



WANDY

Issue #12, published for the 96th. FAPA mailing by Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, USA. Copies available outside the organization on a strictly limited basis; don't bother asking for them.

CONTENTS

Acres Of Clams (mailing comments)	RSC	2
Lonesome Traveler (general column)	RSC	11
The New Frontier (good-natured libel).	Anonymous	13
Eggs And Marrowbone (mailing & general com)JWC		14
Letter Column.		

PAGE ONE (General Comments by RSC which isn't included in the Table of Contents)

NATURE LOVERS DEPARTMENT: We went on a picnic today. We live about 10 miles from a state forest which contains camping and picnic facilities and which isn't too crowded with other picnickers. (Especially if you get there early enough on Sunday; agnostics have a few advantages in religious communities.) Lots of nice cool trees and water and stuff -- Bruce seems to feel that the object of a picnic is to throw rocks in the water and see the splash. (Two picnics at the place and already the ground level has been lowered 2.143 inches.)

We were packing the car preparatory to leaving when another group of intrepid woodsmen wandered into the parking lot. "There's a sturdy old oak tree", one of them announced, pointing at a medium-sized sycamore. Someone else in his party ventured to suggest that it was a sycamore, but was overruled. "It's a sturdy old oak tree!"

And it isn't even a very big sycamore.

TOPPING GRENNELL DEPARTMENT: Bruce is watching "Rocky The Flying Squirrel" on tv and I'm keeping an ear open for the puns. Best one so far was a caption: "See our next installment, THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD, or THE FIRST NATIONAL BANG."

Oh well...I liked it. Also, they're having trouble with "monstrous, metal-munching, mechanical moon mice" marvelous.

ALL TUCKERED OUT DEPARTMENT: No stencils have arrived from Tucker so far, so unless a minor miracle occurs he won't be present in this issue. No explanations; he seemed healthy and happy at the Midwestcon, but we haven't heard from him since, so maybe con attending was too much for him. You shouldn't try to keep up with youngfans like Ebert and Ryan, Bob.

ACRES OF CLAMS

MONSTER-TIMES, SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES EXTRA (Taurasi) Who says Taurasi doesn't have a sense of humor? How do you griper about "old copies of S F TIMES" feel about getting the March 1926 issue? I think it's the best joke in years, myself....give 'em hell, Jim.

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) You're mistaking generosity (or even common politeness) for sociability, Dan. One doesn't have to like people to be decent to them. Taking your own projects as a scale, I have been an assistant Scoutmaster, and when Bruce gets old enough to go to school I'll probably evince a mild interest in the PTA. At present I don't belong to a single one of the associations you mention, or to any other community group. (Oh, I express my opinions -- what fan doesn't? -- and I vote regularly. And of course I can't get out of paying taxes or contributing to the United Fund; here they come around and take UF contributions out of one's paycheck. Of, of course, you're asked first -- but the attitude is that every good citizen wants to contribute and if one isn't a good citizen the company rapidly becomes less interested in one's employment. I expressed my opinion on that, too -- but not too loudly....)

Tch, Parker, you were confused. There isn't a Brazil, Illinois, as far as I know, but there is a Brazil, Indiana. (Also a Mexico, Peru and a Morocco, if it comes to that.)

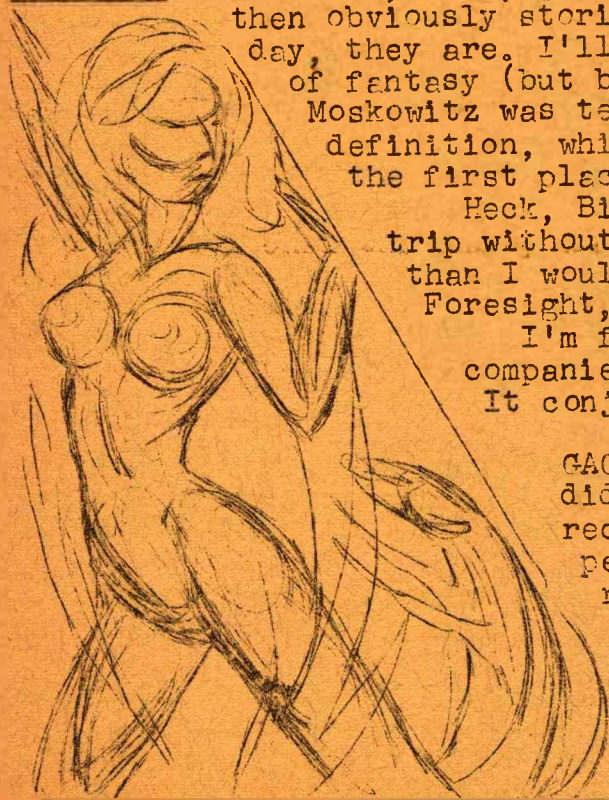
CELEPHAIS (Evans) What do you mean, "science fiction that isn't impossible - like stories of spaceships". You know about any spaceships running around the solar system today? Stories about spaceships are just as impossible today as stories about submarines were when Verne wrote "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea". When we have spaceships, then obviously stories about them won't be stf. Until that day, they are. I'll accept your broad and narrow definition of fantasy (but by the same token, you have to agree that Moskowitz was technically correct in using the broad definition, which is what the argument was about in the first place).

Heck, Bill, I would no more think of starting a trip without an unread pb along for emergency use than I would of starting without a spare tire. Foresight, man, foresight!

I'm fascinated by the idea of German record companies passing the Victor dog back and forth. It conjures up such interesting pictures....

GAGAKU (Wesson) Your coin reproduction didn't come across very well; I wouldn't recommend that method of reproduction, especially considering the clarity of the rest of the drawings. I enjoy your material about Japan, but I can't comment on it.

TARGET: FAPA (Eney) Well, communism implies communal ownership; is government ownership the same thing?



Are you sure they're synonymous?
(And as a matter of fact, I understood you to be talking about communism earlier. Since you bring in socialism now, are you sure that communism and socialism are the same thing? The Socialist Party seems to feel that there's somewhat of a difference.)

(Oops; my mistake. You were talking about socialism and I brought in communism. Sorry. Also, I admit to bringing in political theories. Again possibly my error -- but I doubt if anyone can talk meaningfully about an economic theory divorced from a political theory; they're too much intertwined in actual practice.)

CHURN (A & N Rapp) Hello.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC (Brown) I know, you're coming into FAPA to die. I applaud your statement; "what's wrong with selfishness?" Bill Donaho has been in fandom more than 5 years, Rich; I wouldn't bet that he hadn't been in fandom longer than I have. He just hasn't been putting out fanzines for 5 years.

If all children were ideally brought up, there would be no such thing as pornography. Actually, the idea that there can be such a thing as pornography is the invention of a sick mind; the extent of the pornography which the mind believes to exist is an indication of the mind's relative sickness. If the individual restricts his ideas of pornography to Nightstand Books, French postcards and the like, he is relatively sane; when he starts including PLAYBOY, MAD, and all books on homosexuals in his list of undesirables, he's pretty sick.

MINIMAC (Jacobs) God, what a memory! If anyone had bothered to ask me, I'd have said that I'd never laid eyes on you in my life.

SELF-PRESERVATION (Hoffman) I hope you saw the last couple of months of "Thriller" before they started doing summer re-runs....Gene DeWeese was calling it "Weird Tales Illustrated". Damned near every story was taken from WEIRD. I can't imagine anyone picking "Men Into Space" over "Twilight Zone", though; admittedly a lot of TZ's plots are trite to fans, but it never descends to soap opera and I've never seen "Men Into Space" ascend above that level.

LAUNDRY MARK (Hevelin) Don't I believe in Ghadiali's machine? Man, I don't even believe in penecillin.

BANDWAGON (Ryan) "One Step Beyond" was on tv before "Twilight Zone", so it couldn't have been inspired by it. "Thriller" improved vastly during the second half of its life. I'd quit watching it, so I missed some of the better shows, but the last 6 or 8 that I did see were among the best tv fantasy ever presented. I backtracked on Socialism -- but when the term is mentioned I'm still going to think of New Harmony and the Oneida Community, and not Russia. Are socialism and communism identical?

I think the best comment on the HUAC activities was made by the person who said "You don't catch spies with Congressional Committees". Congress spends too much time investigating and not enough time at its job, which is lawmaking. I'd like to see all but one or two investigating committees discontinued, not just the HUAC. (Actually I don't know of a single committee that I'm in favor of, but I'm willing to admit that one or two might be useful.)

The trouble with that "weak genetic stock" argument is in determining just what is "weak". A lot of intelligent, useful people living today are too "weak" to have lived a hundred years ago -- for that matter, they probably wouldn't have been very useful 100 years ago, either. We don't need as much brawn today as we used to.

I liked the closing pun.

A FANZINE FOR NOW! (Lewis) I owe you a copy of YANDRO -- you disappeared with your sub not quite expired. I'll try to remember to send one after getting this mailing which should contain your present address.

Well, in my ICS course on electrical engineering I had about 10 "lessons" on mechanical and electrical drafting. With no other experience whatsoever, I got -- and kept -- a job as a draftsman. (Of course, I also got my present job of technical writer because I edited a fanzine, so possibly Honeywell is not a typical company.) The ICS courses are not anywhere near equivalent to college courses -- at least in the technical field -- but they are worth the money if you have something definite in mind. (That is, they're mostly intended for people already working in an industry -- a lathe operator, for example, who wants to get enough information on other machinery to qualify him as shop foreman, or something like that.)

ODUSSEUS (Speer) If you go back before Wilson you don't find enough Democratic presidents to mean anything. Times have changed, and like that. No, I meant exactly what I said; spendability of Canadian money increases in direct proportion to distance from the border. The people who complained about not being able to spend it were those living on or near the border. I've never had any trouble spending it in Indiana, but I have been in stores near the border that wouldn't accept it. If your experience is different, then that casts a doubt on the whole assumption.

Then you agree that there are other criteria for determining "socially useful function" than those you gave in criticizing judo instructors, and that therefore your criticism was ill-founded. I'm glad we're getting together here.

What's this about Leonardo and Bacon being "in touch with a superior technology"? The phrasing makes it sound like you think they had time machines or were being given secrets by little green men. Of course technology is always ahead of production; with today's secrecy we don't even know how far ahead. So you have to use "common usage" in figuring what is or is not possible at a given time. Television was a part of science fiction in the thirties despite the fact that pictures had been transmitted across the Atlantic prior to 1930.

I don't know about nationally, but in Indiana it's illegal to block a crossing for more than 15 minutes. The railroads don't pay any attention to it, though.

I have so many things going against me regarding longevity: overweight, improper diet, lack of exercise, poor sleeping habits, asthma and -- crowning glory -- relatives who didn't live long, either.

course, all of this is in relation to longevity polls, which seem to make living to a ripe old age a rather depressing business. Actually I'm better off than the polls make it seem, because I enjoy living. (I know that the "will to live" is important; one of my grandmothers died, officially, of a broken hip.)

I think the death penalty for spies is due partly to the idea that while soldiers on the battlefield run the risk of death, spies should, too, since they're performing a military function. Also, there's the general attitude that spying is an unfair tactic and should be punished severely. (You notice that only the enemy has spies; we have undercover agents.)

I don't know why it's inevitable that speedometers are geared higher than actual speed, but they all are. Or maybe I do know. The speedometer in the average passenger car is not a particularly accurate instrument at speeds in excess of 50 mph or so, and not absolutely accurate below that. In these days of radar speed patrols and so on, it's probably safer to set the speedometer high and make sure that the driver arrested for speeding hasn't been innocently led astray by a faulty speedometer. As I recall, speedometer error at 60 mph can be over 10% in some cars. Well over, in fact. And another reason is that people like to brag about how fast their cars will go, and if the manufacturer makes it look like his car goes fast..... I knew one boy who knew positively that he'd done 120 mph in his Hudson. Pointing out that at that time the fastest car on the road was an Oldsmobile and it would do only 98 mph by the clock had no effect; his speedometer read 120 and by God he'd been doing 120! Actually I suppose he'd been hitting about 90 mph.

They're doing the same thing now with the odometers on compact cars, to make it look like the cars get better mileage than they really do.

I didn't realize that I was reading fiction in your story, but then I don't have the interest in old-time fandom that some fans do, so I didn't really care. It was enjoyable, anyway.

OPEN SEASON ON MONSTERS (Boggs) My, you sound excitable.

LIMBO (Rike) Glad to see the exposé of "Operation Abolition". (Donaho) A question of semantics, it seems, When you said Jean Ritchie had a magnificent voice for her limited range I automatically assumed that "range" meant "area" because I never thought of using "limited vocal range" in the same breath with "magnificent voice". I have a magnificent voice within my limited range, too, by that criteria. I can only hit one note, but it's a good note. Jean Ritchie has a lovely voice? Well, if you like thin, screechy sopranos.... I've heard lovelier notes coming out of a chain saw. I think we have a small disagreement over the use of magnificent, also; as far as I'm concerned it should be reserved for a few great singers who can handle anything, not spread out Hollywood-fashion to cover everybody who does an adequate job in a specialized field. I agreed that she might be able to give a magnificent performance -- never having seen a performance by her I don't know. Which I think is what you're talking about....my objection was in equating "voice" with "performance". As far as I'm concerned, "voice" is concerned with range, power, sustaining ability, overtones and the other odds and ends you dismiss as mere technique. And under that definition of voice, Ritchie's is barely adequate, not magnificent. As for singing songs with real feeling -- I certainly don't object, but there are folk singers with good voices who project as much feeling as Ritchie, so why bother with her?

Poul Anderson not only has a "clear-cut masculine point of view"; his writing shows a positively medieval attitude towards women. I get a kick out of it, but I can see where Elinor might not approve.

Your comments on children remind me of W.C. Fields. How do you stand on dogs? (And don't let them tell you that you'd change your mind if you had children of your own....what am I saying? For all I know, you do....)

DAY*STAR, ASTRA'S TOWER (Bradley) Very much enjoyed the comments on "The Lord Of The Rings", but I'm afraid I went all thru it nodding and saying "uh-huh" and it didn't leave me any comments to make. Except I'm glad you got the name right (except on the last page) -- I'm sick of so-called Tolkien fans who think that the title is "The Lords Of The Ring" and who try to correct me when I word it properly. You even managed to put emotion across to me in "Crime Story"; it must have had the impact of a brickbat to more sensitive souls.

ICE AGE (Shaws) It probably hints at my frivolous nature, but I enjoyed the astrology clipping more than anything else in the mag. I'm afraid my interest in hi-fi is well below that needed to appreciate Wilsey's article -- of course, I didn't read the one in HARPER'S, either.....

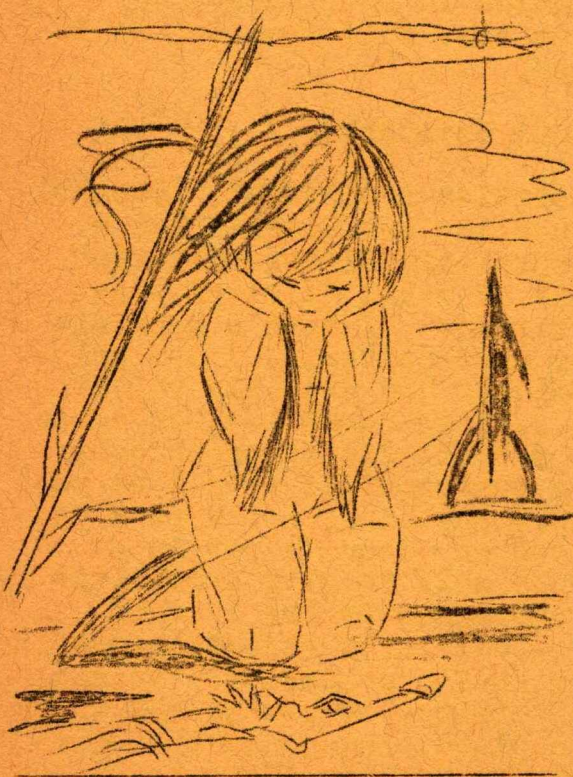
VINEGAR WORM (Leman) You're changing your arguments in midstream, Bob. "Pointing out what is going on" is a helluva big step from stating flatly that what is going on should be censored. As long as you stick to pointing, I'm with you; it's when you come out and say that a story shouldn't be published if it opposes your political ideas that we suddenly part company. As for reducing stf to "logical extrapolation", you aren't alone, but if that definition of stf ever becomes accepted, I automatically become a fantasy fan.

After thinking about what beer does taste like, I say the colder the better. Unfortunately, you can't get it cold enough to eliminate all the taste.

HORIZONS (Warner) But "won't" is a contraction. I have only a hazy memory because I learned this in grade school or junior high, but it comes from an old English term (woll not?) of which "will not" is the debased form. Also, it is used strictly as a contraction for "will not", while aint is a brand new word which can substitute for "am not", "are not", "is not" and probably a few others by now.

You're talking about conscientious policemen; the conscientious worker is a minority in any field. How about the average cop?

I have so many checkmarks on your book reviews that it would take pages to list them all. I agree with you on "Hot-house" and nothing else. I do wonder about your comment that "Rogue Moon" con-



tains "real people", though. The characters in "Rogue Moon" were interesting, and they did have a three-dimensional effect in addition to the symbolism, but every one of them was neurotic or psychotic -- what sort of people do you know in real life, anyway?

ALIF (Anderson) Spike Jones is still issuing records regularly, and presumably playing the nightclub circuit. You mention "Can You Top This?"; how about the granddaddy of the quiz shows, "Information, Please?" I still recall Oscar Levant reciting "The Pelican", raising his voice higher and higher as more and more people realized that he was actually going to say the final "and I do not see how the Hell he can" and tried unsuccessfully to drown him out. It sounds pretty tame now, but in those days one didn't say "hell" over a national network.

"...and it shall be my duty as District Attorney, not only to prosecute to the limit of the law all persons accused of crimes perpetrated within this county, but to defend, with equal vigor, the rights and privileges of all its citizens!"

"This is Raymond, your host."

Aint nostalgia great? One thing I'd like to know is what was the program which presented "The Dunwich Horror" on one bright Sunday afternoon and gave me shivers in the middle of summer? It was not "Inner Sanctum", which came on at night.

NULL-F (White) I don't inhale, but then I only smoke (regular cigarettes that is) during my irregular attempts to cut down eating between meals, so it is strictly nerves with me; something to keep my hands occupied so they won't stray into the sack of potato chips. (Of course I inhale like fury with the asthma cigs.) I liked the mag better than usual, but have fewer comments.

BULL MOOSE (Morse) Don't you ever clean your typewriter keys? As far as I'm concerned, an embryo is not a human being, therefore murder would not apply. (Of course, I don't think they turn human until age 6 or so -- maybe even later.)

I courted Juanita with Japanese cameras and "sick" greeting cards, but then she was a fan.

"Who are these Sandersons in the US?!" You mean you actually missed all that furor a while back, with accusations, counter-accusations, emigrations and open letters to fandom floating around like confetti? Why shouldn't a man have to beg just because he was born with fewer marbles than the rest of us? Why should an intelligent man who is working 40 or 50 hours a week be required to support an oaf who doesn't work at all because he's too stupid to hold a job?



RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) I notice that GMC didn't try to get back in the club via the waiver route -- at least she didn't send me anything, and I assume she knows that I'm one of the few members who would have signed it. Gee, Luke Short is my favorite western author, too, though I don't collect his books. He writes too many, and after all, they're all rewrites of the same plot (it's such an interesting plot, though.) I'm also with you on Heinlein, but you begin to break away with Edison Marshall and lose me completely with Talbot Mundy. Somebody named Foul Anderson has been writing some pretty good historical novels lately; I don't think they're distributed outside of Milwaukee, though. Whenever I'm in Milwaukee I go to this one newsstand where they have a separate section marked "Adults Only" and roped off and all that, and I show them my driver's license and they let me in and there on the rack will be the latest Foul Anderson historical novel. And I've never quite understood why they put it there, but they always do.

SALUD (E. Busby) Well, if you're going to be that blasé about my opinions I should mention that under the ground rules for the game anything I say (unless an obvious exaggeration for humorous purposes) is the literal truth. It may be designed to give a false impression, but the statement itself is true. (Of course, I don't follow this 100%, but I think I stick to my principles more than most people, at that.)

Just thinking about Juanita's reaction to your innocent comment about reading "Little Black Sambo" and "Brer Fox And The Tar Baby" over and over gets an evil chuckle out of me. (In case you don't know it, she thinks the NAACP is conservative....)

"Semite, n. A member of a race of mankind (corresponding inexactly to the peoples said in Gen. x. to be descended from Shem, son of Noah) comprising the Hebrews and kindred peoples, as the Arabians, Assyrians, etc. - Semitic. I. a. Of or pertaining to the Semites or their languages. II. n. The Semitic family of languages." Let Professor Jacobs argue with the authors of the New Century Dictionary.

And here you are talking about fate, moira, doom and Lord Byron dying in Greece. Why? To borrow one of my favorite cartoon lines, "Goodness knows I nag at you enough to be cheerful".

SERCON'S BANE (F. Busby) But Buz, the very fact that I'm cynical means that I automatically think the worst of everyone else. And I hadn't encountered Clarke before (or if I had I didn't remember it). You get bread from the wrong bakeries, or something. Ours doesn't get soggy if it stands; it gets hard. Not even moldy, as a rule -- and I'll stack Indiana's humid atmosphere up against Washington's, any day. Agreed all the way on firearms. Personally I doubt if anything can be laid to an "instinctive talent" -- people say that writers, artists, etc. have "talent" because they're loathe to admit that creativity comes out of a combination of intelligence and hard work that the man-in-the-street can't match.

Sorry, but Jews and Arabs do fit into a general Semitic category. You probably find Jews to be "warm and humanitarian" because you know a few of them -- how many Arabs do you know personally? Also, the Jews have mingled with most of the world's people and are correspondingly cosmopolitan; the Arabs have stayed home and are provincial. But they belong to the same ethnic group. (For "Jew", read "Hebrew"; Jew refers to religion and Hebrew to racial stock. I wouldn't call Sammy Davis, Jr. semitic.)

Three cheers for Simmons.

LARK (Danner) Indiana recently made the "rolling stop" legal on state roads; if you shift to low you're okay. Of course, not all the cities recognize it. We're gradually getting the stop signs on minor inter-sections replaced by signs that read "Yield Right Of Way". Much more sensible; you still know who has the right of way, but if nobody is coming you can go ahead without stopping.

Nope, Ingmar Bergman is a Swedish director (and playwright?). No relation to Ingrid, as far as I know.

I first was chuckling over "sacrereligious - stealing from a church" because I thought it was a pun. Then I looked it up and found out that it did mean that originally, though it isn't restricted to that meaning now.

You're a fakefan. Even if you didn't see "Swordsman Of Varnis" in SLANT (I didn't see the original publication either), you should have noted it in OTHER WORLDS #6, and I'm pretty sure it's been anthologized at least once. A great parody of action-adventure stf.

NOV SHMOZ KA POP (Pfeiffer) But all along I thought you were a pen-name (or a camel's-hair-brush-name) for Wally Weber. Gee. If you and Weber are really two people, how does the rest of Seattle fandom stand you? To remedy this staring into space, I prescribe a large mirror set behind the typewriter. Then every time you look up you see this horrible face peering blearily at you and after a few times you're afraid to do anything but watch the stencil. These things are all very simple (and therefore within your capabilities) if you just study them. I've made the study of simple things my life's work -- that's why I'm in fandom.

Foosh. I can run on just like you do, but it doesn't come out the same. I have a typewriter with built-in invective...and that makes me think of puns like invective detector and that is enough. Your stuff is catching.

Oh yeah; welcome. Glad to see you and all that sort of bilge.

DESCANT (Clarkes) Okay, this time I'm on to you.

SHADOW MAILING: PANTOPON (Berman) How about putting poison in the cells and not telling anyone about it? If anyone gets nosy, tell them the prison has a bad rat problem. Let's hope you don't turn into a stag; there are too many stags in fandom now. (Or a doe either; they keep telling us the treasury has too much money in it now.) IDLE HANDS (Met-calf) We receive damaged jiffy bags -- your postal clerks just aren't trying. Convention boundaries were fixed by fan population rather than area -- seems sensible to me. Anyway, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle total more fans than the entire section from the Mississippi to the Rockies. Third-class rates for foreign material are not more expensive than for local stuff. Not for large single fanzines, at any rate; I've never sent anything as heavy as a FAFA mailing. But the printed matter rate in the US is 1 1/2¢ per ounce with a 3¢ minimum. Foreign postage is 4¢ for the first two ounces and 2¢ for each additional two ounces. A bit of figuring will show that if your zine weighs over 6 ounces it will always be cheaper to send it to Australia than it will to send it across town. I think there's a maximum weight for these rates, though, and I don't know what it is.

That seems to be it; finishing here I have a full page to devote to WHY IS A FAN?

WHY IS A FAN? (Shaw-Kemp) And if anyone complains about the originator of this not being able to reply to comments I'll let Earl read our mailing and reply in VANDY if he wants to.

Right away, I quibble. "Here we have nothing! There is no answer to the question." But on the very next page you complain that the replies to the questionnaire were too similar. Sounds like you got an answer but one that you didn't happen to believe.

Also, I'd like to comment that asking active fans why other people gaffiate isn't very conducive to sensible answers.....that question, at least, should have been asked of ex-fans who have gaffiated. (Of course, there is the problem of getting them to answer, but a few answers from people who know what they're talking about should be equal to dozens of uninformed guesses.)

And I object violently to that bit about two people who were willing to speak their honest opinions. After reading the letters of Bjo and "Anonymous" and comparing their opinions with the other letters, the main difference I see is that both went into great detail about fannish inconsideration and general obnoxiousness. Now then, dammit, don't you believe that anyone could have an honest opinion that fans are no more inconsiderate and obnoxious than the general populace? What makes you think that a derogatory comment is honest and a congratulatory one isn't?

As far as I can tell, fans are better behaved than other people. There are a few fans that I object to, but I've never had any particular difficulty in avoiding them. Ray Beam is not welcome in my house and he knows it and he doesn't come here. There are several mundane individuals who are also unwelcome, but some of them don't seem to know it. (And while it's possible to forcibly eject an unwanted fan -- I've seen it done -- without too much talk, the neighbors start giving you odd looks if you give a Baptist minister the heave-ho.) Sure, I could name you dozens of fans that I wouldn't put up with a minute as house-guests -- but I don't have to put up with them. I suppose the problem is amplified in cities, and maybe I should thank the Lord we live off the beaten track, but what the hell? If someone is imposing on you, impose right back; nobody is making you smile and be a "good host". If he doesn't offer to "drop something in the kitty", ask him. And if he says no, tell him not to come back, and make it stick.

Anyway, we've had as many as 40 fans at our place for the day, and at various times have been overnight hosts to various fans, and I don't recall any difficulties. (Well, one of them never knows when to go home, but he'll leave if I hint strongly enough. And he's invariably polite about it.....Phyllis probably classes him as a major nuisance, but she just didn't get warned about him in time.)

And if someone wants to know why I'm always knocking fandom, and refusing to call myself a tröfan and so on, if I think fans are such nice people -- it's the fans I know that are nice people. I take reasonable precautions not to get mixed up with the ones that I don't think are nice people. And since I don't have to drop fandom entirely to do it, I don't think much of giving fannish obnoxiousness as a reason for gaffiation. (And incidentally, Bjo, I am not trying to stomp on your letter -- you gave your opinion and it's as valid as mine. I'm trying to stomp on Earl's appraisal of your letter.) I don't want to offend Bjo, who comes under the heading of nice people; as far as Anonymous goes, if he hasn't the guts to sign his letter I don't care whether I offend him or not.

Anyway, Earl, I'll be waiting for the next Annual.

LONESOME TRAVELER

I'M NOT THE SORT OF PARENT who regales unwilling listeners with the bright sayings of his little child, but.... This afternoon we were in a local grocery and Bruce was having a fine time running up and down the aisles and going "yip-yip-yip!" Deciding to be the Fond Parent Who Displays An Interest in his child, I inquired as he came past, "And what are you doing?"

"Running back and forth", he said, with a look that implied "What does it look like I'm doing, you idiot?"

And he's not quite 4 yet; sometimes this parent bit gets discouraging.

NOW I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE to be hard of hearing. The past week or so my sinuses have been acting up, and for the last couple of days they have lost all sense of direction (not to mention proportion) and started draining into my ear passages. I hear as thru a wad of cotton, dimly. It will all clear up eventually. I hope. And Juanita informs me that they are going to start announcing the pollen count Wednesday, "so you'll know how sick to be" she adds with unnecessary cynicism. (It doesn't work that way, though; I wheeze during hay fever season, but the intensity varies apparently at random, certainly not according to the quantity of pollen in the air.)

IT SEEMS that most of this discussion of women's clothes has overlooked one point; that there is a vast difference between "dressing up" and dressing fashionably. The woman who is dressing to please a man will wear whatever she thinks the man (or the type of man she's after, if she doesn't have a particular specimen in mind) will like, which usually involves something more attractive than jeans and an old shirt. But whatever it is, it is only coincidence if it happens to also be fashionable. The woman who keeps scrupulously abreast of current fashion is dressing to please other women, because quite obviously it is only other women who will be able to tell whether her outfit is fashionable or not. (Not to mention that a good many fashions seem designed to hinder rather than help her appearance -- for example, the present pointed shoes which give her feet the approximate dimensions of a circus clown's.)

LUKE SHORT was a genuine westerner; in fact at one time he ran the Long Branch saloon in Dodge City. (This was before the days of Marshal Dillon.) He was (according to Stanley Vestal's "Dodge City: Queen Of Cownowns" -- Bantam, 50¢) "one of the dandies -- one of the little fellows, standing nearly five feet six inches in his boots and weighing almost 140 pounds." He wasn't a gunfighter, though he killed a couple of men in the course of business; he was a gambler and, again according to Vestal, a popular one. He also had the advantage of being friends with both Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp, who at one point intervened for him to the extent of running a rival businessman -- who also happened to be the mayor of Dodge -- out of town for him.

AS I MENTIONED BEFORE, the present Luke Short is a pseudonym for Fred Glidden, and the only other information I have about him is that his brother also writes westerns under the name of Peter Dawson. (All of this courtesy an old SEP "Post Scripts" column.)

"Girls Must Have License To Wear Slacks In Mexico" ...newspaper headline

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG with the movie "Atlantis"; that's the prologue where for some odd reason Pal tries to give it a semblance of "true history" by stating some of the hoary old myths as true fact. You know; the one about the Mayans depicting elephants on their temples -- I think de Camp pretty well demolished that one. ("Feathered elephants, as you know, are extremely rare...") Then Pal says that the same architectural principles were used in both the New and Old World pyramids. He doesn't say how many different architectural principles it's possible to use in pyramid-building. And he states that the banana, a cultivated plant which cannot be grown from seed, is found in both the New and Old Worlds. Unfortunately, I'd just finished reading Prescott's "The Conquest Of Peru" which states flatly that the banana was not found in the New World until after the coming of the Spaniards. And so on...I really don't see why he had to spoil a perfectly good fantasy-adventure movie by trying to bring in "facts".

THE CIVIL WAR mania is producing all sorts of books, records and assorted souvenirs. It's fine with me; with so much material to choose from I can pick out quite a bit of material that I want. Latest acquisition being a pair of lp records; "Civil War Songs Of The North" and "Civil War Songs Of The South" by Ernie Ford. Arranged as usual to show off his voice, but he's got a pretty good voice to show off, and I enjoy the set.

DO YOU COLLECT THAT CRAZY BUCK ROGERS STUFF? I was standing by, mouth sagging, when Bill Thailing of Cleveland paid Ray Beam of Indianapolis \$15 for an old Buck Rogers rocket pistol at the Midwestcon. A broken one, at that. And somewhere, if I can ever dig it out of the stuff I have stored at Dad's place in Silver Lake, I have one of those things - in pretty good condition, as I recall. At least, it still works and has some of the original finish, which is more than Ray's weapon had. Any offers? I'm quite willing to part with it, if I can find it...especially if the idiot purchaser will pay \$15.

I'VE BEEN READING "The Beast Master" by Andre Norton. I think she got tired of hearing stf-adventure stories referred to as "displaced westerns" and decided to biGod write a displaced western. Horse wrangling, stampedes, rustlers, aliens who aren't even very thinly disguised Indians, fire arrows, the blood feud, the Mysterious Stranger -- the works. It's a pretty good book, too; of course, I have the abridged Ace version.

THE OTHER NIGHT Juanita was going thru an accumulation of clippings of various sorts, tossing out some and getting some mounted in scrap-books. One of the ones mounted was the cover of a TRUE CONFESSIONS mag; the articles listed on it included one titled "I Was A Teen-Age Muggle-head!" I don't know about the rest of you, but just reading that title always produces a few chuckles from me.

I TRUST that FAPans aren't too serious about their tolerance to appreciate the little item on the next page. It was sent us by Betty Kujawa, who got it from a Catholic friend. The material was being circulated shortly after the election, and I think it's funny.

 "LICENSE REVOKED? Call A-1416" ...ad in paper -- I wonder if they provide you with a phony license, or what?

THE NEW FRONTIER

Dear Fellow American:

Your confidence in our candidate as indicated by your overwhelming mandate is deeply appreciated. Your comments and criticisms during the campaign have been recorded and will, of course, serve as valuable evidence when reviews and promotions are considered in the future. As indicated, the transition will be smooth and the status quo will be maintained - at least temporarily. The following plans are being published for your guidance:

1. Monsignor O'Hara will be in Personnel starting on Monday for the purpose of job reassignments. The Monsignor will base his decisions on merit, but does request that you bring your baptismal certificates when you are called for an interview.
2. Some teachers will be required to assist the nuns at St. Catherine's High School (formerly Lane Technical High School). Applications will be reviewed by Mother Frances starting Monday.
3. All Protestant clergymen are required to attend a meeting Friday near the East Wall of Soldier's Field. Each is requested to bring a handkerchief and one cigarette.
4. All senior citizens and unemployed should apply for benefits at the Catholic Welfare Center (formerly Continental National Bank, LaSalle and Jackson). Refreshments will be served after the money distribution.
5. The Knights of Columbus rifle team is reminded of a meeting at Soldier's Field on Friday.
6. Flower girls, age 4 to 8, are needed for the "Welcome Pope John" rally in January. Auditions will be held in the new Recreation Center. (formerly the Moody Bible Institute).
7. The Equitable Tax Board requests that loyal citizens refrain from referring to the new tax plan as "Soak the Rich".
8. The union members chosen to serve on the Board of Directors should remember to wear ties over their t-shirts for Board meetings.
9. Support your parish bingo parties.

Again thank you for your loyalty and support.

Colin McMugollain, Chancellor

County Clerk*

* Formerly Cook County.

Eggs & Marrowbone

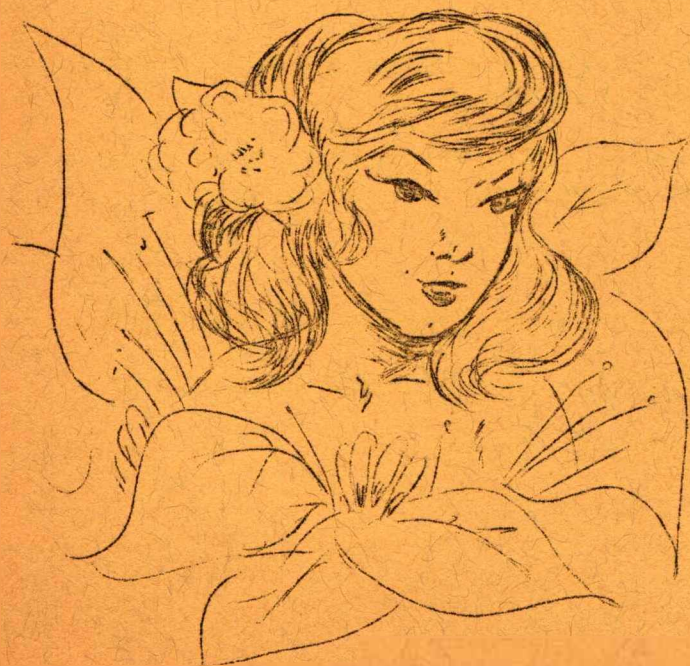
For the benefit of those FAPAns who don't get YAN and might supposedly be curious, the college courses were completed and I now have my mistresses.....it says Master of the Arts on the diploma, but we know better, don't we. The most tedious part of the whole chore was the graduation ceremony, which candidates are required to attend barring the excuse of a broken neck sustained one hour before the ceremony. The faculty is far more interested, during the proceedings, in checking attendance than in seeing to proper pronunciation of names, intelligent arrangement of promenade route, and like that. Even though our ceremonies were held on a terrace lawn, I assure you it was no more comfortable than the usual torture chambers called gymnasium graduations - the nice lawn was unfortunately unshaded, and I swear those caps and gowns were made of linseywoolsey and sheet lead.

At any rate, done. Now I can get back to fanac, among other things. This week I took the first major produce from our garden - cooking up two pots of and putting up (canning to the uninitiated) four quarts of beans. Truly, I've been getting lettuce out of the garden for several weeks, but lettuce isn't really produce - it's a green with delusions of grandeur; it requires little or no care, little preparation and is unstoreable.

I always get a peculiar hesitant sensation when the first things are ready. Perhaps there's some sort of environment wistfulness, back-to-the-soil and all that, connected with the raising of one's own food. The ground was broken up by our landlord (it's his ground, after all), but we furrowed, planted, cultivated, watered the delicate tomatoes and I weeded many of the young plants, especially those all important beans, on my hands and knees, broke up the ground after rain and generally worried them along through hailstorms, incipient tornados, temperature shifts and so forth. And now, with sudden very warm weather day after day, the beans are ripe, and it's time to pick.

They must be picked now, before they get too big and tough, and of course if you don't keep them picked, they won't bear as heavily.

Still, when I go out with my kettle and set to on that first bush, I get a peculiar sad feeling, as though I were Killing something in a way. I suppose I read too many fairy tales about the friendly plant kingdom and developed an anthropomorphic attitude toward vegetables. Here the little bush has gone to all this work and suffered through all this weather to develop its fruit and I'm coming along and robbing it.



I feel guilty.

Any other gardeners out there get the same sensation?

I start out very carefully, making sure I'm taking only the pod desired and not breaking off the unmaturing ones. And I find myself being careful with the blossoms that are still on - I'm not sure when the safe point is past, and if I should ruin one before that point, how many beans would I be losing?

It's a cautiousness that soon vanishes. After fifteen or twenty minutes' picking, the sun is getting abominably hot, the insects are a plague, the backs of your thighs, your achilles tendon and your sciatic nerve are all killing you and you move along the row pretty fast now, yanking, shrugging it off if you yank too hard and end up with one mature bean and three babies.

Because, after all, these still have to be cleaned, packed in the jars and canned, and you can't spend all of your time being a nature lover.

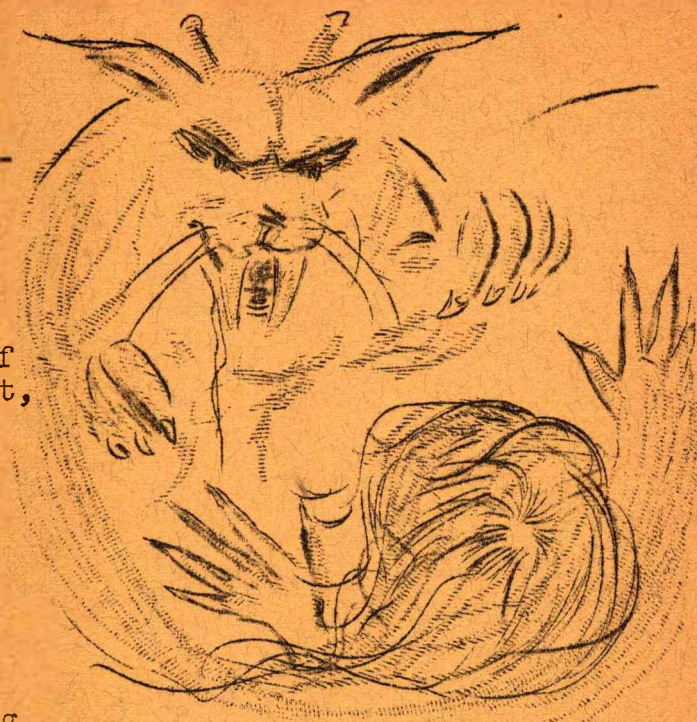
Still, I love to break up the ground with our old-fashioned push-type cultivator, straddling the raked path with my bare feet, feeling the earth both warm and cool and very fresh between my toes, pretending to be very pioneery and after the bomb, gloating that this is my garden and next winter we're going to be living off my labor (and don't think we haven't, pre-bomb or no).

Somebody should tell the starlets about old-fashioned hand-push cultivators and plows - they're great for the pectoral muscles.

True to earlier prediction, I have been spending a great deal of my time since escaping the diploma mill in an orgy of reading. Many of the things I tackled had been around for a long long time, awaiting sufficient truly leisure time to savor and enjoy at length, and others were only recently purchased. All are disappearing down my mental gullet at a rate matched only by my hunger for fresh picked snap beans cooked in bacon drippings.

At least two applied to the same subject, the Donner party. These were Vardis Fisher's THE MOTHERS and Joseph Pigney's FOR FEAR WE SHALL PERISH. The interesting item here is reading identical events taken from different points of view. The same events are recounted by both authors, but the motivations they ascribe to various historical characters are quite different. I enjoyed both books, though I violently resent historical works which do not include detailed maps.

Despite the furor over cannibalism, I did not find myself particularly bothered by this element. Perhaps this is because cannibalism is an action so far removed from our scheme of things that it is difficult to truly grasp even when narrated. I found myself more revolted by some of the more familiar things the starving party was forced to eat, such



as mice, insects, boiled hides and fried bearskin. I do think the party was on the whole pretty, you should excuse the expression, civilized about the cannibalism. It was agreed that no one should eat a relative, and only once was murder resorted to - the prejudices of the time didn't count this so badly, since the murdered men were Indians.

Vardis Fisher's TALE OF VALOR, a fictionalized history of the Lewis and Clark expedition was equally fascinating, even though filled with what bev DeWeese describes as 'Fisher's disgusting detail'. I decided from this reading that the white man almost let his prejudices kill him, in his stupid refusal to eat anything but muscle meat, and not comprehending how the Indians could survive on so very little meat while they themselves were in such poor physical shape.

Other non-fiction recently perused included MOST DANGEROUS SEA, Arnold Lott (Ballantine), Naval Archives account of minesweeping - entertaining writing style and fascinating events (to me, anyway), FIRST AMERICAN INTO SPACE, Silverberg (Hi, Bob!)...and say, O'Meara-Kemp, did you know that the astronauts also have the first child-elderly child syndrome?, MAN INTO SPACE, Martin Caidin (well, I had to get everything on the subject, naturally), THE UNCONSCIOUS, by J.P. Chaplin, a rather cursory popular psych book which may be skipped without loss by all but completists, THE NATURAL SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN, Ashley Montagu (at long last out in pbs where I can afford a copy - hilarious, this), and BABIES BY CHOICE OR BY CHANCE, Alan F. Guttmacher, M.D. This last was not purchased so much for information (for I gained very little new actual information) as for opinion and nodding wisely agreement. I have been a Guttmacher fan since I first read the man's flat statement that the woman herself, unless mentally incompetent, should have the final say on whether or no she shall or shall not have children. His campaign for preventive methods legalized and intelligently taught as the only true answer to the problem of abortion is a voice crying in the wilderness, and I wish I could give the man the largest amplifier extant and a high building in every town in the US. More on Guttmacher later.

This week, I worked on fiction: a playbook of Serling's selected efforts, including some fascinatingly bitter and incisive comments on writing, t-v, Midwestern provincialism, and human idiocy in general entitled PATTERNS, from the lead play, Roald Dahl's KISS KISS (cute collection - the only adjective that seems to suit), THE EDGE OF TOMORROW, short collection by HowardFast (varied, some good, some dull), SHOCK! by Richard Matheson (the same applied), THE OTHER PASSENGER by John Keir Cross (some very dully predictable, some delightfully tongue in cheek), NIGHTMARES AND GEEZENSTACKS, by Fredric Brown (a little scientific knowledge is a dangerous thing - I am reading along a little vignette with a cute twister on the word Jaycee when I come to a statement that all these parthogenetic births resulted in males and my suspension of disbelief comes to an abrupt end - how - without a Y chromosome?), and VENUS PLUS X, by Theodore Sturgeon. I was informed by Buck after finishing this last that I was supposed to be shocked, according to some fannish authorities which I mercifully have not read (mercifully for them, for it would result in long rambling letters of the sort only an uncoherent female could write). My only quibble is literary. I felt the device of the post hypnotic suggestion was not adequately structured up-to...it was too rabbit hatty. I do not object to the event, only to what seemed to my dense eye its inadequate introduction. Maybe I was just too thick headed to spot the prior clues. I dunno. Anyway, quite entertaining, despite that.

Space is a-fleeting so maybe I'd better get to those all important
MAILING COMMENTS ?

FA Getting so you can't tell who's in the club or not without a program and even with one, it's getting downright confuzin'.

Fantasy Anteater - I was saying....?

WHY IS A FAN - I like fanzines with nice big print so I don't have to squint, and I think we're fans because we're all more than a little koo-koo, and in this world, that's better than being sane.

NULL F (Incidentally - I hope no one is looking for a sequence here, because I just picked up the stack the way Buck left it).

Oh, I don't know - that lettering looks pretty good to me...but then, I can't letter at all, so you know what my comment's worth.

Higgs sounds about like that. I've met him once, the introducing himself to me bit. I didn't know him and he didn't know me, but he saw by my concard that I was from Indiana and kindred soul and buddy buddy and all that. I think the only Indyfan who's ever had much to do with him is Ray beam, which should tip you off right there.

Fellow worker: "Hey, DeWeese, are you really from Indiana?"

De Weese: "Sure, born and raised in an old farmhouse outside of Rochester."

F.W. "You mean it? You're not just pulling my leg?"

DeWeese: "Honest injun and all that. Why?"

F.W. "Well, it's just that you seem too intelligent. Everybody else I've ever met from Indiana seemed to be such a clod."

Don't know about the constant smokers or whatever, since oddly enuf I've never had the slightest interest in even experimenting with cigarettes - I don't object to them, unless someone blows smoke in my face while I'm eating or drops ashes in my coke bottle or something, it's just that the idea of sticking one in my own mouth and lighting it absolutely nauseates me....like eating raw oysters or uncooked liver or something. But as a non-smoker, I'm flabbergasted by cigarette ads that chatter about 'cool soft smoke' and a 'refreshing spring breeze effect'.....how - possibly - can something on fire be cool?

I assure you, I'm the same now as I ever was, only different (to paraphrase the Scarecrow)...the main difference, the only difference, between Ramblingd and Eggs and Marrowbone being length. I assure you, again sir, it's the same chatterboxy me, with the same opinions and assinities. Maybe you've changed.

No, the oral contraceptives don't inhibit menstruation. The menstrual cycle is not so bound up with ovulation as many males seem to think. It's bound up with hormones, and the oral contraceptive apparently does not suppress these so much as to prevent menstruation - it isn't a 'true' menstruation, of course, but it's fairly regular. It has to occur of course, since the contraceptive is administered starting from the fifth day after the start of the menstrual period. In the Midwest, it's largely unobtainable, and where obtainable much more expensive than the \$3 to \$5 you mention (which strikes me as pretty damned expensive right there, since all but satyrs and nymphos can now get by with 98% protection on about \$1 a month or less).

Are they unlawful in print or just practice? Any number of medical and psychology books, presumably mailable, mention with the greatest of frequency oral and manual variations, which I presume is what you're re-



ferring to. So would they be unlawful mentioned in FAPA? I wonder. At any rate, these are, of course, variations, not necessarily substitutes. And why should 'non-liberal' partners be penalized with an unfoolproof contraceptive? Maybe the woman's husband has prejudices ..maybe she herself has leftover childhood traumas against the variations (and if she can't afford the nearly foolproof oral contraceptive, she certainly can't afford a psychiatrist)...maybe they've tried them and found the original method more pleasurable. Why should they be required to use what is to them a substitute?

It's a conspiracy, I tell you.

Quite frankly, doctors in this neck of the woods are reticent about contraceptives. They aren't illegal, but they

are a whispered about, highly indelicate subject to an awful lot of people. They seem either to try to talk you out of the notion all together or to simply recommend a product and you're on your own, sister. At least they practise what they preach-they all have oodles of kids - they can afford them.

Of course the male device is sensation deadening, but to some women it's sensation heightening - he's always satisfied...why shouldn't he endure a little deadening now and then to keep his wife happy?

"Make sex-lives generally more enjoyable"....whaddeya trying to do..make nymphomaniacs out of femmefans. I don't know about Sylvia, but it isn't then that the threat of pregnancy bothers me.....it's two days after the little checkmark on the calendar.

No, Ted, you didn't shock me, and thanks for the advice on Monks' Bread. It's just coming into this area....I'll have to try some/

POLICY CONFERENCE rather reminded me of Erskine Scott-Wood's HEAVENLY DISCOURSE. Cute.

HORIZONS Quite recently, just a few weeks ago, the Pennsylvania Railroad was finally granted permission to discontinue a passenger car on one of its northern Indiana freight runs. I forget the eastern terminus..somewhere in eastern Ohio or Pennsylvania I believe, but it ended up in Chicago (all the tracks around here end up in Chicago)....anyway, the train had carried no passengers for years, but still, it had to stop at the Indiana state line and hook on a passenger car to comply with state licensing regulations. Then it went through every town on route at 80-90 mph. Progress.

Well right now, the temperature is 90 and the humidity is 102'.. all the rain yesterday has evaporated and is back saturating the atmosphere, and rather than wearing this bathing suit, I feel like taking off my skin and sitting around in my bones. I don't think positively, or something.

LIMBO The criteria Buck is using is difference in taste. After all, I have met some people (not many, but some) who think Murray Leinster is the best stf writer extant. I do not know much about music per se or vocalese as such, which seems to be under the category you use as 'singing', but I consider what I do as singing, and I consider my opinions on the singing of others as valid. There are a number of judgment points: tone quality, range, pitch, break point, vibrato, breath control, volume control, etc. Now I suspect where we come to a parting of the ways on Jean Ritchie is in the nebulous matter known as "presentation". I am not judging Jean Ritchie on voice alone, because I like The Reverend Gary Davis, Muddy Waters, Tom Paley, and a number of other types whose voices quite rightly could be violently criticized. On the other hand, Alfred Deller, a highly trained voice, leaves me positively cold as a singer.

So does Jean Ritchie. She communicates absolutely nothing to me, which is pretty bad, since I'm pretty emotional, musicwise. Buck of course is totally unemotional about all music, so you're talking to the wrong person there. I mean, I can be sitting here listening to "Unto Us a Child Is Born" from the Messiah, agnostically weeping at the beauty and emotionality of the music, and Buck is staring at me in utter incomprehension. I will remark on a passage of any vocal work, folk, operatic, popular play and say 'isn't that beautiful (or poignant, or whatever)?' and he'll remark 'yes, it's sort of pretty.'

As another contrast, we were talking to a local folknik who remarked he liked Oscar Brand performing bawdy ballads because he was honest & musical about it, and disliked Ed McCurdy doing the same thing because he sounded as though he sang them just because they were dirty songs. The precise opposite impression is ours.

Technique or no, we don't like Jean Ritchie.

You're at perfect liberty not to like Ed McCurdy, Bill. How's that for fair play.

I, too, like most play music better without words. The only exceptions that occur to me are "Wonderbar" and Kurt Weill's material.

We're unsaveable, I'm afraid, from your point of view.

OPEN SEASON ON MONSTERS But, Redd, here I had thought idly of sometime in the next year maybe when our situation is a bit more settled of running for OE, and if I do, I want some sort of handy dandy guide on what and what not to do, what is legal and what I'm going to get jumped six ways from go about if I do.....the things to avoid, and without a constitution, how would I know. Of course, conversely, if there was no constitution, we could do things pretty much as we pleased, and that too would suit me. It's just that, for instance when doing art for someone, I either want a completely free hand or the restrictions and instructions spelled out to the last decimal



SALUD In your comments to Jack Speer you have a statement that would make the educators (and me) go straight through the roof. "I think schhol children should be permitted to find their own topics". They do too much of that now. The ideal is for the teacher to arouse interest in a topic to such an extent that the students want to resenrch and think it's their own idea....perhaps this is what you meant. You let them wander around finding their own topics and nine times out of ten you find wishful thinking on very pleasant tissue papery subjects with no validity but entertainment. Which is very nice, sure, but do you want to use school time for it. They should be doing that at home, as a hobby, like fandom, you know.

I don't think having a baby is a woman's biggest adventure, most thrilling experience. It's just a lot of a work. I don't think I was given ether as a pain relieving gimmick, but to relax my voluntary muscles, which were just inhibiting proceedings. No matter how much one tries to relax, during the second stage there is so much involuntary muscle activity going on that one tends to tense up unduly

SERCON'S BANE Naturally, now that I'm looking for the comment preparatory to comment, I can't find it, although I'm almost positive I read it under an FM byline. Anyway, thorough re-reading of SB for this and the last mailing still hasn't discovered the precise quote, and if I have garbled and confused, please, as I'm sure you will, jump in, all abristle, on me.

And remember it's only a logical assumption, since you seem to be one of the more literate skeptics of the protesters of HUAC

The remembered (and undiscovered) comment that set this off was something to the effect that probably these kids 'if not communists themselves were all unknowing communist dupes like their cause.' This is a pretty touchy subject with me. It's very handy for the smug conservatives to dismiss any protest by predominantly young populationed groups as 'communist dupes' or 'communist motivated'.

Undoubtedly the accusation is sometimes true, but having been intimately connected with the other end of the stick, I rise up in wrath and attach a halo effect to all such groups and almost always give them the benefit of the doubt.

Consider: in that dim nebulous day not so terribly many years ago when I was a young idealistic undergrad and hence 'communitc dupe' material I joined a college organization called the Human Relations Organization. HRO had a college sanctioned charter as a legitimate campus service organization, a faculty sponsor, and the usual crop of starry-eyed young idealists of mixed shades (literal shades, in this case, from darkest brown to palest pink)(skin, tone, that is). The organization had its birth shortly after WWII when returning veterans discovered campus housing in this state-operated college was not available to Negroes (and not too available to Jews). Having been through somewhat of a harrowing experience that touched on some amount of prejudice, the veterans weren't having any, and they formed the group with the avowed purpose of opening campus facilities to all students. Pure and simple. No political undertones, No racist sit-ins. Merely persuasive verbal and written and physical campaigns to get equal opportunity for equal money.

By the time I came along, campus housing was open, and we were working on some campus eating places and the social fraternities and

sororities (expecting and receiving little results in this last) and one honorary sorority - the Women's Honorary Music Sorority did not admit Negroes and Orientals, no matter how academically skilled. I don't know whether this has since been changed.

I know everyone in the organization (about 60-70% Negro and exchange students), knew them, and their politics pretty well. There were some pretty disgruntled people there, but I heard no blatant communistic statements from anybody. The attitude was 'we have no right to point fingers at Russia - our own linen's pretty dirty - let's get busy and clean it up'. There were no communists. There was no outside manipulation. We had no contact with the NAACP, although my senior year we did have a guest speaker (at our own request) of a fellow from some new organization just getting started in the same field of equal rights for equal money....let's see, I believe he called his organization something like The Congress for Racial Equality.

At any rate, no one was more startled than good old conservative Republican me to discover we had been accused as communists. Apparently we were espousing an unpopular attitude, this was the heyday of McCarthy controversy, and therefore if we weren't for them, we were commies, because everybody against them was dirty commies. First we gapped, then we guffawed. Apparently the college even questioned several members and the faculty sponsor, just as a precaution, and gave us a clean bill of health. Then they switched to that communist dupes bit.

It's awfully hard for some conservatives to understand that there are anti-communists who don't like the way parts of our government and country operate, either.

I'm probably more conservative now than then, but I'd still join such an organization. I don't consider myself a starry-eyed idealist anymore, and I'm more than on to communist tricks, but if I disagree with something, and from what I have read and researched I am VIOLENTLY agin HUAC, I'm going to oppose that, on my own terms. If communists happen to oppose it TOO, I am not going to drop my opposition merely to avoid the onus of 'communist dupe'. It's still a bad thing, even if being opposed by other bad things.

Enuf of that, this time around.

Oh, I think firearms handling is partially instinctive. I'd never touched a gun before I met Buck, and now I can pot sparrows with the greatest of ease, and I have to do it with every gun by aiming left and down. It has to be instinct, or the weirdest set of eyes in fandom.

I'm all for gun licensing that requires demonstration of ability on the part of the handler...though this should be safety ability...I mean what about very safety conscious gun collectors who can't shoot worth a 12 gauge at ten feet?

And Indiana is tightening up its auto licensing tests too, finally.

On your illegal tenanting remarks, I think the point to remember is that "race, creed, and color" HAS been used as a discriminating device in the past, often, maliciously, and with malice aforethought. If you want to correct this evil, and to my mind it is one of the blackest (you should pardon the term) evils on our fair democratic (hah) system, you are going to get some toes stepped on. Sure, some Negroes are cruds. Some whites are cruds too. But the fact remains in the past that an awful lot of non-crud Negroes have been blatantly discriminated against in favor of extremely cruddy whites. If you can PROVE your discrimination is based on crudhood and not color, race, or creed, fine, but until someone comes up with a valid method of doing so, I'm all in favor of tilting the scales in favor of minority groups. God knows they've

had the scales tilted the other way for far too long already.

ODUSSEUS (Marion says, and I'll take her word for it) Whether or not I think research on nailed down desks versus movable ones is useless doesn't matter...it's already been done, and besides, many of the modernists made up their minds in advance, as they generally do, then have to back track. Just for the record, I'm in favor of movable desks.

Listen, Jack, I don't know about salary scales in Washington, but that \$3800 is a minimum. With a bachelor's, with no experience, green as grass, I got \$3425 for eight months work, comparing comparably to what we're living on now. Presumably, then, man or woman, married or unmarried, I could go out right now to any jerkwater township school in the state of Indiana and pull down \$3800 for 8-9 months work. If I wanted to shop around a bit and prove my qualifications to some big city school or a decent consolidated bit, I would make considerably more, with increments.....\$7000 or \$8000 after 5 to 8 years is not unusual. I submit that's a pretty damned good salary, man or woman, married or unmarried. But when a man, married or unmarried, takes such a job, gets a bonus for coaching and turns over the supposed teaching part of his job to a seventh grader while a woman teacher, on the same salary, unmarried, same taxes or higher, does eight times the work with one tenth the glory, I say bah on the double standard.

Teachers do not quit for want of pay boosts. In all my years working around teachers, despite all the lay opinion to the contrary, I have never once heard a teacher bitch about the amount of money he was getting. I have heard them complain about work, about senseless extra curricular activities (which in the end, are what break health and nerves) and have heard them complain over and over - bitterly - that they would gladly do with less money for more respect and freedom. I once made out an application (an APPLICATION mind you, not contract) which told me to promise not to smoke, drink, swear, and to always attend church. God knows what would have been on the contract - a pint of my blood to the school superintendent every 28th day of the month, probably. And they mean it. The elementary teacher is expected to be god and a governess and then dismissed as a silly headed little thing compared to the lawyer wife down the street....'because after all, she's just a school teacher'.

DESCANT I am coming to love each issue, and there is no comment possible because youse kids is untoppable.

ASTRA'S TOWER You know I liked this, already, don't you. Methinks the comments are not just on Tolkien, but, as you said, all masculine era adventure fiction. A wistful era, for me.

DAY*STAR What can I say after I've said I liked it. No MCs? CATCH TRAP for this mailing, I hope? (And I think I have tangible reason to hope?),

PHANTASY PRESS Dan, has it struck you, and any other space travel buffs out there, as distinctly peculiar that the great collectivist state has A Hero and the great individualistic imperialistic worth-of-each-man United States has A Team, A Team which leans over backwards to stress its non-distinctiveness?

Not that the rest of the mailing was non-distinctive, but it's too hot.

LETTER COLUMN

Bob Lichtman, c/o Main, 1205 Peralta, Berkeley 6, Calif. - I wouldn't say the average fannish IQ is 125 either, though I know of quite a few fantypes who are members of Mensa, the British hIQ society. FM Busby, Walter Breen, Les Gerber, Sylvia White and Daphne Buckmaster are just a few that come immediately to mind as I whip along at 60 wpm. I'm waiting on my application forms at the moment, myself. In order to get in, you have to pass their IQ test with a score of at least 155. According to Gerber, this is equivalent to around 140 on the Stanford-Binet scale (the Mensa test is the Cattell 3, or something like that). I tested out at 140 on the S-B scale (I guess) in seventh grade, so I guess I'll do okay. But to get back to the bit about the average fannish IQ...my opinion is that fans may have a slightly higher IQ than the national average (though there are exceptions that I could name, but won't out of chicken-heartedness) but that what makes them unusual is that many of them tend to make more use of what ability they do have. Most of the fans I know well are far more perceptive than the average man-in-the-street-or-in-front-of-the-TV-set.

And wouldn't the phrase for the legal profession be "pub-crawling"? After all, lawyers are members of bar associations, and take bar exams, and like that.

I really don't much care about how long a woman's hair is, but I do agree with you (and with others) that braiding, buns, and suchlike are stupid-looking. Well, not stupid, but outofdate. I surely want my wife to be intelligent and uptodate, but if she also happens to have long hair and features it, I'm not going to complain. On the same hand, if she's intelligent and uptodate and has short hair, then that's okay, too. In brief, hair doesn't make that much difference to me. Now I can see someone saying, "What if she hasn't any hair, or has a crew-cut, or something like that?" Well, then, the whole situation sort of alters. I think that if a woman "non-conforms" to the point of unorthodoxy for the sake of unorthodoxy, then she's probably not the type of woman I'm looking for, anyway.

I notice some of what a woman is wearing, but in general I regard clothing as something that either complements or detracts from the overall appearance. A lot of otherwise-plain-but-just-slightly-attractive women can become quite attractive in dressed in a way that appeals to me.

Ha, we agree on what should have been done regarding Russia and Germany during WWII.

I enjoyed Tucker's pages as usual, but no particular comment arises. Yes, there is one, now that I think of it, and that is to croggle over Bob's referring to Chapter Play as one of his "fapa papers". This is a term carried over from the mundane apas, and I'm just a bit surprised to see it in FAPA. Speaking of the mundane apas, if Helen Wesson ever sends me the information, I'm going to be trying out the National Amateur Press Association for a year or so, if the dues aren't prohibitive. I want to see what they're really like, and since the NAPA is the oldest it seems the best choice. Maybe I'll even break down while a member and publish a maga... I mean a paper.

If I had a copy of AMERICAN JOURNAL OF OCULENTERATOLOGY and someone offered me what little gold remains in Fort Knox -- how much is there, around 400 billion or am I waaay off? Anyway there's a lot, no matter what the shortage is -- I'd sure let them have it. But not before making

a copy via the verifax method.

I've never had much homemade bread, and what I had wasn't good enough, I guess, to stick in my memory (or in my stomach), so I can't really judge about the difference between it and bakery bread. My point is that almost all bread baked by neighborhood bakeries, and in particular those run by Jewish people, is much much better -- closer to what I consider to be good bread -- than the stuff baked by companies like Langendorf, Webers, or, to drop an old Ohio company's name, Spang. Status-seeking (I've read Packard's book too, Juanita!) has nothing to do with it. I like my bread to have a taste, and to be something that you have to chew. I don't like it to be the gluey stuff that bakers out here pass off as white or whole wheat bread. Or even as store-bought Russian rye, which is awful stuff.

Yep, Juanita, you're ringing bells, all right. Have I told you about the sociology class I had last semester? It was a huge lecture section with about 400-500 people in it, I'd guess, and they kept a seating chart and took roll! I'm not kidding. On the first day of lecture, the professor announced, "Better find yourself a good seat and sit in it, because we're going to make a seating chart and you're going to be stuck there the rest of the semester." I ended up next to a girl who smelt like vanilla allatime, and not by my own devices. I was neatly situated next to a girl whose acquaintance I was hoping to make by means of nearness and all that, but she moved away to join some girlfriends on the other end of the row. Before I could get out of there and find another likely seat, old Vanilla-smell moved in and sat down. The roll-taking was not by names: two TAs just circulated around with the cherts in hand and noted blank seats where people should be. If you missed too many classes in a row, you got called in and asked why. It was pretty depressing.

If you're against unions, maybe you can call yourself a Radical Republican. There used to be such strange creatures, you know, before Barry Goldwater came around.

Backing up your comments to Champion, I should say that while I "dig the body beautiful", I like it to have more than sawdust inside.

/I believe the bread situation can be boiled down to the following question: If a starving man steals a loaf of bread to feed himself and his equally starving family, is it a worse crime if he takes a loaf of Jewish-made rye or Pepperidge Farm bread than if he just snatched one of the standard supermarket-type loaves? (Non-readers of CRY may apply to F.M. Busby to have the joke explained to them.)

What's wrong with the smell of vanilla, anyway? You're being nasally intolerant....

Actually, I never did hear a report as to what that congressional committee found at Fort Knox. All I saw was a notice that they were investigating alleged shortages.... I was sort of hoping they'd turn up a barren vault with a note saying "Goldfinger was here". RSC/

MAGGIE CURTIS, 149 West College St., Oberlin, Ohio - As Don and I don't buy Gunsport (forgive us), we hadn't noticed Grennell in it, but we glanced at a copy on the newsstand and hoo, boy, what a photo he's got on his column! Sort of a "Men, you, too, can be hardy and steely-eyed!" type shot.....

/The above wasn't really written to VANDY, but I think it's deserving of wider circulation..... RSC/