



VANDY

#10

PROSSER

This is VANDY #10, published for the 94th FAFA mailing by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, USA. Not generally distributed outside FAFA. Contents: Lonesome Traveler by R. Coulson, Acres of Clams by R. Coulson, "B-T: His Pages" by Bob Tucker, Eggs & Marrowbone by J. Coulson. Juanita will identify any outside artwork; anything unidentified is by her. Two pages of activity credit to Tucker. Any other column headings lurking in the underbrush by R. Coulson. Nothing like not planning a zine ahead of time.

LONESOME TRAVELLER

Rumor has it that Gem Carr has dropped FAFA. If this is true, Gem, I think it's a dirty trick on me; I'll have to start arguing with Jack Speer and I'll wind up a Conservative again, after you'd almost swung me around to the Liberal viewpoint. Oh well....maybe I can start something with Leman. If you have dropped, I'll see that you get a copy of this issue; if you want to stay in contact after that you'll have to write letters or sub to YANDRO or something.

Well, the Kennedy family ("it isn't nepotism, he's just the best man for the job") are duly installed, and I trust that all you Democrats out there are shouting hosannahs and picking up a few shares of Ford stock on the side (and isn't it wonderful that the Democrats are in power and we won't have any more automobile executives like Charley Wilson presiding over our defense secrets?) Oh, we're off to a great year, folks; got your bomb shelters handy?

I really should correct a few things Phyllis said about us. Not only do both we and the DeWeeses have television, but we watch it fairly regularly. I think I'm the only one of our clique who wouldn't particularly care if I was permanently deprived of it. (I watch it just as avidly as Juanita does -- at least when she turns it on -- but when a tube goes bad, as they've been doing with distressing frequency lately, I'm inclined to just let it sit there until Juanita's pleading overcomes my dislike of monkeying with it -- or paying for it.) Actually, it's sort of like putting out two fanzines; if I was short on time or money I'd settle for YANDRO and the record player, but as long as I can afford it VANDY and the tv are fun, too.

My most recent non-stf reading has been "My Wicked, Wicked Ways" by Errol Flynn. Interesting... Taking the book at its face value, it would seem that Flynn would have presented any psychologist with a classic case. I recognized some of the symptoms, and I don't even know much about psychology. Certainly the author's claim to be an expert on the mental processes of women is typical of the professional "he-man" type, who always seem to think they understand women and who actually have a lack of knowledge that is pitiful. Even I -- certainly no expert -- managed to pick out a wife I can live with, which is more than most of these characters can do. However, it's an interesting book; too bad that a lot of half-educated teen-agers will take Flynn's pronouncements on womankind as gospel and manage to mess up a few more marriages before they learn different.

Somebody sent Juanita a copy of THE OCCULT GAZETTE -- she's rather disgusted, but I think it's pretty funny. They want her to be a distributor.....

YOU FIND FANTASY IN THE DAMNEDEST PLACES

"Friar Tuck", by Robert Alexander Wason, was published by Small, Maynard & Co. in 1912. (I have the Grosset & Dunlap edition, published God knows when.) I have it on good authority that the author was originally listed as "anonymous". It's a western; a rather odd western, alternating between pathos, melodrama, and low comedy. The chapters concerning the cowboys curing the tenderfoot of his "nerves" still seem pretty funny to me; but that's not why I'm mentioning the book here. One of the minor characters (there are an awful lot of minor characters in the book) named Olaf the Swede has, several times, mentioned that he knows "by the light" that such and such a statement is true. Horace Walpole Bradford (the "dude" whose nerves have been rather rudely cured) wants to know "...what the deuce do you mean by this light you're allus alludin' to?"

"Olaf was some embarrassed; but it never seemed to fuss Horace any when he had turned all the fur the' was in sight the wrong way; so he just waited patiently while Olaf spluttered about it.

'I don't know myself,' sez Olaf. 'Always, since I was a little child, I have seen a floating light about people. I thought every one saw this light an' I spoke of it when I was a child an' asked my mother about it many times; but at first she thought I lie, an' then she thought my head was wrong; so I stopped talkin' about it; but always I see it an' it changes with the feelings and with the health. All the colors and shades I cannot read, but some I know. I knew that Kit Murray loved me before she knew it, and I knew that the Friar was a true man when they told me tales of him. Animals, too, have this floatin' light about 'em, an' I can tell when they are frightened an' when they are mean. This is why I handle hosses without trouble. Now I do not know why my eyes are this way; but I have told you because you have been good friends to me. I do not want you to tell of this because it makes people think I am crazy.'

'Course it does,' sez Horace. 'It made me think you were crazy. I never heard of anything like this before. Tell me some more about it.'

'There is no more to tell,' sez Olaf. 'When I see the flame I do not see the people. The flame wavers about them, and sometimes I have seen it at night, but not often. I do nothing to make myself see this way. Always my eyes did this even when I was only a baby.'

'Well, you have everything beat I ever saw yet,' sez Horace. 'What do you think o' this, Friar?'

'I never heard of such a case,' sez the Friar; 'although it may have been that many have had this gift to some extent. I think it is due to the peculiar blue of Olaf's eyes. I think that this blue detects colors or rays, not visible to ordinary eyes. I wish that some scientist would study them.'

'I'll pay your way back East, Olaf,' sez Horace, 'if you'll have your eyes tested.'

'No, no,' sez Olaf, shakin' his head. 'I don't want to be a freak. What is the use? I can not tell how I do it, so it cannot be learned; and I do not want things put into my eyes for experiments. No, I will not do it.'

.....
'What sort of a flame does a dead person have, Olaf?' sez Horace.

A queer light came into Olaf's face, a half-scared look. 'A dead person has no flame,' sez he, with a little shudder. 'It is a bad sight. I have watched; I have seen the soul leave. When a man is killed, the savage purple color fades into the yellow of fear, then comes the blue,

it gets fainter and fainter around the body; but it gathers like a cloud above, and then it is silver gray, like moonshine. It is not in the shape of the body, it is just a cloud. It floats away. That is all.

'Well, that's enough,' sez Horace. 'Can you see any flame about a sleeping person?'

'Yes,' sez Olaf, 'just like about a waking person; and there is marks over a wound or a sick place.' "

This is followed by an interlude where Olaf reads Horace's light and tells him he is very brave.

"You could actually see Horace swellin' up with vanity at this; but it made ol' Tank Williams hot to see such a fuss made about a small-caliber cuss; so he rumbles around in his throat a minute, an' sez: 'Well, you fellers can fool around all night havin' your souls made light of, if ya want to; but as for me I'm goin' to bed.' "

And there it is; a bit of aural reading, capped by a pun, stuck in the middle of a western novel. Nothing much is ever made of this development; Olaf is occasionally brought in to act as a sort of lie detector when a villain is captured, but he isn't really necessary to the plot; just an interesting sidelight. If anyone is interested in this sort of thing, I have a couple of other books to quote from in future issues; in fact, I'll probably do it whether you're interested or not.

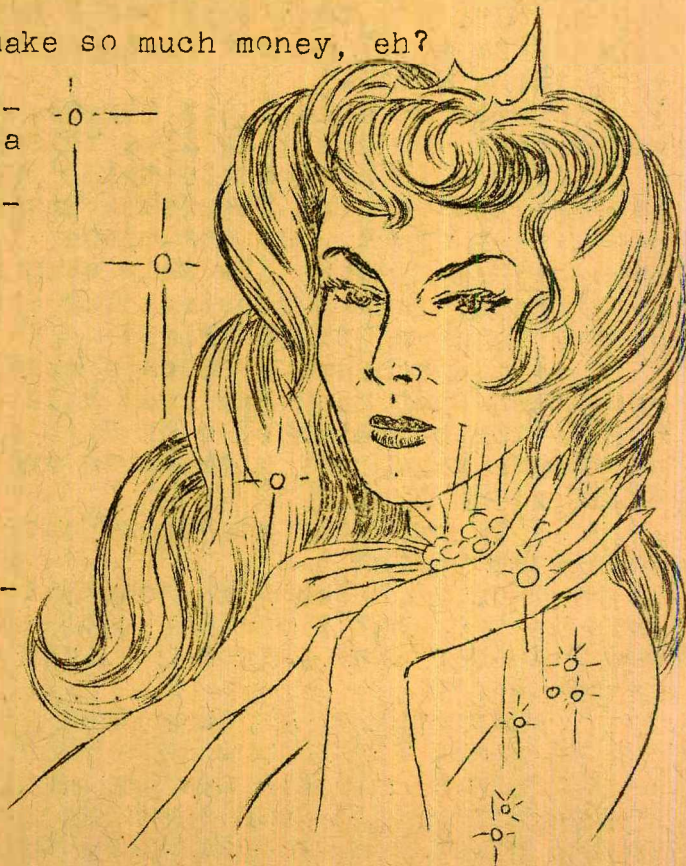
Some more quotes, while I'm in the mood; a recent STEEL JOURNAL listed a few pieces of "colorful writing" which had been cut out of proposed articles by the editors. I think they should have been left in. "He has his neck way out on a limb."

"...top brass take wing for greener pastures..."

"By midyear, there were some faint stirrings of bullishness beating in the breasts of titanium men."

This is why good technical writers make so much money, eh?

We had our usual musical Christmas. We now own, between us, 7 Odetta records, 9 by Richard Dyer-Bennett (actually 11, but the recording quality of 2 is so poor that we never play them any more) and 14 by Ed McCurdy. Besides adding to our favorites, we got a few others; by people like Joan Baez, the Easy Riders, and the male chorus of the Mississippi state pen. No classics; the nearest thing to a classical recording I've received -- or wanted -- in the past few years was the Peer Gynt and Lyric Suites, by Fiedler and the Boston Pops. I may get the Limelighters' first recording for my birthday (are you listening, Raeburn?) Listened to the Elektra recording of the Newport Folk Music Festival, but I don't want it; too much talk and not enough singing. I wouldn't mind having some of the music, tho; particularly Bikel and Brand.



LETTER COLUMN

Bob Lichtman - On femmefans (no pun intended!!!): Actually, there aren't too many good-looking femmefans. Remember, this is from my viewpoint! I hesitate to name names, but offhand I know of only a handful of female fans whom I consider pretty. What makes it exasperating however is that three of them are married. The other aren't and are -- hooboy -- around my age.

Is the price of the sandwich -- the 40¢ one at the Italian place -- for the whole 3' loaf of bread plus the innards, or is it just for one of those 6" sections. /Just for one of the sections, unfortunately, but that's still not bad. RC/ In either case it's rather extraordinary, but I'd like this cleared up if you will. I've never discovered any good buys like that. At school I can get, and often do when I'm hungry, a Poor Boy sandwich, at 40¢, which is a long roll, about 4" in diameter and around a foot long, which is filled with all sorts of meats, cheeses and vegetables. But not, thank Roscoe, a mango! I can't stand mangoes. /Neither can I. RC/

I dress to suit myself. However, I have rather mundane tastes as regards clothing, so usually I wear some sort of slacks (preferably with cuffs, though I've one of these cuffless things which I got by accident), a white long-sleeve shirt (never, ever short sleeves) and a sweater-jacket. My hair is cut short, sort of, and I'm usually loath to comb it. I'd like to grow a mustache, but since I'm taking ROTC at college (forced participation) I can't because of "regulations". However if ROTC is made voluntary (the Regents are going to vote on this) I shall start nurturing my upper lip fur.

I don't smoke -- I did for a little while but gave it up (this was when I first started high school, which should shock someone if you print it) -- and I personally don't see smoking at all. Not only is it expensive (my consideration) but it's definitely bad for your health.

Ah, good ol' A&P! That really brings back memories. Like when I was two years old I sh-tted on the floor of the A&P in Cleveland. My parents are still laughing. Do you have Dairy Dells in Indiana? We had them in Ohio -- the one closest to our house carried Dell comic books and it took me a number of years to figure out that Dairy Dell and Dell comix weren't related.

/No Dairy Dells. I'm not even sure what they'd be. We have dairy bars, which are usually sandwich shops connected to a dairy and Dairy Queens, which are sort of do-it-yourself drive-ins (no carhops) which sell ice cream and soft drinks. Neither one carries comic books. RC/

Blame me for the fact that the illustrates on these pages aren't "balanced". I goofed on the typing and I'm not going to do it over. RSC



ACRES OF CLAMS

Due to things like finishing an ICS course and putting out a YANDRO Annish, I haven't even read the last mailing until today (this is Jan. 25). How many comments I make depends on how much of the mailing I get read before Feb. 1, because VANDY is going into the mail then, finished or not. So if you're skipped, I just hadn't got down to you yet.

KLEIN BOTTLE (Carr, T&M) I shouldn't expose my ignorance before FAPA, but just for old time's sake (I used to love quizzes) I'll answer your one on last lines. I guarantee that this is strictly unrehearsed; I'm not even going to look up the titles of stories even when I know exactly where the item is in our collection. So, strictly from memory:

1. "The Open Window" by "Saki" (H.H. Munro) One of my favorites.
 2. Don't recall it; don't think I ever read it.
 3. Vaguely familiar; I've read it, but don't recall anything.
 4. "Born Of Man And Woman", by Richard Matheson.
 5. "Kaleidoscope", I think. Something by Bradbury about a rocket exploding and people drifting off into different orbits.
 7. It's by Kornbluth; I should know the title but I can't think of it.
 8. "The Man With English" by H.L. Gold.
 6. (excuse the odd numbering; I skipped this and I don't want to correct 3 lines of type) Don't recall the title or author, but it was a 2 or 3 page thing in ASTOUNDING about a scientist with an idiot son and full of anti-bomb propaganda.
 9. "That Only A Mother...", Judith Merrill
 10. "The Pit" (blast, I'm not sure of the title and I don't think that's it, but it's by Sturgeon and I quoted it not long ago in a criticism of Willis for using Sturgeon as the spostle of pacifism) Anyway, it's about this guy who wants to demonstrate the horror of war so as to frighten people into being peace-loving.
 11. Familiar, but I don't remember the story.
 12. No recollection at all.
 13. "The Twonky", Kuttner.
 14. "Nightfall", Asimov.
 15. "First Contact", Leinster
 16. Again familiar and again I can't place it.
 17. No recollection at all.
 18. "No Woman Born" by C.L. Moore.
- (Just out of curiosity I looked up the Sturgeon title; why I can never remember "Memorial" I can't say, but I always think of that story as "The Pit".) And just out of curiosity, can anyone give the source of this last line: "He drew a deep breath. 'Well, I'm back,' he said."

I used to like to split wood, too. Haven't had a chance recently. I also enjoyed trimming off the limbs (or anything having to do with axe-work) but somebody else can do the cutting up. I've used both one-man and two-man cross-cut saws, and they're both monsters. Never got a chance at a chain saw; at least the misery is over quicker with that. What is your opinion of splitting with a sledge and wedge, or do you bother with wood that has to be wedged? I like it, myself, though it's a lot more work than using an axe.

Fantasy Press and FPCI have both been bought out by Gnome Press, apparently. (At least, Pick-A-Book is now selling FPCI remainders; you know, all those classic authors like Basil Wells and Festus Pragnell.)

Eshbach has been representing Gnome at conventions.

As an example of not understanding you, look on the very next page where you talk about liking Chad Oliver's letters to prozines. Chad Oliver's letters to prozines were a major factor in keeping me out of fandom for several years; I didn't want anything to do with any sort of idiots who wrote letters like that. This is typical, actually; you enjoy things which I consider abysmally dull, and you consider a lot of the things that I like to be dull or stupid or both. (We probably do have at least some of the same tastes, but they aren't the ones we comment about -- and I have to judge by your written comments.)

EYETRACKS (Coswal) If I published the same amount of material you do, I might not mind adding ten more members, either.

BULL MOOSE (Morse) Hooray; I can read it. Whether a teen-ager comes from a "massively respectable" home or a broken one has no bearing on whether or not he's brutally treated, so your comment to Marion is beside the point. You'd be surprised at what goes on in some "respectable" homes.

LARK (Danner) We have a couple of boxes of something called "No. 1091 DEMCO-SEAL" which are left over from when Juanita and I worked in a book-bindery. This is a transparent tape specifically made for mending books; it doesn't turn yellow and get sticky around the edges like Scotch tape.

Wooden apple crates? You can't even get a bushel basket around here; they put the things up in cardboard boxes.

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) But who cares whether tv sets in hotel rooms work or not? If you can't find anything else to do in a strange town, you can always read.

I'm fascinated by the translation of "clunk!" into "ping" in French. The two sounds don't seem to have anything in common....

Pierre Berton was very good, even tho everyone is out to attack Christmas commercialism now that Freberg got away with it and it's safe. (In other words, I liked it, but I wish he'd picked some more original subject.)

Most people in most small towns do tend to be "ignorant, bigoted, uneducated, narrow and provincial". On the other hand, take out the "provincial" and you have a description of most people in most big cities.

Canadian coins are pretty freely spendable around here, except in vending machines. The bills aren't, but I've never had anyone balk at a coin (or even notice it.) Of course, as far as that goes, I once got a German mark when I cashed a check at my local bank; it was in with the quarters. I still have it. I think the spendability increases in direct ratio to the distance to the Canadian border.

DRIFTWOOD (Kidd) Get a horse.

DESCANT (Clarkes) Your mailing comments end in the middle of a word on page 4 in my copy. Were there more? I don't know how "bum" originated, but it isn't local: "Now the preacher he did come, and he looked so God-damned glum, he can kiss my ruddy bum, God damn his eyes." An internationally known ditty. Rosicrucianism works for you, you mean. Sure. And there are people who will swear that they were cured of diabetes by Ghadiali's Spectro-Chrome machine, too, and they really believe it.

VIRGINS OF OUTER SPACE (Bradley-Boggs) Much appreciated.

SAMBO (Martinez-Corey) We don't care how many people read VANDY, Kent; just as long as they don't start asking us for copies. (If our 75 published copies circulate to 300 people, that's wonderful, but we won't publish a 76th. for anybody.)

Whoa, boy. In the first place, Calkins specifically implies that his selections weren't completed. In the second place, when that list was made out Grennell was probably the only member of the "board" who could have recalled who Bob and Juanita Coulson were without looking it up. Shelby Vick was gafia, and none of the younger Oklahoma-Texas fans (with the possible exceptions of Kent Corey and Claude Hall) deserve a place on anyone's list of important fans, now or then.

"...fear of losing your paid readers?" Sheesh! That's a new one on me. I suppose it affects some subzine editors, but it's a point I never thought about. I'd like to lose about 40 or 50 readers, if I could pick the ones to get rid of.

Not much to comment on your part, Sam, except I'm croggled by you and someone else in this mailing who said something about preferring to read about cons rather than attend. (Sure, it was a joke, but the idea of such a thought crossing anyone's mind even in jest is mind-shattering.)

BANDWAGON (Ryan) I've tried figuring out how far back in history I could have been born and still lived, but it always works out to 1930, and I was born in 1928. Incidentally, some time back one of the slick digest mags (CORONET or some such) had a questionnaire on life expectancy. You answered all the questions and looked up your points and if you got a score of 20, I think, you had a chance of living to be 100, and if you had a score of 10 you might live to be 60, and so on. My score came out a minus 4.

But most railroads don't want to keep their customers; not the passengers, at any rate. They'd be quite satisfied if everybody took buses, especially if the trucking firms all went out of business.

CATCH TRAP (Bradley) I think Juanita's the tree fork type; I know I am. That is, I have been indoctrinated with an overwhelming spirit of fair play, and it isn't fair to have a child and then abandon it; since it's a direct result of your actions you have an obligation to it. But as for enjoying being around it -- feh. At least, feh for the first several years; as I said previously, once Bruce is old enough for effective two-way communication I may enjoy his company.

HORIZONS (Warner) No, I didn't buy the fancy Victor album. I find fancy packaging interesting and amusing, but I don't recall ever buying anything because of the packaging. Everything -- furniture, automobiles, books, etc. -- should be functional; the times I've been stung are when the packaging has deceived me into thinking something was functional when actually it wasn't. (Like our tape recorder; but that's another story.)

I think I like Kathleen Ferrier's folk music, but since all I've heard of it came via scratchy 78rpm records and two not-very-hi-fi tape recorders, I can't be sure. I didn't care much for Victoria de los Angeles, but then I don't care much for Spanish music.

Scanning in tv is done by shifting a beam of electrons; whether anything moves "physically" depends on how physical you regard an electron.

I guess. The shifting is accomplished by electronic attraction (a term I just made up, but similar to magnetic attraction) and nothing moves except the beam.

Hagerstown's one-side-of-the-street parking changes monthly? You're lucky; Milwaukee's changes daily. Every time we go up to see the DeWeeses the first thing I do is ask Gene if I'm parked on the right side of the street. He goes into a long involved thought-train and tells me: usually that I'm not on the correct side. Then, if we stay more than one night, I have to make sure that on the second night the car is parked on the opposite side from where it was the first night.

Thanks for the listing of discount record houses. Now all I need is to locate enough money to patronize them. (The dealer in Anderson has an insidious system; not only can you hear the records you're interested in, thereby becoming more interested, but you -- or at least we -- can get them on credit. No credit charges, either, but we have to pay full list price. We do get free Schwann catalogs, tho, and once when I mentioned that I sent my old ones to a friend in Texas he gave me an extra free one for her.) By the way, Marion, do you still want any of those? I haven't sent any for a long time.

FOTHPATLAW (Versins) Enjoyable, but no comments come to mind.

THE VINEGAR WORM (Leman) I still treasure our copy of THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF OCULENTERATOLOGY, and I still remember the emotion it aroused when it arrived. (Said emotion being a faint wonder as to why anyone would be sending me a crackpot religious magazine.....however, wonder turned to joy when I discovered that it wasn't a crackpot religious magazine, it was a crackpot fanzine instead. I wound up reading it aloud to anyone who would stand still long enough to listen.)

I contend that Mack Reynolds is writing extrapolations of a single trend in our society, much as Pohl and Kornbluth did in "Gravy Planet". The fact that this country -- due to unions and our vaunted "high standard of living" -- is pricing itself right out of the world market is quite evident. Read any economic report; hell, read your daily paper. Reynolds has taken this theme and built on it, and his theme is as acceptable as "Gravy Planet" or "Starship Soldier". Maybe present-day Communists don't give a hang about raising the living standards of their subjects, but they've done it, just the same -- or at least the Russian communists have, and the Chinese probably will, and there is no reason to believe that they won't continue to do so. They've managed to ruin a few other countries while doing it, but after all, Reynolds is writing a story, not a history. And, more to the point, whether Reynolds is right or wrong in his evaluations (and I agree with you that he's wrong) this is still a free country (theoretically) and Reynolds has as much right to express his opinion as you have to express yours. Saying that Campbell and Mills should not have published the stories because they are "morally reprehensible" is equivalent to saying that you do not believe in publishing any opinions that differ with yours, which is equivalent to the present Russian attitude. The only possible reason for refusal to publish a work of fiction is writing quality that is either bad or unsuited to the publisher's audience. If this country can't survive a few radical and/or idiotic opinions, it doesn't deserve to survive. End of sermon.

I think Cavanaugh Razor has a very perceptive insight into the fan-nish mentality. My own rapier like wit comes from ephedrine rather than alcohol, but that's a petty point.

DIS (Speer) I accept the correction on the judo bit. I had assumed that you were replying to Phyllis, rather than making a generalization associated with what she wrote. Admittedly judo instructors serve no socially useful function. As I recall your argument for this statement was that they served criminals as readily as they did honest folk. By that reasoning, lawyers serve no socially useful function, either.

S F TIMES DAILY (Taurasi) Glad to get these; I only managed to grab one issue at the con. I never seem to acquire zines published at conventions; usually I don't even find out about them until 6 months later.

ALIF (Anderson) I don't do very well on your quiz, I'm afraid. I get Woggle-Bug (Oz), Golias (Silverlock, but I don't know the original appearance), Gozashtand, Zamba, Sunquar (deCamp) and that's all. Riccoletti might be out of "Creep, Shadow, Creep" but I've mercifully forgotten most of the book and since I threw it away after struggling thru it (something I rarely do with any book, however bad) I can't check. Interesting, anyway.

BOBOLINGS (Pavlat) You've never heard of Clive Jackson, author of "The Swordsman Of Varnis"? Incredible! I don't remember anything else about him, but I remember that. I've heard of V. Paul Nowell, too, tho I don't recall anything specific. (Forgive my burblings, but I'm amazed that I should know a fannish name that you don't.)

"Prima facie" means that if the cop says you were speeding, you've had it.

Leo Carroll is perfectly fascinating in person; on a par with Dean Grennell, George Scithers or Sid Coleman. Exaggerations don't bother me when they're on trivial subjects (such as fanzine editing); why let facts get in the way of a good story?

Agreed that not one fanzine in a hundred is worth saving; I can only attribute the 10 cubic feet of them in our library to my squirrel tendencies.

DIFFERENT (Moskowitz) Doesn't sound like I'm missing much by not being able to read French. Chris, I don't know what the others will say about your comments, but Juanita and I publish a genzine that takes care of our "creativity" in the way of writing and editing. FAPA is, to quote Les Nirenberg's description of fandom, "a mail-order cocktail party". Or, in other words, a place to relax and exchange small talk. If you want to be serious, fine; I'm all in favor of people doing what they want. But don't expect me to entertain you; I'm in this to entertain myself. (Incidentally, you've been reading FAPA mailings for two years; have you contributed any serious discussions?)

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) Your editorial sounds like a recruiting poster. Can't find anything else to comment on, though I enjoyed this issue more than usual.

SALUD (E. Busby) Yes, it is stupid to be forthright about my likes and dislikes; the smart thing would be to play along with the crowd and be popular. Unfortunately, I enjoy being forthright --- and then, of course, if I played along with the crowd it would be stupid to belong to an oddball cult like fandom; if you're going to be popular you might as well be popular where it counts.

Does anybody communicate feeling to me in any medium? Well, in the medium comprising the sense of touch, they do..... Do I delight in anyone's company? Well, no, if you must know. I like dogs better than people, and in the past couple of months I've shot six puppies, which should give you an idea of my feelings towards people.

(Sorry, Elinor, but one of my other faults is a secret delight in giving unexpected answers to questions people think I'll have to give a normal reply to. That is, after I've expressed my opinions on children, mundane types often say sarcastically "You sound like you think all children should be taken out and shot" and of course my answer is "Naturally; what else can you do with them?" This works fine, by the way, when discussing something with Gem Carr; when she tries to twist my words into something I didn't mean I simply go ahead as though I had meant that all along, instead of trying to explain my original statement. Instead of trying to defend myself I concentrate on attacking her statements -- it works fine.)

Foosh to your comments about Bruce Pelz. In the first place, he was the only "actor" on stage who put any life into his role, and in the second, he was probably the only one who was heard by anyone in the back rows. (I won't guarantee that, since we were in the middle.) I agree that "Purple Pastures" was a drag, but Pelz was the only bright spot in the whole play.

Agreed on male-female treatment of paperbacks; Gene DeWeese and I get absolutely frothing at the way our spice treat them, and Juanita and Bev DeWeese insist that they have to read them that way.

I hate to disillusion you, but "Lavender Blue" is a song that wandered into camp from the outside world and then back out, becoming emasculated during the trip. One of the original verses is:

"Some to the fields, dilly dilly, some to hoe corn
While you and I, dilly dilly, keep the bed warm."

CELEPHAIS (Evans) I think we do have our musical tastes straightened out; I prefer vocal music to instrumental and thus like strong individual voices; you prefer instrumental and like voices that fit in. Unless you had an awfully loud combo Odetta wouldn't fit in; she'd drown out the whole outfit (and more power to her, as far as I'm concerned).

Agreed that the saucer craze is an example of crackpotism, but it still doesn't define it. What I'm getting at is that to some people, the whole stf field is crackpot; you ask ten people what is or is not within the bounds of scientific possibility and you'll get ten different answers. Where do you draw the line? Using your definition, you and I could not agree, probably, on what is and what is not science fiction.

And, dammit, science fiction is a branch of fantasy. Fantasy covers that which cannot happen today. Sam's definition is perfectly correct and does not include "95% or more of all fiction". Fiction is that which did not happen; fantasy fiction is that which could not happen. There is a basic difference. Detective fiction recounts crimes which did not happen, but they could have; there is nothing physically impossible about them. Fantasy fiction recounts that which is physically impossible at the time it is written. Science fiction is the branch of fantasy which relies upon scientific or pseudo-scientific explanations of the impossibility, such as space ships and time travel; "straight" fantasy relies upon supernatural explanations of the impossibility, such as pacts with the devil or ancestral curses. The nature of the phenomenon is immaterial; it is the explanation which determines the category. Werewolves are usually fantasy, but Blish's "There Shall Be No Darkness" is science fiction.

"Yes, yes, I've already put in the part about werewolves aren't fantasy."



TARGET:FAPA (Eney) Well, whatever I think of "that outfit over on the Volga" I don't think it's making socialism work -- you mean to say that you do? We're closer to Socialism than Russia is. And no, I don't think it can be operated "by people getting inside and making the appropriate wheels go around". It can be made to look like it's operating by an individual or a small group sitting on top and giving the machinery a hearty kick every time it balks, but then you don't really have true socialism, do you? The Nazis did that (and called themselves Socialists, too), but are you going to admit them to the category? Feudalism was an operating force for a good many years over a good part of the world; name me an example of socialism that has operated for even 50 years.

LIMBO (Rike-Donaho) I don't agree that Jean Ritchie is "magnificent" even in "her limited area", but even if she was, so what? Saying that makes her a superb singer is like saying that Murray Leinster is a superb writer because he is magnificent in his limited area (and he is; he's at least as good a stf writer: as Ritchie is a folk singer). Maybe you don't think that voices are comparable to roads, but let's hear you say that singing isn't an art form.

"...the basketball couch ...resigned..." I've heard that modern kids are lazy, but at least in Indiana we still play basketball standing up.....

Your book "bargains" sound like some of the stuff Gene DeWeese gets. If it's on sale, he can't resist it (I must admit that I don't have too much resistance along that line myself, but I think I'd turn down Balzac even at bargain rates.)

PHLOTSAM (Economou and fawning acolytes) Frankly, I hope fandom doesn't make it worth Jay Klein's while; if he puts out another edition Juanita will want to buy it, too.

Ed Cox - I enjoyed your look into "other worlds"; I'm seldom curious enough to bother looking into any myself.

I've tasted plenty of "real" bread; my mother used to bake regularly and Juanita bakes bread on occasion, and I see nothing wrong with "that gluey stuff". It isn't as good as home-baked (though it might be if I ate it the same way, i.e., hot out of the oven) but neither are your Pepperidge Farm products or any other bakery bread. All you hard-bread lovers need to do is let the standard bakery concoction sit around for a couple of days and get a bit stale and you'll have the same product you're paying fancy prices for.

The idea of you sitting around cuddling Brinker and talking baby talk to him convulsed me. Go ahead and be Brinker's Mommy; I dare you.

Why should a 4½ year old have a BB gun? For the same reason that he

"should" have a toy train or a pony; because he gets pleasure out of it. I'm not advocating the use of force in making hordes of unwilling children learn to handle guns; I'm saying that if the child does want a gun (and most children do) then, if the parents can afford the cost of the gun and the time spent in teaching the tad how to handle it, he should have it. I'm sick of this "guns are dangerous" bit; guns aren't dangerous, people are dangerous, and it's mostly due to careless parents. (Of course, if the parents weren't careless a lot of children wouldn't be here in the first place, but that's a different argument.) Not every child should have a gun. Bruce won't have a pony because I can't afford one and I'm not going to take the time to take care of it properly. Similarly, children whose parents aren't going to be responsible for it shouldn't have guns. (But their parents are idiots.)

FANTASY AMATEUR - I understand that Marion was overruled in the matter of IBM cards in the mailing. I'm sorry; I'm fully in favor of her stand, and I think it was perfectly legal. Once is a joke; okay, ha ha. Twice is nonsense.

My, my. Ex post facto laws in FAPA. Phyllis, you're drunk with power. (I don't care, you understand; I'm just making an observation.)

DUST, DUBIOUS, FAP, PERSIAN SLIPPER, IDLE HANDS, LURKING SHADOW, SPIN-NAKER REACH (Fick, Budrys, Gerber, Johnstone, Hansen, Metcalf, Chauvenet) Budrys - I enjoyed muchly the "service" pages, but can't find a specific comment. A weak rejoinder is better than none at all, I hope; maybe some day you'll set me off into pages of ~~xxxxxx~~ comment. Gerber - The "bad copy" on the VANDY you got was there mostly for our identification; so it wouldn't get stuck into the bundle sent to the OE. I don't toss out anything that is complete and readable, but I don't want the inferior efforts going to regular readers -- okay, so you are a pretty regular reader, but you're still an "extra" as long as you're on the waiting list. Leadbelly's guitar playing might make Juanita flip; not me. I don't care that much about guitars. An apostrophe is used for a contraction, aint is not a contraction of anything but an entirely separate word, ergo, no apostrophe. I don't think I'd benefit by moving waiting listers up by popular vote because I don't think I'd like many of the ones who were moved. JOHNSTONE - I like the idea of Bruce Pelz as a Martian detective; he looks like a Martian detective. Chauvenet - Agreed that Truth is over-rated. (On a considerably lesser plane, have you ever encountered one of those raconteurs who begins "Well, last Friday, I....or was it Thursday? Let's see, it couldn't have been Thursday because I was sick in bed all day, so it must have been Friday. Anyway, I was talking to this importer...well, actually he wasn't an importer, but he worked for an import firm..." His search for truth serves only to ruin his story. I have not only encountered them, but occasionally to my horror discover that I've just been one.) No comments to the rest of you, I'm afraid. (Rejoice; think what I might have said)



first fandom is not dead

part four: } - | :his pages

only tottering, granddaughter

Barnum Was A Piker:

If Laney was still living, I would send him via air-mail and special-delivery an advertisement recently clipped from The American Legion Magazine. (Don't reach for your shooting irons, gents; I'll explain that lapse of taste in a moment.) I suspect that the advertisement would strike Laney much as it struck me, and in hot excitement he would whip off another Fan Dango Fugghead Award to the genius behind the ad and the product it touts. Truly, Barnum was a piker, a penny-ante con man when compared to the modern business man and his advertising agency. Bend an ear:

This ad opens with a photograph of a man in western garb, holding a six-shooter and a can of something. The text beneath the photo reads as follows: "Dodge City Deputy Marshall examines a can of Dodge City gunsmoke. Black gun powder, such as used by early day Marshalls, is fired and sealed in a can before it escapes. Open can and odor brings back memories of the fast draw. Each \$1 ppd.; 12 cans \$10 ppd. Gunsmoke, Box 177, Dodge City, Kan."

(Listen to Dean Grennell snort!)

Now, about being caught reading The American Legion Magazine. No, I'm not a veteran, and none of the veterans among my circle of friends and co-workers belong to the organization (does anyone belong other than the aged professions of the first war?) I found the magazine in the postoffice; some loyal member had received the journal in his box but threw it away unopened --- and that's the secret of my success, that's how and why I am the widely-read man that I am. I read the Congressional Record, the Wall Street Journal, the Christian Science Monitor, the Legion magazine, the Pipe & Steam Fitter, the Plastics World, the Outdoor Amusement Field, the Trailer Court Notes, the Overseas Employment Bulletin, the Florida Opportunities Guide (hi, Phyllis!) the Milestone, the Greenville Weekly Journal, and The Messenger of Jesus all because their rightful owners abandon them unopened at the post office. I'm a furtive picker-upper of never-opened magazines and newspapers; I have broad mental horizons and down'rd slanting glances, always on the alert for treasure trove. Once I ran home with a girly calendar still snug in its envelope, and another time my loot was a new pencil and pencil sharpener fastened on a gaily colored display board.

I know the wholesale costs of mattresses, pull-down light fixtures, many items of kitchenware, and wedding rings because merchants persist in leaving their "confidential price lists" lying on counter. But I'm waiting for the day when I snatch up a stuffed envelope and discover that someone else in town is getting fanzines.

Death To The Infidels!

The November bundle arrived here just four days after Mez Bradley dispatched it, a truly wondrous record equaled by no other editor nor postal system in all the years of my two memberships.

The first postmailing to reach me was descant from Gina and Norm Clarke. It contained four pages and stopped abruptly in the middle of a word at the bottom of page four. Meanwhile, Norm has revealed himself as an up and coming wit - one of the brightest new wits, in fact, since Bob Leman. One sentence in particular broke me up and I was forced to stop reading for nearly an hour until the laughter could be controlled. Speaking of Chessman, Norm said: "In his case, the death sentence was justified, because he was a sex pervert."

(Listen to Merry Carr snort!)

Moon Maps For Free:

if you go in for that sort of thing. I sent for one for my son, but liked it so well that I kept it. The map itself is a Lick Observatory photograph 30 inches in diameter, printed on a sheet 36 inches deep and 45 inches wide. It identifies more than 600 lunar formations including these craters: Beer, Hell, Poisson, Sheepshanks, Young, and Mt. Bradley. Write to: Missile & Space Vehicle Dept., General Electric Corp., 3198 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 4, Pa. (Imagine what that department title would have done to my sense of wonder thirty years ago!) It required about 4 weeks for delivery.

This Year:

I'm pushing Eney for TAFF, and he was warned in advance of the fate which befell my candidate last year. Bentcliffe took it rather nicely, though, when he visited here and read my apologetic remarks in a recent Vandy. He gave me a soft, gentle sneer as I shined his boots and laughed uproariously at his every witticism.

From The Inkwell Into The Fire:

"blank thot - (Tucker) - A blank thot is a short sentence which makes the strongest, if not the most lucid, impression when presented standing alone. There are three types. One is the passage taken out of its imagined context, as, "Gotta match?" Another is the statement meaningful in itself, often a piece of propaganda, *exempli gratia* "Aristocracy is persistent and democracy tawdry." Finally, there is the utterly nonsensical bit of whimsy, like "Get your foot out of that inkwell!" --from Fancyclopedia I.

"BLANK THOUGHT (Tucker) A short sentence which makes the strongest, if not the most lucid, impression when presented standing alone. There are three types. One is a passage taken out of its imaginary context, as, "There he was on the sidewalk, selling flags." Another is the statement meaningful in itself, often a piece of propaganda: *exempla gratia* "Be not FooFooled nor Ghuguiled; Roscoe Alone is Great." Finally, there is the utterly nonsensical bit of whimsy, like "I did not set fire to my tent!" --from Fancyclopedia II.

And with that I slink away into the fiery sunset.

Bob Tucker

Eggs and Marrowbone #2

Shadow mailer Gerber is lucky not to be a hoosier (for diverse and sundry reasons - but right now I'm concentrating on the weather angle). Not only do we have summers that apparently strike an easterner as uncomfortably warm, but wintering it in a somewhat rebuilt farmhouse in the wilds of Indiana is also trial-ish. Last week we ran out of bottled gas at an inopportune time (not as bad as it could have been, at least I hadn't started anything except the mushrooms - or has anyone else out there ever tried to use a toaster to fry mushrooms? - you plug the thing in and set the skillet on top, for about forty-five minutes, and the darn things are cooked but barely edible....oh well, the mushrooms were on sale so I didn't lose much but my temper). This week the little light bulb rig that keeps our well-pump warm and operating went gefelit and we are without water. Oddly enough the house is reasonably warm at the moment (the temperature of the domicile is determined not nearly so much by the thermometer as the anemometer, and at the moment the wind seeping through the cracks in the walls is practically nil - hence the cozy house. Unfortunately, being warm doesn't do anything about the fact that I have a sinkful of dirty dishes and feel dirty (and I am) because there is not a drop of water to be had. (I'm wishing we had an outside privy at the moment - that can be a definite problem, believe me).....the stove is surrounded by all available large receptacles, filled with slowly melting snow; this will be for an attempt to flush the toilet - sanitation first, and all that.

Don't you envy us rustic types?

Oh well, in the summer months it is well-nigh ideal, with a steady western breeze, vegetable garden right at the back door, and most fan-nishly of all, all the privacy one could want short of the north woods.

In March I will be collegiating again, this time for the last time. I fervently hope. June should see me the collapsing possessor of a Master's degree in Education, which is all the state of Indiana requires at the moment. When they start muttering about doctorates, I quit. It promises to be a hectic quarter (not term, this is is called a quarter, and consists of three eleven week semesters from September till June, two five weekly summer sessions and a ten day post summer session, which fortunately need not concern me).

The added work load will of necessity bite into the May VANDY, so much so that I may end up with the one page of comment of the previous issue, for we also have a 100th issue of VANDRO to get out thenabouts. I hope I'll be contributing something besides mimeography to the May mailing, but I'd like to serve advance warning in case I can't.

Through dint of some judicious juggling, I'll be getting off very light in my Master's requirements, meaning I have succeeded in getting the vast majority of my required credits under easy or interesting profs and had singular luck in my electives. I have one remaining research paper, which I hope to do in Educational Philosophy under a professor I encountered last fall, a rigorous and interesting man - while my two previous papers were accomplished under remarkably easy profs and sub-

jects. A paper in Educational Philosophy under this prof will be no snap, but if I'm to put my time and labor in, I prefer to do it in something interesting. My previous papers were on Montaigne and the Wizard of Oz, not difficult, but far more interesting than some nebulous and basically useless research in the field of Resolved: Movable Desks are more conducive to learning than Nailed-Down Desks, or some equally typical topic.

My three courses (and the counselors grill you quite a bit when you take three night courses, worrying about your health and all, though they have my record before them and can readily see that I've previously taken four night courses without undue collapse) will be Educational Philosophy, the reading seminar (on great works of Western literature, which I've mentioned previously) and Education 543. That's required, so naturally I'm not interested.....let's see what the catalogue says: "Early Childhood Education" - well that could be about anything, but is undoubtedly a rehash of the growth and developmental procedures of the child, in which subject I've already had umpteen courses. Oh well. It could have been advanced fingerprinting, I suppose.

I appreciate what the union movement has done - for instance, they are presently bucking, and successfully I understand, to get the minimum salary for a teacher with a Master's degree in the state of Indiana up to \$3800. It's not salaries that drives teachers away from the profession, believe me; that's a fine income for a married woman, which the vast majority of teachers in this state are. Still and all, despite what the state teachers' union has done for salaries, their fuggheaded ostrichism in other departments turns this "educator" purple. In the recent election there were two candidates for State Superintendent of Public Schools - one was a non-professional who campaigned on a program of cleaning out the foofarah from the teachers' colleges, among other things. Of the two Republicans defeated in this state for a major office, he was one (the other was the governor). His opponent was a Uneeyun Man, or at least not anti-union.

The outfit claims they don't need the teachers' colleges cleaned up, that there are no more make-work courses. They had to do a lot of cleaning in six years, in that case. In my undergraduate work I had the following courses: A children's games course in which college seniors gamboled on the green playing stoop tag and kick ball because "you can't teach the children unless you appreciate the game"; an industrial arts course in which we budding grade school teachers wasted our time making plastic luggage tags and ball-peening aluminum serving trays; a course in which we practised learning to write from the ground up, hands-not-in-use-behind-the-back, the works; an exposure to the literature of the Western world, from the Odyssey to James Joyce, covered in two semesters (and you can imagine how thorough that was); and numerous indoctrination courses in the free spirit of the child and how one shouldn't warp it.

Actually, some people may have gathered I'm against progressive education. I'm not, not to the spirit of progressive education; I'm very much against the way it is generally practised. I'm also against the large number of teachers who have had the same reaction to progressive teaching as I and threw out everything and went back to the ferrule and shut-up methods. The best teachers I've met are neither "progressive" in the usually accepted sense nor harsh 19th Century practitioners; they have both discipline and freedom, and have taken the best items of both methods, a little Dewey, a little Locke, a little Plato, and a great deal of common sense, which is the great differentiator.

AND A FINE TIME WAS HAD BY ALL DEPT. (OR AT LEAST BY ME) - Referring of course to Phyllis' New Year's party....all the lovely people, all the delicious eatables and drinkables and a generally fine time made dandy by the fact that we didn't have to drive a couple hundred miles home afterwards (I think the time we had it in that department was after the Illwiscon). One of the moments I will treasure is the introduction of Arthur to the peculiar properties of sloe gin hicballs. Arthur is a Gentleman, A Gentleman who said he had never encountered sloe gin before (Phyllis, I know what you mean about how nice this being catered-to business all is, but I'm afraid at my late indoctrination point I'll never get used to it). At any rate, Arthur insisted that it was the Gentleman's duty to mix the drink, i.e., do the opening, pouring, etc., and humorous minded, I did not have the heart to warn him when he dumped a jiggerfull of sloe gin in a glass and then followed my specifications by starting to dump gingerale on top - I remember him leaping back from the foaming pink head and staring in horror, remarking "I don't think I ever saw a drink quite like that." Other people insisted it was a bloody drink, because the icecubes kept splashing frothy red gobs onto things.

I also discovered at the party that I like rye, or an imitation thereof, slightly better than I don't like whiskey, -but not much.

Phyllis, did you ever find the Mexican Jumping Bean with green spots that Sally lost?

Considering your threat for next year, I'm wondering how chocolate covered ants would taste with milk and butter.

"Sort of like
salty rubber."

"Well, how's the
pickled octopus?"



AND NOW TO THAT GLORIOUS FUN-FILLED
GABFEST WE LAUGHINGLY CALL MAILINGC
OMMENTS ...?

ICE AGE (Noreén) I'm afraid your picture of fannish domesticity won't hold for the Coulsons - he's interested in letters (fanzines are just so much work, generally) - it's me that's the fanzine bug, or at least when I have time to be. Actually, we usually do our fanning together, assembling, cutting mailing comments, ah, what a blissful picture of conubial joy, him at the typer, her at the lightscope, the tad licking the stamps...

Ech,

Sounds like that teacher of yours with the extra wrinkles for knowledge theory had taken the old tabula rasa gimmick to heart with a vengeance, yeesh. I didn't doubt teacher's word about anything either until I was in the third grade and hdd some hypertensive biddy gave me a big lecture about kids that ran around in gangs growing up to be

gangsters and evil women and like that - at which point I had my very first burst of cynicism.

No, somebody is named Conway Twitty, and not really, it's a press agent gimmick - I understand his name is really Abercrombie Schtnort or something equally mundane.

I've had ether twice in my life and I can't say the smell is unbearable or even unpleasant to me. You mean to say there's a brand of corfla that doesn't smell like ether?

Mentioning women that don't get windblown or ruffled - there is another phenomenon that has always fascinated me. In this state there are many religious sects who go in for stop-the-clock-in-the-1800s clothing, uncut hair and the like. I've been fascinated by these gals; I've noticed them on the busses during Indiana heat and humidty waves of 98 in both departments, high-necked, long sleeved dresses, hair stringing all about their necks, apparently as cool and dry as if they had just stepped from an airconditioned refrigerator. Meanwhile I sit there in as little clothes as I can gracefully manage with a hairdo one shade longer than a crewcut - sweltering. It must be right-thinking or something. Maybe I should get saved.



SERCON'S BANE (Buz) Enjoyed, though we have some radically different opinions at various points, which is only to be expected. I'm sorry I bugged you with my guitar - I really hadn't planned to head there, I was just following Jock and Silverman and I don't even remember where we were previously - at the Masquerade, possibly. The part that made me go ouch about the Les cartoon in CRY was the fact that it was so True.....I'm a folknik, so help me, and I can't kick the habit, and I really had a ball at Pitt when I got with Jock and Hohnstone and Sandy and the rest of the crew.....but then I had a ball the rest of the time at Pitt, too. It's just that it's so rare for me to have an opportunity for any of it - I can sympathize with not wanting to put up with Clementine or whatever. I'm a firm believer that the folkniks, when they're in the mood, should get off by themselves, and I think all the times I was with groups we successfully did.

All except once. The only gripe I heard from the other patrons the entire time was while waiting on an elevator and Les Gerber starting strumming - Les gets carried away....of course, some of the neos in the group were chattering pretty loudly, too - but that must have been a nitpicking floor from what you say about the Seattle blast.

Sure wish we could join you guys for the Seacon, especially after getting the info about your hotel. The more-the-merrier rates will lead, I'm sure, to inordinate doubling-up. All in all it sounds like it'll be a ball, and we'll be with you vicariously, you bet.

LARK (Danner) Sure my mimeo has a counter - me.

CELEPHLIS (Evans) Last I heard, whilst doing my research, was that Reilly and Lee not only wasn't taking the Oz books out of print, but they were having new illustration plates made because the old ones had worn out from so many printings. And Bobbs-Merrill, publishers of the Original Wizard of Oz had completely new illustrations done in a modern style (which I, for one, liked) about ten years ago.

Hair is one of the easiest things to do on stencil.

SAMBO (Martinez) But I like to read aloud, to anybody, children, grown-ups and all. When Bring the Jubilee first came out I read the entire thing aloud to my roommate (college) in one evening ...of course I was a little hoarse the next day, but.....if I remember correctly, she was busy making grass skirts as costumes to be used in a float for Homecoming, or some such thing - anyway, it was a tedious finger type job that required little mental activity, she was just discovering stf (guess thru whose instigation), and she enjoyed being read to. The only tedious part is when you have to read the same book over and over again night after night. Fortunately, Bruce has such wide taste that he usually gets off on another book after about three nights running. Currently, he's a on a rocket kick, but tonight we went back to a HuckleberryHound adventure.

LIMBO (Donaho - don't tell me who's putting it out - I'm only interested in who I'm talking to.) A lot of this subject I've already gone into for Ethel, but I'd like to elaborate a little here. To a female who was supposedly intelligent before marriage and descends to inanity afterwards, I can only say bah - she was probably putting on an act before marriage anyway. The only field in school where I felt like an idiot was in practical math - theoretical math I could cope with, it was just using the numbers that threw me.....but then this was always true. I'm just one of these numerical idiots to whom the manipulation of numbers is a mystery - I can sit down and read theory and understand perfectly well why they behave the ways they do - they just won't do it for me.

As a child I resented being a girl...in my wish fulfillment dreams at night I was often the hero, not heroine, of the derring-do plot, always jungly and intrepid in pith-helmet, elephant rifle and jodphurs. I even went so far as to spend a great deal of muscle effort trying to kiss my elbow, hope against hope (anyone else out there know that superstition). When I finally realized it wasn't going to work, that I was for good and all stuck as a female, I decided that I'd make the best of it with what I have - give no quarter and ask none, especially not mentally.

And I didn't.

Maybe that's why I was twenty years old before I met a man who was willing to take me on my own terms.

One odd thing I've noticed, and you may add it to your file. When I was a single gal, males used to put up with my intellectual buttinskiness and the fact that I knew the answers in class as often as they did, but they rather noticeably resented it. Now that I'm in graduate work, wearing a wedding ring and still performing the same way, they seem to be quite cheerful about it, and will talk philosophy and politics with me while the rest of the females are off swapping baby pictures. ????

SALUD (Elinor) - Oh boy, this is splattered with checkmarks. Firstoff, muchly thanks for the bread recipe, which has already supervised quite a few loaves (that's why there are greasemarks on the zine - I'm such a messy cook), although I'm still a bit unnerved about a bread recipe that calls for an egg; works fine, though.

Now going down the checkmarks I come to a suggestion that I 'divorce him' - just because he doesn't delight in my company? Oh, but he has other interesting attributes, such as keeping my feet warm in bed much better than any old hot water bottle.

Eric was fun, witty, magnificent pianist, conversationalist - but I don't believe I'd described him as delightful. Maybe delightful just isn't a word hoosiers favor in reference to people?

Aha! As Phyllis could probably tell you, the equality business is a bit of fetish to me. I've never got used to being a woman, I guess - I'm feminist in that I think a woman should get the same salary for the same work and like that, and I think that doing so, and achieving her "equality", she has an obligation to accept it all the way - no doors held open for her, no coats helped on, no cigarettes lit if she smokes, and like that. Phyllis and I have agreed to disagree about this point of view, and we get along beautifully (but I still feel very guilty about accepting the "gentlemanly courtesies" from any man, fan or not). I suspect the separate business doesn't mean as much to me because I've always thought of my special department in fanzining as art and repro. In fact, VANDY is the first time since the very early days of YANDRO that I've done very much fan writing, as such; I got eased into the blessed fanzine business easily, so it doesn't perturb me. I didn't me to cast asperions on your intentions; it's just that it takes me a little while to comprehend a fannish attitude (feminine) that differs from my own - but once I have, fine and dandy.

Such as this confusion about fashion. When you said women wanted to dress as fashionably as they could afford, I immediately conjured up a picture of a gal in lounge pajamas pouring over the pages of VOGUE and BAZAAR, doting on the latest gunny sack fad and such. Again, a case of two brilliant minds charging at each other full tilt and missing, apparently. I recently stated my fashion views to Ethel Lindsay, and I'll try to run over them again here briefly. My clothing choices begin with my personal look at myself with the dress or whatever on - this has nothing to do with whether or not other people like it on me, but whether I like it on me; since my tastes are pretty weird and undetermined by what I think other men or women will like, I occasionally come up with some pretty odd combinations. The Pittcon outfit you mention is a case in point: I've owned that black velvet top for about five years (poor thing is coming apart, I'm going to have to take a pattern off it and make another), while the skirt was about a year old, but I'll be wearing it till it, too, disintegrates. I so rarely find anything I like, that fits, that I can afford - and when I do, I pounce on it. Now that I have discovered the deep mystic secrets of the sewing machine and its operation, look forward to even odder styles from mansecoulson. Within that definition, I don't know whether the expense angle enters in. I suppose women instinctively (or something) like rich or lush materials - I'm a sucker for velvet, myself - but I suspect this is not only because they are expensive, but because you get more for your money in durability, beauty, comfort, etc.

As for the "pecking order" theory mentioned by you and Phyllis elsewhere - I assure you it doesn't apply in my case at all - honestly.

When I see another gal — a gorgeous figure surrounded by admiring males, it arouses no feeling in me at all — if she happens to have a style of figure and dress that I personally admire, I may think approvingly to myself, "Wow!" But envy, no. Why should I? I've got the male I'm interested in. Even before I was married and I still had competition to worry about, I can't say that I was jealous or envious of the other gals — vaguely wistful, perhaps — wondering if I really had found a man who would put up with my wacky mentality (and I had)....but if looks alone had been the criterion, I would have lost without a doubt. I may occasionally be envious of another woman's brains or background in some special field, but I can't remember envying beauty or clothes.

Natural childbirth? Mine was semi-natural, I guess. I had faithfully read my Read book, spent my time in the labor room counting and breathing properly (somewhat unnerved by the gal in the next room who was constantly screaming — the nurse assured me she'd had three or four and was in no difficulty, simply a dramatist). I went so fast (not so fast as Marion, but rapidly enough that the nurses kept staring at the 'primipara' on my card) that I got extremely tired (all that big muscle work). I had warned the doctor that I had occasionally weird and violently reactions to novocaine, his usual deadening agent for stitches, so he tried it bit of ether — seems I don't react too well to that, ether — it doesn't make me sick, it just doesn't take very strong hold. I got a wiff about the time of crowning, apparently in an attempt to slow me down a little, not successfully, I gather — and it was the type of narcosis where I lost sensation, but not sight and hearing. The doctor gave me odd looks months later because I had another delusion that another fanne and I were giving birth at the same time and there was a plot afoot to destroy f'ndom, and to circumvent this we both had to say "son of science fiction fan parents" at the same time...and I had a great deal of difficulty saying it in the right order. I don't think I was completely out except being wheeled from the delivery room back to my bed, and not long then. At any rate, I knew what was going on all the important time, and I was shown the fuzzy blob that was my son immediately after delivery — so I guess I'm a natural childbirth devotee and an unnatural mother.

I have a knife compulsion, too.

Why is the weight of an infant so important, unless it's premature or over 10 lbs, indicating incipient diabetes somewhere along the line? Much more important from the mother's point of view is the circumference of the head, and Bruce sure gave me some difficulty in that department, 13 3/4s. inches.

Common law marriage is so common in Indiana that we can't really get into the spirit of this legal versus living-together argument — it's all the same thing in this state.

Oddly enough, we always have affectionate pets, and an affectionate child. Severe regimes redounding or something. Ylla was a very affectionate cat, all the more surprising since her half sister, the DeWeeses' last cat, was a remarkably suspicious animal. I only saw Ylla antagonistic once, and our only solution was that Ylla somehow sensed that this gal Was-Not-Fannish-But-Only-Pretending.

But, I can't pronounce "whirlling". A quirk of my weird tongue, but 'wire wheels' are pronounced with an identical initial consonant by me. Can you hit anything with the Deringers, at any distance, that is? The only thing Unitarians demand you believe in is people. But I like supermarket bread, the spongier the better.

VIRGINS OF OUTER SPACE (Bradley-Boggs) Yakyakyak! And it's so True.

CATCH TRAP (Marion) Well, I, for one, don't feel grown up, and I'm happy that way. Buck knew he would be getting a child bride when he sent me a kid's golden book-type on Space Cadet, chiding my enthusiasm for the series, and I sent him back a dead serious and effusively grateful thank you. It means I can listen to the music from Disney's Bambi and still go all weepy and adrenalin drenched as I did when I first saw the show.

But, Marion, after listening to my ranting via letter you come out and tell Elinor that there's no conceivable reason for an unwanted child in this day and age? Believe me, the only way I could feel completely safe would be to maintain myself in a nunnery, and that's a mite frustrating. Sterilization is so permanent that I shudder away from that, for it's possible we would end up in a world where my ability to bear would be a crying necessity, duty, and all that. But right now I'm not in the mood to have any more, and I resent the fact that medical science is so hamstrung that it can't present me with a foolproof contraceptive. I understand there was research into the chemical department indicating it would be possible to develop a compound taken after intercourse which would destroy any fertilized egg while still in the Fallopian tubes, but this line of research was abandoned because it would be construed by some religious groups as the taking of human life. Gem Carr would probably shudder, but I don't consider a fertilized ovum as a human life, just as a blob. If I felt that the only reason for intercourse and marriage was procreation, it would be different, but I don't, and I resent every such rumor I hear for that reason, whether it's true or not.

PHLOTSAM (Phyllis) I never went in for turtles myself, although I had a couple of goldfish for a while when I was a tad - the black one of the two being my favorite. Didn't work out though - like all my pets, they met a violent end. No, the cat didn't get them, though she used to drink out of the bowl (since she had plenty of water, we decided she was trying to lower the water level to a stage where she could surreptitiously lap up the fish, too) - they stuck their heads in some little shells we had lining the bottom of the bowl and suffocated, committed suicide, as it were.

My deep, dark secret, Phyllis, is not only that I watch t-v, but some of the things I watch on it. Just as when I'm in the mood I can get quite a bit of pleasure rereading old Cap Futures, I dote on all the juvenile t-v series I can fasten my bloodshot eyeballs on, The Lone Ranger, Ramar of the Jungle, Rin Tin Tin, etc. - I even watched Superman while it was on. My taste in regular nighttime viewing is just as bad, I'm afraid; I watch Twilight Zone, the Churchill series and stuff like that there, but I also dote on Lawman, Bengal Lancers, Gunsmoke, and others.....I'm a sucker for series, and always have been. The movies no longer make the type of pictures I love and grew up on, the Saturday afternoon oaters and spy thrillers, so I have to get my hoakam on t-v. I won't say I'm particularly proud of the habit, but I'm not particularly ashamed of it either. But I can't see talking about t-v - and I never did see talking about movies - if both conversational participants have seen the drama in question, discussion is usually redundant, and if they haven't, it's useless.

Hate to say it, but I'm a little like the old lady. Not that I think the electricity's leaking through the plugs or anything, but I'm not entirely convinced the stuff's inanimate. I've always been plagued by static electricity, and in some of the oddest ways....Buck got shocked

by me (statically, that is) the other day....talk about your best friend not telling you.! I've always been afraid of electricity, perhaps because I've been subjected to so much painful static electricity; with me it's not just amusing or tingly, but distinctly painful and unpleasant, and I've always been leary of electrical equipment of all sorts, apprehensive of a severe shock.

When you come right down to it, any act of swearing is pretty ridiculous, whether standing, sitting, hand raised, on the Bible or what... does saying that you swear something is true make it any more likely that you aren't lying in this day and age? I doubt it. It probably had some effect back in the days when swearing meant saying something to the effect "May the gods strike me dead if I lie", when people really believed that the gods would if they did.....but now..?

Like I said earlier, Phyllis, I can't remember having "heart burn", clothing or attention-wise, because some gal was surrounded by males... In fandom, of course, the odds are so unbalanced that while some real stunner may have quite a crowd, all but the absolute dogs have their own bunch.....I mean if I had trouble with fannish wolves in my single days, almost any gal in fandom must. Relentless grooming efforts? Who, me? My hair is a sample...I go in to have it done (because Buck made a deal before we were married that I do something about my habit of wearing it absolutely straight, chopped off a little below my ears) and say in effect, "Well, here I am....have fun"...and they usually do, so that I never know the results in advance.

What's a Jew....? Well to me it's a religion. I used to work in my grandfather's haberdashery shop; he had learned most of his selling tricks while working for a Jewish merchant and apparently the traits carried over so that many people assumed he was Jewish. A customer came in one day while I was tending counter and made some idle chatter remarked in casual passing, "He's Jewish, isn't he?" To which I replied cheerfully, "Oh no, we're Methodists." The fellow left soon after, looking rather shaken. But that's the way I thought of it, and the way I still do.

The gluey supermarket bread is, the better - it's best when you can mash it down in your palm to a moist, chewy mass...chompchomp-slurp (Tiger's Buck)

Nope, afraid you would go mad at my place. When I play Odetta, I want to hear Bill Lee's string bass through my feet, and on my afro-cuban records, I want the drums to move me, gal, move me. (Maybe this is why our record player is in at the repair shop now?)

Well, I'm glad someone is getting pleasure from the Priestess of Purgatory....frankly, I'm still befuddled by it all.

I thought it was "Mrs. Mumbo Jumbo Jijabo Jay - O'Shea".....?

"Nothing to it, but it's sweet - that tune goes right with your feet.....He made a hit when he played for the girls; they had their hair bobbed and gave him the curls.....Oh how he bleew..that Doowacka doowackadoo!"

As long as you're getting razzamatazz about this, I've got some old sheet music at my disposal, and some dillies are included. "Flam-in' Mame, a Real Hot Number".....alla them there pyjamas...

I don't know, Phyllis, I think you're being cruel not letting FAPA in on your airyplane adventures. The remembrance of the line, "They got the fire out, finally, and then the engine fell off," still reduces me to hysterical laughter.