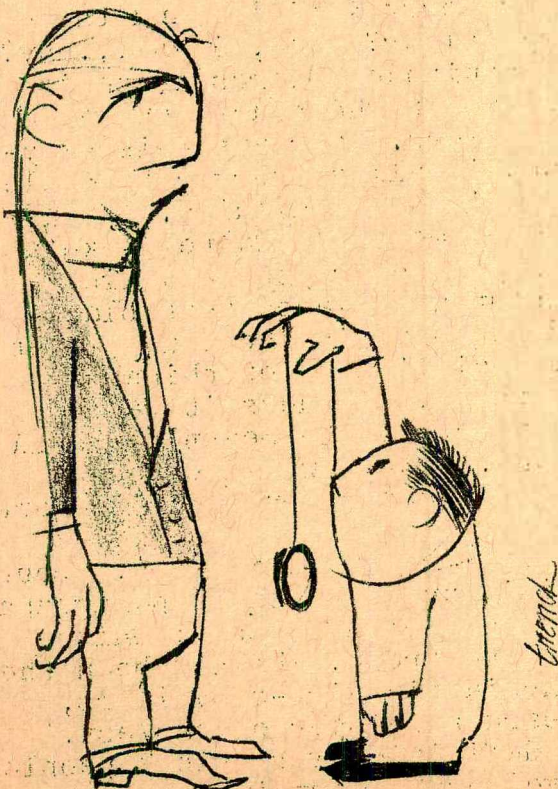
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TYPING: pp.18-33 were stencilled by Walter Breen and originally circulated as a rider to FANAC. pp. 46-55 were stencilled by Terry Carr, for the professional consideration of \$5.00. All others were stebcilled by the editor.

QWERTYUIOPress

NULL-F is edited and published by Ted White, whenever a law suit strikes, at 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. Almost-7th Annish

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UFFISH THOTS

THIS ISSUE is, unhappily, a bit weighted in a couple of directions: peyote and Seacon. The reasons for the former are obvious; the latter grows out of Richard Eney's CCCN, which many feel presents a somewhat biased view of the proceedings. Although I understand others are compiling a significant list of errata, I've always found the nit-picking approach tends to become wearing. Thus, I've taken the more positive path in reprinting Walter Breen's conreport from FANAC. If you've read it before, feel free to skip over it; otherwise you may find it pleasant contrast. Also on that subject...

QUOTED WITHOUT COMMENT: "I just don't understand, in Eney's 'CCon' report, the bit about the ad in the con booklet (FANAC 1-68, with a black border). What is this supposed to mean? Checking through my files, I find that no. 65 was the last issue that Ronel was with FANAC, and that Terry and Miri were putting it out until no. 71, when Walter Breen tookover putting it out; so, what's with no. 68? Is this supposed to be some sort of slap at the issues published subsequently by Terry & Miri? And those pubbed by Walter? And, if so...why? Eney's attitude towards Walter's inquiries about who placed the ad seems pointless. Perhaps this ploying around is all so very cute & clever, but it is also childish. Couldn't Eney come up to Walter like a man and say 'I hear you're asking around about who placed that black-bordered FANAC ad in the con booklet ...well, I did.' and let things go on from there? I guess it was too much to expect of the Seattle and LA and DC fans. But I would expect a more mature response on Eney's part.

"And then there's that item 16, about the PO visit and the choice paragraph: 'Unkindest Cut of All Dept.: White, Tapscott, and Breen, who had been the most enthusiastic dirt-shovellers, hadn't heard a whisper of protest.' By whose definition were these people dirt-shovellers? Certainly not the

PO's, since there have been no charges lodged against them, much less a conviction. The inspector came to Eney to follow up a complaint made to the PO. He came to Eney because he was nearest his office. Just as someone made a complaint to the SF police about TROPIC OF CANCER being a dirty book, the cops went down, bought a copy for 95¢ and assigned an officer to read it. This doesn't make the book adjudged as obscene, just because the cops were investigating a complaint. As it turned out, the cop, even though he didn't enjoy it, nevertheless had to admit that it wasn't obscene in the legal sense. If it wasn't the PO dept., then upon what authority does Eney assume to label Cultists as 'dirtshovelers'?

"This appears to be a clearcut case of an attempt to smear the reputations of several fans in the most despicable morbsen fashion, reminiscent of CONFIDENTIAL, George Wetzel, or a group of Birchites. Part of this may be due to personal animosity toward White, Tapscott, or Breen, but a good deal of it also stems from a feeling of martyrdom and wronged persecution because of a visit from an Authority, sitting on a bed of nails and proclaiming aloud for all to hear about all the suffering he has done, and, yes child, I Suffered for You!! Rather than being hurt, I think Eney's just making himself feel good. Nothing wrong with enjoying yourself, but I don't feel it should be done at the expense of others, like Eney has done. Now, if this were just sent through the Cult and environs, it wouldn't be too bad, but instead it is spread through OMPA, SAPS, FAPA and ghuknoz where else, at least 150-plus copies sent out, with perhaps 90% of these fans knowing nothing of the doings of the Cult and thus having only Eney's sadomasochistic morass as the 'facts' in the matter." -from a letter by Dave Rike in FANTASY ROTATOR #104

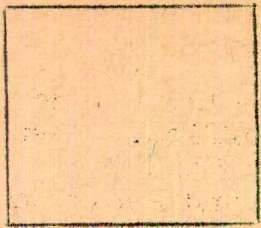
CURIOUSLY, followup investigations by several Cultists not themselves directly affected by the postal investigation have cast severe doubt on Eney's veracity, and there is some question over the possibility that Eney made the entire affair up. However, this has been proven only circumstantially, and may not be the case. So much, in any case, for that unpleasant subject...

"THE HOAX," the story in thish by John Koning, was originally submitted to me with a different set of names for the characters. The original names were names of real fans, and their real character was not the same as the characters portrayed in the story. So I changed them. I did this, deliberately tampering with John's story, because in addition to my desire not to adversely harm the real fans whose names had been used, I felt that the use of real names not actually applied to "real" people sets up a conflict of characterization. For instance, the protagonist of "The Hoax" is not especially likeable, but the original name Koning gave him legitimately belongs to a fairly likeable guy. In reading such a story in which the real name is used, you just might miss the proper characterization of the protagonist if you had already formed an impression of the character of the real person whose name is used. If you mean what I know.

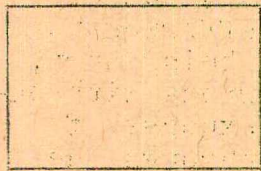
Oh well. I prefer that unless the real person is being used as is, his name not be used in fanfiction.

NAMES HAVE BEEN DELETED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT Dept.: In certain sections of this high class magazine names have been blackened out or deleted or overstruck to read "Nameless." This has been done to protect me.

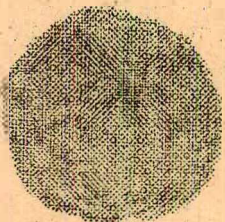
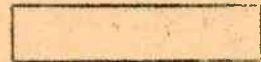
(Continued on page 34)



THE HOTO AX



by John Koning



Everything was fine and fannish that cold March evening. I was feeling wonderful, and for good reason. My fanzine was drawing lots of comment and egoboo, I had articles and columns in four of the Top Ten fanzines, and my FAPA membership had come through that afternoon.

Since my parents were away there were no television noises to disturb me, and the silence of the house, coupled with a soothingly warm bath, had relaxed me in mind and body. I sat back in my second floor room and opened the latest issue of PANIC BUTTON, Les Nirenberg's fanzine. The quality and fannish flavor of the material were in keeping with my general feeling of rightness and I drifted closer and closer toward sleep until I came to an item by Dean Ford. For a few minutes I merely enjoyed the story, which was a beautiful fannish parody of Steinbeck, wondering that I had not heard of Dean Ford before; then the vague familiarity of the thing began to disturb me. The idea was new, and the Steinbeckish style was different too, but...

I laid PANIC BUTTON down and walked to the window, deep in thought. Raising the curtain, I watched a pair of teenagers in tight pants swagger through the cone of light cast by the streetlight, as I pondered the problem. Then, in one of those common flashes of insight, I had it...but it was incredible. I crossed the room in four swift strides and snatched the fanzine up, starting the story again. A few paragraphs convinced me that I was right. The style, the choice of words, the sentence structure were all familiar, yet unfamiliar; they had a haunting quality about them that had first aroused my suspicion, but with rereading I was certain that Gary Styles must have written the piece. And the illos--certainly a radical takeoff on the old Styles art, but there was a similarity in the use of line and shadow. Both the artwork and the story bore an obscure but unmistakable Styles stamp.

Yet, I knew that Styles had been gafia since the fall of '58. I should know; Gary had been my closest friend and most prolific correspondent. It had been a real shock to get that black-bordered pactsacrd announcing his gafiation, at a time when I felt he was beginning to be known and liked; when fandom should have started to be a little "take" instead of all "give". I had tried in every way to get Gary active again, but my letters went unanswered, and the stream of my own and other

fanfiction

fanzines I sent him provoked not a word of comment or condemnation. It had been sad to see someone as good as Gary gafiate, and I never gave up my hope that someday he would re-enter and take his place as my co-editor.

Now, seeing this Styles contribution in another fanzine shook me. Not the fact that he had contributed, but the change and distortion in his style was what threw me. It was almost as if he were trying to hide, to start over, and I couldn't understand this. His career hadn't been shameful; he had no reason to conceal his identity and start over rather than continue an already begun climb. In fact, the whole idea of assuming a pseudonym was unlike Styles, who had once chided me for suggesting that he do so to trick a friend of mine and give him a false impression of fans. So now, why this ploy? It was something I resolved to look into.

* * * * *

My inquiries to Nirenberg didn't help me at all. My relations with Les had merely been those of faned-to-reader and then, when he started publishing, faned-to-faned. I had never been a close correspondent of his--in fact, I had never answered any of his letters of comment, or written any of my own to him--and now, when I wanted to know something, he would not tell me. He said that "Dean Ford" was a neofan who had sent for PANIC BUTTON and then submitted the parody, but I felt that the story was pretty flimsy, and got the impression that he was either concealing "Ford" identity on his own, or had been asked not to reveal it. When I laid my suspicions before Les, in a later letter, he denied everything, and really got nasty when I hinted that I might consider him a subject for a future "Franklin Ford Treatment" unless he showed himself to be a little more cooperative towards his fellow fan.

In the month and a half this exchange took, other Ford items had been cropping up. All of them were distortions of the old Styles manner, but much better than his older work--three and a half years had evidently improved his writing talents, even if it had only altered his artistic style. I was still searching for Ford's identity, but despite Les Gerber's repeated claim that Ford was really Carl Brandon, I felt sure he was Styles. I was puzzled by the fact that Ford appeared only in the fanzines of fans who had appeared since his gafiation. I thought briefly that Gary might be trying to steer clear of those who had known him to conceal his identity, but since every faneditor except me seemed to be in on the secret I discarded the idea. I made inquiries in all the places where Ford appeared, and always got the same story: Dean Ford was a new fan who had just made his entrance. All the stories were so similar that I felt they must be fake, either issued by Styles himself, or by the group of faneds who were plotting to keep me away from him. (Of course, if all the stories had been different, that would really

have been suspicious.) But I still didn't know why.

Soon Ford began to appear, not only in the newer fanzines, but also in the well established ones, and I began to feel he might be avoiding me.

In my letters to Styles --for I still carried on a one-way correspondence--I at first dropped hints about Ford, and finally came out and confronted him with my accusation. As usual, he did not reply.

After I had sent the accusing letter, a horrible thought occurred to me: if I was being tricked by a resemblance in style, shaded by my desire to see Gary active again, perhaps I was letting this Dean Ford turn me against my once closest friend. And I was turning against him. I was mad about this whole mess by this time, real nasty mad. I had even threatened to reveal the hoax to all fandom (though the thought of the ass I would be if Gary weren't Ford effectively prevented this), and cursed him up and down for going to other fan and neglecting me.

I still got no replies, but the Dean Ford output slacked off--the material, though still high class, almost disappeared, and the rumors about Ford's upcoming fanzine died completely. Evidently I was getting through, but why in hell wouldn't he answer me?

Three weeks later college recessed for the summer, so I prepared to make a trip to Yardley to see Gary and try to find out if he was "Dean Ford" once and for all.

* * * * *

My knock was answered by a teenager about a year younger than me. He was wearing ivy league clothes (which I thought rather square in comparison to my black silks) and had a close cropped crewcut. He looked annoyed, but forced a smile and asked what I wanted.

"I'm collecting for the half-TAFF GMCarr fund."

"What..." he said, eyeing me suspiciously and, I suspected, a bit bewildered as well.

"For Chrisake, you idiot! Don't you recognize me? I'm Tom Bell."

He looked a little dazed, and the corners of his smile went suddenly slack. After some hesitation he stepped aside and invited me in. I entered a living room where a cute blonde was sitting on the couch. She looked at me, I thought, with some curiosity and interest.

"This is Kathy. Kathy, this is Tom Bell, a fan from Youngstown." (I noticed that he used the word "fan" with some distaste, and had given her a pointed glance when he said it.) Gary sat down beside the girl, waving me to a chair across the coffee table. We sat there for a while, nervously making small talk, mostly just staring at each other. Finally, when I could see that he was getting impatient, Gary said, "What do you want, Tom? Is this a purely social call, or did you, umm, come hunting for something?"

"Why, Gary, I merely wanted to meet you, but there's no reason to be so cold about it--I mean we don't get a chance to meet every day, and I've always been one of your closest friends. I see that you get all the important fanzines, including mine, and write you letters, and..."

"Yes, Tom. And what?"

"And... and..."

"Oh, come on, Bell, you can do better than that. Why don't you say, 'And accuse you of being Dean Ford, and call you a dirty bastard, and condemn you because, while I continue to play in my little corner, you found out that fandom is just a cheap bitchy paper world with an unreal sense of values and a bunch of snobbish fuggheads for members.'"

"What...? Now wait a minute! What makes you think you can pass judgement on a group as fine as fandom? You're not so damned perfect."

"No, Tom, I'm not perfect, and that's just the reason I can evaluate fandom realistically, for I was a fan for a while too. But there's no need to damn me because, when I finally stepped back far enough to see just how small fandom was, I decided to explore the real world. You fan editors sit in your little ivory towers and turn out reams of crap that you think hundreds are dying to read... Well, I died a long time ago. Why do you keep sending me junk I never read?"

"You must at least read my letters," I said, my face very warm. "You know that I believe that you are Dean Ford. Or at least, I did believe it. I was afraid that I might be deluded into believing you were Ford when you weren't, merely because I wanted to see you active so bad I could taste it. I was mistaken there--you couldn't possibly be Dean Ford. Ford is a real comer, a true faaan. His stories are well-plotted, full of humor, and show a good founding in fannish lore; his articles are intelligent, and while controversial, never express an adverse opinion merely to be antagonistic; his art is perfection. I would be proud to have him working for me. You--I can see it now--you are capable of none of these fine performances. Your art and material were always inferior."

"I've been wrong about something else, too. I don't see why I ever wanted you to go active again. With those fuggheaded views of yours, you could never be a faaan, much less my co-editor. You just got wrapped up in mundane things, like cars, money, girls." I looked at Kathy; she was literally seething. "That's your whole trouble: you're too damned mundane to be a fan!" I sat back, a big sneer on my face, confident that I had won my case, and really crushed Styles. It made me feel warm and satisfied, knowing that this day I'd helped make fandom more perfect.

Gary just sat there, looking sort of sorry, but Kathy, who had gotten very red during my tirade, sprang up and said, with derision, "You stupid, asinine, know-it-all, paranoid...fool! Gary is ten times the fan you are, with that childish fanzine of yours. You were right, he is Dean Ford, and you are--"

I don't know what else she might have said, but Gary was suddenly behind her, holding her to him while he glared at me.

"So!" I exploded, "you really are Dean Ford! Why didn't you tell me, for Chrissake! I really call that gratitude--!"

"Gratitude? Gratitude? Oh God, Bell, what am I supposed to be so grateful for? For the nice things you said about me, always managing to indicate that, though I was pretty good, I had a long way to go before I would reach your high level? For those asinine letters and fanzines you sent me? Christ, you were the main reason I gafiated! It got so that I couldn't stand you and that idiotic fanzine, with its childish jokes and customs. When you started pushing me as co-editor, I got fed up and quit."

"I was still in touch, but silent for nearly three years. Finally I wanted to fan again--just to get my hand in again, nothing spectacular like you, trying to run fandom and reorganize the N3F and all--so I created 'Dean Ford.' He was all mine, like my son. I took a name and built a personality around it, a neofan who had all my experience, but who needn't make the awkward mistakes most neofans make. I could take time, and fashion each article or illo he did, and it was like publishing a long series of super one-shots. I didn't indulge in petty bickering, but just concentrated on turning out material that was good...and so 'Dean Ford' was good. But now you've ruined that too, like everything else fine and fannish you've twisted and corrupted. Get out of here! Damn it, get out of here..." He was almost sobbing.

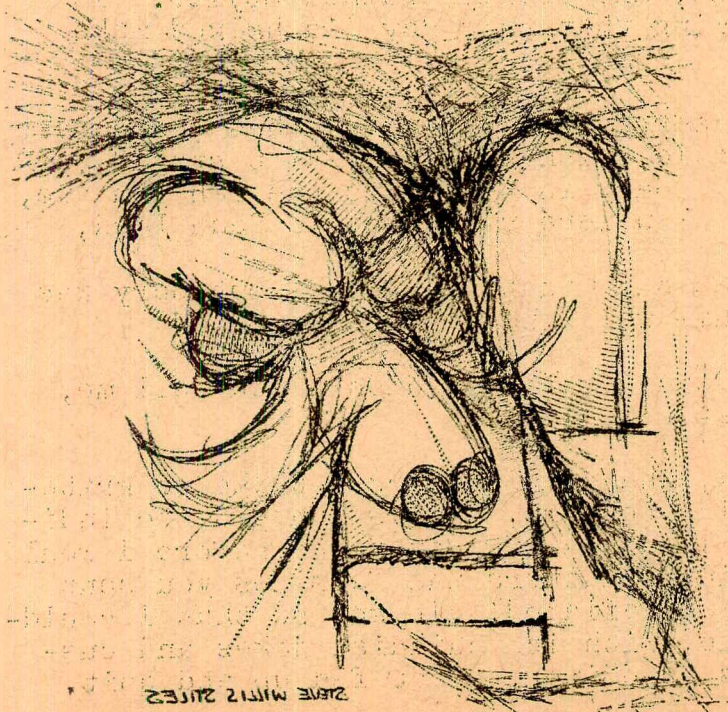
I got up, somewhat numbed by the violence of his retort. I started toward him, perhaps to apologize, but he turned from me and walked into another room. I turned around the room, looking for an audience to hear my last work, but only Kathy remained, and something in her face shut me up and pushed me toward the door. She looked disgusted, of course, but there was a trace of pity there too, so I left, taking big steps, and slammed the door to punctuate my exit. God, I can't stand to be pitied!

* * * *

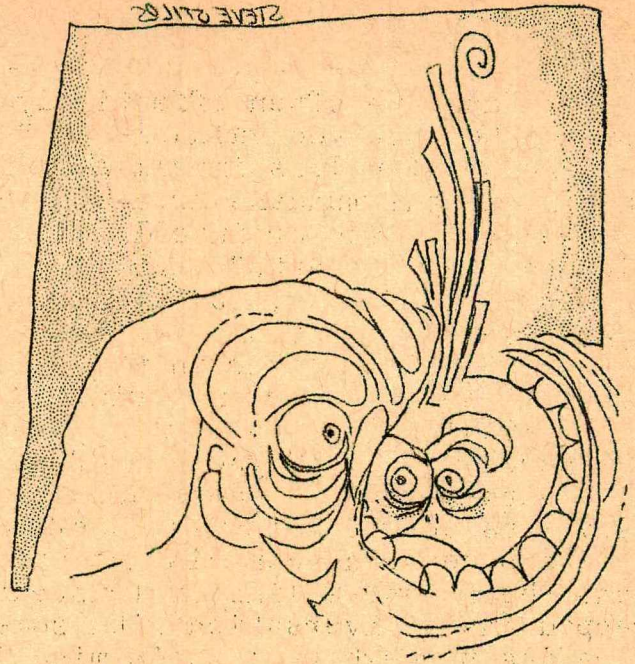
Well, Dean Ford died that day. Many of you have no doubt noticed his total absense in recent months. There have been inquiries as to his disappearance, and Harry Warner mentioned it sadly in his VOID column, but no one but me knows why he's gone. I went back and reread all of his works when I returned from Yardley, and on close examination they exhibit the same flaws of clumsy structure that were always evident in Gary's work. I thought about him for a while, too, and now I'm glad that I didn't try too hard to get him active when he gafiated back in '58--at least that I didn't worry myself over him. I don't think now that he would have been much of an asset to fandom, and we're better off without him. He was always a fugehead.

--John Koning

(an earlier version of this story appeared
in USQUE-BAUGH #1, FANTASY ROTATOR #80)



NOTED: 97



THE FANTASY AMATEUR: Officialdom - Well, aside from calling the election for the wrong time and not printing the constitution, what is the explanation for putting off the egoboo poll? "Covering all of 1961 issues" is inadequate; the November mailing is the last of 1961.

LIGHTHOUSE: Graham & Carr - I'm glad Pete made it back in; this is undoubtedly his most productive and interesting period, and LIGHTHOUSE #4 is thus far his best production. ## Pete, you're letting your anti-intellectualism show, particularly when you go off the deep end with the Breen quote. "Walt Breen said... 'When a second-rate piece of religious propaganda ("Canticle for Leibowitz") can win out over "Rogue Moon," I begin to lose confidence in the intelligence of fandom... ' There are two assumptions involved here. Explicitly Walter is saying that fandom is intelligent... Implicitly, and more important, Walt is saying that he likes fandom because it is intelligent." Whether or not Breen does like fandom for its supposed intelligence, this attitude is not implicit in a figure of speech like "I begin to lose confidence in the intelligence of fandom". He could've as easily said, "I begin to lose confidence in the literary taste of fandom"; I presume you would not have then found implicit the fact that he digs fandom for its literary tastes. More important than this is your quibble that worthwhile fans are not so because of any greater intelligence, that Boggs, Warner, Laney, Willis, Burbee are not geniuses ("far from being geniuses"). Genius is not an absolute, and is a word with an extremely variable definition, one of which is to have an IQ of or over 140-180. That may not be your definition, but this does not allow you the option to impose your definition over one widely used one. I don't like the idea of bandying about the names of specific fans whose IQ (and genius or lack thereof) is their own business but to me the work of the fans you've named indicates a superior intelligence, possibly a genius. You site emotional maturity, but apparently fail to realize that this is directly keyed in with "intelligence," which is more than knowledge, after all. Intelligence is the proper application of knowledge in problem-solving (if I may venture a definition), and as such is definitely related to emotional maturity. Intelligence can be applied to various fields of human endeavor, and I think your real beef

is that fans are often effectively intelligent only in limited areas, most of them not too valuable in "the real world." Fine, but this does not make the fan less intelligent, merely more neurotic, more hung-up and immature in the mundane areas. "Fans themselves as a group are generally no more articulate or intelligent than the rest of the middle class of which they are a part." Well, we won't know for sure until we have some figures to work with, but I still feel you are completely wrong here. I suggest you contrast the average fan-letter (even those from young neos) with those which appear in the DAILY NEWS or MIRROR. And I suggest you dredge up some supporting evidence for the articulateness or intelligence of the middle class as a whole, for comparison purposes. ## Much as I am opposed to Mensa myself (I feel the organization trades upon IQ as a snob factor), I can understand the desire of a white-collar worker who daily puts up with discussion of baseball, the office-pool, and much etc., to find someone he can discuss broader topics with. Further, I can understand the great feeling of frustration undergone by anyone of intelligence trapped into conversation with someone much less so. There is a feeling of wading through tar; one's mind leaps with agility from one concept to the next while the other party is still struggling with the first. Like conversing with a deaf man too proud to admit his affliction, it is a slow and frustrating business of going back and repeating one's sentences, underscoring them, and then having them repeated back by the dullard, who acts as though he had just said it first himself. This is, as I said, frustrating, and it can be annoying. For instance, I'm sure you recall the man at Gem Paper who, when queried about the colors of paper in stock, simply stares blankly at you until you go over your request two or three times, and then invariably gives the wrong answers. When the person involved is a person one feels a positive emotion for, patience will handle the situation, but jobs often throw us into contact with petty, malicious types for whom little patience is possible. As I say, I feel only compassion for a man stuck in such a situation who decides to escape it with a Mensa membership. Myself, I find enough intelligent discussion in fandom, which may rate me pretty low on your scale, but whathell, archy... ## I hope I'm not sued for my expose on Frozen Foods, but I want you to understand that I'm an Authority, and Will Not Be Doubted. ## Lovely material by Terry, but whathell, you know that, Terry; I laughed as I sat down to run them off...

NULL-F: me - I suppose I should Blow the Gaff, as it were, and explain that the cover drawing is not the same as the one on LIGHTHOUSE; the car on the cover of LIGHTHOUSE is a Rolls Royce; the one here is a Bentley. I'm damned sorry about the sloppy appearance of this zine; especially when it is placed next to LIGHTHOUSE in the mailing. Oh well...

HORIZONS: Warner - The comment on the comparative deaths of Weir and Moomaw is unworthy of you, Harry. Kent (like Courval) suicided; and this particularly shocked many who knew him well and spent many troubled hours searching their own hearts for reasons. To my knowledge, Weir died a "natural" death. The "twenty times as much attention" which Moomaw got (in comparison to Weir) had nothing to do with the worth of his writing or his worth as a person. It was prompted largely by the mode of his death, which involved, naturally, the person he was and had been, and thus led to some discussion of his writings. How much discussion did the death of EEEvans create, now? ## "...tests showed that audiences were unable to distinguish between the sound of records and the actual orchestra in a concert hall." Really? My experience has been the opposite. There has been some criticism of the mixture of live orchestras and taped electronic music on the concert stage because of the differences in sound qualities. Inasmuch as you're quoting tests made "even in the

78 rpm days," I find the results even harder to believe; in dynamics alone the differences would be outstanding. ## I know what you mean about early breakfasts; for years I could never eat more than a brief one, and for the last couple of years I've eaten no breakfast at all, combining breakfast and lunch about two hours after being up and around. I hear, though, that this leads to ulcers. I dunno... ## "Whatever Happened To Charlotte?" is an interesting fanstory; the plot proper is a little improbable, but the personal touches interwoven (you were pulling a Speer?) were lovely, and for the first page quite deceptive... ## The article on Gernsback may provoke a few screams from Newark...

CCON/TARGET: FAPA: Eney - The conreport is a cataract of lies and deliberate falsehoods-by-ommission. ## "The thing is, Ted originally bragged, about a year ago, how he'd gotten out of his obligation (to the draft)..." Until October 18, 1961, when I took my pre-induction physical (as described in LIGHTHOUSE #4), I was classified 1-A by my draft-board. Under the circumstances, Eney's statement is ridiculous

PHLOTSAM: Economou - Before you start up that lynching party, I'd better explain that everyone's copy of VOID #26 was checked "Your name is mentioned--hunt!" However, this ploy was dreamed up by two of my wily ~~original~~ ex-Berkeley coeditors... I hope you enjoyed the issue anyway. ## It's amusing to see Rotsler doing Andy Reiss/Feiffer cartoons... ## I know what you mean about the tingling of anticipation when the phone rings...As I was reading this PHLOTSAM, the phone rang, and it was Lee Jacobs calling. "Ted White?" he said. "This is Telephone Fandom calling." ## Talk about sleeping in cold rooms, when several years ago a heavy snow knocked out all the power in our area we went without heat for five days, and it got to be pretty rough trying to sleep in a below-freezing room...much less what it was like trying to dress in the morning!

DAY*STAR: Bradley - I'm sorry to see Wells advancing this idea of voting on waiting-listers again. We hashed it all out three or four years ago, as I recall. Probably Charles had just dropped out before it began. ## I don't send NULL-F to most waiting-listers, and I'd be loath to print over 100 copies, as you suggest. I run about 80 now, purely to cover the 70 I send to the OE, and with a few extras for localites, contributors, and such. The other idea you propose (in addition to increasing membership) of maximum page requirements would stifle the very best parts of the mailing. For instance, what was the best zine in the mailing this time? LIGHTHOUSE? Sixty-six pages. S-F FIVE YEARLY? Thirty pages. PHLOTSAM? Thirty pages. HORIZONS? Twenty-four pages. And how about the memorable zines of the past? Redd's SKYHOOKs when he put them in FAPA, and GRUE, and STORMY PETRAL and INCOMPLEAT BURBEE and...? I've thought, Marion, and I still "scream". Adopt maximum limits, and I'll lead the exodus...

CATCH TRAP: Bradley - "In general my dislikes are for the school of Strauss and Stravinsky--loud banging chords of the pseudo-Wagner persuasion." Oog! Well, there's your blind spot. (Need I point out the glaring musical differences of the three named--or the vast differences between Strauss and Stravinsky, who could never be said to together form any "school"? Ah weel; you've tread my toes again, Marion. I like Stravinsky, and Strauss and Wagner leave me icy cold...)

EOS: Speer - As I understand it, an "institutional ad" is the sort placed by a company for another sort of institution (like "freedom") in which the only mention of the advertiser is a brief by-line. The idea

is to generate a good feeling towards the advertiser by plugging for something everybody likes. Another, alternate interpretation is when an industry takes an ad to lobby, as the power interests have against government power, or the railroads have for subsidy. But I could be wrong, there ## The "Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel on a bike" (I would guess) refers to a bolt-on gadget which fastens to a non-powered bicycle and converts it to a motor-bike. ## The speedometer in my '49 Hudson did that--it began making screeching noises during the winter, and wildly vibrating, and one day the needle fell off. It was still that way when I sold it. ## The Statue of Liberty is visible from the southern tip of Manhattan, and from the near shore of New Jersey. The island is perhaps harder to sight, since it is pretty insignificant. ## I may have misspelled it (I have my Image to uphold) but if you weren't being sarcastic, "seague" (or however it's spelt) is a motion-picture term for dissolving from one scene to another--I think. I dunno. I was probably all wrong. See what happens when you question me? Now I'll never be able to use the word again.

CELEPHAIS: Evans - Fascinating writeup, but is no one but Eney doing a con report? It was amusing and interesting to read of your trip back--you were about a day behind us most of the way. We hit the beginnings of that snow in Glacier Park, and we ran ahead of the storm bank all the way into Minnesota, where it caught up with us during the night and drenched Andy Main, who said he loved it and would not close his window for the world. Boy, that's great country to drive across, isn't it! ## None of the words in Pete's story in LIGHTHOUSE #3 were unmailable. All of them can be found in many contemporary novels freely mailed--and I'm not referring to such controversial items as TROPIC OF CANCER, either.

BOBOLINGS: Pavlat - The history of the cars is interesting, and much of it Take Me Back To The Good Ol' Days. ## Cleveland was 1955, not 1954. I remember vividly; it was my first con. ## Our Ford has the same type of speedometer error. ## You may be right, Meyer. When I drove through Virginia last I found the drivers stodgy roadhogs whose ineptitude tried my patience. Oh well.

THE RAMBLING FAP: Calkins - I don't think the Negro reacts to "black bastard" because he "accepts alien classification. I think it is because he hears the sneer in the voice of his insulter, and because he knows that to the man saying it "black" is an insult. If someone (I wouldn't suggest whom--I might be sued) called me "You science-fiction fan!" with a patronizing tone of voice, I would feel I had been insulted--I recognized the intent and desire to insult. On the other hand, you could say the same words to me, and, depending on the circumstances and context, I might find them only a joshing... Ever hear one Negro cuss out another? "You stupid black bastard," he might say... ## The ink used for LIGHTHOUSE #3 was too thin and oily, so it tended to overink on some pages, and go light on others. A bad mess, all around.

ALIF: KAnderson - Wonderfully appropriate cover cartoon!

SCIENCE-FICTION-FACE&FEARLON FIVE-YEARLY: Hoffman - Well? Did I ruin fandom? ## I said it five years ago, and I'll say it again: Wow!

LE MOINDRE: Raeburn - To answer your poll, I have been trying to think, but I haven't thought in the last hour of any article of clothing I've had custom made. Maybe something will pop up in the next hour, though.

H-1661: Hevelin - You left out our number. Inasmuch as we're not in the phone book this year (due to a goof by the phone company when we got two listings--the one we have in the book is for Metropolitan Mimeo), I guess that's understandable. We're 212 WA.4-6137. The Shaws are YU.7-2491; Terry Carr's new phone is WA.4-3069. ## ("Ghoddamn you, Ted White," said Terry Carr when I asked him if his new number was for publication. "You're using up all my mailing comments!")

LARK: Danner - Thanks for the info on the speedometer. Now a couple of questions for you: the odometer on my Ford reads slow by about 15%. Now, my speedometer also reads slow. Would it read slow by the same percentage? Also: my Jaguar's speedometer was inclined to wave gently back and forth over a range of 10 to 40 mph at certain speeds. For a time I thought this was a personal idiosyncrasy of the car's, but then I read a letter in R&T by another sports car owner whose speedometer behaved similarly, and who alluded to the common failings among sports car speedometers. Why? Are they simply built shoddily in the belief that the driver pays more attention to the tach anyway? (Boyd? Ger?) Finally: if a speedometer needle waves back and forth between two extremes, how is the actual speed deduced? Will it be the average of the two extremes? These are serious questions, Bill, and despite the fact that you've seen fit to ignore me this past year, I hope you'll answer them. ## Dreams: I was once told that when we go to sleep we fall into a deep, dreamless slumber which covers the first three hours, and then come slowly out of this until after a total of seven to nine hours we are at the brink of wakefulness and refreshed. (Further sleep supposedly builds up the carbon dioxide in the bloodstream and contributes a loggy, "dopey" feeling.) Anyway, the theory was that we dream during the lighter moments of our sleep, and not during those first few hours. However this isn't true of me, at least. At times I've been wakened from a half hour to two hours after falling asleep and vividly recalled what I was dreaming. But then, I do have good recall on my dreams, and sometimes even remember previous dreams while dreaming. Also, I've a dual set of memories: real memories and dream memories. It is sometimes hard to keep the two separate when I'm tracing back to early childhood. I've always remembered dreams, probably because of the fact that in my more introverted days I was something of a Vike, and I looked forward each evening to a good night of dreams, rather as I would look forward to an evening at the movies, or several hours with an enjoyable book...

SERCON'S BANE: Busby - Unfortunately, over the years the Commies have evolved some mighty efficient methods for doing certain things. It seems the height of something-or-other to avoid the most intelligent and efficient maneuvers because the commies used them first, or because they look "commie." Good grief, Buz, I thought you were a pragmatist. (On the other hand, I quite agree about the effectiveness of protest marches and the sort. Still, variations, like the Sit-Ins, have been surprisingly effective, and when you're committed to passive or non-violent demonstration sometimes there's nothing else left.)

SALUD: Elinor Busby - (I should've made clear that the comments above were on a Buz Busby zine.) ## I love Tolkien, but Peake bores me completely. ## One can be a slave to other things than "this beast, the government." Offhand, I can think of several dozen entrenched American institutions which I'd much less prefer to be enslaved by. "What is good for General Motors is good for you/the country." "Be a good Catholic, dear. Don't think for yourself." "IBM is your Mother and Father both." etc., ad nauseum, on off into the distance of 1984... ## One thin

I've never understood about regular smokers is how they can eat and enjoy food directly after smoking. After I've smoked a cigarette any carbonated drinks have a cutting effect in my mouth, and many other foods taste quite odd and often bitter. This continues until the coating (of tars?) is washed from my mouth. How can smokers pretend to have Sensitive Palates when their taste buds are so deadened? ## The passage you quoted from Tolkien is quite evocative for me, too. In fact, when I'm feeling restless and unsleepy at night, I picture just such a scene and usually I fall gently asleep.

A BIRD TURNED AN EYE: TCarr - A lovely thing.

FOTHPATLAW: Versins - Your authoritative rebuttal of "French Novels" seriously libels the original author's competency. I hope you're safe from suit off there in Neutral Territory...

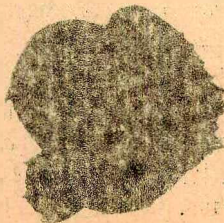
THOU ART GOD/THETA: Harness - "Pal Jesus" is a bore.

HOWDAH: Pelz - I sure-to-Gosh hope "Duperman!" continues. ## Terry and I have this thing about reading aloud to each other. Pete has a thing about reading aloud too, but his is a different sort of thing. Like, mainly, Terry and I like to read our stuff to each other, and Pete hates having anyone read anything aloud in his presence. Personally, I prefer to read my own stuff aloud, because then I can get reactions directly. I hate it when I've written something which has a few funny lines in it, and somebody else reads it, laughs, and won't identify what he's laughing at. However, Terry and I are about the only ones around here who dig reading to each other, so these days I pass my stuff (hot out of the typer) to someone else nearby, and suffer silently as he reads it and then passes it on. Foosh.

GROTESQUE: Martin - What a strange set of stories...they read better than the usual amateur efforts; but each is a bit offkey.

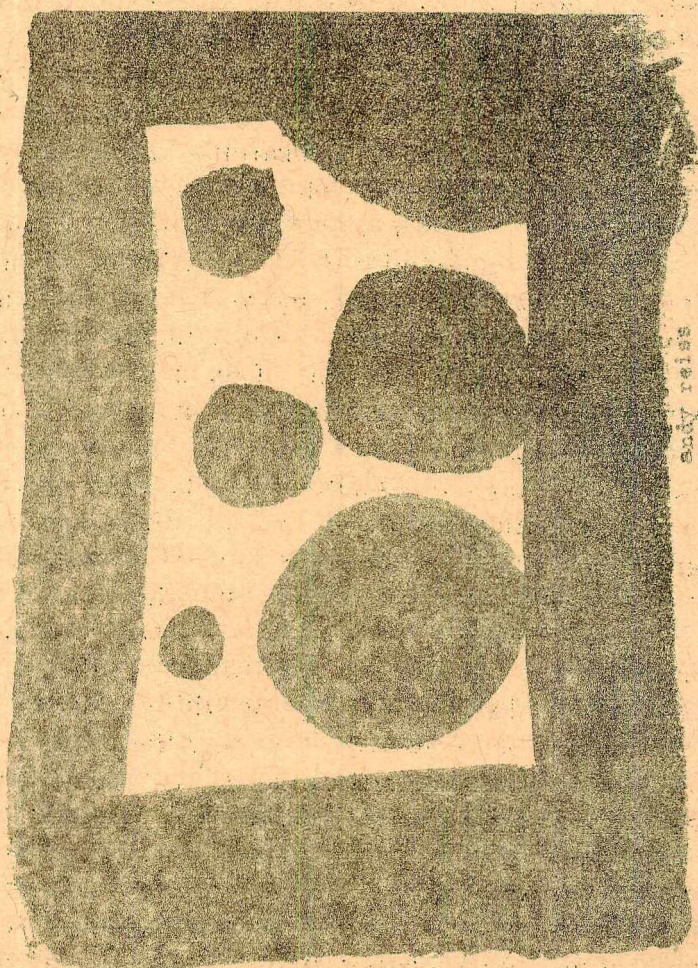
ANY ZINES SKIPPED were skipped purely because I had no checkmarks in their margins, and not out of either malice or boredom. Thus ends NOTED: 97...

-Ted White

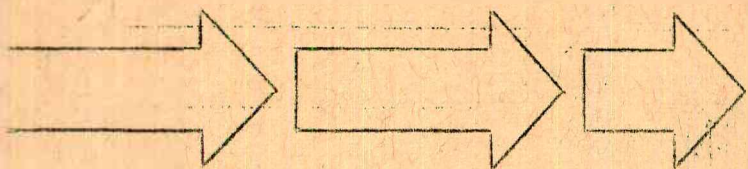


THE SEASON IN DEPTH BY WALTER BREEN

THE ADMIRABLE CRYCON



507 10105



FRIDAY NOON, Sept. 1, arriving at Seattle's Hyatt House (which Ted and Sylvia White and I recognized from far off by its huge sign WEL-COME / SCIENCE FICTION / SEACON), we dashed out of the Weiss Rak to greet Bob & Barbara Silverberg (who dug Bob Stewart's cartoon in FANAC 77 through the coffeeshop window), Harlan & Billie Ellison, & Ayjay Budrys, who were sharing a table in the hotel's coffeeshop. Then

to the lobby for registration, where I sat beside Vally Weber and displayed a card reading DR. MARC C. DUQUESNE... followed by meeting more people than I can easily remember-- Jack Harness wearing the Atlantean A insignia, fiercely mustached George Metzger, Fred Pohl and his wife, Ken Hedberg, Andy Main & Jim Caughran (who had just driven up together from Berkeley; Andy planned to drive back with Ted White to NYC after the con), Ted Johnstone, a bearded and 60-lbs.-lighter Bruce Pelz, various other LASFS people, local neos, Forry, GMC, Doc Smith, & dozens more. A moment after I stopped into the stationery-and-notions shop of the hotel to look for stf paperbacks, Vally Weber came up to me and made me sit down beside Doc Smith while some photographer for a local newspaper (the "Highline Times" or some such title, apparently so named because the outlying district of Seattle in which the con hotel was located is known to nearby residents as Highline) snapped pictures of us conversing. I would guess it a waste of film, since Doc Smith is hardly a typical pro and I don't think I'm a typical fan, and it might have been more eyecatching if they had gotten, say, Harlan or Agberg and Sylvia White or Yoni Cornell... And all followed by a long afternoon of fangab beside the pool with Silverbergs, Ellisons, Forry, Boyd Raeburn and a shifting group of transients who played musical chairs as it were. Forry showed copies of his new magazines. I read the "American Sunbather" article for the first time, the report in FANAC 77 p.7 having been hearsay. AmSunb is the OO of nudist fandom's N3F, the American Sunbathing Ass'n, and (unlike its predecessor "Sunshine & Health") it features some fairly decent photos without benefit of retouching or airbrushing. The article is unexpectedly good for such a mag; the Bjo illos--congrats again!--evidently date back some time as one of them is signed BJO FORTAFF. Harlan regaled us with one shtick after another....

Later on I wandered around, more or less orienting myself to the rather confusing geography of the hotel. The Hyatt House is easily the most luxurious hotel I've ever been in (and I've attended coin-fandom cons in some of the most expensive ones in the USA); it is designed for comfort with a damn-the-expense attitude. It spreads out horizontally to make up for having only two storeys; the ground floor rooms that face the pool all have glass poolside doors and picture windows, all rooms are insulated (though, as we saw later that night, not quite soundproofed) and airconditioned with temperature control, the beds are excellent, the bathrooms unusual in that a single push-pull control governs the sink faucet, and you twist counterclockwise for warmer water and the other way for colder; stepping out of a hot shower (controlled the same way) you don't shiver, as an infra-red ceiling lamp warms you up immediately--and so forth. The only deficiency, so far as I could see, was that the coffeeshop was too small (sometimes fans had to wait inordinately long for tables) and with too limited a bill of fare together with high prices. The architecture and decor were uncommonly fine. One could only have wished that the liquor laws had been as sensibly and rationally planned as the hotel's furnishings... try to imagine a con where on Sunday, i.e. from midnight Sat. through midnight Sun., one can drink ONLY within one's room, not even between rooms; where women cannot be served liquor (even beer) at a bar; where one cannot stand or walk while drinking or with a drink in one's hand--tablehoppers must have a waiter carry their drinks for them (a state law, not a hotel rule!), and this law is enforced 24 hours a day even (supposedly) within private rooms. And all this in a state where the state government owns outright all liquor stores in complete monopoly, fixing prices as well as taxes. Hardly any wonder that someone at the banquet quoted House Speaker Sam Rayburn (with that name, why isn't he a stfnist?) as referring to "the 47 ((then)) states and the Soviet of Washington..."

Friday night a filksinging party began in room 228 with Karen Anderson furnishing copies of old and new favorites, Pelz handing out others he'd recently run through the Cult, together with Karen's (SA'S) bartenders' guide and Pelz & Co.'s I PALANTIR; we sang to Sandy Cutrell's guitar until the room was literally too crowded with spectators for any more even to find standing room. A mustachio'd ice cube describing itself as "house security" (evidently their substitute for a house detective) informed us that we'd have to move the party across the way, as it was interfering with others' sleep; the management had tried, without success, to get all the science fiction people onto a single wing of the hotel because they'd anticipated this sort of thing. We moved, slightly diminished in numbers, to 276, where the big feature was "Silverlock": Jack Harness and Ted Johnstone told the story, quoting some of the immortal bits and interpolating the songs (Myers's words they'd set to music) to an appreciative audience. This came to a halt as Harlan Ellison stormed in at 2:30 AM threatening to break the guitar over Johnstone's head. The party dispersed, some 9 or 10 diehards traipsing over to 152-3, the Chuck Devine/Bill Mallardi/Jon Stopa suite. Ron Ellick slipped out at the hint that there might be an ouija board session. Karen Anderson and several others went swimming but got chased out by the mustachio'd ice cube on the grounds that the pool closed at 10 PM (other authorities had said midnight); they later went to the N3F room (which was open 24 hours a day, and in which many could be found at any hour, some asleep, others chatting or drinking GMC's coffee and eating cookies or playing Interplanetary). Their intention of putting out a oneshot came to nothing, as Rich Brown and Ted Johnstone were using the only typer in the place to write up something called "The Disenchanted Duper"... so they sang French songs alternating with the Pelz&Johnstone settings of Heinlein songs (Green Hills of Earth, Grand Canal, etc.) to Sandy's guitar. This party seems to have been unique in faanish history--two bottles of beer were found unopened the next morning...

Saturday morning while I was breakfasting with Bruce Henstell, Blake Maxam (LASFS artist) and Fred Patten, a negro waiter kept asking us if we were beatniks--apparently someone had put him up to it or perhaps genuinely believed that we fen were "a bunch of beatniks", or perhaps he was deceived by the several beards floating around (Silverberg's, mine, Tapscott's, Buz's, etc.). Later, in the VRRoom, Blotto Otto talked of auctioning off a 1926 Little Orphan Annie hardcover book for TAWF. (Listening, AXE!) On his wall was a tray with 12 postcards, the entries in a VRR contest, the prize for the most unusual being a copy of UNKNOWN. One was from Yokohama, 1904; another from Rangoon, 1909, and there were others from many different countries. But the prize winner was one of Willis's several entries, this one being British (1905) with a tiny 78 phonograph record attached, there being a hole in the card for the spindle. The record played "God Save the King". All this and a picture of Westminster Abbey or something in addition to the message. Otto told me that by not being here on Thursday night we'd missed the VRR Wafflecon, at the Pfeifer home; it featured blackberry, pineapple, cherry, nut and (especially for Ella Parker) plain. Otto showed me several pages from the (almost entirely run off) 56-pp. WILLISH of VRR (10¢, all receipts to TAWF), which--true to form--included a Willis item, this one a gassy loc.

The formal program started at noon, Wally Weber introducing among others SaM who then introduced a very uneven choice of pros and fans. He made Doc Smith stand up for applause; Doc spotted Heinlein coming in and introduced him, and immediately afterwards SaM (ignoring Smith) again introduced Heinlein, to the confusion and embarrassment of many, and to Heinlein's protest "I just stood up!" Then Ayjay Budrys, Poul & Karen Anderson, Dr Alan Nourse, Harlan Ellison (someone called him the Stormy Petrel, to which he cracked "I'm the albatross"), Forry, Agberg, Barbara Silverberg (as engineer), Bill Evans (his first worldcon), Mike Deckinger, Ben Jason, Elmer Perdue (who wore a different illustrated necktie each day of the con, each more spectacular than the last, and who'd welcomed me almost openarmed after learning that I was an old friend of Jim Kepner's), Dave & Ruth Kyle... Afterwards Wally read a telegram from JWCjr to the effect that he sent regrets (he didn't mention his daughter's wedding) and was coming on all goshwow about Condé Nast's plans for ANAL OG (the one prozine that did NOT advertise in the

Seacon Program Booklet). Vally then introduced the CRYstaff, Ella Parker, and various other fen big and little who had been passed over by SaM, including the Whites and myself.

Poul Anderson's talk, read from MS (and I hope it will get into VORPAL or some other good fmz), called "The Rituals of SF", dealt mainly with conventionalities--ritual as stereotypy as well as ceremonial. Among its many excellent points were that every cliché (in or out of stf) was once a fresh new expression, and that all fiction (as indeed most human activity) has, or develops, some form of ritual in the sense of ceremonial order; awareness of these things makes all the difference. We retch at JWCjr's psi (and not necessarily at faster-than-light travel) because psi is no longer a concept but a noise ((perhaps something like Moliere's "dormitive virtue" which was said to explain opium's tendency to put people to sleep; but perhaps even more like the deus ex machina found in bad drama since Greek times when in fact it was something fresh and new--wb))--something threadbare, without probing of the physical, psychological or sociological implications. And much more. Poul was well applauded and deserved even more.

"Rich Ellick" and "Ron Eney" sparred for a few minutes on "This is TAFF". Ronel seemed, by any objective criterion, to come off on top in that round.

The "Writing to Sell in Stf and Other Fields" panel had Doc Smith as moderator, Ayjay, Poul, Dr. Nourse, Agberg and Harlan Ellison (replacing PJ Farmer who couldn't make it). Poul emphasized that we write to communicate; proz are one means, selling is secondary ((To which I would add that fanzines are another means, as Poul's own SMÖRGÅSBORD and his column in VORPAL well testify; and it is well known that one can't make a living from stf alone, unless one's name is Heinlein.)) Ayjay pointed out that he is a better salesman for a story he wrote out of love than for a potboiler--because he wanted others to enjoy the former. Harlan said that of his 100-plus written (and all sold) stf stories, he couldn't think of more than 5 or 6 that were worthwhile, but these were stories that could only have been told as stf. To him stf was just one technique among many; he considered himself basically a writer, not primarily a stfnist. "Writing is a Holy Cause"--and writing merely to sell, potboiler writing, was reprehensible and was perhaps what killed SF. Dr. Nourse admitted that in the beginning he had been copying what he enjoyed reading, and through that process learned to write original stuff; writing stf permitted him to learn his craft even before he had anything new to say. Stf to him is a technique for saying things not easily otherwise said. But though he's drifting away from stf, Dr. N. thinks that the field still has much potential. Agberg took the side of the volume-producers-for-money-rather-than-Art, saying that one communicates only when one's writing is actually in print and being read, and that stf simply will not support a fulltime writer on one novel and three short stories a year ((apparently a ref to Bob Tucker's FAZINE PLEIADES PIMPLES--wb)). He admitted to getting a bang out of producing fifteen novels a year. If a hack is a person who writes solely for money and doesn't enjoy what he's doing, then Silverberg doesn't qualify as one; hackery corrodes a writer, while Bob is thriving. As soon as one gets into writing fields other than stf, one finds that volume production is the rule, not the exception; stf has a peculiar aura--the amateur is respected, the quantity producer looked down on as a hack. "I heard a man tell me today on this panel (said Bob) that writing for money is reprehensible. He doesn't believe it--no, he doesn't believe it."

In the discussion, Ellison lashed out at this last remark; Agberg answered an audience questioner to the effect that much of his current writing was children's books, men's magazine articles ((ROGUE especially)), hi-fi articles, paperbacks such as his recent one on Project Mercury, and the whole nonfiction gamut; "no confessions--I've been there and passed." The question of using an agent came up. Nourse said that when marketing one's completed stories becomes a burden, then only are you ready to use an agent. Poul, Bob and Harlan agreed that the best course is to sell four or five stories directly first, then good agents will seek you out--but beware agents who advertise in WRITERS DIGEST and similar mags, as these are generally more interested in collecting reading fees from you than in peddling your stories. If you have trouble choosing between agents, write your favorite author(s) and ask their honest recommendations. Ayjay made the excellent point that he had never known an unsolicited ms. of merit to be rejected solely be-

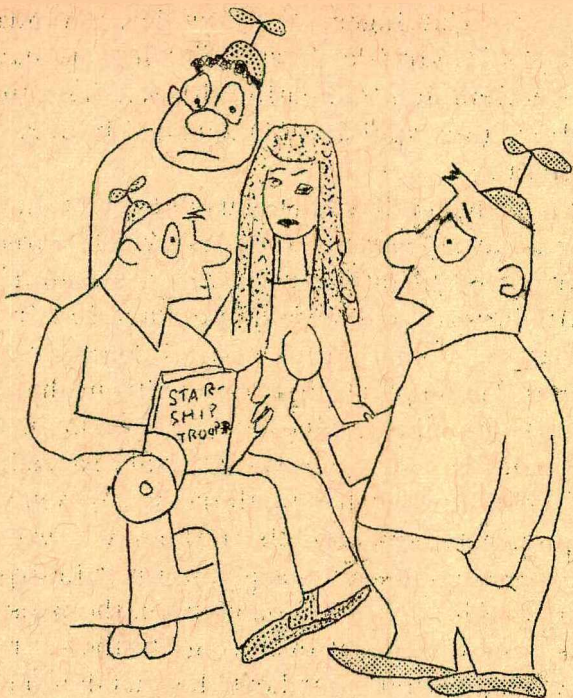
...and reprinted in VOID 22-2--had a lot to say on this as well as the whole agent question, all eminently sensible.)) ...Poul Anderson mentioned that he collected accounts of writers' work habits, and never had found two identical. Harlan claimed that there was more deus ex machina in stf than in any other genre--a locus classicus being H.P. Lovecraft's "unnameable horrors". Doc Smith objected to that on the grounds that Lovecraft didn't write science fiction but fantasy. A.J. Budrys referred to Ruesch's "Top of the World" (about Eskimo life) as a Hal Clement type of book, in making the point that stf was characterized by unique emphases rather than by unique writing techniques. ((He seems to have been groping towards the realization that stf is now less a genre than a technique usable in mainstream fiction.)) Poul suggested that would-be pro writers appeal to at least three senses to give impact to a scene. The panelists were almost unanimous in agreeing that work done slowly and painstakingly is not necessarily better than writing which firehoses out of its author. ((To this I would add that fluency is one of the first requirements for professional quality in writing--a lesson I learned years ago from Gorham Munson, and it has made the difference for me between making a living as a writer and failing at it.)) Forry came up to the mike and contrasted Galaxy's peak of 700 MSS. a month with its present need to have stories written around cover paintings, and asked if the quantity producers weren't in fact keeping stf from an even worse state? Doc Smith said that quantity writers were really needed, as maybe one out of 1000 MSS. in the slushpile ((unsolicited contributions)) proved publishable. (The panelists agreed.) Ayjay amplified this by saying that a typical slushpile MS. might perhaps have a good plot idea or some convincing characterization, etc., but that it would usually not have a good beginning, middle or end--and these three are absolutely necessary to a good story. Nourse suggested that quantity by itself might not make for the best long-run income; that Heinlein's method was easier--one and the same book or story would continue to bring in money for years to come, via reprint rights. ((Someone told me later that Heinlein admitted to making as much this year from each of his past juveniles as he had made from initial book publication of them--a testimony to their continuing popularity, and, I think, proof that people are still interested in good science fiction.)) There was more to the panel, but these were the high points.

At the Auction Bloch, Tyrannical Al Lewis put up Sam Moskowitz first: "Say a word of wisdom, SaM." Uncle SaM: "Wisdom." (The hotel shook and re-echoed.) Al L: "Walter Breen, stand up... This is the kind of man who doesn't want an hour of SaM's time." (Laughter.) "Any archivists in the house?" (Bruce Pelz slipped out of his place and slunk behind a pillar.) Charitable ol' Forry finally bought SaM for \$4.... Then the Tyrannical One sold Doc Smith ("wearing Karen Anderson's wristwatch as a Lens") for \$7.50 to Marian Frazier of Walla Walla, and Fred Pohl for \$15 to Joe Green of Seattle, claiming that the buyer would get "a free sub to Galaxy--and at the end he'll personally autograph a rejection slip just for you." (These were typical of the offthecuff Cal Lewis bits, explaining in small part why he had been such a popular auctioneer at the Baycon.) Harlan Ellison came up and auctioned off A.J. Budrys ("the last example of Pithecanthropus Erectus"--apparently a reference to TW's "Hydra Country" in LIGHTHOUSE 2) for \$15 to a woman named Ember Hochala. Karen Anderson went to Ben Keifer of Columbus for \$5, Dr. Nourse for \$6 to Sue Sanderson of Carlisle, Pa., and Mary Gearhart of Spokane, and then Harlan auctioned himself off for \$16 to some man named Masengil from ~~Califfa~~ Eugene, Oregon. Bjo auctioned off Wally Weber for \$17 to a syndicate of eight femmefans (led by the Very Same Joni Cornell Who...) and nine spectators. Wally's statement was "Aaaaaaaaagh!" Harlan wanted reprint rights, and said "This is the most surrealistic bit I've ever seen!" (Perhaps I should explain to neos and non-CRY readers: At the Pittcon last year, Joni tried to kiss Wally Weber, who practically climbed up the walls to escape her; and this insult to the Eternal Feminimum got its full revenge on the part of the syndicate. I attended the session and will reveal the details below; they will make Room 224 go down in faanish history right beside the fabulous (in every sense) Room 770.) The syndicate: Ella Parker, Ruth Berman, Virginia Schultheis, Ellie Turner, Yoni Cornell, Ruth Kyle, Juanita Green, Chris Moskowitz. Paid spectators (\$1 each): Hal Lynch, JFBone, Dave Kyle, Steve Schultheis, Don Lord (not a typo), Joe Green, Steve Tolliver, Cal Lewis and someone unidentified. *It could have been worse; TAFF made \$85.4

Saturday night...The costume party was full of surprises, pleasant and unpleasant. Heinlein showed up in the guise of a humanoid, with many-colored skin, in formal dress, befitting "Pas-cudnyak, Ambassador Extraordinary & Minister Plenipotentiary, Arcturus III" (as he autographed my copy of 6xH--the new pb version of "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag", which some N3F type gave me free just when I was launching for something of the kind, after seeing Heinlein authorgraphing books for neos that afternoon...). His wife Virginia was a quite eye-catching sight as a tiger-woman. Several people including yhos had earlier mistaken FMBusby for Heinlein (there is actually considerable resemblance, enough to startle SaM), wearing a new kind of propellor beanie--the "propellor" was a radiometer, one of those evacuated bulbs with vanes rotating on a spindle according to the amount of light present. GMCarr, in tights, came up and tried to dance with me--an uncomfortable scene, as I don't know how to dance; she then did dance with Bill Mallardi and Forry. Mark Irwin came on as a Priest of Mota, complete with luminescent cube atop his sceptre. There was some inane hotel band making vaguely rhythmic noises which made conversation sometimes difficult. In the middle of the proceedings several power failures occurred, the first right about the time when Count Dracula and Frankenstein's Monster came in preceded by a stinkbomb and followed by two policemen. (No arrests, though.) At the judging (bungled by Art & Nan Rapp, Doc Smith & Ella Parker) prizes consisting of original Bjo sketches of the winning costumes went to Ernie Wheatley as some Phoenician, one of the Masters in Murray Leinster's "The Other World", for best depiction of a stfsy character; Ellie Turner as Egyptian harvest goddess Remetub, for Most Original; Karen Anderson as a Rotsler Original (complete with balloons for breasts), for Most Humorous; Bjo as Queen Barana of Coventry, for Most Beautiful; Stu Hoffman as Sut Graybe (of The Graybes of Wrath, Galaxy 6/61) for Most Monstrous--a category created by the judges at the last minute; and finally Joni Cornell as "Becket" (one of the LASFS cats), for MOST!. I personally think that the judges were arbitrary and inconsistent. They were adamant in their unwillingness to award a prize to a group, despite Pittcon precedent and the presence of a superb party illustrating Poul Anderson's "Three Hearts and Three Lions", designed by Bjo. Their unwillingness to create a group-award category when it was clearly merited is inconsistent with their having created the "Monstrous" award category specifically for Stu Hoffman. And it was this same inconsistency that led to their breaking up the Coventry group to give the "Most Beautiful" award to Bjo, whose costume was meaningful only in the Coventry context (it was in fact made up, as she admitted to me, out of components of ordinary dress). There were several other highly original costumes which also deserved consideration: Sylvia White as CLMoore's "Jirel of Jari" was exceptionally effective; the Priest of Mota was fun; Chris Moskowitz's green-skinned alien was remarkable...

And afterwards there were two all-night parties--a crowded one in the Chicago Homecoming suite, another in the Devine/Mallardi/Stopa suite. Many circulated between them; this time the house detective didn't put in an appearance.

Sunday, 1:30 PM: The banquet, consisting of one's choice of swiss steak or prime rib (the latter not served until the swiss-steak eaters were about ready for dessert) stretched on and on. Finally, about 3 PM, Vally Weber introduced toastmaster Harlan Ellison with "Let's all boo Harlan Ellison!" (which many did). HE came on with a series of shticks, some of them familiar from the Friday afternoon by the pool, probably the best being the one on the Origin & Causes of Fear--the rest (acto psychologist Jerry Pournelle) being fairly typical of the jokes told at psychologists' conventions, the worst being a bunch of really sick jokes. (There was the JWCjr doll: wind him up and he rises 2 feet into the air and turns into an atomic submarine...and then there was Boris Karloff at the coffin of Bela Lugosi, saying "Bela, you're putting me on!"...and finally there was Forry Ackerman, after an hour and a half of ~~HAKAW FAYISBA WACKS~~ root-canal work in the dentist's chair, handing the DDS a note reading "I give up, I confess, I'm a communist.") And then it was 3:30 and Forry started rambling about the first few worldcons, 1939-55, singling out for particular praise the 1941 Denvention when Heinlein spoke on "The Discovery of the Future", and mentioning that the fan vs. pro ball games ended when damon knight brought in the N3F.



I'm going to be taking a trip into the next state. Anybody want me to pick up a few guns for them?

Forry then announced that Rick Sneary was to receive the Big Heart award (much applause to this) --previous recipients having been Bloch in 1959, SaM for some reason or other in 1960. Ellie Turner accepted it for Rick. At 4:05 Harlan Ellison was on again with another sick shtick and an extended introduction of Heinlein, who got a standing ovation as soon as he went up to the mike.

Heinlein's speech (which will be pubbed in NEW FRONTIERS, he told me) was extempore but caught on tape by Frank Dietz. It deserves a fmz all to itself; I can only hit the highlights. It consisted of an hour and a half of gloomy predictions, mostly in comparison/contrast to the 1941 Denvention predictions, and addressed to us because he still believes, as he did then, that we stf fans "are better prepared to face the future than the ordinary run of people...because (we) believe in change" (this quote is from p.6 of the Denvention speech). He repeated his 1941 prediction of a series of wars, anywhere from 5 to 50 years in all, and said he probably would not live to see world peace, again exactly as in 1941. He shocked us by the flat statement that 1/3 of his audience would be dead "shortly"--some from H bombs etc., but others because waylaid by neighbors for having food, or from hardships of slave labor camps, or in continual guerrilla warfare of

an anti-soviet resistance movement. He alluded to the famous "Cold Equations" story in ASF, and justified his gloomy predictions on similar grounds. The possible kinds of future for humanity are now, from the nature of the political situation, limited. Some 10% consisted of essentially improbable occurrences: the sun becomes a nova, or Overlords in flying saucers come and enforce a cease-fire, or Mr K becomes a convert to christianity, etc. The other 90% divides into the rather small probability of an atomigeddon and the far, far larger probability of prolonged guerrilla wars with infiltration and slow surrender. He asked how many in the audience had built fallout shelters: (Some 4 or 5 hands were raised, Heinlein's not among them.) As for expecting a well-fed soviet Russia to become unaggressive, that is (he said) asking a leopard to change its spots; it is unrealistic because communism is basically a religion, and one does not convert zealots with cadillacs. Communists are not villains nor opportunist mercenaries, but dedicated moralistic activists; and for all that the Russian people are sweet and peaceable, they are still by and large staunch defenders of the system; expecting them to revolt en masse is in a class with expecting Overlords in flying saucers. We can also, Heinlein said, forget "On the Beach"; if 60,000,000 were killed in H-warfare, they would be replaced in slightly over a year--though of course most of the replacements would be Chinese. "In many ways this will be the most tragic era in history--and in some ways the most glorious. To live in such a fashion that you cherish every golden moment--that is how a Man lives."*He illustrated this with a true anecdote of how a young stranger died, run over by a locomotive while trying to help a husband extricate his wife's foot from a railroad track switch. "Vill underground resistance be our fate?" The only use of predictions is to make preparation possible, therefore (he said) we should buy our weapons in another state and refrain from registering them--registered guns are very easily located and confiscated. And we should learn guerrilla warfare, in order to survive when confronted with it. There are several

*Cf. Stranger in a Strange Land, p.126. 6

classic texts on the subject, mostly difficult to obtain. Tom Wintringham's "New Ways of War" (Infantry Journal 1942, reprinted by Penguin), Yank Levy's "Guerrilla Warfare", Ché Guevara's "The War of the Guerrillas" (for some reason, though, Heinlein didn't mention the Mao Tse-tung text). He added that Applegate's recent "Kill or Get Killed" (Stackpole, 1961) sounded like an excellent text, but he couldn't be certain as he had not yet read it.

After that Heinlein launched into the question of values.* Though Bertrand Russell might choose otherwise, he, Heinlein, would rather die free than live in slavery--whereas others "would rather be red than dead"; better to risk fallout than slavery for our children ((here is where Heinlein's limited knowledge of biology, I think, has betrayed him)); there is no comfortable place left in the world for pacifists; we are descendants of vikings, crusaders, and heroes of all degrees; courage is our heritage, gallantry our birthright--and there'll be plenty of opportunity in the next few decades to exercise both. Heinlein regarded conscription as human slavery, suppression of truth as intolerable, jails as an insult to human freedom, and this was the basis for his hatred of communism, in which "pravda" means no longer "truth" but rather "what furthers world revolution (i.e. world communism)". He pointed out from his own extensive travels in the soviet world (with Mrs. Heinlein speaking fluent Russian rather than depending on the usual Intourist interpreters) many eyewitness examples, some familiar, most not, of how soviet monopoly on the press and official limitations on citizens' travel (one requires a police permit even to go to the next town, and this is often long in coming if granted at all) were together what kept the Russian people from being anything but staunch defenders of the regime; heresy was almost literally unthinkable, as for the most part soviet citizens were carefully shielded from anything remotely like opposing viewpoints. The 1984 changing of history--even to "unpersons"--is today a living reality in the Soviet Union. Heinlein cited examples of unpersons--impossible to locate in Russian history texts or other books or periodicals, despite their importance in Russian history: John Paul Jones, Kerensky, Trotzky. (Contrast Benedict Arnold, Robert E Lee, Jeff Davis, etc.) He compared the USA's probable role to that of Lithuania, in which ((listening, Ayjay!)) resistance has been a way of life for centuries. And though space travel probably wouldn't change soviet habits, it would (he said) become a reality anyway: someone would land on the moon--not an American--within the year, and someone on Mars within the decade; and some of us would walk the dead sea-bottoms of Barsoom shortly thereafter, as political prisoners, ordered to Colonize or Die!

Heinlein held back what he called his happiest prediction for last: The 20th Century would go down in history as the century in which the human race learned, almost in entirety, to read & write.

The standing ovation that followed was punctuated by disappointed remarks as well as by applause and cheers. Afterwards Harlan Ellison handed out Hugos, likewise to very mixed reactions:

† Best Fanzine: WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION (with the comment that "from the fan ranks came 98% of pros"; accepted by a beaming Earl Kemp.

† Best Artist, Emshwiler (no surprise); accepted for him by Silverberg, with the announcement that Emsh was at work on a full-length (non-stf) film, due in NYC in 1962.

† Best Short Fiction, Poul Anderson's "Longest Voyage", accepted by Poul.

† Best Dramatic Presentation, Rod Serling's "Twilight Zone", accepted by Bjo ("herself a resident of the Twilight Zone"--laughter), who commented that Rod himself had been betting on The Time Machine.

† Best Prozone, ANALOG, accepted for JVCjr by Doc Smith; mixed cheers and jeers.

† Best Novel, Walter Miller's "Canticle for Leibowitz", accepted by RP Mills, again to mixed reactions.

I frankly found these choices surprising and in some ways disappointing. Earl Kemp must have gotten many votes from people who had never seen a copy of WKSF, as it had an extremely limited circulation--confined to the contributors (71), SACS (40), Library of Congress (2) and family friends (12), total 125. Every fan I've mentioned it to so far found the victory a surprise; most were expecting HABAKKUK to nose out WKSF and lesser contenders. But a good zine and a Good

*Cf. Stranger in a Strange Land, 94-95. 7 Ibid, 367.

Man won. That Analog won, despite the general crudliness of material printed therein (recall "Occasion for Disaster"?), is an unpleasant testimony to the proneness of some fans to vote on a basis of either tradition or nostalgia--certainly not recent quality. And my disagreement over "Canticle" is so great that I will have to make a separate article out of it. When a second-rate piece of religious propaganda can win out over "Rogue Moon", I begin to lose confidence in the intelligence of fandom--at least in that segment of it which takes part in the Hugo balloting. Including both "Canticle" and "Venus Plus X" in the "Best Novel" category of nominations is, of course, stretching the category greatly; but in intrinsic quality either the Sturgeon or the Budrys work stood head, shoulders, chest and abdomen over the Miller tract. I have to echo Bob Tucker once again in his indictment of the Hugos as being given over and over again to the wrong people for the wrong reasons. This is not a slam at Buz or his assistants; it is a slam at the mentality of many who vote so unthinkingly. (Con fans, I would guess; certainly fans who have little acquaintance with mainstream literature and the criteria that enable one to distinguish the great from the merely good and both from the mediocre or worse. It is shameful that Sturgeon and Budrys (like George R Stewart and Bernard Wolfe of earlier days) are passed up in favor of mediocrities.

Shortly after Wally Weber adjourned the banquet program, the syndicate that had bought him at the Auction Bloch dragged him to Room 224, where developed a scene straight out of Aristophanes: Ella Parker, Bjo, Yoni, Sylvia, Ruth Kyle (later replaced by Jane Jacobs), Ruth Berman, Virginia Schultheis, Ellie Turner shortly had the dazed and protesting WWW literally climbing the walls (he once almost knocked out a window) trying to get away from them. The other buyers listed above didn't make it. The spectators actually present: Steve Schultheis, Hal Lynch (in bowler hat adorned with propellor as usual), Tyrannical Al Lewis (timekeeper), Andy Main, Yoni's little daughter Debbie, who didn't understand what was going on (and felt neglected as during the costume party and most of the con), Jean Bogert, Steve Tolliver, Ted White, Boyd Raeburn, and yhos (on a press pass). After the first chaotic tumbling, Bjo and Ella organized the session so that each girl in turn would get an opportunity to kiss Wally. He in turn managed to delay but not evade his fate by nattering, getting off some good lines and inspiring some still better ones. Boyd Raeburn visualized a writeup of the scene as "I Was a Love Slave for the Amazon Women"; Wally's "Artificial respiration, anyone?" drew from Ted White "Have you ever tried the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation technique?". After all had kissed him thoroughly, either Bjo or Ella (I don't recall which) made the amendment, agreed to by the rest, that Wally would then have to take each girl into his arms in turn, and kiss her until she declared herself satisfied. Joni: "And anyone who disagrees with our amendments will have to kiss Wally, be they male or female." Andy Main: "How can Wally kiss himself?" Bjo's performance was spectacular. Sylvia was dazzling, even in a wet bathing suit. (Steve Schultheis brought her a towel to put on Wally's lap.) Virginia Schultheis was aggressive, dominating and intense. And last of all, Ella Parker, enjoying her revenge from the "SCoaW" bit, was overwhelming--having Wally pinioned on the bed. There had been an announcement that each kiss had to last a full minute, but some didn't--however, several, including Ella's, made up for that with interest....It was all over with in a few minutes less than the full hour the syndicate had been entitled to. Wally looked exhausted; everyone agreed that the Weber kissing technique had improved remarkably within the hour, and immensely since the Pittcon. As we walked out of 224, I stage-whispered to WWW "Well acted, Wally!"--and the look he gave me was the precise visual equivalent of "You bastard!". Less than half an hour later, I saw Wally walking toward the pool, carrying a baby, with Ellie Turner close behind rolling the carriage. There were shrieks and shouts of "So soon?", "Already!", "Encore!", "Congrats!", "Disclaimer!", "Author!", etc. Evidently Ellie had put Wally up to this. (John Trimble provided distraction at this moment by arriving with his badge altered to read ~~ussR John~~ IVAN TrimbleOV--he explained that he was taking Heinlein's speech seriously.)

The editors' panel began late that evening. Even so, I missed most of it, mainly from having to wait at the coffee-shop to get a meal. What little I heard seemed relatively unexciting though commonsensical.

*Spectators had outbid Wally--\$6.50--to keep him from escaping this fate; TAWF gained.

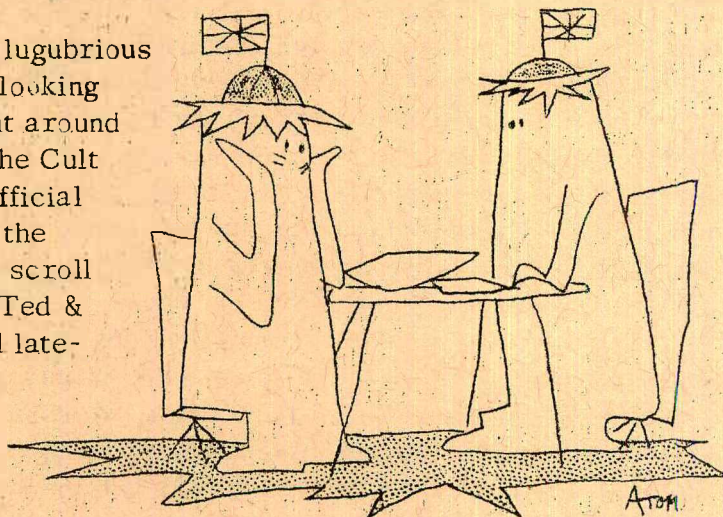
At 9:40 PM Wally called Ella Parker up to the front to receive a Special WRR award from Blotto Otto Pfeifer. This was a red pen-and-ballpoint-and-pencil set, inscribed ELLA PARKER / CERTIFIED / S C O A W. She read it aloud to cheers and applause, and commented: "That REALLY makes it official!"

The auction began at 10 PM, Al Lewis again crying it and again coming out with any number of first-rate offthecuff wisecracks. Ron Ellik came up to make some announcement--I think it was about the Bergeron paintings to be auctioned next morning at 11:00--and Cal Lewis promptly started auctioning him off; from 25¢ he went (with many intervening bids) up to \$10, Virginia Schultheis carrying him off in triumph; what she did with him deponent knoweth not. (Applause and laughter followed them out.) "From the ridiculous to the sublime"--and Lewis then put up the MS. of a Cordwainer Smith story... Harlan Ellison occasionally took over when interest appeared to flag, as to sell an Amz cover ("Dr. Immanuel Zarkov, a relative of Bruce Henstell") for \$13 to Chuck Hansen; no real highlights this session. Harlan's performance was almost reminiscent of I Pagliacci; the clowning concealed upset over his room having been robbed of all spare cash. (The stack of Regency paperbacks, originally free, was left in the entrance for sale.)

At 11:05 PM the business meeting began, being immediately interrupted by one last auction item: Lewis Grant had put up for TAFF something described as "a steel engraving of an American satellite." Unseen, it got bid up to \$1.50. It turned out to be a new 4¢ stamp....A few minutes later, Jack Speer presiding, the meeting adopted the Hugo Committee recommendations, viva voce, with one minor amendment. Dave Kyle moved a vote of thanks to the committee; applause. Then Speer called for consite bids. Lee Tremper entered a bid for Indianapolis, immediately withdrawing it in favor of Chicago. Earl Kemp spoke as though it were a fait accompli, describing the work he and his group had already put in on it, the con hotel, projected program, etc. Pavlat seconded the bid; there were no others. The unanimous vote was tumultuous. After the prolonged applause, some joker came out with "That was close!" and Earl Kemp added "That was an exciting race!" The meeting adjourned at 11:40; by then Kemp's assistants were giving out Progress Report #1 to early joiners--there were several dozen.

We drifted into the room next to the coffeeshop, where movies were supposed to take place. Something was wrong with the projector and the operators didn't show anything that evening, but Ronel and Bruce Henstell called up Ella Parker and presented her with the Parker Pond Fund, formerly the Pun Fund, in jars and rolls of coins--to help send her back to England. The rest of that night was monopolized by parties, parties, parties. I was at the Chicago Homecoming party but later pulled out (it was far too crowded for comfortable talk) and joined Ted and Sylvia White, Elinor Busby, Andy Main, Scotty & Fran Tapscott in Boyd Raeburn's room; the fangab there went on into the wee hours.

Monday morning we were awakened by a lugubrious voice summoning us to Eney's room ("overlooking the cemetery") for the Cult seance. Present around the black candle were Ted Johnstone, with the Cult Official mace, Bruce Pelz with the SAPS official brass knuckles, Scribe JH in costume, with the NAPA featherduster and a huge parchment scroll for our signatures, together with members Ted & Sylvia, Eney, Boyd Raeburn, Andy Main, and late-arriving Scotty Tapscott; waitlisters Henstell, Patten, Scithers, Berman and yhos. Someone (JH I believe) cracked: "To be or not to be, that is the question?" over the proposed amendment to the Cult constitution--"The Cult shall



I just don't know who to vote for--Eney in case he swings it, or Ellik 'cause I'd like to meet him!

be disbanded, lock, stock and bucket, ~~effective immediately~~ on publication of FR 100." (It was tabled.) Eney described how on 28 Aug a USPO inspector visited him with a copy of an Eney cultzine and an envelope addressed to Bob L----- (with enough of the 6137 S Croft address visible to leave no doubt of the identity), and asked him leading questions concerning the Cult and supposedly salacious material therein. He finally admitted that he found Eney's stuff mailable. But he did seize a number of recent cultzines. Despite Eney's remarks in AXE 11, these will probably be found mailable also, unless the inspector is the sort of character who can find erotic excitement in medical or sociological treatises. (The cartoon Eney had singled out in AXE was too stylized--and too funny--to be erotic; though it showed a couple coupling upside down on the ceiling, the caption was "Boy! I can't wait until I'm through here so I can put out a f/r doing a writeup of this New Position...!") In any event, it was abundantly clear that the complaint to the USPO had emanated from Lichtman's parents, who had to Get Back at the "dirty lousy perverts" who had weaned their 19-year-old son away from the parental ~~sheep~~ fold. The meeting ended with an Official ruling that any member who ran unmailable matter through the Cult should be dropped, subject to appeal or overruling by 7 members as of pubdate. However, this left open the question of who decides what is unmailable... Shed a tear or something: the Cult's traditional Image as the apa which discussed controversial subjects is, for the moment, dead.

Running down to the Art Room from the seance, I found Ellick auctioning off Bergeron paintings for TAWF. Sid Coleman and I bid each other up (in \$1 advances) to \$42 for what we both considered the finest of the lot as well as one of the 2 or 3 best (possibly the best) of the paintings in the show--Bergeron's "Invasion of Birds". (I had the painting with me most of that day and was twice offered a profit on it by two different admirers of it.) Of the 20 Bergerons, 17 sold at prices ranging from about \$9 on up to the abovementioned \$42; the total reported in AXE was \$163.50, though someone (Ronel?) at the time said \$168.50. While I'm on the subject of the Art Show, I might as well mention that it was a huge success, largely owing to Bjo's efforts to get good material and display it effectively in the limited space available; she deserves a BIG round of applause for that. Other than the Bergerons, some 42 items (not counting dozens, possibly hundreds, of small sketches on the tables) were sold for over \$200, one of them--Cynthia Goldstone's "Abominable, My Ass!" (depicting an Abominable Snowman)--to Ernie Wheatley before it was completely unwrapped. While it was on display, someone stuck a card next to it reading "I said NO squirrel cartoons!" (No, it didn't seem to be Ronel's handwriting.) All of Cynthia's paintings sold quickly--and they probably would have sold even had she priced them high (they were very cheap, say \$2 to \$5, and I've seen less meritorious items sell at ten times that). M.L. Meatheringham (a young blond woman) was the big sleeper of this Art Show; her paintings were small gem-like compositions, which took three prizes and sold fast. The Barr "Starfisher" got the popular award--a disappointment, as besides the magnificent Bergeron mentioned above, and the splendid Bjo "Incunebulust" (auctioned off to Pavlat for \$45 for the Marijane Johnson Fund, helping out the wheelchair-bound Neffer), there were several others which could easily have qualified had the votes been cast on the basis of either merit or eye-appeal. For the record, here were the prizewinners:

☞ Outré Art: (awards sponsored by Famous Monsters of Filmland): (1) Bergeron's "Invasion of the Birds"; (2) Cynthia Goldstone's "Illustrated Boy"; (3) M.L. Meatheringham's "Birdman King"; honorable mentions: Curtis's "Family Portrait", Helen Urban's "Fantasy on Growth", C. Goldstone's "Doll Maker".

☞ Fantasy (sponsored by R. Eney): (1) Sylvia White's "World of Sesha"; (2) Barr's "Comonleigh"; (3) Bergeron's "Plant Lover"; hon. men., Bergeron's "Paris" (the Homeric figure, not the city).

☞ Heroic Fantasy (sponsored, inevitably, by the Hyborian Legion): (1) Krenkel's AMRA cover; hon. men., Ernest Knowles's "Gilgamesh".

☞ SF Illustration (sponsored by Forry): (1) Metzger's "Homecoming"; (2) Don Simpson's "Brennschluss".

☞ Astronomical Art (sponsored by LASFS): (1) Bergeron's "Sun from Jupiter"; (2) Knowles's

"Hyperspace #2" (a jewel-like nonobjective painting, in a class with many now hung in the Guggenheim Museum!); (3) Bergeron's "Sunrise on Saturn" (auctioned for \$20 to Beresford Smith).
J Children's Fantasy (sponsored by GAUL): (1) Barbi Johnson's group for "The Enchanted Forest" (really, far better than her fmz illustrations); (2) Meatheringham's "Pen & Ink Wizard".
J Judges Choice (sponsored by Kyles): (1) A pair of ATomillos in color.

Most Promising (sponsored by the N3F): (1) Meatheringham; (2) Sylvia White; hon.men., Barbi Johnson.

No other prizes were awarded, though other categories existed.

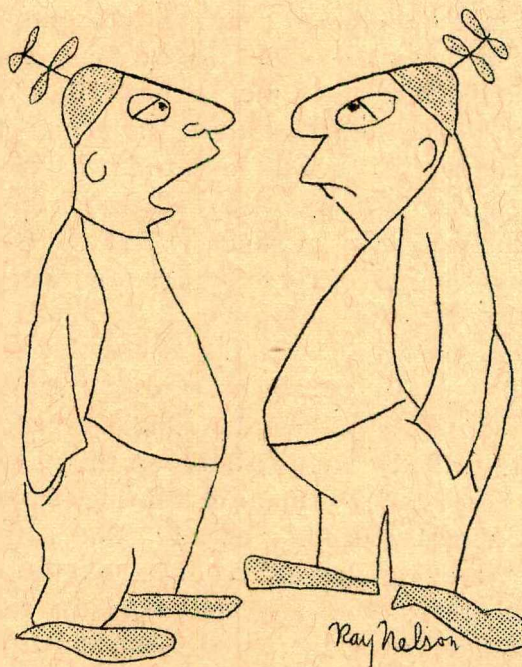
The "Why Is A Fan?" panel began at 12:30. Earl Kemp was moderator; panelists were Wrai Ballard (the original Musquite Kid of SAPS, attending his first worldcon), Bill Evans (first worldcon for him too), Bob Pavlat, Ted White, Boyd Raeburn and I, with Jack Speer arriving late (Evans had originally been appointed to replace Speer, but the panel continued with seven members instead of the scheduled six--and was the better for it).

Wrai theorized that his isolation (on a farm around Blanchard, N.Dak.) was largely responsible for his continuance as a fan, though perhaps not for his original fan status; he began as a stf reader, discovering fandom a few weeks later. Evans described his own fan status as an outgrowth of his stf collecting/bibliographic interest, adding that he remained through meeting friends, who were people with some non-mundane enthusiasms. Pavlat made similar points, emphasizing that groups like the Lions, Masons, etc., are basically mundane, while fandom was unrestricted. Ted White described himself as "originally an isolated introvert, like most other fans he knew of", for whom stf was one of several possible escape media; from a beginning as a Heinlein-reader, he had become so deeply involved with fannishness that for a while 100% of his social life consisted of fans. This began to change about the time he became a professional writer in the jazz world--but even there he found something parallel to fannishness. Nat Hentoff, for instance, was a BNF comparable to Bob Tucker, and the musicians themselves to pros. Ted described his present orientation--"Not FIAWOL, but Fandom Is An Important Part of Life." Boyd Raeburn wished that someone could have made clear definitions at the outset of "fan", "fannish" and related terms--so far, by consensus, fans appeared not just as stf readers but as people who got involved with fanzines or cons or both. I took off from that point with the notion that there exist basically fannish types who don't know fandom but who clearly need something of the kind, some congenial avoidism of mundane. Some of these learn of, and enter, our fandom early, some late, some not at all; some of them get into other fandoms, others miss out altogether. Avoidism it may be, but it is for these types a necessary outlet. Most of the other panelists had begun with some brief account of their own entry into fandom. My own was atypical enough so that I had just about decided against it on the grounds that it wouldn't be generalizable; but then I recalled that Freud and his followers learned (and taught us) much about normals by studying kooks, who represented exaggerations of particular features of normals. And so (I guessed) my own unusual history might in some way illuminate others' understanding of how a fan gets that way. Like many others (I continued) I began as a stf reader--Heinlein, Stapledon, Sturgeon--and an isolated introvert; and until almost the present day my life has remained a nearly 100% Avoidist quest--a perpetual attempt to escape from Mundane in its various forms--parental domination, the church, the army, the 8 to 5 slavery, conformity in just about every form; I felt the scene alien and threatening then, unwelcome still. Even what I did for a living was an avoidism; in being a professional writer I was staying away from conventional (though perhaps more lucrative) work for The Organization; in the coin world (a hobby and for many itself an avoidism) I was avoiding the commercialism of huckstering; and it was only by the strangest of freak circumstances that I missed getting into our fandom as early as 1947--why I didn't read lettercols in the prozines I don't know; in 1952 there was the Baltimore group "Phalanx" (an unknowingly fannish group of young intellectuals) which just before I joined had attended a stf club meeting and been turned off; in 1955 I attended the NYC FanVetsCon, though Taurasi turned me off so completely that I didn't bother leaving my name for his mailing list; that same year I met Sylvia Margulies of the lamented Satellite SF, even atten-

ding a Hydra Club meeting--but for some reason no fan meetings; in 1956 I missed the NYcon II only by having to be out of town that weekend; and so forth & so on until Les Gerber (whom I'd met through Cylvia) recruited me by bringing me a stack of HYPHENS and GRULEs and Berryzines and other goodies while I was flat on my back in a hospital in Oct.-Nov. 1959. But I am morally certain that had I known of fandom in those earlier days I would have entered it. In short, in a rather exaggerated form, I was one of those personalities who needed some kind of consistent escape from mundane, of the kind that our fandom (or in lesser degrees the others I'd fooled around in) has value in providing.

In the discussion to follow, Evans amplified the above by pointing out that his fanac even influenced his mundane activity, much as with Ted White and myself: Evans ended up as a scientist, working on goshwow stffish₁₉₃₀₋₅₀ projects; Ted White is a professional mimeographer, professional layout artist, professional writer--specializing in slash-and-blast or Wailing Wall reviews and interviews-in-depth. (And my own contributions to the literature of coin fandom have sometimes a fannish slant.) Evans added that club fans tend to find mutual emotional support of a perhaps more direct kind than do those fans whose contacts come only via correspondence and fmz. Ted mentioned that damon knight had been his own big influence in writing reviews (fmz or jazz), and he alluded to the relevance of reviews to the larger field--and their influence on the latter. (He might have mentioned Harry Warner's "Opere Citato" as well.) Ted admitted to knowing very few acknowledgedly non-introvert fans. ((Cincinnati and MisFit types.)) Among the majority, FIATOLISM might come from a lack of inner resources, or from avoidism, or was it from a lack of satisfying sex contacts. Someone quoted Horace L. God on the 5-year turnover among stf readers (partly perhaps ascribable to readers becoming quickly jaundiced, or to Sturgeon's Law applying to stf). Similarly in fandom; some fans, said Ted, seem to satisfy their ego-boos quickly, going the cycle from neo to BNF to permanent gafiote in a few years (like Joel Nydahl), returning to mundane and perhaps never to find their way back to fandom. I started to ask if he, Ted, or anyone else on the panel actually lived in mundane--I certainly don't--but the arrival of Speer interrupted that line of questioning. He was introduced to much applause.

Speer expounded his theory that fans by and large are handicapped types--handicapped sometimes by demonstrable physical defect (Christenberry, Chauvenet, etc.), or sometimes mentally /emotionally (as Laney thought true of all fans), or perhaps socially hampered by the uncongenial environment of a small town (Laney came from Moscow, Idaho) where few opportunities for a lively mind existed; the theory may not be completely generalizable but is often useful in understanding individuals. ((JFS had told me roughly the same thing the previous evening when we had met for the first time.)) Earl Kemp asked why in that case there were so few negroes in fandom. Speer said that fandom attracts characteristically urban and small-town types, verbally oriented, alienated from their mundane associates, and of above average IQ. Negroes, by and large, do not fit this category (said he) nor do American Indians--but Jews often do. He quoted a brief conversation with me in which examination of the FANAC mailing list showed probably 10% Jews, which is perhaps a trifle higher than the Jewish proportion in the populace as a whole. ((The wonder is that there aren't a lot more, but I would guess that they have other outlets. Certainly they're extremely



I've got a Cosmic Mind--what's your handicap?

common in coin fandom, and in intellectual groups of many kinds, whether or not these qualify as parts of other fandoms.)) Ted White suggested that there might be more negroes around than we think--particularly among fanzine fans that don't attend cons. Certainly there are plenty of stf readers among them. Ted's friends Eric Dolphy (one of the finest altoists in jazz) and Tom Wilson (editor of 33 GUIDE) are avid stfnists. And we don't have to do more than allude to Carl Brandon... Bill Evans added that young fans enter fandom because they think, often correctly, that they can find acceptance for what they are and do, not on the basis of family or socio-economic status or the length of their trousers. I mentioned a nearly exact parallel in numismatics; there were several youngsters who were making a considerable income and reputation by their writings (or, in two or three cases, their coin dealing) while in their mid teens, and the publisher of a prozine I edit, "Numismatic Journal", right now is just 17 or 18 (he is also a fringe-fan, subscribing to HABAKKUK--his name is Lynn Glaser). Someone, I think Ted, alluded to Jeff Vanshel, who though only 13 was a strong contender in the "Best New Fan" race last winter and who publishes an astonishingly good fmz, F*ADE, besides being a highly respected member of the Fano-clasts. There was also mention of Andy Main and Joel Nydahl...

During the audience-question period, Elinor Busby punctured the Speer handicap theory by asking if anyone (panelist or audience member) knew any nonfans altogether free of handicaps. No hands were raised. Speer said that he knew many mundane types without known handicaps. I asked him: "Are these people complacent acceptors of the world as it is?" Speer: "Yes." Ted White: "That's a handicap." (Laughter.) Christine Moskowitz then harangued us at length about photography clubs (which sound like another fandom, the way she describes them) and then asked us why we thought our fandom was "more unique" (sic) than any other special interest group, or for that matter more handicapped, introverted, etc.? I replied that our fandom was far more self-conscious than others I knew of, and said that it's entirely likely that there are many who would be in it if they knew of it--but if they don't find our fandom they go into another one which has some of the features they need. Evans added that coin fans are interested almost exclusively in coins, photo and stamp and car fans similarly, etc. (ChrisMos shouted denials on behalf of photo clubs)--but that our own fandom has no such overwhelmingly central issue. SaM thundered "If you're not SCIENCE FICTION fans what are you?" (Scattered applause.) Sylvia White: "Stf fans have more common interests than do other such special-interest groups; perhaps we might be called printed-word fans, communication/idea fans." ChrisMos shouted: "She's ignorant!" Ted, bristling a bit, rushed to her defense with "How do you know she hasn't been in them?" Ella Parker went on about the Sense of Wonder popularly supposed to characterize stf fen, and theorized that it was fostered because most of us were introduced to stfsy at very early ages. "How many of us have reread any of the things we enjoyed years ago--and found them crud?" (Scattered show of hands.) Ted and I replied that we read now for different things from what we sought in our early readings (and not just to pick holes either); we can enjoy the same books even for different reasons. And even if we found the books now to be crud, this simply testifies to Sturgeon's Law applying in stfsy even as in mundane games or occupations. I added that I have personally reread many of my early stfsy loves, and found that there was still much to enjoy in Stapledon and Heinlein and Sturgeon and Orwell...and sometimes even Lovecraft; and that the things I had a vague dislike of then I had a more defined dislike of now. The big difference: maturing seems to mean becoming (among other things) more articulate. I then referred to a Marion Zimmer Bradley article "One Touch of Goshwow" in TESSERACTION 3 (long since on stencil), to the effect that stf readers, like fmz reviewers and opera or literary critics, all too often, ~~become jaded from~~ repeated exposure to the same sort of thing, and become more concerned about demonstrating their brilliance in putting down crud or even flyspecks, whereas the neos and those who retain some measure of a Sense of Wonder may write crudely or miss esotericisms but they have at least one advantage: they retain an open mind and understand what the author or composer is trying to do. MZB perhaps jokingly suggested a test on critics & fmz reviewers every year to see if they still had that One Touch of Goshwow which distinguishes the fan from the

mundane type. I also quoted a bit about the Sense of Wonder from "Man's Search for Himself" by Rollo May:

"Wonder is the opposite of cynicism and boredom; it indicates that a person has a heightened aliveness, is interested, expectant, responsive. It is essentially an 'opening' attitude...an awareness that there is more to life than one has yet fathomed,...new vistas in life to be explored as well as new profundities to be plumbed."

Hal Lynch switched the subject to why some stf readers only become fringe fans or fake fans. Earl Kemp suggested that perhaps they too were seeking identification, but found it elsewhere. Ed Wood added that perhaps they just hadn't yet been really turned on to that aspect of fandom which they might dig most; that he himself had remained a stf-reading fringe fan for many years before attending his first con, and that he had been earlier turned off by the Sarge Saturn lettercols--which perhaps had kept away more than their share of worthy neos, just as had the crudzines likely to have come their way via the lettercols ((not to mention the N3F)).* Some woman--I didn't get her name--stood up and declared that mere stf readers are often content to remain on the sidelines; real fans, almost by definition, became active enthusiasts about anything which excited their interest. Jack Harness summarized it by saying that he was and is a stf fan but does not live stf 24 hours/day, 365 days/year; there is not that much stf to discuss. (SaM showed signs of anger.) Fans, being vocal types (JH continued), imaginative, with wide ranges of interest, like to talk about other things as well--and why not? Bill Evans described himself as a sort of double fan--partly the SaM type, partly the Ted White type; bibliographic immersion is good but it can't be the whole of fanlife--and why limit oneself? Even stfsy artists and writers find themselves in a similar situation. Lewis J Grant ((perhaps alluding to my "Other Fandoms" piece in VOID 22-1)) pointed out that science-fiction has an extremely wide range of content, providing many themes from which fans could select to find common interest. At this point SaM, exceedingly enraged, bellowed that "if we are interested in psychology or the like, we go to professionals, not other fans!!" Ted White calmly pointed out that 13-year-old neos don't have ready access to such professionals. (Some unidentified fringe fan called out that these professionals cost \$5 and up a visit anyway.) An explosive argument got started with SaM and ChrisMos on one side, Ted (aided by myself) on the other. SaM was adamant that Ted was incompetent and could not validly claim to be an authority on music or anything else. Ted mentioned that various prozines, including ROGUE, took him seriously enough as an "authority" to pay him good money for articles on jazz. SaM called ROGUE Magazine a liar, and tried to carry on the vendetta lately started in FAPA. The scene was quieted with some trouble. Don Day (to some applause) cited his own 22-year history of stf reading and 5 years of actifandom, followed by gafia because fandom's advantages to him hadn't been worth the effort he put in ((one assumes that the DD Index was only a tiny part of it)), but he vowed that he would be at any West Coast con to meet the wonderful friends he had made while still a fan. The argument flared up again between the Moskowitzes and TW. Chris demanded that Ted produce medical authority to support his arguments against her on peyote. I cited, on Ted's behalf, the UN 1959 Narcotics Bulletin, which contains an article on peyote with some 550 medical references, and which substantially agrees with the Donaho/White/Ellington/Nunnery/haLevy position, that peyote is neither addictive nor narcotic. (She later admitted to me, somewhat apologetically, that her sources were a couple of psychiatrists. I pointed out that these need not have done any reading on the subject, whereas I had, and I knew that haLevy had done research--after all, he is a professional biochemist; and that for every medical opinion she might cite that peyote or mescaline (or for that matter cannabis) is addictive, I could cite her at least two others that would say it is not. In all likelihood peyote (like alcohol and tobacco) could have different effects on different people, but by and large peyote is less addictive than tobacco. She said that her main concern was that young neos might get access to it. I said that the cost pretty well precluded that, and that anyway it was a quite different situation from opium derivatives which were known to be physiologically addictive. We agreed to disagree.) SaM glowered at me but said nothing. By now the panel was pretty well broken up.

*He also made noises about fans having deserted stf; TW called him "narrowminded". 14

The Willis Fund raffle resulted in Lee Anne Tremper winning the set of 7 SLANTs and the HARP STATESIDE (it had earlier been announced as Nos. 1 to 6 but #7 was added at the con); Ed Wood (!) won WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA and the Freas portfolio; Ben Jason the ENCHANTED DUPE and HARP STATESIDE; Bruce Henstell (I think) INCOMPLETE BURBEE and SLANT #3; Steve Schultheis WHO KILLED SF and HARP STATESIDE; I forget who got VDA and SLANT #5. Notable was the absence of many would-have-been winners; about 25 or 30 numbers were called before someone in the room showed a winning stub. Earl Kemp then put up a Margaret Brundage oil painting, said to be the last fantasy painting she did or would ever do; Jessie Clinton, I think, won it. Someone made an announcement that the long-awaited Don Day Index 1951-60 was complete save for some mechanical details of transcribing, and would be ready in 3 or 4 months.

Then came the second and final auction session.* I saw Elmer God Perdue measuring SaM with a tapemeasure--around the waist, though, not the head. Shotaro Ishiwori, Forry's fanartist protégé (see FANAC 77, p.6, 3rd ¶ from bottom), made an announcement through an interpreter that there would be a sf con in Japan in 1964 during the Olympic Games; exact date as yet uncertain. Bearded rich brown sat in back and bid in 6th Fandom zines; for a gaffing fan, he shows every evidence of wanting to take it with him.

The original Kalin cover painting for the Pyramid Books edition of Sturgeon's VENUS PLUS X went to Billern for \$30; the manuscript of the same story (originally titled EDEN AGAIN) went for the same figure to Earl Kemp (Billern right under him), the lucky dog. Kemp also got the first-draft opening and outline of V + X and the Sturgeon VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA as a lot for \$5. Dave Kyle's St. Fantony initiation-to-knighthood costume, handmade by Richardson, went for \$20 to Bruce Pelz, with Ellis Mills under; half the proceeds went to TAFF, half to the Willis Fund. Emsh's cover painting for John Jakes's "Highest Form of Life" (Aug '61 Amz) went to Pelz for \$25. The high point of the auction, though, was when the Emsh cover painting for Rubin's "Final Master" was bid up from \$30 to \$92, Billern getting it away from a Lt. Acheson of Laredo, Texas. Tyrannical Al Lewis was superb, getting bids upped by one Harlan Ellison-type trick after another. Trying to persuade Acheson to top Billern somewhere around the final \$92, Al induced the lieutenant to "just smell it..." When it finally sold, he opined that the buyer had paid probably just about as much as F&SF had originally given Emsh for it...and said "I'd like to point out that Billern is treasurer of about 5 different organizations..." (laughter).

In general, color (oil) coverillos went from \$14 to \$30, except for Emshs which sometimes went higher; black&whites went from a few cents to \$7 or so; MSS. from a few cents to a few dollars, BT's "To the Tombaugh Station" (Ace pb version) bringing \$6. The FANNISH I went to Ruth Berman for \$2.25; I bought an almost mint run of QUANDRY, 14-25, for \$6; HARP STATESIDE went for the going price of \$5--and so forth. Condition of fmz made a very marked difference in the prices they brought. The unofficial auction total represented somewhere around \$400 net profit. The Seacon presented \$100 of that (as a start, before balances were yet figured up) to the Chicago Homecoming committee at the presentation of the gavel, and passed along an envelope handed them for the 1962 con by the Pittcon committee. This envelope was opened, and found to contain \$200 ("the best-kept secret of 1961!"), intended to help along the 1962 con at the start, with the recommendation and hope that the Chicon would be able to pass it along to the next con.

That ended the formal program, but not the convention. Dave Kyle was passing out free tickets to a local movie house which was holding a triple-feature show: "World Without End", "Journey to the Center of the Earth" and "Forbidden Planet". Trying to find a ride to the theatre, I wandered around, and dropped in on the Heinlein party, which gave every indication of being one of the best of the con (which had been remarkable for good parties all along). For a pro party, it was surprisingly fannish, without a dull moment. Among other things, I saw Bob Silverberg trying to emulate MacLeish's armless ambidextrian by lighting a safety match with his toes. Heinlein recalled a story of an armless girl taking notes in school by using her toes on a portable typer. Karen Anderson (perhaps unknowingly) emulated Bhub Stewart by whistling with a cigarette between

*The oddest auction item: a huge original 15 (Strange Adventures Comics), b&w for a comicbook, "Planet of the Lost Astronauts", sold to Claude Kammerzell, age 9. (50¢)

(Heinlein wanted to know if she was faunching for a light.) her lips./ Someone, probably Heinlein, described Boucher's arm trick (put each arm around one's head and have fingers interlocked at the chin); only Virginia Schultheis came even close, of all the amateur contortionists in the room. Pelz (I think) asked Heinlein why he had written "Year of the Jackpot"--it was so drastically different in approach and even in style from any of RAH's other works. Heinlein suggested that money might have been enough reason. ((Pelz should have realized this anyway; consider the parallel situation of Jubal Harshaw's turning out reams of potboiler fiction, doggerel verse, confessions, etc. Cf. also my reply to Bloch in HABAKKUK 5, p.90.)) Heinlein, seeing me, continued with his standing joke of referring to my beard as a fire hazard. (I later found out that the "Mnye noozhno spishek" with which his wife had autographed my copy of the Denvention speech, right below RAH's own signature, is apparently colloquial Russian for "I need a match".) Not long after this Wally Gonser showed up and drove me and young Gordon Eklund to the movie, and true to tradition, Wally G fell asleep a few minutes after sitting down in the theatre. We were too late for "World Without End", though Gordon and some others assured me that it was 102% crud. The other two were just about as expected; the Verne "Journey" provided some unintentional laughs at the absurd posturing and still more absurd 19th Century language--as well as some rather spectacular color work. "Forbidden Planet" rose a tiny bit above the crud level because of the interesting and sometimes compelling "electronic tonalities" and the special visual effects--though the "science" in it was just about as preposterous as one would want to imagine.

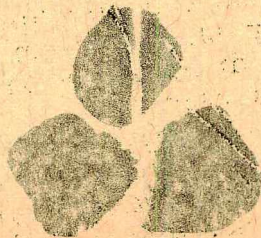
After Wally took us back to the hotel, Gordon and I and various other fans watched "The Musquite Kid", "The Genie" and three Emsh films--"Transformations" (see FANAC 77, middle of p.11), "Paintings by Ed Emshwiller" and the justly famous "Dance Chromatic". We wandered back to the Heinlein party, but found it extremely crowded. I ended up at a small Boyd Raeburn party with the same personnel as the previous night's.

Next morning and early afternoon were filled with goodbyes to friends newly made and friends of long standing, with helping (in some slight degree) Andy Main to pack his belongings into Ted's car preparatory to selling his Volkswagen and moving to NYC, with last goodbyes to Bjo (for whom I took back two Ray Nelson drawings to give Ray; Bjo kindly wrapped them up with my Bergeron, for which I thank her now in print), several other LASFS fans and others, and at the end, with Andy & Ted driving me to the airport.

It was a happy time, it was an exciting time, it was a relaxed and congenial and warm time, marred slightly by the Moskowitz rantings (I recall his describing himself as "the Rock of Gibraltar watching us drips flow out to sea"--yes, SaM, you certainly are like the Rock: monolithic and incapable of moving with the times. And how long before the tides batter you down.) and by the knowledge that Berkeley fandom, and I, had suffered a loss and a loneliness by Andy Main's moving to New York. But these are minor setbacks at worst, and they do not contradict, nor even put in question, that the Seacon--thanks to Buz and his committee, and to the rest who helped make it a reality--was a convention worth all the time and money and effort spent on it. I have been trying here, in Heinlein's words, to grok and savor and cherish the scene, in order to praise it.

WALTER BREEN

11 Sept. 1961



UFFISH THOTS, continued: CORRECTIONS WHILE YOU WAIT, Dept: I shouldn't try to edit-
as-I-go; it inevitably leads to foulups when I make last-minute changes. One such last-minute change is the excision of the Peyote Papers section I'd planned (and stencilled) for this. The section included reprints of Dr. Nameless H. Nameless' original profundities on the subject, plus scandalous rebuttals by Dr. haLevy, Bill Donaho, and Tom Condit. I can hear you all sighing in collective relief that this subject won't be brought up and rehashed again after all. I'd planned it back in the days when I naively thought differences of opinion were settled by intellectual argument, rather than a court of law. Ah weel. In any case, the opening paragraph of this column is now out of date, and we're over-balanced in only one direction, and that not so badly after all. *Sigh*

I HAD MORE MAILING COMMENTS FOR THE POSTMAILING OVER THERE: I don't as a rule comment on postmlgs, or Shadow FAPA zines, not because I disapprove or anything, but because my filing is haphazard and usually they're not around when I want them. This happened when I did my mlg. comments this time, and I inadvertantly overlooked--

VANDY: Coulsons - For some reason my comments this time are directed entirely to Juanita, but don't feel slighted, please, Buck. It's just that no checkmarks appeared in the margins of your section. ## Juanita, I may as well refer you back to some of my comments to Danner about dreams. I think that dreams exist on different levels depending upon the amount of sleep you've had (and your resulting depth of sleep) and the amount of emotional tension carried over from waking life. For instance, when lightly dozing towards the end of a good night's sleep, I may hear outside sounds and incorporate them into my dreams if they are not so obtrusive so as to wake me. Once I was still sleeping after Sylvia had gotten up and was out in the kitchen listening to the radio. She was listening to a dramatic program, and the voices of the actors penetrated into my dream, and I began dreaming visual images around their dialogue. For an example of tension-carry-over I'd suggest any time you're so excited or disturbed about or by a recently past or coming future event that you dream about it, often repetitiously. Recently I played a new game for the first time called Risk. It's like Monopoly, only much more aggressive and tension-creating. The game is won when you've pushed your "armies" into and taken over every country on the board (the world). That first game, played just before retiring, was a very tense one in which I was, fairly early in the game, reduced to the very last minimum before being forced to drop out--but from this I managed to fight my way back until I was the last to fall before the winner. In my dreams that night I dreamed of analogous circumstances, sometimes in which the actual little colored blocks were shoved from one area of a board to another, and sometimes in which groups of people were forced from one room or delineated area to another. Very strange, but fortunately not nearly so nightmarish as is usually the case with such tension-produced dreams.

A much rarer and more curious case occurred the time I realized successfully the Jungian "waking dream." This is supposedly a state in which one drowzes, maintaining a half-sleeping, half-waking state. The conscious part of the mind is still "on the scene" as it were, but largely as an observer, and not in control. The state offers an opportunity for communion between the conscious and unconscious areas of the mind. At this time I was returning from the 1958 Midwestcon in my Jag with John Hitchcock, and I had had no sleep before setting out that

Sunday morning. Hitchcock could not drive, so I had no relief from that quarter. Every hour or two I would grow so drowsy that my eyes would no longer remain open, and I would pull to the edge of the road, try to stretch into a more comfortable position in the Jag's cramped passenger compartment, and drop off into a stupor. Somewhere in sunny Ohio I stopped and, when I had settled down, images came unbidden into my yet-conscious mind. I saw three or four brightly cloaked pseudo-Grecian figures talking to each other, but I could hear no words--rather like a TV with the sound off. As I watched, I felt that by watching their lips move I might guess what they were saying. So I began sub-vocalizing the words I felt they were saying, as nearly as possible in sync with their lips. As I did this, it grew easier, more natural, until I could hear them speaking. Then a truck roared by, pulling me back to complete consciousness. I looked at my watch; five minutes or so had passed. When I recalled the dialogue, I realized that the discussion these figures had been having was a sort of paraphrase to a personal problem I was at that time facing, and that there was the answer contained within their conversation. The solution thus supplied turned out to be quite workable. It was a remarkable experience, but one which hasn't been repeated, dammit...

This is straying somewhat afield from what you were talking about though, which was that feeling of being both participant and spectator in dreams. I share the feeling, but I suspect it is owed to different waking states, and is not usually concurrent. As to falling from heights, I too either float when I reach the bottom, or wake up, usually to fall asleep again in another dream almost instantly. I almost always say to myself when something appears to threaten me, "This is a dream; nothing can really hurt me, and I have absolute control over everything." I have also levitated and flown in my dreams, although fairly close to the ground, rarely above tree-tops.

Cheers for your piece on IQ and testing, Juanita. Personally, I regard intelligence, creativity, survival-fitness, etc., all as different areas of one concept: problem-solving. Various individuals excel or show aptitude for different areas of problem-solving, and some people seem to have more ability for problem-solving in some or all areas. I suspect one's overall "intelligence" is merely the result of one's problem-solving abilities in intellectual activity, for instance. Attempts have been made to correlate intelligence and creativity, and nothing much has been proven. (But then, how do you test for creativity?) I doubt that it will ever be shown that creative people are or aren't "smart;" their abilities for problem-solving simply lay in other areas, and may or may not also include the intellectual areas as well. Now, IQ tests hit largely at semantic problem-solving, with a leavening of numbers and (visual) analogues. But they are easiest for verbally oriented people (one reason I think fans would score higher than the average population on IQ tests), and for that small group who are adept paper-problem-solvers. I am one. I was part of an advanced group in grade and high school which began with tests administered at the beginning of 4th grade. While a senior in high school I had an opportunity to look over my school records, and I found my tested IQs, on the same test (Stanford-Binet, I'm pretty sure) ran like this: 112, 117, 125-plus. The last test I had taken that year. In between I'd taken countless aptitude tests and achievement tests. Unlike most kids, I did not dislike these tests. I welcomed them initially for a break in routine, and eventually I came to enjoy them and evolve a technique for handling them. Since graduating I've taken more tests for various reasons. In a one-week Scn. course I took A-B tests a week apart, scoring 130 and 156. The rise was supposedly accounted for by the course. (Sig-

(Continued on page 45)

[Faint, illegible text from bleed-through]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book.

10-10-68

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a copy of the original letter, and is signed by Abraham Lincoln.

Richard Kenner.

You swallow hard, because suddenly there is a small rock in your throat. Then you say, as calmly as you can, "Okay, some time, Sally." You drive on, breathing tightly. You

don't want to hear anything more from her about meeting your parents, not ever. You hope she will put the thing out of her mind and never think about it again. But she says, right after you think you have closed the cover on the situation, "But Dick, we're only a few blocks from your house. We can drop in on them now. I'm dying to meet them."

And I'm dying, you think. There is no way out of it now. You can only say, "Now it is, honey." You drive the few blocks to the house, feeling as if you are on your way to the abattoir's and you're a fat pig. Sally cuddles herself up against your side and purrs a contented "mmmm," and you put your arm around her, knowing that you will never be able to do it again.

And just before you pull into your driveway, as your despair thickens with each second closer to home, a missile of hope shoots through your mind. "Maybe they'll act normal tonight. Oh Christ, I pray they will," you sub-vocalize, and "Oh Christ, I pray they will" comes out through your mouth loudly enough to cause Sally to ask, "What, Dick?"

You don't say anything. You can't because you are sitting in the driveway in your Ford, and in front of it are parked two cars, your parents' old Chevrolet, and somebody's new Volkswagon. You have never seen the Volkswagon before, but you know ~~what~~ it means--your goddamn parents have visitors again, which makes it definite that they won't be acting normal when you walk into the livingroom with Sally.

You get out of the car and walk around it to open the door for Sally. You hear modern jazz blaring out through the front door of the house and wild laughter. Suddenly you become angry. You hate your parents. You hate them for all they have ever done to make your life rotten in the past and, more, you hate them in advance for all you know they are going to do very shortly to make your life unbearable. You get a sudden vision of snatching up a knife and slashing and stabbing at them until they are dead all over the floor, if they ruin things between you and Sally. As you open the ~~door~~ for Sally another missile of hope soars through the darkness of your mind. "God, they might act normal, they just might. If only I can get Sally right out after introducing her."

She is out of the car and standing beside you and looking up the driveway at your house. "Who plays jazz at your house?" ~~as~~he asks, with a note of what you can feel as surprise in her voice. "Your brother, maybe?"

"I told you," you say, your voice a bit tighter sounding that it should ever be when addressing this girl, "I don't have a brother."

"Your sister?" ~~as~~he asks, and you realize she knows you have no sister either.

"My parents. They like jazz," you answer, and your voice is tighter than ever.

You both stand in the driveway, neither of you saying a word. The ~~jazz~~ continues to blast out through the front door, one of those fast and noisy bop tunes. More laughter sounds out over the jazz. You recognize the high, giddy laugh of your father woven through it. He only laughs that way when he is pretty well drunk.

"Well," you say, and your voice comes out with a quaver which makes it sound alien to your own ears, "we might as well go inside."

You walk up the driveway with Sally, who is not saying a word. Your heart is pumping the way it does after a rough scrimmage, and a detached part of you remarks, well how about that, big Richard is scared, and then --very suddenly--you stop all internal vocalizing, because you have opened the front door for Sally and are standing with her in the living-room of your house.

* * *

A moment before Richard Kenner walked into the Kenner household with his girl friend, the following interesting things had just occurred:

Chick Wickerson had just said, between sips of cheap wine, "And so she fugged herself out of the whole ghoddam continuum. The first Type Four fugghead!"

KenSam had laughed wildly, pounding the floor with a rolled up copy of the latest issue of Chick's fanzine, THE PORNOGRAPHIC ID.

Elaine Wickerson had belched in the middle of her laughing response to the punchline of her husband's joke, which caused her to laugh even more.

Jedda Kenner had just spilled the contents of her wine glass on the rug, which caused her to giggle and pour more wine into her glass.

John Amelia had just begun unbuttoning the blouse of whatever red headed maiden it was he had brought with him and now had on the comfortable Kenner livingroom couch.

Dizzy Gillespie had just begun his solo on the version of "Hot House" which roared out from the giant speakers of the Kenner rig which occupied a large portion of the living room.

The Kenner cat had just urinated on the typewriter which was sitting on the floor beside KenSam, half of a letter of comment to some nonde-script fanzine or other being in it, now getting soaked.

"Hey," said KenSam, "What say I send the ghoddam thing to Dirking this way!" He held up the urine-soaked letter, having just ripped it from the typer. Everyone (save Amelia and his friend, who were "expressing themselves physically," as Wickerson would say) laughed wildly again. Jedda Kenner giggled and mopped at the soaked typer with a sheet of mimeo paper which happened to be handy.

Richard Kenner and Sally walked into the livingroom.

"Well, people," said Sampson Kenner, seeing Richard and Sally, "here be my world-reknowned son. N3F member at the age of one, cynical old ex-N3Fer at the age of one and a half, FAPA member at the age of four, editor of leading FAPAZine ARMPIT at the age of four and a half, gafia-tee and bitter tired old fan at the age of six, school athlete and winner of a--I kid you not, people--football scholarship at the age of seventeen, also, all around he-man and Noble Square. I introduce you to... the Magnificent Richard Kenner!" Sampson Kenner gestured sweepingly with the hand holding the urine-soaked letter at his son standing inside the doorway, looking very big and very embarrassed.

Chick and Elaine Wickerson looked up at Richard with crooked smiles on their faces. Jedda Kenner continued to mop at the typewriter, mumbling things on the order of, "ghoddamned leaky old cats," and "what a totally repugnant job." She giggled while she mumbled.

John Amelia and Companion continued to pursue the Oneness of it all.

"Well," said Sampson Kenner lurching over towards Richard and Sally. "Who is the fantastically All-American looking young lass? I would shake with her but my hand is rather indisposed at this time." He held up his urine-soaked hand, emitting a short barking laugh.

Richard Kenner stood and looked down upon his father, his eyes closed in an expression of internal agony. His large shoulders heaved, his entire body shuddered once, and very fleetingly.

Sally stood completely still, only her eyes moving, wide and full of shock; flicking sharp glances back and forth between the strange people and events of the Kenner livingroom.

Then she turned and ran out of the Kenner household. Richard Kenner looked down beside him, saw that she was gone, imparted one look at his father full of all the pain and hurt of seventeen years as the son of Sampson and Jedda Kenner, and turned and ran out after Sally.

KenSam turned to Chick Wilkerson and said with a smirk, "You never can tell about these strange mundane types."

* * *

Sally is gone. Your world is filled with whizzing and whirring noises and popping lights. You look down at the face of your father, a smirking face, with smudged eye-glasses. "Oh Christ, Dad. I love her!" you scream, but only in your mind.

You turn and run outside. There she is, running, tripping and catching herself down the street. You call, "Sally! Wait, Sally!" But she keeps on running, and she doesn't turn her head.

You run after her. It doesn't take you long to catch up with her. You grab her shoulders, and you say to her, a croak in your voice, "Sally, I'm sorry. God, but I am."

"Please," she whispers, attempting to pull loose from your grasp. "Let me go."

"Sally, let me drive you home," you say desperately.

"Let me go. Let me away from here. I'll scream if you don't!" You know she means it. You let her loose. She runs up the street and around a corner.

You don't run after her. You just stand there for a long time, looking up at the corner she has disappeared around. Then you walk back to your house, your head hanging, your size fourteen shoes dragging.

The jazz still blares from the front door, their front door. Your father leads another chorus of wild laughter. You scream, "You did it, goddamn you!"

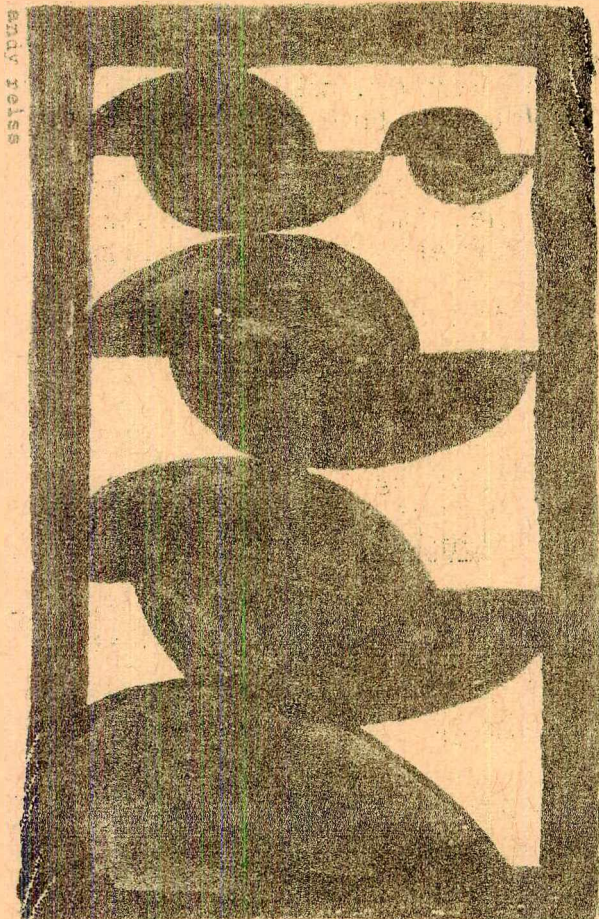
Then you get in your car and back out of the driveway with a roar and a screech. You head the goddamned car up the street, your foot to the floor. You can't really see where you're going, because your eyes are clogged with tears. But it doesn't really matter. You, Richard Kenner, big Richard Kenner, are shaking and crying like a child. But not, you tell yourself, for a child's reasons.

The oncoming headlights slash through your tears, and your arms try to swerve your dark car in a last-ditch attempt to save yourself, but then you curse and cry, "Goddamn it, why bother?" And that, Richard Kenner, is the last thing you ever say.

* * *

News note, THE PORNOGRAPHIC ID #24: "Jedda Kenner and KenSam wish to thank all the fen who put up with the spell of fafia induced by the sad death in an automobile accident of their son, Richard. They say that they intend to finish up and mail out the long delayed STITCH #9 as soon as they possibly can."

-Gary Deindorfer



[]...AND[]H
AVING[]W
RIT[]

[]
LETTERS...LET

BUCK COULSON Up till now I've been more or less on the side of (Nameless)--I didn't really care much one way or the other, but I figured that his published retaliations were no more (and probably less) than you deserved. But lawsuits are something else again...you certainly didn't say anything worth legal action. If (Nameless)'s reputation is so fragile that (Nameless) has to go to all this fuss to defend it, then maybe you were right all along. (Rte. 3, Wabash, Ind.)

SALLY KIDD Good for you for apologizing--nuts to the (Nameless)s. (6106 Ellis Ave., E-3, Chicago 37, Ill.)

REDD BOGGS I'll mention the (Nameless Nameless) matter in DISCORD, now in the works. Do you think she'll sue me? ## I thought the best thing in NULL-F #23 was the final interlineation.

I don't see any reason for translating the title "FAPA Cap-a-Pie," when the word is in the dictionary. Seems clear enough to me. But of course the word was chosen for its sound rather than its meaning. Like "The Nazi Regime Will Crumble When Croatia Joins the Axis." [??] (2209 Highland Pl., NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn.)

LEE HOFFMAN Rec'd NULL-F #23; Crazy business. Must say you acted with decorum and restraint. I agree with LTS in the new AXE. (basement, 54 East 7th St., New York 3, N.Y.)

AVRAM DAVIDSON Herewith a letter of comment, or LoC, as we call it in Ghag--or is it Tosk? Things are so unsettled in Albania just now. What, by the way, does NULL-F mean? /I'm glad you asked me that question, Avram. NULL-F is the title I picked in desperation, when I joined FAPA in 1955 and needed a title for a FAPazine. In derivation, it refers to NULL-A, NULL-E, etc., so beloved by A.E. van Etc., and in meaning it was always ambiguous: null-FAPA, null-fandom, null-fantasy, etc. I never found a better title, and enough people expressed a liking for it (Marion Bradley took it for a column in YANDRO) that I've kept it on through the years...the one fanzine I've published with a stable name.../ And while I recognize the provenance of "uffish thots" (I have, in fact, at Don Benson's suggestion, started translating JABBERWOCKY into Yiddish--it come out "oofishe gedenke"), I never did find out their significance. There are some mighty big gaps in my eddication, my father not holdin with book-larnin, much.

The Andy Reiss black-and-white frontispiece was quite good. In fact, it still is. The covers, too.

How do you tell Bronx Jews from, say, Brooklyn Jews? And if you tell me "By the lice se plates," I'll kill you. /I'm bound to be killed, anyway, if I admit it's only a catchphrase...actually, I've always thought of the better classes of Jews living in upper Manhattan and Bronx, the two areas being almost indistinguishable, anyway. Brooklyn has always seemed to me an area of depravity and degredation. (Now I suppose I've lost my staff artist, Andy Reiss...)/ I know what you mean about the faces of New Yorkers on subway trains; it first struck me in San Francisco--while I can't say the faces on the cable cars were all those of Sunny Jims, still, they were quite unlike the ones here. "Weary, wary, cynical, grim", was the way it came to me; and that these expressions seem to overlay the faces like a film. I note, with mild surprise, that you (or your protagonist the sailor) observed the girl from behind rather closely--except for the curious ommission of the behind: you stopped at the small of her back. /I was afraid that a description of "saucy buttocks straining pertly against the molding fabric" might be a bit strong for FAPA...but if you wish you can imagine that I added a few lecherous thoughts about cute behinds and licious young femininity. Quite obviously these would be in character for a girl-watching sailor./

And let's have more of Still More of Josh Brandon's Blues. Speaking of "One Up approach and a ready willingness to lie"--without involving myself in your particular feud--as "a characteristic in some fans" reminds me that a science fiction writer, whom I shall call A (my fertility with names has brought me frequent commendations), was talking to me once about another science fiction writer, whom I shall call B. "B," he said, "loves argument for the sake of argument, and isn't at all interested in Playing the Game. If you think you've bested him by a particular statement, he'll tell you you're wrong, and cite an authority, say, a book, to prove it--even if he has to make the book up on the spur of the moment. He's been known to put down people who made up their own 'books' by saying that the Paris Edition, which was subsequent, recanted and supported his view." I am not going to say who B is, except that you know him--or at least have heard of him.

"Japanese pornography...is not so by Western Standards, and is of a high standard of art." I've seen no Japanese pornography myself, have heard of some which would probably be of a high standard of art, having been done by outstanding artists of the past--but from the descriptions would nonetheless be, yes, regarded as pornography. Your statement was too broad. /Probably. I was thinking of the

sort of drawings/paintings which would show a stylized woman's face and the tip of one breast peeking through many folds of fabric. This, supposedly, represented erotica to the Japanese, and such works of art were held in low repute by them until Western art critics came along, saw them, and raved. Ah weel./

Also--friend of mine who was in New Guinea during the war picked up some Japanese pornography--photographs--which he said were part of a plan to break down Caucasian prestige by showing Caucasian women in sexual poses with non-Caucasian men--in this case Japanese men. He said it was mighty poor pornography, and, in his opinion, the Nips hadn't got the hang of it. The male models didn't quite seem to know what was going on. Which, in turn, reminds me of the memorable occasion when I had to give a short-arm inspection to sixty-three Chinese coolies, none of whom knew English. I had to resort to gestures. The inspection was successful, though my embarrassment was great, for the coolies made it obvious that they thought I was a Highly Important Queer, whose incredibly odd--though quite harmless--perversion it was necessary to accomodate in order to fill the rice bowl. Whenever after I would pass by their work-gang they would giggle madly.

You've run into "kids" who think PLAYBOY is "pornography"? Harlan Ellison thinks PLAYBOY is pornography. Ask him. He drinks milk, too. But we are Friends. /Harlan's opinion of PLAYBOY has not stood in the way of several attempts by him to sell to the mag, I notice.../

Re PO & contraceptives, wasn't Margaret Sanger once involved in a case officially entitled The United States vs One Package of Pessaries? Reminds one of the Canadian ex-militiaman, some time back, who was charged with "Unlawfully Detaining Custody of One Pair of Khacki Trousers, The Property of His Majesty King George V".

"One Ordinary Day, with Popcorn," was v. funny. Only I don't believe I could believe there ever was a day when Sylvia did the bitching.

As for spelling, I contend that with English orthography being like it is (as it is?) /And you're the new editor of F&SF?/, anybody is lucky to spell anything ~~w/it~~ right. MZB once complained, in PITFCS, about writers who misspell. My reply was as above, plus I also said that proofreaders have to live, too, and if editors wanted perfect spellers let them hire Cloria Lockerman. Taurasi... I let my subscription to SF TIMES lapse for two reasons. (1) It was always late and its news was thus often no news (2) The field shrank so that Jimmy Taurasi had to resort to padding the paper with "news" from Sweden, Germany, and Tannu Tuva, which didn't interest me.

Did Ted (as Pete Graham says) bring Andy Reiss to general fandom? Seems I heard--maybe from Ted--that Andy and Les Gerber were seen at the NYCon, and toddling tots they must have been ("...such a little totty she could scarcely tottle..." -Don Marquis), running around with stockings over their pointed heads, yelling, "Ha ha, betcha can't guess who I am!"--You can't hardly get more general than that, can you? /Well, so much for my friendship with Gerber & Reiss... Actually, I did not discover Andy to general fandom, but I popularized him, you might say. That seems to be my function in life. As I pass down the corridors of time, fans will look at me and point and say, "There goes Ted White. He discovered Jack Harness to fandom." "No he didn't," will be the reply; "Harness was around before he was; he just popularized him." "Well, he discovered Andy Reiss to fandom." "Nope, Reiss was in CRY first." "Well, how about Bhob Stewart?" "Stewart was in fandom before White was too." "Steve Stiles?" "Nope. He was discovered by Dan Adkins--or was it the

other way around?" And I will pull in my shoulders a little more, and shrink on out of sight./ On the basis of this "sex-on-the-livingroom-rug" bit, I have decided never to tell Pete Graham anything about my sex life which I wouldn't want to appear in Publick Print. Gad, is nothing sacred to him? Not even sex-on-the-livingroom-rug? Frantishly, Avram (410 West 110th St., New York 25, N.Y.)

GREG BENFORD I couldn't call myself a fan, and certainly couldn't call myself a NULL-F reader if I didn't comment on the latest issue of that worthy journal. I rather liked your story, but thot it lacked something essential (like perhaps an ending). I instantly thot it was a contact to pass info for spies, but then I suppose that's the normal conclusion. /The episode involving sitting down to a girl on a subway train, and the note in Russian which she read actually happened to me, of course. But the spy bit never occurred to me. Are you suggesting that I/the protagonist was supposed to be a fellow spy or something?/

I challenge Breen's statement that Beethoven saw few of Mozart's works, since he studied under Mozart for a short while and spent a lot of time before and after his studies hearing Mozart, who was at the time considered the best composer of all time. Altogether, tho, Walter's mailing comments are quite good.

Your own mlg comments were quite well done. I think, having viewed a number of FAPazines lately, that you write perhaps the most interesting comments which are understandable to one who hasn't read the zine in question. One thing tho--you come on with the 50¢ a word bit in reply to Moskowitz, but this hardly can be used as an example of word rating, since it was for a joke. /Well, not quite. The piece which earned that rate was an anecdote, related to me by Ajay Budrys (who gave me permission to use/sell it), and it took some skill to write it in a fashion acceptable to PLAYBOY. And it was purchased for "Playboy After Hours," not the "Party Jokes" section. Nonetheless, I'm quibbling; you're right that it was an exception, both in selling and in the word-rate earned. But I was pulling SaM's leg, you see.../

Pete's column was probably the best thing in the issue. Hell, that bit about Main was deserving of better circulation to Fandom At Large. This one column has almost decided me to take grad work at maybe Columbia, in order to be somewhere near NY. /I can see it now, bigger headlines even than "Basie's Back At Birdland": "THE VOID BOYS, TOGETHER AT LAST, AT TOWNER HALL!"/ (204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Oklahoma)

WALTER BREEN replies to Benford I suspect that Greg Benford may have been thinking about Beethoven's brief and unsatisfactory course of lessons under Haydn; I don't recall his having studied under Mozart, though it isn't impossible. (Unfortunately I don't have any Beethoven biography at hand--it would settle the matter in a moment.) The point I had in mind was that the vast majority of Bach and Mozart scores were unpublished in Beethoven's time. If Mozart was then considered the all-time best composer as Greg thinks, why did he write bitter letters (some are in Turner's biography) complaining that nobody wanted to hear performances by him after his novelty as a child prodigy had worn off? (2402 Grove, Berkeley 4, California)

DICK LUPOFF, in a letter to Pete Graham When I received your letter all about NULL-F and your article in it, and the things you had said in it about Pat and me and XERO, I sat down and wrote you a letter. A very pompous letter.

"Apparently," I said to you, "you would like to receive a note from Pat and me saying 'That's all right, Pete, we're not angry, we forgive you.' Well, forgiveness is not that simple. It depends on the situation and on the people involved, unless one is a saint and forgives everything or a Samurai and forgives nothing.

"For example, if we were at a cocktail party and it was smokey and crowded and everyone was two or three sheets to the wind and talking loudly and gesticulating wildly and you accidentally brushed my elbow and a little of my drink slopped on the floor and you said to me, 'Excuse me, Dick,' well of course I would.

"But if you broke into my home one night while I was away on a business trip and slit the throats of my wife and baby and dog and when I got back you told me you were sorry for what you had done and asked me to forgive you I would not, obviously.

"Now about this FAPA article. I haven't seen it yet, but as soon as I get hold of a copy (the publisher omitted the customary fannish courtesy of supplying the persons referred to with copies, at least in my case) I will read the article in question and let you know." /Mea Culpa, Dick. I should have sent you a copy, but I've fallen out of the habit of sending copies of NULL-F to anyone, since FAPA exists to distribute the mag. (Or vice versa, or something.) Bob Lichtman had to badger me for his contributor's copy, and that was after I'd set one aside for him. On the other hand, not once in the number of times we've seen each other or talked to each other have you asked me about a copy of NULL-F. Still, I'll try to see you get both #22 and this./

But I did get hold of a copy of NULL-F long enough to read the article in question, and all I can say is, there's nothing to forgive.

I'm enthusiastic? That's nice. I like sex in front of the fireplace? True enough. I also like it in bed, on the couch, and I will admit that in my younger days I even enjoyed it in the back seats of automobiles. In fact, a fraternity brother of mine in college once recommended it in a tub of hot water with a loud mambo accompaniment, but I've never got around to that. I'll let you know how it is though, if I do. /Hal Lynch has recommended a tub full of jello../ (210 East 73rd St., New York 21, N.Y.)

JACK SPEER i don't think you have much to worry about except the expense of defending a lawsuit if the Nameslesses start one. My personal feeling is that in your remarks you were giving no worse than you got from the Namelesses, that they had no business running to law, and any case they start would be thrown out of court if it ever got that far.

It's a coincidence that this feud should have broken out at this time. I had a story i intended to put in my next FAPazine, in which the chief action is a libel suit between fans. Maybe i should check with Larry Shaw also on what his suit was, to avoid unintentional parallels.

Your reference to four-letter words that have proved mailable suggests a vast ignorance of the nature of obscenity in law, but i have sounded off on this too many times in FAPA already. Briefly, this is like saying "I only used words that have been held to be non-libelous," or "I only used words that have been held to be non-fraudulent." /I don't see your point. I am well aware of the Supreme Court decision which reversed the previous opinion that words themselves could be "obscene" or unmailable: the context must be considered, and the use to which the words are put. To the best of my knowledge, the employment of obscene words in fiction (in dialogue) or matter-of-fact reference to such words in non-fiction is quite

legal and mailable. To be otherwise, the context must be shown to be pornographic/prurient/obscene by community standards. Just what had you in mind, here?/

Pete Graham's tour was very good. His snappers like "to ask if I'd seen his novel anywhere" are neat, and the cumulative references to what Andy Main brought from California had me snortling, especially in view of Redd Boggs's report of the overloaded condition of the car.

Illegitimati carborundum non. (Snoqualmie, Washington)

UFFISH THOTS, concluded: nificantly, the course did give me considerable self-confidence and this manifested in increased mundane ability for certain areas.) When applying for a municipal job, I scored 153 on a 155-maximum Gov't test, which got me jumped over all the applicants but one (another high-scorer with ten years' experience at that particular job). The test correlated to IQ, I was told, only up to about 125, and above that the curve grew too tight. When applying to Mensa, I took the Cattell III test (not yet standardized on Americans, dammit), and scored 153-plus (two points shy of entrance requirements).

Now then; all this proves is that I have, over the years, sharpened my skills at problem-solving in the area of such testing. For instance: I never do the math. I am slow and rusty on math, so I skip it. I run through the vocabulary and the visual analogues quickly (I find them easy), and then if time is left I return to the math and do as much of it as time remains for. Were I to work on the math sections as I hit them, I would be so slowed down that my score would probably be reduced by twenty to thirty points. (The only test I've found challenging and difficult in recent years, by the way, was the Cattell III; the others peaked too low.) In daily practice, however, I have observed that I am much less competent at many tasks (such as postal work) than most of my co-workers, many of whom have lower IQ scores. My manual dexterity is limited, and my patience for dull work is low. In the 9-to-5 scene I am nobody's success. You can be sure any glow of superiority imparted me from those high test scores is worn off now... But what all this really means is that I am fairly good at problem-solving in the intellectualized and verbal areas, and to some extent in the creative areas, while woefully deficient in certain "mundane" areas where I stand to gain a great deal more, objectively. ## As a parting shot, I would define "genius" as "across-the-board problem-solving ability." And you...?

MEET OUR AUTHORS... or at least one of them: Gary Deindorfer, who makes his debut to FAPA this mailing, is the author of a short story ("Son of Two Fans"), mlg. comments, and a column ("Big Dorf Special"). And, for all I know, more. The above items, however, are appearing here in NULL-F and in our ~~competition~~ companion mag, LIGHTHOUSE. Gary is eighteen, blows a modern jazz sax, loves music, and delights (as do we all) in Seth Johnson. He is nearly the Stylist's Stylist that Terry Carr is. In fact, inasmuch as Terry digs Gary's ear for style, maybe you could call him the Stylist's Stylist's Stylist. Anyway, it certainly is a wonderful thing to be able to add him to the NULL-F staff.

Three sections of mailing comments? That's not too many...

-Ted White

by TED WHITE

...The disk-shaped space ship settles down on a dusty alien planet, and from the soundtrack of the motion picture comes an unearthly keening, an eerie high-pitched whining which rises and falls in intensity and volume as a landing ramp slides out.

...On a 21-inch screen, a figure registers horror, and from the tinny speaker comes a near-faithful reproduction of an off-key sound, almost like a buzz-saw suddenly fed the door off a car, augmented by rumblings and almost subsonic tone clusters. The story ends, and as the credits move slowly down the screen, a beautiful piping sound is heard, magnified and reamplified as if across great corridors.

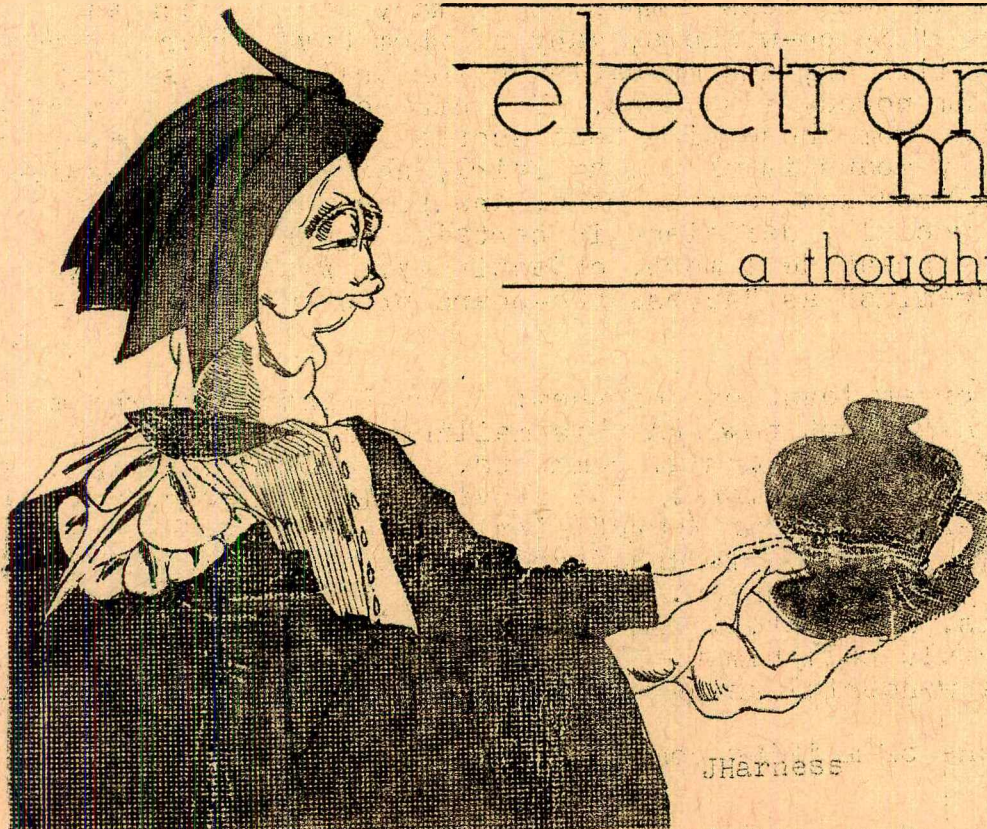
...In a university auditorium in New York City, two loudspeakers face an audience from a stage. Below them and to one side sits a young man in ivy-league togs who is twiddling with an expensive tape recorder. From the speakers come a series of totally disconnected growls, squawks, grunts and groans, suddenly interrupted by a great clash of noise. At this a man jumps to his feet in the audience, and screams, "That crap is just a friggin' lot of noise!" He is outraged.

So have been many people, when directly exposed to a new form of music most commonly known as Electronic Music--but also known to cognoscenti by such names as Tape Recorder Music, Tapesichord Music, and Musique Concrete.

Gaining popularity constantly in today's popular media as well as on an increasing number of records, Electronic Music

electronic music

a thought-variant article



is no longer an esoteric term. But--a still much misunderstood branch of music for many--just what is Electronic Music?

To attempt the briefest possible definition, we might simply say that the genre of Electronic Music is simply synthetically created music. That doesn't explain the musical nature of Electronic Music, but before this is possible, it would be best to understand exactly how such music is created, technically, since this dictates to so great an extent the actual musical content of such music.

Electronic Music (not all of which is directly electronic in nature--but we'll get to that in a minute) is music put together with artificially produced sounds, the most common sources of which are purely electronic devices (such as the oscillator--or audio frequency generator), or originally natural sounds changed and often distorted beyond recognition via the tape recorder.

The antecedents of these two major forms of producing Electronic Music have been with us for some time. The purely electronic sound-sources have been available to us since the early days of radio, when the proximity of a human body might cause a radio to begin squealing raucously. This led in turn to the invention of the theremin, an electronic device which one "plays" by holding one's hands at various distances from it. It also led to the use of electronic proximity devices as warning signals in World War 2, since the proximity of an enemy soldier to such a device very effectively set off a warning. More familiar, perhaps, has been the invention of the "electronic organ" of the Hammond variety, which synthesizes the approximate sounds of a pipe organ with a set of tubes and amplifiers.

In the mid-Fifties, RCA announced the creation of a "sound synthesizer" with which it might be possible to flawlessly perform orchestral scores electronically and without the human middle-man. Unhappily, it appeared that those certain "flaws" in natural instruments and their players were as much a part of the music we want to hear as are the actual notes themselves. At any rate, for performing conventional music "more flawlessly" the synthesizer was a flop. It is now, however, in the hands of the Columbia University music department, and is being used in Electronic Music experiments.

Present-day purely electronic music is a product largely of oscillators and other electronic devices which produce "pure" tones, like those often used on hi-fi test records. Composers of this type of electronic music have attempted for the most part to avoid comparison with conventionally produced music by utilizing the sounds more characteristic of electronic sources rather than attempting to duplicate the sounds of conventional instruments, as earlier "synthesizers" had attempted.

There is little limit to what may be done with electronic sound, but as composer Tod Dockstader notes, "Pure electronic sounds are often dry, harsh, sharp, limited in timbre, without much harmonic complexity." The sounds tend to be too "pure"--each note starkly that note, without the complex overtones and sub-harmonics which make up the richness of tone we've come to expect of natural musical instruments--without the "flaws," in other words, which define the characteristics of such instruments. For composers working with electronic tones to gain this richness of sound, different electronic tones must be directly but subtly mixed and blended into an actual chord of notes, one dominating over the others. Obviously (unless one has the sound synthesizer, which is supposed to do such things, if none too well), this is going to be more work than simply writing for actual instruments, if one's music can be as easily

played by conventional instruments.

The result has been that much of the "pure" school of Electronic Music has been dry, sharp, arid and seemingly more the product of mathematical formulas than musical art.

A number of the composers interested in Electronic Music have felt this, and have turned, either entirely or in combination, to the second major method of producing Electronic Music: the tape recorder.

Tape Recorder Music, or "Tapesichord Music," as this type of music is sometimes called, is created by taking a previously recorded sound, and changing it. The techniques for this were actually pioneered on 78 rpm disk records, in France, but were severely limited in that medium. The tape recorder, especially in professional hands, is a great deal more flexible.

One of the easiest ways to change sounds via tape is, of course, to speed up or slow down the tapes. This can in itself make drastic changes in the sounds recorded. For instance, as a tape is sped up, the recorded sounds increase in pitch, jumping up the octaves until finally a deep drum beat may be only an almost inaudible "peep!" On the other hand, sounds can be slowed down into subsonics, too low to be heard, but still felt--if one's hi-fi system is equal to the task--as an all-pervasive vibration. For instance, the sound of chords struck on a piano can be slowed down into inaudibility, until only the usually unheard overtones (the sounds of higher-pitched piano strings in sympathetic vibration) remain audible.

Another simple device is to form a small loop with a piece of tape spliced back onto itself, a tape loop, which can then be played endlessly. Any sound thus recorded will simply repeat itself over and over, and if one varies the speed with which one plays the loop, one can easily create quite a collection of sounds.

Yet a third gimmick frequently used is to first record a sound--say, the sound of a note struck on a piano--and then edit out part of it, by cutting out that part of the tape, so that in this instance, the actual sound of the note being struck would be removed, leaving only the sustained and gradually fading away tone of the vibrating piano strings.

This particular sound, put on an endless tape loop, can provide an organ-like continuous sound, which can be varied in pitch by slightly increasing or decreasing the speed, until one has a library of scales. In just such a fashion, a single sound-source can provide a galaxy of sounds, and, properly spliced together, a musical composition.

By working with natural sound-sources, the composers who use the tape recorder have no problem with thinness of tone or lack of timbre. Their sounds, already often rich, are usually even further enriched by the tape recorder, sometimes--and this is its only disadvantage at this point--to the point of muddled sound.

The use of multitaping and various other tape recording tricks is not peculiar to the field of Electronic Music, of course. Popular music has made increasing use of it over the years, the two most commonly used devices being multitaping (recording oneself over a previous recording of oneself) and tape echo (an artificial echo added by rerecording sounds over themselves with a slight time-lapse--the amount of lapse determining the degree of echo). One of the earliest users of such devices in the popular field was Les Paul. Paul began with disks, but soon changed to tape when that became practical, and often recorded four to six separate guitar tracks, cre-

ating a spectrum of sound by recording different tracks at different speeds, all of them finally recorded over each other.

In the jazz field, little has been done with tape, although one fortuitous bit of splicing by George Avakian at Columbia Records allowed Louis Armstrong to sing over his trumpet for a bar or two, and such personalities as Jimmy Giuffre, Zoot Sims and Don Elliot have made multitrack recordings. A more significant use of tape was that put to it by Lennie Tristano, who recorded a bass-and-drums rhythm section separately, and then added a speeded-up piano track over it. He also, on another piece, added a "third hand" in a solo piano performance for the last few choruses, and on a third piece he recorded four separate piano lines, all in separate rhythmic patterns, which moved sinuously, blending together for a moment and then separating again as each rhythmic line followed its own path.

Although no jazzmen have as yet made actual use of Electronic Music (a situation pregnant with possibilities), Teo Macero has flirted with tape recorder music several times. His first recorded use was of comparatively simple multitracking, on a piece called "Explorations," on which he played two alto saxophones and three tenor saxes without accompaniment. Later, on a Columbia lp, he recorded a more elaborate piece, "Sounds of May," which made use of a live quintet, the sympathetic vibration of piano strings when a note (edited out) is sounded by a saxophone, a choral-group of voices supplied by one singer, and the simultaneous use of a chorus played both half-speed and full-speed. The piece ended with one massive discord sounded three times--it was recorded once and then repeated twice again from the master tape. The piece was quite compelling, but did not quite hold together as a completely integrated work.

In early 1961, at a Cooper Union concert devoted to his music (both contemporary and jazz), Macero attempted another tack. He spliced together and overlapped into a maze of sound the pieces from his Columbia album into one long tape, which was played, stereo, from a speaker at each side of the stage, while he stood at its center and played his alto with and over the music. The recorded sounds seemed only shifting patterns of textures, but Macero's soloing brought coherence and direction to the music. The result was an overwhelming emotional experience which shook the audience and drew the biggest ovation of the evening.

Electronic Music itself, however, has remained entirely the province of "serious" composers in the field of contemporary music. Why does a composer turn to Electronic Music? The actual reasons are probably as numerous as the number of composers in this new field, but one primary reason is that it allows the composer to work directly with the finished product, something impossible in conventional composition.

Up to the day of Beethoven, the written-out compositions of such giants as Bach and Mozart were actually open charts designed to be ornamented by the musicians, and often even leaving spaces for improvisation--not at all dissimilar to the charts used in modern jazz. Naturally, this left considerable latitude to the players in their interpretation of the composers' works, and Beethoven rebelled against this, annotating on his scores as closely as possible the way in which he desired his music to be played.

This insistence upon a performance following exactly as the composer directs it has been pretty much with serious European "Classical" music since then, until today few musicians in the classical field are even able to improvise or interpret creatively, for lack of training and experience.

And yet, because our system of musical notation is still only an approximation, because such matters as balance of orchestral sections, rhythm, accentuation, tempo, rubato, etc., are still left largely in the hands of the performers, and most especially the conductor--who may impose his own "style" upon that of the composer--composers have continued to attempt more exacting forms of notation (Bartok would note whether cymbals were to be struck with the fingernail or the ball of one's finger; whether snare drums were to be struck near the center or at the edge), and to exert more control over the actual finished musical product.

Until the advent of electronic music, the closest a composer might come would be to conduct the orchestra himself for recorded posterity (and, he hoped, for the benefit of conductors to follow)--the result sometimes suffering all the more from the composer's lack of experience as a conductor.

However, Electronic Music, in all its forms, requires a direct working with the finished materials by the composer. The composer must splice the tapes, record the sounds, and he may edit and rework to his heart's content until the finished product is exactly as he desires it. This done, his composition is finished, and fixed for all time, since any and all "performances" of the finished work are going to be replays of the master tape or disk, and all will be identical, each exactly as the composer created it. At last, the composer is complete master of his music.

Because of this fact, the position of the phonograph record in the spreading popularity of Electronic Music has been of great significance, because this entire body of music is for the first time a form of music best heard at home on the hi-fi. Because Electronic Music already exists on tape or record, to hear it in "concert" is merely to hear a record or tape played over a set of speakers in a concert hall, and, as Tod Dockstader stated in his notes for his own recording, "For me, the best use of electronic music is not in concerts, which are usually harrowing to sit all the way through,--nor with orchestras, where it suffers from the 'live' vs. 'canned' comparison,--but in performance on the listener's own playback equipment. Electronic Music is meant for that use, is meant to be listened to close up."

Dockstader is a member of one of the several schools which have grown up about the different methods of creating and composing electronic music.

These schools are grouped about three principal types of Electronic Music: Tape Recorder Music, Musique Concrete, and Pure Electronic Music.

Tape Recorder Music's main exponents have been Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky, both members of the music department at Columbia University. Their experimentation with tape recorders began more than ten years ago, using as original sound-sources their own instruments, Luening's flute and woodwinds, and Ussachevsky's piano. Their first works of consequence were "Fantasy in Space," by Luening, and "Sonic Contours" by Ussachevsky. The former, with a flute supplying all the original sounds, is a melodic piece which abounds with gently echoing pipings and fanciful flights of sound. The overall feeling is of a pastoral beauty and gentle lyricism. "Sonic Contours," while also lyric in quality (both composers are Romantics whose use of dissonance is subordinated to a strong melodic feeling), of a much darker mood, opening with brooding subsonic chords, only the overtones of which are heard. With only a piano and (much distorted) voices as a sound source, Ussachevsky created a completely successful, if only of minor significance, piece.

Since both Luening and Ussachevsky are basically conservatives in music, their writing would hold few surprises for the listener if performed by purely conventional orchestras. The extension of their work into the realm of Tape Recorder Music, however, has added a novelty to the music itself, and perhaps brought forth from them greater resources as composers. They remain the only bulwark of conservatism and romanticism in the field of Electronic Music, however, and for this reason their work may be more accessible for the unfamiliar listener.

In 1954, they unveiled the beginnings of a series of collaborations which were, if anything, more important than had been their purely tape recorded music. They began writing for tape recorder and a live orchestra.

In concert, as Dockstader has pointed out, the two forms clash somewhat, because the Electronic Music must come from speakers which whatever their excellence cannot quite meet a live orchestra for brilliance and presence. On record, however, where both types of music emanate from a set of speakers in one's home, the combination goes well, the two types of musical creation complementing each other in textures and characteristics.

The first piece by Luening and Ussachevsky was "A Poem in Cycles and Bells," designed to incorporate the originally separate "Fantasy in Space" and "Sonic Contours," with a bridge and augmented passages for live orchestra. This was followed by "Rhapsodic Variations for Tape Recorder and Orchestra," commissioned by the Louisville, Kentucky, Orchestra and recorded by Louisville for its own release.

The "Poem" is not a great improvement over its originally separate components, seeking as it does to bind two diverse themes together without any basic affinity between the two. The orchestral moments are, moreover, barely this side of banality and they add little to the overall piece.

The "Rhapsodic Variations," on the other hand, are a great deal more interesting and better integrated, making use as it does of a greater variety of material, better joined in terms of thematic development, and much better joining the tape recorded sections to the orchestra. The reason for this is obvious: the piece was newly created for the purpose of joining Electronic Music to live music, whereas the "Poem" was an attempt to graft the live to two already finished Electronic pieces. The "Variations" span a range of emotions, from the light serenity of a late summer, through the dying beauty of an autumn, into an area of wintry turbulence suggesting the emotions of the demented...

Tod Dockstader, a much newer composer in the field, joined Luening and Ussachevsky in collaboration on the background score of the TV program, "Way Out". A one-season stand only, the program was still a good one (harkening back to the days of the radio "suspense" and other such superior horror programs), and the Electronic Music backgrounds were quite effective in its context. It was amusing for one familiar with Electronic Music to hear, behind the credits, a snippet of (yet again!) "Fantasy in Space," but most of the background "score" was less music than chillingly appropriate sounds which seemed to rise almost out of one's subconscious, often deliberately raising the hackles on the viewer's neck.

Dockstader alone has released little of his work to the public as yet, thus far standing on a single album of his own, "Eight Electronic Pieces". These are, apparently, his first eight successful works, and they indicate an evolution of style and control which is still in its early stages. Tod works with both electronic and tape

sound-sources, combining the two for the best qualities of each. His own album notes, easily the most sensible yet written, detail his early efforts in creating a library of "tape cells" ("sound units, such as a single pitched vibration, a piece of concretized wind, a passage of voice vibration") which grew to 12,000 feet of tape before he had even begun to compose. As he manipulated these sounds in his early and semi-accidental efforts, he became more familiar with them and became less enchanted by the pure novelty of their sound appeal. His "Eighth Piece," the most recent of those released, shows a definite feeling for rhythm and form, but still suffers from the faults of many experimental electronic pieces: a mathematical preoccupation with techniques, and a quality of accidentally juxtaposed sounds. Dockstader, as with many of the younger composers of Electronic Music, is still developing his control of the tools of electronic composition.

The sounds often evoked by Electronic Music--weird screams and growls, quavering vibrations almost human in pitch but somehow alien in identity--have in themselves an innate emotional appeal to many listeners. These effects are only accidentally musical in quality, and can be exploited for their emotional impact quite independently of music.

This has, indeed, been done by the French school of Electronic Music known as Musique Concrete, so named because the sounds used are "concrete" sounds, real and non-musical in nature. In this case, while sound-sources are transmuted by tape, as with Tape Recorder Music, they begin their existence in the sound effects library of Radio France as natural, non-musical sounds. The actual techniques of transmutation-by-tape are the same as I've mentioned, but the results are often startlingly different.

One composition, for instance, was made up of the sound of women giggling. The sound of their laughter was fragmented and reformed in rhythmical patterns. Another composition made use of the sounds of a train clacking across the countryside for its rhythmic foundation. In each of these there was little music, as such, but simply a complex grouping of rhythmic textures not so very dissimilar from some of the more sophisticated African drumming pieces, and their American jazz drumming counterparts.

The leading exponents of Musique Concrete are Pierre Henry and Pierre Schaeffer, whose two original releases, "Panorama of Musique Concrete," are milestones in the field of Electronic Music.

Working with "concretized" sound-sources from every aspect of life, Schaeffer and Henry have created indeed a "panorama" in which a wide range of images are invoked. Some of their pieces seem artificial and experimental only, as with the piece of giggling, and "A Single Sound Source," which consists of a man vocalizing one note (which is then transformed into a series of notes for purposes of composition), but at least two works, "Veil of Orpheus" and "Music Without A Name," are extremely successful as finished works.

In "Veil of Orpheus," the opening is a huge ripping sound, as though a great veil was being ripped asunder. (In actuality, I suspect a piano was the sound-source.) Organlike tones then appear, and a voice enters, chanting in Greek. This voice is then replayed, multitracked into a chorus of voices; then sped up into child-like voices crying out of a terrible need; and then played backwards upon itself, all to a variety of background accompaniment. The result is awesome and majestic.

"Music Without A Name" is a suite, the latter

portions of which sound the voices of a thousand beasts of our deeper selves, horrifying echoes of our repressed unconsciousness, an evocation of the monsters we fear to lurk within us. Some of those who have heard this have testified later that their hair stood on end. Yet, into this psychological zoo enters a thin, piping sound, which repeats itself (tape looped) over and again as the beasts quiet and other sounds rise out of the background to accompany it.

In Musique Concrete, deliberate melodies are rarely used, although occasionally snatches of mundane melodies may be heard (as with a hurdy-gurdy organ in one part of "Music Without A Name"), introduced "straight" for the first time, and then at later points reintroduced with greater distortion each successive time; instead patterns of sound are arranged in a fashion analogous to melodies, so that images are called up by the listener. These pieces, when successful, are primarily emotional in appeal, and not at all mathematical or coldly intellectual.

The same cannot be said for the German Pure Electronic school. This school of composition, led by Karlheinz Stockhausen, is strongly bound to modern, Schoenbergian, "12-Tone" music, which is atonal and fragmented in a completely intellectual fashion. Stockhausen composes for conventional instruments as well, and it is significant that his music has much of the same arid harshness and inflexibility whether electronically performed or not. His major work to date is "Gesang der Junglinge" ("Voice of the Children"), which is his only work to date to make use of tape recorded elements (the voices of the title) as well as purely electronic sound-sources. Unfortunately, this work is currently available only on an imported disk, but it may be released on a domestic label soon, since Stockhausen's electronic and conventionally instrumented pieces are now being recorded by both Columbia and Time.

In Holland, another segment of Pure Electronic Music has been explored by Henk Badings. Badings, an unsuccessful composer of conventional music before he turned to Electronic Music, has at his disposal the laboratories of Philips Electronics, one of the biggest European manufacturers of records and sound equipment. His style has grown accomplished, and his works reflect a more popular and catholic taste than that of most of his peers. His Epic recording is interestingly diverse. It includes the "Capriccio for Violin and Two Sound Tracks," which combines a live violin with orchestral-like accompaniment from a set of oscillators; "Genese," subtitled "music for five audio-frequency oscillators," which is purely electronic and nearly abstract in form; and "Evolutions--Ballet Suite" which is largely lyrical and in places quite popularly influenced, as may be suggested by the titles of the six movements: "Overture," "Air," "Ragtime," "Intermezzo," "Waltz," and "Finale". The "Ragtime" section carries a rather jazzy syncopated oom-pah-pah bass-note rhythm, and each movement is in itself almost a tune or song--refreshing after the jaded sophistication of the more intellectualized forms of Electronic Music.

The first use of Pure Electronic Music in this country was on the soundtrack of the science fiction movie, "Forbidden Planet". The "score" was composed by Louis and Bebe Barron, with the use of audio-frequency oscillators and tape. The music served both as a source of sound effects (for alien machinery, for instance) and background music proper. At one point it becomes "Krel music," the music of a lost alien race, but unfortunately it was difficult to tell where the background music left off and the alien music began. Nevertheless, the scoring was well handled, making use of character-identification

themes, scene-pacing themes, etc. However, the Barrons did little after this except to cash in a little on the movie's publicity by scoring a few avant garde ballets which ended up sandwiched into variety TV shows. Their only commercial recording is not even theirs; a David Rose single, called "Forbidden Planet," used a few electronic sounds at the beginning of an otherwise bland instrumental.

Nevertheless, the Barrons and "Forbidden Planet" were probably the first responsible in this country for popularizing and making the public aware of Electronic Music.

Bound by neither schools nor thought, nor indeed the fashions of any times, is Edgar Varese, who has written only one electronic piece, "Poeme Electronique"--originally heard at the Brussels World Fair. As originally recorded, the sounds came from many different tracks out of speakers scattered throughout a womb-like room designed to create a strong emotional impression upon those who walked through it. Little of this comes across on a monophonic or two-track stereo record, and the "poeme" sounds like a dissipation of the talent Varese exhibited in the pieces he wrote thirty and forty years earlier--fragmented and percussive, sirens rising and falling at intervals, largely chaotic in nature--with which it is contrasted on his new Columbia recording.

In addition to these leaders in the field, there are many others experimenting, making laboratory recordings for their own benefit, and occasionally giving free concerts at New York's Columbia University or Cooper Union, as well as at private auditoriums and galleries. A great deal of the work of these amateurs is pretentious blather, sometimes consciously so, in an attempt to put on an unknowledgeable audience, sometimes from the sheer musical ignorance of the many mathematicians and electronics specialists who've discovered they can create sounds which may accidentally appeal. Indeed, Electronic Music is overrun by just such amateurs and their sophomoric brethren, the music students who intend to immediately create the Great American Symphony.

Modern serious music, as a general field, has reached an impasse--perhaps even a dead end--in its four or five centuries of development. The vein of melodic development and its increasing sophistication has about played out. The major steps in modern music all had their seeds in the Industrial Revolution and the turn of this century, and modern music has found no way past the sterile cul-de-sac of complete atonality brought upon it by the followers of the "serial music" and 12-Tone school. The significant works now being written are largely in the area of retrenchment, of filling in the gaps of what has already been done. Only rarely will a completely self-dependent composer of Bartok's stature rise, whose works are modern without being theoretical or detached from reality.

Composers of Electronic Music may originally have thought the very newness of their materials would exempt them from this bind, but this has not proved the case. As our ears become accustomed to the additional palette of sounds available through the techniques of Electronic Music, the sheer novelty of sound wears thin, and we find ourselves again confronting the basic question: is it good (or even valid) music?

Only the composers of Musique Concrete have escaped the need to directly answer this question, by creating what may be a new art-form: experiences in sound which are only incidentally musical.

As for the rest, once their materials become

familiar, the question of the music created by them again becomes the paramount one. Is novelty enough? Can a composer whose work with conventional music has been unsuccessful become a good composer in the electronic field? Is the initial attractiveness of Electronic Music going to wear off, as we become more accustomed to it, and jaded by it?

I suspect this may indeed be the case, if we follow upon the paths thus far created. Electronic Music has thus far attracted only the second-rates and fledglings, and no first-rate composers. Some good Electronic Music has been composed, but none truly outstanding.

Yet, the field is very young--only fifteen years old at the most, and younger still in terms of audience awareness--and many promising young composers are still accustoming themselves to the very different qualities of their new materials, still flexing their muscles, still trying to shuck off the novelty of new sounds themselves. What will happen tomorrow is anyone's guess.

- Ted White

RECORDS CITED—

Jazz' use of tape recorder techniques can be found on:

Explorations: 10" Debut DLP 6 (out of print)

What's New: Columbia CL 842

Lennie Tristano: Atlantic 1224

Ussachevsky & Luening's works appear on:

Tape Recorder Music: 10" Innovations GB 1 (out of print)

A Poem In Cycles And Bells: Composers Recordings, Inc. CRI-112

Rhapsodic Variations for Tape Recorder and Orchestra: Louisville 5455

Musique Concrete:

Panorama of Musique Concrete vol. 1: London Ducretet-Thomson DTL 93090

Panorama of Musique Concrete vol. 2: London Ducretet-Thomson DTL 93121

Musique Concrete 1959: RAM (Boite A Musique) Ex 242(A)

Pure Electronic Music:

Karlheinz Stockhausen: Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft LP 16133

Karlheinz Stockhausen: Time 58001

Henk Badings & Dick Raaijmakers: Epic LC 3759

Others:

Tod Dockstader: Eight Electronic Pieces: composer's own release

Music of Edgar Verese: Columbia ML 5478

Sounds of New Music: Folkways FX6160

With the exception of the RAM recording, all the above records can be obtained in New York City, and will be available in most other metropolitan areas. Several are out of print, but copies are still in circulation, often on remainder shelves. Reference to a Schwann catalogue will show those currently available through any large record store.

ELECTRONIC MUSIC-A POSTSCRIPT

I wrote the foregoing article in the summer of 1961, and it has been printed without revision. Needless to say, the field has not stood still since then.

The Dockstader album has been reissued for the general public by Folkways, apparently with the same notes. Two other albums of German Electronic Music have been imported on the Deutsche Grammophon label. Like the Stockhausen, they are 10-inch records, and difficult to obtain. The three form a three-volume set, with Herbert Eimert's "Einführung" serving as a spoken introduction (in German) to the creation of Electronic Music. Further listenings to the Stockhausen and other German lps have revealed to me their essential sterility and lack of emotional content. The use of electronics is rudimentary, providing only a thin sound with rarely any chordal harmony or complexity of texture. The composing method is unrelievedly twelve-tone and percussive, and thematic content is obscure if not totally lacking. In essence these albums amply illustrate Dockstader's complaint of thinness and harshness in pure electronic sound.

My personal opinion is that none of these men is greatly imbued with talent, and that each has taken a mathematical and obscure method of composition in order to mask his creative deficiencies. I would not call these men frauds--but others have. I am well aware (from listenings to Webern and Berg, among others) that twelve-tone composing methods are not in themselves indicative of sterility or lack of ability, and that great music of emotional impact can be composed by use of serial techniques. But here I think the second- and third-rates are cloaking their faults with the obscurity of their methods. (I think it is time I set about obtaining the commercial release of the 1957 Burleson-White Piano Sonatas. We recorded them by the simple expedient of attacking the insides and keyboard of a piano while the taper was running, but I swear we achieved more by sheer, hilarious accident than have these poseurs of the avant garde.)

Columbia has issued a two-volume set of "opera of the space-age", Aniara which makes use of electronic effects. I've heard only a small part of it, and haven't yet obtained a copy.

Undoubtedly the best of the recent electronic releases is the purely--and magnificently--electronic Electronics, on Westminster. The music, composed by Remi Gassmann, is created entirely on the Studio Trautonium, a Swedish sound-synthesizer apparently similar in some respects (and certainly in scope) to the RCA Synthesizer. The music was premiered in this country at New York's City Center Ballet, with the ballet "Electronics." It is undoubtedly the most successful piece of Electronic Music I have yet heard. Modern, polytonal, orchestral in scope of tone-colors, this is music composed as music, and not merely for outre effects; as such it is unsurpassed among electronic works for beauty, depth, and emotional impact. It should be accessible, comprehensible and enjoyable to anyone who enjoys modern music such as that of Stravinsky, Bloch, Bartok, or Schuller.

The secondside of the record consists of "Five Improvisa-

tions" by Oskar Sala. Sala has toured Europe for years, playing a much smaller version of the Trautonium, and is responsible for the creation of the Studio model. The music he plays here, recorded directly on tape, was improvised from the console of the Studio machine. Each piece is fragmentary, an evocation of mood or demonstration of particular techniques, and none are of the stature of "Electronics," but still each is majestic and rather inspiring of awe when one considers that a single man created them by sitting at a console pushing keys and punching buttons--a miniature God in a universe of unlimited (or so it seems) aural spectra.

Bob Silverberg tells me that "Veil of Orpheus," the piece of Musique Concrete mentioned, is only a suite from the center section of an extremely powerful ballet, "Orpheus," which he saw in Venice. All of the music is Concrete, and to judge from Bob's glowing report the entire work is tremendously impressive.

Undoubtedly there are other areas which I have overlooked (HABAKKUK printed an article nearly a year ago which mentioned Japanese efforts in the field, which I have not heard), and no doubt by the time you read this there will have been more commercial releases made here.

Allied to the growth of Electronic Music in its desire to re-establish rapport between the composer and performance is the reintroduction of improvisation to "serious" music. This movement has been headed on the West Coast by Lucus Foss, a composer and pianist of some merit, whose Studies in Improvisation and Time Cycle are available on RCA Victor and Columbia, respectively. The latter I have not heard (it apparently consists of music improvised around sung lyrics), but the former is (aside from the formidably mathematical album notes and esoteric scores) quite fascinating and rewarding. Foss has assembled a quintet and with it is tackling a new method of improvisation in which the scores suggest only dominant instruments, modes, and emotional directions. The results are not noticeably different from some of the more accessible forms of modern polytonal music, but are noteworthy for being the musical product of all of the players involved. Foss' efforts have not yet approached the sophistication or complexity of modern jazz, but mostly because he has sacrificed most of the ground rules of both jazz and composed "serious" music, and with his group is starting from scratch. They began in 1957 or 58 (if I recall properly from the news item in DOWN BEAT); in four or so years Foss and his group have done well.

MORE RECORDS-

Herbert Eimert: Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft LP 16132

Ernst Krenek/Gottfried Michael Koenig: Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft LP 16134

Electronics: Westminster XWN 18962

-Ted White

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LAST UFFISH THOTS: Two of our columnists are missing this: Pete Graham and Walter Breen. I don't believe the juxtaposition of those two names has any significance, but you never can tell. Walter at least is represented by his conreport; I trust his mlg comments will return nextish, as will Pete's column. The latter was the most popular item of #22.

It has come to my attention that Sam Moskowitz is no longer restricting himself to informing all and sundry that I know absolutely nothing about music. Now I hear that he is egging on other interested parties to sue me. That hardly seems fair.

-tw

gary deindorfer's

DORFISH

THOTS

WRAITH: Ballard - I'd heard much about the Fabulous Wrai Ballard Type-
writer with the high lowercase "t" but never had I seen
it in action before looking upon WRAITH. A fascinating and somehow animalistically beautiful thing, if you don't mind my saying so. I am not at all sure, though, whether your "t" is too high or all the rest of your letters are too low. I hope you will clear up the whole matter for me as soon as you can. Believe me, it's been worrying me. ## I don't think FIAWOLers can be considered such so much on the basis of their amount of activity as on the basis of their outlook. To me, somebody who spends the bulk of his leisure time with fanac but does not feel dependent upon fandom for meaning in his life is a FIJAGDH type, not a FIAWOLer. On the other hand, a person who does not have too much of a fannish output but feels dependent upon fandom is definitely a FIAWOLer. It is a matter of orientation and is not tied to one's amount of activity (though I will grant that most FIAWOLers are involved in correspondingly more activity than are most of the members of the FIJAGDH faction).

GROTESQUE: Martin - Yes, very.

A BIRD TURNED AN EYE: Carr - I find it difficult to set down just how
this little pamphlet of poems first hit me,
except to say that it did hit me, and very strongly. These poems reveal a Terry Carr I have always felt could very well exist, but whom I wasn't sure about--a Terry Carr the poet. With these poems I know most definitely this Terry Carr exists--an intensely perceptive individual, who can share his insight with others. I would urge Terry to write more poetry, except that I know that he will when he feels the need to. ## Bhob Stewart's drawings are perfectly suited to Carr's poems; instead of being mere illustrations, they are visualized evocations of the poems they accompany, and as such greatly enhance the total effect. The palm and its sky was particularly effective in the context of its poem. ## This pamphlet deserves professional publication, Terry; how about getting somebody interested in the matter?

ANKUS: Pelz - Say, Bruce Pelz, if you are going to be an apa completist then you jolly well must resolve to be a complete complet-

ist. No more of this skimping on your FAPazine so you can work on your other projects, I say. How would you feel as Official Editor of That Other Apa if a member who was also a FAPA member put out a small little hastily thrown together thing for said apa, explaining he didn't really have time to put out a decent sized fanzine because he had other obligations? I wager that you would feel mighty, mighty bad. You might even consider ending it all. I suggest you get in touch with FAPA's Official Editor immediately, Bruce, and apologize. It is very important that you make the man feel better quickly, and that he is not last on your priorities. In the future, for ghodsakes, please have a bit more empathy, Mister Pelz. ## This thing about reading aloud--I like to read aloud, but I don't much care for people to read aloud to me. When I was in New York recently (which was when Good Old Ted White asked me to do these mc's) I had the honor of hearing Ted White read aloud every one of his record reviews, published and unpublished. It took him roughly nine hours to do so (to Lawrence Welk hip-type background issuing from the White grafonola). I rose when he was finally finished, reeling, my throat dry, and said, "Well, Ted, very interesting; guess I better go back to Towner Hall and get a bit of sleep for the night now. Point me towards your front door..." And what does Ted White do? Does he point me towards the egress? Nay, he says, "And now I read you my fabulously perceptive ROGUE articles..." ## It's all a relative sort of thing, though, this reading aloud; I don't like it, but I suppose some people do--for these oddballs I'll recommend an lp which a record-store salesman was madly attempting to unload at a fabulous cut-rate yesterday, called "Roddy McDowell Reads Selected Segments of A Farewell to Arms." Very gutsy, they tell me... ## It just struck me, for such an incredible job of minac you have managed to get the longest mailing comments from me so far. Why, that's fantastic.*

THOU ART G(H)OD: Harness - Oh good Christ, Jack.

CCON: Eney - Noted, I suppose.

HORIZONS: Warner - I feel that I am at last complete, Harry, now that I have finally seen a copy of the fabulous and legendary HORIZONS. I feel that all my life up to the day I saw my first HORIZONS was a preparation. I am a changed fan, never again to be the pre-HORIZONS Deindorfer. ## Honest to the Omniscient Watcher and Abacus Keeper of the Land Above, Harry, very much did HORIZONS impress me. Especially "Whatever Happened to Charlotte?". I began it on the assumption that it was to be a factual account of a Harry Warner visit. Much surprised was I to find it developing into one of the finest fanfiction stories I have ever read. I tell thee true; this is fanfiction with an uppercase 'Fict.'

ALIF: Anderson - Gee, Karen, I didn't know you used curse words. This is a very disillusioning thing.

PHLOTSAM: Economou - EdCo's article is the sort of serious constructive offering I like to see. It was particularly interesting to me, because I have done some work with statistics in the Ripley vein applied to fandom, too. I recently calculated, for example, that if you stretched end-to-end all the Mike Deckinger articles ever printed in such fanzines as THE SICK ELEPHANT and MUZZY...no one would read them. Then, too, I found that a pile of Seth A. Johnson letters of welcome to new N3Fers would reach seven thousand feet into the sky...and be a hazard to private aircraft. Just now I am working on the interesting question

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of whether it would take three or four thousand editions of the most recent N'APA mailing to girdle the earth, and, if so, whether or not it would be a worthwhile thing to girdle the earth with three or four thousand editions of the most recent N'APA mailing. Statistics are certainly lovely and glorious things (said Eleanor Roosevelt). ## I was reading along through "Beer on My Skirt" when I saw mention of a party at Charles Burbee's. Immediately I hoped and prayed that you would recount a few fabulous Burbee stories for us on the order of the Breasts of the Moon and the Wet Little Boy Anecdote. You did not, however, and I want you to know that I, an upstart non-FAPA member and the world's youngest post-gafiate, was very, very disappointed. ## Burb's son has one hell of a bit of talent. I trust that this will not be his last appearance in fanzines.

LE MOINDRE: Raeburn - It is always good to see a Raeburn publication, if only a two page Raeburn publication. ## Strange, I had always assumed that everyone visualized numbers, time-lines and such abstract concepts. Your remarks to Lewis lead me to believe that evidently this is not so. My visualizations of numbers take the form of grey balls. I visualize 'ten' as, logically enough, ten grey balls (for some reason this line reads inadvertently funny, but I'll let it stand). You may doubt that I can visualize a number like forty-three but I can --as forty-three clearly defined and amiable grey balls. For that matter, I visualize fractions, too, as fractions of grey balls. Actually, I had better clarify this; I cannot visualize well some fraction on the order of 7/16ths. I mean, that would be ridiculous, now wouldn't it? Visualizations of grey balls cut into halves or quarters or thirds are quite enough for the mind of Gary Deindorfer, I assure you. And before any of the more impertinent of you FAPA's ask, cynicism dripping from your voice, "But why grey balls?" let me say that--ghoddamn it--I am not imaginative enough to visualize blue or orange or fuchia balls ("fuchia balls"; is that phrase allowed through the mails?). ## Seeing that your little question was addressed to FAPA members perhaps I am out of line in replying to it, but I feel compelled to. You see, I have a rather bizarre problem in the line of custom made wearing apparel; for years I have had to spend fantastic amounts of money for custom made shoes and socks because of having a sixth toe on both feet. This problem wouldn't be so embarrassing and annoying except that both toes are extra big toes. ## Is the rumor of another issue of A BAS true? I come to you for corroboration, hoping against hope for a "yay" answer.

DAY*STAR b/w CATCH TRAP: Marion (Zimmer) Bradley - Good Lord. We all know of that Boggsian term, the pseudo-Campbellian fanzine, don't we? Well, here you've done the pseudo-Ace Double Novels fanzine, and it certainly is*. ## DAY*STAR side first: I fear that Charles Wells' article is motivated more than anything by a galloping impatience to get back into FAPA; by advancing a system of choosing likely members from the w-l he hopes that he will be a FAPAn again all the sooner. His argument is loaded and invalid, and advances a system I am quite at odds with. I am not a FAPAn, and for that matter I am not even on the waiting list, but I intend to join it soon, and I must say that I expect to wait patiently for as long as necessary behind however many people are on the waiting list before me. I don't want to be admitted before them, for the same reason that I wouldn't want anybody joining the waiting list after me to be admitted before me. I would be all too likely to feel resentful towards that fan once I finally was admitted, and I would resent the membership for not voting for me. Hard feelings would all too soon abound in FAPA and the FAPA w-l

*The more faaanish among you may wish to complete this phrase...

if Wells' plan was adopted. ## Breen goes into the whole problem of "draft dodging" with admirable depth. I hope that he resolved some of the questions associated with the whole issue, and I hope that it acts as the spur for some useful and extended commentary from FAPA members on the matter; it is too thoroughly unweildy a sort of problem to be handled in the pages of a newszine such as AXE. ## I must disagree with you wholeheartedly, Marion, on a maximum page limit for FAPazines. Most of the worthwhile FAPazines which I have read have been the ones which would easily exceed your maximum allowance of fifty pages per year-- LIGHTHOUSE, HORIZONS, NULL-F, etcetera. Conversely, most of the really bad FAPazines I have seen have been three and four page productions. ## Why expand the membership? FAPA has more than enough members now with its roster of 65; in fact I even feel that that could stand being pared. ## CATCH TRAP: I have read with interest the various concepts of hell by different FAPAns, and now I see that you are asking for personal concepts of heaven. My own concept of heaven is that of having reached the state of mind of total knowing and perceiving and the ability to live with that knowledge and those perceptions. ## I think I tend to agree with you that Tolkien has written verse, not poetry, in The Lord of the Rings, because it exists as an enhancement to the mood of Tolkien's narrative and not as an intended experience in its own right. This does not prevent portions of his verse from having the quality of poetry, however--not at all. Much of Tolkien's prose has the effect of poetry, for that matter. ## I certainly agree with your opinion of most "little magazines"; they are the haven of the artistic poseur, the follower of what he feels to be the "experimental" mode. There is much more honest and powerful and meaningful writing being done in the field of the modern mainstream paperback original.

LAUNDRY MARK: Hevelin - Yes, there is "a lot of food for discussion" on the phenomenon and problems of Suburbia. Why didn't you initiate it instead of printing up a useless page of telephone numbers? Your inclusion of "Leslie Norris" in the telephone listing is especially ludicrous in view of the ommission of the names and numbers of so many FAPAns; I should think that you would want to either publish a complete listing or none at all.

SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY: Hoffman - I fell upon this third edition of SFFY with what used to be known in prozine letter columns as "glad cries." I didn't expect it to top SFFY #2, that fabulous issue which I can remember getting as a thirteen-year old gibbering neofan, and it didn't top SFFY #2, but I still found it to be the second best fanzine of the 97th Mailing, and one of the best fanzines I have read in a long time. Like, it was in the best faaanish tradition, and that is a rarity enough among fanzines these days. Besides, SFFY #3 is notable for having maintained a perfect schedule for ten years. ## You have some magnificent color mimeography in this here issue, by the way; I had feared that color mimeography had vanished with the last of the big STELLAR's; it's pleasing to see someone becoming ambitious again.

LARK: Danner - I hope that your letter to Minow gets the results you desire, but I somehow doubt that it will; it was altogether too clever and literate to be the type of letter government types act upon. To get action from the government you have to be a Common Man. I can assure you, for example, that if you had written: "Dear Sur, I em a hard werker & I like lotsa cowboys and detektifs on the tv. I want more of them;" you would have gotten your wish before you could have stumbled

back to your television set with your can of Piel's. It's all part of the Common Man Syndrome, of course, that current of thought and attitude which runs through this country that a common man, an uneducated man, a man who Works With His Hands, is somehow a better man, and deserves the benefits of the government more than does the intellectual. This attitude is intensifying more and more in this country. It not only annoys me, it scares me, because I see all too clearly where it may lead. ## I enjoyed LARK more than any other fanzine under twenty pages in the mailing, I might add.

EOS: Speer - Re: the formation of a fan--I think that sublimation can be said to replace the mentioned elements towards the formation of a fan of introversion and contact; i.e., the fan is introverted, he then makes paper contact--that, man, is sublimation in action. What is more, I have a weird theory (a strange and Dorfish view, if you will) which nobody I have discussed it with seems to agree with--that for many fans the production of a fanzine serves as a sublimation for the production of babies. Does anyone want to discuss this? I am prepared to defend my theory with all sorts of documentation and statistics, and to hold up my end of it in the fine and dogmatic manner of a GMCarr or Doctor Nameless H. Nameless. (Let's see her sue me for that reference.)

LIGHTHOUSE: Graham & Carr - When I referred to SFFY #3 as the "second-best fanzine in the 97th mailing" I was implying another fanzine in the mailing to be best, right? (Optional response: "Right!") Of course I was referring to LIGHTHOUSE. This is a magnificent issue, right in step with the fabulous INNUENDO tradition. ## Pete, you have an indecently good editorial. I agree with you that the IQ tests to be given at the Chicon are a ridiculous idea. I hope that they fail to materialize, for if they are gone through with they will sow superiority or inferiority complexes right and left. ## "Blind Clarinet" is one of the few successful pieces of jazz fiction I have ever read; it joins a select little group of stories along with Tony Scott's "Destination: KC" and a few others. Sylvia's illustration for the story is beautiful. ## As good as "Blind Clarinet" was, I found the best thing in this to be Terry's analysis of Salinger. It was a verbalization of some of my own half-felt attitudes and feelings about what Salinger has done. I hope Terry's remarks about the shallowness of thought of the sort of man who is looking for an easily grasped and assimilated message in Salinger hits home in some quarters.

THE RAMBLING FAP: Calkins - Convicts have a strict ethicality among themselves, you know--a caste system and all the rest of it. It's not really as strange a development as it would seem, however, for anyone who is not saddled with the belief that anybody who is a convict could not possibly still retain a sense of values. ## Nobody can insult me by calling me white, but he can think he has. A few years ago I was walking alone through a Negro neighborhood and three giant Negro boys came up to me and said, with unmistakable malice in their voices, "Get out of here. You don't belong here, white kid." They made "white" a dirty word, believe me they did. By the way, I scrambled.

I was on the whole quite impressed with this, the first FAPA mailing I had ever seen, and I hope that I've managed to retain your interest for the short duration of these comments. Until next time, keep a low silhouette, people---and skoal, Chris.

--Gary Deindorfer

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