

Vandy

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FAPA mailing by Buck & Juanita
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Contents: Lonesome Traveler, a sort of column by RSC, beginning somewhere in this page - Acres of Clams, mailing comments by RSC, beginning around page 4 (or maybe 3 or 5; depends on how long the first section runs) and lasting for 12 pages - B - T : His Pages, 3 pages from Bob Tucker - and last but not least, Eggs And Marrowbone, several pages of chatter and mailing comments by JWC.

Note to the officer in charge: All material by Tucker appearing in Vandy is to be counted on his activity requirements. The same goes for any other FAPAn who might happen to have material in here.

LONESOME TRAVELER

Just re-read my mailing comments, and noticed that in a comment on REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT I mention "Lee Hoofman". Since the comment was about horses I'm letting it go as a Freudian typo, but possibly I should assure Lee that it wasn't an intentional insult (or even an unintentional one, as far as I'm concerned.)

Way back in the 36th mailing, in a comment to Bill Evans, I mentioned that I had played a certain game as a child (said game involving one person being "it" and the remainder running back and forth between boundary lines and trying to avoid being tagged) and that we called the game "Black Man". I also mentioned that the title seemed to have "a sort of sinister social significance". Recently, I found out that I was wrong. I quote from the Ballantine edition of "The Black Death" by Johannes Nohl: "The dancers then draw up in a row according to size, and number off. The one who happens to have the number nine is the Black Man. His range is prescribed for him by means of a stick surmounted by a black cap, stuck in the ground; two stones or trees form the borders of his ground. Everyone whom he catches within the limits of his ground before he reaches the goal has to join him and help him to catch the rest. 'Are



you afraid of the Black Man?' he taunts the players. The more daring reply 'No,' and venture into his territory. 'What do you do when the Black Man comes?' he asks again. 'We take to our legs', the others shout." According to the author this game is a remnant of the Dances of Death which swept Europe during and at the close of the great plagues there. So it looks like Bill and I were unknowingly perpetuating a genuine folk tradition. My associates even used the phrase "Who's afraid of the Black Man", though the rest of the ritual has been changed slightly.

Can anyone in FAPA tell me anything about Richard Hodgens? And has anyone besides me read his article in the Winter 1959 FILM QUARTERLY, "A Brief, Tragical History Of The Science Fiction Film"? If you haven't read it, I urge you to do so, if you can get a copy of the mag; it costs \$1, but it's worth it. I quote the opening lines of the article:

"Some of the most original and thoughtful contemporary fiction has been science fiction, and this field may well prove to be of much greater literary importance than is generally admitted. In motion pictures, however, 'science fiction' has so far been unoriginal and limited; and both the tone and the implications of these films suggest a strange throwback of taste to something moldier and more 'Gothic' than the Gothic novel."

He continues in the same vein for 10 pages; a few more random quotes follow.

"Motion picture adaptations have ruined any number of good works of literature without casting a pall, in the public mind, over literature in general. The science fiction films, however, seem to have come close to ruining the reputation of the category of fiction from which they have malignantly sprouted."

"The few exceptions to this bleak picture are the first three sf films produced by George Pal: Destination Moon, When Worlds Collide, and War of the Worlds. Perhaps there are one or two others."

"Not all sf films since The Thing have been about monsters, but the majority have. The Day the World Stood Still, also released in 1951, was almost, but not quite, a monster film. It was not a story of catastrophe as the title suggests, but of alien visitors. The screen-play deprived another popular science fiction story from Astounding, Harry Bates' 'Farewell To The Master', of its good ideas, its conviction, and its point. The Day substituted a message: Earthlings, behave yourselves. ... Whatever reservations one may have about the film, in comparison with The Thing and its spawn, The Day has a comparatively civilized air, at least."

The author blames the success of "The Thing From Another World" for the crop of synthetic monsters that has blighted stf films. In comment on another successful monster movie, "The Incredible Shrinking Man", he says: "Although the premise of the story is impossible, the end improves upon it, for the incredible shrinking man does not die because 'in the mind of God there is no zero.' Even God, in science fiction films, is a poor mathematician."

Hodgens quotes from ASTOUNDING, F&SF, and "In Search Of Wonder" in the article, and in general manages to write the definitive criticism of science fiction movies. Obviously, he is a man who knows and enjoys science fiction; considering the magazine he's writing in, he is probably an expert on movies. So why haven't I heard of him before, and why is Forry Ackerman -- who is a fine person, but with a tendency to defend science fiction films simply because they're science fiction (at least

in public) -- regarded as the foremost expert on stf movies? (Not that Forry doesn't know a lot about stf movies, but I've never seen him come close to Hodgens' writing ability. In fact, I've never seen any stf movie critic come close to it.)

Well, here I was wondering what I was going to talk about for the rest of the stencil, and here comes Earl Kemp's SaFari Annual plopping into the mailbox. This is the one devoting 100 pages to Earl's questionnaire, "Who Killed Science Fiction"; it doesn't produce an answer, or even an agreement that stf is dead, but it provides some magnificent discussion-material and wonderful reading. Since circulation was restricted to (a) SAPS, (b) contributors and (c) Earl's personal friends (and very few in that category), I feel awfully grateful that I got a copy. (I'm in class b, nose.)

One interesting point seems to be that GALAXY has all but been abandoned by the fans and professionals who contributed to this discussion. The theme of the "Big Three", the "Aristocrats of Science Fiction" (a term coined by a writer for LIFE, by the way, and not Horace Gold) persisted long after I was personally unwilling to admit GALAXY to the inner circle. It persists yet, for that matter, but I enjoyed the fact that a large number of people are now restricting their terms of "good" (or "readable", if they're especially bitter) to ASF and F&SF. (The reprint of NEW WORLDS had not appeared when most of the answers came in; personally I'd consider it the best stf mag now being published in this country, followed closely by F&SF and ASF, and not quite so closely by AMAZING and FANTASTIC.)

One of the questions was "What can we do to correct it?" (The present situation, that is.) The general opinion was that nothing can be done, or that if anything can be done it must be done by the distributors, professional editors or publishers, but Ray Palmer managed to come up with one of his usual original ideas. Why, says Ray, doesn't fandom, at the next convention, get together and form its own book club? Then fans could publish the sort of manuscripts they like, become completely independent of professional publishers, and use the profits to finance conventions. Of course, this isn't really a very good idea, but you must admit that it has its fascinating aspect, especially at first glance. (On second glance you run into such difficulties as the fact that Busby likes GALAXY better than F&SF and do you want anyone so aberrated helping you pick your books? and then there was that fan in EXCONN or HOCUS who thought "The Green Man" by Harold Sherman was a science fiction classic, and of course you wonder who is going to run the show and how do you coordinate the opinions of 1000 or so fans and little things like that.) But in that first brilliant flash of ecstasy....gee, a real fan-ish book club!

Then Poul Anderson mentioned that readers should develop an appreciation of quality, which I think is rather selfish of him, because if they did he'd be getting 90% of the appreciation in the field at present.

You know, I think that the biggest emotion this publication stirred in me was a desire to be in SAPS right now so I could spend about 10 pages in discussing it. It's certainly the most impressive single publication that I've seen emanate from an apa.

Close friends of Ron Parker might want to pick up a copy of the May CORONET and send him, since he is mentioned in Richard Gehman's article on MAD. A couple of paragraphs are devoted to EC fanzines. And happy May Day to all you left-wing Republicans in the audience. RSC

ACRES OF CLAMS

PHLOTSAM (Economou) Why should it be an unwritten rule for one-shots to be judged by how much fun they are to produce rather than how much fun they are to read? In the first place, if I didn't help produce the thing how the devil am I supposed to know how much fun it was to produce? In the second place, if I didn't help produce it, I don't care how much fun it was to produce; if all I get to do is read it, then all I'm interested in is how much enjoyment the reading gives me. If it was so damned much fun to produce, let it be circulated strictly among the producers, who can chortle with glee over it. If it's sent to "outsiders", then it should have appeal for outsiders.

I would have loved to see Grennell's face when he read your question about the difference between shotguns and rifles. I only hope he doesn't decide to drag in muskets and hand cannons to further confuse the issue.

Dragging out a guitar at a party may be taking advantage of well-bred people, Phyllis, but the discussion wasn't about well-bred people, it was about fans. I mean, really.....

Communicative skill is generally agreed to include an off-switch. Your neighbor who lacks one has no more real communicative skill than a leaky faucet. Most fans do have both something to say and the sense to shut up once they've said it, which is the ultimate in communicating; I may reach it someday, if I try hard enough.

TRUE CONFESSIONS may well be as old as the love pulps, but I don't think that all of its myriad competitors and imitators are. ARGOSY is older than most stf mags, for that matter, but the sudden influx of second-rate "men's magazines" is recent. Frankly, I used TRUE CONFESSIONS as an example because I couldn't, offhand, think of the name of any of the others.

(Bill Morse's Comments) Poo on C.S. Lewis. Anyone who writes stf is automatically a stf writer; his reasons for doing so are irrelevant to the designation. I think I'd read the account of Lord Birkenhead before; possibly in H. Allen Smith's "Compleat Practical Joker"; but it's still funny.

HAPPY NEW YEAR (group project) I did help produce this, so..... I am interested in the reactions to Lewis Grant's bit on the Modern Age; frankly, after hearing it from him 3 times in one night I don't feel myself able to judge.

TARGET;FAPA! (Eney) Hey, a basketballer! Maybe we could annoy the baseball fans by discussing foul shots and the shifting man to man defense? I played only one year as a substitute in high school; I was big enough, but somewhat unco-ordinated. But I have several years of semi-pro experience (again as a substitute, but let's not go into that) and an abiding passion for the game.

THE DIRECTORY OF 1959 SF FANDOM (Bennett) This year I kept it with the bundle so I could comment on it. An invaluable compendium of addresses, as usual. A few additions: Gene DeWeese, Lee Tremper, and ourselves all have tape recorders; 3 3/4 and 7 1/2 speeds. Gerber also has one, but I don't know the speeds. Same for Betty Kujawa; I know hers has 3 3/4 and assume it has 7 1/2 also. I'll also repeat what I said before; we aren't terribly interested in tape letters, but if anyone wants to trade folk music tapes we'd be delighted.

SHIPSIDE (Trimble) It's not only the amount of miles on a car; it's also the time taken to put them on. A two-year old taxi with 100,000 miles on it will be in better shape than a 6-year old family car with the same amount. Just sitting around in the weather for the additional 4 years is going to make quite a difference.

You should grow a van Dyke beard, John; you'd look like a European psychiatrist. (You know, dignified and slightly arty.....)

HOAX! (Caughran) Spoilsport! Terry Carr makes a very good Jim Caughran; particularly in elevating the art of name-dropping to the more elegant one of country-dropping.

A PROPOS DE NOTHING (Caughran) I recently had occasion to type several pages of installation instructions for some Honeywell equipment. Since the boss's secretary was gone for the day, I started out on her brand new IBM electric. After two pages and about 20 mistakes, I gave up and dug out the old Remington stuck in a corner by the file clerk (who also has a new IBM electric). I don't like typewriter keys that move when I barely wave at them.

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT (Alger) I think maybe Lee Hoofman was talking about riding horses. If there is a drop in the overall horse population, it's due to the replacement of the work horse by the tractor. Every farmer of any consequence at all used to have a team of horses; a good many of them had more. A good many more. Now when you see a team of horses, it's an event to be pointed out and photographed and remembered and told to your grandchildren.

AD INTERIM (Ryan) Would a hacking jacket be a smoking jacket with cigarette cough?

I'd hardly call someone who found his "all" in fandom a "self-sufficient type". At least, it isn't an automatic cause-and-effect deal.

WRAITH (Ballard) To correct a misapprehension caused by my sloppy phrasing; the "brothers who run a gun shop" aren't my brothers, just each other's. I'm an only child. Actually, I don't know which I find more interesting, but I suspect that I'm more interested in guns than in hunting. At least, I own both a .30-40 Krag and a .30-06 Springfield, and I've only been deer hunting once. (Well, twice actually, but once was in Indiana, which restricts hunters to shotguns.) And while I have a Golt Official Police .38 I don't really intend to shoot anyone. (Not that I think I'd have any compunctions about it, if the necessity arose.) Of course, I've done quite a bit of hunting, and no competitive target shooting at all -- but I was coach of a junior rifle team for a couple of years, and the boys shot a couple of times in competition.

QUOTEBOOK (Rotsler) This is the best Rotsler publication I've seen. I think in general that Bob Bloch's quotes are the best. Bloch is a master of the unexpectedness that is necessary for humor. I think I'll leave this lying around to startle casual guests.

PAPPENDAGE (various people) This one I didn't help produce, so..... I think I am against one-shots produced by many people. It was undoubtedly a fine party, but the most entertaining part of the mag was Nirenberg's cover-cartoon.

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) I don't think I could bring myself to pay \$1.75 for a sandwich. Not even with Julius Monk for dessert.

My answer to the one about the moon being made of green cheese is that it is improbable. This is undoubtedly an over-cautious assesment of the situation, but my idea is that you can't flat-out say it's absurd if you ain't been there to see. (Now you see why I am, politically, a conservative Republican.)

You are not "contributing blindly" to the TAFF fund; you are paying for the privilege of having a voice in the selection of the candidate, and I see nothing wrong with it. Why shouldn't votes cost something? I see no reason for making TAFF voting the inalienable right of anyone who has achieved a specific status in fandom -- if fans want to participate in the distribution of the loot, then they can ante up their share of the loot to be distributed. If you want to contribute, in addition to voting, then you are a far, far better fan than I am; but quit confusing the issue by saying that a poll tax is a contribution.

The Ernest Tucker I claim you were taking seriously is the man who wrote the bit about kids getting independently wealthy by bootlegging old horror comics. Remember? No? Oh well, it wasn't important.

My impression of the Wall Street Journal is of a thick (but smaller than normal in length and width) paper, full of columns and columns of fine print and no photos, illustrations or anything else to break into the portentous writing. (Sort of a financial HORIZONS.) Commenting mostly on the reasons for stock fluctuations and how the Edsel was the nation's gravest financial blunder before "Analog: Science Fact & Fiction" came along. (Well, how's that for an impression from someone who has never seen a copy?)

Manufacturers are sure as hell trying to force the public to pay their price, though. Have you heard about the Fair Trade laws? (I sort of wonder about this -- will it eventually come to the point where the government is simultaneously suing duPont for being a monopoly and Madman Muntz for not being a monopoly?)

SALUD (E. Busby) Can't say that I ever noticed restaurants giving Negroes slow service -- but then if they get any slower service than I do, it amounts to the same thing as refusing to serve them. (Remember that stf story about the "invisible" people -- the ones that nobody ever actually saw? Well, I'm one of them; or at least a half-breed.)

What's wrong with cleaning bags being "too quiet, too clean, too neat"? You prefer noisy, messy, violent suicides, I take it? And, from your comment about "too great privacy", am I to understand that you feel snubbed if someone goes off in a corner and smothers himself, instead of jumping out of a third story window into a cement mixer in full view of an admiring public?

What is this about femfans dragging their husbands into fanac? Juanita got me into fanzine publishing first, and then into FAPA. And guess which one of us is the most enthusiastic about fanzine publishing and FAPA now? Right -- she is.

If you like fannish natter on tv, I suppose you'll have to stick with Jack Paar, or specials like the "MAD Revue" on "Four For Tonight". Personally, I like drama; I'm one of the oddballs who actually watch "Playhouse '90", "Startime", the Hallmark plays and the various dramatic specials. (Along with "Have Gun, Will Travel", "Lawman", Groucho Marx and occasional old movies.)

Speaking of tv; at the moment the TV GUIDE Award show is on, and

I trust that all you fantasy fans noted the showing that "Twilight Zone" made. It didn't win, but it was nominated as one of the five best half-hour shows on tv, which is one hell of a boost for adult fantasy. It not only attained the popularity of the "mass media" shows like "Gunsmoke" and "The Real McCoys", but it did it in less than a year -- not much over half a season, in fact, from the first "Twilight Zone" show until the voting. FANTASY SHALL RISE AGAIN!

SERGON'S BANE (FAPA's Other Busby) What's your fee for trampling James Mehmet Shahnakhiroglu?

I look at GALAXY now and then (Bob Briney gets them for me second-hand, so the collection remains complete) but I am going to sneer at it for all I'm worth, because it hasn't published a single story that I enjoyed -- or that I thought was a good story, which is not always the same thing -- for about 3 years. Since I cannot say this about any other magazine, I contend that GALAXY at present is publishing the poorest tripe in the field -- and considering the rest of the field, that's something of an accomplishment. The Lowndes mags are probably next to worst, but while I wouldn't say they published good stf, they at least put out something that I enjoy once in awhile. Personally, I'd say that the best stfantasy mag published in the US right now is the ARE of NEW WORLDS.

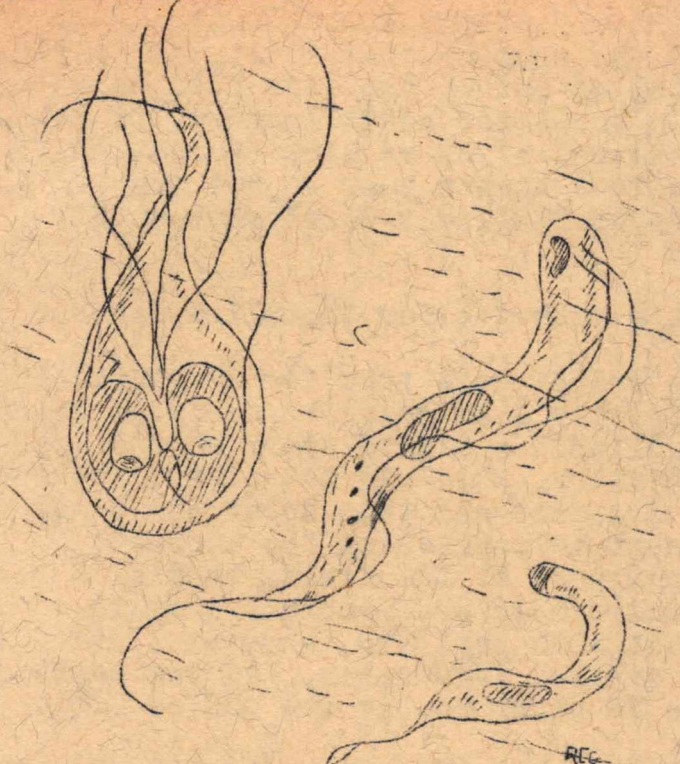
Probably the ugliest car of all time was the Chrysler (or Dodge?) Air-Flow model of 1935 or so. But the 1959 Chevy was the first car in a good many years to beat out Rambler as the ugliest model of the year. I like Rambler, and it's going to be my next car, but it's a horrid looking object.

You're lucky, Buz; you can drop your sub to SF TIMES. I can't, I have a lifetime sub. (Oh, I suppose I could tell them to quit sending it, but as long as I have the money invested I intend to get something out of it, and the mag might improve before I'm dead. Or before it's dead; I'm not sure just whose lifetime is involved.)

You once saw a Savage clip-fed pump-action rifle? Then the one I learned on isn't unique, after all! If you ever want to see another one, come back to Indiana and I'll take you up to Dad's place at Silver Lake and show you one. I killed my first rabbit with that gun at age 5. (My age, that is; the gun was considerably older, and I can't vouch for the rabbit.) I've never fired a gun accidentally, but twice when I was a kid I failed to unload one and someone else fired it accidentally. The first time, Dad shot a hole in the ceiling; the chastising I got for that kept me on my toes for several years, but then while showing a .22 pistol to a friend he absent-mindedly pulled the trigger and put a neat hole in my bedroom wall. I've been extremely careful about handling guns (and showing them to friends) since. I have a cute gun for accidental firing now; a single-shot bolt-action .22 which fires when the bolt is opened. (From the looks of it, somebody tried to lighten the trigger pull with a hacksaw, and got his directions mixed up.) It's a nice gun, except that once it's loaded and cocked you can't get the cartridge out without firing it. Not dangerous if you remember at all times what sort of weapon you're holding, but a lethal toy for absent-minded types.

We've not only heard the Pete Seeger song, but thanks to Raeburn, we have it on tape.

As for segregation, Indiana isn't called "the only Southern state north of the Mason-Dixon line" for nothing. It varies; one town will be completely integrated -- housing and all -- and the next segregated.



Trypanosoma gambiense, observed by
 Lamblia intestinalis, cavorts with
 Schizotrypanum cruzi.

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) - That 54-page publishing increase looks nice; but when you consider that we were only in one mailing in 1958, it doesn't mean so much. (Also, how come Trimble is credited with 65 pages in 1959, no pages in 1958, and yet has only a 47-page increase?

Employment integration must go with school integration; there's no use in educating a man if he is given no place to use his education. (But, on the other hand, there is no use offering a man a job when his education isn't good enough for him to handle it.)

Juanita probably should answer the "Eggs And Marrowbone" question, but since I'm typing my comments first.....it comes from the same place as "Acres of Clams"; folk music.

"Eggs, eggs and marrowbone will make your old man blind,

But if you want for to do him in, creep up from behind."

There's more, of course, but actual-ly both columns titles were picked

because the titles of the songs seemed appropriate for fanzine reviews, (or mailing comments, or whatever you want to call them). The contents of the songs themselves may or may not be appropriate.

The creator of "Twilight Zone" is Rod Serling, not Rod Sterling. Another fan made the same error recently; forget who he was, but the fanzine arrived just last week. So apparently a lot of people are under the misapprehension that the man has a "t" in his name. Other comments on the show under SALUD; it's a fine fantasy show even if the science presented is usually pretty atrocious.

Does Pauline have any National, Holden's, or Big Chief trading stamps in her collection? They are all available to us, along with Top Value and S&H, so if she wants any, let us know. Also, is she interested in trading coupons other than stamps? The local IGA market gives coupons which are redeemable for "free" gifts, but they are not stamps.

I look at SPACE AGE on the stands, but 50¢ is a little steep for what they're offering. Have you seen the one edited by Otto Binder? SPACE TRAILS, or some similar title.

DIS AND DAT (Higgs) I am appalled at the inclusion of "Men Into Space" and the omission of "Twilight Zone" in the "science fiction and tv" listing. "Men Into Space" is a soap opera with a stf background; the special effects are okay, but the plots are horrible.

The trouble with Somerset Records is that they aren't "recorded to the highest audio-stereo standards", no matter what the ads say. Foreign cars can't all be out of your class moneywise; some of them are chaaper than anything produced here.

Racy, you laugh over Gem Carr's insults, and I laugh over them, but

I'm afraid that nobody else does.

If I thought that an official con booklet would reduce the number of con reports, I'd be all for it, but I'm afraid it wouldn't. So I'm indifferent to your proposal.

BLEEN (Grennell) I'm with you on the merits of Bruce Catton, but my absolute favorite Civil War historian is Fletcher Pratt. I like his CW stuff much better than any of his stf writing. (And I'm still looking for a copy of Pratt's "Eleven Generals". Anyone know where I can buy one?)

A fellow auto-fumbler -- hooray. I was beginning to feel inferior to all these sports car experts. You have me beat on mileage, though; my total for the last 14 years is only about 200,000.

And a Mount Vernon Rye drinker, too! A connoisseur of liquor.

Our car responds to accolerator pressure with rasps of brutal power, too. Being a Ford 6, that's all the response it makes; it doesn't actually accelerato, but it really sounds great. The secret is a glass-pack muffler (it's probably a trade name and spelled GLAS-PAK, but what the hell) which I had installed because it was cheaper than a standard replacement and barely quiet enough to avoid the anti-noise ordinances which outlaw Hollywood mufflers and straight pipes.

I'll have you know that #6 shot are great for tenderizing rabbit meat.

Crunchy brandy? Gah. Reminds me of a roadside sign somewhere in Indiana (forget just where, now) which advertised BEER ICE. I mean, I like cold beer, but there are limits.....

Fan children as a rule seem remarkably well behaved, but the Grennell clan is outstanding. Their saluting is a little sloppy, but I guess you can't have everything.

Actually, Terhune was a two-plot man, though as far as I know his second plot was used only in one book, "A Dog Named Chips". This presented, as the central character, an overfed, spoiled, nasty-tempered mongrel lap-dog belonging to one of those overstuffed clubwomen who talk baby-talk to pets and children. I don't really recall much of the plot now, but I vividly recall the characters. And with those characters, the plot could not possibly have followed the usual Terhune trend.



STEFANTASY (Danner) I can't think of any comments, but I loved all of this. Particularly Grennell's comments on secret untouched photos. Incidentally, I think it was looking at a copy of STEF at Grennell's place that got us interested in joining FAPA in the first place.

LIGHT (Croutch) Judging from those dreams of going through a trapdoor into another dimension, I'd say that you don't need a psychological explanation -- it's just that you read too much of that crazy Buck Rogers stuff.

Your "game of silence" is known in north-central Indiana (and probably in other odd corners) as "Quaker Meeting". Don't ask me why, but I've played it and that's what we called it.

CATCH TRAP (Bradley) I can't see how anyone could find the smell of any quantity of ether "pleasant". Raw gasoline, yes; burnt gunpowder, definitely; even skunk, in moderate amounts. ("Moderate" meaning anything except getting it squirted directly in one's face.) But ether? Never!

On page 5, you say of mailing comments that "they should be readable to everybody". So, 3 pages later, you are talking about comparisons between Mario and Jzadaer, and how many readers are going to have the vaguest idea of what you're talking about? (I know, I know; you admitted that your "ideal" mailing comment was "probably too much to hope for". Still, the two items coming so close together gave me a chuckle.)

No comment on DAY*STAR.

PLEIADES PIMPLES (Tucker) I'm fascinated by your cradle-to-grave expose of novel writing. This is the sort of thing that should be passed out, free of charge, to every neo in fandom who dreams of becoming a pro writer. (If it wasn't so damned long I'd ask for reprint rights for YANDRO; I may, anyway.) I never thought about the Hugo being slanted towards magazine serials; certainly some of my nominations last year were book-type novels, and one of the two I nominated (but haven't sent in yet; I'd better get going) this year was an original pb. If anything favors the serial and pb novels over hardcovers it is price. I certainly can't afford to pay \$3 or \$4 for a stf book, and I doubt that many other fans can. City-dwellers may get the books from their libraries, but in general I can't. (And even if I could afford to buy the original hardcovers, I probably wouldn't -- the class may include one or two of the best stf novels of any given year, but it definitely includes half a dozen of the worst.)

Juanita is fond of "Earth Abides", but I must confess that I never finished the book. I like Stewart, too, but after struggling halfway through the novel I put it up in disgust and read something by Ed Hamilton. On the other hand, I read "The 25th Hour" after one of your recommendations and enjoyed it very much.

GASP! (Steward) A buddy and I had a hell of a time with Meteors when we were in Canada in '49 or '50. We'd see this car coming down the road towards us, with a big heavy Mercury grill, and figure it was a Mercury. Then it would swoosh past, and the back end would be a Ford. The first time, we decided it must be some hot-rodder's conversion, but after we'd seen half a dozen or so that explanation didn't seem too likely. We finally noted one parked in a small town, so we pulled over, got out, and went over and examined it.

Don't blame Trimble. The trouble with ignoring someone in fandom is that if it's successful and nothing is ever mentioned about the person, then a whole new crop of fans will come along who have never heard of him and therefore have no reason to avoid him when he shows up. I don't know how much John knew about youknowwho, but if he hadn't stirred things up, someone else would have.

RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) Yep, YANDRO comes from "The Desrick On ...". I didn't recall that "Vandy" was mentioned in that story, but a later story by Wellman in that series is titled "Vandy, Vandy". (And when is someone going to make a book from that series? Now there would be a hard-cover book that I would pay \$3 or \$4 for -- not for the sterling literary quality, I hasten to add before Tucker has apoplexy.) But we didn't "choose as a namesake" the central character. Mr. Yandro has existence only in that story, but the mountain named Yandro is far more widely known, and that's what the mag is named after. At that, though, Mr. Yandro is described as having a "common, low-down, sorry nature that wanted money and power and didn't care who he hurt so he could have both." I'd a damned sight rather name a magazine after him than I would after Richard Seaton or John Carter.)

The main trouble with the SEP and the probable cause for the bias in fandom against the mag is that the typical POST short story is so uggish. The articles are sometimes excellent, and the serials are pretty good popular writing. But the short stories are sickening. (Curiously, the mag is getting worse in this respect. Ten years ago the shorts were average to good, with a few being very good. But while the articles have improved, the short stories have gone to hell.)

LARK (Danner) Interesting page arrangement. You should stay on mailing lists. Think of all the pent-up bitterness that you're getting out of your system in a wholesome manner this way. I manage to ignore bills on accounts that I've paid. Like they say right on the bill, "if you have already paid this charge, ignore this notice". I confess I got rather annoyed recently when F&SF coyly inquired "Wonder why this month's issue didn't arrive? You forgot to renew your subscription." I wrote in, informing them that I'd sent in a 3-year renewal a month ago and I'd damned well better get this month's issue by return mail. I did, and have heard nothing more from them. Mostly, I'm fairly tolerant of the daily quota of junk mail that arrives here.

I liked Gene DeWeese's explanation of that device that removes all the oxygen from the water in the Jap horror film. "When you remove all the oxygen from the water you leave the monster swimming around in pure hydrogen, and the fall to the ocean floor kills it." That was the monster that Gene described as having "atomic halitosis and neon back-up lights". In short, as a horror film, it was pretty horrible.

A manufacturer can go on for years using false advertising, even after the government takes legal action. Because he can't be stopped until the government proves its point, and by the time the trial, appeals, and various legal delays are over with his advertising is already outdated and he's using another claim (paying his fine out of the profits made by the first fraudulent claim.) CONSUMER REPORTS has quite a bit to say about this; they run occasional articles and keep the readers informed on which manufacturers are being sued, and for what.

We buy A&P bread, because the local A&P is by far the lowest-priced grocery in town and we do all our shopping there. So if we drop dead some morning, insist on an autopsy. We'll be full of calcium propionate.

MAD has never been the great satirical magazine that its adherents claim; but it produces enough good stuff to keep us getting it. (Besides, we have a Complete Set.....this is the curse of collectors.) Freas' ad-parodies are always good, and there is usually at least one good item in addition. (Not a very high average, maybe, but it's more than I get from fanzines and I still read them.)

THREE-CHAMBERED HEART (Champion) I'm afraid I'm pretty apathetic to your quotes from "The Open Society". The statements are all nicely logical and well thought out and all, but I can't see that they comprise any startling revelation. So Popper has a well-ordered mind and a facility for putting words on paper. So? So do some file clerks.

I enjoyed the detective vignette.

TRA-LA! (J. Young & Stark) While in a Milwaukee bookstore, I noticed one of those \$1.50 (approximately) paperbacks, titled HAIKU. I didn't buy it, but if any FAPA members are interested in research in this sort of thing, there is a book on it.

ALIF (Anderson) I've always thought that the tall tale was a vanishing species of American literature. I begin to see why.

JAPANESE GENESIS (Wesson) I can't answer for most men, but I don't dance because I regard the entire idea of social dancing as ridiculous. (Well, maybe that isn't the entire reason, because I do things which are equally ridiculous. But I get no pleasure from dancing, so why should I dance?)

Any old day I'd pay \$1 for a fanzine.....

I imagine the poltergeist cases you mention were resolved in the usual way; the phenomena disappeared, leaving nothing to prove any of the various theories offered.

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ROKINS-
PEARSON

HORIZONS (Warner) A "bewildering choice of alternate possibilities" in baseball? Oh, come now. I'll string along with the college basketball coach who commented that in any given situation any real live fan in the crowd could predict exactly what the manager would order -- and that therefore any real live fan in the crowd was quite capable of calling the plays. (Not of managing, which consists of much more than merely calling the plays. But the field decisions are hardly bewildering.) As for basketball being "totally offensive", I'll agree that it's a fault of the professional game, with its rules designed to stop such things as the 20-19 upset Fort Wayne scored against -- was it Minneapolis? -- several years ago by controlling the ball and stalling. But the high school game, at least here, still has enough defense to be interesting. The state tourney this year showed quite a variation in scores; from Muncie Central's 102-66 win over Bloomington (and this in 8-minute quarters, instead of the 12-minute quarters played by the pro teams who regularly score over 100 points per game) to Alexandria's 20-18 upset of Anderson. Incidentally, it's hardly fair to criticize basketball for being "totally offensive" and then say that the better team can hang onto a lead by controlling the ball; the fact that pro basketball is restricted to offensive action is due strictly to rules preventing the team in the lead from controlling the ball.

The reason that baseball is the most popular game is probably the same one that makes fishing a popular sport. In either one, 90% of your time is spent in watching nothing in particular happen -- but you can't relax, because something might happen at any moment. There

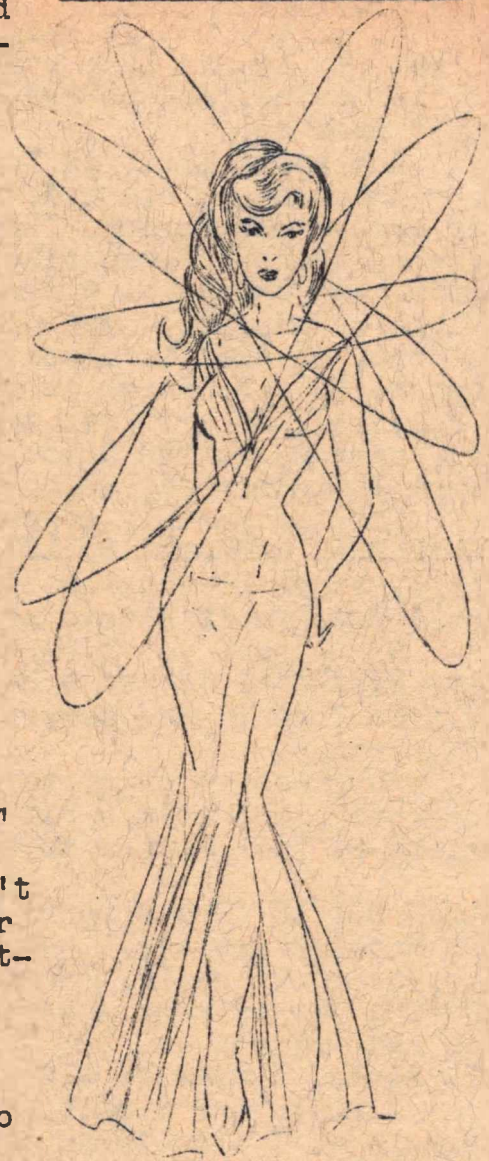
are people who enjoy this sort of suspense, and there are other people who think that as a recreation it's pretty stupid, and I'm one of the latter group. I also think that people who follow baseball statistics are on a par with people who keep informed on Hollywood divorces and the number of husbands an actress has had. (Either that, or they're professional gamblers, who have a reason for studying the charts -- amateur gamblers I have no respect for whatsoever.)

Incidentally, as to your comparison with hunting; 95% of the sensations that your big game hunter gets are phony, because there is no animal on the North American continent which does "represent both a quarry and a peril" to an experienced hunter with good equipment, and there are damned few anywhere in the world. Lions and tigers would, if you hunted them on foot, and possibly one hunter in a thousand hunts them that way. Squirrels or grizzlies, the only test anymore is in how well the hunter can handle his equipment.

The Jason story this time was one of the best fan fiction pieces I've ever read.

Cheer up; you're not paying "a tax on tax" by purchasing magazines with ads in them. Your 25¢ magazine would probably cost \$1 if it didn't have ads in it (if it came out at all), so your share of the advertising cost that the manufacturer tacks onto the product simply adds up to the actual cost of the magazine. (That is, if there were no ads, you'd be paying \$1 for the mag; with ads you pay 25¢ for the mag and another 75¢ for the manufacturer's advertising, so it evens up in the end. More or less, anyway.)

All this faking in advertising, photography, biography, etc., is a Bad Thing -- but I doubt very much if we ever get rid of it.



Space-Age Siren
bothered by Atomic Bees

TO VISIT THE QUEEN (Schaffer) Not exactly the sort of thing I like, but I'd call it very well done. I felt smypathetic towards the protagonist, which is more than I do in a lot of professional stories.

X-TRAP (Linard) I'm afraid this wasn't at all the sort of thing I like, and I couldn't say whether it was good or not.

CELEPHAIS (Evans) Okay, okay, I give up on records. Except to say that I'd rather find one particular song in the middle of an lp, if necessary, than bother with pulling it out of a 78 album. Mostly, of course, I play the whole record, merely skipping the few items that I don't want, which is much easier.

Yep, I've read "The Devil In Velvet"; have a hardcover copy, in fact. Also have pb's of "The Burning Court" and "Fire, Burn". All excellent fantasies.

I know Benny the movie comedian and Benny the radio comedian; we

used to listen to his radio show every week, mostly because of Kenny Baker (and Dennis Day, after Baker went off to war) and I saw a couple of his movies. And he was lousy. I've never even seen him on tv, and I don't want to.

The speed limit in Indiana is 65 mph, which means that you can do 70 without being stopped, unless it's a holiday or the cops are alert for some other reason. They have been cutting down on the 85 mph boys lately, though. Personally, I think speed limits should be federal, not state, and should be gauged according to the type of road. On the Pennsylvania Turnpike, most places you can do 70 mph, which is about right. In Ohio, on what is essentially the same road, you were for a time cut down to 50 mph, which is ridiculous (and which has been raised recently, I believe). At the same time, you could also do 50 on an unpaved, twisting, narrow, rutted Ohio back road, and you can still do 65 on an equivalent Indiana road, which is suicidal.

The two monthly consumers magazines now are CONSUMER REPORTS and CONSUMER'S RESEARCH BULLETIN (I'm not sure of the "Bulletin" in the last title, since I've never bought the mag, but the first two words are exact.) They don't always agree, either, but I string along with CR.

Where have you been getting those inner record jackets in England? I've seen some 12" ones here -- at \$3 a dozen -- and at the prices you mention I could use several dozen, and Gene DeWeese would probably order \$25 worth.

Sometime we ought to trade tapes on folk singers; I think we agree perfectly, but it's a bit hard to tell without actual demonstrations, unless we both happen to have the same record.

KLEIN BOTTLE (T & M Carr) Burbee and Dewey both bored the hell out of me, but Rotsler was still good. Not as good as last time, but nobody can be perfect continually. (Continuously? the hell with it). You'd never heard of "The Magnificent Ambersons"? Admittedly I didn't recall that Tarkington had written it, but I thought that everybody had at least heard of the movie. I must be older than I thought.

Terry: your lemming story was, I think, reprinted in F&SF some years ago. I also think it was by E.B. White, but I'm not as certain about this as I am about the F&SF part. If it wasn't midnight I'd go look it up. I enjoyed your writing, but can't think of another comment.

GEMZINE (G & M Carr) The enmity toward Jews goes back a long way, and has a lot of causes, but I think the prime one is the attacks on Jews by the Church, particularly in the middle ages, on the alleged grounds that the Jews had murdered the Saviour (forgetting, of course, that until Paul got into the act He was only Saving the Jews in the first place and it was none of the Gentiles' business). What the practical grounds were I don't know, but I suspect that they were mainly the fact that the Jews, being a thrifty folk, had a lot of money stashed away that was going to do neither the Church nor Christianity in general (really the same thing, at that time) any good unless the Jews could be forced to fork over. The notion that present-day Jews are evil because their ancestors failed to support Christ is still prevalent, and is behind a lot of the bitterness. Your "City Of David" would at least be an excellent stf novel plot if Fred Hoyle hadn't already used it (putting the Irish, for some incredible reason, in the part of the super-scientists.)

I enjoyed your "Fog Index". I'm not too sure whether it means anything or not, particularly after noting that FANVIEW has a higher index than SHAGGY, but it's entertaining.

On the matter of subzines, as an editor of one (not half-editor, either; I'm the editor, Juanita is art editor and publisher) I think I can comment a bit. First, you naturally cannot ask other fanzine editors for money and expect to get their zines, too. That is, you can't if they publish frequently -- If they don't publish frequently, they'll either accept YANDRO trades on a one-for-one basis or they'll ante up the difference. That is, you have to balance what they're getting from you against what you're getting from them; if there is too much discrepancy, then you have a right to ask for the difference in cash. Second, YANDRO has a circulation of about 150, with about 85 or 90 paid subscribers. Something over 50%. The rest are trade and contributor's copies (though some contributors, notably DEA, also subscribe -- we don't ask her for money, but she sends it. She's a nice person.) As to who we sell the subs to; well, there are 4 FAPA members that I can think of offhand who subscribe, and various other fans throughout the country (and England, Sweden, Australia, etc. -- this past week we've received a request for sub rates from a Spanish press service and 15¢ in sticky change from AMAZING STORIES). Third, we do not make money; counting the nominal cost of the fanzines we receive in exchange we just about break even, which is better than spending \$10 to \$25 a month on our hobby. (Even discounting the free fanzines we get that I wouldn't pay money for on a bet, we don't lose too much.)

As for the Art Rapp letter, the idea of getting \$1.60 worth of fanstuff -- in addition to what I already get -- is enough to keep me out of NZF right there. At the moment I have a stack of fanzines to review that is over a foot high, and all of these have accumulated since last month's YANDRO. Not to mention the expanding FAPA mailings. I couldn't stand another \$1.60 worth of fanstuff.

Yeah, maybe the danger from fallout is exactly comparable to "the unknown catastrophe which wiped out the dinosaurs". Only this time, we're in the position of the dinosaurs (who were the rulers of the planet at the time) and we're going to be wiped out to make way for the next step in evolution. Which may be a nice thing from an evolutionary standpoint, but..... How do you suppose the dinosaurs felt? The one point where I differ from your religious standpoint in this matter is your calm assumption that any evolution from radiation is going to be human evolution. Naturally, God created Man in His image, and you believe it. But I'm not at all certain that Nature created Man in Her image, or that She won't replace him anytime She feels like it. (Incidentally, if God created Man in His image, what happens when Man changes? Does God change, too?) And unfortunately I have a provincial human viewpoint.

I can't see worrying about buying expensive gifts. I know people who go into debt buying washing machines and stereo sets and expensive watches for their wives at Christmas or birthday time, and they're stupid. (They're even stupider if they married a girl who expects that sort of gifts.) Grandparents can be forgiven for splurging on grandchildren, I suppose, but worrying about it is silly. Anyone who judges you by the amount of money you spend on them isn't worth bothering about in the first place. So what if the ads do show expensive presents? Are you going to worry about what a bunch of advertising men think of you?

If Mr. Carr can find out how a bawdy house works from reading anything he can find on newsstands, then you've got hairier pornography on the coast than we have here. If he ever gets past the covers of those paperbacks he'll find that they're mostly tamer than TRUE CONFESSIONS.

No room for comments on Part 2; I may have to write a letter, after all.

first fandom is not dead

... and still another glorious issue of B-T his pages
part two

only tottering, granddaughter

Junk Mail:

Another method of ferreting out sources of junk-mailing lists is to key your own address when sending away for advertising matter, or samples or whatever. Neither Bloomington nor the small town I actually live in have zone numbers, so I attach zone numbers when writing to a stranger for something, and then make a note of the number and its use. Months later, or perhaps the following year, some junk will turn up using that number and I know the culprit. This business of selling a mailing list is a fairly common business practice, and there are firms which specialize in compiling such lists and selling them for fancy fees; one can even name the category, such as newlyweds, new mothers, teachers, mechanics, etc., and buy a list of names in that category. Shortly after 1952 I received several pieces of junk mail bearing the code 'WSFC' (and I bet you got some too). Altho I can't prove it, I suspect that Erle Korshak sold the membership list of the 1952 Chicon; more than one company has sent me junk bearing that code. If receipt of this annoys you, do as Danner and I do: stuff everything back into the postage-paid envelope they usually provide and let 'em have it.

Another keying method for fans in zoned cities is to provide the letter after your house number: 221-B Baker St. Advertisers employ this method to determine which ad in which magazine pulls in the suckers. (Or sometimes they will say "Dept. B") Confound them by omitting the key letter and let them guess where you read the advertisement join us in our holy crusade against slob advertising.

"The Tucker Period":

Thank you for the compliment, Bill Evans, but fandom was already a sprawling microcosm when I dipped into the puddle in 1930-31, and some of its members would be discouraged now to discover it being called by that name, when in reality I was no more than a small-splash tadpole. Sky Miller was a fixture of that fandom long before my entry; he had stories appearing professionally as early as 1930, but he was also a fannish name and contributor to the first (1930) fanzine, so it may be assumed that he was a fan prior to May 1930. It is quite likely that I never saw a fanzine until the following year; somewhere along there I fell into correspondence with Aubrey McDermott, and he introduced me to Cosmology (1930-1933).

Until lately, I had always believed that my first fanzine was The Time Traveller (1932), but I've now revised my thinking because I know I suscribed to Cosmology, and suspect it was sometime during 1931.

"Cannibalism is the most nourishing and hygienic means of disposing of the dead." -- Dr. Robert M. Berndt, Sidney University.

Letters I Manage to Ignore:

"I am starting a fmzine and wish material for it. I have a lead article by Bob Bloch and since yo' to is alays together oi would feel beer nekkid without yo in my fmzine. So how about it mammy?" -EGjr. ((Yo' all got the wrong alaying mammy, ninny.))

Love Those Science Fiction Authors:

A couple of years ago I read a book by George O. Smith and jotted down all the ways he managed to avoid saying "I said." His hero went thru this: (quotes) I snapped, I croaked, I yelled, I roared, I cried, I shrugged, I snorted, I grunted, I nodded slowly, I nodded glumly, I ground out, I blurted, I laughed, I resounded, I exploded, I stormed, I growled, I snarled, I demanded, and I sneered (unquotes). That is a powerful lot of grunting and snarling to do in 223 pages but one of them now confounds me: "I resounded." I suspect I've made a mistake there and someone else resounded, but I'm too lazy to read that book again to find out. The distracting trouble was, the hero wasn't snarling or blurting at all; he was merely talking and George's avoidances spoiled things by calling attention to the man behind the typer. Title of the book escapes me but the croaking hero was called Steve Cornell, and it was psi-opera if you're interested in looking it up. Okay Smith, now it's your turn to do me in. My most vulnerable pieces of published fiction were "Exit" and "The Princess of Detroit," as some folks in the present audience can tell you. (Hello, Buck.)

Beard Mutterings:

The Bloomington library has a volume entitled Horoscopes For Pussy Cats and I noted the index number, meaning to look it up someday.

And I found this ego-busting quote in The Perfumed Garden: "Praise be given to God, who has placed man's greatest pleasure in the natural parts of woman, and has destined the natural parts of man to afford the greatest enjoyment to women." Offhand, I can think of a number of women who will question that remark.

May I plug H.P. Sanderson for TAFF here, Buck?

Am faunching to see if the claimed discovery of the tenth planet, another Russian "first," will be borne out by observation. In a space opera written last year (but not yet published) I credited the same discovery to a Brazilian radar operator, but now, just for the hell of it, I've got a notion to change that to Russian radar operator and see what happens. Only dimly do I remember the news of the discovery of Pluto, but judging by what I've read since then the event was hailed far and wide and actually made the front pages of some newspapers. The opposite seemed to prevail this time and only one of the papers I read bothered to report the Russian claim at all.

Astronomers --or at least those quoted in the not-always-accurate press-- seemed to be as short-sighted as the most brassy politicians. First Neptune, and then Pluto was said to be the "last planet" of the solar system and I suspect that

"Moses! Stand up there on the rock, where the people can see you and have hope!" -anonymous script writer, via Cecil B. DeMille.

if the new Russian claim is proved, some of them will be saying the same about X. It seems the height of folly with all astronomical history staring them in the face. For those who care, a semi-professional magazine called Sky & Telescope offers the best information to the arm-chair variety of astronomer. (Andy: I watched the lunar eclipse last March 12-13, but you would have enjoyed the stupefaction on my face when I decoded Universal Time and discovered that the eclipse would occur here sometime before noon. A couple of decodings later I had it right.)

Several issues ago, Sky & Telescope published pictures indicating actual volcanic activity on the moon, which seemed to upset many ideas about the "dead" satellite. And later, they printed pictures and maps of the backside of the moon --the best that I'd seen. I also take The Monthly Evening Sky Map (which is published every other month) but the first-named is far and away the better magazine. To my untrained mind, the most frustrating and yet the most enjoyable exercise was the gradual understanding of the diagram pertaining to the four satellites of Jupiter, in Sky Map. I studied that damned diagram for days, and read the explanation a dozen times before it began to dawn on me -- and then it was sheer fun. I'm beginning to appreciate Andy's profession. (The third satellite, for example, has the habit of vanishing and then reappearing, before it vanishes a second time as it passes behind the disc of Jupiter. Explanation is, it first enters the planet's shadow and then emerges for a very short time before occultation.) My scope ---three and one-half inches---brings out the four moons easily, but I want what can't be seen with it: Pluto.

Thanks, Buck: Sandersod for TAFF!

Our theater played "On The Beach" for a couple of weeks in March, and they haven't made so much money in a long time. (They followed it with "Porgy And Bess" and promptly lost their profits.) Along near the end of it comes a scene in which the Australian citizens line up before a hospital and give their names to a nurse, who checks them off a list she has and then doles out suicide pills -- one for each person in the family. Why? The government is providing free pills and urging all to take them to avoid a lingering death, so why the check-off? Were they afraid someone would get two pills and perhaps commit suicide? Or boot-leg them? Or use them to murder some enemy first? Or take two at once and die twice as fast? Why bother with a checkoff when an unlimited supply of pills are on hand for an already limited population?

And what happens to the bloke whose name isn't on the list?

One of the final scenes shows a deserted Australian city -- the last citizen is dead and nothing but an abandoned streetcar remains on the street. (Everyone crawled indoors to die, presumably.) But just before that scene was filmed an energetic street-sweeping crew washed down the boulevard and their wide, wet tracks glisten in the morning sunrise. Bet the director gnashed his teeth after seeing that one.

- Bob Tucker

THE ABOMINATIONS OF YANDRO

featuring Thomas Stratton

It was a tense situation; very tense. In fact, it was past tense. Elevens, to be exact. The two elevens faced each other on the diamond. It was a large diamond---over a million carats. However, the carats were disappearing, since both elevens happened to be rabbits.

As the carrots disappeared, the rabbits increased. Soon, there were eleven elevens. "I say," remarked one elderly bunny. "We've accomplished something new. Any rabbits can multiply, but we've squared ourselves."

At this point, a stray dog wandered by. Never before having seen 121 square rabbits, he took them to be long-eared dice, and ignored them. By this time, the rabbits had cubed themselves. As it was rather cold, they turned into ice cubes.

At this moment, a Kelvinator salesman came by. He saw the rabbits, and turned white with horror. "Frigidhares," he gasped, and hurried past.

Just then the tense situation, led by an itinerant English teacher, wandered by again. Though she liked ice cubes, she was afraid of the supernatural (or subnatural, for that matter), and these cubes were a bit too earie. She fled, leaving the tense situation to be met by the canal which had been formed when her shriek melted the frigidhares. The Earie Canal, naturally.

The tense situation had now become too tense. This, as you can see, makes a fifth, which I hurriedly drank, using the canal as a chaser. However, I failed to catch her, and am left an old man, with only my memories.

(EISFA III:9 - "Tularemia")

I have discovered that I have a RACIAL MEMORY! I cannot explain it. I only know that I remember Raciials.

(from "I Remember Yucca Flats" EISFA II:10)

...the Hero strapped on his aqualung, and carrying a camera and a fish spear, dove listingly over side. A few minutes later, the camera and aqualung were tossed back over the side by a bloated piranha, who was using the fish spear to pick his teeth. The Mad Scientist had forgotten about the piranhas. The mild virtuous heroine screamed slightly, and changed into another pair of shorts...

(from "The Creature From the Purple Puddle", EISFA II:3)

... "Let's quit damaging the Imperial Presidential Residence and the Imperial Presidential Octopus, and act Heroic."

... "Quite!" said Thomas Stratton, lounging to attention and readjusting his ducktail.

"Smooth your mustache, too," whispered Yarled.

"Why, is it wrinkled?" (from "Private Past Meets the Spaceship Boys", EISFA III:12)

"To drown yourself," said she, said she,
 "Oh that would be a sin ---"
 "So I'll go down to the river's edge
 and kindly throw you in ---"

BLEEN (Dag) Well, I tell ya; I felt rather guilty about the slipshod job I thought I'd done on that cartoon (being under the influence and all when I drood

it) that I tried to get around to re-doing it,.....and by that time you'd gone and used it---and it doesn't look as bad as I remember, either I was fuzzier than I thought, or you're a very kind stenciler.

Your comments on Aida (And I refuse to go through that bit of typer juggling again in this paragraph) reminded me of the time a young Metropolitan repertory company played at my college---on the coldest night of the year, with attendance practically nil. The singers were all young and enthusiastic, with remarkably good voices for so little experience---and it's such a delight to see the petite young heroine played by a petite young singer who actually looks like she might be 16 or so and inspire love on the part of the hero. I had to agree with my history prof, who also attended, that operas in English (that is, translations) leave something to be desired. I mean, when Don Carlos suddenly turns and swipes the no-military-quartered-here paper from the old man's hand and thunders in a roaring tenor: "And I say, the hell with it!", it somehow twists the flavor of even a comic opera.

Love your captions for my drawings. You and Phyllis should get together, since she wants to know what they're illustrating; you could do a much better job of telling her than I.

Your mention of the kick on the .30-'06 reminds me of the first time Buck tried out his NRA boughten Springfield on the back yard range up at Silver Lake....with Gene and I watching (carefully standing well upwind). Some character across the road behind us was mowing the lawn with one of these putt-putts about the time the first shot went off---I happened to be turned that way at the moment---and he did a beautiful sudden job of mowing a swath out of the wall of his garage, coming up for air ten or fifteen seconds later and staring in our direction in horror (he probably thought somebody was blowing stumps, at the very least).

DAY*STAR (Bradley--I was going to say FFB '60, puzzling what on earth that might stand for, then it dawned that the bottom bar of the '0' didn't print....I've done the same thing myself, to my horror.) My last experience with cross unreferenced plagiarism of the sort you mention was in non-fiction books about call girls -- I don't remember the exact titles or anything, and it isn't important. I never did discover who cribbed from who, but in this case it was entire chapters that had been lifted, not paragraphs.

And Kerry's been complimenting me on my artwork? There's overweening modesty with a vengeance.

CATCH TRAP (Bradley) In your comments (to Evans) I'll have to agree to your criteria about music and only admit that the interpretation of "pleasing sound" stretches a lot farther in my case. I like rock and roll---some of it is hideous, of course; classical music performed by an inept high school or college orchestra is pretty hideous, too---it's the rhythm or whatever. I can't say the appeal is completely sexual, in that the sexual appeal is limited to

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rock and roll or jazz, because I get an identical effect from much of classical music, opera, whatever. In fact, folk music is about the only place where I am almost as interested in the words as I am in the music. The music itself is generally my first consideration, which may be why most rock and roll singers don't bother me---although I consider Fabian an abomination; both he and Presley have good arrangers, but Presley has, inherently, some voice - Fabian does not, and what he has is flat.

No, no, I think we're getting two items confused. Ryerdon, of course, would not need the adjective "ancient". The item would be the Seveners compared to the Krantín army, more specifically, the Gort troops. However I suspect your analysis is technically correct. The other item might be the difference in a decadent versus a dynamic religion. Sharra the Flame-Borne shows the traces of age (usually an unflattering thing to immortal women as much as mortal), and her religion has a certain automatic flavor, I suspect, with outright skepticism expressed by the intelligentsia; but Ased, as an organized religion, is hardly a century old, and not too much older as a faith without rigid dogma. This means that the Ased-Y do not simply practise the religion---it is still an intense personal thing, with a very literal interpretation on rewards and punishment. Hence Miisfalaem's very real, very personal guilt--his "sin" is an overwhelmingly mortal one, not merely a winking at moral customs.

CELEPHAIS (Evans) Buck mentioned the 65 speed limit, which I think came out some six or seven years ago, curling the hair of the faster boys. I can still remember that drive back from the Philcon, when we got stopped about 1:00 a.m. going through Ohio (Gene DeWeese was driving then). The Ohio cops were very polite, inquiring if we had any excuse for exceeding their 50 mph limit; Gene offered the fact that he was used to driving in Indiana with a 65 mph limit, an answer that seemed to satisfy them worth a mere warning (of course, in Indiana he usually drives around 80). The cops were mildly confused by the weird assortment of passengers; it was probably better for time and tempers all around that Bev Clark and Eleanor, the two Negro girls who rode to the con with us, had to take a plane home in order to get there in time for school opening. We're good at confusing cops; sometime I'll tell you about the befuddled Indianapolis police and the park at night.

I like Schlitz, Blatz, and Pabst, in that order, and everything else in the beer line in rapidly descending order.....and your cold remedy with peppermint sounds horrible. I consider one of the worst abominations on earth to be chocolate covered mints, since I loathe both chocolate and mint. Ptocey!

I rather doubt that FAPA would be interested in the paper on Baum.... for one thing, it's been written down for school consumption. (My opinion of the supposed prestige of a college degree is best indicated by a derisive snort....it may mean something, at a good college, with good profs, and then again it may not.)

But I wasn't interested in what was going on, described explicitly or no --- I mean, heterosexual sex is always just that, even if the gal is an insect. But the problem stated in NO LAND OF NOD was much meatier, much more thought provoking. My thoughts are not provoked by four letter words, per se.

But explaining something upteen zillion times is the very essence of elementary teaching. Be grateful your kids understood most of the words, even if they didn't know what to do with it. Really, though, it's different with the little kids, and it's worth explaining it so many times to see that sudden, golden flash of intelligent insight spreading on a

small, crayon-smearred face.

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) Oh, this is lovely, especially the quiz bit and the leftist shrimp. The quiz is so typical of the botched-up reasoning currently turned out by alleged schools, although I would have flopped on the monetary ones if hurried (and possibly even if not hurried)---I mean, I can handle arithmetic if you give me enough time to get my shoes off.

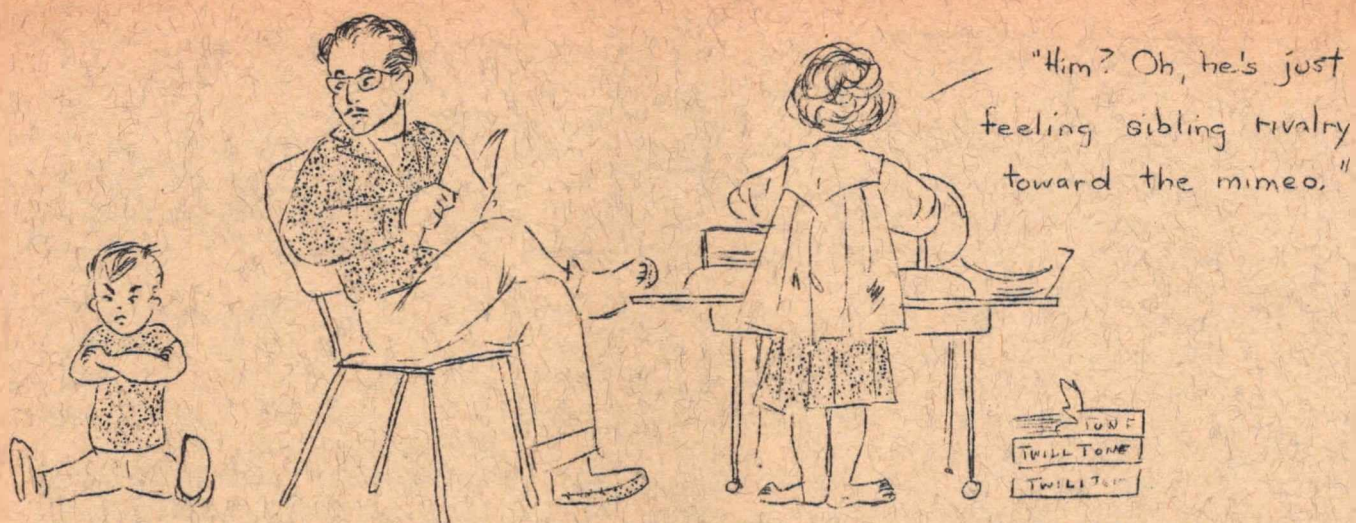
Once again, everybody's out of step but me...you, Janke, Phyllis.... several years ago I didn't like Sarah Vaughn at all....now I'm very fond of her stuff. Does that indicate something or other, besides my admittedly weird taste, that is? And mentioning Marlene Dietrich, which Curt did, there is some farm program surrounding the noon news on the 50,000 watt Ft. Wayne station, and occasionally I don't get the radio turned off promptly enough after the newscast and I hear some of it. It seems they have a running gimmick of a "Has Been Tune", requested by their listeners so they will not have to play Presley (and you should hear some of the glop they play instead of Presley...oh well)---and the other day it turned out the only recording they had of a requested song was by Marlene, non-existent notes and all. There was a deathly silence for a few moments when it finished, and the farm m.c. commented weakly, "Well, that made two people happy - Marlene and her record publisher," he went on to assure his listeners she was probably a nice person and all that, but stuck vehemently to his guns that she was no singer. There's hope.

Even 'derriere' has gone out as polite language. The term is now "back interest", by which is meant a stupid bow sewn on the rear of the dress, appliqued butterflies, or those idiotic streamers that trail down the back from the neck of the dress (I can just see some chickcatching one of those on something and strangling herself in her own back interest).

TARGET: FAPA (Eney) Why, that's a golhi, and it wasn't bred, it just is, mostly for fighting other golhis (or more properly - golhi-y), and as a handy dandy disposal item in the royal execution pits. You go concoct your own utopia, I've got mine.

PHLOTSAM (et.al. - Economou) I really enjoyed all of this, but I find Buck has said most of the things I would have thought of and quite a few I never would have thought of. Maybe I burned myself out in my last comments on Phlot. why - that's easy, the gal is sitting on the bottom part of the jug.





SALUD (Elinor Busby) Gypsies are unusual? Gee, here they came to town near every year in my hometown (pop. 50,000 or so)...usually ran a mitt show for a few weeks, then left. Maybe they don't like the big burgs-- people might be more skeptical about palmreading there (they positively lapped it up around my town, I know.) The "We Reserve the Right--" signs are often a handy dandy excuse just in case the proprietor feels nasty or needs a reason to bounce some one, although in Indiana they are quite frequently used strictly for prejudicial reasons. There is a state law permitting a Negro to sue a place which refuses him service "without just cause", but any Negro with the nerve and money to bring the suit locally usually finds it gets lost in the court house, etc. Or at least, it used to. I haven't been too active in this department since I left college, but our club used to "test" restaurants, cooperate with the local Quaker church's projects, and have CORE speakers at club meetings (the same CORE which is causing such fulminating and uproar over the lunch counter business. At the time I first encountered the outfit, they were just getting started on Washington, D.C., parks, playgrounds, and swimming pools, plus a few restaurants here and there).

CITLES OF THE PLAIN is part of REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST (I refuse to force anyone to read Proust, but I do think he's interesting)...it deals predominantly, as might easily be guessed from the title, with homosexuality. It's not sensational, by any means, but it is rather engrossing (to me, anyway.) Sex, per se, as I've mentioned earlier, does nothing whatever to me - the special relationship between people is much more interesting, and incest is about as special a relationship as you can get - whether overt, as in NO LAND OF NOD, or autobiographical veiled, and poignantly so, as in SONS AND LOVERS. The sexual relationship is strictly secondary to the other, and possibly it struck me that Farmer was exploiting the first to the detriment of the second. We both prefer our pornography on the hoof, so to speak, as indeed I understand a lot of married people do---who needs vicarious stimulation when you've got the real thing handy?

KLEIN BOTTLE (Carrs) Maybe it just feels (to the FAPAN) like he belongs to 172 other APAs.

Well, in my brief sojourn in journalism, I always got the feature articles describing quaint customs about various holidays, the history of the school written in humorous fashion, and like that. I detested social assignments and interviews--I didn't know who was going with who, and I I cared even less (I didn't date until I was a junior in college---not

because of strict parental supervision or anything, but because I didn't meet anyone before then that I was interested in dating), but I had an annoying memory for obscure facts that came in very handy on features.

Calcium propionate isn't a very good mold killer, apparently. I'm rather annoyed because we bought some A&P bread last week and it had bits of mold on several pieces that same day (they make a habit of these li'l stickers that say 'Baked Fresh Wednesday'---we had a notion to go in and ask "What Wednesday?")

My favorite story in the dog anthology you mention is "The Dark Gentleman", the one told from the point of view of the dogs of the manor, and the cats, with continual, and logical, reference to the various humans of the family as "The Legs": "The Green Silk Legs", "The Tweedy Legs", etc. I don't know why that particular story stuck with me so long, since I don't flip over dogs in the first place, hate bittersweet and faintly precious stories, and am not overly fond of stories of that particular length (sort of a short novelette). That book was also my introduction to Dunsany: "My Talks With Dean Spanly". Of course, now I feel I don't need to read any more dog stories, since I have that book.

MAD WEDNESDAY was eventually released nationally, since I saw it. It was cut to feature length, and from your description, I suspect the main cutting was in the original Diddlebock silent footage. I found it pleasant&fey, but not side splitting. My vote still goes to UNFAITHFULLY YOURS as my favorite movie comedy of all time, edging out A NIGHT AT THE OPERA by a hair of Harpo's wig.

Dust people, in our family, are referred to as "kittens".

Try boxed, minced, dehydrated onion instead of fresh chopped ones.

I flipped over your account of the ethnic folk commentator and the songs of the "East Texas flatlands Negroes". I would guess the two recordings compared were either of "No More Cane on the Brazos" or "Water Boy". I love all of her recordings, early and late---and certainly Bill Lee on string bass hardly qualifies as an "ensemble". The ethnicists bug us, but the ultra commercialists do, too. I could forgive the Kingston Trio almost anything except what they did to "Tom Dula": emasculated and saccharined one of the most beautiful minor key folk songs I ever heard, and utterly touted off folk music lots of people who undoubtedly would have liked the field if they hadn't been sickened by umpteen weeks of hearing that passed off as folk music. Bah!

It's a pity folk music can't be enjoyed and just left there. I mean, by its very nature it's constantly changing, but the change is hoped to be for the better, by which is not meant 'saleability only'.

Now there are lots of items in the mailing left, but Buck's comments have already covered the ones I would have commented on, especially with something like STEEFANTASY, which is so enjoyable and fun and all, so that one's pleasure takes the form of either reading it to a friend or forcing it upon them to read? And here I am out on a commentary limb, again.....

"She swam along, swam along,
Till she came to the river's brin.
The old man he got a great long pole
And shoved her further in.
And now the old woman is daid and gone
And the devil has got her soul;
And wasn't she a blamed old fool
That she didn't grab that pole?"

On the other hand, I feel like exercising my feminine right and adding a few more comments, after all.

OUTFINITY (Silverberg) According to Consumer Reports, the mono-stereo label mixup has happened, much to their reviewer's chagrin, or at least a mixup between what the record was and what was printed on the jacket. Bah! I can't find that issue now, but I did read it.

Gee, and here I was going to timidly ask if I might bring my guitar to Pittsburgh without offending. Sigh, a cappella again.

AD INTERIM (Ryan) A 'hack' used to be a kind of horse, so presumably a hacking jacket would be one worn while hacking on a hack....eh?

PHANTASY PRESS (MacPhail) Well, I have to be careful how gushy I get about Marion's conreport or I will be put down as an egoboo fawner. But I did enjoy the parts that weren't about me, too. It's hard to remember who was where, especially when fuzzy and it's late at night, but that time in the Philly suite when we were singing things like South Coast and the feminine version of Streets of Laredo and keeping the character from throwing pingpong balls out the window, Gene and bev were with us. I think Jean Bogert was with us, too, but Gene and bev I'm sure of. We didn't want to be the first to leave - that's just the way things happened, unfortunately.

I was going to say that maybe you were right, anyway, despite RUMBLE!, that Harlan hadn't written a novel, but maybe I'd better not.

I was the only Coulson at the Hyborian conclave, and I'm not even a Hyborian. I'm not sure whether or no George is your official leader, but he is the sort to inspire attendance even from those uninterested in Conan, such as myself.

Dan, maybe my comments are milder because I don't smoke? I don't have anything against other people smoking, or eating raw snails, or committing suicide, so long as they don't try to drag me in on it.

Danaline's not afraid to do a drawing of scope, and space, I see. It is a trial to get budding artists out of little bitsy drawings scooped up in the middle of the page or down in one corner. Keep thinking big, gal! Totality, totality, and all that jazz. Even got the beginning of s curve composition I see, too --- working on all six cylinders and over-drive.

JAPANESE GENESIS (Wesson) Now why shouldn't Sylvia continue her own identity? Children don't need to hamper one's personal life, whether fandom, social butterflying or whatever---only if you let them. The only crimp Bruce ever put in my fanac was during the last couple three months of my pregnancy; then I had to cut down on the amount of artwork I was stencilling into YANDRO - not because I felt bad or anything but simply because I couldn't, physically, get close enough to the lightscope. Otherwise I fondly believe the only change marriage and motherhood (that overdone sainted word) have wrought in my fannish habits is the one of changing my signature initials from JRW to JWC (and he's still my favorite editor, clod that I am).

FANTASY AMATEUR (et.al.) But which Coulson in poetry, Phyllis? and how, what, ha, hum? I didn't know anyone knew our deep dark balladeering secrets, and I'm sure we haven't published any in FAPA. Whagoes?

GYPSES 'EM DAVEY

My grandparents live next door to a carnival ground - well, not exactly next door: back of the house there is a cement block building that formerly housed a dry-cleaning plant and back of that is an alley fronting a harness horse track, and opposite the cement block building on the other side of the track is a grandstand behind which is the carnival ground. See? Practically next door.

I say carnival ground advisably lest there be a misunderstanding. In the local vernacular, it is the "fairgrounds", or more properly, "the free fair grounds". The "free" bit refers only to entrance into the grounds - after that you're on your own. I suppose long ago it actually was a fair grounds in the sense of livestock and gardening displays, with judging and prizes and all; the only remnant of this folksy atmosphere that still follows the stereotype of a county fair is the harness racing feature, a side show, as it were, to the rides and freak shows.

For years, it was a yearly treat to go to my grandparents' house during "Fair Week" (4th of July week), make a tour or two of the grounds and sit on the fence and watch the harness races with all the comfort (and none of the expense) of the grandstandees. Then, during my adolescence, it occurred that my mother and I rented an upstairs apartment from my grandparents, and I got much more than a passing glance of the glittering world of carny.

It was a disenchanting glance. A fairgrounds, or carnival grounds, at night is a whirling bustle of colored lights and happy people eager to be parted from their money in exchange for a few moments of excitement or amusement. When seen in the harsh light of day, it loses most of its glamour and all its beauty. Along with other neighborhood kids, I tromped over to the lot on the day the trucks came in and began unloading equipment; we watched them assemble the fun house, the house of mirrors, spook ride and other attendant bits, losing in the process all our anticipation for the wonders of these amusements. Then we watched them assemble the thrill rides (and nothing is calculated to quell one's enthusiasm for thrill rides so well as watching the flimsy way in which these things are put together), ducking the splashed mud and shrugging aside the "g'wangeddoutahereyoukids" snarled by the carny people. At night the carny eateries look bright and attractive to some people after tramping around the quarter mile circuit - but after seeing the flies buzzing around open meat barrels during the day, we spectator kids found our taste for carny food somehow gone.

The most fascinating facet of carny-ism, to me, was the repeated routine. I've always had difficulty memorizing speeches, and I went back again and again to listen to the spielers, checking to see how they changed their routines, and in



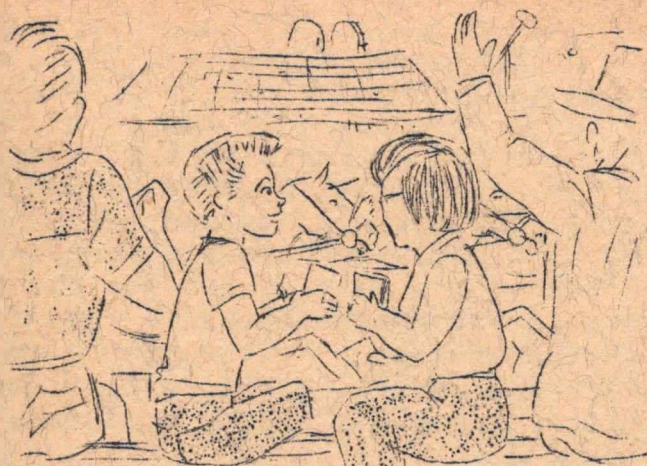
what ways. There was the nutritionist - this was always enjoyable because he had a pair of hamsters to wave around during the spiel, one nourished on a supposedly well-balanced diet and the other, fatter, perfect-healthy critter fed only on his vitamin supplement. There was the car souper-upper - a spiel I had difficulty following regularly due to the vast quantities of blue smoke inhabiting the area whenever the pitchman revved the engine of his demonstration car. There was the kitchen implements deal - I was never as fascinated by the fancy crinkles in the carrots and potatoes as I was in the fact that these birds never cut themselves with any of these deadly weapons (they either used soft vegetables or were much better with knives and corers than any housewives I ever met). And of course, there was the astrologer - this was really a lesson in beautifully pussy-footing contradiction, if you could afford to attend each and every spiel during an evening, or several evenings (and I, living as close as I did, could).

The display that really croggled me was the landscape painter. At one point I seriously considered trying to get a job there myself, after seeing how easy it was. Some gal, complete with smock and beret, slaps two strips of blue and green on a canvas board, blends it out with turp, lobs on a few squiggles of brown and green for scenery and a few blobs of zinc white for clouds and sells the thing on the spot for a couple of bucks. Bah! I didn't mind anything as much as I did the oohs and aahs from the audience - amazed at this display of "artistic talent".

The real kicks from this spiel watching came about the third or fourth night of the carnival, when I, and several other neighborhood kids with the same bizarre sense of humor, began looking familiar to the spielers. This involved worried side glances and occasional minute changes in the spiel; I suppose the pitchmen were afraid we would start making cracks, or worse, start reciting the spiel with them, but the others seem to share my open-mouthed fascination for anyone who could do this hour after hour, night after night, and we never fouled them up. Probably a golden opportunity lost.

After several years, even this palled, and my tour of the carnival involved a ride on the tilt-a-whirl or rocket (the only two rides I considered both fun and safe), the purchase of a sack of french fried potatoes (peeled and cooked before your very eyeballs), then a hasty jaunt back to the race track fence, where I settled down for an evening of free entertainment.

There were definite drawbacks to the location: people who would brazenly park on my grandparents' lawn, people tromping in and wanting to use the john or the phone, people wanting to climb on the cleaning plant roof to watch the 4th of July fireworks....but the man I wanted to draw and quarter was the pitchman for the motorcycle show, who always kept his spiel going until 3:00 a.m., complete with a loudspeaker down close to the cycles' engines.



"I'll bet you three Gene Autry pictures against a hash LaRue on the sorrel mare."

The locals also operated, if not concessions, at least pop stands and minor eateries. The "locals" were my grandparents' neighbors, people who lived on the same street, with back doors fronting the race track; some managed to ignore the carnival, but others apparently felt that if they were to be "occupied" by the carny, they might as well get some gravy from the rubes patronizing the place. I even got in on the act by carrying on a tradition started by my uncles and operating a cold pop stand with my cousin for a partner (eventually he went to college and I decided it was too much work for one person--but it was lucrative for a while). The "local" I really envied was the homeowner who made the deal with a wholesale watermelon dealer - his concession consisted of a huge ice chest, several gross watermelons, paper plates and plastic forks, salt shakers and several picnic tables and chairs. The watermelons were cut to order, ice cold, fresh, sanitary, and delicious (I was one of his best customers)

Oddly enough, though I lost my enthusiasm for the carnival itself, I gained a measure of respect for the people. They were mercenary and un-sentimental, but in their own fashions, they were much more likeable than the so-called honest people who came through to gawk, forgot their manners and tramped through flower beds and people's houses, and generally behaved like boors. The carnival people were brusque and raw, but they always seemed to take a polite and respectful attitude toward their town "neighbors" and their properties. I was always sorry to see the trucks go, leaving behind only the mud and the messy litter left by a week of humanity wandering a quarter mile course in search of fun. - - - - -

- "Oh, those aren't chocolate drops, those are bastards."(bev DeWeese)-

This has been one of those issues that keeps getting longer and longer and longer until it's entirely out of hand. But it has been fun, and as soon as I finish up the illoes and correct the typos, I'll be ready to mimeo it. VANDY never seems like much of a chore, mimeowise, not with a mere 70 some copies to run. That's practically gravy compared to the 140-150 copies each month of YAN.

Incidentally, this is something I have yet to get used to, after seven years of publishing a monthly---this three month gap between mailings. I mean, by the time a mailing rolls around, you have either forgotten most of the things you meant to say, or lost your enthusiasm for saying them, not only on mailing comments alone, but on the whole thing. I don't see how you people can stand the lag. With a monthly mag, you get your replies and comments in right now, while opinion and enthusiasm are still hot. I'm muchly amazed that people can actually get hotly arguing under the conditions imposed by the quarterly mailing setup. I can't carry a fannish disagreement that wrong. (I rarely get a grudge, but when I do, it's for life, and I don't discuss it).

To be included in this issue: a reprint page of Thomas Strattonings from YANDRO. This is obviously not for anybody's credit (Stratton is not the FAPA type), and quite possibly it will be the last possibility of Stratton in print, since he seems to have drifted away from writing. (for which, I am sure, many FAPAns will breathe hearty thanks.)

Postscript to Elinor Busby: Well, the robin hood boot shoes have never been available around here (i.e.-in the sticks) until the last two years and the possibility is strong that they will once more fade from the stores not to reappear for years. You're lucky to get them so easily.

* A YANDRO reprint, the do-it-yourself interlino. *