

VANDY

Published for the 90th FAPA mailing by Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

Contents include "Lonesome Traveler" and "Acres of Clams" by RSC, "Eggs and Marrowbone" by JWC, and "B-T: His Pages" by Bob Tucker. I haven't the vaguest idea of what pages any of this stuff will be found on, except that "Lonesome Traveler" starts immediately beneath this heading, but they're all in here somewhere.

LONESOME TRAVELER

chatter by the male Coulson

Every time a FAPA mailing arrives, I solemnly assure myself that next time I am really going to go all out and work out a first-class zine -- something on the order of KLEIN BOTTLE and HORIZONS combined -- which will cause the jaded eyes of FAPA members to open wide with astonishment. I even have a nucleus to work on, with Tucker appearing regularly. But, somehow, by the time I get around to actually working on the mag, all the bright enthusiasm has vanished and I settle down to do mailing comments because they're easy to write and generate far more egoboo per erg of creative energy involved than any other form of writing. So I do a bit of chatter and a few mailing comments, and say "next time..."

While I was attending the Economou New Year's party, Curt Janke plied me with strong drink and attempted to get my vote for his plan of abolishing the egoboo poll. But I stood firm as a loyal FAPA -- I told him I wanted to see how I came out in this one, first. By the time you read this -- providing I get my mailing at the same time you do -- I may be a member of the insidious conspiracy.

We had a fabulous time in Milwaukee. I had a day left of my vacation so we went up on Wednesday night and came back Sunday afternoon. (Staying with the DeWeeses in the meantime -- I wouldn't want you to think that the entire Coulson family simply descended on Phyllis and Arthur for a weekend plus.) During the extra time, we looked over the city, raided the bookstores, I applied for a few jobs -- and was turned down flat on all of them -- and spent considerable time checking records out

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of the Milwaukee city library on Gene DeWeese's library card and taping parts of them that we wanted. Folk music, naturally (and how much more natural can you get?) This was my first encounter with Library of Congress records -- I'd heard of them, but never actually played any before. I hope LeeH has access to a good supply; they're ethnic as all hell. One of the albums was titled "Songs Of The Anthracite Miners". I don't know if the bituminous and lignite miners get albums of their own or not -- I wrote down an address to send for a list of albums available, but haven't sent it in yet. But it's a charming idea. One of the things I found out from this assortment of folklore is that old cowboys can't sing worth a damn. I don't know about young ones; the idea in folk albums seems to be to pick the oldest man in any given group to do the singing. The anthracite miners weren't too bad, and the Negro spiritualists were okay if you like that sort of thing, but if all cowboys sound like those on the album I am beginning to understand why there used to be so many cattle stampedes.

I have now joined the ranks of dedicated fans like Forry Ackerman and Sam Moscovitz. Last Tuesday (this is Feb. 1, if you're interested) I spoke on Science Fiction and Fandom before the assembled membership of the Hobart Optimist's club. Beforehand, I wasn't sure whether to expect a reaction of "all that flying saucer stuff" or to walk in and find Earl Kemp sitting in the crowd, but I got neither. Some of the group seemed actually interested in what I was saying, and while I didn't make any converts I didn't get booed, either. (The club is composed of local businessmen and is very polite.) Hobart, incidentally, is not the one in Tasmania; this is in Indiana, one of the myriad towns of the "Calumet Area" near Chicago, and about 80 or 90 miles from Wabash. (My "pay" for the evening was a ride up and back, free supper, and a couple of beers, so I guess I can't call myself a professional lecturer yet.) One of the club members is a dealer in foreign cars; before the meeting proper he was making a few comments on his business, including one I think worth repeating. "What do you do," he asked, "with a customer who complains because he's only getting 35 miles per gallon?"

Any evident haste in the preparation of this VANDY is strictly factual. We just finished with the 7th YANDRO Annish; 46 pages, plus a 6-page calendar. This was the January issue, and was mailed today, which is the latest we've been yet. (No extra copies for the curious; we just barely had enough for the regulars and I had to cut a few names who haven't responded lately.) Aside to Coslet; James Adams had an article included.

I suppose if I really wanted to work at it I could keep on writing this sort of thing for another 10 pages, but I do want to get this ish in the mailing.

One serious note. I've seen several mentions recently of a plan to shuffle the waiting list around, by one method or another, in order to get a better class of membership in FAPA. (This is pretty insulting to the present members, you realize.....but I can't go into that. Serious. Dedicated. Forward.) Seriously, I think this is the worst idea I've heard since I've been a half-member of the organization. I don't even know how serious the proponents of the idea are, but I'm going to take them at their word for the moment. We could, they say, insure ourselves

of live-wire members by voting new prospects up a few notches. This is flatly untrue, because the amount of time a person puts into FAPA has no relation at all to the amount of time he puts into general fandom. A brilliant member of general fandom might be an addition to FAPA; and he might be the sort who turns in his 3 pages a year and does nothing at all the rest of the time. Those 3 pages might be brilliant -- but if he's that good, I see nothing in the constitution prohibiting his FAPA friends from publishing his material, if they want to. A good many FAPA members -- ourselves, the Busbys, Calkins, T&M Carr, Hickman, etc. -- put out genzines as well as FAPazines and could quite easily offer the inducement of dual publication to a good fan-writer. Nothing is keeping brilliant fans out of FAPA publications except the laziness of FAPA editors --- myself definitely included -- who don't want to go to the trouble of stencilling other people's work as well as their own.

And if you start moving fans around on the waiting list, you are inevitably going to anger someone who is bypassed, and that someone -- who has just as good a chance of becoming a valuable FAPA fan as the fan who was moved past him -- is going to drop out and spend the rest of his fannish career disliking FAPA. The plan would lose more good members than it would gain.

One thing is certain; the blacklist is here to stay, and the first time any waiting-lister is voted past anyone who is regularly ahead of him on the list, I am going to do my damndest to blacklist that person. I won't care who he is or who is sponsoring him -- I am violently opposed to unfair practices, and I can be considerably nastier than Gem Carr when I want to be. (Maybe I'm getting all riled up about nothing, but if anyone is serious about this voting on waiting-listers, I want to get my sentiments out in the open early. I'll try to kill the idea in advance, and if I can't do that I'll try to make the members so sick of it that it will be repealed.) I've seen enough people pushing into waiting lines, bulling their way through traffic and so on to be utterly disgusted with anyone who officially approves of the practice.

ACRES OF CLAMS

mailing comment by the male half

OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS - First, let me say that if there isn't anything in the constitution about delaying the mailing of a member who owes the association money, there should be. I don't blame Ted in the least for spending the money for food if he needed to; I do blame him for objecting about having his mailing held up until he paid it back. After all, if a member owes the club dues, he's dropped from membership. If he owes the club 3 times the amount of his dues.....well? I wouldn't want to see Ted dropped from membership, and despite what I said to Andy Young via a postcard, I don't really believe in jumping on him when he's down. But on the other hand, I don't believe in turning the club into a local finance company, either.

Now what the heck, Phyllis -- here you have all sorts of people asking -- nay, begging!-- you to seize power in the club, and what do you do? You meekly come out in print and say you can't do it. What sort of a politician are you, anyway? Fidel would disown you.

AMATEUR'S JOURNAL - Derry - Glad you included the explanation. Living on a rural route, we get this sort of thing regularly, but I never expected farm subsidies to invade FAPA. And I must admit that the piece is a

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goldmine of interlineations. "Silvex Controls Bedstraw", "Deep Plowing Controls Root Rot", "Implanted Heifers Gain Faster" (that one is a real dilly if you have a dirty mind).

INVOLUTIA - Janke - Well, suppose that ESP is a part of the next round of evolution; why should the possessors of it be supermen? Fans have read too much van Vogt and Stapledon, I'm afraid. Poul Anderson had quite a good point in "Brain Wave"; that increased intelligence has no direct bearing on emotional reactions -- and most of man's reactions are emotional, rather than reasoned. So people with psi qualities are just that; people with psi qualities. If they use them to make a fast buck -- well, isn't that a normal reaction for a large part of the population? So supermen are ethical slob, so what? Aren't we?

I'll back you on your comment anent untrained voices. I'll stand for it in something like the aforementioned Library of Congress records, which were not, after all, published as entertainment, but as references for folklore students. But a professional entertainer should have at least some training in his field.

As one slob to another, I guess I've found more real friends in fandom than out of it -- providing, of course, that you count a wife as a friend. (You probably don't, but I do.) Let's see; that would mean that I have 3 close friends in fandom, and one outside of it.

Everytime someone uses the term "willowy" I am reminded of H. Allen Smith's definition; "so skinny you could pick her up and crack her like a buggy whip". The man has utterly ruined my ability to appreciate that particular adjective.

I can't say that I've found any TV commercials intentionally amusing; maybe I watch the wrong programs. I do like Alfred Hitchcock's pre-commercial comments, though I wonder how he keeps sponsors.

What's wrong with holding well-meaning but mentally weak persons up to ridicule? Particularly when the persons being ridiculed never find out about it? They don't get hurt and everybody else is amused.

Your cocker just has a split personality.

You don't have the proper attitude for handling magazines. You wait until the second or third notice before renewing; much better deal that way. I held out on READER'S DIGEST once until they sent an extra-special cut-rate sub plus a free book. (It wasn't a very good book.)

What do the initials S I R I U S stand for? I thought everyone knew that; it's the Standard Instrument Repair Industries of the United States.

So if I record my tape-conversations in small sections, the receiver knows that I've done it that way. Who cares? I'm trying to be entertaining, not establish a phoney reputation for long-winded speaking.

On the jazz experts, I knew that Raeburn was one, but I thought that maybe some of the rest of you were, too. Thanks for clearing it up.

Since you don't like pop singers and don't like opera singers, and, presumably, don't like Broadway musical singers, and don't like folk singers, I guess that the only singers you like are the jazz variety. But these really aren't singers at all -- they are vocal exhibitionists. They are judged not by their ability to sing, but by the variety of odd noises they can make.

Well, if you do believe in arguing for the fun of it, what's your objection to arguing about euthanasia? As long as nobody asked you to join in, why bring the thing up at all? You object to other people having fun, is that it? (Yes, that probably is it....)

Don't brag about Wisconsin plumbing -- I lived 20 years in a house with an outdoor toilet. Indiana is just as rustic as Wisconsin, I bet.

"Apparently in Buck's humble opinion folk-music is like salt without food". And just one page earlier, who was yakking at who for jumping to unwarranted conclusions? The first lesson in discussions is "if you must put your foot in it, don't make it so obvious."

If you want a real warm reaction to your letters to the editor, write them to British magazines. I've written 2 to NEW WORLDS, and received a personal air-mailed reply from Carnell both times. I nearly collapsed the first time; I'm not used to this sort of thing.

I hope you get jazz at your funeral. I have a hankering for a good rousing baritone rendition of "Sam Hall" to start mine off with. "And I hate you one and all, damn your eyes!" Lovely.

FAPATHY -- Silverberg -- Hooray for your comments on speaking ill of the dead. It may be cowardly to speak ill of someone just because he is dead and can't fight back, but that wasn't the question here -- and in any event, nobody is injured by things said about him after he's dead, no matter what prompts them. People should quit worrying about speaking ill of the dead and think more about what they say about the living. If I don't like someone while he's alive, his death isn't going to change my feelings, and pretending it does is ridiculous.

You poor boy, having to pay \$5 or \$6 for imported records -- damnit, I have to pay that for any record I want -- or for at least 75% of them. You're just making me envious...why can't I live in a big city and get discount records and remaindered books and make lots of money just for sitting around writing and.... (The trouble is, I know why; I'm too lazy to get off my can and look for a job in a city.)

POO - Young -- I guess this is POO; it's something by Young, anyway. I have all your quotes on amateurs, paradoxers, etc., checked, but I can't imagine what I meant to say about them, except that they were interesting. Or maybe Juanita checked them; she's the astronomer of the family, anyway. "Automobiles...are more useful than guns." Aha, but I didn't say "automobiles". I said "private automobiles" -- which are already being legislated against in some cities because they definitely are not inherently useful. Even now, a city dweller who owns a car is simply being wasteful, and if private autos were abolished, public transportation -- with trained drivers instead of harebrained lunatics -- would automatically increase.

"The quality of sounding like he's singing through a barrel". Well, I suppose that would describe it -- for a baritone, anyway. Not such a hot example to use for sopranos or tenors, but Keel does sound a bit that way. Anyway, it's easy to tell the difference between a powerful voice and a loud amplifier -- and while I won't guarantee to distinguish between a good natural voice and a poor voice which is improved by electronic gimmicks during the recording, I haven't been wrong yet. (Or at least, not on voices where I have subsequently discovered the facts in the case; there may be dozens that I don't know about yet.)

Yes, debates in the UN are "juvenile exhibitionism", and accomplish about the same results as two small boys arguing over a marble game.

You didn't like "Treasure Island"? Horrors! I even liked "Back To Treasure Island" and "Porto Bello Gold" (or was it "Porto Bello Treasure"?) which were pale imitations. Incidentally, that's the only series I know of in which each book was written by a different author.

CELEPHAIS - Evans - I'm with you on folk and blues singers, though I'm interested enough in "the development of the Elizabethan lyric" and other such esoterica, to accept a bad singer if the song in question has never been recorded by a good one. "Earth's Last Citadel" was reprinted in FANTASTIC NOVELS (July '50), which is where I read it. So not too many fans should have missed it. (Should have had a paragraph in there; bah.)

I've seen some Roy Snell books in second-hand stores; next time I'll write down the titles and see if you're interested. One should definitely read Cooper before Schultz -- in fact, I see little need for reading Cooper at all, though I rather liked the stories at age 5 or 6. The outstanding adventure story of my childhood, though, occurred when "Roger's Rangers" (the first half of "Northwest Passage" and the part the movie was made from) by Kenneth Roberts appeared in the POST. I don't recall how old I was; I do recall that my eyesight was so bad that I had been forbidden to read anything except schoolbooks, so when the POST arrived (I think it came on Thursdays, then) I would wait impatiently until supper was over and Dad would sit down and read the latest installment aloud. I have been a Kenneth Roberts fan ever since; I'll even put up with dowsing.

Red Ingle was originally a member of Spike Jones' outfit -- or at least he was with Jones before he began recording on his own. (I imagine that he was originally a baby.) His biggest hit was "Temptation", with Jo Stafford (under a pseudonym) doing the vocal.

The Healy-McComas anthology credits "Time Travel Happens!" to ASTOUNDING.

PHANTASY PRESS - McPhail --

Gee, you never encountered "homey" before? It refers, simply, to a "homelike" atmosphere; a sort of cozy-group-sitting-around-the-fireside-and-peeling-apples sort of feeling, with overtones of simplicity and rusticness. It can be a compliment or an insult, depending on who uses it and how he uses it. (That is, the old soap operas like "Ma Perkins" were referred to as "homey" because of their phony attitudes of simplicity and good cheer, but the term is also used by writers looking back nostalgically at their old home towns.)



The CONSUMER REPORTS annual is simply called the "Buying Guide Issue". The CONSUMER'S GUIDE was a regularly published magazine at one time; one of the first (maybe the first) of such magazines. Actually, I'm not even sure that I've ever seen a copy, but I've heard about it.

The Dockweiler story reminded me of a typical SATURDAY EVENING POST short story -- same boy-meets-girl plot, same slick writing, same inconsequential story line, and once in a while the POST even has an unhappy ending. It was professional quality, all right, but unfortunately not of a type that I admire.

LE MOINDRE - Raeburn - Loved all of your descriptions of singers, particularly the teen-age horrors. You have managed a perfect description of Jean Ritchie -- though I must admit that after hearing her first Elektra record I dashed out and bought a copy. That, however, was before I knew there were women folksingers like Cynthia Gooding, Odetta, Terrea Lea and Archer and Gile. (The last 3 are blatantly commercial, but they do sing purty...)

I've never had any trouble with F&SF on subs; I guess I'm unique. Juanita's mother failed to get a gift subscription we'd given her, whereupon both mother-in-law and I wrote the company nasty letters and so frightened them that she got 2 copies of every issue she'd missed and has had no trouble since.

Woodie Guthrie wasn't much of a singer, but ma-a-an, could that boy write songs! I've discovered that a lot of my favorite "folk" songs were actually written by him; he had real ability as a ballad-writer, in addition to the "talking blues" stuff that he made famous.

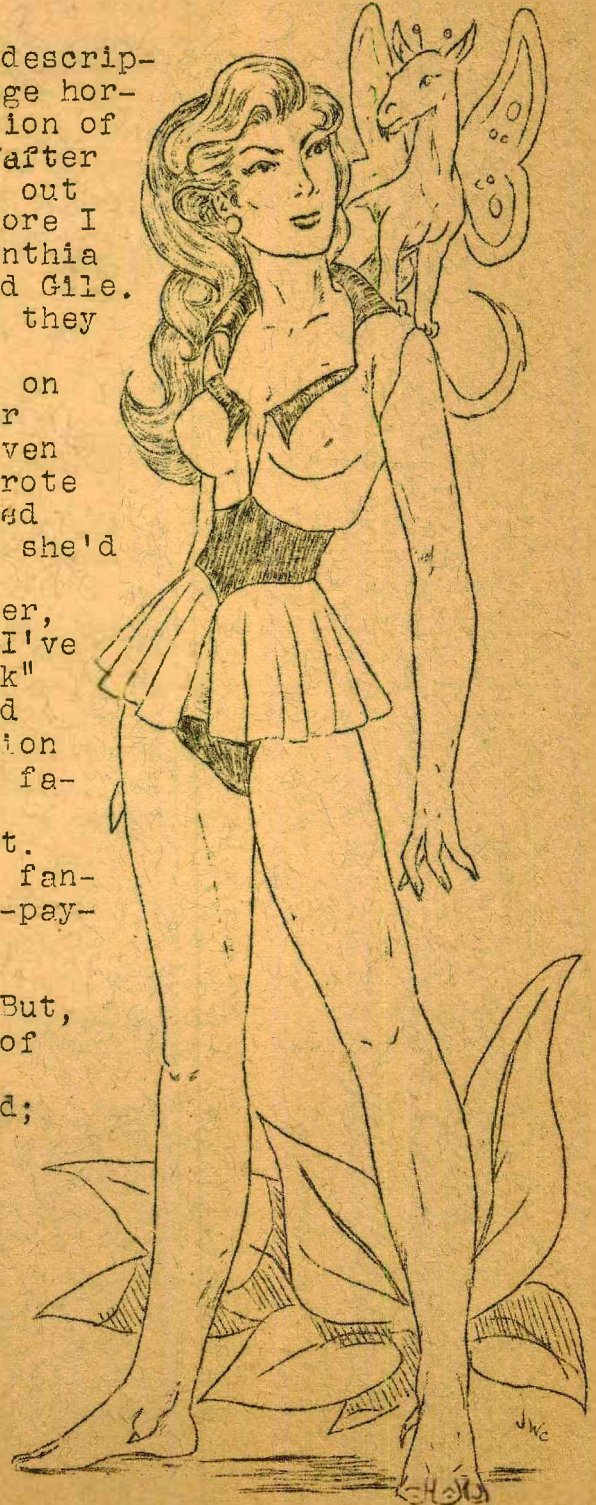
Agreed on the standard of living part. I'm supporting a wife, child, dog and two fanzines while working for a notoriously low-paying company. And we get by quite nicely.

QABAL 4 & 5 - Grennell and associates - But, Boyd; how can you be repelled by an air of galloping insanity and remain in fandom?

"Miss Beat Coffee House" isn't so bad; some time back I noticed that some local belle in northern Indiana had been elected "Muck Crop Queen" (for English and eastern readers, this is an approximate equivalent of "Miss Peat Bog").

Loved the deer-hunting story -- also the sequel, wherever-the-hell I read it.

SHIPSIDE - Trimble -- I admire you, boy. Anybody who reads the entire output of E.E. Smith just for an English paper has G*U*T*S.



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Bjo's fiction reads like a cross between Robert Nathan and J.R.R. Tolkien. I like it.

GALLERY - Derry - It doesn't inspire much comment, but I enjoyed it. One of the two or three best zines in the mailing. Grennell was wonderful; the remainder of the writers good.

HORIZONS - Warner - I've encountered 3 cars that were driven over 100,000 miles (none of them mine, unfortunately). Two Chryslers and a Ford. Off-hand, I'd say they were exceptions, though my '53 Ford was still good at 65,000. The present Ford is 4 years old, has 60,000 miles on it, and in the past six months I've had to replace the water pump, exhaust pipe, muffler, tailpipe, 3 tires, battery, spark plugs, and various other odds and ends. The gas gauge and the speedometer don't work, one dash light is out, the upholstery is worn through to the foam rubber, and the radio has a short in it. I had to replace the overdrive unit two years ago because it was falling apart. This sort of thing can get expensive, and unless you happen to be lucky enough to have a good car, the cost of running one over two years old is nearly as high as the new car ads claim.

Agreed on the French book-publishing system. That's the way I buy books -- the paperback comes first, and if it looks like it will be re-read often enough, it's replaced by a hardcover (second-hand, if possible).

Gem Carr had quite a discussion with Joe Sanders at one Midwestcon; she seemed to hold up her beliefs quite well in person then.

For some time, we corresponded with a fan in Argentina. He had plans for starting an Argentine fandom -- since the country sported a prozine, MAS ALLA, at the time -- but was frustrated by the fact that the government refused to give him a license to own a mimeo. Dictatorships are notoriously touchy about people who put out pamphlets -- I suspect that the Russian government would be equally dubious about allowing unauthorized use of publishing equipment. I haven't heard from Ricky since the overthrow of Perón, but I suspect that Argentine fandom died stillborn.

Haverstown Journal and the restaurant article were equally fascinating. On the subject of governors and ribbon-cutting, Gene DeWeese recently related a bit of news about Wisconsin's governor. Seems that he got lost on the way to the opening of a new superhighway or some such thing and was something like 40 miles over the state line into Minnesota before he discovered the trouble.

PHLOTSAM - Economou - First, let me mention that you were supposed to receive a copy of YANDRO, since we mentioned the party, but I miscounted and we ran short. You may read Dean's copy.

Oh, here's the deer-shooting sequel. I still like it.

Your stage experience sounds fascinating. We never had half the fun in our high school class plays. I did pretty well personally; being a fast reader, I rapidly skimmed the play as soon as we got the books, and then held out stubbornly for the meatiest role -- usually, in one of these things, the comedy relief. I was always asked to do the hero, because I could remember lines, but I always managed to stick the dull, long-winded speeches on another boy in class, who could also remember lines. He hated me bitterly.

God, but you must have had lousy schoolteachers. Most of the ones I had welcomed questions -- our high school science teacher literally demanded them; "If you don't even understand enough about the lesson to ask questions, then you aren't learning anything at all." Of course, he was a bit unusual; at the beginning of the year he would announce: "I expect all of you to learn something every day in this class. Whether it's on the course or not is immaterial, as long as you learn something." (I still think he's the greatest high school science teacher in the world.)

The Tom Swift, Jr., books got reviewed in one or two prozines several years back. Comment was universally unfavorable. The books are not written by the same author; "Victor Appleton, Jr." covers an entire stable of writers, as I recall -- none of them, apparently, much good.

Tom Reamy was not one of the original Dallas fans, but he's no improvement. I rather liked one of the original Dallas foursome, Benny Sodek. He came to a Midwestcon once...nice kid. Wonder what ever happened to him?

Stencil cutting is rough on typers because the grease or whatever from the stencil causes the rubber in the rollers and platen to deteriorate. Film might stop some of this, but since the stuff soaks through the backing sheet onto the platen I expect that film wouldn't keep it off the rollers. (You can buy an extra hard platen for an outrageous price, but I'm too cheap.)

Whoa, now. We haven't bought an old place; we're just renting. But when and if I do buy a house, it will probably be an old one -- mostly because you get more space for your money.

RAMBLING FAP - Calkins - Well, if your approximations are vague enough, then you could say that everyone wants the same things. Or that those who don't are neurotic and that therefore they don't count. You're just trying to pin Robert Lee down when he wants to be vague.

You couldn't keep Wetzel out by sticking to the "writer" business. He used to appear regularly in some very good fanzines, and if he wanted to he could turn out reams of material. He'd have to find some neofan who'd never heard of him to publish it, of course, but there are lots of those around, too.

Very pertinent comments on GEMZINE.

If you prefer Canadian Club to straight bourbon, you would likely prefer it to straight rye, also. Personally, I'll take rye if I can get it; if I can't, then rum, vodka or bourbon will do. No blends, though. And no mixer; just put two ice cubes in a water tumbler and fill it up. (I'm not trying to brag; one of these usually does me for an entire evening, but that's the way I like it.)

Beer and baseball do go together -- but they don't go far enough or stay away long enough.

I can't understand why "Abby" gets all the publicity; Ann Landers is much funnier and I think generally has a slight edge in the quality of advice she gives out, too.

IBIDEM - Lyons - Speaking of peeling the covers of old paperbacks, have you ever been at a convention where you suddenly find yourself in the middle of a large group of people, all of whom are industriously peeling the outer covering off used flash bulbs? It's unnerving.

Waldo Finfrock is the best name I could get out of the Wabash phone directory. But a few years back a member of the Mentone, Ind., high

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school basketball team was named Royal Blue. And one Hoosier politician was named Harry Butts.

I've never put anyone's name on a sucker list, but postal practical jokes were popular in Indiana fandom for awhile. James Adams was the recipient of a dead owl in one package, and a toy spaceship (of the kind you get for sending in 10¢ and a boxtop) in another. In retaliation, he sent Gene DeWeese's name in to a lonely hearts club. And I am officially enrolled as a member of an Elvis Presley fan club, thanks to Joe Sanders. Worse than POPULAR MECHANICS, though -- I've considered answering all the free or cheap ads in SEARCH and FATE in some fan's name, but have never done it yet.

I liked the story.

TARGET: FAPA -- Eney -- I liked the story. (I know this is getting monotonous, but, dammit, I did like all the stories I've mentioned.)

LARK -- Danner -- Buddhism may not be divided into "hundreds" of sects, but there are quite a few. I don't know if they fight each other like Christians or not, but since they're all people, I expect they do.

Brady's Bend? Good Lord -- do you know that your summer vacation spot has been immortalized in verse? "Brady's Bend And Other Ballads" by Martha Keller (Rutgers University Press, 1946). Probably my favorite book of poems.

I'm acquainted with Voresh, but not with Fred Barker (wonder if he's any kin to Gray Barker, the saucerite?) Be glad to get anything along that line that you'd care to send. In return, I'll copy down some of "Brady's Bend" for you, if you're interested in local history.

BUNDLE-STIFF -- Bradley -- Country and western singers don't all sing through their noses; Ernie Ford and Rex Allen have quite respectable voices (did you happen to catch Ford's hammy rendition of "Pinafore" on tv? Some of it was self-consciously "country", but some of it was darned funny, and the singing was fine -- Ford with a phony British accent is fascinating, and at least one of the singers in his chorus is also a soloist with the Roger Wagner Chorale.)

People do drive more. Visiting relatives in Hammond used to be a once-a-year project because they were 100 miles away, and the same with another set in Indianapolis. Now we go to Indianapolis once a month or so for a stf club meeting and were in Milwaukee (another 100-plus miles on the other side of Hammond) twice since the Detention just to see friends.

I'm strictly a dog man; I'll put up with cats, but I don't like them.

What happens to the strong-minded female who dresses to suit herself? Well, I can't speak for the majority, but one of them married me. (So the rest of you females take warning and conform.)

A FANZINE FOR..... -- Hoffman -- I'm glad to hear you aren't trying to force A. L. Lloyd on me. I sort of got the impression, when you used a letter of mine -- written to the editors of another magazine entirely, by the way -- as a basis for an article implying that anyone who didn't agree with you was an uncultured clod, that you were trying to force him right down my throat. I don't give a damn what other people listen to, but I object to being sneered at because I disagree with them. I suppose folkmusic fans should stick together, though; we're outnumbered.

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KLEIN BOTTLE - T&M Carr - Cheer up, Miriam; I can't carry a tune, either. (For that matter, I've heard professional singers who weren't too good at it.) My singing sounds fine to me, but other people start leaving the room. In fact, I'm so oblivious to tunes that my mother once located me in a group of 150 or so Boy Scouts singing joyous songs around the campfire by tracking the most rumbling, off-key voice to its source.

FANZINE REVIEW - Madle - It's the simplest thing in the world to get on YANDRO's mailing list, Bob; you just send us \$1.50 and we put you down for a year's sub. Or, since you don't have a non-apa mag to trade, you can contribute material. Or copies of NEBULA. We're quite amenable to any sort of remuneration except letters of comment or reviews, because we have more letters than we can publish and more circulation than we really want. We don't object to either reviews or letters, but we don't pass out magazines for them.

EYETRACKS - Coslet - If you subbed at Chicago, it definitely wasn't to YANDRO-EISFA, because the first issue of that sterling publication came out in Feb. '53. I didn't realize that even the old original INDIANA FANTASY dated back that far, but it must, because that's the only mag it could have been. You could apply to either Lee Tremper or Ray Beam for your money, but I doubt if you'd get it.

FAPPREHENSILE...err, FAPPREHENSIVE - E. Busby - I had a checkmark next to your comment about two novels about Irish terriers, but I suddenly recall that the books I'm thinking of were about an Airedale, and so probably aren't the same thing at all. "Derry, Airedale Of The Frontier". There was a sequel, too; I remember them as very good books because I read and liked them during a fading period of enthusiasm for dog stories. My favorites were the books by Esther Birdsall Darling; "I've probably read "Baldy Of Nome" oftener than any other book. I went in for Curwood's "Kazan" and "Baree, Son Of Kazan", too, even though they had altogether too much kissin' and mushy stuff for a 10-year-old.

If Keely Smith is pretty, so is Buddy Baer. There is a definite resemblance.

FAPHELION - F.M. Busby - Fans in the legislature? Betty Kujawa mentioned some time back that she saw some local Democratic politicians on tv -- and they were all wearing helicopter beanies. Maybe we'll get a fan in the White House yet.

The idea of sponsorship for waiting-listers is repelling to me. A blackball just implies that while we're willing to admit most fans to membership we intend to draw the line somewhere. Whereas sponsorship gives the impression that we consider ourselves the elite of fandom and anybody wanting to join had better toe the line. (Maybe some FAPAns do consider themselves elite -- I don't.)

I think you had a dandy answer to Gem Carr. I don't generally approve of arguing for blood, instead of fun, but in this case you did exactly what needed to be done.

Frankly, I'm all in favor of outlawing the standards of Kiwanis and all the other clubs you mentioned -- in fact, outlaw the whole damned clubs. (Well, I wouldn't really go that far, even though I do regard the whole bunch as silly organizations catering to immature tastes.)

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LIKE HOGAN'S GOAT - FM & E Busby - Here are those pushing people again; at this rate they'll be taking over the entire mailing.

Okay, Laney was a Great Man, but I still have trouble seeing why. That is, I'll take your word that his writings were instrumental in fandom (or at least, if not yours, then the words of everybody else who writes about him), but I simply can't understand how people could have been so impressed by the writings that I have seen. The effect seems so much greater than the cause.

Sorry; never heard of Ivar Haglund. We have two versions of "Acres Of Clams" on record; the good one is by Chicago's own Win Stracke, on a Bally lp (that's the name of the company, not a British adjective) which I understand is now out of issue. (Or whatever the technical term is for recordings no longer being made.)

One thing about a Ford; they have the damndest bright headlights I ever encountered. As far as I'm concerned, 70 mph is too fast for any sort of traffic, but I can barrel along at 60 late at night and have a fair safety margin. Since I do a lot of night driving on country roads, I have the headlights set a bit higher than normal; I occasionally annoy other drivers, but I can at least see where I'm going.

THETA - Harness - I was enchanted by "Gem Carr". This is the sort of rare parody where everything -- original song, personality, meter, rhyme, everything dovetails into a perfect whole. The back cover cartoon was also one of the better things of the mailing.

GEMZINE - G. Carr - I only have one checkmark down; something is wrong, here. If the outcome is known to God, what the hell difference does it make whether we know it or not? The only reason for fighting -- whether for Right or for life or for sheer sadistic pleasure -- is the possibility for determining the outcome. If the outcome is not affected by our fight then the fight itself is both useless and criminal, no matter which side we're on. (Sure, we can't know that the outcome isn't actually determined by our efforts, but that has nothing to do with what you said.)

I wonder how many FAPANs are going to start listing people who have suffered due to your personal philosophy, starting with Willis? Now I'm not at all sure that I agree with the amount of suffering that you have caused, but implying that you haven't caused any is nonsense. Not even Jesus could honestly make that statement.

Okay, I'll agree with you that you haven't "condemned millions" to death re the bomb tests; it's just that you'd like to. Advocating a particular policy and then refusing to accept responsibility for that policy's bad points by saying that your advocacy really doesn't make any difference is cowardly. If I were to come out and say that Communism is a good thing, it wouldn't make any difference to the world - but would that stop you from attacking the statement? Don't object when other people start using your own arguments on you.

That seems to be it; doesn't seem like many comments, but I think I wrote a letter, too.

There remains an amazing amount of material uncommented-upon, but it will just have to stay that way; I want to get this thing in the mail. I did love the Ejo greeting cards and thanks to whoever is responsible for publishing them (Juanita has the FA at the moment). And next mailing there will be a real gosh-wow issue of VANDY..... RSC

B-T -- His Pages

Science Fiction Times, Thou Art Incomparable:

"Ted Carnell announced that Nova Novels will be revived in the New Year ... He wants to publish the classics of science fiction --- the kind that have not been in hardcovers or paperbacks. One which is planned is THE WEAPON MAKERS." -(Taurasi-?? in issue #327.)

The Weapon Makers (hardcover): Hadley Publishing Co., 1947
One Against Eternity (T-W-M paperback): Ace Books, 1955

Snapping Up The Rare Ones:

"Recently the editor came across a real find in a rare magazine store, a dealer who had several hundred copies of the original AMAZING STORIES wherein the Shaver Mystery first appeared in great detail. Knowing that some of our readers, particularly those doing Shaver research, would like some of these original issues, we bought the entire lot ... at a price which would still allow readers to afford buying them. The price is only \$1.00 each and we will pick out the best issues for the first persons ..." -(Gray Barker, in The Saucerian Bulletin #21.)

To Tingle Or Not To Tingle:

William Castle is a Hollywood producer with gimmicks on his mind. He is of the firm opinion that gimmicks sell pictures, and perhaps they do in the larger cities infested by gullible people. A couple of years ago he cranked out an epic (the title may have been "House on Haunted Hill" but I'm not sure) which boasted the first use of a device called 'Emergo' which was supposed to bring the picture out into the laps of the audience. I saw the installation of 'Emergo' at one of the local theaters and it consisted of a glowing skeleton which climbed from a sack on the stage and traveled over the heads of the audience along a wire. The projectionist operated a small motor to bring it out, and send it back again on the proper cues. Big deal.

This year, our theater fell for the Castle gimmick picture, a morbid little horror called "The Tingler." With spright originality, the new gimmick is called 'Percepto' and a couple of us fell to (at overtime rates) the installation job. 'Percepto' consists of a number of small motors fastened beneath the seats and wired to push-buttons in the projection booth. On cue, we jab the buttons, the little motors whirl like tired rattlesnakes, and you are supposed to jump and scream. Except that you don't --- at least, in our theater you didn't. If you were a boy-child you laughed and yelled and kicked the seat in front of you and had a picnic; if you were a high school or college student you asked "What the hell?" and tried to pry the gimmick off the seat; if you were a jaded adult you just sat there and let the stupid thing

buzz. Or perhaps, to display your annoyance, you reached beneath the seat and jerked loose a wire. (We loved you for that.)

Now, all the action occurs in the fifth reel. If you happen to attend the theater where this monstrous stinker is showing, relax and enjoy yourself. You'll know when the fifth reel is at hand, because you'll see an actor on the screen throw a switch and the house lights will go on. A voice announces that a woman has fainted in the theater, but keep your seat and maintain calm --- the management will look after the unfortunate female. And then the actor throws the switch a second time and the auditorium darkens again. Shortly thereafter, the actors make the "horrifying" discovery that the monster has escaped its cage and is loose in the theater -- the very theater you are sitting in. And sure enough, the film "breaks" and there on the screen is the shadow of the monster crawling across the projection lens. Immediately the screen and the auditorium goes dark and we go to work on the push-buttons --- in the twinkling of an eye The Critter is supposed to move from the lens to a position just under your seat. Yes. Well, this goes on for a spell, and then the picture continues, and then along comes the climax and a dead woman sits up and stares at her husband, and we push the buttons again. By now, you must be tired of all this. If so, reach under and yank loose a wire --- all the motors are wired in series, and your yank will fix everything just dandy.

We'll draw more overtime, tracing down and repairing the damage.

But after the first few showings it got mighty tiresome just standing there, watching the picture and waiting for the cues. We finally got to the point where we made a game of outwitting the actor who throws the switch. We would turn on the auditorium lights just a second or two before his hand touched the switch; or we would stall and let him throw it without results --- anything to show the actor that by golly, he couldn't control our house lights with his phony old switch.

●● The Stars Are Ours:

In my spare time (in between push-buttons) I'm working up a real jim-dandy science fiction piece about authors and editors who choose names of stars to put into story titles. I mean, using star names in actual titles. For example, seven stories used Sirius in their titles -- only seven out of the thousands upon thousands of titles listed in Don Day's Index. And from what I can discover so far, only about a dozen stars have been named in all the twenty-five years covered by the Index. It seems incredible for a pack of science fiction people. Some of the Sirius titles will be found at the tops of these pages, and some of the other stars will be found in similar positions in another magazine in this mailing. But I croggle at our authors: untold thousands of stars, untold thousands of stories, and they make use of perhaps twelve names.

●● Beard Mumblings:

Young Mike Todd's new smellorama movie opened in Chicago in December, I think. His newspaper advertisements were refreshing. One went like this: "First they moved! Then they talked! Now they smell!"

 nothing sirius

Bob Silverberg & The Pirates: I was somewhat amazed to learn that many of your stories had been pirated overseas, although it would follow that the offending publishers would carefully neglect to send you samples of their larcenous handiwork. I wish you had been more specific as to whether short stories or novels were involved in the piracy, and I also wish you had somehow modified that sweeping statement, "In most cases, the author is neither paid for these reprints nor sent copies of them, and he learns about them only by accident."

Several questions spring to mind. Are you your own agent, or do you retain a hired hand? If the latter, how come he is letting this happen to a Good Man like you? Have you threatened the offending publishers with a lawsuit? (Look up a Mr. Dave Kyle, of New York. He is a Good Man at this sort of thing.) It is my understanding that almost all European nations except Russia and Spain respect the international copy-right agreements, and perhaps a threatening letter written on properly prepared letterheads might produce the money owed you. Assuming that you are speaking of short stories, have you checked the magazine publishers who first printed the stories? Some of them have the gall to buy "all rights" or "world-wide rights" for their miserable penny a word, and they don't hesitate to peddle your good fiction all over the world for whatever they can get out of it. Keeping the money, of course. But I do wish you had a better control, to stop the pirating. Did you hear about the chap who had Attorney-at-Law letterheads printed, and who used the letterheads to dun those who owed him money?

Several years ago an enthusiastic science fiction faaan turned writer had one or more of his yarns pirated in Mexico, and he seemed somewhat proud to find his name and story in the crummy little magazine. Money? Bosh, he said to me in effect, think of the fame and prestige! And he was a bit hurt when I asked to see him eat the fame and prestige.

READ THIS, Bill Rotsler, Gregg Calkins, Terry & Merry Carr, plus numerous Los Angeles fans unknown to me, read this I say! KLEIN BOTTLE #2, dated November 1959, carried portions of a Rotsler letter; those portions were entitled "William Rotsler, Mother Tigress," "William Rotsler Puts On His Hero Suit," and "A Pot of Pourri." Do they sound familiar? William wrote them of course, and Terry & Merry reprinted them, so they must have reached that double-link in the chain. Were they familiar to you, Calkins? They were not familiar to me --- in cold fact, this was the first time I had read those short, personal articles. I knew they existed, of course, because there were later references to the "Mother Tiger" business and I realized that something was missing from my life. Now I know. Be advised, Mother Tigress Rotsler, that the original letters never reached Bloomington. And how old are they now? A year? Is there a crooked fan or a snooping postal inspector among us?

The answer to the last question is yes, although I can't blame him for the missing letter. (I don't think.) Look to your mail, men, and behave yourselves; first class letters are not inviolable, despite your cherished belief that they cannot be opened for inspection. There is evidence to support the theory that more than one FAP is now under the official scrutiny of the postoffice, so behave yourselves for Roscoe!

The President's Elephan: my brother is travelling with a show in India and every month without fail (unless he forgets) he sends me a colorful postcard depicting life in mysterious Asia. In two languages, the captions describe the scene on the reverse side. The latest card to hand depicts a magnificent elephant stalking along a street, bedecked in gorgeous trappings. The sic caption: "President's Elephan on Republic Day. Every yar on 26th January Presiden is Elephant comes in the procession with great pomp & show."

Another card pictures a street dentist in Karachi. The dentist is seen working an antiquated foot-powered drill as he bores into the mouth of some luckless citizen. Behind him a wooden rack displays bottles of mysterious potions, while spread out on the sidewalk for the public to inspect is his working inventory: all manner of dentures, ready to be trimmed and fitted into the needy mouth.

Read this, Phyllis E.: I won't divulge your age either, but a birth-date attributed to you was published in the - , - - - - - .

Read this, DAG: you've started me reading bread labels now. Is this the beginning of a new fandom, like catsup bottle fandom? Question: will calcium propionate retard the spoilage of me?

Busby-male: that there movie I was talking about a page or so ago had the lysergic acid bit in it. The doctor - hero dopes himself with the stuff to investigate fright symptoms, and imagines that a skeleton hanging in his office is alive and moving about the room. Earlier, the Doc is seen reading a book on LSD, but for some queer reason the title is printed on the back cover. Perhaps the printer had sampled it.

Busby-female: I like you. I remember a character who tried to get you drunk (for nefarious reasons) some years ago. Wasn't he the gay one?

Everybody: you seem to have everything just backward. All of you are out of step but me, Gertrude, and George Nameless. You don't seem to understand that Papa is a noxious organization for noxious people we like to make piddles and then step in it, and if you persist in getting wet, why don't you leave, huh? There is no room in Our Club for good people, for mannered people, for 100% faaans. So get out. Scram.

I refuse to defend Gertrude; she is capable of defending herself -- -by fair and foul means, but as I've said before in previous mailings some of you bite when you should know better. Her department, "Baitbox," is named with good reason, and you should learn to ignore the bait. She enjoys controversy because it brings her egoboo, and you chaps who take that bait never fail to give her what she seeks. Apart from this garden variety baiting is her treatment of Walt Willis and, more recently, the Busbys. I doubt that I shall ever forgive her for the shoddy trick to Willis -- I felt strongly about that; and it now appears the Busbys are handling their own rebuttals very well indeed. So be it. But for Roscoe's sake, men, stop tumbling into that baitbox. Wake up.

And Juffus -- I am not an apologist for Gertrude. Goodnight all.

- Bob Tucker

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Due to the fact that I just finished mimeographing 40 plus stencils of Y&N and calendar, and have the February issue of Y&N to look in the face rather immediately, I will probably be loathe to pile up many pages in this mailing. I agree with Buck as to grandiose plans for F&P page, but also agree that we always seem to be snowed under come mailing time.

The trip to Milwaukee was a delight for us, despite the hideous amount of trafficky driving (we'll be glad when Chicago connects the Skyway directly to the Tri-State Tollway - the Bypass is just too long)....there are a number of fuzzy memories lingering at this late date: the fact that Milwaukee has six way stops which are unmarked (the spectacle of six cars sitting nose to nose in the middle of an intersection is unnerving); the fact that the shopping center bev DeWeese assured me was "right next door" is thirty blocks from their house; Buck and Gene having hysterics over the fact that I put on a new skirt getting ready for the New Year's party, forgot I had left a tag hanging in the front, then, due to my frontage, was unable to see the darn thing to cut it, and had to plead for help; learning that Grennell is not to be trusted as a barkeep - I usually don't care for mixed drinks, but he insisted he would fix me something "tasty", and, true, the first one did taste mostly of cherry juice - very mild - but then I made a mistake and let him mix me another, supposedly identical - well, it looked the same, but it definitely was not composed mostly of cherry juice; oh well, I managed to give him a shock later in the evening after he'd mixed me an 8 oz. tumblerfull of imitation daquiri (I say imitation because the ingredients were not kosher, but it was as strong or stronger than the usual product) - at any rate, I wandered into the next room, took a few sips, then encountered bev, who is wild about daquiris, imitation or otherwise - my peasant palate is equally pleased by beer, so I generously surrendered the tumbler and wandered back into the kitchen to fetch one of

"It's all right; he loves children."

"That's what I'm afraid of!"



Kemps' Van Merritt artesian well - water beers, at which point DAG looked at me in horror (I had been gone about two minutes) and demanded "You didn't drink all of that al-ready?!" He seemed vastly relieved when I explained matters.

Phyllis and Arthur have a delightful monster of a house, rooms all over the place...I always delight to see nice people getting something good.....they are perfect host and hostess.. and I wish I could reproduce here that gorgeous shade of blue in Phyllis' dress....bev probably flipped even more than I, since she's wild about aqua, turquoise, blue-green, and all facets thereof.

But enough of pleasantries. On to mailing comments.

A Fanzine for...etc. (Hoffman) I think it was C.W. Anderson who thot there were not only more horses now, but that they were better treated, because the people who own and use horses do so because they like the beasts, not from necessity for transportation. I never was much good at riding - much prefer to stand off and admire the beasts, then draw them.

Buck merely groaned and looked the other way when he first heard my christening of one of those little three shelfed serving tables on li'l wheels - obviously the thing is a cartable.

I don't know about adults, but Bruce is nuts about Mr. Clean commercials. In fact, our first success in getting the tad to pick up his toys, etc., involved "calling for Mr. Clean". But then his taste isn't of the best; his idea of the ne plus ultra in entertainment is a Popeye cartoon.

One of my earliest encounters with a bike was being ridden on the handlebars of my cousin's brand new two wheeler. He slugged going thru a mud hole and I ended up with my leg stuck completely through the spokes of the front wheel, a la cartoons. I was concerned about my cut-up leg, but my cousin almost never forgave me for ruining his bike. Oh well, as a consolation prize while mending, I received two baby chicks; later, on my feet again, my mother found me chasing the poor critters with a croquet mallet - explaining I wanted to pet them and they wouldn't hold still (I wasn't going to kill them, just stun them a little).

Oh, I was a monster - my childhood sounds like a female Dennis the Menace.

So this thyme you're covered with rue - maybe by the next mailing the red roses and the willow trees will be in bloom.

Bundle Stiffs (88 & 88 $\frac{1}{2}$) (Bradley) I've seen some rather stag-partyish males truly embarrassed at the material in the True Confessions mags... it's not the material itself, it's the sanctimonious, "had I but known" "now I must pay for my sins", attitude rife in the alleged writing - I suspect it dredges up some long buried guilt complexes for males, meanwhile sugar coating pornography for women who would never admit that's what they're reading. I'm not in favor of banning them, because I'm not in favor of banning anything - but I think their continued existences should mean similar permissions for the cruddy men's mags, comic books, whathaveyou. I mean, as a introverted, sometimes vastly frustrated child, I got a tremendous amount of boiling sadism out of my system via the vicarious route of the comic books; that outlet has been taken away, and some of the law enforcement agencies are already beginning to feel the results in the rapidly dropping age levels of young vandals. It wasn't good literature, but it did let off steam, usually in the name of patriotism.

I'm one up on you - only 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ FAPAns know the origin of Jzadaer and Miisfalaem.

Well, I shall probably curl the hair of a lot of feminine FAPAns by flatly stating that I think babies are repulsive - Bruce was repulsive as an infant, all babies are repulsive as infants until about six months or a year, when they begin displaying some of the qualities that indicate the beginnings of human behavior - it's a pity they can't be born three or four years old, at least.

Lark - The main difference I have discovered between Masterweave and Twilltone (excluding price) is absorbency - now that I've finally got

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my hands on some Speed-o-print Sovereigns, I shall be back to my old habits of cranking through three or four sheets a second - the tremendous absorbency of Twilltone combined with Speed-o-print's slurpy economy ink makes for rapid, dark copy.

But there are occasions when the darn thing, instead of gurgling all around and then overflowing, simply comes right up to the top and takes the plunge - didn't matter anyway. Now we got plumbing that works.

DTESS (Dee-Tee-Ess) is The Day the Earth Stood Still.

Ibiden (Lyons) I remember when Buck and I were in Canada, up around North Bay, etc., several years ago, we wandered in some little newsstand and noticed a newspaper lying there with daylight rapes and axe murders splattered all over its front page in fire wagon red type. We looked at it in amused stupefaction and chuckled noisily, wondering out loud what kind of mentality would pay for news served up in this fashion. At that moment some veddy veddy club woman type flounced up, glared at us, snatched up a copy, paid her money, threw us another glare and left. So now we know what they look like, but still no clues as to the mental processes involved.

Rambling Fap (Calkins) As a child, I had a dandy game I invented all my own - called beating up everybody. I had an unfair advantage in being taller and heavier than the other kids though, but no one ever could argue with my rules.

Fapathy (Silverberg) Howled with delight over your accounts of gun handling, both by yourself and Harlan. I do some plinking with one of these beginner's .22's, the ones that have a bolt, and then have to be cocked - in order to compensate for my rather weird vision, I have to cant the rifle at a 30' angle and aim to the left and down of the target (yes, the sights can be adjusted, with a hammer - it's easier to compensate - besides, I'm used to it now). Hmm, that reminds me, the landlord chopped up the log we were using for a backstop - have to rig something else before good shooting weather sets in again.

The picture of Harlan blowing a hole in his kitchen wall with an elephant rifle convulses me. Some years back, Philly maybe, I was standing around during a fan party, arms akimbo (because I'm comfortable that way) when Harlan walked up and said I looked like I was silently declaring "I can lick any woman in the room". I was about 50lbs lighter at that time (opposed to my present hausfrau shmoo shape), but I was proud of myself for muffling a retort that "I don't know about the women-but I'm pretty sure I can lick you". That was also the con wherein Harlan was declaiming in usual manner to a roomful of party (at one point he whirled around and found himself staring into a flashcamera poised approximately three inches from his face - I have rarely seen HE look sicker), concluding with an elaborate version of the old joke about "not sending a knight out on a dog like this", presumably as a grand parting shot, gesturing, hand on door knob, etc.; unfortunately, the door stuck.

Celephais (Evans) Reilly and Lee might have threatened a law suit, but I doubt if Lyman Frank Baum did, since THE LAUGHING DRAGON OF OZ was written by his son. I didn't discover PENROD until I was 14 or so, and at that age I found it hilarious - all the more so because it was set in small town Indiana, and because I was just old enough to look on the events with nostalgia. I still consider the scene wherein Verman and

Herman prepare to chasten the bully via lawnmower and scythe as one of the funniest in humorous writing, equal to H. Allen Smith's "My God! You mean they bite?!", Mark Twain's dissection of Fenimore Cooper, James Thurber and the microscope, and Benchley's gangster bird and the white suit.

Qabal (#4) Grennell, et.al. I am delighted with the dissertations on folk music (I consider nothing sacred, and despite my devotion to EAP I have laughed my fool head off at Poe parodies). I hope I didn't offend DaG the time at the Illwiscon that I sang folk music with Sally Dunn and Roger Brues - I don't expect people to drop their conversations when I start singing, but I don't get much chance to sing with people and I quite frankly enjoy the sensation. I don't (at least I hope) sing to be exhibitionistic, but merely because I like to sing, and if I get too loud at times, I'm really not trying to drown out anyone, it's just that I get carried away and don't have too good a control in the volume department (or any other). I'm not much on work songs, preferring blues, minor key bits and other more or less unusual stuff; oh, I'll sing along with work songs (and Clementine, Boyd) because, as I said, I just like to sing, but around the house, whilst stencil cutting and dish washing, I sing songs that go to make up my mythical folk song album of stuff I would record if I were recording folk music, - said album tentatively titled "Fallen Women and Damsels in Distress", including "House of the Rising Sun", "Queen Eleanor's Confession", "Matty Groves", "Dink's Blues", "Pretty Polly", and others, such as the feminine version of "Streets of Laredo". Bhut, bhut, do I have to spend time in a bawdy house and get killed in order to properly sing these, a la the characters singing work songs who have never worked? Seems a heroic dose just for liking to sing.

The idea of Dean touching a tentative finger to a cracked window and having a station wagon crumble to ashes - well, this is the sort of word picture that leaves me sitting there, shoulders heaving in silent laughter and tears rolling down my cheeks.

And whatever happened to the SHYHOOK with the description of the little old lady in the basement of F & SF's subscription department, the one who was in charge of lousing up "This is a Test" subs?

Involuntia (Janke) My comments about "ball and chain" jokes made to Dan go for you, too. I will be 27 come February 12, and Buck is...hmm...less - 31. I was violently unhappy at age 13½ and I doubt that I'd get along at all with a 62 year old man as a husband.

Well, as I'm stating in a letter to another woman hater, my attitude toward men and women is somewhat in the same vein as the stereotyped feelings differentiating northern white and southern white attitude toward Negroes; in my case, I like women as a group, but with the exception of certain fannish femmes, I dislike most women personally - and I dislike men as a group, but find myself intellectually in harmony with most males, fan and non fan.

Your remark about American males being weaned too soon doesn't hold --err - water. Unfortunately, the really busty gals don't come out too well in the wet nurse department. The things really are pretty useless decorations.

The analysis of Boone versus Presley is interesting - but what do I do? I like certain male actors from a strictly artistic viewpoint - no sexual reaction whatever involved, while I'm pessimistically sure I would loathe them in person, whereas when the personality is likeable, I'm completely indifferent to physical appearance.

Le Moindre: I agree about the whininess of current lyrics...but then, who pays attention to lyrics anymore - once read a comment to the effect that Americans sing more about love and sex and know and do less about it than any nation on earth.....I'm particularly taken with the line in "Little Things Mean a Lot" that runs "Say I look nice when I'm not."

Well, Jean Ritchie is a prime example of pre-contralto feminine folk singing....when there was nothing else available, we would put up with her - I would learn her songs and memorize them, sing them, and then we wouldn't need to play her records any more. Now we have Odetta and Cynthia Gooding and we can turn up our unethnic noses at Ritchie. Don't even play Hally Wood (from whence came the "House of the Rising Sun" on the early tape) any more, even if she does have a rather uniquely fascinating voice.

The registration of my Tower is dependent on two things: 1) how high the paper on the feed table stands and 2) how far back I can slide the paper on the feed table without having it slip frustatingly. Oh well - what can I expect for \$33.50?

Phantasy Press: Okay, okay, I'll mention it - placated? Anyone showers me with flattery I should at least say something, not stand there with homemade egg foo yong on my face. Aside from the pleasant words and faunching to read the rest of Marion's report, I am bugged by the interlinos....stuff in the "battle-axe, old-man, ball and chain" tradition always annoys me....for a long time I didn't even believe there were really people about whom such jokes could be made; but then my eyes were rudely opened. I remember, and know, a lot of unhappy married people, but that doesn't make me any happier, or accepting, about seeing their foibles needled. Understand, I'm not griping at you - I'm just griping about the whole school of humor - "in-law" jokes and the works...perhaps when you don't have such problems yourself, the humor of these situations eludes you.

Phlotsam (Economou) Oh, after you use the john downstairs you just stay down there, huh? This was highly enjoyable, but I'm running out of comments, and besides, how can I comment when I agree with you?

Klein Bottle (Carrs) What "darned white spots that show up in shading plate work after the first several copies"? In six years of shading plating, I have yet to notice such an effect.

ad Interim (Ryan) Thank you, kind sir. I consider it a compliment to be accused of FLA.NET covering.

Anything Box (Bradley) Enjoyed. Was mildly convulsed over with the Britten-type version of Mida. Does my favorite repast of baby limas swimming in butter and milk count as a fannish meal?

Hoog! (DLG) "Yancy Derringer" is coming around in re-runs in Indiana, now. All I have to do is talk Buck into buying me a VHF antenna. He's grotched because they'll be re-running them in the afternoon and he didn't get to see very many originally. Another bhoys who uses a deringer the way it ought is Paladin, who throws the charge in the vic-tim's face.

More fanzines, many of which I enjoyed, but none moving me to comment, and it's easier to cut a bacover illo than type any more. Milidio -JWC

And a Happy
Ides of March
to you, too~

