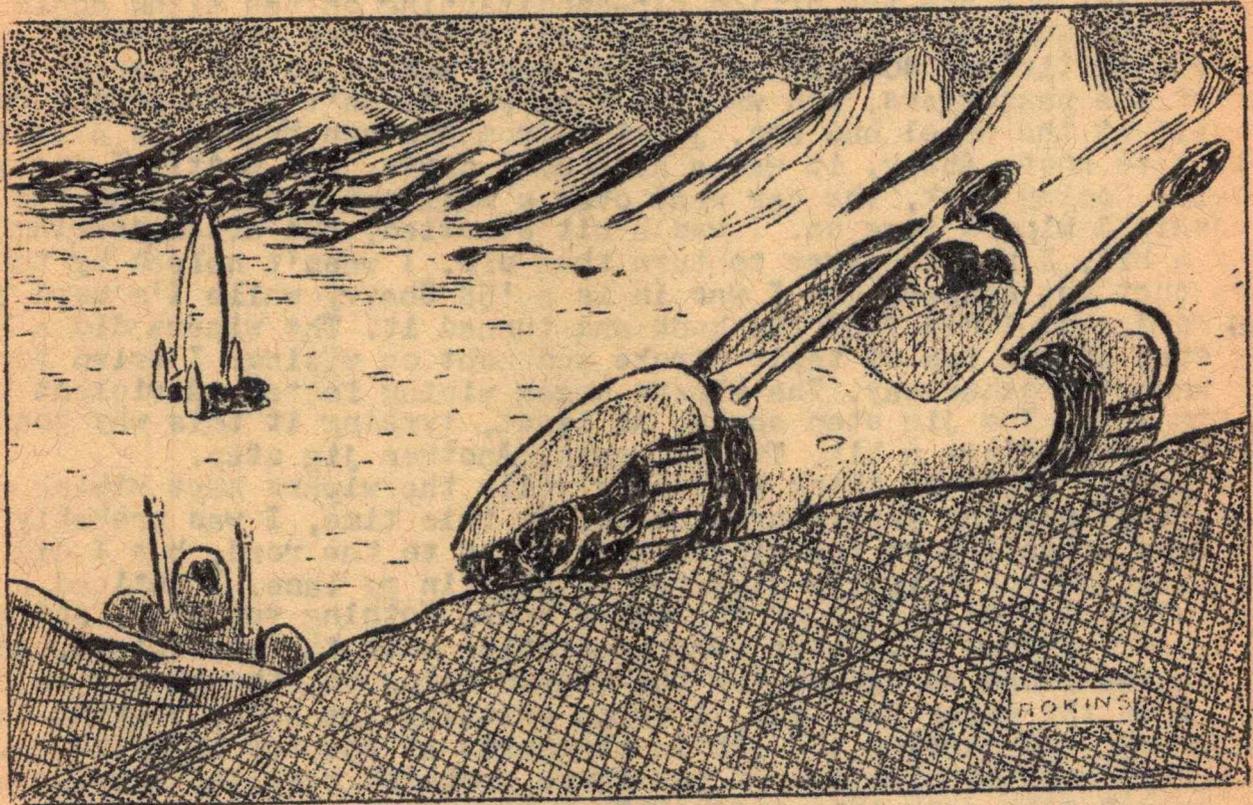


VANDY #4



This is VANDY #4, produced for the 88th. FAPA mailing by Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana.

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ART CREDITS

Cover (above).....Dan Adkins
 Page 5.....Robert E. Gilbert
 Page 6.....Robert E. Gilbert
 All others by.....JWC

Backcover by Dan Adkins

VANDY is open to contributions from other FAPA members. Material, mailing comments -- anything you want to say and don't want to publish yourself. (However, if you have just mailing comments, better ask before sending them, since I don't want to publish comments from 5 or 6 people in the same issue. That is, anyone except Tucker should ask; Bob has his niche in VANDY established.) Also, naturally I reserve the right to reject material if I don't happen to like it./RSC/

THE HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

For some reason, the engineering department at the Wabash plant of Minneapolis-Honeywell has to furnish the drivers for visiting big-shots who have to make train or plane connections in near-by cities (since you can't hardly get anywhere from Wabash directly). Last week I was called on to chauffeur a couple of VIPs to the Fort Wayne airport; since the day was hot and the office air-conditioning on the blink again (I think they must use Honeywell controls), I accepted with alacrity. The drive over (it's a 40-mile jaunt each way) wasn't so bad, except for one of the passengers, who was the type who doesn't trust anyone but himself at the wheel and who, judging from his own brags, is a lousy driver to boot. Anyway, it was a nice cool drive, and mostly I enjoyed myself. Coming back, the car went over a railroad crossing and the windshield wipers came on. I was a bit startled, but after staring at them a bit, I reached over to turn them off. I wasn't helped by the fact that the company car I was in is a '58 Chevvy while I'm used to a '56 Ford, but I did find the knob and turned it. The wipers did a little jig step at the top of their stroke and kept on wiping. I tried turning the knob the other way. The wipers began wiping faster. A violent turn to the left. The jig step again. At least, turning it this way confused the blasted things a bit. Try it again. Another jig step.

I paused a bit to think this over while the wipers kept wiping and drivers of passing cars stared at me. By this time, I was probably paying more attention to the wipers than I was to the road, but I did keep my attention sufficiently diverted to stay in my lane. I noticed a little button in the middle of the wiper knob. Nothing ventured, and all that, so I pushed it. Water began squirting onto the windshield. At least, now I had an excuse for the wipers being on, though not much of one. When the water gave out, I began twisting the knob, beating on the dashboard, and cursing the little blaggards at the top of my voice. Eventually, some combination of the three produced results, and the wipers reluctantly sank into immobility.

I am beginning to feel that there may be some merit in foreign cars.

Some joker, presumably in FAPA, put my name on a Technocracy mailing list. Actually, several organizations seem to be pooling efforts, as far as their advertising goes. There is a 4-year-old issue of Technocracy Briefs, outlining the Technocrat plan for abolishing money. There is a bulletin put out by the Socialist Labor Party, outlining the horrors of automation under Capitalism and the benefits automation would produce under Socialism. There is a "mobilization" bulletin from something called the "General Hold Ridge Minute Men", arousing American patriots against the "International Money Monopolists" and the "International Fascist Vatican State" (which is a real beauty of a term, I think). There is an ad for a "scientific calendar" (in which several typoses have been marked over with a ball-point pen). This scientific marvel contains 73 weeks of 5 days each, with 12 months, and I think if I vote in favor of any calendar reform it will be for the 13-month deal. This one has some interesting features, though; for example, the days of the week are named am, em, im, om, and um, and the months are Kab, Keb, Kib, Kal, Kul, Kag, Kip, Kub, Kug, Keg, Kig and Kog. Doesn't this sort of thing sound scientific, though? Real futuristic.

Then there is an unsigned leaflet, warning against censorship on one

side, and attacking the manufacturers of guns -- "even toy guns" --- on the other. (As a gun owner, I find this anti-gun hysteria pretty sickening; private automobiles kill 100 times as many people in this country as guns, and are inherently no more useful, so why don't reformers with nothing better to do set out a plan for abolishing them?)

Anyway, there is an ad from the Esperanto League, and all sorts of anti-religious propaganda; some of it unsigned, though one leaflet on immoral biblical characters like David is put out by the "Modern Puritans". I don't know about the rest of you, but I find this sort of thing fascinating reading.....I spent a highly amusing half-hour or so when I first got the envelope, and have enjoyed re-reading the stuff while typing this. Whoever sent it to me, thanks.

I may pass some of the tracts on to Gem Carr; particularly the one from the Freethinker's Tract Society which points out factual errors in Christian traditions (using the Catholic Encyclopedia, among other books, as a source). These people don't even believe there was a Jesus Christ, Gem!

Then there's the "proposed amendment to the constitutions of the U.S.A. and the U.N." This I don't go for at all, since one of the proposals is "The making of destructive and luxury items to stop. Raw materials and human skills hitherto thus wasted, shall be diverted to more humanitarian projects." Do you realize, fellow FAPAns, that these people are out to get fandom? Think how many fine trees, the homes of birds, the building material of beavers, etc. are cut down every year to make pulp paper for fanzines? And get that "luxury items" stuff. No exceptions, which means liquor would be included, and that would be more detrimental to fandom than the loss of paper. Fandom, unite!

I got on the mailing list of the Harvest News Letter through my own nosiness. A fellow-fan, Bem Gordon, wrote me that he'd received literature from the outfit, and when I asked him for the address he sent me a return envelope, which I used. This is pseudo-religious stuff, interesting in spots (as in #106, where the editor spends most of his time proving, to his own satisfaction at least, that the Revelation of John predicts a time when the seas of the world will be lifted by a whirlwind, paving the way for Paradise -- possibly the author is a horned toad, or sand flea. "Only recently did we discover that our great oceans were caused by the falling of the watery canopy from around the earth which caused the great Flood of Noah's day, filling the millions of square miles of fertile valleys and covering about 71 per cent of the earth.") It's amazing, the things people discover and fail to tell me about.

Received a copy of SIRIUS, the official organ of the International Science Fiction Society, the other day. My chief impression was that German fandom needs Sam Moscowitz; the intrigues mentioned in "The Immortal Storm" are trifling beside the political wrangles in present-day German fandom, which claims over 3,000 members. Germany seems to have more fan clubs than we have fans -- in fact, they may have more fan clubs than they have fans -- and they all seem to be bickering.

Fans who think I'm nasty in fandom should read my business letters. I recently sent off one masterpiece of invective to the district headquarters of the General Telephone Company (we don't have Bell, out here in the sticks) which had told me that there was "no service available"

where we live. And you know something? It's about a month since I wrote the letter, and we now have a telephone in our house. Being nasty may not win friends, but it sure as hell does influence people.

ACRES OF CLAMS

Since Juanita wrote her comments first, I shall try to avoid repeating her statements (especially since mine will be ahead of hers in the mag and people might think she was repeating me.) Which may not leave me much to say about some mags, particularly
PHLOTSAM - Economou: Well, since Juanita wrote her comments we've moved, and, wonder of wonders, The Plumbing Works! Of course, the house still tilts, and several of the inside stairs sag alarmingly when you step on them, and one of the outside steps is a wooden box which threatens to turn over every time it's stepped on, and there's no screen for the back door -- which is approximately 25 feet from the landlord's hog lot -- but by God the toilet flushes.

Ha -- you've got nothing on us. Chicago fandom has been to see us, too! (Of course, Wisconsin fandom hasn't arrived yet, but yesterday a California fan phoned and said he'd be dropping in just before the De-
tention.)

Thank God there was one expert on Keeshonds in the membership. My response to the question gives you a clue to my memory -- I can only say in defense that the physical characteristics and history of Keeshonds aren't exactly the sort of thing that sticks in one's memory.

Tape recording is quite easy, really. The trick is, you handle the cutoff switch on the recorder yourself. If you blank, you just stop the machine and wait until you have something to say, then turn it on again. Never leave a tape running while you're trying to think; there are few things more demoralizing.

BULLFROG BÜGLE - Hickman: You hate the same things about publishing that we do. Of course, with two of us, we can split the dirty work; recently Juanita has been collating while I staple, address and mail.

TARGET: FAPA! - Eney - Why should looking at my letter in GEMZINE discourage me? I mean, I've been writing her comments ever since we got on the mailing list (about 2 years now) and she always treats them the same way.....why get discouraged now? Working out a good argument for Gem gives me the same satisfaction as figuring out a new chess attack. Of course, having the argument published in GZ gives her an unbeatable edge, but then there's no impartial judge to tell me I've lost, either; I can score my own points. I can't understand these people who get mad at her; they're missing all the fun.

HAEMOGOBLIN - Smith: It wasn't Snarly Siegal; it was Snarly Seibel, if memory serves. They weren't the same, anyway. I was under the impression that "arse" was a four-letter Anglo-Saxon term; technically, anyway.

INVOLUTIA - Janke: I hope you realize that to an outsider, all this wrangling over jazz by supposed "experts" is perfectly hilarious. I have lost whatever awe I felt for people who knew enough about music to criticize it. (Oh well, I'm going to do some wrangling over folk music this ish, which I trust will amuse you.)

For my money, GALAXY is one step above SUPER SCIENCE FICTION's "monster issues" and a short step at that. I detest self-consciously cute stories, which seem to make up about 75% of GALAXY's contents.

If the opera singer's voice isn't a pleasant sound, why do so many pop singers try to get the same effect with their gadgets? As far as I'm concerned, volume is a definite asset. Oh, there are exceptions: Lily Pons sets my teeth on edge, and I'm quite fond of an old record we have by Whispering Jack Smith (remember him, or are you that old?) But on the whole, I'll take Howard Keel over Frank Sinatra any day. (No, Keel isn't an opera singer; that's the point: Volume, along with control and pitch, is good no matter who has it.)

From your comments on GEMZINE, you would seem to be one of those people who believe in arguing only for the sake of convincing the other fellow, which is ridiculous; I can count on my fingers the number of people who've been convinced by an argument (especially a FAPA-type argument). Why argue about euthanasia? For the same reason one argues about anything else; for the fun of it. Arguing for any other reason is juvenile exhibitionism. Advertising agencies change people's convictions every day, but they don't do it with argument.

Loved your comments on Dianetics.

Good Lord! I have just changed my opinion of one pop singer. When I first heard Keely Smith I wondered why she was popular, since she was homely as a mud fence and had a lousy voice. But the radio just began blaring "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön" by her and Louis Prima, and she's good. Maybe some jazz vocalists can sing, after all.

CNARLY & KWARLY - Coswal: The Indianapolis club zine (titled ISFA) was one of the many which folded without returning subscribers' money, a practice of which I disapprove. In fact, I don't think the last issue was ever fully distributed; I got a copy by going down and taking it away from the editor. We don't try to get anyone interested in YANDRO; hard work and studied insults have reduced our circulation from 150 per issue to 125, and I'm happy this way. (On the other hand, I don't believe in turning down neofans who send in their cash for a sample or a sub, though I can be pretty harsh with people who try to get free samples.)

I echo your sentiments on the jazz authorities.

CELEPHAIS - Evans: Unfortunately, I can't blame the system for my poor writing. I got straight A's on my writing in the first grade, but unfortunately I never improved. By the time they quit giving it -- 3rd or 4th grade, I think -- I was still writing the same way I did in the first, and my grades were down to just barely passing. One more year, and I'd have flunked. Later on, I took up printing, in order to make myself understood by others, and the final blow fell last week when the blueprint machine operator brought over one of my drawings to have me translate the (printed) instructions I'd attached to it.

I know Calkins was postulating unlimited funds in the car poll. He was also, as I understood it, limiting the voter to one car, and if I had unlimited funds which had to be restricted to one car, that one car would be a Rambler Six. Actually, of course, if I had unlimited funds I'd have at least 3 cars, because no one car can provide every thing I want. But the Rambler is the best compromise I can find. For example, I'd like to have an Isetta to drive to work; a 5-mile drive,

no passengers or cargo, and parking problems. It would also come in handy for running in town for a few groceries, but I wouldn't think of it for a longer trip. For our weekend journeys, mostly 50 to 100 mile trips complete with child and tape recorder (and/or record player), something larger is indicated: Volkswagon, Rambler, Hillman, or some other not-too-small foreign car. Then, for convention trips, vacations and other long drives, something like a Buick station wagon. Actually, I haven't given much thought to the exact three cars I'd want, because it's obvious that I'm not going to get them. And as a one-car compromise, no matter what the money, I repeat -- Rambler Six.

Agreed on the lack of means of contacting fandom. I came in via the review column in STARTLING; the first three fanzines I sent for were FANTASY-TIMES, SPACESHIP, and Dick Ryan's MAD. Looking at some of the crud that plops into the mailbox today, I realize that I was awfully lucky. Particularly with SPACESHIP, as Silverberg was awfully tolerant of brash neos, wrote the politest rejections I've ever encountered, and put out one of the best fanzines I've ever received. Bob is a Good Man. (Dick may be too, but MAD didn't last long enough for me to form much of an opinion of the editor, though I enjoyed the mag.) Anyway, as I started to say, conventions are a poor method of recruiting fans. I attended Chicon II as a neo who knew absolutely nobody, and while I had a good time, I learned more about fandom from the 2 or 3 issues of MAD I received than I did from the entire con.

KLEIN BOTTLE - T & M Carr: I agree with Juanita; let's have more writing from Rotsler. Lots more. His "Tale of Daring-Don't" was possibly the best single item in the mailing. His cartoons still bore me. Somehow I don't think that the lack of recognition of Jean-Pierre Aumont makes you an old fogey, Miriam; I'll bet a good percentage of kids had never heard of him at the time you were dreaming over his photo. As I recall, most teen-age types only know the stars who make a big splash; I'll bet that not many today could recognize Juanita's favorite, Jan Merlin, even though he's in a regular t-v series.

Back to Rotsler....I think that FAPAns should have some sort of say over who gets into the club, but I don't think that moving names around on the waiting list is the way to do it. If it happened to me, I'd much rather be dropped entirely than shoved back to last place; or even shoved back one or two places to let someone with better connections edge in ahead of me. Either you want them in the club and they take their turn like everyone else, or you don't want them in, and drop them. None of this stuff about "Well, I think Joe will be a better member than Bill, let's move him up a couple of notches." In the first place, you can't tell that accurately, and in the second place, such a plan is unfair to everyone concerned. If a large portion of the membership agrees that a Waiting-lister is an absolute stinker, then get rid of him. Otherwise, let them take their turns.



On stencilling; Juanita's comments are cut with her Royal portable, mine with my old L. C. Smith upright. (In YANDRO, usually everything but Juanita's editorial is cut on my typewriter.) Stencil-cutting being hell on typewriters, the rollers get worn and let the stencil slip, causing the unevenness. Some day when I have Money, I shall get me a new typer and retire this one to stencilling. (Just looked at Juanita's comments and find that I've repeated her; well I'm not about to correct out all that paragraph.)

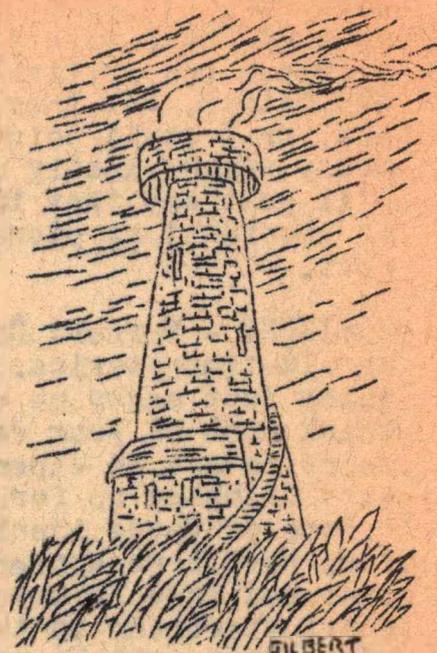
Your King On A Hill is the same as mine. Our "hill", at school, was a pile of furnace slag adjoining a concrete driveway; why nobody got killed I'll never know, but I don't remember any serious injuries up to the time that a teacher saw what we were doing and made us quit, except for occasional short-lived games when no adult was around.

Must say I don't think much of a teacher who would give you an F just for arguing that space was hot. I recall a terrific debate I had with my high school science teacher over whether it was the east or the west coast of the U.S. which was sinking. (We'd both read the same LIFE article and neither of us could remember it very well.) We never did settle anything -- he promised to bring the magazine to school next day, but being one of the most absent-minded men in the world he never remembered to do it -- but he was always quite approving whenever he managed to rouse an argument out of his pupils.

SUNDANCE - J. Young: I liked it, but I can't think of a blasted thing to say about it, except that I think our minds work on entirely different principles. This feeling is reinforced by glancing at LOST IN THE STARS, which I also enjoyed, but which left me with a vague feeling of "Hah?" PEBBLES IN THE DRINK seemed more Pogoish than usual this time, if you know what I mean -- and if you have as much trouble understanding me as I do you, you probably don't. Oh well.

SON OF BUCKSHOT - A. Young: Your damaged camel saddles remind me of a conversation I had last night with Gene DeWeese, who remarked that he'd been visited by a couple of Mormon missionaries, and had bought a copy of The Book Of Mormon. "How much?" "Fifty cents." "Fifty cents -- hey, when they come back, get me one." "Okay." What either of us will do with The Book Of Mormon I don't know, but anyway it's a Bargain. (Maybe we can leave it lying out casually and startle our mundane acquaintances.) And say, Gem Carr; do you know that Mormons don't believe in the Trinity?

THE STORMY PETREL - T. Carr: All I know about Laney is what I've seen written about him, and the more of this that I see the more I wonder what all the fuss is about. Still, I enjoyed it, and as long as it's enjoyable I don't suppose that fuss has to be about much of anything. Oh well; Speer's writing was the most entertaining and Bloch's came closest to persuading me that Laney was important.



SWAN SONG -- Harris: Well, I could point out a few errors of fact, such as that Madle wasn't the first TAFF winner who wasn't known to both American and British fandom; 90% of American fans had never heard of Ken Bulmer, but they didn't throw juvenile temper tantrums when he won. Or I could point out that there isn't an institution in the world today which exactly duplicates the visions of its founders. But I think I'll just say that the "blood and guts all over the floor" bit was one of the funniest pieces of writing I've read recently, and bah to the rest.

HORIZONS - Warner: Dammit, go ahead and write about old-time fans and/or old-time stories. Saying that you're not going to write about something just makes me curious as to what you would have said. Anyway, I think most of your readers will enjoy anything you write about. I'm happy to see an expert agreeing with my comment on the word "score"; sort of makes up for the Keeshond business.

Some of those identical early PocketBooks, with the cellophane coating, have been appearing on newsstands recently. I assume that the company had some leftovers that they are now getting rid of, but they look a bit startling to the veteran newsstand-browser. When did Red Seal books come out? We used to have some early ones, and I keep thinking that they antedated PocketBooks, but the only one I can locate now is copyrighted in 1952 (and bears the interesting comment, "This book is a collector's item. Don't part with it.") Seems like I should have more comments on a 24-page fanzine that I enjoyed as much as I did HORIZONS, but I can't think of anything else.

NULL-F 16 & 17 - T. White: My next-to-last car was a '53 Ford; a medium-priced, 6-cylinder four-door model with overdrive. (I recall the dealer giving me an odd look when I outlined my requirements -- being single then, I bought the car new -- and informing me that I'd better be sure that's what I wanted because if I changed my mind he'd never be able to sell it to anyone else.) It was a good car; better mechanically than my present '56, though it was never quite the same after an old Chevvy came belting out of a side road in front of me at 70 mph and I hit him broadside. I put 65,000 miles on it in a little over 2 years and traded it in.

We saw CONTROVERSY, but decided against paying 50¢ for a mag that was at least half advertisements. (Just think...I'm agreeing with you! Now that we've discovered something that we both dislike, maybe one day we will find something that we both like.)

MIMEO - S. White: Some fan (Was it Rog Ebert or Larry Ginn?) was telling me about someone he knew who collected record jackets. I pointed out some of the Audio Fidelity Suez-type jackets, but I think the person concerned was more interested in Art than pornography. Anyway, I was told that he bought the records, kept the jackets, and then gave the records away, or some such fool idea.

PHANTASY PRESS - McPhail: I wonder what it is about fire that causes people and horses to completely lose their heads? Stories about fires are nearly always entertaining (provided one doesn't know the victims) for the reason that they nearly always mention various irrational actions. Is it because the average human is so conditioned to respond

automatically to routine that he is totally unable to think things out in a sudden break in the routine? Or what?

GEMZINE -- G.M. Carr: I think I've written enough letters to you on religion, etc; no use commenting here, with the chance that I'd say one thing to you and print something else in VANDY and have you pounce on the discrepancy. Except to restate what I'm pretty sure I said in one letter; that when I say "people" or "the average person" I am quite capable of naming all the names you want. I don't because you wouldn't recognize any of them so what good would it do you? And that I know plenty of people who would object to the three possibilities you set up and that either you do too or you have an unusual set of acquaintances. So much for your "truth"; I admit I'm prejudiced, but you keep insisting you're interested in "truth". You're deluding yourself.

I must say, though, that I'm flattered by having you devote most of your editorial to me; gives me a feeling of importance.

No, no! Not CONSUMER'S GUIDE! CONSUMER REPORTS; it's an entirely different magazine. In fact, I don't recall having seen a CONSUMER'S GUIDE in years and I suspect that it is defunct, though there is another publication called CONSUMER RESEARCH, or CONSUMER RESEARCH BULLETIN, or some such title, on the stands. As for the "divorce from reality", CR's latest issue takes up tv antennae, ice cream, carpet sweepers, archery equipment, garbage disposal units, four foreign cars, meat grading, artificial respiration, and food packaging, plus a few damon-knight-type short reviews of well-advertised but useless gimmicks, one of which I shall reprint when and if I get permission. It has covered whiskey, hi-fi components, canned corn, and the effects of radiation fallout on milk, as well as putting out an annual "auto issue" which rates all US cars and gives a once-over to the new auto gadgets and advertising. I get the mag as much for the type of reviews; the really fannish-type humor; as for the reports themselves.

FANTASY AMATEUR: After all Geis' comments about how hard it was to work up to the top of the mailing list, he didn't stay in long once he made it, did he? If there's one type of fan I detest, it's the bastard who thinks that because he's a "name" he should be given free material. Geis is a prime example.

NANGEL, AMATEUR'S JOURNAL, MOONSHINE, RAMBLING FAP, BOBOLINGS, DAY*STAR, BAREAN -- I even had checkmarks in the margins of some of these, but I have no idea what I intended to say about them. You said something that hit me when I first read it, but it doesn't now.

Likewise, I think now would be a good time to apologize to Ron Bennet for omitting mention of his DIRECTORY in the last VANDY. I forgot it because I'd previously taken it out of the bundle in order to have it handy for use, and while I use it at least once a month I never thought again about it being a FAPazine until I read the other mailing comments. Sorry, Ron; your mag was just too valuable.

On to the postmailings and separate mailings.

CLAUSE -- Sanderson: Pretty soon, Gem, you'll have driven all your enemies out of FAPA, since you can take their criticism and they can't take yours. They're good at passing it out, but they can't take it.

GASP - Steward: Shortly before this arrived, a fellow-employee was talking about the new Chevviess. Seems that some man was driving one, with a semi-trailer in front of him and another behind. He lost control of the car, went off the road and smashed up. When the cops talked about "reckless driving", he managed to put up such a good defense that they agreed to test the matter, and under a controlled test a '59 Chev, driven in the slipstream of a semi, had the rear end lifted completely clear of the road. I wondered if he'd added much to the account that he claimed to have read; judging from GASP he was probably reporting plain facts.

LE MOINDRE - Raeburn: Not too long ago I saw a boat with the exaggerated rear fins of the '57 Plymouth....your postulation is already coming true. (The fins were at the top, incidentally; not down in the water where they might have had some bizarre use.)

Gee, I thought everybody knew about Anthony Comstock and the fig leaves. I quote from the "Encyclopedia Americana": "Comstock, Anthony, American reformer: b. New Canaan, Conn, March 7, 1844; d. New York City, Sept. 21, 1915. After serving with the Union Army, he became secretary and special agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice in 1873 and completely identified himself with its activities. Working indefatigably and ruthlessly at suppressing what he defined as vice, he inspired the founding of Boston's Watch and Ward Society (1876); prosecuted numerous frauds, quacks, abortionists, gamblers, and lottery managers; and gained international notoriety as a self-appointed censor of art and literature. In 1905 he attacked Bernard Shaw's Mrs. Warren's Profession, Shaw having coined the opprobrious term 'comstockery'. He published two books, Frauds Exposed (1880) and Traps For The Young (1883); also several pamphlets including Morals Versus Art (1888)." Although the encyclopedia doesn't say so, he also became notorious for insisting on covering Adam and Eve with fig leaves, and for illegally seizing first class mail in order to get "evidence". He was, in short, the ideal of every red-blooded American censor, particularly since his illegal actions were never punished.

AMIS - Trimble: Can't think of a single comment.

CHOOG - Shaw: Oh boy, can I think of comments! Lee seems to think that I don't like her ideals, A. L. Lloyd and Jean Ritchie, because I can't appreciate true ethnic traditions. Well, if it's a true ethnic tradition for folksingers to have thin, cracked voices, then I guess she's right. However, I'd like to ask what's so damned ethnic about having a professional entertainer (which both Lloyd and Ritchie are, no matter what my doubts about their entertainment value are) imitate the traditional singing forms? There are plenty of records of the actual inhabitants of an area singing their own folk songs; if you want authenticity, go listen to them. If you want the songs sung by professionals, get good professionals. There is no excuse for this half-assed compromise. The folk music fans, as Lee knows them, don't give a damn about the actual music; they're interested in it as a quaint old art form, something like hooked rugs, which is an interesting study and lets them use a lot of in-group phrases to make themselves sound intellectual. On the other hand, I enjoy music; I don't care whether it's quaint or traditional as long as it's pretty.

Lee is quite comparable to the jazz fans who complain that only the old New Orleans style is "real jazz". After spending some time explaining to an outsider that folk music is music which has been handed down from generation to generation, being gradually modified by each singer as he passes it along, she turns around and objects violently when a singer of the present generation adds his own modifications. While I personally dislike the Kingston Trio, they are a lot closer to being performers of real folk music than is A.L. Lloyd; they perform their music for the people, not for a handful of arty antiquarians.

Traditional art forms are, of course, a quite valid field of study for those interested in the past. If the form of folk music were quite as stiff and unchangeable as Lee suggests, it would have died out years ago and she could study the art form to her heart's content with no objections from me. As long as it is music which is being performed today, it can be judged in the same way as any other music.

Quite frankly, any remarks I made about pompousness were directed at the little group of New York folksingers who have seized upon folk music as a means of presenting their own mediocre talents in the best light by adopting a type of music which does not require much formal training and then trying to keep out their betters by sneering that any more formal training than they have isn't "authentic".

And as a sideline, I've listened to some of the love songs done by Jean Ritchie and Paul Clayton on the Traditon record, "American Folk Tales and Songs", and if this is a true representation of the mountain love ballad, I begin to see why the southern mountains are so sparsely populated; a more unenthusiastic pair of lovers I have never encountered. You can have Lloyd, Lee; I'll take music.

(In case there are any other folk fans in the crowd, possibly I should mention my own ideas of the "leading folksingers". Okay, they are Ed McCurdy, Richard Dyer-Bennett, Cynthia Gooding, Win Stracke, Odetta, Ewan McColl, and the Easy Riders.)

A sort of lettercolumn; comments from BRUCE PELZ:

There are three Glencannon Omnibus volumes in print: The First G.O., The Second G.O., and The Last G.O. Real original titles they use. The library just recently purchased the last one, which contains Mr. Glencannon Ignores The War, so I have now read all three of those, and the Post Glencannon-Tugboat Annie story too. Wish there were more to be dug out somewhere. The last scene of Mr. Glencannon Ignores the War is really the best one to end the series on, though: "Ah, foosh".

I think if one hunts long enough, or with a warped enough sense of humour, he could find that your columns all fit the subject reasonably well. For instance in VANDY, "Acres of Clams" has several appropriate lines: "No longer the slave of ambition/ I laugh at the world and its shams"And "Eggs and Marrowbone" -- "So if you want to do him in, you must sneak up from behind". Yeah, I think they fit.

".....In a bid for expanding markets, an increasing number of fertilizer companies are adding colorants and odorants to their products..... One problem, of course, is picking the right color. If it's designed to promote brand awareness, it should be fairly distinctive. It should give uniform color to all particles in a fertilizer mixture.....And, in addition, the color should be pleasing -- attractive but not flashy."

(From the JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURAL AND FOOD CHEMISTRY, via CONSUMER REPORTS)

HISTORICAL FOOTNOTES (to the last mailing)
by Bob Tucker

Dig that crazy juxtaposition!

Terry Carr's much-appreciated -here labor of love, The Stormy Petrel which appeared in the May bundle, was a fine piece of work and precisely the kind of thing that would cause Laney to cringe if he could read it. He would secretly like it, I think, but publicly he would cringe and offer a few choice phrases comparing Terry to a moldy fig, or worse. Which would indicate that the booklet was a success.

But ah! that crazy juxtaposition which crept into the text. It is found in Harry Warner's contribution, on those pages devoted to the re-printing of Laney's fan diary. It brought me up short, my eyeballs croggling and my funnybone bobbing like an adam's apple. Knowing well the evil that lurks in the minds of fen (but not mine), I hasten to correct any misinterpretation arising from the juxtaposition.

Warner reprinted several page/days from Laney's diary and if you'll check back you'll find that on July 6, 1946, Laney went to dinner with Sandy Kadet and a "sticky gentleman" from Portland. After the meal the "sticky gentleman" revealed himself as a homosexual by making a pass at the youngfan, much to Laney's disgust. The homo was never identified, other than as "the sticky gentleman from Portland".

In the very next paragraph, dated July 7, Laney describes his boredom during the afternoon session because "some character named Donald Day had apparently had nothing better to do with his time than to tabulate the numbers of stories written for the pulp stfzines by each author." He was bored because Day read on and on and on, and because the tabulation held no interest for him. But barely three lines of type separate "the sticky gentleman" and Donald Day's name, and that was the juxtaposition which smote my eyeballs. Don Day lives in Portland, of course, as does "the sticky gentleman", but innocent Faps should realize that neither Laney nor Warner were being clever (or coy) by intentionally putting those two paragraphs together in hopes that the eye and the suspicion would leap from one to the other.

I know both of the men involved, and am familiar with the unfortunate incident, and of course Don Day wash't involved. "The sticky gentleman" (a character I disliked at sight, for a reason not known to me immediately) is and has been for a number of years a fringe-fringe fan; in fact, by this time he may have drifted away altogether.

As for Don Day: that long-winded recitation on the Pacificon platform, mumbling over authors and their stories, paid off after all and in a manner many of us appreciate. The paper which bored Laney grew, and grew, and grew, to finally become the Index To Science Fiction Magazines: 1926 - 1950. It's going up to eight bucks a copy, they tell me, when the companion volume (1951-1958) appears this autumn.

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In Celephais, Bill Evans chuckles over my domestication in reading Consumer Reports, and wonders if they are now rating or reporting on Jack Daniels. Hah! right back at you sir, for the magazine did just that in its December 1958 issue. Oh, but that one was a fauncher! So you see there is more to the publication than percale sheets, automobiles and contraceptives.

Departing from their usual method of exhaustive laboratory tests,

whiskeys received a "use test" in that a team of "expert tasters" were employed to sip and sample some 65 or 70 brands and then choose among them for the most satisfying tastes, the most noticeable "after-burns" and the like. In a field of fourteen straight-bourbons, poor old Jack Daniels was way down the list in eleventh position; but my real favorite, Jim Beam, wasn't much better, coming in eighth. The "experts" decided J.W. Dant Olde Bourbon was the best of the lot, with Echo Springs on the bottom of the heap. Which only goes to show that other experts don't agree with us experts. (Lynn Hickman was not surprised at the low rating given his favorite, pointing out in surly manner that it was, after all, a damnyankee magazine.)

I'm curious about the validity of such testing as this, by the way. How can such a test be controlled when considering the absence of placebos, or whatever?

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Gregg Calkins and The Rambling Fap: You recalled to mind an incident that I had forgotten, the incident at the Chicon when you minded my huckster table and sold a ten cent fanzine for me. I must have been crazy that day to split fifty-fifty with you -- I usually pay only ten percent and that is paid grudgingly. Perhaps I was overcome by the excitement concerning GM Carr, and lost my head. But you neglected the one thing I have not forgotten, and which I still keep as a treasured memento: the "Gem Dandy Huckster Badge" you made for me.

The badge is actually a plaque; it was mounted on a block of wood perhaps twelve inches square by one inch thick, was painted silver, and had a long chain fastened to it so that I might hang the thing around my neck. A wood-burning tool was employed (I believe) to etch the messages on each side. On the face: "Little Gem Dandy Huckster Badge -- Bob Tucker", and on the obverse: "Chicago, 1952, Gregg Calkins". When I left Korshak's beloved hotel after that convention, I forgot the badge and had to write back for it some weeks later. I suspect the clerk is still snickering.

The badge now hangs over a water pipe in the basement, awaiting the day when the basement is converted into a playroom. Then, of course, it will hang in an honored place for my guests to enjoy.

Definition -- ancient Mediterranean sailor with ear trouble (G. DeWeese)

A few editorial notes by RSC: CONSUMER REPORTS is never wrong, so Tucker and Hickman must have plebian tastes in whiskey. (As for me, I'll take Mount Vernon rye over any bourbon ever made.) I had intended to quibble about his misuse of a term in the Calkins commentary, but for all I know he did it deliberately, so I won't say anything.

Last night Juanita, Gene DeWeese and I went up to the resort town of North Webster, which used to boast a very good miniature golf course. The course was still there -- and it's still one of the few that I can't break par on -- but my, how the place has expanded! There are a huge number of attractions, ranged along both sides of the highway and resembling a permanent carnival. Anyway, one of the new attractions is an "outdoor bowling alley" which we tried. This attraction features concrete alleys (!), pins which were probably thrown out of a regular alley 5 years ago, and balls which, after rumbling down concrete alleys for awhile, are simply indescribable. Bowling on it is a real event.

Eggs & Marrowbone

As promised earlier, I shall start this particular section with mailing comments, and in very particular, with -

PHLOTSAM (Economou)...because I very unintentionally omitted same from the mailing comments two issues ago. I herewith tender my red-faced apologies. Phlotsam is one fapa-zine I muchly appreciate, and it would be a pity to alienate the editrix - especially this early in our membership!

I know what you mean by the pointless and mystifying incidences such as your face at the window and the patrol car. People are so puzzling.

Your poll taker reminded me of a recent day when I had been plagued with telephone solicitors - wanting me to buy a new Chevy (horror forbid!), come down to a store opening, take advantage of a grand supermarket sale (where the prices had all been raised 3¢ to 5¢ specially for the occasion), and the last straw was some coy female announcing that - lucky me - I had been chosen to receive free three 8x10 photos from such and such photography studio if I could but answer the jackpot question; this did not fill me with glee, since we own two cameras and a close-up attachment, and receive dozens of coupons for free enlargements from the cut-rate development studio we patronize, so when the charmer blatantly asked in pre-assured tones, "You do want to try for the jackpot, don't you?", I said no and hung up.

Speaking of johns (and we were, weren't we?), it is still my wistful hope to rent a place wherein the plumbing is in perfect order. We have had remarkably fine (for our purposes) residences and landlords the last three times 'round, but in every case the plumbing, particularly in the bathroom, was haywire. In North Manchester DeWeese remarked our plumbing was not established for the convenience of male guests - something about being comfortable only when one foot was placed in the bathtub. And here I have never been troubled with those occasional accidents when the toilet stool overflows - before I can reach a mop, all the water runs over to a peculiar little crack behind the bathtub and disappears - presumably into the basement. Also, the bathtub itself, like everything else in the house, tilts, but unfortunately, it tilts away from the faucets and drain, necessitating a bailing-out emptying process with every bath, giving the impression of trying to reverse the course of a small stream ('crick' to us hoosiers).

As I said, the whole house tilts, mostly outward from a somewhat mythical continental divide running north and south through the center of the edifice; if we ever do move to a normally constructed house, Bruce will walk with a listing gait.

As regards the housework, I would say from observation of non-fan housewives around me that I am a non-stereotype in their books. The constant plaint of these gals is, "Where do you find the time to - write letters, read books, publish a fanzine, etc..." Most of these women have no children at all, or else their broods have reached the semi-self-sufficient school age stage; most of them, also, have homes which are positively cluttered with alleged labor-saving devices. They are always in a dither, always tired, always nervous, and after a visit I usually come running back to my freezer-less, washer-less, dryer-less, automatic vacuum-waxer-buffer-shoe shiner-less existence. Probably, my secret, as you call it, is that I just don't care about the Better-Homes-&-Gardens look these women cultivate (it would be pretty impossible, anyway, what with

all the bookcases, record racks, gun cases and general clutter of our place). Just as a sample, looking around at the schedules of some of my non-fanne acquaintances: I don't dust every day, I don't vacuum every day, I don't wax my floors every week (in fact, I don't wax them at all after my last experience in trying to remove some wax from the floor), I wash (at a laundromat) once a week, iron once every week and half (I'm a great devotee of drip-dry and seersucker) - und zo weiter. These women, even the ones I tend to regard as phlegmatic, describe me to my face as lackadaisical and indisturbable. Perhaps I am. Frankly, I would call it just plain laziness; I do not like housework and it doesn't bother me if someone comes to visit and the rug is strewn with toys and there are dishes in the sink and the place has the general lived-in air which is typical of our house on Sunday afternoons - it doesn't bother me in the slightest, but I know women who punish themselves mentally for days after such an occurrence and make life miserable for themselves and every one around them. Me? - well, Bruce is getting to the stage where he is learning to pick up his toys, which is just dandy - one less chore to distract from my free time.

A friend once said I had a basically masculine outlook on things, and perhaps I do. I know what I want when I go in a clothing store, and if the clerk can show me that in my size, fine, I'll buy it and leave, and if not, I walk out despite her attempts to show me something else. Shopping is a waste of time in those particular cases.

Let's face it - I'm a slob,

Actually, on the day I wrote that particular diatribe on the boredom inherent in housewifing, I was in one of those typical endocrine induced female depressions, and it showed in the writing. Generally, I am rarely bored - but the FAPA deadline happened to hit at a time when I was - and the result will probably reap comments and counter explanations for months to come - sigh.

Your account of trying to out-left Grennall tickled me no end. I was rather innocently tomboyish when I entered fandom, and at that time I started hitching rides with a couple of Indycars named Buck Coulson and Gene DeWeese so's to get free transportation to the Indynaptown fan meetings, and usually at some time or another we would end up downtown in Naptown, looking for used mag stores or other exotica. Buck and Gene, being politely brought up little gennelmens, kept trying to get on the curbside of me, slightly hampered by my habit of walking wherever I chose as regards the sidewalk, and quite frequently strolling along near the curb. I think they finally gave up and plonked me in the middle and we strolled along as a threesome in line. Also, I was put to shame in another way, for here I had been priding myself on my healthy love for walking, and my resultant superiority over my wilting flower fellow collegiennes, when I met these critters who are both six footers and stride in six-league boots, with me panting behind and pleading for mercy (this still holds true - both Buck and Gene walk as though heading for a used mag store that had advertised one mint condition collection to be sold at a ridiculous price to the first applicant).

Everyone ucks when I take whipped-cream aerosol in hand. The things always seem to get away from me - but I seem to splatter people rather than walls or furniture.

And there, now, I hope this extent of comments helps rectify somewhat my horrible mistake of the last but one mailing???

- "Which end of this davenport is longer?" - (an old family favorite)
also - "Which way is the horizon?" - (....ditto.....)

BULLFROG BUGLE (Hickman) Muchly enjoyed the bit on t-v ads. One you probably miss over thataway is a particularly horrendous series on a product called Lestoil. They are absolutely loathesome, and if ever something touted me away from a commercial product, those are it.

On Tom Dooley (or Dula) - I was convulsed by a comment in a Sunday supplement article to the effect that folk music was not concerned with sex or love. Recently I had to do a PTA folk singing bit and I well-nigh lost my remaining sanity trying to find humorous folk songs that a) weren't full of profanity, b) weren't too sophisticated, c) weren't entirely about illicit love or sex. Expurgated folk music is somewhat like food without salt, in my humble opinion.

TARGET: FAPA (Eney) Seeing the name Gwynn Leynier crop up on your very first page of text was somewhat of a jolt, as I'm sure Mez will appreciate; after some recent correspondence of ours, I could not have been more unnerved if you had mentioned in passing Gort te' Raa or Gordyan.

HAEMOGOBLIN (Smith) Gee, maybe I'm a medical phenomenon or something, 'cause I just love to play with tape recorders.

Let's see, which kinds of music do I prefer? Frankly, I can't name a specific kind, although I might quote you some kinds. 1) Classical - favorite composers: Beethoven, Rossini, and Stravinsky; 2) Afro-Cuban and exotica such as Sabu's percussive deals, Les Baxter's SACRE DU SAUVAGE and TAMBOO, and everything Yma Sumac has done (if that can qualify); 3) Folk music - everything from Dyer-Bennet to the Reverend Gary Davis; 4) Rhythm & Blues-Rock&Roll, principally offbeat stuff that rarely makes the hit parade, the probably my favorite instrumental outfit which is strictly in the R&B field (discounting temporarily the B. Brown outfit, Boyd), is that of 'oo' ol' Sil Austin. 5) Musical movie score stuff, particularly by Miklos Rosza. That help any? Oh yes, I also like Kenton and Shearing and Bostic and..... I'd better quit here or my list of likes will consume far too many stencils, and there are far too many zines left for commenting.



"It's part of Bruce's toy elephant. Why?"

BOBOLINGS (Pavlat) You ask Helen Wesson what does one do when one is not a church-goer, agnostic, or atheist? One can have a lot of fun sitting on the sidelines and watching the fur fly, further confusing the issue by defining oneself as a deistic pagan reincarnationist. Why does Speed-o-print's cheap ink work better in the Tower than the stuff selling for twice the price?

The Apprentice
Witch

INVOLUTIA (Janke) Heavens, no, I'm not mad - mildly amused over a few statements, perhaps. Why? What did you think would make me mad?

Your comments on jazz, particularly Musso and Monk, muchly appreciated and chuckled over; as for the rest, I read interestedly, but refrain from comment lest I promptly drown in this flood of information in a subject I know nothing about.

Now why the devil would I want to cut up linoleum with a razor blade? Besides, we each have our own razor, and it was thus when we were wed. (Gee, maybe I am a medical phenomenon after all.)

Oh, I have absolutely no intention of changing places with the workaday male. As I said earlier to Phyllis, I'm lazy, and I know a good thing when I find it. I've had the 8 to 5 routine, and more than enough.

Maybe you think you're being mean, but I think maybe we're just thinking in different mental tracks. I'll pardon your meanness, as you call it, if it'll make you happy.

All I know is, every so often my roommate would put down the clarinet after blowing a particularly painful screech, purse and lick her lips, then finger her teeth tentatively, as though to reassure herself they were still present. Frankly, I'll stick to my once a month piano banging.

Why isn't it likely at age 43? Chronological age has nothing to do with emotional age.

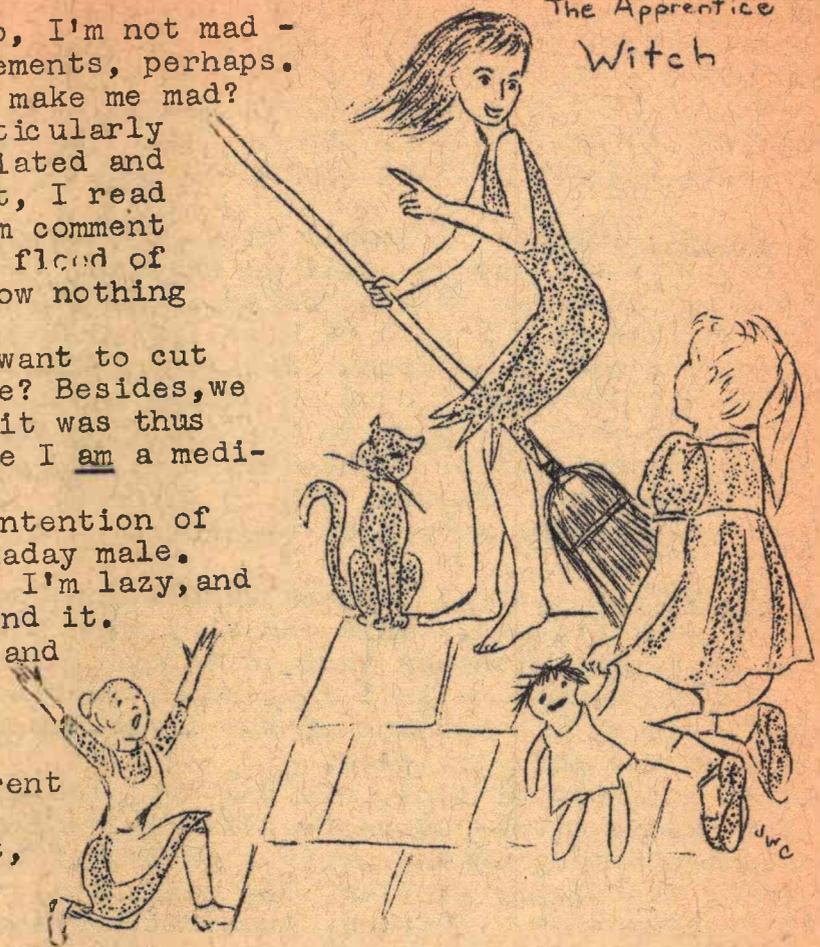
I perhaps would have said your bad experiences and opinions of women might be your own fault, but also taking your advice about reading between the lines, I've formed the opinion that you're the type who yells before being hit (at least as regards this particular subject), so I'll say instead that you probably had bad luck, and here's hoping for better luck in the future. (or don't you want that, either?)

The baby sitter didn't try to change your attitude toward jazz, so why should she submit to a change in her attitude toward r&r? Tolerance works both ways.

Your account of Dianetics-Scientology makes me shudder.

If you're going to be walking around with a knife and threatening gals with 'over developed glands', I think I shall hunt up one of Bergey's brass brassieres hastily, if only for temporary use, and hope that you're out of this mood by the time cold weather arrives again.

Oddly enough, my ankles are perhaps the un-thickest parts about me (and yes, I thought of the brain crack, too) - but I used to be a pretty good soccer player. But I wouldn't go around kicking defenseless males. There are too many other things more worthwhile, such as stopping now for a bit and fixing Buck's dinner.



CNARLY (Coslet) The Indianapolis club was the ISFA, and EISFA didn't come into being till February of '53. We remember seeing you at the Clevecon (I believe DeWeese bought a batch of UNKNOWNNS from you), but I don't believe any sub money exchanged greasy palms, and my bitter half concurs in this belief, and he should know, since he keeps the financial records and the mailing lists for YAN.

CELEPHAIS (Evans) I hadn't noticed that study of foreign languages did ruin one's ability to spell in English. Ghu knows I make errors in spelling as often as many FAPAns, but I'd hardly say my spelling had been ruined as a result of dabbling in Spanish, French, German, Latin, - and now a bit of Swedish. Spelling rules come naturally to most females it seems, although I have an unfair advantage, for my grade school instructors were paragons in the spelling department, combining the best of the techniques of sight-card reading, phonics, and picture-word association; as a result, 90%, I suppose, of the students who went thru their classrooms were good spellers.

KLEIN BOTTLE (Carrs) Fandom is getting positively cluttered with these fan type marriages. This was very much enjoyed (referring to KB, not the marriage, although that is enjoyed, too, albeit vicariously.)

Oddly enough, while I care not a whit for Rotsler's drawings, I was convulsed by his account of the Mexican caper, and I faunch for fewer doodles and more articles.

As a matter of fact, all the articles were top notch. Bloch is the most expert giver-outer-of-advice in fandom, and I still remember his recommendations on the arrival of Bruce: feed him powdered milk to eliminate the diaper problem, and pull his teeth as fast as they came in to save expense and food; this bit on wedded bliss is just as timely and even more tongue-in-cheek.

I have a portable, and Buck has a full-sized L.C.Smith. It's not only the fact that this is a portable that causes the sideways and up - wards slippage of stencils, but the stencils themselves add to the problem, being excessively slippery. My typeface is sharper, but for that reason I believe Buck's typer cuts better stencils - broader, softer letters - at least so it works with us.

Perhaps my problem with drawing feet is a tendency to look in a mirror and copy my own, and my extreme difficulties in getting shoes which fit convinces me my feet are oddly shaped.

Here's hoping your triple bill stf movie comes thisaway to a drive-in so's we may throw the tad in the back seat and take it in. (Bruce's first movie viewing, incidentally, was HORROR OF DRACULA and THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE). We've seen all three features, and would give a nice price to see Dtess and Forbidden Planet again, though I'm dubious the alien planet scenes are worth sitting through the rest of THIS ISLAND EARTH'S farfetchedness. I find it difficult to believe a fan existed who had not seen Dtess; I fell in love with this thing when it first came around, put my aural eidetic memory to work and typed out the script when I came home from a third or fourth viewing.

Well, I can only say we seem to get different impressions of Russell, for while DEAR DEVIL is one of my favorites, I can't stand I AM NOTHING and it is the only thing of Russell's I've never cared for, while I usually gobble up his other writings as fast as they are published. I even have the manuscript copies of THE WITNESS and TEST PIECE, signatures and Palmer's corrections and everything.

SUNDANCE (jYoung) As I stated earlier regarding Rotsler, I could do without your drawings and your poetry, but I love your rambling-type writing. Other than that, no comment except, delightful writing.

THE STORMY PETREL (Carr) Well, I still don't feel I've missed anything by not knowing Laney personally, but this made very interesting reading. While Burbee's bit was the most entertaining thing in the mag, Warner's article was by far the most absorbing, so much so that I occasionally got the impression of a history text - an interesting one, but still exuding scholarship and dedication.

MIMEO (Sylvia White) Hooray, someone else who likes wide margins. Tho they're a matter of necessity on YAN, I've been trying to get them smaller on VANDY, aided by the smaller number of copies required.

Whatever their copyright problems and big business monopoly stigma, I still like Coca-Cola's product better than any other soft drink.

Okay - so many (two, I think) FAPAns commented on the ~~##/it/##~~ bit, that I switched to paragraphing this ish, although it curdles my economical, monthly fanzining soul.

All this talk of hazy childhood memories makes me feel like a freak. I can remember events from all my childhood very vividly and even quote conversation that unnerves my mother because she doesn't exactly remember it herself but admits it's quite likely **it is** true. I can vividly remember my consternation at age 3 or so, when we were moving from one house to another and I could not locate my story book of THE THREE BEARS (a bookworm, even at that age!) and was finally persuaded by my mother that it had already been packed and taken to the new house. As it turned out, it hadn't.

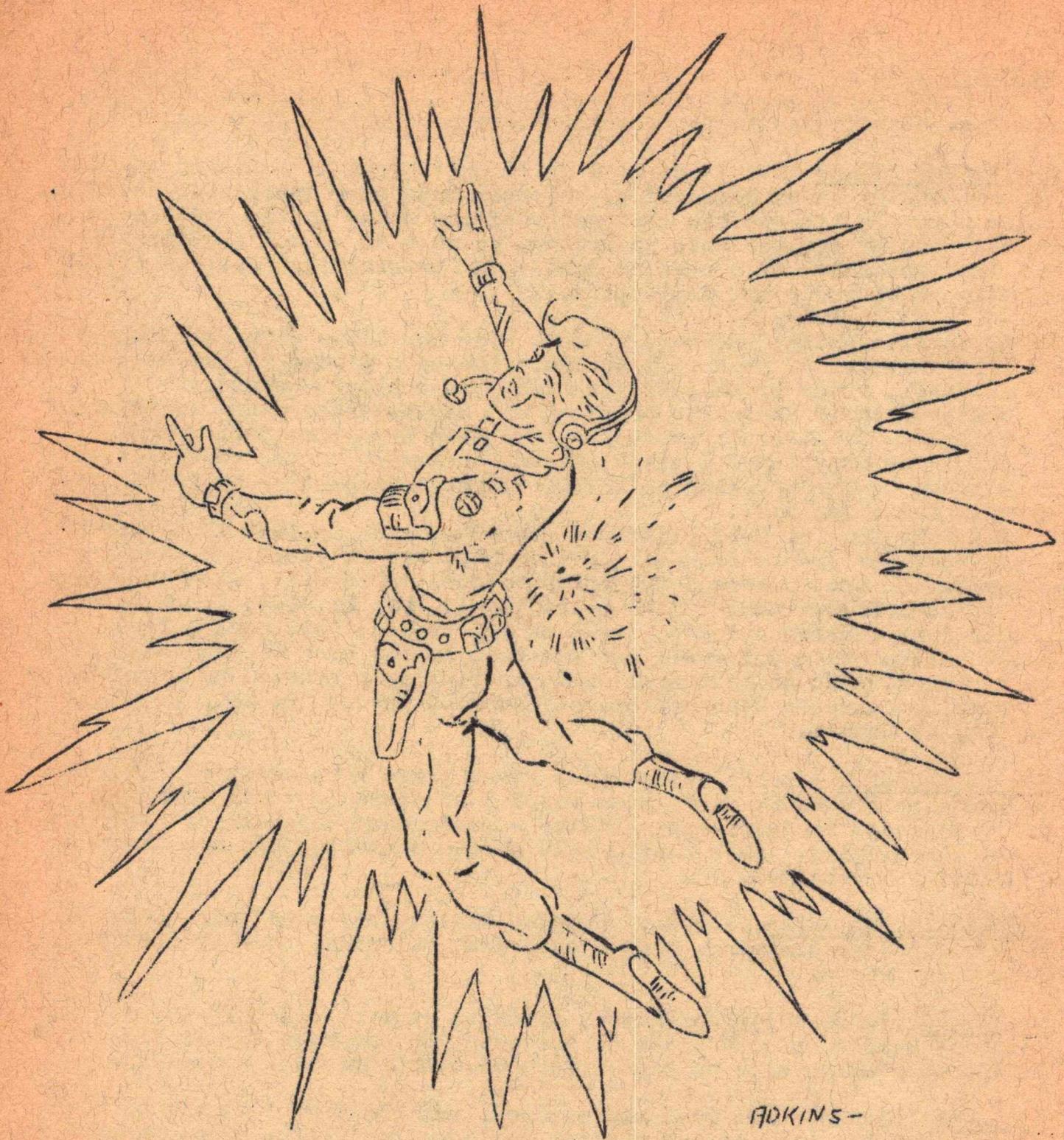
SON OF BUCKSHOT (Youngs) Aside that should have gone upstairs into the comments on SUNDANCE; don't know where I acquired the idea that your brood included two girl-type chillun - musta been thinking of five other people. Apologies. Late night, half asleep conversations are dandy sources of interlinos.

PEBBLES IN THE DRINK (Youngs) Enjoyed this vastly more this time. The comparisons are scathing, rather than just stinging, as they struck me last time around.

SWAN SONG (Harris) I'm definitely going to stay out of this one - I know too many people on both sides of the question and have too little information to form a valid opinion. Perused with interest, nathless.

HORIZONS (Warner) All read and enjoyed, but the item I wanted to comment on was the last letter quoted, the one from Ellik. Gee, another comix lover, and he read the same ones and the same way that I did! The Captain America-Human Torch-Boy Allies publications were probably my favorites, although I occasionally went in for Batman and Justice Society stuff. The only humorous comic book strip I ever cared for was Johnny Thunder, and that really doesn't count.

The remainder of the mailing was read with interest but no comment, with the exception of LOST IN THE STARS, which didn't hit me at all. And as a parting shot, I might say that even if W. Lance weren't W____L, I wouldn't believe in a fan named William Lance, anyway.



ADKINS-