

#8, produced for the 92nd.
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All illustrations (I think) by JWC (look in Eggs & Marrowbone, where others will be listed if there are any).

*Activity credit to Tucker

LONESOME TRAVELLER

In case anyone wonders how this thing is produced....The first item to be stencilled is Tucker's pages, which usually arrive about the time I'm considering maybe perhaps getting around to making

mailing comments sometime. Then Juanita outlines a batch of illustrations and I start stencilling mailing comments. (The lack of illustrations in my part of this issue stems from the fact that, first, I began before she did, and second, I loused up one of her illoed pages by typing right over the outline she'd drawn in to guide me. This loused up the layout and led to skipping a couple more illos.) Then I cut this column, which I'm doing at the moment. Finally, Juanita types her mailing comments and whatnot, finishes cutting the illos on stencil, and does the mimeoing. I usually assemble and mail the issue to the OE. (I didn't make it clear above, but Tucker's pages arrive on stencil, so all we have to do is mimeo them. They are not edited, in case you're curious.)

I hope this practice of waitinglisters circulating their own fanzines doesn't spread. This time, fellas, you get an acknowledgement and a VANDY, but if too many other people copy you the practice will stop. I am not about to assemble and pay for 100 copies of this thing. At any rate, I am particularly fond of Budrys' comments on Heinlein. Also, while I'm on DUBIOUS, as far as I know the Lake biography of Earp is as definitive as they come. He is, of course, pro-Earp; most people who knew the man seem to have become violently pro- or anti-; the emotion is violent, either way. As far as SPINNAKER REACH goes, I agree thoroughly with Chauvenet's wife that fans are nuts, but I venture to in-

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quire why this should make her dubious about returning to fan publishing? The eccentric individual is always more entertaining than the normal one, as long as one isn't too intimately involved with him/her, and fan publishing is ideal for arms-length acquaintance, so to speak. Note to Al Flick; we won't charge you for postage for VANDY; on the other hand, we don't guarantee to send it all the time, either. (We also have a monthly subzine, but that you have to pay cash for.)

We have some comments on VANDY from waitinglister Bob Lichtman; may put them in at the back of the issue. (I intended to include them with this column, but then I intended to have about 5 pages of column. That was before the mailing comments stretched out and I got lazy.)

At the moment, I am reading "Gordon Of Khartoum" by Lord Elton. I am inclined to think that I got my money's worth (all 59¢ of it; it was on sale) out of the following quotation, which is an official pronouncement of Hung-sen-Tsuen, leader of the Taiping Rebels in 1863:

"The Heavenly Father sits on the throne above.

The Heavenly Brother Christ is the next honorable, sitting on the right of the Father, excelled by no man.

By the grace of the Father and Brother we sit on his left. United as one we reign.

Disobey the Heavenly Will and you will be ground to pieces with a pestle."

Hung-sen-Tsuen seems the sort of person it would have been interesting to know -- at a safe distance, that is.

Phyllis objects to circulating non-credit material in FAPA by saying that it is more work for the OE and costs additional postage. Admittedly it causes extra labor, but I should think that the labor should be balanced against the general interest of the members. I can't speak for other members, but I can think of a lot of non-credit material that would be far more interesting to me than some of the credited material that I've received. As for money, I thought the problem was that we had too much of it? In short, I see nothing against the circulation of non-credit material. If it's definitely non-credit, then the editor won't bother to put it in unless he feels it's of interest; there's little danger of anyone stuffing the mailing with old Christmas cards or Dianetics ads unless he is trying to use them for membership credit.

I trust we shall see some of you at the Pittcon. Juanita has been busily working on artwork for Project Art Show; now she's designing a costume for the Masquerade. (Personally I consider costumes and masquerades sheer idiocy, but if other people like them I'll put up with them.)

That last sentence reminds me that Phyllis (Economou; how many other Phyllis's do you know?) mentioned sometime when we were up there that she was going to attack me in this mailing for being intolerant, due to my comments on the general stupidity of baseball and dancing. Now I claim that I was being the soul of tolerance. I didn't advocate the suppression of either activity; I merely said its adherents were stupid. I'm quite willing to tolerate their stupidity. After all, it doesn't require much tolerance to allow the performance of something you like.

I'm gradually getting used to the idea that fans make long-distance telephone calls to other fans. When George Scithers first called us from California, I was overwhelmed. I gradually got used to George, but when Hal Annas called from Virginia I was startled. But the other night when Rog Ebert called from Illinois (at 11:30 PM), I took it almost in stride. Now that I'm getting used to telephone-fandom, I only hope I don't become addicted. (What did you say your phone number was, Tucker....?) RSC

ACRES OF CLAMS

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) I'm afraid I'm against adding more members to FAPA. At the moment we're beating off the efforts of outsiders to get copies of VANDY because we don't want to increase circulation; the idea of increasing it anyway by adding more members is faintly appalling. (Not vastly appalling, but faintly.) We're having circulation problems all around, since YANDRO recently went up to 160 per issue -- and I'm the one who said I'd never let it go above 100?

We seldom watch the weather forecasts on tv (or at least I seldom do -- I can't vouch for what Juanita watches when I'm at work). If you saw the accounts of tornados in north central Indiana around the first of July and thought of us, you weren't far wrong. We happened to be in Milwaukee at the time, but the storm came right by our house; didn't do any damage at our place, but wrecked a little town 7 or 8 miles from us and did some damage in Wabash.

See you at the Pittcon.

WRAITH (Ballard) Those imitation Navy Colts must have sold pretty well, since I see the firm is branching out into imitation Remington revolvers and rifles. I'll stick to my .31 pocket model Colt (not imitation; at least it better not be)-- mostly because I don't have the \$89.95.

Dick Tracy's ex-sidekick was named Pat Patton (real original-type name). That was back in the days before the villains with the unique physiques -- The Mole, The Earthworm, The Piranha, Flattop, Hardtop, Drag Racer, etc.

RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) Enjoyed the photos, particularly the ones of Dag and A. Young. Admittedly, Dollens is not Bonestell, but he's the closest imitation that I knew was available. Nobody equals Bonestell, but Dollens and Mel Hunter have done some pretty good stuff.

REVELATIONS FROM THE SECRET MYTHOS (Parker) Fascinated by the dissertation on Frankenstein Castle. I didn't even realize that Mary Shelley had an "inspiration" for her novel -- I thought it was sheer unbounded imagination. Shucks, and all that.

GASP (Steward)*Personally I would not care to have my car scrutineered by a woman. If someone is going to check my car I want that person to be qualified." I expect Juanita will pounce on this also, but is there any innate reason why a woman absolutely couldn't be qualified? I can agree with the second sentence, but can't see that the two sentences belong together. Incidentally, "scrutineer" sounds like the sort of word that Juanita is always making up, like "synchronate". It sounds almost as though it means something, but I'm not sure it does, even though I get the general idea you're expressing.

THE BIG THREE: TEN YEARS IN RETROSPECT (Boggs) This sort of thing is frustrating -- we keep our mailings together, but I want to leave this out with some of our other "important" fanzines, and I probably will. I don't always agree with your comments on the fiction, but I agree 100% with your comment on the van Dongen "Firewater" cover.

This was one of the best items in the mailing.

LIMBO (Rike) Sneaky, getting Donaho to do all the comments. Anyway,

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Bill, I'll go along with your ideas on authenticity in folk music. I don't object to changes as long as the singer doesn't go too far. (Like, the current pop version of "Big Rock Candy Mountain" is a bit too far out.) There's a difference between a singer who "arranges" a folk song for the juke-box (or opera, for that matter) set, and one who arranges it to suit his own vocal abilities or because he ~~highly~~ wants to sing it his way. The latter may not be scholarly, but it's usually better listening than the authentic versions. A. L. Lloyd isn't bad as long as he sings something fast, and a chorus (or even Ewan McColl, who can make about the same amount of noise) backing him up helps, too.

I built up quite an identification for the Green Bay Packers for awhile -- mostly because I come from a small town that never got anywhere much in the sport line, and Green Bay is a small town compared to the rest of the present membership of the NFL, and I was rooting for them to show up the big boys. (Back when I was the most ardent rooter, in the late '30s and early '40s, they were doing a pretty good job of showing up the big boys, too.)

I hope that "Billy Whispers" was a typo. It's "Billy Whiskers"; I'd almost forgotten the gamboling goat, but once I had at least half a dozen of the books. I always assumed that Arthur Ransome was a modern writer (Heck, I know he is, because just last year or so I saw a new book by him in some booklist) -- at any rate, I didn't run across him until I was too old to appreciate the writing. Pease is good for a few books; after that they all sound alike.

Anyone else in FAPA recall John R. Tunis as a writer for teenagers? I didn't run across him until I was getting beyond most books of that class, but I liked his stuff anyway. All you liberals should read "A City For Lincoln" -- good liberal propaganda on the teen-age level.

This business of "communicating feeling" in folk music I just don't dig. Nobody communicates feeling to me in folk music -- except an occasional urge to turn them off. As far as I'm concerned, Leadbelly should have stayed on the chain gang. To me, there are only good singers and bad singers. Odetta is a good singer, Bessie Smith is a bad singer. (Or at best a mediocre one.) The "feeling" that either one transmits to me you could put in your eye. So I'll definitely disagree with anyone who judges singers by feel (though come to think of it, there are some singers I wouldn't mind judging by feel -- but they aren't folk singers and anyway I'm getting off the subject.) So...I don't object to other people enjoying Bessie Smith and Jean Ritchie, as long as they don't make me listen to them (or make idiotic statements like CARAVAN's reviewer who said that Ritchie had a "superb voice"....if he'd said she gave a superb performance I wouldn't have objected, but a superb voice she ain't got.)

PHLOTSAM (Economou) I hope somebody answers your question on Shalimar. Why do you bring up things like this, anyway? I used to take it for granted that the Shalimar was a river or something in India and I was happy. Now you've destroyed a boy's faith in his songwriters.

I think that Bobby Darin's yelps are just sort of a trademark, like Crosby's crooning or Presley's wiggle. Since Leslie Uggams seems to sing mostly religious songs (or at least that's all they play around here by her), maybe she has some religious objection to changing her name for mere worldly glory. I liked "Big Iron" well enough to buy the ep version, something I haven't done on a pop song since Ernie Ford's "Sixteen Tons". The Israeli song title you're looking for is "Hava

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Nageela".

Check with Gene DeWeese on the Pepsi formula; he's a connoisseur of the stuff. I think they changed the formula a few years back; the stuff isn't as stickily sweet as it used to be, though it's still bad enough.

What's so startling about the fact that 21% of US houses have no indoor toilets? I lived for 20 years in a house with an outdoor toilet; I see nothing odd about a statement that I wasn't unique. (I told this to Belle Dietz, who evidently saw the same statistic you did, and I don't think she believes me yet, but I did, dammit.) The backhouse isn't relegated to antique status yet; not in the midwest and plains states.

Statistics -- goody! I likes graphs and stuff.

BLEEN (Grennell) The term for a maker's emblem is "marque"? You mean that big "F" on the front end of my Ford is a letter of marque? (I get to capture Chevrolets, possibly?)

Speaking of fancy record albums, have you seen the Victor one with beer mugs included? Record dealer was showing it to me last week-end. (Music is by the Boston Pops, as I recall.)

I had your comment on Abby Dalton checked, but on second thought it's Abby Lincoln that I enjoy looking at. (Now there's a singer I'd enjoy judging by feel....)

Loved your comments on your baby sitter -- she seems the sort of person it's more fun to read about than to encounter.

SALUD (E. Busby) You don't think fans are insane because they feel the same way about things that you do, eh? This is a classic symptom; as you all know, lunatics always consider themselves sane. Make her rest for a few days, Buz, and keep the knives out of her reach, and maybe in time she'll recover. I'll tell you, Elinor; there was this girl at our office. When she first came to work, she was a normal mundane sort, but the longer she stayed the more fannish she got. Unfortunately, about the time I was getting ready to introduce her to fandom, she was sent away for a "rest cure" at a local asylum. (No, I am not making this up; the girl never did sound any crazier to me than most of my friends do, but I guess the difference was that she believed her own zany statements. At any rate, don't let any copies of CRY or SALUD get into the hands of a psychiatrist or you'll be fighting off the little men in white coats.)

I wouldn't say that Jean Bogert is "delightful" --- mostly because I don't know anyone in fandom that I would use that term to describe --- but I enjoy her company, in moderation.

On the other hand, your quote of Poul Anderson's Sam Hall verse is delightful. In fact, this I love.

SERCON'S BANE (F. Busby) A BB gun at age 10? Tch - I had one at age 4¹; plus a .22 at age 6 and a .410 shotgun at age 10. (I wasn't allowed to go out by myself with the .22 at age 6, but it was my gun, not just one of Dad's that I was allowed to use.) I never went in for the usual watermelon and other petty thievery because I had parents who believed that stealing was stealing, and not to be laughed off as "kid pranks". (Bruce will probably be raised in the same harsh regime.)

Agree with you on capital punishment -- there are some people that I want to make damned sure don't ever run loose again. Executing some killers is a means of saving the lives that they would destroy if they

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ever got a chance -- and like they say about drivers, "The life you save may be your own". Eventually we should have psychiatrists to pronounce whether or not a killer should be disposed of for the benefit of humanity -- but first we need considerable more knowledge of psychiatry and psychology. Until we have that, any method of punishment or rehabilitation will be largely guesswork.

By your comment that you treat Nobby and Lisa "as children rather than as dogs" are you implying that you simply let them have what they want? I hope not; I couldn't stand to be around either children or dogs raised in that fashion.

Honeywell is, according to a Minneapolis (headquarters) employee, "noted as a training company". Our engineering department has expanded from about 15 employees to about 25 in the past year -- and in the same length of time 11 people have quit for better jobs. It's getting to the point where further expansion is made impossible by the need to fill present vacancies first. At least 4 of the present group are planning to quit as soon as they get a decent job offer, and outside of the chief engineer I don't know of anyone who plans to "settle down" in the company. It's a nice outfit to get experience with, which I'm doing, but not so hot as a permanent employer.

Well, I don't think I would blackball a waitnglister who was "jumped" ahead of others, because if any such regulation went through I don't think I could get enough support to do it. But I most certainly would try. I hope the circumstance doesn't arise (and at the moment it doesn't seem likely), but don't anyone make the mistake of thinking I won't do exactly what I said.

Okay, you're right on the rights of private organizations.

Maybe I was overly trusting, but I believed in what my teachers told me up through grade 5, at least. (I remember this far because my 5th grade teacher was not too hot in some subjects and I was always coming home with some bit of information that my parents had to straighten me out on. Like the day I said we'd been studying the "juice-its". It took some time for Mom to figure out that I was referring to the Jesuits, after which I was informed that Teacher might be nice, but she was a poor linguist.)

HORIZONS (Warner) Paperbacks are durable enough for some people. I can read one half a dozen times and it will still be in good shape, but if Juanita goes through one more than once it starts shedding pages. They do have to be treated with more care than the average person bestows on a book.

Theoretically, it's necessary to actually have removed farm land from production in order to cash in on the soil bank. Actually, the program is abused just about as much as you might think, and a lot of people are getting, if not rich, at least a comfortable income, from cheating.

Yes I could use some addresses of record discount houses. I have one only, and it never seems to discount anything I want.

How do you know that the part of the waiting list that is about a year away is the "valuable part"? I wouldn't bet on it. (And I'm not insulting any specific waitnglisters here; I haven't even looked at the list. I just don't think Harry or anyone can tell in advance.)

Enjoyed the opera article, even though I have no interest whatever in the music (and not much in opera in general.)

"Fan" is, after all, a contraction of "fanatic".

DEUKALION (Speer) I appreciated the comments on what FAPAns should know. From now on, when I sin, it will be deliberate.

The importance of "Oliver Wiswell" isn't that other nations didn't "fire rusty nails into people who didn't agree with them" but that it is one of the few books which admits that the founders of the United States shared the practice.

A pistol is a sort of equalizer but judo isn't? Odd; I'm no student of judo, but I thought that it emphasized the advantage of skill, rather than size -- which is exactly the "equalizing" action of the pistol. So a judo instructor teaches thugs; so what? I'd say that was all the more reason for Phyllis to learn it -- she certainly isn't going to be helped by not knowing it if the thug does (and a goodly number of today's thugs, if they don't know judo, at least are better acquainted with some form of hand-to-hand combat than the average citizen).

On page 10, you say that "in general, truth is a defense to a libel action" and on page 13 you say "Legally, calling a person a Negro is defamatory if he chooses to so regard it." Even if he is one?

What do you find degrading about selling? All this stuff about the evils of advertising sounds like an imitation of Vance Packard....I mean, sure, advertising isn't the greatest boon known to mankind, but it's hardly the greatest evil, either. The drabness, or lack of it, in socialism is a minor point beside its sheer unworkability.

"Why should we be trying to hold down needed expenditures in the public sector so that people can have more money to spend on private goods, bigger cars, candy for the kids, fancy expensive restaurants and so on?" Because, Jack, it's up to the people of this country to decide for themselves what they want to spend their own money on. You and Gem Carr are exactly alike on one point, it seems; you both believe that people should be forced to do things for their own good (with you, of course, deciding what their own good is). If the majority of the population wants bigger candy bars instead of bigger schools, that's tough on us intellectuals, and what of it? If you can make people see what you choose to think of as reason, fine -- but misleading them is a horse of another color.

"When many people speak of high quality in a voice, don't they really mean just the quantity of overtones.....?" I like that "just" -- you go listen to an early radio receiver or an Edison phonograph and maybe you'll change your mind about the importance of overtones. When people speak of high quality roads, they're "just" referring to how smooth they are, too.

"...the species is not the individual. You and I are worth continuing." Now there is an unwarranted assumption if I ever heard one. (Quite possibly you and Curt are worth continuing....but just how would you go about justifying that statement if anyone challenged it?)

LARK (Danner) Oddly enough, the quietest record I own (speaking of surface noise, that is) is a vinyl 78; a Sears Silvertone. Only one I have, and the comparison with other 78's and lp's is startling. I have other vinyl 78's, and they aren't a bit quieter than lp's or shellac 78's. I don't know how Sears did it, but I wish other companies would use the process.

I've been driving solid black cars since 1953, and I don't intend to change. A minor fault is that they show road film worse than lighter shades, but if I washed mine oftener it wouldn't be so noticeable.

Your comment on the comma-quotation mark question inspired me to

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re-read pages 96-98 of "Lost In The Horse Latitudes".

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) Now I know why they're called "model homes". Upon reading your reference to a "Model House" sign, I got a mental picture of something about 2 feet tall -- like model railroads, or airplanes. This sort of mental picture wouldn't do the real estate business a bit of good.

I thoroughly enjoyed your version of "Cargoes".

Next time we come to Canada I think I'll have my Traveller's Checks changed into US, rather than Canadian, money, so I can annoy motel proprietors (by making them decide whether to accept it at par and gain goodwill, or discount it and gain money). I suppose by that time, tho, the currencies will be at par again.

Well, I didn't know Ron Kidder was still around -- I didn't know whether he was still alive or not, for that matter -- so I suspect that Bennett didn't either. I'm more surprised at some of the names that are still included in the "Fan Directory".

I like Mitch Miller in some of his many manifestations.

I'm discouraged to find you actually eating Suger Pops; I thought you bought them just to get material for LE MOINDRE.

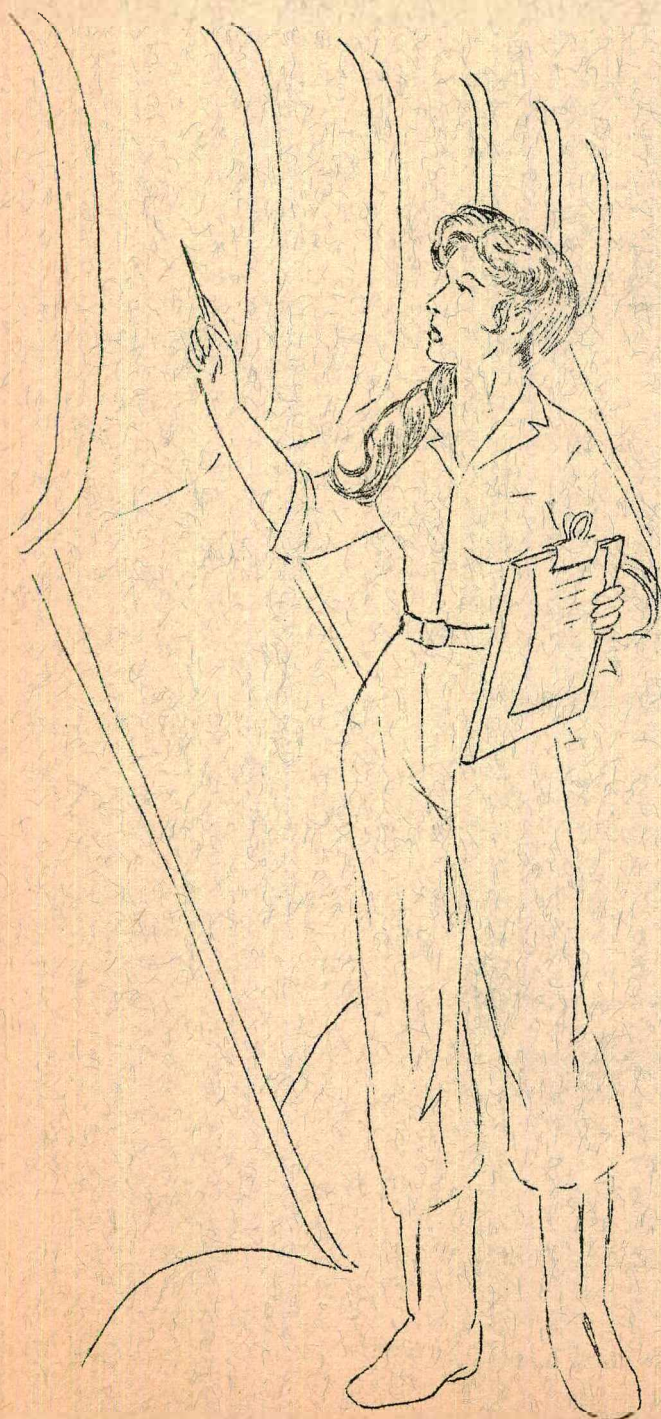
CELEPHAIS (Evans) I disagree fully with your definition of science fiction. As for how Sam excludes "crackpot ideas" --- why should he exclude them at all? And how are you going to define "crackpot" so that he knows what to exclude? The term is open to at least as many definitions as stf itself.

I think you were right the first time; the love story comics are full of comic love stories. So are the confession mags, for that matter; that, and pornography. (I have a local friend whose wife reads the stuff avidly -- I skimmed through some, and Whooooee!)

Well, at least our government policy is consistent. We don't recognize, officially, that the Red Chinese government exists, and naturally you can't go asking a non-existent government for documents.

1940's records were better for dancing than today's? Depends on the sort of dancing you want to do.

To tell you the truth, I don't even know the names of the jazz sing-



ers whose alleged talents I am defaming. You see, I have this buddy who is a jazz fan, and every so often I listen to his records. I don't know who the outfits are, and I'm not interested enough to find out. (Then how do I know they're really jazz singers? Well, mainly because I'll take his word for what is and isn't jazz before I will that of anyone in FAPA.) I don't recognize the names of Jimmie Rushing or Ivie Anderson; maybe I've heard them and maybe not. I've given my opinion of Bessie Smith, and Elvis isn't a jazz singer, he's a hillbilly (or "country and western") singer.

I don't think much of the book reviewer of WONDER STORIES (or AMAZING STORIES, for that matter).

ICE AGE (Shaw) Warner's review of "Peyton Place" was lovely. Budrys' stirring episode of Count Veronov was also outstanding. In fact, I liked the entire magazine.

KLEIN BOTTLE (T & M Carr) I like Rotsler's idea of the devil passing out credit cards. Someone -- Tucker, Anderson, Budrys? -- should write it up.

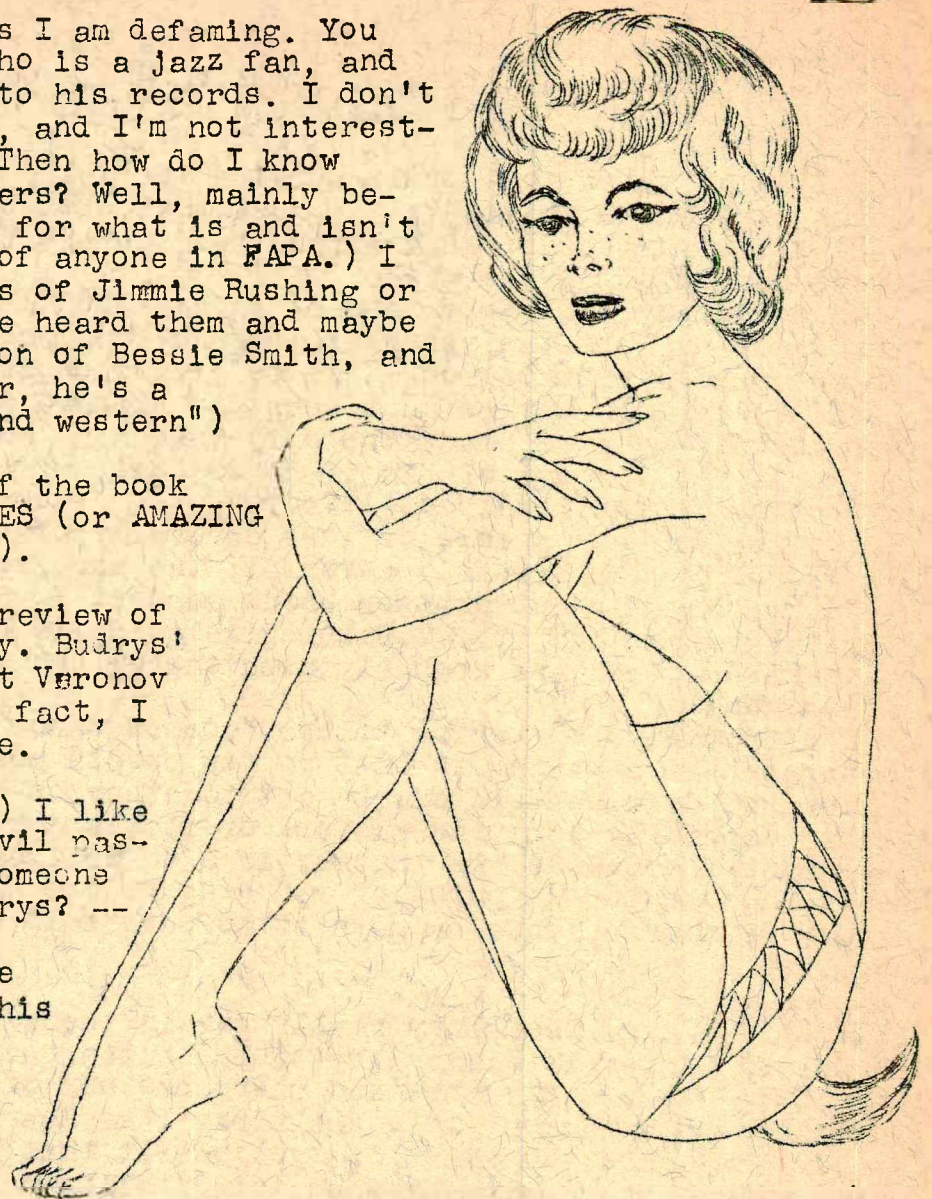
I can't imagine why he should feel that any of his comments on women sound "calculating and cold", however. "Emotional and ridiculous" would be my estimation. Tucker was lovely.

Can't understand why you find a name like Martha Doub startling. I went to school with a boy named Gerald Doub. (Of course, I also went to school with a girl named Elzora Root, so maybe I just had an odd school. What do you think of the name Ogalee Carpenter? She was also one of my classmates.)

CATCH TRAP, DAY*STAR, GEMINI, QUOTEWORTH, A FANZINE FOR KAREN ANDERSON (Bradley) The Kerry illo on AFFKA (even with initials it's a long title) is the best thing I've seen by her. (Oh, now I see the title isn't QUOTEWORTH but ANYTHING BOX. That's what you get for fancy layout and using so blamed many titles.)

Thanks for the explanation of the Finlay illo of "Seven From The Stars". I thought he was just being imaginative, or trying to express the Inner Meaning of the story, or something, and I didn't get the connection.

Adkins illos usually transfer pretty well to stencil. Of course, as you mentioned, the main difficulty with stencilled artwork is in finding an editor who can do the stencilling properly. (Someday I'm going to try



my hand at stencilling artwork; I have the idea that all the stenciller needs is patience, not artistic ability, and I want to see if I can prove it. (All the good stencillers I can think of are artists themselves.)

I don't think that train service is "deliberately" keyed to annoy everyone but "poor whites"; it's just that with the decline in passenger revenues the railroads can't afford to give any better service. The rest of your comments I agree with.

On children, I'll take them at an age when I can communicate with them. Age 5 or 6 at the youngest. Before then, communication is pretty much one way -- them to you. I'll be glad when Bruce is old enough so that I can explain why he must keep his fingers out of the electric fan, his hands off my guns, etc. The only reason he knows now is that Daddy will whale the tar out of him if he doesn't, which is a workable arrangement but not esthetically satisfactory.

Since we have a more or less carefully planned fanzine outside FAPA, VANDY is deliberately informal; the more so the better.

Certainly why not chatter about operas? I won't be interested, but I don't have to read it.....nothing is going to be of interest to everyone in FAPA; there are probably even one or two members who don't like fannish gossip.

The trouble with trying to use "common sense and self-respect" as a deterrent to anything is that so few people possess either one.

You and Gene DeWeese should get together on hamburgers; you should see him carefully scraping mustard or pickle juice off the bun if the management disregards his instructions to deliver it plain. (Recently he's even come to the point of refusing to pay for it if it is contaminated. Of course, once he gets it he puts half a shaker of salt on it, but.....)

GEMZINE (G. Carr) "Somebody really got in there with this 'Loyalty' to the United States is disloyalty to the human race' propaganda." Oh, did they now? Just exactly when and where has any of this specific propaganda appeared in fandom? It's the first I've heard of it. You used it as a direct quote, so where did you see it that you can quote it? I suspect you, as a matter of fact, of garbling a statement that I made, and I can warn you that you won't get far misquoting me; I have quite a good memory for what I said and didn't say.

"If each fan took the trouble to weigh the pros and cons of every fannish quarrel, there could be no argument." Putting aside the idea that this is an odd comment to come from you, I disagree with it. You really don't believe that there are ever differences of opinion when both sides are equally well informed? Nonsense. They happen all the time. And a quarrel is only an emotionally heated difference of opinion, and fans are among the most emotional people on earth.

I agree that Franco isn't the best example of an evil dictator on our side; he's used because he's the best known. How about an agreement in fandom to stop using Franco as an example and substitute Trujillo?

On my letter, the escapee is too leaving the non-escapee alone, because in the situation indicated the non-escapee wouldn't have "knowledge of the projected escape"; my whole point was that under the set-up described, individuals could have walked out without anyone needing to know about it in advance.

Do I really believe it is only coincidence that our Madison Avenue

mentality smacks of Communism? Well, I don't think our ad executives are all Communists, if that's what you're getting at. There are certain basic techniques for manipulating human reactions, and the number of the known techniques is rather limited. I can't say I find it surprising that Communists, Catholics and ad agencies all use the same ones; there isn't much variety for them to choose from.

Well, how about letting everyone have one free murder? Sounds like a good idea to me; you're against birth control and we have to do something to keep the population down. Auto accidents are a help, but they aren't enough; too many nations don't have autos.

Aha, but you would like to condemn millions to death; you actively prefer it to the only alternatives which have been offered, and have said so often and openly. The fact that you wouldn't take pleasure in the idea has nothing to do with the point; I don't take pleasure in the fact that men are starving to death somewhere in the world tonight, but I prefer this fact to the alternative that I save the life of one by trading places with him. If you're going to champion bomb testing you aren't simply going to ignore its bad points (you can try, but I'm as persistent as you are).

By the way, you never did answer the fan who asked you if you felt that, once established, the Communist doctrine would remain in power over all the world. If you don't believe that, then you're championing a decision to cause the certain death of some individuals (it's been proved that fallout causes some additional deaths, the argument is over the number) in order to save the remainder a few years of suffering, and you've just claimed that suffering is inevitable anyway. If you do believe that Communism could maintain itself, then you're admitting that it is basically stronger than capitalism. How about it?

I rather liked "Weirdese", but I wish to hell that fans would learn how to spell "missile". It seems to be misspelled in every fanzine I look at.

THE ASCENT OF NEXT TO NOTHING, FRINGE (Ashworth) Sheila's bit on mountain climbing was the best. They were all good enough, but Sheila's was tops for the issue (and just about tops for the mailing). I liked the "Solomon And Sheba" review.

HELEN'S FANTASIA (Wesson) I always enjoy reading this, but the contents are usually so far out of my line of knowledge that I can never think of an intelligent comment. But I really do appreciate it, though I don't always say so.

XTRAP (Linards) Since Jean mentioned my letter, I might go on and say that the misunderstanding definitely isn't national -- I don't understand what motivates Terry Carr half the time, either. (Terry isn't the only one; he's just a handy example.) And since the letter, I have found a Swede or two who was incomprehensible. But it's a basic difficulty in communication between some people (FAPANS occasionally mention that they just don't understand Gem Carr; now I usually do understand Gem's ideas pretty well, even though I seldom agree with them.) I am not, by the way, insinuating that I dislike either Jean Linard or Terry Carr. I just haven't figured out what makes them tick.

FANTASY AMATEUR - I'm agreeable this round; I favor all the proposed amendments, including the Sneary ones.

first fandom is not dead

... oh dig these crazy pages

B
T

is the culprit ...

only tottering, granddaughter

Dept. Of Incidental Intelligence:

One of my fondest possessions is a small cemetery stone bearing the number 69 ... nothing more. I keep it on the rear deck as a door-stop. This information will be of little interest to anyone, except to the young lady who gave it to me in times gone by.

Our Quarterly Film Report:

The world of the magic lantern is indeed a wonderful place and I would be remiss in my duty if I failed to pass along a couple of recent items on the scene; one of national import and one of local interest. About six months ago I told the story of William Castle and his gimmick pictures: the skeleton on the overhead wire, and the buzzers fastened beneath the seats. Well, duck people, here he comes again. This summer the "astute showman" will release some fool picture (title not remembered and not important) about ghosts and haunted houses. It will be in color. Each patron will be given a pair of cheap glasses to wear. In the glasses, one lens will be red, the other blue. According to the advance publicity, if you wish to see the ghosts in the picture you may peer at the screen thru the red lens; if you are faint-hearted and do not wish to see the ghosts you will be instructed to watch the pic thru the blue lens. This "new" gimmick is called Illusion-O.

I haven't the faintest idea what you'll see if you fail to peer thru the glasses at all. Maybe you'll just see a movie. But if you stay home you can avoid all this nonsense. (Actually, the trick of the red and blue lens is the earliest form of 3-D movies known to me. Back in the late 1930s I saw a one-reeler with slightly seperated images and each patron was handed red and blue "glasses" to wear while watching... the actor threw baseballs at the camera and such stuff.)

Locally, the town is buzzing over what happened at our largest downtown house one Sunday in May. It wasn't published in the paper but then you don't have to be H. Warner jr. to understand why. The news just sort of oozed around, aided and abetted by people who were in on it. It seems that the theater had booked a "science fiction" double-feature: THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON (a Japanese import) and ANGRY RED PLANET which was a crock of equal quality. However, kids go for this sort of thing and the theater opened at noon with two or three hundred of the little monsters in attendance. They began with some cartoons and then ground into the opening reel of the Japanese picture. They thought. The operators (two) being Good Men, had opened the film can and carefully checked the reel number before inserting the film. You don't catch them running the wrong reel, nosiree. However, they didn't get around to checking the title, which is also printed on the film alongside the reel number. Perhaps they weren't paid to do that. Anyway,

they slapped in number-one reel, hit the screen, and then stood back to ogle the picture. A couple of quite naked, quite American children scampered into view, followed by an equally naked, equally American gal of about twenty or so. The girl was thoughtfully holding a beach ball in front of the hirsute adornment which the courts and the postoffice consider to be obscene. Some other babes quickly appeared, sitting around a swimming pool --and most of the breasts were Rotsler beauties.

The kids in the theater were having a field day; all the things they'd heard at school (surreptitiously) were unfolding on the screen. At about that moment a Wet Blanket in the form of the manager's wife burst into the projection booth and ordered the show stopped. Our men reluctantly obeyed, and somebody went to the film can to look at the picture's title. It was HIDEAWAY IN THE SUN. A nudist film.

Strange as it may seem, those kids damned near tore the theater apart because of the stoppage. A Zorro serial and a gaggle of cartoons were quickly brought in from another theater to substitute for the missing feature, but they remained unsatisfied. Meanwhile, the manager called Chicago, forced someone to go down to the film exchange, get the right picture and drive it to Bloomington. It arrived in time for the evening show. I hope no one got fired over the incident; after all the close similarity of titles could confuse any poor-sighted film clerk. But it was fun while it lasted, and of course small clippings from the nudie film circulated around to the other theaters for weeks afterward. (And now, our manager is considering the possibility of bringing back the wrong picture for a midnight show. But he won't -- his bosses will not permit it. I guess I just work at the wrong theater.)

Astronomical Report:

Again, continued from the last mailing. No, the Russians didn't discover a new planet beyond Pluto, altho some headline-happy American reporters thought such a claim was being made after (apparently) misreading a news story in an obscure Russian paper. As it turned out, in 1957 an astronomer in Soviet Central Asia photographed a faint object he could not immediately identify; two years later, additional photos showed the object to be an unlisted asteroid. A Russian paper printed something on 6 Feb 1960, and the Associated Press took it from there. Tsk. No trans-Plutonian planet after all. I was disappointed.

Literary Report:

I no longer have the magazine at hand and have forgotten the date, but sometime in April (I think) the Saturday Review published a review of a couple of "our" books, and quoted Damon Knight in the process. The two volumes were Amis' NEW MAPS OF HELL, and Bob Mills' BEST FROM F&SF.

Beard Mutterings:

If Wesson-female would like to do me a big, BIG favor she will explain something in Japanese street addresses I do not understand. What is the meaning of "2-chome" or "3-chome" in such addresses? For example, a camera store has the following address (in part): 3, 2-chome, Ginza. And the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is located in the Finance Building, 4, 3-chome, Kasumigaseki, Chiyoda-ku. Well, Helen?

VR asked me: ... did I ever tell you about the one that got away?? 38-24-37, and just a little over five feet long.

Our Annual Midwescon Report, Sort of:

All about me, faces swiveled to stare at the door.

I was placidly seated at the lunch counter in that notorious Howard Johnson restaurant, the one across the street from the North Plaza Motel in Cincinnati, when heads turned and jaws dropped. Being blessed with a kind of sixth sense in these matters I knew at once a faaan had entered, but I turned to see which faaan. That was a mistake because she saw me. The Bat. In a loud yellow bathing suit. In Howard Johnson's. I scrunched down, in vain. Rushing across the lobby she sat down beside me and demanded in a loud voice, "Where's my sweetheart?"

I didn't have her sweetheart with me; he and the rest of the family had been left at home under a tub, but the Lovable Bat bent my ear for the next twenty minutes or so while I gulped my food and prepared to run. She decided to order what I was eating, and asked me to describe it in great detail when any fool could see it was macaroni with cheese and meatballs. So I told her it was macaroni with cheese and meatballs and cost \$1.25 with side dishes, and she told the waitress she would have the same but be sure not to overcharge her. I slunk out.

On this pleasant note the 1960 Midwescon opened for me.

It didn't rain that weekend, which was unusual. Also unusual was the conspicuous absences of Asimov, Bloch, the Coulsons, Economou, Ted or Sylvia White, Bob or Barbara Silverberg, and GM Carr. Raeburn and the remainder of the Canadian contingent were also missing, but then they blow hot and cold. Very much present, and conspicuous, was Marty Alger's old hearse. He parked it on the lot next to the street and it caught many a passing eye. There was good reason for this, of course. Big Hearted Howard had thoughtfully filled the rear with a ton or so of books and magazines to huckster, and a group of young and eager buyers were almost always clustered around the open door peering at the bodies inside. It sort of made the con, if you know what I mean.

Lee Anne Tremper was there with a new haircut. She's a redhead this year, and many a gay young blade was constantly at her heels. Someone else and his separated wife were there too, and I suspect he was mildly surprised when he took a conquest to his room one night and found the wife sprawled out on his bed, stone cold. That's the sort of thing that dashes romance, you know. The old perennials were out in force: large groups from Detroit, Pittsburg, Indianapolis, Chicago, and a few suburbs of New York. I made a remark over the microphone about Dave Kyle thinking in large numbers, but didn't get hit in the nose. (Jean Carrol, I think, reported that the trial has been entered on the court docket and is now working its way up. Some of us thought we should suscribe to the NY Times to follow its progress.) Ray Beam, showing remarkable restraint, did not cut off his finger at the dinner table; and we had a stout door handy for Harmon to test, but he was among the missing. All in all, there may have been about 150 there but it was difficult if not impossible to obtain an accurate count.

Due to the absence of those bankrupt wits, Bloch and Asimov, I was suckered into the role of MC at the Saturday evening session; this was the only organized entertainment (or anything else) of the weekend, a fine old Cincinnati tradition. The Cincy group had promoted a free meeting hall, a large and really elegant auditorium across the street and up the hill from the motel; it was furnished by the Pepsi Cola com-

pany as a civic gesture, along with 500 bottles of cold pop. Worldcons could use promoters like the Cincy group. As MC, I managed the usual number of stale jokes, managed to thoroughly spoil a few announcements by revealing the information in advance, and got myself in hot water by making light of the Indianapolis worldcon ambitions. All in all it was par for the course and I wished mightily that Bloch, Asimov, or even Harland had been present to take the brunt of it. Don Ford provided a running commentary to the evening's highlight, a couple hundred color slides of his recent TAFF trip to Great Britain and France (although what he was doing in the dives of Pig Allee remain a mystery). Dave Kyle followed this with movies of the London con. To close the show, I read an invitation asking one and all to A Big Party.

It seems that someone in Seattle wants a worldcon and is willing to go to Great Lengths to get it. Someone sent what must have been a blank check, with instructions to buy cough syrup or something. Earl Kemp and the Chicago group (who, oddly enough, also want a worldcon) bought the cough syrup and threw open their suite to the mob. We were asked only to bring our own glasses, and to please not throw sodden faaans out the window. It was quite a whing-ding and I think I'll tell Gertrude that someone in Seattle is attempting to buy votes by the glass or the gulp. I plan to vote for Seattle.

Running concurrently with the Seattle-Chicago party was a pep meet by something called "First Fandom" (but in another suite, of course.) I learned to my surprise that I was not eligible to join this group because I wasn't reading science fiction in 1938. At least, that is what they told the young person who was standing at the door just ahead of me, so we both backed out of the room and went about our business. Our business consisted of sitting on the stairway outside the door and making social noises. We didn't interfere with the First Fandom meeting but we did get a rise out of some mundane type who had the next room on the stairs. He popped out the door, looked at us sourly, and asked: "Where's the crap game?!" If he had been old enough, we would have sent him into the First Fandom rally. (Later, I launched an organization called "Eofandom" with an entrance fee of two bucks, but caught only Lynn Hickman.

What happened there? Nothing much, again in the jolly old Midwest tradition. Faaans swam and acquired sunburns, faaans ate and acquired indigestion, faaans guzzled and acquired hangovers. Teddy Bear wanted to start a fantan game just before sunrise but we gave him the fishy eye. Someone went swimming at three in the morning and the cops nosed around, but were unable to pin it on any of our Noble People. (No, Gertrude, I didn't throw him in either.) Virginia Schultheis is not a mousy librarian, despite those reports circulating after the Detention. Some people had reported their gasps of astonishment at seeing her in that costume --- mentally casting her into the stereotype of the mousy librarian because she was a librarian. The stereotype is false. Good old Steve made a prize catch there, and I suspect he knows it.

For a year or so now, I've been reading stories by Kate Wilhelm in the pro mags and I've been wondering. So when I was introduced to Kate Wilhelm I asked her point blank if she was the Kate Wilhelm who had written those lesbian books a number of years ago. She looked blank, and innocent. She claimed to not know what a lesbian was.

I slunk away.

Sunday evening, with everyone sitting stupidly about the pool and getting themselves in shape to drive home, some hardy soul organized an expedition to a Chinese restaurant. I blanched and set off down the street to a non-Chinese restaurant serving non-Chinese spaghetti, where I was joined by Nick Falasca, Steve and Virginia Schultheis. The Bat and her yellow bathing suit were not there. We discussed art/foreign films and quietly enjoyed ourselves.

On this pleasant note the 1960 Midwescon closed for me.

Distinctive Names Dept:

"I, too, am an introvert, have a higher than average I.Q., give my pets distinctive names, and am addicted to night-wandering, by foot and by car. My cat is named Herman." -Ken Hedberg in Habakkuk, verse 4.

Pleiades Pimples Revisited:

The writers' strike has ended in Hollywood and all sides probably claim a victory, but the following may be added to that information on writer's pay published in Pimples some months ago. The new minimum salary for writers on studio contract is \$385 a week. The writer who develops a half-hour TV script from somebody else's story gets around \$860. The writer who develops a script from his own story gets \$1150. No one but the green hand works for these minimum sums; the old hands are getting as much as \$2500 per half-hour.

There is no such thing as a "rejected story" after a certain stage of negotiations has been reached. Unlike the book and magazine world, writers do not submit yarns or scripts and hope for a sale. They and their agents meet with a producer and outline an idea or story; if the producer nods his head the sale is clinched and the writer goes home to write it. Good, bad or indifferent, the producer must buy. All of which tells me what happened to my book, WILD TALENT, purchased by the movies about five years ago. Two men were assigned to write the screen play --and they did-- dropping me a letter now and then to keep me informed. Upon completion they turned it in to the producer and dropped from sight. So did the script, and the movie. It is my guess that the script was bad and the producer was averse to hiring still another hack to rewrite it --- so he shelved it. "Shelving" means rejection, but in the meanwhile the script had been delivered and paid for.

Now if the science fiction field would operate in the same manner!

Beard Mutterings:

I backed a loser in the most recent TAFF race, but I trust Eric Bentcliffe won't hold it against me. Up until this year I thought I had a good thing in picking winners --- I'd wait, and watch, and then come out plugging whoever Ted Pauls and Rick Sneary assailed in print. It worked very well last year, and after Don Ford's victory I wrote Pauls a congratulatory letter pointing out that his shrewd tactics had won for Ford an avalanche of votes. When Pauls failed to take the hint and came out in similar fashion against Sanderson, I'd hoped the trick would work a second time. Welcome to Yankeeland, Bentcliffe.

A letter from Bob Bloch informed me that he moved his family from the wilds of Weyauwega to the wilds of Hollywood in July.

- Bob Tucker

Eggs & Marrowbone

17

Well, now, if we are to get anything in this mailing, it appears I had better get busy on my section of the thing, eh? Summer is pretty busy for me, what with canning and gardening, and this fall I'll be collegeing again, too, so I'll probably restrict myself to mailing comments this time around (not that I haven't largely in the past).

There is also, as usual, no rhyme, reason, or order to the sequence in which I take the mailing. It's in a stack, and I take 'em as they comes. And the first one to come is -

PHANTASY PRESS (MacPhail) Par'me, Dan, while I take a slight time out to shoot a squawking sparrow out front. Accomplished. I don't have too many check marks this time around - save I sympathize deeply with your struggle with the silk screening, one of the few art techniques I consider more trouble than it's worth. And now I didn't mean for my complaint to set off all that much apologizing - I just wanted to make my gripe known for a change - it's a brand of humor I simply don't dig, but if you do, pray don't stop doing it. Who am I to tell you what to print in your own fanzine? (Oog! Supreme's blue correction fluid makes a horrid blob on this pinkish red Vari-Color stencil - we have found an adequate substitute for our defunct QRS Company stencils, but unfortunately Speed-o-Print Sovereigns seem devilish expansive, so we're experimenting for a cheaper substitute.) Both Kerry and Carr seem to have done a dandy job this time around.

THE RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) Now that people no longer take Boyd for Gene DeWeese or vice versa, they can mistake Boyd for Sal Mineo.

GASP! (Steward) But what if you correct the skid somewhat to find yourself staring at a sheer rock faced cut alongside the road and only able to envision yourself splattered all over it instead of standstilled as you are? This does not create confidence - it wrecks whatever had already accrued. I suspect you simply do not understand the mentality of the average little creep of a housewifely driver, who drops into the worst pessimism imaginable everytime she takes the wheel. (I know, I know -who says this is mentality?)

LIMBO (Donaho) Am I ever glad you wrote the title on the first text page or I'd never know what this was. Your reminiscences about kid's books inspires me to throw out a bit of stuff that is tossed around in the teachers' colleges. Oz is gradually worming its way in, but not very rapidly. Wind in the Willows, despite its big reputation, goes over like a lead balloon with the kids, and prominent types in the field are now coming out and saying that it should be read to the kids, rather than given to them to read. This is true of a lot of children's books, and I suspect it is because kids are less literate today - or that the literacy level as a whole has been lowered. By this I mean that fifty years ago the kids who had books and had parents interested and wealthy enough to buy books and read them to the kids were the so-called cream of the crop intellectually. Now, with a higher living standard - everybody can have books, but not all the kids are capable of reading up to the standards set. I have read the original uncut version of the Wizard of Oz to a retarded second grade and had the kids hanging on every word, whereas many of those kids wouldn't achieve the necessary reading level to handle the book themselves until they were



nearly in high school, and the subject of the book had become too young.

Odetta generates a terrific amount of feeling to me - so does Bessie Smith. Maybe you're just fighting Odetta for the same reason I "fight" the Kingston Trio - if everybody else is going to like them, then I am not. Odetta just has too much of everything for me to put up a successful battle.

Well, about this women not liking women bit - I suspect most of my trouble is that I just don't understand other women, save for the fannish types. I can understand the ways of thinking of non-fannish males much better than I can their spouses (although to tell the truth I don't dig much about the non-fannish mind at all). I can't understand women and their interests, although some of my own interests are sup-

posedly typically feminine. I don't think I make a big thing out of recipes or kids or canning or sewing. It's just something that's there, and not nearly as satisfying, emotionally, as painting or mimeograph - ing or folk singing. Does this help?

PHLOTSAM (Economist) I know what you mean about peeling a heavily inked cover off the drum and checking the state of the inking. Unfortunately, I don't have a handy dandy par excellence slip sheeter like DAG to lord it over. Actually, I wouldn't want one - when I mimeo, I want to be alone, to save other people's ears, possibly, but mostly because they make me nervous and tend to make me lose count.

I like the sign outside Elwood, Indiana, that reads GRAVES & GROCERY SERVICE. It's doubly taking because there's a cemetery just a block or earlier on the route. I tell you, you can buy almost anything anywhere anymore.

Your sojourn or adventure into the world of popular music convulses me. I am an inveterate radio listener, being in the house all alone most of the day with a barely talking tad - and what I listen to is the "50,000 watt big voice of the big business of farming - WOWO * Ft. Wayne" Actually, that isn't as bad as it sounds, for the only farm centered programs are early in the morning and right at noon when I'm either not up yet or busy fixing lunch anyway. The rest of the day I get popular music, with not enough rhythm and blues for my pleasure, but enough interlarded with the pops to induce me to leave the set on. As I've stated before, I prefer almost anything to silence, and my definition of music is much wider than the average fan's. Practically one and all the items you listed and your complaints are my own, save that I'm am not so irritated that I turn them off. One of the few pop singers who truly bother me to the extent that I turn off the radio is Paul Anka - Fabian is usually arranged to such an extent that he gets lost in the blare of his own chorus, but Anka is not only flat and irritating, he's loud.

No, I don't think the YAH YAH YAHs and the yips are supposed to be sexy. I think they might be categorized by the teen set as cute. The only attempt to be sexy that I can think of off hand is Conway Twitty's ridiculous habit of hoarse breathless squeaking. I find the Dinah Washington-Brook Benton duos much more fun in a kidding sexy way.

Well, you must admit that most people are thin in comparison to me, and if I'm going to draw a flattering picture of myself, I have to slim down the other people - see?

BLEEN (DAG) Hooray, I have now shot the .44, and is it just my imagination or are my ears still ringing. We had a dandy time in Fond du Lac, and only wished it coulda been longer (I love homemade vegetable soup, not to mention homemade Burma Shave signs.).

"Vivify" has my nomination for the funnest sounding word in a decade.

As for the gal being surrounded by male hands extending cokes, I, were it I so surrounded, would snatch the bottles one and all and start guzzling; to heck with symbolism - I luhve coke.

I see Phyllis is one of these good little girls that has been taught not to accept rides from strangers. Hee - hee. Before I got my glasses at age ten or eleven I couldn't have seen the stranger to accept a ride from. I echo your slogan - Help Stamp Out Emmetropia!

No, no, Buck, Abby Dalton was the heroine in that great fantasy classic THE VIKING WOMEN AND THE SEA SERPENT, not to mention decorating the pages of many a men's magazine modestly draped in a tea towel or something equally concealing.

I think the Primitive Baptist Church signs are the ones that get me. I wonder if there's a Contemporary Baptist Church, or a Modern one.

SALUD (E. Busby) I don't dig this bit about wanting to be YOU and not just half of the Busby team. Can't you be both without wanting to be separate but equal? I've never felt that I was swallowed up in Buck's alleged personality - although I've occasionally felt like the second head on a two headed monster.

I, personally, make a distinction between dancing and social dancing. Bruce will love to dance, because I'm teaching him to express himself with his feet and his body when he hears music that so moves him. Whether or not he learns to socially dance is something else again. I never did, and I've gotten a remarkable amount of fun out of dancing on my own, in the living room or kitchen when I feel like it, not when custom dictates. I didn't date, and I married a man who doesn't dance, and I don't feel in the least deprived of enjoyment as a result.

"Dress fashionably" as I can possibly afford? Who me? Buck is laughing his fool head off. If there's anything he's saved money on since we were married, it was the expected expense of feminine clothes. I find about one thing I year I feel like buying, it's never in fashion and it's never expensive. Now I'm thinking of getting a sewing machine so I can be even cheaper and even less fashionable.

I abjure shoulder pads, too, because I already have weight lifter shoulders and I look like a walking zoot suit with shoulderpads. But I can buy a jacket or dress that's a bit too narrow through the shoulders, take out the shoulder pads and I have a perfectly fitting garment.

Oh, everybody else though Bruce was an absolute doll. He was one of these unique babies that aren't shriveled, had hair and huge long eyelashes. But he was just a lump of nui-



sance for the first few months of his life. I agree completely with an Ayn Randian philosophy in that respect - I cannot love something that is selfish and returns nothing. I can care for it because it is helpless, but until it starts contributing to my life enrichment, it is just a responsibility. Bruce, incidentally, was always held while being fed, he was rocked to sleep and otherwise cuddled - but I cannot pretend, as apparently some people actually experience, an uplifting feeling on my part whilst doing these things. I was doing it because it made things easier all around to have a baby who didn't have the screaming meemies constantly and went to sleep when I wanted it to. You probably think I'm a terribly unnatural mother, but I'm afraid I haven't the slightest twinge of a guilty feeling. I love Bruce now very much - but he still gets paddled when he is naughty or when I am short tempered in combinations thereof.

Now here I can agree with you thoroughly, that women don't consider the discussion of feminine sexual problems as sexy. They may be interesting or horrifying, but the discussion of a hysterectomy or fibroids certainly fails to arouse any woman to a violent desire for bed bouncing, not unless there's something cocoo in the attic. I read "Tell Me Doctor" quite interestedly, storing up memories so's I can get medical aid quickly if any such symptoms display themselves. I consider this a form of intellectual medical insurance.

I've tried to find the Pillsbury Baking Book around here without any success whatsoever. I used to have a batter bread recipe, but it got lost in one of our myriad moves. Yeast bread is good, but it takes so long. I would appreciate it vastly if you'd send me the recipe, because we both love fresh bread, as is obvious from our figures.

SERCON'S BANE (F.M. Busby) There are always trends in teaching - the whole field is shot through with trends. Currently field theory (gestaltism) has been junked as a learning theory, but they haven't decided on anything to replace it. The criticism and sputnik shook up the teaching profession tremendously, and they have yet to find a new direction somewhere between their old "education for living" defense and an attitude that "this is right because we are educators and you are not".

Personally, the whole business of waitress plonking is one reason why I could never be a waitress. I don't dig it and I don't like it - that is, I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end.

Salt in the beer also improves the taste.

The only kid commercials I've seen that I thought were cute are the ones for some kind of toilet paper. The kids don't talk, they simply go through the motions of being kids, tearing up paper, etc., while the narrator describes their actions in appropriate adult consumer reaction jargon.

This time I commented - now you'll probably say it wasn't long enuf. LARK (Danner) - Oddly enough, even with my above expressed comments about Bruce, I knew that he would be a ressembler of his Daddy from my first look at him (which was not in the delivery room, because they took away my glasses, the blaggards). I also was the only one who knew his eyes would be brown. I suspect part of this is the fact that I have been trained in art and look at facial planes and such rather than the strictly fleshly part of a face. I think most kids do resemble one parent or the other rather predominantly, although this usually isn't so apparent so early as it was in Bruce's case. All the kid needs is a mustache and a pair of glasses (and wouldn't he make an odd looking two

and a half year old?)

CELEPHAIS (Evans) Well I believe the ancestor of the modern high heel was the ancient Greek buskin. But actually I wasn't trying to be particularly accurate or historical in this illo. It was a doodle to fill up the back page, one that I hoped was pleasing to the eye. This is one of the reasons I could never be a professional artist : I'm too much of a sloppy type to do research on my work. Even with all the gun mags and books around the house, I'm more inclined to draw something that has the appearance of a a gun to me than I am to look up a photo or drawing of a real for sure gun.

ICE AGE (Shaws) This was so terribly vastly enjoyed that I probably will have very little to say about it. I enjoyed Warner's dissection even though I am not well acquainted with small town America, and Budrys' bit was equally interesting. I am the most in accord with Bloch. I have always been one of these characters who seems to be unable to sleep at cons; I'm always up and chugging around before the regular sessions even start, and I usually make an effort to attend most of the program items. In fact, I am often grotched that two items are scheduled at the same time so that I can't attend them both, even if I'm likely to disagree with everything that will be said at both sessions. The parties are the delicious fats and carbohydrates that make cons so savory, but it is the protein of the program items that puts the meat on fannish ribs, or at least these fannish ribs (and no cracks about it looks like I've been attending far too many parties).

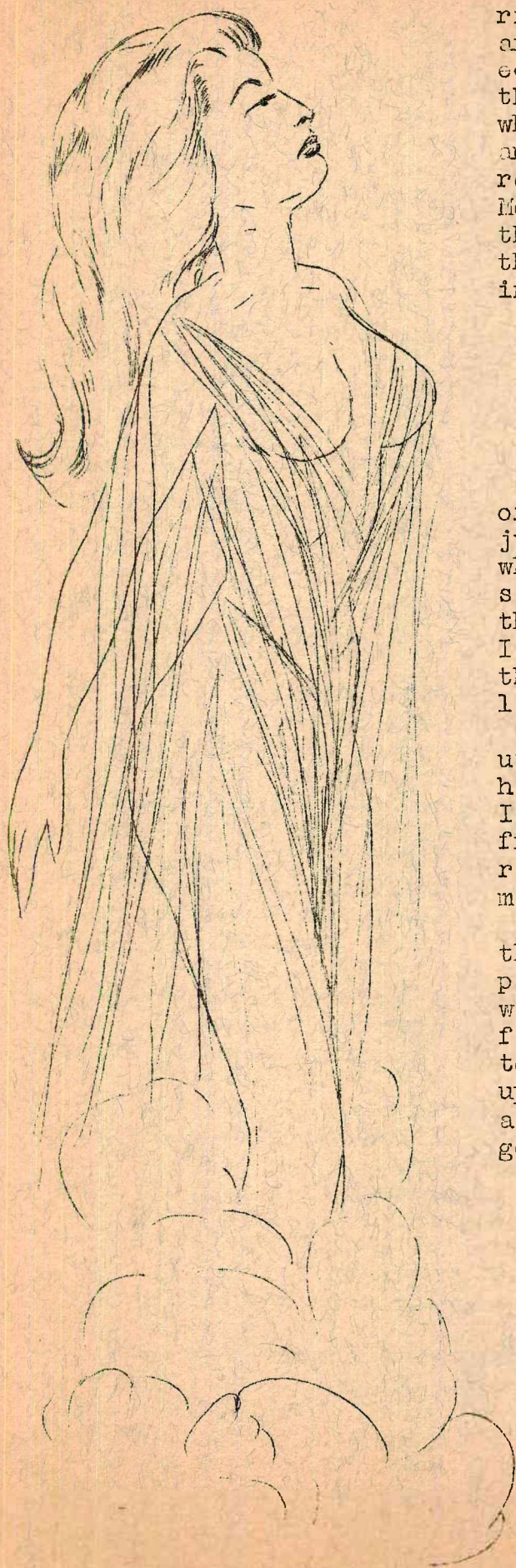
VARIOUS FANZINES FROM MZB (Bradley) Your discussion of tights recalled one humorous incident recounted in Will James' (the western one) autobiography, of the time when he was still a young adolescent and was taken out on the town by an older, knowledgeable cowboy. James' records his horror when the tights-clad show girls danced onstage, remarking that up until then he had always thought women were a solid mass under their long skirts - he had never thought about them having legs. Later one of the girls parties with him, tries to get him drunk, and when she shoves his bankroll down her bra, he starts shaking her violently and becomes quite afraid when the "rats" shower down from her hair, under the impression she is coming apart.

Unlike you, I get no reaction whatsoever at the superbly muscled masculine form in tights, outside of possibly an esthetic pleasure. I simply don't associate sex with appearance - it's a mental reaction involving personality and touch for me.

Whoever invented the things, tights-leotards or whatever, they're mighty comfortable gadgets - the ideal blend between longies and knee length cotton socks for under-skirt winter wear.

It's the stencil - you've got a tight weave stencil there, and you need a soft weave. I would recommend Speedoprint Sovereigns or Vari-ColorTower stencils type beautifully (this is one) but they don't cut with a lettering guide worth anything. When a stylus is old, it tends to rip the stencil, but I would say your trouble was all in the stencil.

I shall tell you when and more or less where I acquired my acrophobia, as a bit of contribution to your research. Up until age eight or so I had no more fear of heights than my other healthy tomboy. Then one day or week my parents took me along on a vacation to Michigan. At one point we stopped at a huge new bridge with a spectacular view of the river valley below. While my parents were taking pictures and admiring the view, I wandered over to a long, long stairway that went down to the



river bottom land and the picnic and park area located down there. Curious, I started down the steps. I think I had reached the first landing about thirty feet below when it hit me. I looked down the steps and was swept with a cold fear I can still remember (I can't even look at a photo my Mother took of the scene without getting the same chill). I was only eight, but I then knew what was meant by "an overwhelming desire to jump"; I knew that if I did not turn around, cling tight to the railing, refuse to look down, and get back to the top of the bridge as fast as possible, I would yield to that impulse - and I had any eight year - old's normal desire to live. Ever since that time, I have been afraid of situations where I might be impelled to jump. This only occurs on or in objects which are anchored. I don't have the sensation at all in an airplane, and I doubt that I would have it on a rocket trip, but I do have it in high buildings, carnival thrill rides which go up in the air, and ladders.

Incidentally, my sense of balance fled utterly during that experience. You have heard of people with no sense of balance - I am one. I am never hurt in my extremely frequent falls on ice because I go down so rapidly I'm not aware I'm falling, and I make no effort to catch myself.

Whilst trampolining in Milwaukee, I had this lack brought home to me again. Despite my mental reassurances that falling was no danger, I could not force myself to fall and bounce. Once I came very close to it, but I "caught" myself and remained upright. My vertical alignment, or spin adjustment, seems pretty good, though - I got a pirouette down pretty well after less than an hour on the trampoline. I suppose with enough practise I could overcome my fear of falling, but I don't believe it would ever be a natural reaction with me.

You'd have a hard time practising standing up and swinging around here because the schools have all gone in for those sling seats made of canvas, considering the old fashioned wooden seat too dangerous and too inclined to bonk people in the back of the head (I've suffered similarly myself many times.)

SHIPSIDE (Trimble) And don't anyone tell me this is a postmailing and should be separate. My tiny mind just doesn't work that way - if it's in FAPA and I feel like commenting, it's all lumped together.

Which version of the Golden Vanity, I wonder? The "lowdown" sea or the "lowland" sea?

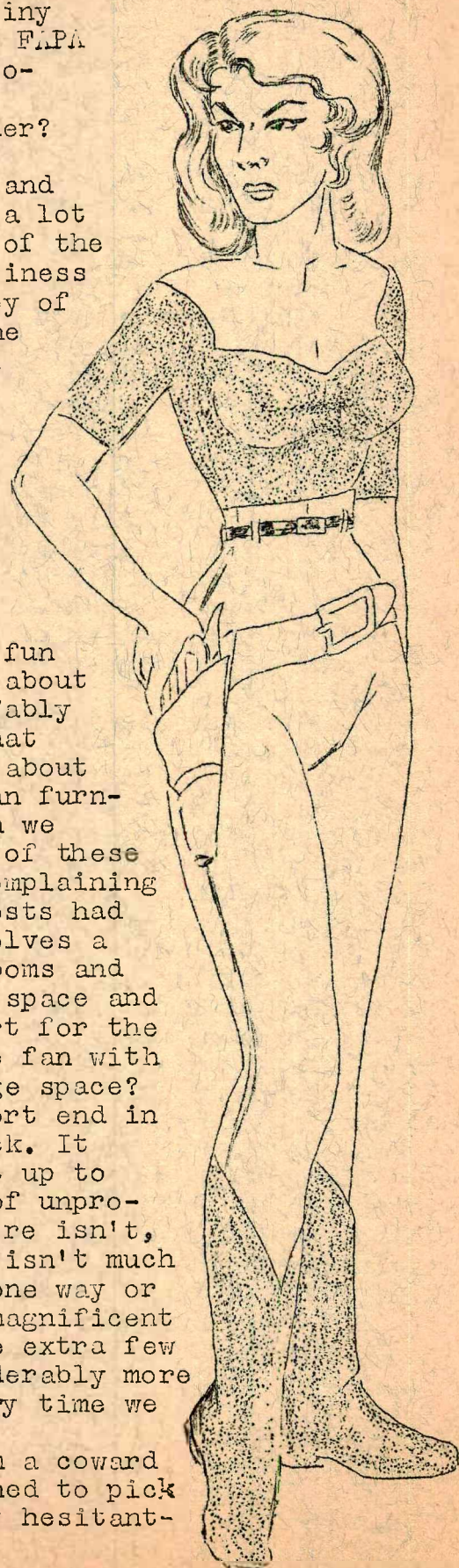
I am most sorry to hear about your mother and most happy to hear about your marriage. Pity a lot of things in life must be a hideous mingling of the bittersweet, so that one is torn between happiness and despair. We would much like to get a copy of the Bjohn memorial fanzine as a memento of the occasion, the fan wedding of the year and all that - especially since way out here in the sticks and unable to attend reception and all it would be our main tangible memory of the event.

Well the mailing got here, despite the fact it had been partly ripped open. I don't think there is a way to completely foil the P.O.'s destructive tendencies.

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) bev and I used to have fun going through various model homes and houses about the Kokomo area. We were the bane of the affably smiling hosts with our constant talk about what we would change if it were our house, gripes about the warped woodwork and hideous early American furniture with its gimcracks and curliques (which we both detest) - and despite the umpteen rooms of these (invariably) ranch houses, we were forever complaining about the lack of room in the places. The hosts had no idea that our picture of a dream home involves a two story monster with rooms and rooms and rooms and attics and closets and basements and storage space and more storage space and a two car garage - part for the car and the rest for storage space. Does the fan with a collecting instinct ever have enough storage space?

The American dollar was the one on the short end in the section of Ontario we hit a few years back. It didn't bother us particularly because we went up to Canada knowing the fact, and we have a sort of unprovincial fondness for the country, anyway. There isn't, at present, all that much difference. There isn't much you could buy with the few nickels or dimes one way or the other, and the chance to glimpse Ontario's magnificent scenery and see new country is well worth the extra few pennies - no tollroads either. We pay considerably more than that into some toll road commission every time we go to Milwaukee to visit the DeWeeses.

I like F&E restaurants, but I'm afraid I'm a coward about fancy and exotic food. I'm more inclined to pick things I know I like and experiment very very hesitantly. Chicken livered, that's me.



This is the male half of the membership again. Before launching into what may be a letter column I'd like to mention that a re-reading of the FA brought to my attention that it wasn't Phyllis who objected to non-credit material in the mailings, it was A&J Young, the OE. APOLOG-
IES TO PHYLLIS for my stupidity, and a small sneer at the Youngs. RSC

LETTER. COLUMN?

Bob Lichtman, Waitinglister #19 -- Re one-shots: I tend to enjoy even the most obscure one-shots because they're written often more frankly and all than the usual stuff from the people involved. Of course if the one-shot contains enjoyable material I won't complain....

Welcome to the club of fannish oddballs who watch and like drama on the screen; I catch most of the stuff you do, and "The Play of The Week" in addition. Do you get that? It's a two-hour show which presents some great stuff -- "Medea", "Waltz of the Toreadors", "Miss Julie"; etc. These two last mentioned are my favorites on the series so far, for obvious reasons if you're familiar with these plays by, respectively, Anouilh and Strindberg.

/"Play of the Week" comes on here on the one station we can't get; a new antenna that we're buying may bring it in, but I have my doubts. We're in a fringe area and it's a weak station. We get all the network shows, but this station is an independent. (grotchgrotchgrotch...) RC/

I don't recall what got me moved to the FAPA w/1 in particular. Probably a combination of knowing about the general good reputation of the group and seeing some of the higher-class stuff circulated through the mailings.

What is the significance of your line "Any old day I'd pay \$1 for a fanzine...."?

/Well, mostly it signifies that I was shocked at Helen Wesson's mention of \$1 apiece for issues 3 thru 14 of Laney's THE ACOLYTE (actually I guess she paid more per issue since she said she'd bought all of them just to get the 2 issues she wanted.) Lessee, that's \$12 for 2 fanzines. Madness, madness.....RSC/

NZF's "\$1.60 worth of fanstuff" isn't so much these days. You get six 20-pages-on-the-average TNFFs and maybe that many more and just as large letterzines.

I don't imagine the dinosaurs were even aware that they were going out of fashion. They didn't have very large brains, certainly couldn't communicate and all that as well as we can.

/Don't be so blasted literal. I was trying to turn Gem's analogy back on her, not be scientifically accurate. Anyway, sometimes I wonder if humans have very large brains; it's hardly evident, at times. RSC/

Tucker's pages: I've taken up this practice of sending back things to companies that so kindly provide prepaid envelopes. Fun to switch things around and all. Through my subscriptions to various pmz and my no-luck attempt to sell pro just before I entered fandom, I seem to have ended up on all sorts of agents' and book clubs' lists. Fout!

Saw "On The Beach" the other day at a 2nd-run place. It was too long. The accompanying picture was lots better: "The Mouse That Roared". Hilarious; quite well handled. Seen it?

/I'm still patiently waiting for it to come to our (ha!) first-run theater. "On The Beach" finally showed up a couple of weeks ago -- and I thought it was much better than the book -- so I still have hope. (Of course, "On The Beach" could hardly have been much worse than the book.) I was positive we had a letter of comment from Gem Carr, too, but now that I want it I can't find it. Ah well, this is long enough, anyway. RC/