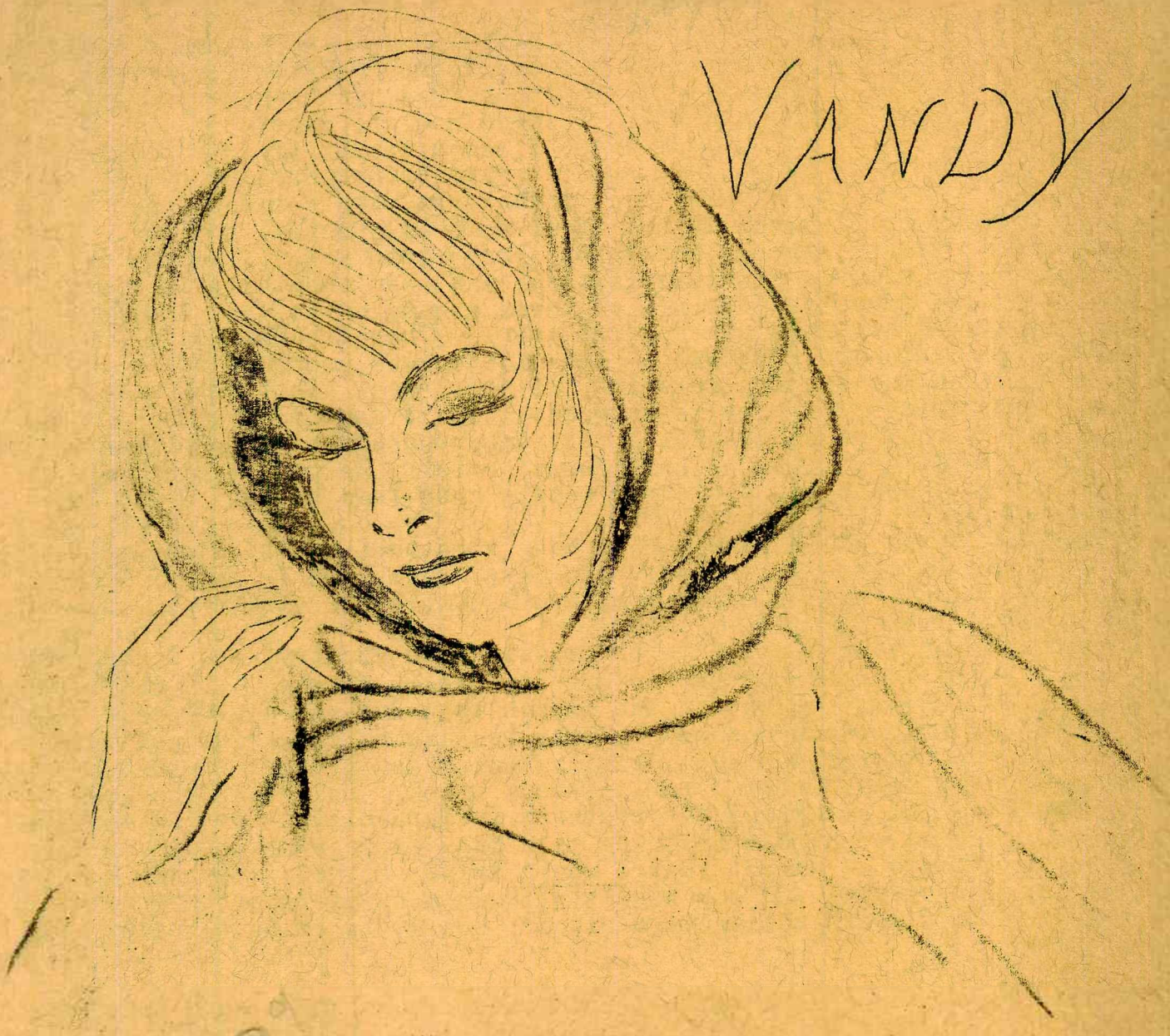


VANDY



This is VANDY #23, Published November, 1964
by Juanita & Robert Coulson, Route #3, Wabash,
Indiana, 46992.

EGGS & MARROWBONE ... mlg comments by JWC
AND PUPPY DOG TAILS ... fiction by Earl Kemp
BT - HIS PAGES ... by Bob Tucker
A PINCH OF SOUR OWL CRUD ... mlg comments by RSC

Decorations front and back pages by JWC who feels that this is a good
year for a moderate Republican to live in Michigan.....

SPECIAL AWARD to Grennell for Ampersand, most highly enjoyable zine

And The All-Three-Feet-In-One's-Mouth Nomination to Norm Metcalf....

Eggs
and
Marrow bone ~

DAY*STAR 23 -- and hello to you too there, Patrick; after all that fuss, you behave yourself from now on, hear?

I can't recall if I've mentioned to you before, Marion, my own adventures with various names --

you already know how I hated my own first name as a child, and why. I've become used to it now, though not to the song, even yet. I picked up names from various movie characterizations and used them briefly during my teens; I used "Charlie" for all of three months or so, and "Lullaby" as a signature on drawings for several years. Then I began using JRW, and occasionally no signature at all -- this latter was probably due to a spell of shyness and feeling inferior. I still feel a bit embarrassed about signing things: if they're no good, I don't want people to know the origin, and if they're successful I feel embarrassed about compliments.

Oh yes, I also used "Linda" and "Jenny" briefly as pen or nicknames... but in none of these cases did other people hang tags on me. I did the selection myself.

Strangely, as an adult people have been more inclined to nickname me, usually in the private-joke class: Vahneetz, Juan, and Johnny. I mean, I didn't pick those out -- other people did, while the earlier names were my own fault.

I echo many of your sentiments on crossing the country, and fortunately Buck and I split very nicely on our preferences in driving. My confidence is aight, so I prefer to handle the car on tollways and expressways with many lanes and monotonous scenery, simply because I feel safer and less distracted. But Buck finds such driving boring and prefers narrow, scenic swooping country roads where I am a nervous wreck. So I take the long level stretches and he drives the southern Indiana hills. So far we haven't found a method to handle anything like busy expressways, such as the Dan Ryan in Chicago -- except that I won't drive on them; I become much too rattled for safety, and you aren't allowed many mistakes on something like that. Buck doesn't like them either, but at least he can cope with the traffic.

GODOT #3 (Deckinger) You may get complaints about three hour telecasts of HAMLET pre-empting THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES, but at least you do get the culture. Not here. The only station that handled such series is feeble little Channel 4 out of Indianapolis, impossible to pull more than fifty miles away. Several years ago when I was staying at my mother's in Anderson, Indiana and commuting to college, I was able to watch, fuzzily, a great plays series run on that channel, most notable being Judith Anderson in MEDEA. But now we're limited to the crumbs dropped by the network.

Don't you think your query about Canaveral Press is getting somewhat shopworn?

The American Rifleman, official magazine of the National Rifle Association runs a regular series called "The Armed Citizen". This is not Minute Man, Birch society stuff, but news clippings sent in by readers around the country -- clippings detailing a private citizen defending his life or property against hoodlums, thieves, and other low life. Not many items from New York, of course. But one feels a sense of vindication when some thug tries to holdup a grocery and later is captured at the local hospital where he came to have the buckshot picked out of his rear.

My favorite account of the armed citizen, though, was fairly local -- it happened in Fort Wayne a year or so ago. Apparently a rapist crept in-

to a home there, preparing to attack the woman in the kitchen. As it developed, she was using an ice pick, chipping ice for a party or something -- and just as soon as he was released from the hospital where he was recuperating from a dozen stab wounds, the police would press charges for attempted assault. And I say good for her.

SERCON'S BANE Tucker, you think you're kidding, but I'll have you know Bruce goes to school in the Metropolitan School District of Wabash. As distinguished from the city school system.

KTEIC MAGAZINES Rotsler, you are a taste I have acquired, pleasantly. Continue, please.

SELF-PRESERVATION Well, "Temple Houston" is gone, as might have been predicted, but it was an interesting season. What started out as a fairly straight Western ended up tongue-in-cheek, deliberately, and most hilarious. 'S pity none of the brass at the studio had a sense of humor. Oh well, this season I can watch "The Man From UNCLE".

WHY NOT (Lewis) The Columbus paper is funny, but... Some weeks ago a documentary interview program was run on tv, asking various senators, congressmen and big shots whether or not they approved of the attempt to land a man on the Moon and reasons for their agreement or disagreement. Their logic was chillingly similar to that listed in your little exploratory paper.

VINEGAR WORM (Leman) You, too, eh, on Boardman? Welcome to the club. You don't need to have said anything, Bob. All that needs to have been done is to classify yourself as a particular political type about which Boardman has already made up his mind. Presumably if the definition doesn't quite match, it's you who are lying -- or you just don't know the meaning of what you consider yourself. Aren't semantics wonderful?

A PROPOS DE RIEN 13 (Caughran) No, I don't think it's only you or your electric nostalgia that makes Heinlein seem tarnished. GLORY ROAD at least was, for the most part, entertaining; but I can't believe that my reaction to FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD was entirely governed by the fact that I was down with flu or something when I read it.

I don't entirely agree about expensive roads versus free roads. It depends on the roads....if I have my druthers, I'll take the Tri-State Tollway around Chicago every time to the (free) Dan Ryan-Edens Expressway route through Chicago. The added expense is worth the avoidance of nervous collapse.

SYNAPSE (Speer) The first page is mimeo'd. The soft shading is done by rubbing a (logically) shading tool over the stencil with nothing but a writing plate beneath. Unless there are large areas of solid black, it is sometimes almost impossible to tell good mimeoing from ordinary litho'ing.

There is a phonetics system being taught in several school systems in the US now -- it involves a different alphabet, with certain phonetic symbols borrowed from the international phonetic alphabet being used for such differentiations as voiced and voiceless "th" and so forth. Phonics uses the regular alphabet and regular spellings, but simply stresses what used to be known as "sounding out" letters and combinations of letters. Phonics is not so thorough a method as phonetics, but I have reservations about the supposed ease of switchover from the

phonetic symbols to the regular alphabet. According to reports, this can be done smoothly and without trauma, but I would like to observe the process myself before I venture an opinion.

Phonics is a quite useful tool for the average or better student, and Bruce is busily stretching his reading muscles on all sorts of things around the house: "I can read it all by myself!"

I don't think any statement about the death of princes would have cut much butter when discussing the assassination with an anarchist, do you? I didn't.

We received the "veiled hints" on casting our votes before we received any material on the blackball itself. The impression being the material was in the mail and these advance notices were to prime us on how to vote when we did receive the mailing. You aren't half as confused as we were, believe me.... "What vote? Why should we want to use our vote? Wha' -- huh?"

KIM CHI (Ellingtons) Then occasionally one has the frustrating experience of seeing a cute commercial for a product one doesn't like. I thought the Salada tea commercials that were shown here this summer were very cute -- the ones that end up with the guy having a glass of tea thrown at him (yes, I have a crude sense of humor) -- but I tried a package of the tea, and I didn't care for it -- I don't like that much lemon in iced tea.

The Bowery Boys should really be known as the Gorcey Boys -- if you ever encounter one of the re-runs on tv, notice the acting credits and have a chuckle, but for heavens sake don't leave it on past those credits... the pics are unbearable bad. Not even funny bad like some so-called sf monster movies -- just bad. A bit sad, since I grew up seeing Dead End and East Side Kids movies on Saturday afternoons (with Westerns and detective and spy pictures and 15 chapter serials and... hello, Ray Nelson). The grotesque reaction of Sunset Boulevard, nostalgia for the old days seen in the grim, unkind light of the present.

When we were in Cleveland this summer visiting the Thompsons, we got the other side of the repairing-a-car-in-the-backyard gimmick. The entire time we were there the family next door engaged in stripping some beat-up plymouth -- noisily. This does not go down at all well early Sunday morning when you're trying to grab a few extra winks. "Hey, Charley! Hand me that wrench, willya? Crash bang, tinkle." I can see why there are local ordinances against such things...

Like you, I'm quite surprised to hear any sort of rumor that parochial schools have lower scholastic standards than public schools. Possibly less inquisitive, but academically, sharp. And of course they have a well-earned reputation as tough disciplinarian institutions (and no, I don't mean leather garments).

JESUS BUG (Andy Main) Another weak ankle owner, eh? I used to twist, sprain, or small-bone break something in one or the other ankle about every six months. I've had an unaccustomed long streak of good luck now, knock wood, but I'm the type who can trip on the linoleum, so I never know when the mad Ace Bandage will strike again. Are you an Aquarian? We're supposed to have weak ankles. This made very interesting reading, but not too commentable.

LIGHTHOUSE (Carr, et.al.) Artwork and format very fine, but then you already know that...

Well, lagnappe doesn't sound Spanish to me, Mark Twain or no.....

Carol's adventures with a literary agent and his collection of salted

nuts highly enjoyable -- adult version of Al Lewis' collection of kids' cute sayings, though presumably the kids have more excuse.

Pete Graham: If you think Lovecraft was obsessed with unwholesome material, you should give a look to the latest Heinlein; concern with realism has led him into the pitfall of the oldster who charms everyone with constant conversation about his bowel troubles.

Unfortunately, I don't seem to have received the same cathartic emotional effect from the tv coverage of the assassination. Mostly because I saw very little of it. That Friday, our tv was on the blink, and I was busy bustling around packing suitcases and whatnot for a trip to Milwaukee that evening. By freakish chance, I turned on the radio to catch a time signal and the bulletins were just coming in. I spent the rest of the afternoon in a daze of depression and disbelief. The trip up was ghastly because of a driving rainstorm, but the political events were only in the back of my mind -- the Rambler has no radio... When we got to Milwaukee, there was conversation to be had with the DeWeeses and Grennells, so we saw very little tv and heard very little radio all day Saturday and Sunday morning. Newspaper coverage was read, but we were not literally swimming in the event. Just before we left Milwaukee for home, we turned on the tv and heard the bulletin about Oswald being shot -- and that seemed equally unreal.

Monday morning I turned on the tv and for some obscure reason after several days of not working, it functioned properly. I watched the removal of the coffin, the parade of world leaders, the funeral ... and believe me, I was quite emotionally wrung out. The thing had happened, and I had been diverted from really considering the futility and waste until that Monday. Delayed reaction, I suppose.

But because it was delayed and not entirely rinsed from my psyche by three days of steady tv watching, I find the memory is still fresh, and it takes very little to depress me when I remember the events -- as tho a broken bone had never quite mended, and the slightest change of weather will bring back the ache.

Terry Carr: No, Yma Sumac is not dead, and she made lots more than two or three records. Her last was FUEGO DEL ANDE, and my personal favorite is JIVARO. The last news item I read on her she was throwing things at her husband-manager in a hotel corridor, typical prima donna.

Pickles seem popular as a restaurant garnish in the midwest, too -- doesn't bother me because I like pickles. But I have friends who object violently -- some places they automatically put them on the sandwich, instead of the plate, whether you want them or not. Potato chips are also popular hereabouts -- every sandwich you get is swimming in a veritibobble sea of broken, excessively salty potato chips.

Walter Breen: Interestingly enough, the Swingle singers enabled me to fully enjoy Bach for one of the first times in my life. Like many other childish piano pounders, I associate Bach with difficult and (to me) dull studies wherein I was constantly lectured to "pick up your fingers -- higher, higher!" I hated that man.

CADENZA (Wells) No, I didn't feel guilty about the assassination, but I suspect, as a conservative, my ride-along-in-the-rut adjustment to things as they were was more violently upset than might have been a more changeable Dem.

In my dream house, I will have a cut-glass window, with facets that catch light and prism it into rainbow hues.

AND PUPPY DOG TAILS

Andy had been working at the market for six months before the job started to bore him. He was careful though, to see that his feelings weren't reflected in his duties. No one, not even Brewster the manager, had any reason to doubt his sincerity; particularly not reason enough to charge him with malfunction while on duty.

By now Andy knew most of the regular customers by name, and where they lived. In general you could say he was well liked, even by Brewster, who was responsible for his nickname. It was the first time anyone had shown any affection to Andy. Before that people just barked their commands, screaming at the top of their voices. Andy remembered, as if it were yesterday.

"Andrew D67-X, there's a short in Baker sector, check it," Brewster had said.

"Sir," Andy said, "I can hear quite well---" and it got through to the old man. He called him Andy then; they got along much better after that.

There was just one thing wrong, his emotional outlook. Chronologically speaking, Andy was twenty-six years old, and he hadn't managed to make a girl yet.

That alone filled his thoughts. Regardless of what he happened to be doing, Andy had one thought --- something about women. He wasn't even sure exactly what he did want. He certainly hadn't been prepared for anything like this. His formation passed him too quickly, without even a trace of sex education.

All Andy knew for sure was that something was missing; a something centering in his insides, like rough hands. They seemed to knead into him violently when he saw one special girl.

Nights were worst of all. These were the times when Andy would look into the mirror, talking to his reflection. "I am animal," he would say, idly scratching the little blue identification tattoo on his right hip that branded him as D67-X.

"Sure," he would say, "I do humble work at the market. That makes me a machine or an imbecile? They say simple words, as if I couldn't understand them. They stare at me like so much metal---so many gears." He would wipe a tear away or brush at the lock of sandy hair that kept falling across his forehead.

"Look at this arm! Is it any different from theirs? Is it not the same flesh, the same color? Don't I smile and say thank you on cue? What makes me different? Oh God, what is this thing I want --- to touch her....?"

He stopped talking then, allowing the words to run silently through his head. The day before he saw her come through the automatic doors. Her shorts seemed to swell from her tiny waist into many delicate creases. And that blouse, God; it was white jersey, almost matching her off-color platinum hair....

She was buying grapefruit, special this week only; fresh, pink, and in season. He couldn't even speak to her when she asked him to bag them. Finally he got the clingy, jersey-like bag open, but he wasn't looking at the grapefruit; all he could see was her. The one on the right, he thought, squeezing it in the bag, now the other one.

"Damnit, damnit!" he said again, "what's wrong with me?" Tomorrow night I must find out, once and for all....

A slight breeze swooshed through the trees and somewhere ahead an insect was humming. Andy could feel the perspiration begin on his forehead; to run down from his armpits. Quickly he crossed the lawn and ducked down behind the shrubs that shrouded her window.

Warm, so very warm. Andy swiped across his face with his handkerchief, never taking his eyes away from the thin crack at the bottom of the blinds.

Her blouse went up over her head, then she turned around.

The handkerchief felt a little like wool jersey. He found himself squeezing the one on the right. For some reason Andy was breathing faster....

She pulled her shorts down, and straightened up.

So very different. What would it feel like to touch, to hold those in these big hands? He brushed the hair away from his eyes. Then he saw her tattoo, the little identification number on her right hip -- it wasn't there. What, not registered?

Then the light went off, inside.

Andy sat there in the darkness, leaning back against the house. In one hand he held the soggy handkerchief and clutched at the shrub with the other -- until it cracked from the pressure.

The noise of the branch snapping in his hand forced him back to reality. The fire that had been raging through his loins was diminishing now, and his insides were churning less violently. The little wheels in his head that had been searching and rejecting information at a furious rate now slowed almost to normal.

He walked away slowly....

"Damn you, damn you!" Andy screamed to the night. He stopped to wipe at his forehead again, dropping the handkerchief and the branch he had been holding. They fell to the sidewalk and he kicked at them violently.

"Goddamn you, Dow," he screamed again. "You programmed me too much, or too little." Andy turned then, away from the house, but there was still just enough light to see the tattoo on his forehead where it protruded through the lock of sandy hair, the precise, blue A.

first fandom is not dead

his

B T

pages

only tottering, granddaughter

GRIDLEY MAY FIRE NOW:

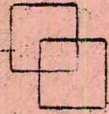
Now that the con is safely over, and Breen is presumably enjoying his membership, and Editor Pelz has expressed his desire for another term of office, it seems safe enough to mention a minor matter without causing another riot. The 107th FA listed a postmailing to Bundle 106 as follows:

7. Report From the Pacificon II Committee, Donaho, S,m 9.

I question the validity of this. Of course I received the Report and I suppose four or five hundred other con members did also. But there was nothing on my envelope and nothing in the text to indicate it was a Fapa postmailing. It merely appeared in the mail along with the other daily offerings, and that was that. It was so con-like and so un-Fapa-like that I read it and chonked it into the file labeled "The Donaho Affair." Finding it later listed as a postmailing surprised me. Would anyone care to offer a justification?

THE CASE OF THE UNSUNG POET:

Can anyone satisfy my gnawing curiosity? While cleaning out old files recently, I discovered a fanzine clipping that had been saved for years -- but I don't know how many years. It was in elite type and mimeo'd on yellow twilltone, similar to paper the Coulsons are now using. But who wrote it? Published it? When?



Hard white cylinder
Taste of tough brown rubber,
Uncertain temperature, now hot, now cold;
A shoulder-draped buffet on the back
For the meal's-end "burp"
Then back to a solitary bed ...
O tender mother-love!
(But that's all right --
I'll get mine when I grow up.)

ADDENDA:

This being the last of seven pages to be stencilled, I will ask who was the wise guy who gave me the write-in votes for veep and editor? You don't really want me in either of those offices, friend. Several months ago I warned you what I would do as veep, and I meant it. But I do thank the 32 people who voted for the amendment and so helped me save my neck, and I am saving something special for the guy who voted "no award." See me at the next Midwescon, joe.

these pages printed & published by Juanita Coulson, bless her bones .

THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD TO VEGAS:

Loyal readers with long memories will recall the two articles in these pages detailing my week's stay in Las Vegas, and my righteous indignation of what I found there. One disloyal reader, a native of the glittering city, sent the Coulsons a mild protest when the columns were reprinted in Yandro; the scoundrel seemed to think I had treated his town unfairly. Hah.

My dozen or so pages were paeans of praise when compared to the bloody hatchet job done on the city and its inhabitants by Ed Reid and Ovid Demaris in their book The Green Felt Jungle (Pocket Books 75037). If you'd care to subscribe to my rule of thumb, which holds that only half of any "factual" reporting job is true, and that another half of the remainder is inaccurate, Vegas still stands as the wickedest city in the Western Hemisphere. The authors state that the desert between Vegas and L.A. are filled with hastily planted bodies to underscore this. They cite an unusual twist to gangland murder: a man's head is bashed in and the corpse is placed in an unlighted car on the highway; after a while a big truck plows into the derelict, and some innocent truck driver is left with a death mark on his driving record. (The book cites a case in which a carfull of wild kids hit the derelict before a truck hove into sight.) The authors, with relish and apparent malice aforethought, tick off the names of city, county and state Big Wheels who were purchased by Vegas gangsters and then go on to quote tape recordings which seem to prove their points.

I hadn't mentioned the gangster ownership of the town because I thought the fact was known to all and sundry. Nor did I mention the concealed microphones, the two-way mirrors, and the TV cameras hidden in bedrooms because I hadn't encountered them -- to my knowledge. If there was a camera above my bed, the cameraman must have been bored because no one tried to blackmail me. (If it had happened, I suppose I would have bought a set of prints for souvenirs. Millions for memories, but not one cent for extortion!)

Vegas and the surrounding desert was used as background in my new novel, A Procession of the Damned, coming from Doubleday in January. I made use of Fremont Street and some of the dens Reid & Demaris call "sawdust joints," but again my treatment was milder, up to 64% milder than the treatment dished out by those authors. Jungle cites the number of slot machines, the number of annual visitors, the amount of money the gambling joints claim they won and pay taxes on, the method and techniques of the weekend girls coming from L.A. (hello, Ron), the jolly motel owner who entertained guests in his living room with live TV shows piped in from his motel rooms (his motel customers smiled but didn't know they were on television), oh ... all manner of fascinating things omitted from my sketchy report. After all, disloyal reader, I was there only a week. But I promise to search for more detail next time, and visit the Las Vegas Science Fiction Club as well.

This year, the union convention was in Louisville, Kentucky, and it was drab in comparison. The only really exciting incident was the drunk who fell off the river boat, an old fashioned paddle-wheel steamer chartered for an evening's cruise. Big Hearted Howard and his pals will be pleased to learn that the next convention will be in Detroit, in July 1966. Save up your thirst fellas, the stuff is free here.

THIS FILM IS SCIENTIFICALLY AUTHENTIC:

Our theater recently enjoyed an exciting week's run of a brandnew science fiction picture, Robinson Crusoe on Mars, and the advance advertising held such promise that I departed from my usual routine and stayed awake on opening day to watch it. The picture is billed as the real McCoy and nearly every piece of advertising carries the legend: "This film is scientifically authentic." If there is one thing I need in my stories, it is scientific authenticity. For too long have I had to take a back seat to such smarties as Anderson, Clement and Clarke; too often I have been embarrassed when some fan gleefully pointed out a flaw or two or three in my work; too many times I've had to slink away and hide my face when some wise guy exposed my ignorance. I need authenticity, I need a better scientific education, I need help. So I stayed awake to watch Robinson Crusoe on Mars.

I must admit I was educated.

The picture opens with two American astronauts and their mascot, a monkey, orbiting Mars in the first phase of a gravity probe. Each of the men are seated in separate capsules connected by a tunnel, and the two pods plus scientific gear and motors make up the probe ship. At once a horrendous crisis confronts them: the radar picks up an oncoming object, a huge, fiery, thundering (scientifically authentic) "meteor," ramming in on them on collision course. Our heroes, a pair of cool customers, take evasive action by first firing their retro rockets and then the steering rockets ---and by George!--- they dive under that fiery, thundering thing. But hold! All is not well! The maneuver has exhausted all the fuel in the tanks and they realize they are dropping toward Mars in a new, captive orbit. They lack the juice to pull out so there is only one thing to do -- abandon ship. Each man punches a button and each capsule is ejected into the thin Martian atmosphere, dropping toward the surface on technicolor jets, tripod legs extended to take the landing shock. One brave astronaut promptly smacks himself and his capsule on a jagged ridge of rock, and that is the end of him (scientifically authentic).

The other chap, Mister Crusoe, has better luck: his pod crashes on its side in a crater (scientifically authentic) and he escapes with what little gear he can pack on his back. Floating globules of fire (scientifically authentic) attack him; weird wind noises (scientifically authentic) frighten him, but he makes his way to a friendly cave and sets up housekeeping. While he rests, and sucks tiny sips of oxygen from his meager supply, a scientifically authentic campfire burns merrily, warming the cave. After a while when his oxygen tanks are empty and he is writhing on the floor, having his last gasps, he discovers a wonderful thing: a certain Martian rock will burn, like coal, and give off a gas, like coal. But this gas is oxygen, and because he had heaped the rocks around the base of his campfire to prevent us from seeing what he was using for fuel, the cave is now filled with the scientifically authentic gas. Thereafter, wherever he wanders on the planet, Crusoe carries with him a bucket of hot rocks, lifting the lid now and then for a quick snuff.

Well, really, the picture was just chock full of scientific stuff and I am indebted to the two screenwriters for an education. I don't think it wise to mention their names here, however, because they probably belong to the union. I learned, for instance, that the Martian sky is simply crawling with huge, fiery, thundering things which are variously described as fireballs, planetoids, meteors, or meteorites; they are awesome things with the speed and the sound of subway trains and sometimes they will explode overhead and shower a man with ashes. One of them descends on the pole and melts the Martian ice cap, very nearly burying the hero in an avalanche.

I learned too, that it really wasn't necessary to abandon the probe ship when she ran out of fuel, because for months afterward the fool thing continued to orbit Mars at a very low altitude, clearly visible and clearly audible on each pass -- it sounded like a jet going over. Our hero watches it with sorrowful eyes, but finally punches the destruct button on a handy little communications kit he carries with him. And I learned that batteries furnished to astronauts by NASA never wear out: for those same many months our hero continues to shave with a battery operated razor, continues to record on tape his experiences and continues to play TV magnetic tapes on his handy TV set, and continues to electronically scan the skies by means of a battery operated searchbeam. He also hangs up an American flag, discovers pools of water and edible foodstuffs, takes baths and wraps himself in bathtowels, builds a throne and a set of bagpipes, and uses in his cave a collection of buckets and cans. I suppose he found all these things in the same place he found the firewood.

He is a sharp, brainy hero, scientifically authentic to the nth degree. When his scanner records a visitor he looks at the sky, sees a spaceship darting about in an erratic, non-humor manner, and cries excitedly that it is an interplanetary vessel. He is much chagrined later to discover that it is interstellar, and unfriendly: during a search for a runaway slave, it fires horrendous lasar beams and very nearly knocks him off. Those lasars are scientifically authentic. The belly of each ship contains a many-celled lasar, and all cells let go at once with bone-chilling noise, shooting great white beams at caves and mountains and things. Crusoe helps the slave escape and the poor fellow becomes his Friday. He quickly teaches him English, of course, and Friday is so grateful he offers to share his oxygen pills with his benefactor (but our hero seldom needs them -- he still totes his hot-rock bucket).

"Scientists tell us there are canals on Mars" the hero exclaims authentically, and abandons his cave to burrow into the planet's interior, still helping the slave to escape his masters. The slave, a brainy fellow himself, explains with his hands that the canals are really earthquake fissures having thin coats of lava for crusts, or roofs, and that one can travel underground for great distances when traversing the fissures. So they do, with the enemy ships following above, periodically blasting caves and mountains and things. The pair set out for the polar ice cap, toting the hot rock bucket and all the communications gear the two can carry -- plus the cute little monkey, of course. They encounter fire swamps, sand, rock, heat, cold, a snow storm that becomes a blizzard, and when they are dying of thirst finally discover water by falling into a convenient pool.

GOT ANY FILTHY PICTURES, HENRY?



In the last mailing, someone mentioned in passing that Illinois now takes a permissive attitude in the matter of homosexual conduct between consenting adults. 'Tis true. Since December 1961, when a whole new Criminal Code went into effect in Illinois, it is not unlawful for homosexuals to engage in sexual relations in private, so long as the participants are adults and none of them have been pressured into participating. But if I were you, I wouldn't plan on moving to Illinois and organizing an orgy -- the cops will still hound you.

The change came about when enough people got tired of an 1874 set of codes to stand up and be counted, on the floor of the legislature. Until three years ago in Illinois, the maximum sentence for auto theft was one year, but the minimum sentence for horse thievery was 3 years. Until then, a jury finding a man guilty could also fix the length of his sentence, and many a poor culprit got ten years for stealing bread while a high roller could get only three years for looting a bank he happened to be an officer of. Now, juries decide only the guilt or innocence, and all sentences are for indeterminate terms depending on the crime: one to ten years, or ten to twenty years, etc. The "life" sentence is gone, theoretically, but it can be applied nevertheless by adding together a series of sentences for a series of offenses so that a prisoner may be stuck for 240 years, for example. A man is eligible for parole only after serving twenty years, or one-third of his term. A strong move to also abolish the electric chair was beaten down, and capital punishment remains on the books.

The criminal codes relation to sexual offenses were drastically overhauled along with the others. Statutory rape was wiped off the slate. In its place there are two new ones, a felony referred to as indecent liberty with a child, and a misdemeanor called contributing to the sexual delinquency of a child. A man charged with the felony can beat the rap if he is able to prove the girl-child was previously married, or is/was a prostitute, or can show that he believed her to be over 16. But strangely, the new code makes it more difficult for heterosexuals while making it safer for homosexuals -- the new laws on prostitutes, call girls, etc are much tougher, and a special section was added to nab taxi drivers who help their male passengers find out where the girls do business.

Still another revision wipes out the older, strict provisions on the possession of books, pictures and movies. Before 1961 I could be arrested and fined for having in my library copies of Henry Miller and Aubrey Beardsley; a judge could soak me --but good-- for owning and reading Venus in Furs. Now, the possession of such material, and the gifts of same to personal associates over 18 years old, is no longer a crime. (But I can't give them to a stranger.) Similarly, the possession of dirty movies is no longer a crime, and one is free to show the movies to a closed circle of personal friends, if there is no viewing fee charged. All this may sound like a bit of paradise to the evil-minded members among us, but be warned there is an obnoxious fly in the ointment.

The younger element refer to this fly as "the fuzz."

As predictably, many local cops are loathe to believe the new, more liberal laws are in existence and they continue on their merry way, as in the past. This year, in a small town near Bloomington, the sheriff raided a "stag" movie, confiscated the film and projector and arrested a group of college kids having a celluloid ball. The local public prosecutor promptly turned them loose and returned the film and projector, much to the annoyance of the sheriff and the outraged howls of the stuffy citizenry -- nobody had told them about the new laws. Interviewed later by a reporter, the sheriff declared he would keep on arresting and confiscating, wherever he found sin; that kind of thing just wasn't going to run loose in his baliwick. And he probably will, too, until some smart cocky slaps him with a suit for false arrest; it takes a heap of shoveling to make some police understand the statutes they are supposed to enforce.

On the other hand, some members of Fapa may find it desirable to move to Illinois for quite different reasons. We have no income tax.

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OF ESPECIAL DELIGHT TO GRANDDAUGHTERS:

I trust that you were fortunate enough to receive a copy of Tony Glynn's Squeak #2 (from 144 Beresford Street, Manchester, 14.) To the best of my knowledge, there is no fanzine in the States comparable to Squeak, an impeccably illustrated and reproduced journal of personal delights and informal essays. Tony writes with fond nostalgia of his days in a projection booth, and is one of those people who sees beyond the stars to the bit players in the background; he remembers Syd Saylor, Russell Simpson, Frank Orth, Franklin Pangborn, and the likes. He saw Jim Backus when that worthy was merely an innkeeper in a flic about Edgar Allen Poe; and Karl Malden when Malden was only a barkeep in a Gregory Peck western -- and I kept waiting for him to mention Bette Davis, who popped up out of nowhere to portray a floozy in Of Human Bondage, but perhaps he missed that one.

But the journal has other goodies as well: a spirited defense of Northern Englishmen as compared to their soft southern cousins (this will plunge all British fandom into war!); a walk down the Bronte road; a commentary on a book, The Donkeys, concerning the bunglers who led the United Kingdom in the first world war; and other delights.

I wish now I'd received a copy of the first issue.

OUR VINES HAVE SOUR GRAPES:

All right, in a manner of speaking Fapa's Top Forty have won over the Dirty Fourteen. It was a simple case of the majority out-voting the minority -- now let it stand at that. There is no room for backbiting, bronx cheers or recriminations. I voted with the majority but I don't intend to rub any of the minority noses in the dirt -- that kind of thing is for kids and jackasses. I've found myself in the minority on other questions, and undoubtedly will again in the future. I reserve the right to comment on this matter but I will not snipe at fourteen people because of the way they voted.

- Bob Tucker, Aug. 25, 1964

A PINCH OF SOUR OWL CRUD

by Robert Coulson

The title comes from a Charles G. Finney story, if anyone cares, and I thought it was a perfect one for mailing comments. Anybody's mailing comments.

FANTASY AMATEUR/ELECTION RESULTS - We never did get around to voting, but I'm quite satisfied with the results. Of course, I'm not at all certain that I'm still a member, since I'm sure that somebody objected to Evans' ruling on dual membership requirements. However, until I hear otherwise I'll assume that I have all the rights and privileges of membership.

RPM (Metcalf) I know there are people who sell their vote to the highest bidder, but you're the first one I've encountered who has come out in cold print and admitted the fact. I'm afraid you won't get any of my business, though; your vote isn't worth \$25. (I should think your integrity would be worth more -- to you, at least -- but I suppose you're a better judge of that than I am.)

ANKUS (Pelz) I suppose that telephone directory is all right for those who like that sort of thing. Just as long as everybody knows that if I answer the phone and the operator says "Will you accept a collect call from West Beverly Hills?" the answer will be a firm "No". And any calls at all during the wee hours of the morning will be soundly ignored. Sometimes you let your cataloging instincts get away from you, Bruce. (Whatever happened to that idiot farleyfile of fandom you were compiling?)

PERSIAN SLIPPER (Johnstone) Yes, self-justification certainly is wonderful, isn't it? I bow to an expert.

We have a '59 Rambler American station-wagon. When we got it, it was painted a sort of dingy blue; as of early October it is fire-engine red. Driving a Rambler is even more fun when you don't have to keep dodging other drivers who don't see you.

Oh yes, the central character in a series may well be strong enough; but what about the rest of the cast? Even in the Sherlock Holmes series -- undoubtedly one of the best (if not the best) series of all time, only Holmes and Watson come across as real. Moriarity is a phantom Menace. Some of the individual stories have real characters in them, but most are sturdy cardboard. With Templar, Wolfe and Mason, the cardboard isn't even very sturdy.

If you wondered very much about statistics, you'd have discovered that the ratings in PHANTASY PRESS are for a calendar year, whereas the 8-page requirement is for the 12 months beginning at whichever quarterly mailing the member entered the club, and there is nothing at all unusual in a member making his minimum requirements without publishing a thing in a given year. Or hadn't you realized that a member can, in some cases, miss 6 mailings in a row without having any activity problems?

Thanks for the comment on Scotch Magic tape. I was going to comment in the last mailing, but I don't think I did. (I guess I couldn't have; we didn't have anything in the last mailing.) Anyway, I'm amazed at the number of fans who don't keep up with our technological advances -- especially the useful ones like new varieties of tape. (And do we ever have new varieties!)

There are lots of mens-room condom dispensers in northern Indiana (not in the immediate vicinity of Wabash, so don't get caught short here, but farther north.)

APERCU (Janke) "Nobody Really Loves A Fat Man" -- what makes you so anxious to be loved, anyway?

You've been beaten to your (literal) idiot plot. I quote from The Revolt of Gunner Asch, by Hans Hellmut Kirst:

/ "Do you mean that I can't be blamed for what I do?"

"Exactly," said Dr. Samig contentedly. "You're simply not responsible for your actions."

"And you've put that down in writing? ... Might I just see, please?"

"You really stand by what is written down here?"

"Yes. For your sake."

"All right then," said Asch. "Just as you like."

Slowly he rose to his feet. Then he suddenly hurled himself at the M.O., flung him down on the floor and began punching him as hard as he could.

... "There you are then," said Asch, wiping his hands. "You can't do anything about that. According to your diagnosis...I'm not responsible for my actions.")

I don't know any nuns, psychotic or otherwise. How many celibate nuns do you know?

GODOT (Deckinger) I simply cannot understand anyone who can call Kurland and C. Anderson "competent" and then object to Ballard. I don't like Ballard's stuff very well, but with occasional exceptions it's considerably more competently written than anything Kurland, C. Anderson, or their friend and mentor Laurence Janifer, has ever written. No gunman can possibly face a crowd of fifty unarmed and irate citizens? Some of the people who have faced down lynch mobs -- and it has been done, tho not as often as tv-watching would indicate -- would be interested in that. That's still another point against the Sullivan Law; the armed gunman can face numerous pure but unarmed citizens.

SERCON'S BANE (F. Busby) I wouldn't blackball George Lincoln Rockwell; I think he might make an interesting addition to the club.

INSHALLAH (Hansen) As far as I'm concerned, fannish activity at a con consists of talking to friends, looking over the hucksters' tables in search of bargains that never seem to be there, and drooling over the art show. I don't think any of it could be incorporated in the program.

Elderly fans of 35? That's as bad as the Bloch book in which Robert spoke of a 35 year old woman as "middle-aged".

KTEIC (Rotsler) I sent you a whole batch of quotes and I don't feel a bit immortal.

CATCH TRAP/DAY*STAR (Bradley) Your reason for keeping Bradley as a "professional" name is impeccable. Your reason for keeping it in FAPA is ridiculous; in fact, it isn't even a reason, it's an excuse.

I'm amazed at your firecrackerless childhood. I had the impression that those states which banned fireworks did so almost simultaneously, and the Indiana law must have been passed sometime around 1940. I never went in for firecrackers, but we had skyrockets and roman candles and fountains every year until I was 10 or 11 years old. (Just realized that this CATCH TRAP was from an earlier mailing; Juanita had it lying in with the rest of this one. So I'll drop the firecrackerless childhood and get on with current comments.) The guns which punch holes in a roll of paper are still around, tho not too popular anymore, apparently. For that matter, they still sell the "carbide cannon", which is advertised

as being absolutely safe and extremely noisy (I've never heard one, personally).

AMPERSAND (Grennell) I enjoyed it, even the cigarette nostalgia (I remember most of the brands, tho I never smoked many of them. Canada had Sweet Caporals as late as the early 1950's, and may still have them, for all I know.) In flavoring agents, you missed the several brands of rum-soaked cigars -- tho I suspect that's more of an advertising gimmick than a flavor. I couldn't taste any rum in the one I tried.

A PROPOS DE RIEN (Caughran) You didn't really need to explain that you were reviewing Farnham's Freehold after reading only the first installment. It was pretty obvious. Of course, it is a bad book; I'd class it as much the worst novel that Heinlein ever wrote.

Well, you and Chazin "completely" turned me off of West Coast fandom in the sense that you completed a job that had been well started by the reading of numerous West Coast fanzines.

VINEGAR WORM (Leman) That there was a beautiful enthic folk song.

Was quitting in the middle of a sentence a subtle form of humor that I failed to perceive, a subtle comment on the quality of VENTURE, a subtle insinuation that most FAPA members are too stupid to notice things like that, or did you just get tired?

MOONSHINE (Moffatt & Sneary) For some reason I had a checkmark beside your comment on the British teaching system. So you definitely inspired me to comment, even tho I can't recall at the moment what I intended to say. I agree fully with your comments on games -- who the hell wants to travel to Great Britain and then spend his time there playing cards? I'm all in favor of card-playing at conventions, except when it involves someone that I want to talk to; then I object. Fortunately, very few of my friends are games-players.

MINIMAC (Jacobs) Mr. Jacobs, meet Mr. Hansen. May you reconcile your views with charity for all. What other reason is their for attending a convention? Speeches by professionals? Even when you can hear them, they are inferior to most articles by professionals. Group panels on fandom, sex, or the state of science fiction? DOUBLE BILL did it better. The auctions? Certainly, if you have any money, but for the past 10 years or so Juanita and I have been attending Worldcons on a total outlay of around \$50, and that doesn't leave any cash for auctions. The banquet and business session? Oh, come on, now; where's the fun in paying money for indigestion and boredom? Seeing real live authors? Sure, for the first con or two, I guess that standing around and gawking is an appeal. After that, I prefer to talk to real live authors (or fans). The Fan Art Show? Yes, that's a reason, but hardly enough to drag me 500 or so miles from home. The free drinks? I've already commented on my opinion of people who have to have liquor before they can enjoy themselves. So that leaves conversation. You know my first reaction to hearing a really good speech at a con? The hope that some fanzine editor will publish it so I can enjoy it at leisure, without the distraction of background noise and hard chairs.

WHY NOT (Lewis) This didn't move me to specific comments, but it was the best thing in the mailing.

CELEPHAIS (Evans) Well; another stamp collector. I got hooked again (I had a collection as a kid, and have been purchasing plate blocks fairly

steadily since 1939) when Hector Pessina began sending me various "space stamps" in return for various materials from the U.S. Then Bob Briney moved to Lafayette with his huge -- to my eyes, anyway -- collection. He has a pretty large set of Japanese stamps, mostly in full sheets. There are quite a few tie-ins between stamps and science fiction; in addition to the various space shot commemoratives, there is the French issue honoring Georges Melies, the set from Monaco depicting scenes from Jules Verne's novels, the Israeli set showing the signs of the zodiac -- and of course the fannish prize of my collection, an envelope bearing a cancelled stamp of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick.

KIM CHI (Ellington) You as an anarchist and liberal and leftist and what-not are supposed to "bleed and beat your breast" over every brutal murder. Quite possibly you don't; I'm certainly not going to look up quotes to see if you bled and beat your breast over Caryl Chessman, or Sacco and Vanzetti, or any of the other well-publicized executions which other liberals have accepted as Causes. (Or how about Joe Hill? There was a nasty little bastard, from what few facts -- as opposed to emotional upheavals -- I can gather.) If you didn't agonize over them, then there is certainly no reason why you should agonize over Kennedy. If you did beat your breast over the liberal Causes and not over Kennedy, then you're a hypocrite, or possibly simply a Nut. (And I suspect that, whether you did or not, Hansen and Ellern assumed that you were a "liberal bleeding heart". Even fans think in terms of groups; Liberals, Conservatives, Integrationists, etc, instead of realizing that no two people think exactly alike. Leman's complaints about Boardman are probably accurate, but he neglects to add that we all think in stereotypes a good share of the time.)

Come now; hand chokes and stick shifts haven't been eliminated. (Or possibly hand chokes have; my '56 Ford has one, but I don't know about newer cars.) Stick shifts are still available, however; the companies don't advertise them much (partly because they're cheaper than automatics) but you can get them, on some cars. Probably Buick and Cadillac and some of the other high-priced lines don't have them, but I never pay any attention to them anyway. Our '59 Rambler has stick shift, overdrive, and automatic choke; I'd prefer a hand choke, but since we bought it used I didn't have any option, even if one is available.

CADENZA (Wells) I think of people as fans when I see their names in fanzines. Dr. Keller may have written thousands of fan articles, but I have not seen them; I've seen maybe two fanzine contributions by him. So I don't regard him as a fan. I have seen and read a good many professional stories by him, so I do regard him as a pro.

On discrimination in housing: I tend to draw the line at a private sale vs. turning the place over to an agency to handle. Any individual has a right to sell his own property to only those individuals he approves of. But unless he is enough interested to do his own selling, then I don't think he has any complaints about having his rights invaded. I'd say that sales or rentals by individuals should be exempt from any "anti-discrimination" law, but that sales or rentals by real estate agencies should be policed to prevent discrimination. If an individual isn't willing to do some work for his "rights", then he doesn't deserve them. (Actually, I doubt very much that any law can end housing discrimination, any more than it did drinking. But I'm willing to give it a trial, if it exempts individuals.) Individualism is not "self-defeating"; it is defeated simply because very few people will work for their rights. They want their "rights" without the responsibilities which accompany them, so they gather in herds and baa after the leaders who promise the most.

LIGHTHOUSE (Carr) Metzger is so hip he's slightly pathetic. Carol's article was wonderful. It got a little added circulation because I took it in and showed it to my slightly fannish friend at work; he was fascinated by it, too. Your own "Tailgate Ramble" was also good. I guess LIGHTHOUSE is the second-best thing in the mailing (and any mailing that contains two items like this and WHY NOT is an exceptional mailing).

JESUS BUG (Main) For months now, I've been hearing references to what a real swinging fanzine JESUS BUG is, and occasionally I've gone so far as to wonder why I didn't get it; I decided you probably knew my hostility towards fannish-type fanzines and weren't sending to me for that reason. So I look in the FAPA mailing and there it is -- I guess it shows that I should look at the mailings more carefully in the future. Occasionally they contain goodies. (Now that I've seen it, I don't think it's as great as everyone said it was, but it would be pretty hard for any fanzine to live up to the advance notices I'd heard. It's good, anyway.)

I wouldn't guarantee from personal experience that capguns are illegal in Milwaukee, but that's what DeWeese said. I didn't feel like having a test case, so we took Bruce's weapons away from him for the duration of our stay. All fireworks, even sparklers, are illegal, but I noticed during our last visit that people have them anyway.

HORIZONS (Warner) Another dissimilarity between Martin and Breen is that Walter's friends wanted him in FAPA, and made a successful effort to get him in, overriding the blackball. While Martin's defenders evidently didn't really want him in, since they didn't do a single constructive thing to get him in. Redd could have circulated a petition for Martin just as easily as he could have for Breen, but in Martin's case he preferred verbal selfrighteousness to action. (Your own Martin reprints are a form of action, however belated, but a rather useless form. Who do you think is going to read them? You can put in 40 pages of Martin per mailing, for all I care; it won't bother me a bit.)

Your newspaper accounts are reminiscent of the Wabash paper, except yours are better written.

"Saturday the Sunshine Society held it's (sic) Indiana District II Sunshine convention in the high school, Ossian." (Presumably that's the high school, Ossian, in the town, Ossian.)

WARHOON (Bergeron) I am getting just a bit fed up with derogatory comments about Busby's "offer to turn private DNQ correspondence over to the Pacificon committee". Considering the wording of Buz' offer, what you're saying is that "fannish honor" overrides legal obligations, and makes fannish honor synonymous with the mythical "honor among thieves". And if Walter is indeed innocent, what sort of damage could that DNQ correspondence do, anyway? Either the correspondence is incriminating, or the offer is harmless. Take your choice, and stop trying to have it both ways.

You don't need to "assume" that one of the people who failed to vote for Martin and in the Egoboo Poll is uninterested in both -- I wouldn't miss Martin if I never heard of him again, and I wouldn't miss the Poll if it never appeared again. Apparently unlike most fans, I don't require annual reassurance that people appreciate me.

Does anyone know if Leonard Mosley, author of Duel For Kilimanjaro (Ballantine, 60¢) is any relation to Oswald Mosley?

