



# VANDY

Issue #14, published for the 98th  
FAPA meeting by Robert and Juanita  
Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana

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Five pages of activity credit for  
Tucker this time around - my but  
aren't we time saving for you poor  
compilers of the FA? So you didn't  
look here in time to do yourselves  
any good. Tough.

VANDY is distributed solely  
for the Fantasy Amateur Press  
Association. Extra copies  
are available if you happen  
to be named Gehe and bev De  
Weese or Ruth Wellons, or if  
you happen to be a victim of  
our whimsical fancy. In other  
words, don't ask - I'm run-  
ning 190 copies of a genzine  
now and this one is going to  
be kept under strict control,  
so there too.

JWC.



## ACRES OF CLAMS

FANTASY AMATEUR - I'm in favor of FAPA's giving a fantasy art trophy; maybe this will satisfy some of you who are worried about the treasury surplus. It's a nice philanthropic gesture and all (of course, the main reason I'm in favor of it is because I know what's good for me.....)

On the other hand, I'm not in favor of increasing the blackball requirements. I haven't seen any evidence that the present requirements are being, or will be, abused, so why all the fuss about changing it? Seems to me that this is just change for the sake of change, which Redd Boggs so deplored in his recent publications.

STOP! (Mathom House) Well, I voted for Burbee in the first place only as the lesser of two evils. Looks like the bigger the group you have handling the OE's job, the more foulups you'll have.

THETA (Harness) Very much enjoyed. Of course, it would have been nice to present the whole of "Pal Jesus" at one time, but since I frankly doubt that it will ever be completed I'm quite happy to see part of it.

THE RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) You want data on our fan publications, get a copy of HALFANTHOL from Don Fitch -- issue #3, I think it will be, or maybe #4. Fitch is another one of these idiots who likes publishing statistics, so I gave him some. I'm certainly never going to publish any myself.

As yet, I don't keep important FAPA publications separate, but when the time comes that the mailings overflow to the point where I take them out and burn them in order to regain a little living space, then I will sort out the important publications and keep them.

I've certainly never acquired the taste for either beer or wine. Once in awhile I will experience a desire for one of the "premium" beers -- usually Pabst, but Schlitz is drinkable. The rest of them I regard as abominations. I also like Mogen David wine, cold and mixed with ginger ale; the rest you can keep. Rye whiskey, though...now there is a flavor I like.

But Luke Short has never written a new western! He just changes the names of his characters and puts them thru the same old paces... Have you ever read many of Frank Gruber's westerns? I like them pretty well, along with Short and Haycox (though Haycox had delusions of literary ability).

ANKUS (Pelz) What's this about "Ralph" Rackstraw? I know that's the way a lot of people spell it now, but I was under the impression that it was originally "Rafe", both spelling and pronunciation. (Or have I just been tripped up by the fact that Englishmen can't pronounce their own language? Of course, "Rafe" may simply be a diminutive of Ralph, but then one doesn't go about talking of "Richard Deadeye"....I'm a bit confused, and as an expert maybe you can straighten it all out.)

No, no; I definitely don't dig James Bond. I read "Goldfinger" mostly because Alan Dodd recommended it, and while I thought the scheme for robbing Ft. Knox was wonderfully well worked out, the book as a whole convinced me that Ian Fleming has about the same writing ability as Richard Shaver or Edgar Rice Burroughs. Like, it stunk.

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 "See the farmer's daughter, live and in color..." Tv commercial



LARK (Danner) Unless I'm vastly mistaken, "The Incredible Planet" was not a Don A. Stuart story. Campbell wrote his space operas under his own name and kept the Stuart pseudo for an entirely different type of story, such as "Who Goes There?", "Forgetfulness", "Twilight", and the Aesir series. Campbell is one of the few stf authors who was successful at writing two entirely different types of fiction; in versatility, at least, he is the greatest in the field.

I read "The Ultimate Sin" all the way through. Considerably over-written, but hardly the worst thing I've read, even in promags. I've read "Slan", too, and I don't think you've missed anything by not having done so. Van Vogt wrote some really fine short stories ("Black Destroyer" comes to mind immediately) but he never managed a novel that was better than mediocre, and most weren't even that good.

A BIRD TURNED AN EYE (Carr) Not my type verse at all, but it seems to be very well done.

FOTHPATLAW (Versins) Enjoyed the commentary on the Moskowitz article. (Be careful of what you say about him, though, or he'll sue you.) It seems that all countries first look for children's science fiction when they begin translating from another language. I've been slightly shocked by the titles which turn up as translations to French, German, etc., from US science fiction. Usually some adult books are included, but the percentage of children's stf seems far higher than necessary.

SEATTLE TIMES REPRINT (White) Nothing to comment on, but I enjoyed seeing it.

EOS (Speer) Good movie review. "Atlantis" was Pal's second really bad film, "The Conquest of Space" being the first.

"Practicing law" may be the only technically correct term, but from now on I intend to call the practice "soliciting".

I feel financially strong? Hoo, boy! You should come around the last week before payday.... Of course, you do have a point, in that I feel that I, as well as everybody else, am supposed to be able to take care of myself -- physically, mentally, financially, or what have you. I have a profound contempt for those who can't do it (including for myself when I get sick) or who require any major aid. (Minor borrowing back and forth, "neighborliness" and so on, don't count, of course.)

I don't go to the theater often enough to tell what an average turnout is, but most of the times when I do go the place seems pretty full. (I don't know the seating capacity, either, but it must be close to 300)

SERCON'S BANE (F. Busby) Remember, Cogswell has been exposed to Indiana fandom....Actually, he's a fine fannish personality, even if he does keep his wife chained in the basement.

You've changed my opinion on fraternities; I hope you're happy. I now agree that they have a right to exist, along with Tarzan books and slanshack lawyers (and no, Speer, I don't mean you, any more than putting you on a boat would make you a sea lawyer).



Well, yes, Arab culture is "nastily callous and oftentimes sadistic". Name me a culture that isn't. Seriously, go back to my second comment last time; the Jews have been around more. They and their culture are more cosmopolitan. Try reading the Old Testament again sometime if you don't think that pure Jewish culture isn't closely related to pure Arabic culture (the catch is, of course, that there is no such thing as "pure" Jewish culture anymore -- it's like talking about "pure white blood" in the South).

"Is it too much to ask that the flower of American youth...use some semblance of brains" in their anti-HUAC activities? Well, yes. In the first place, college students are not brilliant and original; they only think they are. In the second place, the "average observer" can't tell any liberal activity from Communism "without a microscope". And in the third place, the fact that Communists use certain techniques does not make those techniques evil, per se. (I will agree with you that the students weren't being particularly bright in using them, but then I don't think that students are particularly bright to begin with. I don't think that government officials are particularly bright, either, but they should be -- I do not recognize that HUAC has a right to exist.) Actually, we agree pretty well, except that you think the students were at fault for not having sense to know what they were bringing on themselves while I think that no matter how little sense they had the burden of responsibility rests with the government. Even a Communist is supposed to be innocent until proven guilty; I object to the increasing tendency to put the burden of proof on the accused, and this is entirely the fault of the government.

As somebody commented, the trouble in Cuba is in telling the Dedicated Liberal from the Budding Tyrant; people seem to forget that Batista started out as a Liberal Revolutionist, liberating the oppressed peons from the tyrant Machado, who in turn had been elected as a liberal reform candidate.

As to Castro's turn to Russia, however...sure, he was a hero to the US press. The US government, however, was supplying Batista with arms. Somehow I doubt that having a few newspapers tell him that he was a hero managed to balance the books. He might have turned to Russia anyway, but I've never seen any evidence that we did anything to stop him.

CELEPHAIS (Evans) I read all the stf mags, including the British ones, but I no longer read every story in every mag, as I did when I first became a fan. In fact, I've about given up on IF altogether, though I read almost every story in the others.

Amen to your comments on the nature of FAPA, in your mc's to Boggs. Any yen towards writing that isn't satisfied at work is taken care of, as far as I'm concerned, by YANDRO and general fandom.

ABJECT APOLOGY (Lyons) Actually, we have one benefit in regards our United Fund giving; we're allowed to specify which particular organizations our particular money goes to. (Of course, I suppose that it all goes into the same pot once they get it, but it makes me feel better about giving.) Anyway, there are some organizations I approve of; mostly those who help children, who obviously can't be expected to take care of themselves.

Okay, I give up on the spendibility of Canadian money.

Offhand, I'd say that you and Pat would seem to be too obliging. Just because a fan asks you for something doesn't mean you have to give it to him. Someone asks me to send him YANDRO, I give him the subscription



rates. If he asks for material, I tell him I'm busy (which is no lie). If I happen to know him personally and like him, or if he has a good publishing reputation, I might even give him material. Oddly, the neo-fans are better risks than the actifans; the only two articles I ever sent out which were never published or returned went to Lee Riddle and Greg Benford (needless to say, neither of them will ever receive any more material from me). And the fact that I'm exposed to a group which I didn't select myself doesn't mean that I'm going to be friendly with it; I don't select my subscribers individually but I damned well do select my friends in fandom the same way I select them anywhere else. The fact that someone is in a fanclub with me doesn't mean that I'm going to treat him like a friend; I'll be polite to him as long as he is polite to me, but no more. (And that's where fandom has it over mundania; in mundane society one is expected to be polite to everyone, whether one likes them or not. Fandom is more honest about it.) If he starts imposing on me, I consider my obligation to be polite at an end.

SALUD (E. Busby) No, you're not completely morbid, but that list of characters makes you look about 90% so...run over by a truck, died in childbirth, shot down, sunk, infantile paralysis...gad!

Well, if I'd been on the third Finch-Tregoff jury I wouldn't have known all about the case. I still don't know all about the case -- or care, if it comes to that. I suppose you're mostly right, though.

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) I'm afraid I couldn't make the grade as one of the "dashing, fast-draw fellers"...I'm more the hired killer type. (You know, the guy who calls the nester to the door of his shack and then blasts him with a shotgun...)

But which members of the business firms do you call on? Naturally the top executives are active in the community; it's not only good advertising but it's good business for them personally. Personnel and sales department employees are apt to be the extroverted types who actually like people and enjoy community projects. I work in an engineering department; admittedly I'm more anti-social than most of my fellow-employees, but our one member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce is generally regarded as some kind of a nut.

Nobody has answered Busby's original question about what they'd do to combat subversion because the question was irrelevant to a discussion of HUAC.

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) I'm uninterested in professional theatre -- what good would it do me to be interested? If I lived where I could see some without too much effort, I might express a mild interest.

If I had a lot of money, I would have all sorts of clothing custom made (well, maybe I would). As it is, everything is ready-made.

The term "kiwi" always sounds vaguely obscene (I know it isn't, but it sounds that way.)

HORIZONS (Warner) How many US fanzine publishers even knew Doc Weir? I certainly didn't. I did know Moomaw, so I said something about his suicide (even though what I said was that he was small loss). Why shouldn't there be more reprinting from FAPA than vice versa? Fewer people see the original, not to mention the lack of activity credits for reprints. The wet and cold beer I don't mind; it was the local ads for "crisp" beer that bothered me.





I like your idea of getting out of installment payments by claiming insanity. It shouldn't be hard to prove that some of these compulsive installment buyers are insane, if it comes to that.

I liked "Whatever Happened To Charlotte", melodramatic ending and all.

PHLOTSAM (Economou) Well, one of the husbands Curt knows is Dean Grennell...you been festooning your mantle with any floral cadavers, Dean?

I always knew you didn't read YANDRO, Phyllis; now when you say you couldn't find a TAFF voting form my suspicions are reinforced. You got one from us; we got them from half a dozen people.

As far as I'm concerned, married couples should be rated as a single entity, whether they produce a joint zine or not, as long as they jointly hold a single FAPA membership. Couples who want to be rated individually should be individuals,

including paying for separate memberships. One membership, one rating. Unmarried couples do hold separate memberships, therefore they're entitled to separate ratings, whether they publish their own zines or not. If the Poll is such a damned big thing to some married couples, let them shell out for their egoboo.

Children feel a necessity to conform only when their parents don't take the trouble to teach them the benefits of individualism. I knew there were advantages to conformity, but it was never a necessity. Of course, few parents know the benefits of individualism, so I suppose it's asking too much to expect them to teach their offspring. "...a pity that so few children, not of the mold, are unable to accept themselves as worthwhile". You mean you think that more nonconformist children should be unable to accept themselves as worthwhile? Shame!

DAY\*STAR/CATCH TRAP (Bradley) My only comment here is on Wells' "guest editorial" and you've answered that better than I can, Marion. Except to say that I don't know about my fair-mindedness, but I wouldn't leave FAPA if such an amendment passed; I'd stay in and try my damndest to blackball any waitinglister who tried to take advantage of it. I have had lots of experience of waiting in line and I am quite ready to kick in the teeth any pushy bastard who tries to shove in ahead of his place. Possibly Wells hadn't considered that his proposal would allow some waitinglisters to impose on the remainder; I have, and I am going to fight imposition by any fair or foul means at hand. I don't give a faint damn how brilliant a waitinglister is, the only equitable method of admission is to let him wait his turn like everyone else. There are a few people who must be kept out, hence the blackball; but there is no one who must be admitted. FAPA has been getting along very well for years without Algis Budrys, Bill Donaho, Richard Bergeron, Walter Breen, Shelby Vick, Pat and Dick Lupoff -- and, for that matter, Charles Wells.

Come to think of it, maybe I should comment to Breen. First, when the Beats have their own communities, without support from our society --



and I would fully support their right to have such communities, and maybe even contribute money to their furtherance -- then they will have no contractual obligations to our society. Until that time, they have no right to decide which US laws they will obey and which they will not obey. I hold little brief for someone who wants to be recognized now for what he intends to do later.

Certainly there are faults in our conscientious objector system, but how do you broaden it without letting the conscientious cowards take advantage of it? Giving every draftee a lie-detector test might improve things, but experienced lie-detector operators are hard to come by, and even then the test could be "beat" by someone sufficiently acquainted with the operation.

NULL-F (White) I'm with you on peyote, anyway, Walter. Glad you got my intent on pornography on second reading, Ted; I'll try to be more careful about my wording in the future. Yes, my meaning was that the healthy mind would not label much of anything as pornography (which my dictionary defines as "obscene writing"). Of course, I doubt that a healthy mind would bother reading much of what is presently labelled pornography, either, but the judgment would be made on literary quality, not "dirt". I wish you'd tell our postoffice that Canadian third-class rates are still 4¢; I have to pay 5¢. (Oh well, I get it back when I buy small numbers of various different denominations; they can't add correctly, either.)

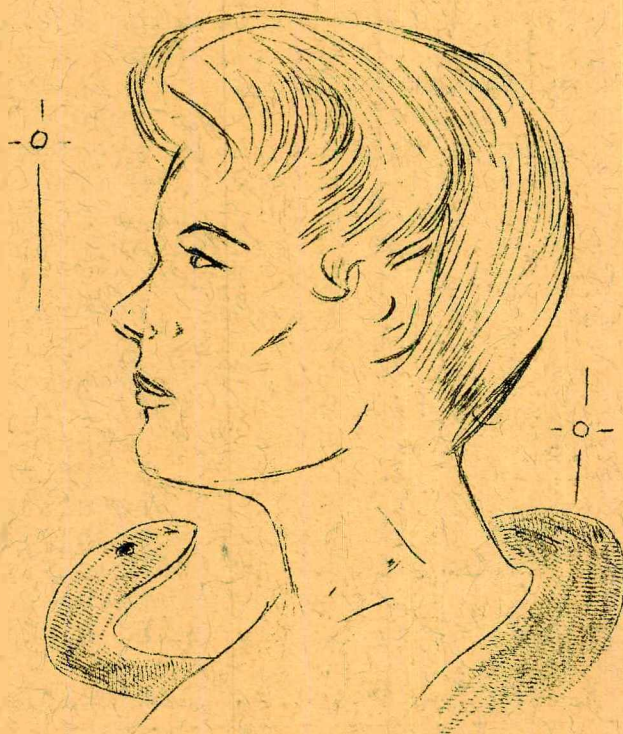
I sneer at any teacher who "can't support a family" on his salary. (Unless he's from Mississippi or some other low-paying state.) Teachers in Indiana and most other states make more money per year than I do, and I'm supporting a family. If they spend it as fast as it comes in and have nothing left for the summer months, that's tough -- they'll get no sympathy from me.

I'll have to save this NULL-F from the burning; it seems to have turned out to be famous.

LIGHTHOUSE (Graham/Carr) But do fans have any relationships to the real world? God, Graham, I'm agreeing with you....I wouldn't use all the wordage you did on the Chicon IQ tests, but I do think they're silly. Whether I take them or not depends on what else looks interesting; I mean, I won't go sulk in a corner rather than take the test, but I don't intend to make a point of including it in my schedule, either.

Bayonet practice - but what's wrong with a man enjoying his work, Ted? As for the rest; you don't think you'd be of any use to the army. The army does think so...which pits your opinion of yourself up against how many others?

Okay, I accept your definition of socialism/communism, even if it does mean I'll have to go read Marx before arguing any more.





DESCANT (Clarkes) Enjoyed, but doesn't move me to comment.

SHADOW MAILING: PANTOPON (Berman) Oh yes, nobody is as stupid as people. However, you do hear an occasional "damn" on tv today (on the other networks, at least). There is probably less bad language on tv than there is in the afternoon bridge club which condemns it, but hearing it isn't the utterly amazing experience it was 20 years ago.

FAP (Gerber) The idea of Gold's not being able to get enough "GALAXY-quality" material to fill a monthly mag is the most encouraging thing I've heard about science fiction in years. Maybe he'll be forced to use something readable. We sent you a VANDY, Les. I don't guarantee that it arrived, but it left here headed in your direction.

The way you handle automatic record changers, I see why you're afraid of them....let's see, how many people did it take to un-jam ours after you used it?

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VANDY DEPARTMENT OF SERIOUS FANTASY PO'TRY

Venusians excrete  
Through the soles of their feet;  
Their tracks are encrusted with feces.  
They've holes in their shoes  
Through which it may ooze;  
All in all, quite a singular species.

.....Dean A. Grennell

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LETTER COLUMN

REDD BOGGS: Yes, I received STOP! (what is the authority for referring to it as \*STOP!!!\*?). The mailing arrived in 17 November, and the Trimble's' notice on 25 November -- by which time I had already sent the ballot. Evidently the notice was sent to you by first class since it arrived before the mailing instead of eight days afterward. ... I am not listed in the Minneapolis phone book as "R. W." ... Aha, so you too encountered Ruth Berman's fakefan kid sister. She attended the first and only meeting of the Twin Cities Fantasy society -- so you see that she has already cast an eye fanwards. I've been quaking ever since. ... Oh Foo, what's wrong with "continue on"? I'll wager that in recounting your adventures to Juanita you began, "Well, we started out..." -- which is just as redundant. "Continue on" and "start out" or "start off" are part of a huge group of idioms which contain redundancies for the effect of emphasis and flavor: crowd out, stand up, sit up, pick on, iron out, cough up, fall down, brush off, and about a thousand others that I can't think of offhand, many of which you probably use almost every day. ... At any rate I'm sorry I missed you when you were in Minneapolis. As I told Ruth when I bumped into her (aha, another redundancy) her at the library, I had a horrible time that evening, trying to get my car started. It was altogether a nightmare and hardly a "fine fannish time" such as you enjoyed at the Bermans' -- except that my redoubtable Rambler is still suffering under the hex that Ella Parker gave it, and may therefore be a fannish artifact almost like a haunted typewriter or an enchanted duplicator.

/Having had starting difficulties myself recently (and missing a total of about 7 hours work thereby) I can sympathise with that sort of thing.



I feel that some of your examples aren't as redundant as you seem to think. For example, "We continued" and "We continued on" mean exactly the same thing, but I can assure you that "he picked Dean" does not mean remotely the same thing as "he picked on Dean"; "picked" refers to a choice, "picked on" to a physical or verbal assault. Similarly, "I was brushed by Phyllis" bears no relation to "I was brushed off by Phyllis". (Would you really give me a brush-off, Phyllis? I bet you would.) In a slightly different sense, "continue" completely describes the action taken (assuming that you know what was going on before, of course). "Sit" does not completely describe the action; you can sit down, or you can sit up, and they are two different motions. Or you can be "crowded out" -- to the edge of the group -- or you can be "crowded in" to the center. All in all, I feel that my comments on "continue on" were quite pertinent -- even if I'm redundant now and then, I'm not one of the leading writers in the Honeywell system, and the people I was talking about were. End of English lesson. RSC/

I think we had some more letters, but I can't find any now, so I'll end the column here.

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LONESOME TRAVELLER

SO WE GET THE ISSUE OUT AHEAD OF TIME FOR ONCE. Does it look any better? As far as I can tell at the moment, it looks worse; aside from the Tucker contribution everything is jammed together as though we did it in a hell of a hurry at the last minute. Foo. This is a short column because Juanita wants to run VANDY right away for some reason and I'm not the slightest interested in FAPA at the moment; I'm in the middle of cutting stencils for the YANDRO Annish and this is just a nuisance. If I didn't have half a page here at the end of Redd's letter you wouldn't get the column at all. (So go tell Redd to write longer letters.)

SPEAKING OF ILLITERACY IN HIGH PLACES, the other day we got an ad for ARIZONA HIGHWAYS magazine -- they're having a special issue celebrating the anniversary of Arizona statehood. I was reading this ad -- I always read junk mail, or at least skim it -- and I came to the following sentence: "From cover to cover, our Golden Anniversary issue will attempt to give you the story of Arizona, it's romantic past.... it's dynamic present....it's future potential....in a tasteful, dignified manner." This thing is signed by the editor; I have a notion to return it to him with the note saying that I don't think I care to read a professional publication whose editor doesn't know the difference between "its" and "it's".

Anyway, it goes to show the interesting facts one can uncover in unlikely places -- Up the Compulsive Readers!

DRAGON IN THE SEA? I have a clipping taken from an industrial magazine whose title escapes me -- something about plastics, I think. Anyway, the clipping features an illustration of a submarine towing a bunch of cylindrical objects which are identified as fabric fuel tanks, which "can be anchored or towed by submarine for underseas storage." The design is in the development stage, it says (whatever that means).

FURTHER INFORMATION on our Pentron NL-3 taper -- it doesn't like me. Works splendidly for Juanita, but it keeps squealing like a stuck pig at me; I've been tempted to repair it with a hammer. RSC



Juanita is the den mother of fandom



his

B T

pages



"That Only A Mother-----"

You Pat My Frontal Lobe and I'll Knock Yours: .

Juanita said: "Testing is useful if properly used. I am not at all impressed when a fan comes out saying 'I have an IQ of 175' or whatever. What tests were used? How was the test administered? And more important, how does the person's life reflect the test score, or vice versa?"

Hey, Juffus, does this carry you back seventeen years to a little old slant shack in Battle Creek? Spurious but lovable old Al Ashley (AA-194) began to acquire his spurious but hilarious Big Brain reputation about seventeen years ago, under circumstances which Juanita questions today. I don't know the extent of Al's education, but do know his general employment background. At various times he operated a quick-lunch stand, drove a Coca-Cola truck, painted signs, and then drove a taxi. On this last job especially he picked up a wealth of miscellaneous information and, of course, he was a voracious reader who retained much of what he read. Al was not necessarily lazy, but he lacked the drive to better his lot or to put his knowledge to work in ways that would increase his income or standard of living. I have often thought that he operated those slant shacks as a simple disguise: a sufficient number of residents paid his house rent for him, and contributed largely to the weekly grocery bill. His earnings as a taxi driver (historically small) allowed him to fan and to buy more books.

One weekend when fifteen or twenty fans were present, Jack Speer dropped in with a supply of test papers and proposed that all present submit themselves to interrogation. Memory is rather hazy on the point but I believe the papers were general aptitude tests used by the Government bureau which employed Speer. Almost all of us present took the test, and Al finished with a score of 194 out of a possible 200. (My own score was exhilarating to me but I have no intention of repeating it here. Al's fate taught me a lesson.) An aptitude test is not an IQ test, as Speer underlined at the time, but that fact was lost or ignored as more time went by and Al's "fame" circulated. Al, of course, knew better but he was more than content to remain silent and let the misinterpretation spread. Eventually a large body of fandom came to believe that his IQ was 194 and not even the denunciations which followed entirely wiped away the impression.

My own score was impressive because, like Al, I just happened to know a lot of general answers. I had worked three years in a print shop, knew most of the printer's terms and so ran up impressive scores on questions like "What is a mat? A slug? Boilerplate? A hellbox?" This area of knowledge helped overcome low or zero scores on other, more important questions concerning math, trig, or music. When it



was over and the papers were graded I flushed with victory when it was discovered that my total score was higher than two college men in the crowd. Today, that flush is of another kind, for I've had time to learn what the test was, and what it was not. Spurious but lovable old Al knew better too, but he just grinned and kept mum. Is he yet walking the streets of L.A. I wonder, grinning and mumming?



## PEOPLE WATCHING ARE MORE FUN THAN BIRDS



The following bit of character assassination has to do with a man of about forty possessing an IQ about half that. He is married to a sharp-tongued woman of about the same intelligence and they have two or three children who display no signs of being different. This man is a movie projectionist who has been working with me, or in some nearby theater, for more than twenty years and so I have followed his career with fascinated interest. He is more fun to watch than any bird.

Somewhat dull-witted and now running to excess weight, he first came to my attention when he quit high school in his second year and began working in the theater; his father (another projectionist) got him the job and the boy was overjoyed --- the apprentice pay of about \$5 per day was a tremendous sum before the war, and a colossal sum for a teenager to be drawing in that era. His first paycheck amounted to \$25 or \$30 and the lad spent it, literally every nickel of it, in pin-ball machines at a nearby poolhall. He also shot his meager winnings. As a projectionist he learned little or nothing beyond routine chores: to correctly splice film, to correctly thread the machine and make the reel changes without a blank screen, to compensate for an error in the schedules, and to adjust the sound level as the theater fills or empties. The other minor things a man picks up in practice escaped him entirely: he still does not understand focus-drift, or the variance in film thickness from one subject to another, or the need to match sound levels on both machines, or the way in which a near-focus is obtained before a given reel is shown on the screen, or how to stop a picture from jumping or rocking on the screen. He learned none of these after nearly twenty-five years in the business.

In this trade a projectionist usually gravitates toward one specialty or another. If his interest runs to radio, TV or electronics he becomes a home-grown expert in sound-service and optical-sound repair --that is, he specializes in the "talking" aspect of talking pictures and sometimes acquires as much knowledge as the RCA service men who come around to repair our equipment. Or, failing that, the man specializes in mechanical upkeep and repair and sometimes becomes as skilled as the factory machinists who are required to rebuild projectors. In theaters which employ two men to a shift it is the usual practice to team one of each kind so as to provide for any emergency; in other theaters employing only one man, the practice is for each expert to always be on call for any other theater where his skill is needed. Our boy, the subject of this study, learned nothing. He cannot change a tube without burning his fingers --- indeed, he cannot read the available dials and guess quickly and accurately which tube where has burned out; he has to open every cabinet and look at every tube, seeking the black one. Nor can he make the simplest repair on a machine without constant guidance and strictest supervision.



He has never worked in any but a two-man booth. He is aware of some of his limitations and carefully jockeys position so as to always be with a skilled projectionist. For twenty-odd years I've been waiting for him to be caught out alone, and I'm still waiting.

When he was still young he volunteered for service with the Marines. He did that because he has highly inflammable emotions and the Sunday attack on Pearl Harbor sent him into a towering rage. On Monday we went to Chicago and joined up. Thereafter he was away for two or three years and I heard little from him, but eventually he returned to work displaying a Purple Heart. (I think he caught a stray bullet by accident --- he probably put up a finger to test the wind and a bullet happened to be passing by.) The Purple Heart was worn on his civilian clothes for so long afterward that it became the target of open jokes, and he finally removed it only because our laughter penetrated. Also when he was still young, and just before being shipped overseas, he acquired a wife. The story of the acquisition still brings smiles. Being a bright young man in Marine bootcamp, he did what he was probably told not to do: he wrote home one day telling us that he was being shipped out from such-and-such a port on a certain date.

The girl in the case, and the girl's mother, immediately latched onto this information and wired the C.O. or the chaplain or the Red Cross or whatever to Hold The Ship --- this boy and this girl had to get married! Mother and girl left for California at once, arriving just before sailing time, and damned if they didn't haul that brave young Marine off the ship, wed him, and then stow him back aboard. He went on to Guadalcanal, the girl and her mother returned home in triumph, and a few years later when the couple were reunited they got around to having the first child. He probably didn't suspect a thing.

After several years of marriage and an equal number of years of goldbricking in the theater, the wife got ambitious for him and decided that his rightful place in the sun was at least two or three cuts above us ordinary slobs. A school for mechanical draftsmen was opened in Bloomington and the advertisements hinted at prestige and big pay; that was enough! Armed with T-square and protractor our boy marched off to school --- and marched home again four days later. The reason for the failure was never admitted but several of us suspected that he was unable to distinguish between the two tools of the trade. Again, a few years later, the status fever seized the good wife and this time she decided that her husband would become a doctor. This news jolted us from our chairs for we knew that he had quit highskool in his second year. It developed that she did not have medicine in mind; she had located a school of osteopathy in Iowa which would accept him under the G.I. Bill, and off he went to be the world's greatest osteopath.

To his credit, he lasted the better part of six weeks.

The couple manage their financial affairs as they manage everything else: badly. They are always in debt, sometimes desperately so, and he frequently complains to me that he isn't getting enough extra work to meet the needs of his budget -- not that he keeps a budget but it's a handy figure of speech. However, this indebtedness has not stopped nor even slowed their desperate drive for status and social recognition. A few years ago they sold the house their in-laws had



helped buy, and moved to the East Side. Bloomington's east side is where the moneyed set live, the posh business and social groups who control the city's wealth and industry; the more easterly one dwells, the higher his relative status. Our gay couple picked out a posh address on a posh street and moved right in, debt and all. It entailed sacrifices, of course. They had to let one of their three automobiles go (one new one and two junkers) and it became necessary for the wife to seek a job. She found one in a local insurance company which paid about fifty a week; he, meanwhile, was earning a hundred and ten at a local drive-in theater. But they soon discovered that this gross of a hundred and sixty a week wasn't nearly enough because that damned government was taking so much in taxes, so our boy sought and found a second job for himself. He landed a dock-walloper's position at the local General Electric factory, for about another seventy a week. The last I heard, they are barely managing to struggle along on this new gross of two hundred and thirty a week.

The story isn't yet ended. The wife is still ambitious for the man and after he had been at General Electric for a while she decided that toting crates on the loading dock was a job for bums; her husband should go for the big money and be an electrical engineer. He tried, too. One of my neighbors who is an electrical engineer at the factory came over one night to talk about him; the Genius had given my name as a character reference and now the e.e. was routinely checking him out. I couldn't help myself, I rolled on the floor and laughed until tears came. (Well, not quite, but you get the idea.) I made a pact with the e.e. I told him to put the Genius to a simple test and if he answered it correctly I would give my recommendation. The question was this: what is the function of a buss bar? (It wasn't an unfair question, all the theaters have them and many are located in or near the projection room. We frequently tap them to string temporary lights.)

Our subject is not now an electrical engineer.

Sp today (at least during the eight months of the year the drive in theater is open) my pet Genius plods wearily between his two jobs. His schedule is something like this: up at seven in the morning and to work at GE by eight; home again by four in the afternoon to sleep a bit, eat, and then on to work at the theater. Depending upon the number of feature pictures on a given night, he works until one, two, or three o'clock, and then returns home to sleep a bit more before rising at seven to begin again. He remains as dull-witted as ever, abetted now by his sleeplessness; he would like to cat-nap in the projection room but it isn't permitted by the management nor by the man working with him. He would like to quit the depressing grind but his wife won't allow it, so he plods on trying desperately to make ends meet, trying desperately to gain status in the eyes of his east side neighbors, and probably harboring a secret desire to leave the theater job and strike out into something really big. It is for this last reason that I don't dare incorporate his character into a book. He or his wife would surely recognize him, and I don't have the \$25,000 to spare.

He has a few hobbies: in season he manages to hunt game without blowing his head off (Well, thus far anyway); he collects coins but will not pay premium prices for what he wants --- if he can't persuade someone to sell him a rare Indianhead penny for just one cent, he goes



without; he once tried to learn chess (!) but gave it up; he carries a silver dollar bearing his birthdate and believes it to be "lucky" --- nothing will happen to him while it is on his person; and he reads all the time he isn't watching the movies. His reading matter is confined almost entirely to the male-adventure magazines, especially those mags containing stories about Marine heroes who captured Jap armies single-handed, or who lived with female pirates until the end of the war. He thinks science fiction is crazy stuff for mentally mixed-up people and once told me (after my first novel) that any damned fool could write a book -- it was only necessary to steal words from other books.

You may well ask what brought all this on, this essay of character assassination? Well, two things. Juanita was talking about IQ, and I decided to write a piece with a moral: one doesn't need a high IQ to get rich --- or at least to make money. Secondly, my Genius has just pulled another stunt. The drive-in theater closed for the season and the man automatically fell back to the extra-board; he's now getting three days a week at a small neighborhood house which pays him a total gross of \$33. So a few weeks ago, for his wife's birthday, he bought her fifteen hundred dollars worth of new furniture. On credit.

I love him in my quaint people-watching way.

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Joe Fann Still Rides!

I still get anonymous pocsarcs from one Joe Fann or another (each unsigned in a shaky hand) mailed from various and sundry places around the Midwest -- mailed from places as far north as the Lake Superior towns, and as far south as New Orleans. Many of these cards were stolen from a motel just forty miles from Bloomington, and many of them bear messages such as "The silverfish have eaten my cheese sandwich." I know Joe's identity because of the way he addresses them; and from time to time I have my small revenge. I clip and mail every local news story concerning furnace salesman jailed for fraud, arson, rape or confidence game -- sooner or later a familiar name will turn up in one of those news stories. Eureka.

Whaddya Read, Jophan?

Which magazine in the bundle (any given bundle) do you read first? Now that discussions of belt buckles and peyote has safely died away, the time may be ripe to launch another tremendous trifle. My own first choice, invariably, is the FA. I want to learn what is going on among the goldbricking officers, what new skullduggery they are up to. And frequently I re-read the Constitution, not only to refresh my memory but to see if some scoundrel has changed a word or so. After that, Bill Evans' magazine always comes first. Although I have never met the man I suspect that we are as alike mentally as a couple of wrinkled peas. When he gets going on railroads and rail trips I'm beside myself with joy and deliberately slow my reading to make the fun last longer. William, old railbird, your snowy excursion of last winter was the best reading since someone (Bill Morse??) left the west coast and stopped talking about cabs-in-front.

-Bob Tucker (11-25-61)



# Eggs & Marrowbone

After last mailing's inpecunious bobble, I have learned my lesson; this time, I am starting comments November 21, quick like the ever fecund rabbit, so that at the first available monetary opportunity, I can run the thing and possibly mail it as well and that will not be hanging heavy heavy over our heads.

EOS (Speer) Which is why I rather guffawed over your comment to Buck about being "financially strong". Believe me, if this were true, I would be more generous than you can imagine, since I have a great deal of empathy. As it is, we try to support in the very small way possible for us charities we have an opportunity to investigate and consider worthy; form letters are usually round-filed, but honest appeals are carefully studied and weighed, and we go so far as to occasionally donate to a charity we wish to support and offer a letter of support and/or suggestive criticism as well. But "financially strong" - ? - no.

And speaking of charities, I had one of the most fumble-tongued appeals ever recently. This was about eight thirty in the morning (like Bjo, I am up, but not awake at that hour), loud banging on the door. All shamble-eyed and duh, clutching my duster and trying to ignore Bruce's cheery catalogue of possibilities ('Milkmen, mailmen, pol'eesmens, firemen!') I opened the door and stared into the faces of two rural types (one of the disadvantages to rural living recounted last mailing is that everyone but us gets up with the chickens). 'Uh - we're collecting around for that...well, you've heard of it...for overseas? ..for the churches?...And well, we're just making the rounds.' Now I have no objections to charity, but I want to know a little more than that about what I'm donating to.

My main objection to ATLANTIS lies in the fact that the heroine was a cradle robber. Here's this mature looking babe going for an apple cheeked type - fantasy yes - but.

CCON (Eney) Well, I found the con report interesting, which is a stupidly insipid comment of course, but I can't say anything else since I wasn't there and the controversial info is academic to me.

I notice that the term is often 'jury-rigged', rather than 'jerry-built'...either way, not too complimentary in intent.

Unfortunately, the meat that humans, and particularly human males, prefer to eat is the least valuable protein in the animal. My personal experience has been that most eaters of liver and lights are female (sometimes the only meat they really care for), while men seem to go for steak and other muscle meats (Eskimos excepted, presumably).

GROTESQUE (Martin) My you have a charmingly quaint attitude toward women. The old joke expanded bit, eh? Cheer up. Maybe some day your sex life will be more satisfying and you won't have to rely on this sort of thing for your kicks. Courage.

PHLOTSAM (Phyllis) Once I've been in a fan's house, I always envision that fan at home. So even if you did cut the stencils at Arthur's office, I still have a mental picture of you sitting in your dining room surrounded by plants and the built-in book shelves (pardon, probably a china closet originally) with Brinker galloping around and the fm play-



ing softly in the living room.

Well, I don't think Johnny-boy is quite typical. At least, I don't consider Bruce an angel, but I must say he never ran up anything quite like that list of spectacular mischief. Perhaps it's because fans have so many things they treasure that property values often are taught very early. I raise quite a few disbelieving eyebrows in educational theory class by citing my proof that thine and mine can be taught almost from birth. As soon as Bruce could reach, I gave him a ready supply of brightly colored old catalogues and picture books: "These are yours and those are mommy's and daddy's". Encroachment in the UNKNOWNNS resulted in removal from the vicinity or a lightly smacked hand. And strangely enough, most of Bruce's misbehavior involves stuff in his own room - such as trying to raise the window blind himself and yanking the thing down, or discovering a crack in the old wallpaper and curiously picking at it until a large patch comes off and Mama must paint.

But Johnny-boy obviously is a genius in his class.

Trip

report interesting (there's that word again!).

Well, I rather doubt the bach types are embarrassed by all the gynecological detail floating about in FAPA - they strike me as grown-up boys who know what's what and all. As to why women are prone to discuss such things as their innards, perhaps it's because we seem to have so many more insides than males. As I told Elinor, I don't consider childbirth any particular achievement or uniqueness, any more than my trick hip or the fact that I once fell down in the college cafeteria, cracked my spine on a marble step, passed out and had to go through a long and surreptitiously hilarious session with the school doctor (a palsied old maid) who kept asking me kindly if there were any personal troubles I would like to tell her (for a doctor, she had the peculiar idea that there is only one reason for a nubile female to faint). Anyway, I don't intend to overdo things, I hope.

Oh

yes, in your single membership discussion with the Rapps, I'd like to comment that at least part of the reason that our FAPA contribution is VANDY and not VANDY plus some other folky title is economic - twice as many staples, for one thing.

Hmm, on your comments anent age to Elinor.. quite honestly, my only concern about my age is a sort of morbid viewing-the-end attitude. Sometimes, feeling introspective, I will suddenly realize I am -- 29 as of this mailing -- and remember the actuary tables and think "it's almost half over, my probable span, and I haven't even got started on so many things I want to do before I die - I've got to hurry up". This sort of thought will usually plunge me into an orgy of great book reading and record buying and undertaking some new activity -- learning a new song, a new sport, researching something, writing some poetry, all sorts of strange things. I seem to have a fatalistic compulsion to live to the fullest the 'becoming', in existentialist jargon....not quite able to be an atheist emotionally, but feeling my days are very numbered, mentally.

I should quit here, but your chuckle-some comments on the fancy expensive restaurant made me remember my one adventure in....the Palmer House? Some horrible expensive place in Chicago..I've even forgotten the name now, but it was The Thing then. Bev and I were visiting my former college roommate, who had quit school



and taken a lucrative Loop job. She wanted to show us small town types the sights and insisted on taking us there. I remember being annoyed because I had to wear a hat. At any rate, the food was plentiful, and expensive, but I wasn't terribly impressed (perhaps the fact that I like all decently prepared food rather negates the fancy expensive restaurant for me). When we were ready to leave, bev, small town fashion, started fumbling behind her for her coat, which we had, small town fashion, hung over the backs of our chairs, we clods. Suddenly three waiters leaped forward and had a tug of war over who was going to hold the coat for her and all this time bev was fumbling behind her in bewilderment for a non-existent sleeve. I should explain that bev and I are shorties and most men always hold the coat too high. She couldn't see what was going on, my college chum was embarrassed, and old uncouth JWC was practically hysterical with laughter. I guess I'm not made for fancy expensive restaurants....or being elaborately waited on, either.

And that really is

enough, don't you think?

LARK (Danner) 'To finish twelve grades at sixteen would mean starting at age four'. Huh? I started kindergarten at age five, flunked (was held back half a term for illness), skipped one grade, and finished hi at seventeen and four months. Something wrong somewhere.

I saw Moss

Rose because I was an Ethel Barrymore fan - and while I enjoyed it, I can't say it made a terribly deep impression on me. For something I remember - I saw "The Devil Commands" (the adaptation of Sloane's BY THE EDGE OF RUNNING WATER) at about age five and the thing was indelibly impressed on my memory for all time, giving me a permanent fear of electricity in the bargain. Oh well, maybe I was six or seven...but very young.

Yield Right of Way signs are all over Indiana, particularly on back roads where you can see both ways easily.

HOWDAH ...whoops!....he says it's

ANKUS (Pelz)...don't make your greetings bigger than your title, huh?

Shhh, on '64. Maybe if we don't remind them, Indianapolis will have forgotten about it by then, I hope.

Well, I rebelled against the religious affiliation gook and put down Unitarian on my last year in college, which is closer to my actual beliefs than Methodism (in which I've been properly sprinkled) by a long shot, and derved if I didn't get a nice letter from the college town Unitarian society inviting me to attend a discussion. I nearly took them up on it, too, but the times were too inconvenient. If I ever do feel the need of philosophical socializing, it would be in that -- denomination? -- though like you, pantheist is a more proper term for my feelings.

WRAITH (Ballard) My that Rotsler illo gets around, doesn't it..almost as much look alike as my girls.

We've never had trouble telling Heap, George, and Scithers, George, apart, because we met them quite apart in time and both made very strong impressions on us. Heap we first met at the '54 Border Cities con, just before we were married; we were selling our duplicates, and Heap attracted our attention by patiently going through everything we had, page by page, twice, and then buying 40¢ worth of mags. Scithers we met several years later, by mail, and did not meet in person until a year or better later. I don't think they look alike, but Heap does look like my doctor. I once horrified Joe Hensley at a Midwescon by burblingly telling him he looked just like my obstetrician, and this while a bulging six months gone.



SALUD (Elinor) Like you, and Bill, and heaven knows how many other FANS, I had my childish dream stories; main problem being I never outgrew the tendency. At about age nine, I saw Walt Disney's BAMBI, and this combined with my highly imaginative play activities with a virtual metropolis of miniature animals (200 plus, all named, all with individual characteristics, families, occupations, etc.) somehow meshed into a dream planet that eventually grew to a whole furshlugginer country. Over the years I have built on the original structure until I have the different ethnic groups, religions, customs, geography, literature, music, you name it -- and the end is not in sight. Like 19th US, the Western frontier is still virgin territory and ripe for exploration and I still find myself adventuring along with a steadily growing parade of characters who must number (just the important ones) in the hundreds.

Until, oh, four or so years ago I'd never done much writing about the place, altho I have some rather bulging files of sketches about the customs and appearances of the people and so forth. All this I kept in my head, and in my more schizo moods, it was much more real to me than here. After I was married and house confined a great deal with a small baby, I decided to novelize certain tales....I use the word loosely. Just one small segment of the people and history ran to over two hundred single spaced pages.

Fans are so enthusiastic about their imaginations, I guess.

Cheese in soup. Ugh. I've tried it, and it's one item I don't like in the food line. Sorry.

Ah ah...you're generalizing, Elinor, when you assume all Conservatives are against strong government and all Liberals for. Political lines are so blurry any more such a flat statement is open to question. Nominally, I'm conservative, and Republican, but I try to study platforms and statements and find out something about the candidates and points of view and sometimes find myself voting, as in Indiana's fouled-up state politics, practically straight Republican with the exception of certain Democrats who better echo my persuasions.

Generally I don't have much luck finding a candidate who agrees with me on everything (how many kooks can there be!)...so I must compromise....I'm somewhat anti-union, and anti-gross income tax and against government controls in general....but I am in favor of aid, any kind, for education, federal if the states won't kick in, and they generally won't, and I'm considerably displeased with the Republican wishywashy stand on segregation and civil rights and I don't like anybody's foreign policy, and I find the Red China mess a case of trying to decide which barrel of fish smells stronger...frankly, it's almost a toss-up. So what am I? Conservative or Liberal?

No, I object to the Tar Baby for a number of reasons - it was frankly written as a preservation of the ante-bellum South and how charming it all was and isn't this Uncle Tom telling all those cute baby animal type stories of cunning and chicanery just quaint and doesn't it all prove how wrong the abolitionists were and they have destroyed this lovely way of life forever. Ugh. Unreasonable or not, it is an objection, and you can't comprehend how much something like this can hurt until you've watched a Negro absolutely crumple because some bighearted type who thinks he doesn't have any prejudice tell a dialect story and expect his black listener to laugh because the story's so cute. It's hard to be objective when one has been stepped on.



Well, I wouldn't say the soil is good, mostly because in this section of the country, good means so many different things, depending on what you raise on what particular land. It's certainly adequate. It's not very good for corn, because smut, a type of corn disease or fungus (arguable whether it's in the seed or the soil, but probably a combination, is very bad here. It was a very bad year for garden patches in Indiana...the weather was horrible. I got very few tomatoes and a very small amount of corn, skimpy harvests of peas, no spinach at all.....but it was a fine year for beans, oddly, string, wax, and baby lima....bumper crop there. I wish I could mail you half a dozen jars, assorted - but I doubt they'd get there.....intact.

According to numerous sources I remember from reading but am too lazy to research, there was very little contact between tribes in the Northwestern US prior to white infiltration. Something in the chronicles of Lewis and Clark about the Nez Perce (before they were known as the Nez Perce), who did not know whites and knew very few other Indian tribes. Of course, primitive societies of this nature (basically non-nomadic) generally have a very narrow concept of the universe; anything beyond the horizon is far, and not worthy of consideration unless it somehow influences the home through war or migration.

My you seem to have inspired blather from me this time around.

CATCH TRAP--DAY\*STAR (Bradley) On music, what is currently going would probably send you into fits of screaming and lip agitating: Muddy Waters doing Bill Broonzy - full blast. I play nearly everything full blast. I'd really like a 25 watt amplifier rig if I could afford it.....then we'd have to live in the country. And Stravinsky - ah, I'd like to play my re-recording of Sacre du Printemps on a setup like that..loud. Possibly this is because music is such a physical thing with me, a response I want to feel all over. I know the deaf can feel music thru vibration, but this is not my reasoning, because my ears happen to be one of my few physical attributes in perfect condition - supernormal, in fact. A few frequencies bother me, though less from the source than from the reflecting sources. I have a little radio atop the fridge in the kitchen (which has plaster walls and a low ceiling and in wet days makes like a super echo chamber). Under these conditions, certain notes in the middle upper range, particularly sung, rather than on an instrument, cause my inner canal to flip flop and my ear drums to start bouncing the conducting bones - hasty jump for the volume switch - on other notes, I'm not bothered, even at greater volumes.

Well, when I can get to a library that has a Britannica (Wabash doesn't), I'll look up the painting. Maybe sometime in Milwaukee?

I appreciated your early morning writing. Oddly enough, for a slugabed type as myself, I like early morning - just not all the time. I'm usually up at some ungodly hour at conventions, and on any vacation trips, and of course when I was in school (bachelor days) I had to get up early.....and I like the crispy, self righteous feel of trotting around at dawn. But in order to do this and maintain any semblance of health or cheerfulness, I have to retire at about 8:30. Since Buck is a minimum hourage sleeper and seems to get by fine going to bed at 11 or later, I sleep in mornings as late as Bruce will let me in order to have some wakefulness left for the evening hours. Moonlighting marriages where couples never see each other appall me.



And I thoroughly second your comments to both the waiting list proposal and the draftingdodging beats.

HORIZONS (warner) On women maturing emotionally or whatever after 20.... my mother thinks college changed me somewhat, and I think Buck wishes now and then, hopefully, that maybe 30 will make a difference. Looking back, I don't honestly think I've matured much emotionally since puberty - I'm more blatant about my screwballness - maybe that's what you meant.

I don't know whether my little fingers are too puny to hit a or not. I've never used anything but...let's see....both index fingers, middle finger on my left hand and occasionally my left thumb...and I maintain a pretty fair speed. I've heard other amateur musicians argue that the south paw had an unfair advantage on the piano on the assumption that the left hand is stronger and is easier to put into a standard bass pattern and leave there.....might be.

No record can bring into the living room the sound of a symphony orchestra in a concert hall if you happen to have a favorable seat. I'll take a good recording any day to sitting in the back of a gymnasium trying to appreciate a good symphony outfit.

You eat the wrong kind of salad. Back in my young college days, bev and I used to meet in downtown Muncie after doing the morning's student teaching, hit this very unappetizing hole-in-the-wall that served wonderful, cheap, salads: a huge bowl of greens, tomatoes, onions, etc., and chunked into it big hunks of delicious ham and mild American cheese, with a big glob of potato chips scattered around the platter the bowl sat on. I have a ferocious appetite, and I couldn't get away with it all. And for 40¢, too!

The story of Charlotte was fascinating. But you realize after all the tall tales and the fannish penchant for making a good story better, I'm taking the whole thing with several pounds of salt - iodized.

NULL-F (White, et.al) Well good heavens, I didn't think it was all that upsetting. Repro magnificent, even above QWERTY's usual....the contents page Reiss - hand done?

Blast you transplanted Berkeleys! Now you've got us doing it..... shopping in the A&P the other day, I was debating over a monstrously large package of mushrooms when Buck commented, "41¢ - that's not too much".

LIGHTHOUSE (etc.) Gad! Here I am agreeing with Pete Graham! All fandom will be thrown into war. Odd we should both sound off on IQ in the same mailing....my stuff was written, and, I believe, mailed before the mailing arrived.

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) But I think Serling's cute!

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) Well, LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER wasn't written from this woman's point of view, at all at all. I'm sure it was written from what Lawrence, and a number of other men, think is the woman's point of view....which only confirms my opinion that it's just as rare for a man to write convincingly from the feminine point of view as it is for a woman author to do viceversa.

I do rather wonder (and feel a bit sorry for them in the process) on the present mental condition of some of my college chums. Not communists, they were nonetheless outspoken in their defenses of the put-



upon soviets.....a conviction the leaders and all were just honest joes who were victims of American propagandisticsmear tactics. My own attitude is somewhat cynically in the middle; I'm convinced there's plenty of mud slinging and white washing on both sides, but in great general, I'm glad I'm here, and I'd like to keep it that way and work for improvements from the inside out. Now, the "poor little ruskies" types must have been in somewhat of a dilemma....particularly in the ban the bomb department.....the walk out and immediate resumption of tests were so painfully obvious. I shall be looking forward with great interest to Rike's next issuance. I'm well aware they want the bomb banned everywhere, but I gathered the distinct impression, and I'm not alone, that they considered the principle offender to be the US.

ABJECT APOLOGY (Lyons) No, no, read me again. Weill is one of the few musical production types I like with words. We have on record or tape fairly complete DOWN IN THE VALLEY, LOST IN THE STARS, and THREEPENNY OPERA, with assorted selections from other works...and I'm nuts about words and music.

Not all state cops are bad...in this state, I'd much prefer more state cops and fewer local. It depends on the state, certainly, and the individual.

Are you assuming automatically that because a fair percentage of the American Negro population is socially depressed that therefore you won't associate with any of them socially until the problem is cleared up? Oh surely not! You're pulling a Norm Clarke. This is a beautiful parody of the reasoning of the southern integrationist: sure we'll be glad to let 'em in when they're ready, but until they are, they'll have to stay outside.....lovely circular reasoning, an almost perfect example. Actually, of my Negro friends - monetarily and socially, I wouldn't at all mind working my way up to where they are.

SERCON'S BANE (Buz) Funny, used to chum with a girl who had lived with an Arabic family, and her anti-semitism was really something fierce... sort of kick-all-the-bastards-out-of-the-country-they-stole-from-the-noble-Arabs. Points. Sides to both questions, depending on education.

Well, if the methods that are distinguishable without a microscope don't seem to be getting results - seems intelligent to at least try the methods that sometimes worked for another outfit, even if the end result in mind is different. Nobody likes the Fascists, commie or demo.

THE RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) But Gregg, I don't consider menthol cool... maybe my taste buds are twisted or something, but to me menthol is a hot sensation, and an unpleasant one as well. Cheer up, I don't like mint either - pepper or spearmint or whatever. And chocolate covered mints are the work of the devil.

That would seem to be all the mailing comments, but something in the Lyons'zine above moves me to reminisce, something quite removed from his original remark - which was something about cats leaving messes on beds.

Way back in my innocent fannish maidenhood, I was invited up for a wild weekend in the trackless wilderness of Northern Indiana by Gene DeWeese's mother. At the time, I was attending club meetings in Indianapolis escorted by Buck Coulson and Gene DeWeese (which perturbed some members of my family no end - they were trying to find out which or what was the suitor, and I couldn't seem to explain:neither-they're



fans).

But, being a well brung up imitation lady, I had waited for the indicated invitation from Gene's mother, then hopped a bus up to Rochester, Indiana - and thence to wacky drives all over the northern half of the state during what was surely one of the busiest Saturdays I've ever put in, conventions not excepted. Manse DeWeese was a very ancient farmhouse out on a dusty country road, and in the late hours of the evening, we headed back there for a fine session of three cornered chess, punning sessions, poring over Gene's collections and generally fannish chatter.

Along came three or four a.m. and it seemed we were running down and made ready to retire. My guest room, as it were, was a little used front bedroom, and that morning when I came in from the bus, I'd tossed my little dime store cardboard overnight case on the bed and had just as promptly forgotten it. Now the goodnights were said and I wended my way through the front parlor to that room and snapped on the light - to find that one of the farm kittens (and they overran the place much to my cat-loving delight) had decided the geographical center of the bed....and part of the outside corner of my overnight case.....made the ideal comfort station felinus.

I've had innumerable cats throughout my childhood, and I knew at a glance - and a sniff - what had happened. What possessed me during the next few moments, I don't know, but I tiptoed back through the parlor and peered in the center room, where Buck and Gene were having a before-bed pepsi and spreading a mattress on the floor. I caught Gene's eye and crooked my finger in my best mysterious come hither manner. While Gene adopted the most suspicious expression I've ever seen, they both followed me back to the other bedroom where I proudly displayed my discovery. Apparently they were both rocked on their heels when I began laughing.

I thought it was hilarious at the time and I still find it pretty humorous in retrospect, but apparently these country boys had this sheltered-little-city-girl stereotype picked out for me and expected me to go into a temper tantrum of sorts.

Then Gene's mother appeared and all practical efficiency, supervised dragging the bedding out to wash and air, a substitute batch was secured, and that was that. Strangely enough, it came off the suitecase with very little stain and no detectable odor. Either the dime store used a good grade of cardboard or this was a very small kitten and didn't have the hang of that all pervading smoll down pat yet.

DEPT OF TROPHIES As of this writing, I have some fanzinely expressions of conviction from BJO, a resignation from committee notice from Elinor, and several suggestions from Marion. I'm just a member, not the chairman, but I would like to put in my two cents.

No one is more jaundiced-eyed about fannish fund raising than yours truly. I think it tends to get out of hand, and I've dropped several mundane clubs for getting the gimmees.

I do not consider the possibility that FAPA could award a trophy in the field of fan art as in the same category. Nobody is coming around with a long face saying "we gotta". Nobody is tout-ing some absolutely wonderful fan one must support.



(Whether or not 'we gotta-ness' or worthiness deserves the contribution is beside the consideration at hand....which is the opinion of certain members out in the audience. I may grumble too, but I frequently decide the cause is worthy and contribute anyway.)

There are already fan awards; no one will be able to say there will be no trophies if FAPA does not donate one. Nor yet should this be a prestige item ("Gee fellas - that other apa is donating one - we should or we'll be left out in the cold".)

To my narrow way of thinking, it seems to boil down to a point of what are you here for? Not only in FAPA, but in the whole cotton pick-in' insanity we call fandom? Even though you criticize the field, the vast majority of you came in through science fiction - you'd like it to be better.....we'd all be happy, I suspect, if we could somehow boost science fiction into a really fine classification, new writers of excellent stature, illustrative work of exhibit calibre, the works. Every so often someone laments in a fanzine - "Where are our new writers going to come from?" I worry too. I also worry - "Where are our new illustrators going to come from?" I muse further - "Wouldn't it be fine and dandy if science fiction could foster a number of artists recognized not only as magazine illustrators but as artists in the field of art itself.

This is pretty pretentious worrying from someone of my caliber, I know. Somewhere along in late adolescence, I realized I didn't have what it takes artistically.....oh, I could dabble, I could please myself and occasionally to my delight please others, and I still feel a childish joy when I can do that. But I do not have the drive, the push, and if there is such a thing associated with that 99% work - the talent - to make it. But because I am a dabbler, because I appreciate first hand the kind of work, the kind of inspiration and sweat and hope it takes to really be good, I want to boost the struggling young fan artist all I can along the road to possible fame or fortune (and even if he isn't struggling, a tangible pat on the back never hurt the ego all that much).

Bjo suggested a trophy in the field of duplicated artwork, since amateur publishing is the cornerstone of FAPA. This appeals, of course, though I see all sorts of problems in submission and qualification. In another vein, with its long history in fandom, and with Fantasy one of its guiding titles, it would not seem at all out of line for FAPA to give a trophy for Best Spirit of Fantasy - or.....some of you word jugglers out there could come up with something better....I admit it would take quite an artist to satisfy all the divergent tastes and opinions in FAPA on what does and does not constitute Fantasy's essence, but if you've seen the two shows held so far, you may admit the possibility is not too far fetched.

At any rate, it is not an idea to be tossed into the round file as just another campaign for your hard earned money.....I, for one, would rather see an award established in FAPA's name than take a reduction in dues. I like good art (or know what I like, as Ted White would put it), and I would like to see more of it....and I would like to see it applauded, and tangibly, when it so merits.

This is not an appeal to dig down in your pockets and/or hearts and give. It is a request that you dig down in your mind and think - what am I doing here, and what are they doing there, at the art show, and do I want to do anything about it besides mutter "Good show"?



PROJECT ART SHOW is not a new project for FAPA. The item under discussion is one of degree. A number of FAPAns and waiting listers, including this writer, have already participated in the two shows - either as exhibitors, sidelines applauders, assorted barge and bale toters, petty cash collectors and multipliers, purchasers of artwork, door guards for unlocked exhibit halls,....and if a point may be stretched, I consider strolling through an art exhibit, eyeing, commenting, and enjoying oneself as in a sense participating. This is not just a sometime thing.... you are not being asked to dig down for right now and then blooey - this is an annual thing - two successful shows already accomplished, and much good will and entertainment provided. It's not another campaign, but rapidly becoming an established part of the convention, like the masquerade ball, and I'd like to see FAPA inaugurate an award as part of that tradition.

And for the artists out there and the waiting lister artists who may be reading this, it's easy to lose an address. So don't forget, the address for completed work for the Chicon III Project Art Show is: Nancy Kemp, 2019 North Whipple St., Chicago 47.....and be sure to mark it for the Art Show, unless you have no violent objections to seeing it auctioned off rather than exhibited. Keep the address in mind, stuck on your forehead, or something, and don't forget to paint. For a change transportation costs promise to be at a minimum, and I'd like to buy something.....all together now and make me sick that I'm not an heiress and can't buy them all because they're so good.

